

had, for several years, one house, but has of late been in a more thriving condition. It has now a name on the map, a population of some nine or ten souls, and two houses, a large public work in the shape of a beach, and a little shipping, not able to say how much exactly, as it is all absent but a skiff and a bark canoe, and the wreck of a schooner, in a poor and neglected condition. How long, at this rate of progress, it will take for St. Peter's to grow out of existence, is a fair question of arithmetic, left for the statist of the island to cipher out. We pause for a moment only, and that in front of a mercantile establishment, if one may guess from a tin-foil-covered paper of tobacco, and astride of it a couple of pipes in the window, but dash through its suburbs, a pig-pen and a hen-roost, and pass the gates of a calf-pen and a potato-patch, and gain the open country, a wild and lonesome tract, half-wooded, and the other half weeds, brush, and stumps of all calibre and colors, from rotten-red and brown down to coal-black, and all torn to pieces, and tangled into one briery wilderness, just fit for the fires that occasionally scour through.

We were mistaken about the indiscretion of David, in his driving, and add two more to the list of those impertinent travellers who hastily pass judgment upon persons and things of which they are quite ignorant. David is

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