

all these distillations, extracts, and concretions, are made without that blighting and pernicious *wand* the EX-CISEMAN'S STICK.

I will now, in a concise manner, recapitulate the principal heads and observations most essential, and finally point out the most convenient ports for embarkation.—The British emigrant has to encounter heavy expences and perils—as a single plank is the only separation between the inmates of a ship and eternity! His constitution has to contend with a change of climate, from an unequalled one like that of Great Britain—take it for all in all—to a health withering hemisphere, to English constitutions with the exception of that portion I have pointed out; the fluctuation of our atmosphere is nothing compared to that of America. On the 10th of January, 1817, the peach and orange trees in the neighbourhood of Charleston were in blossom and bearing; and on the 18th the crew of a schooner on Lake Ponchartrain, in the same district, were frozen to death! In the month of February, 1820, I was mid-leg in snow and, over head fevered with a burning sun!—Hence it is a climate so oppressed with terrible extremes, makes mere thread-papers of the living; and the pale Serjeant Death is seldom in that country disposed to *joke* or grant indulgencies, by giving warning—but sweeps off regiments, often well in the morning, and in the grave at night!—(according to law) In the summer of 1819, a cargo of emigrants from Bel-