

the contract for beef with the troops ; and he fell astern so, I guess its a gone goose with him. He's heavy mortgaged. "Too many irons" agin, said I. Who lives to the left there ? that man has a most a special fine intervale, and a grand orchard too, he must be a good mark that. Well he was once, Sir, a few years ago ; but he built a fullin mill, and a cardin mill, and put up a lumber establishment, and speculated in the West Indy line, but the dam was carried away by the freshets, the lumber fell, and faith he fell too ; he's shot up, he hant been see'd these two years, his farm is a common, and fairly run out. Oh, said I, I understand now, my man, these folks had too many irons in the fire you see, and some on 'em have got burnt. I never heerd tell of it, says blue nose ; they might, but not to my knowledge ; and he scratched his head, and looked as if he would ask the meanin of it, but didn't like too. Arter that I axed no more questions ; I knew a mortgaged farm as far as I could see it. There was a strong family likeness in 'em all—the same ugly featur, the same cast o' countenance. The "black knob" was discernible—there was no mistake—barn doors broken off—fences burnt up—glass out of windows—more white crops than green—and both lookin poor and weedy—no wood pile, no sarse garden, no compost, no stock—moss in the mow—in lands, thistles in the ploughed lands, and neglect every where—skinnin had commenced—takin all out and puttin nothin in—gittin ready for a move, *so as to leave nothin behind.* Flittin time had come. Fore gatherin, for foreclosin. Preparin to curse and quit.—That beautiful river we came up to day, what superfine farms it has on both sides of it, hante it ? its a sight to behold. Our folks have no notion of such a