

eyes, was to hold a pin between her teeth, down to Sinful Joy the nigger at the three mile plains, who gave me the wonderful cure for jaundice I boast so much of.

At every turn there is somethin' to observe and remember, which, old tho' it be, is new to you—some impliment, some machine, some strange culture of curious plants, and things put to uses you never dreamed of, is turnin' up all the time. It was in Persia I larned the art of stupifyin' fish, and makin' them float on the surface, without hurtin' them, for food; and the first chance I get, I will try it in the mackere' fishary. It was at a Quaker's in Genesee I first met with the little windmill for sawing my fire-wood I have to Slickville, and in South America I larned to pysen an arrow that killed deer instantly without affectin' the venison, and in France the way to hatch fish-spawn, and on the Rhone the wonderful, but simple and cheap plan of the Romans, of buildin' houses of loam superior to bricks. It was by travellin' I picked up that valuable collection of receipts I showed you onct.

But the greatest advantage of all of this itineration is, you can look back with pleasure on travel. You forget the little ups and downs, and crosses and losses, and bumps and thumps, and brambles and scrambles by the way; but memory has it all sketched out in landscapes like, rail handsome for you, that imagination has helped to put in gilt frames. And tho' the Forrest in them paintin' contains rocks, underbrush, and boggy spots, where you slumped about, broke down, or lost your way, you see nothin' in the background but a mass of wavin' wood, or in the foreground but green fields, windin' roads, and smooth rivers. Time has mellowed the pictur'.

Yes, I can and do often stop short, turn round, shade the sun off my eyes with my hands, and look back at my travels over this unevensel world with pleasure. But if it was all barren, all dark, all hardship, and all privation, as some grumblin' fools find it, what in natur' would life be? Why, it wouldn't be endurable; it 'ed give pain, and not pleasure. You'd be afraid to look back, because it would awaken onpleasant recollections, and you'd be skeer'd to look forred; for if the world don't please you when young, it can't, in the natur' of things, when you are old, that's a fact. That's my philosophy, at least, and so it is Black Juba's also.

My plan is this. *I seek the sunny side of life always, unless the weather is too hot, and then I go to the shade. The changes in the temperature make me enjoy both.*

And now, havin' written this epistle, I shall turn round to the fire, light my cigar, put my feet up on the mantel-piece, and enjoy a smoke, and think of old times. Hoping to hear soon from you,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your faithful friend,

SAM SLICK.