

that's sartin. The land in our Far West, it is generally allowed, can't be no better; what you plant is sure to grow and yield well, and food is so cheap, you can live there for half nothin'. But it don't agree with us New England folks; we don't enjoy good health there; and what in the world is the use of food, if you have such an eternal dyspepsy you can't digest it? A man can hardly live there till next grass, afore he is in the yaller leaf. Just like one of our bran new vessels built down in Maine, of best hackmatack, or what's better still, of our rael American live oak (and that's allowed to be about the best in the world); send her off to the West Indies, and let her lie there awhile, and the worms will riddle her bottom all full of holes like a tin cullender, or a board with a grist of duck-shot through it; you wouldn't believe what a *bore* they be. Well, that's jist the case with the Western climate. The heat takes the solder out of the knees and elbows, weakens the joints, and makes the frame rickety.

"Besides, we like the smell of the salt water; it seems kinder nateral to us New Englanders. We can make more a ploughin' of the seas, than ploughin' of a prayer-eye. It would take a bottom near about as long as Connecticut River, to raise wheat enough to buy the cargo of a Nantucket whaler, or a Salem tea ship. And then to leave one's folks, and *native* place, where one was raised, halter broke, and trained to go in gear, and exchange all the comforts of the Old States for them 'ere new ones, don't