

I remember to have seen in the neighbourhood of Stockport, Cheshire, a similar production over the door of a barber and wig-maker, illustrated by a well-executed corresponding painting representing the flight of Absolem and his fatal suspension, thus lamented :

“ If Absolem had wore a wig,
He would not thus have danc'd a jig.”

Arrived at Sacket's Harbour, a naval and military depot, I felt a desire to visit the ships of war, and being about to pass the sentinel--“ Are you an American?”--I answered in the negative.---“ Then you cannot proceed.” Proud to declare my country, I returned disappointed, but not dishonored. But, said I to myself, a time there was, and not seven years ago, I might like the gallant Sir R. Wilson, in answer to the French Advocate, have said, I am of that country that conquered America, by transposing France and America. Such a position as this, a statement of such a nature, may appear erroneous ; but if the veracity of the American Prints themselves may be credited, and the divided opinions of her factions and party taken into consideration, her poverty and embarrassment, and defection of some of her commanders, such a change of politics appear feasible, a short time previ-