

country, the banks have it all their own way, and much good may it do 'em. Well, says I, what's the reason the banks don't eat us up too, for I guess they are as hungry as yourn be, and no way particular about their food neither; considerable sharp set—cut like razors, you may depend. I'll tell you, says I, how you got that are slide, that sent you heels over head—*"You had too many irons in the fire."* You hadn't ought to have taken hold of ship buildin at all, you knowed nothin about it; you should have stuck to your farm, and your farm would have stuck to you. Now go back, afore you spend your money, go up to Douglas, and you'll buy as good a farm for two hundred pounds as what you lost, and see to that, and to that only, and you'll grow rich. As for Banks, they can't hurt a country no great, I guess, except by breakin, and I concait there's no fear of yourn breakin; and as for lawyers, and them kind o' heavy coaches, give 'em half the road, and if they run agin you, take the law of 'em. *Undivided, unremittin attention paid to one thing, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, will ensure success; but you know the old sayin about "too many irons."*

Now, says I, Mr. Rigby, what o'clock is it? Why, says he, the moon is up a piece, I guess its seven o'clock or thereabouts. I suppose its time to be a movin. Stop, says I, jist come with me, I got a rael nateral curiosity to show you—such a thing as you never laid your eyes on in Nova-Scotia, I know. So we walked along towards the beach; now, says I, look at that are man, old Lunar, and his son, a sawin plank by moonlight, for that are vessel on the stocks there; come agin to morrow mornin, afore you can cleverly discern objects the matter of a yard or so afore you,