

A Humorous Letter

Chelsea, Feb. 7, 1882.

My dear Judge — I received your little pamphlet on a big subject. It is capitally written, and the author has done herself and her topic equal justice. It makes me wish I were some Joan Keas Younger that I might go up there with you and skip over the verdant meads and enjoy the beauties of scene and the delights of circumstance, foremost of the latter, butter milk! then new cheese!! I was in California a few years ago on a milk ranche, where they skinned the juice of forty cows daily, and I was in clover for butter milk — preferred it as a beverage to the lactated plenty. Your happiness must be complete of this when the season comes, for I know you enjoy more to the square inch than an un-cultured ^{man} can to a foot, with your bu-

colic fancies, and substantial verities of
sows and oxen about you. No wonder
you can sing when you return - but not
there. No man can sing of sublime and
beautiful nature when her attributes
are all aspreat before him. You may
talk stick with your farmer or customer,
but the singing must be left to the clout,
what time men pour o'er their backs the
midnight ile. It would please me to
see you amid your ruralities, with
your boots and overalls and the uncon-
stant of the occasion - books forgotten,
the law ignored, judgment deferred, non-
ass requested, save such as flow from
the proud position of master of the situa-
tion, the sovereign of the soil. I can
well fancy that regard for you which
craps out in neighborhood and brings its
best tribute to welcome you withal,
when you come to lecture them, or be
one among them in a democracy that

knows no party distinction. I should do
so myself, and admire a man standing
so much of a man among them, yet
the equal of them all. But as I can't be
there, all I can do is to wish you what
you have already, full enjoyment
of the "glorious privilege of being inde-
pendent", of life under the homestead
roof tree, of all that must make living
delightful, and may it, like a serial
story of charming interest, "be continued."

Yours most truly,

T. B. P. Skillahan

I wish I could come to see you, but
like Sterne's stalling "I can't get out," my
foot, just subsiding from a heavy swell,
has been large enough to stop a railway
train or subject me to pay for extra bag-
gage on the cars.

To Judge Haliburton