

and a plaguy long whalebone whip in the other, a halter, breakin' of every sinner he meets, gets more hoists than thanks in a ginerall 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 other is raw and cold. Even the galls aint pretty; if they blush when he stares at them, he sais it is a bad sign—they know too much; and if they don't, he sais they are forrard and impedent; but he goes right off into a fit at seein' me turn an egg out into a wine-glass. When I see him in one o' them are tautrums, a twitchin' of his face and a jerkin' about of his limbs arter that fashion, like one possessed by St. Vitus' dance, I call for my horse, and say to the gentleman that keeps the inn, "Friend," says I, "get some help, and hold the poor misfortunate stranger's head, arms, and legs down so he can't hurt himself; clap a piece of wood across his mouth to keep him from a-bitin' of his tongue, give him a large dose of spirits of turpentine, and put him to bed. That's all that can be done for him, for he is incurable. Good mornin'," and I makes tracks. Such a critter as that returns home commonly with no more knowledge and manners than when he set out. *The imagination has a shadow as well as the body, that keeps just a little ahead of you, or follows close behind your heels, it don't do to let it frighten you.* Blue-nose is nearly as bad and ugly in his ways as John Bull.

One of them said to me onet down to Nova Scotia:

"Oh, Mr. Slick, aint it dreadful journeyin' here in the spring. There is nothin' but veal, veal, veal for everlastinly to eat here.—I am actilly starved to death."

Sais I, "Friend, so was I at first; I eat of so many calves one spring, I was actilly askamed to look a cow in the face for six months; but at last I found there was more ways of dressin' veal than one, and more things to be had to eat if you know'd what to ask for. Folks always give me the best they have, and when that's the case I always say, them that ain't content with the best that can be got had better go without, for there is no compulsion in it.