

real and I raly beleave the letter cood not a bit gone a week before I sea it full length in a little divilish kind of a newspaper called the Scribbler. Now Jonny you may depend I never was so ratton mad in all my live long days; and if my ould father had not always forbid swareing in his family I shude have been tinted to let fly an othe or tue. Says I to my little Nab the minite I sea it how under the son do you think this come to be printed. Poor Nab sea that I was in a plagy swéat about it. I dont know mam, says she, but sure they be sad retches that stop pepel's letters and peer and peep into pepel's secrets. Yes, says I, and print em too, its more shame for them folks that knows better to print sich stuff than to them that rites it. But, says I, I will say this much if I never spick another word, I due vum, I swan, and I snore, I'll niver right another letter as long as I live. But thank fortune now the winter is over and gone, as the poet says; and I have done so much better than I expected after seaing that letter printed that I feel quite nicely and rugged,* for as I told you pepel seemed to be stark-mad, and in spite of every thing as I said before I have had a rite down good run, and I have sartainly made more than a thousand dollars this winter. What do you think of that Jonny? As for the Manshonhouse, the Sitty-tavern and all the rest, I defy them all. Tisent every one that knows how to tickle the young fellers and please every body so well as I due. If this goes safe, Jonny I will right you agin, but if it gits into that tarnal Scribbler you'll never here agin from your old infectionate

ANT PEG IN THE COUNTRY.

* This is so downright a yankeeism that it must be perfectly unintelligible to an English reader without an explanation. In the dialect of the eastern States, *rugged* means healthy, ruddy, blooming!!!