

berry tender now from travellin' on dem are prepostilous hard roads."

I guess he aint asked to stay another day and aint told he is welcome! Oh! of course not! Then he has been a great traveller, havin' onet made a trip to Jamaica, and has wonderful stories to tell that beat British officers' tiger hunts all to rags. The cocoanuts were so big there, he was obliged to wear an iron skillit on his pate for fear they might fall from the trees and split it open; and one day the monkeys caught him asleep, slipt off the pot, and stole it to cook their victuals in. True as rates, masters, and not a word of regrabgeration in it, I do assure you.

That was the boy to find a welcome. The youngsters actilly cried when he went away, gave him a handful of cents, and walked two miles on the road with him to hear his stories of sharks and whales.

There is another advantage of this temper, that even niggers don't know; you can larn as you travel. I larned more from talk in London than ever I did in books in my life, and noted it better. For example—as they say in eypherin' books—I sit alongside of a larned man at some grand dinner; now larned men in a ginerall way are all as stupid as owls, they keep a devil of a thinkin', but they don't talk. So I stirs up old Heroglyphic with a long pole; for it's after dark lights is lit, and it's time for owls to wake up and gaze.

"I have been tryin' to read that are book on Ninevah," said I.

"Oh!" sais he, "what do you think of it?"

"It wants the pickaxe and crowbar," sais I.

"Pickaxe and crowbar!" sais he, for that made him turn half round, and open his eyes and stare.

Only surprise a man, Squire, and he can't help listenin'.

"I call it a hard case," said I. "The author has spent amost a mortal long time in diggin' up these curiosities that have been onder ground Lord knows how many centuries, and now he has gone right off, and buried them all again in a book, as hard to get into as the old vaults."

"Exactly," said he; "you have just hit it—very well expressed, and very graphically—that is the principal defect in the book."

"P'raps, Sir," said I, "you would be kind enough to sumtotalise for me the amount of his discoveries in a few words too, for I won't bore you," said I.

Well in ten minutes you have the whole; and if you want an explanation, he is just the boy to give it. It's just the same now in a log-hut. The settler, poor lonely, honest, simple critter haint no book larnin', but he is acquainted with some things you aint, that's a fact. I never met a man yet that couldn't give me a wrinkle, from a captain of one of our men-of-war in the Mediterranean, that I heard tell Lady B—— the way to peel onions without tinglin' her