

towns—I've seed the northern peeples, in ther cities, in ther towns and in the country, and though I've got a good deal better opinion of 'em sense I've been among 'em a little, than I had afore, still I say, give me old Georgia yet. We hain't got so many cities, nor sich fine ones—we hain't got so much public improvements and all them sort o' things—but we've got a plenty of evry thing that is necessary to make us independent and happy. We've got as fine a soil, a finer climate, as smart men, and handsomer wimmin than any other country in the world, and nothin can hinder us from bein one of the greatest states in the Union, if we go to work as we ought to, and develop our own resources.

I brieve a journey to the North is calculated to do a southern man a grate deal of good, if he goes thar in the rite spirit and for the rite purpose. He will see thar a grate deal to be proud of as a American, and much to be ashamed of as a white man. He will find all sorts of peeples thar—sum that is examples of patriotism, intelligence, and enterprise, and sum that ain't no manner of account on the face of the yeath, only to kick up a eternal rumpus and keep the world in a everlastin stew about ther new-fangled fooleries; and though, as a peeples the Northerners is very different from us in a grate many things, the majority of 'em is actuated by the same impulses, and is strivin on for wealth and power like all the rest of the world. Ther's a good deal of ignorance and prejudice at the North, to be shore, specially about matters what don't consarn ther own interests; but it is to be hoped that whar ther is so much patriotism and intelligence, they will sum day larn to mind ther own bisness, and leave other peeples' consarns to be regulated by ther own consciences and ther own judgments. Hopin that we may both live to see that day, I sign myself

Your frend til deth,

JOS. JONES.

THE END.