

*Grumblin' spiles the relish and hurts the digestion.* Tell you what, friend. *The bee, though he finds every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from his rambles; and why shouldn't other tourists do the same?* That's the way to shorten the road, lessen the toil, and make travellin' pleasant."

"Cheap talkin', Mr. Slick," said he, "but I aint used to it; and if I onct reach my comfortable home, catch me leavin' it again for such an outlandish place as this. I am half-frozen to death with the cold."

"Well," says I, (for I knew more of him than he dreamed of,) "it is cold, that's a fact; and it's lucky for you, you have a comfortable home—tho' I have known many a man's house made too hot for him sometimes afore now. For my part, I'de as leaf travel as stay home with a scoldin' wife, cryin' children, and a smoky chimney."

If you'd a seed the puzeled look he gave to my innocent face, 'twould have done you good. It was as much as to say: "Confound them random shots. I vow you hit me that time tho' you didn't take aim." Them's the sort of fellows that make the greatest fuss at hotels always. *If travellers have to put up with a goodeal sometimes, so have innkeepers too, that's a fact.*

A nigger now is a pattern man. He sings bits of songs, or plays on the Jew's-harp, or whistles all the way, throws stones at the birds, mocks the squirrel's chirrupin' out of fright at his black face; and when the little dogs rush out o' the houses and bark at him as he passes along, he stops, bow-wows at them, and chases them home again, and then roars out a larfin' till the woods fairly ring with his merry yagh, yagh, yagh.

At night, the way he tucks in his supper is a caution to a boa-constrictor, for it would give him the dispepey.

Free quarters are pleasant things for them who hante got nothin' to pay with, so next day he oversleeps himself on purpose, and instead of findin' fault with his accommodation, finds fault with his own feet, and pretends for to limp, and the children won't let him go. Afore dinner, says he: "Missis lend me the axe, please, till I chop you up a lovely lot of fire-wood, and split enough kindlin' stuff to heat the oven for a week;" and the way he makes chips fly aint no matter.

Then he turns to and piles it up in the porch snug, and fetches in a great big back-log the chimney-place will hardly hold—large enough almost for an ox to pull.

"Missis, let me draw you a bucket of water. Dem are beautiful little hands o' yecurn is too soft for de well-pole. Come, young masters, sposen you comes along wid me and see Juba carry a full bucket on his head and nebber spill a drop, tho' poor Juba's feet