

commendable desire for further information, came near being the innocent cause of a most serious calamity to our venerable driver and outfit. Mr. Williams had intimated that he would like to approach, and enter the city, by another road from that by which we had departed, so that he might obtain a different view of its present extent and future resources. This induced the driver to take a road which, unfortunately, led past his stable, on the way to the Planter's House, where we were to stop.

On passing the stable, the contest between the driver and mules was most spirited and exciting; business in town for the moment seemed to be suspended; and every one was anxiously awaiting the result of the driver's efforts to reach the hotel on the next block. It was in vain that I suggested that we had plenty of time to stop at the stable, and exchange our outfit before proceeding to the hotel—the driver swore that he would drive the d—n mules to the hotel or h—ll, and he did not much care which. And he came near succeeding in both; for, on finally reaching the hotel, and just as our venerable friend had taken the last article of baggage from the carriage, the pesky animals (if they may be dignified by that respectable name) started off suddenly on their own hook for a run-away. The driver was knocked down while closing the carriage door, but fortunately the wheels did not pass over him. And the outfit went sailing and crashing down the street, among the carriages, and herds of mules and cattle, towards the rivers.

After recovering from a most improper, but uncontrollable fit of laughter, occasioned by the sudden and very unexpected turn things had taken, I assisted our venerable friend to his feet. He was covered with mud, his countenance was pale with rage and fright, and his lips and clenched teeth muttered curses low but deep against