

disease a few years ago, and they all died, and the cherry trees I conceit will go for it too. The farms here are all covered with the same "*black knob*," and they do look like old scratch. If you see a place all gone to wrack and ruin, its mortgaged you may depend. The "*black knob*" is on it. My plan, you know, is to ax leave to put a clock in a house, and let it be till I return. I never say a word about sellin it, for I know when I come back, they wont let it go arter they are once used to it. Well, when I first came, I knowed no one, and I was forced to enquire whether a man was good for it, afore I left it with him; so I made a pint of axin all about every man's place that lived on the road. Who lives up there in the big house, says I? its a nice location that, pretty considerable improvements them. Why Sir, that's A. B.'s; he was well to do in the world once, carried a stiff upper lip and keerd for no one; he was one of our grand aristocrats, wore a long tailed coat, and a ruffled shirt, but he must take to ship buildin, and has gone to the dogs. Oh, said I, too many irons in the fire. Well, the next farm, where the pigs are in the potatoe field, whose is that? Oh, Sir, that's C. D's. he was a considerable fore handed farmer, as any in our place, but he sot up for an Assembly-man, and opened a Store, and things went agin him some how, he had no luck arterwards. I hear his place is mortgaged, and they've got him cited in chancery. "*The black knob*" is on him, said I. The black what, Sir, says blue nose? nothin says I. But the next, who improves that house? Why that's E. F.'s he was the greatest farmer in these parts, another of the aristocracy, had a most a noble stock o' cattle, and the matter of some hundreds out in jint notes; well he took