

“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 ashamed 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. *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