

Sall, (and when she was young she was a rael witch, a most an everlastin sweet girl,) Sally, he used to say, now's the time to larn, when you are young; store your mind well, dear, and the fragrance will remain long arter the rose has shed its leaves. *The otter of roses is stronger than the rose, and a plaguy sight more valuable.* Sall wrote it down, she said it warnt a bad idee that; but father larfed, he said he guessed minister's courtin days warnt over, when he made such pretty speeches as that are to the galls. Now, who would go to expose his wife or his darters, or himself, to the dangers of such a climate, for the sake of 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, instead of 15. There seems a kinder somethin in us that rises in our throat when we think on it, and wont let us. We dont like it. Give me the shore, and let them that like the Far West, go there, I say.

This place is as fartile as Illanoy or Ohio, as healthy as any part of the Globe, and right along side of the salt water; but the folks want three things—*Industry, Enterprise, Economy*; these blue-noses dont know how