

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 and a plaguy long whalebone whip in the other, a halter, breakin' of every sinner he meets, gets more hoists than thanks in a gineral way, I can tell you. My rule is to let every one skin his own foxes. It aint worth while to be ryled if you can help it, especially at things you can't alter or cure. Grumblin' and groulin' along the road, findin' fault with this and scoldin' at that, is a poor way to travel. It makes a toil of a pleasure.

Now, an Englishman goes through the journey of life like a bear with a sore head, as cross as Old Scratch himself. The roads are bad, the hosses bad, the inns bad, and the bill extortionate. He can't eat homemade bread, the eggs aint poached right, the ham is hard, and he hates pork as bad as a Jew. The veal is staggerin' bob, and the mutton rank or poor, the tea is nothin' but chopped hay and water; cotton sheets, tho' they be white and clean, are only fit for summer horse-cloths; he can't stand a taller candle—the smell pysins him. A wood-fire puts his eyes out, roasts one side of him while the