

raised, halter broke, and trained to go in gear, and exchange all the comforts of the old States, for them are new ones, dont seem to go down well at all. Why the very sight of the Yankee galls is good for sore eyes, the dear little critters, they do look so scrumptious, I tell you, with their cheeks bloomin' like a red rose budded on a white one, and their eyes like Mrs. Adam's diamonds, (that folks say shine as well in the dark as in the light,) neck like a swan, lips chock full of kisses—lick! it fairly makes one's mouth water to think on 'em. But its no use talkin, they are just made critters that's a fact, full of health and life and beauty,—now, to change them are splendid white water lilles of Connecticut and Rhode Island, for the yaller crocusses of Illanoy, is what we dont like. It goes most confoundedly agin the grain, I tell you. Poor critters, when they get away back there, they grow as thin as a sawed lath, their little peepers are as dull as a boiled codfish, their skin looks like yaller fever, and they seem all mouth like a crocodile. And that's not the worst of it neither, for when a woman begins to grow saller its all over with her; she's up a tree then you may depend, there's no mistake. You can no more bring back her bloom, than you can the color to a leaf the frost has touched in the fall. Its gone goose with her, that's a fact. And that's not all, for the temper is plaguy apt to change with the cheek too. When the freshness of youth is on the move, the sweet-