

that are before me, somewhat in geographical order, that I may abridge my labours at a future day.

Next to my present head quarters, and passing by my neighbours south of line 45°, who, though put off, are not forgotten, I find a representation made to me in the following terms, from

*Coldspring Manor, 15th Feb.*

DEAR SIR,

It is but a few days ago, I had the pleasure to see a few of your interesting pamphlets, which afford a fund of amusing and instructive matter. If you deem this worthy of insertion, I promise to be a constant and faithful correspondent of your's.

Within a few leagues, more or less, of a great building erected for the destruction of man, but now in a desolate and abandoned state, there resides a *Camel*, the first beast of the kind I ever knew to vend goods of every description. "It is easier," says the Scripture, "for a camel to go through the eye of a *needle*, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven;" by frequently threading, however, the eye of a needle, this camel, came first to carry on his shoulders an extensive store of assorted calicoes, tape, thread, pins, and needles, and so, going through several gradations from a beast of burthen upwards, he has at length acquired that qualification that will render his entrance into the kingdom of heaven pretty difficult. Nevertheless, under the assumption of a sanctified appearance, and proud of his opulence, he treats all around him with impertinence, and his domestics, with tyranny, not excepting his she-camel, who is one of the most humble slaves in existence.—The poor, who are compelled to deal in traffic or barter, for the haberdashery of his store, and the