

I guess. It's no use to cry over spilt milk, we all know, but it's easier said than done that. Women kind, and especially single folks, will take on dreadful at the fadin of their roses, and their frettin only seems to make the thorns look sharper. Our minister used to say to sister Sall, (and when she was young she was a rael witch, amost 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 warn't a bad idee that; but father larfed, he said he guessed minister's courtin days warn't 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 won't let us. We don't like it. Give me the shore, and let them that like the Far West, go there, I say.

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