

her bottom all full of holes like a tin cullender, or a board with a grist of duck shot thro' 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 plowin of the seas, than plowin 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 are new ones, don't seem to go down well at all. Why, the very sight of the Yankee galls is good for sore eyes, the dear little critters, they do look so scrumptious, I tell you, with their cheeks bloomin like a red rose budded on a white one, and their eyes like Mrs. Adams's diamonds (that folks say shine as well in the dark as in the light), neck like a swan, lips chock full of kisses—lick! it fairly makes one's mouth water to

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