

to turn Unitarians, and made a tour of the country and spoke like a ten-horse steam-engine on agriculture, at the protection dinners; and it was ginnerally allowed that his was the best orations on the subject ever heard, tho' it's well known to home he couldn't tell a field of oats from a field of peas, nor mangels from turnips, if he was to be stoned to death with the old Greek books at the college, and buried under the entire heap of rubbish. And you know that I was head of the Legation also, when he was absent in France a-sowin' some republican seed, which don't seem to suit that climate.

I told him afore he went, that our great nation was the only place in the world where it would ripen and bear fruit. Republics, Squire, like some apples, thrive only in certain places. Now, you can't eat a Newtown pippin that's raised in England, and blue-noses have winter fruit to Nova Scotia that keeps all the year round, that we can't make nothin' of at Rhode Island. Theory and practice is two different things. But he was a collegian, and they know more about the dead than the livin', a plaguy sight; but that is neither here nor there.

Well, rank is no obstacle in our way, tho' it would be in yourn (for we claim to be equal with the proudest peer in the realm), and then the book you published under my name did the rest for me. It is no wonder then I was on those terms of intimaey with the uppercrust people to London (and bashfulness rubs off in America long before the beard comes; in short, we aint much troubled with it at no time, that's a fact). Now, that will explain matters to you. As for other people, if they get on a wrong track, they will find it out when they reach the cend of it, and a night spent in the woods will cool their consait.

No, I wouldn't sort the articles, only select them. Where the story is too long, clip a bit off; where it wants point, pass it over; but whatever you do, don't add to them, for I am responsible and not you; and if I have got some praise in my time, I have got my share of abuse too, I can tell you. *Somehow or another, folks can't bear to hear the truth when it just convenes to their own case; but when it hits their neighbours, oh! then there is no cend to their cheerin', pattin' you on the back and stuboyin' you on.*

Father was very fond of doggin' other folks' cattle out of his fields, but when neighbour Dearborn set his bull-terrier on ourn, the old gentleman got quite huffy, and said it was very disrespectful. What old Colonel Crockett said to me was the rail motto for an author as well as a statesman: "First be sure you are right, Sam," said he, "and then go ahead like Staticee." Them that you don't select or appropate put carefully away. They will serve to recal old times to my mind, and I must say I like to think of the past sometimes. Travellin' is always pleasant to me, because I take the world as I find it. A feller who goes through life with a caveson in one hand