

Scotia then supplied them with little or nothing ; she can now supply them with nearly all they want. They do not take our beef and pork in peace, they are so dainty ; and yet we talk of starving them ! But if they could support a war of eight years, when Nova-Scotia was a young, uncultivated country, when our privateers swarmed in these seas, and the ocean was covered with the fleets of France, Spain, and Holland, how much easier will it be to sustain a war, when the provision vessels of England, can navigate in perfect safety, having no one to make them afraid ? But do we not view the other side of the picture ? Possessed as they will be of Buenos Ayres, where provisions are cheaper than in any part of the world, is there not danger, that a war with us may turn their attention to other channels of supply, and thus destroy, perhaps for ever this branch of our commerce ?

It will be seen then, that the hope of coercing Great-Britain by commercial warfare, is as delusive and desperate, as by arms ;—and after a long, but bloodless war, in which we should be called upon to suffer rather than act, we should probably be obliged to abandon the claims for which the war was undertaken, unless Great-Britain, from causes totally *out of our control*, should be obliged to yield to the irresistible power of France.

Let us now take a brief view of the effects of a British war, upon ourselves.—Those, who deluded by the language of the *war* newspapers, and especially Mr. Jefferson's, believe, that we are to enter into a war in which Great-Britain will be the *only* sufferer ; and that we shall continue to prosper as before, will be woefully deceived. Not a man who has any thing to lose, not a labourer, who depends on the sweat of his brow, but will feel, and rue the effects of such a war :—they will be almost equally felt, and perceived in the counting-houses of the merchants ; the parlours of the rich ; and the cottage of the poor.

The farmer will surrender his cattle to the tax gatherer ; the mechanic will be obliged to hang up his rusty tools ; and the children of our industrious fishermen, will demand their bread in vain. This is not the picture of a fourth of July orator—it is sober reality. The National Intelligencer with the sang froid of a true philosopher, consigns to beggary 250,000 merchants. He