

about as much regard for the country as a pedlar, who trudges along with a pack on his back. He *hates*, cause he intends to *ride* at last; *trusts*, cause he intends to *sue* at last; *smiles*, cause he intends to *cheat* at last; *saves all*, cause he intends to *move all* at last. It's a country overrun with transient paupers, and transient sportsmen, and these last grumble and growl like a man with a sore head, the whole blessed time, at every thing; and can hardly keep a civil tongue in their heads, while they're fobbin your money hand over hand. These critters feel no interest in any thing but cent per cent; they deaden public spirit; they han't got none themselves, and they larf at it in others; and when you add their numbers to the timid ones, the stingy ones, the ignorant ones, and the poor ones that are to be 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 aint, so I says nothin—but there is somethin that aint 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, beant 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