

they do most for me—probably because I do most for them. They put down logs, trees and rocks into their still, shallow bays—just to catch me—and they call this “*cultivating*” me! the cheats and deceivers. Then they drive stakes round our “banks,” just to mark where we live, and set men to *protect* us, until it is worth their trouble to kidnap and eat us. Alas for *human friendship*,—it like the friendship of the butcher for the young porker --it *fattens* only that it may get a *larger bite*! We have a grand home, and thrive immensely in Chesapeake Bay; but your unfeeling Uncle Sam makes sad havoc of us, for the sake of dollars and cents. He employs 15,000 boats and 53,000 men, to pet and plunder us. He drags us out of our beds at the rate of 23,000,000 bushels a year, and pockets from \$10 000,000 to \$15,000,000 for his pains. Other nations, also, are making themselves rich at our expense; but what is the good of talking? Even at this moment they are fishing for me—ah! I am caught at last—one word more, I am off to do the honors at an Oyster Supper—Good Bye!

JOHN NICHOLS.

*Montreal.*