

found in every place, why the few smart spirited ones that's left, are too few to do any thing, and so nothin is done. It appears to me if I was a blue-nose I'd ——; but thank fortin I ain't, so I says nothin—but there is somethin that ain't altogether jist right in this country, that's a fact.

But what a country this Bay country is, isn't it? Look at that medder, bean't it lovely? The Prayer Eyes of Illanoy are the top of the ladder with us, but these dykes take the shine off them by a long chalk, 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