

money in heavy bags of specie, paper dollars being no longer worthy of trust. They said their crops of grain had been so heavy for several seasons, that it would have cost too much to drag it over the hills to a market 400 miles distant, so they had "given it legs by turning it into mules." I asked why not horses. They said mules were nearly as serviceable, and longer lived, coming in for a share of the longevity of the ass. During several days of travelling in public conveyances on this line of route, we met with persons in all ranks of life, but with no instance of rude or coarse manners.

Entering a cottage at Frostburg, we talked with the mother of the family, surrounded by her children and grandchildren. She appeared prosperous, had left Ireland forty years before, at the age of seventeen, yet could not speak of the old country without emotion, saying, "she should die happy could she but once more see the Cove of Cork." Her children will be more fortunate, as their early associations are all American.

We passed many waggons of emigrants from Pennsylvania, of German origin, each encumbered with a huge heavy mahogany press, or "schrank," which had once, perhaps, come from Westphalia. These antique pieces of furniture might well contain the penates of these poor people, or be themselves their household gods, as they seem to be as religiously preserved. Our companions, the two farmers from Kentucky before mentioned, shook their heads, remarking, "that most of them would go back again to Pennsylvania, after spending all their money in the West: for the old people will pine for their former