

trip would be as beneficial to your health as your company would be instructive and agreeable to us. Have you ever been there?—Often, said he: oh, yes! I know, or rather knew, dear Old England well—very well; and I had a great many friends and correspondents there, among the bishops many dear very dear and learned friends; but alas! they are gone now,—and he took his spectacles off and wiped them with his handkerchief, for a tear had dimmed the glasses,—gone to receive the reward they have earned as good and faithful stewards. Let me see, said he, when was I there last? Oh! my memory fails me. I'll jist step into my study and get my journal; but I fear it was to give vent to feelings that were overpowering him. When he had gone, Mr. Slick said,—Ain't he a most a-beautiful talker, that, squire, even when he is a little wanderin' in his mind, as he is now? There is nothin' he don't know. He is jist a walkin' dictionary. He not only knows how to spell every word, but he knows its meanin', and its root as he calls it, and what nation made it first. He knows Hebrew better nor any Jew you ever see, for he knows it so well he can read it backward. He says it's the right way; but that's only his modesty, for I've tried English backward and I can't make no hand of it. Oh! he'd wear a slate out in no time, he writes so much on things he thinks on. He is a peg too low now. I'll jist give him a dose of soft-sawder, for old or young, men or women, high or low, every palate likes that. I'll put him up if I can another note or so; but he is so crotchied, and flies off the handle so, you hardly know where to touch him. The most curious thing about him is the way he acts about the stars. He has gin 'em all names, and talks of 'em as if they were humans; he does, upon my soul. There is his Mars, and Venus, and Saturn, and Big Bear, and Little Bear, and the Lord knows what all. I mind once I put him into a most an all-fired passion when he was talkin' about 'em. I never see him in such a rage before or since, for he didn't speak for the matter of three minutes. When he is mad, he jist walks up and down the room and counts a hundred to himself, and that cools him, for he says it's better to have nothin' to say than sunthin' to repent of. Well, this time, I guess, he counted two hundred, for it was longer than common afore he had added it all up and sum-