

chilling Colds in Winter must benumb the Senses, and whose hazy and thick Fogs in Summer must raise Consumptions, involve in Misery, and an ill State of Health.

Let then the Possessors of *New England*, so much enraged at the giving up *Cape Breton*, that they threaten a Mutiny, people this New Colony, and stand upon the Defensive for their own Preservation ; but let not those of *Old England*, or even *Old Scotland* itself, expose themselves to such an unwholesome Climate, where Money is very scarce, and every Thing extremely dear ; where the Prices of Work are as great as in *London*, and where every Hour of the Day they may be in Danger of falling a Sacrifice to a robust, vigorous, and savage Set of Mortals, who are incensed by a Party, naturally Enemies to the *British* Isle.

F I N I S.