

pocket, a good stock of health and strength, and his happy soul feels no regret, who could *hum* "*God Save the King*," as an *axe* stimulant, or whistle "*Bob and Joun*," as a *spade* accompaniment—that is the man; but what can I say to the British farmer? Here I am perplexed; because at the present time it is very unfavorable against America, consequently no just criterion exists, as the low price of produce in England seriously affects the American markets. If a farmer decides on the change, I still will say Canada, or opposite. If he goes to the east, he will there find in the Yankee character, combined, the tolerable mechanic, the fisherman, and the farmer—men who can navigate the globe in a bathing tub, or search the womb of horrible Vesuvius, when a dollar is to be obtained. If he goes to the South, he finds a few rich planters, and a miserable black population, in bondage—a fevered, unhealthy climate, and a system of agriculture he knows nothing about. If he goes to the Westward, led by Mr. Birkbeck's criminal delusion—mark the difficulties.—On the farmer's landing either at New York, Philadelphia, Alexandria, or Baltimore, one thousand guineas, and no less sum, would be indispensable, and one ton of bark, half a ton of calomel, one hogshead of castor oil, and fifty gallons of laudanum. The distance to the domain of this *Surrey*, and I may add, *sorry blade*, from any of the above ports, is at least twelve hundred miles, and seven hundred from market—New Orleans. Arrived in this Western Paradise, through difficulties of which he has no con-