

dance of the necessaries, and comforts, of life, while famine pressed fore on thousands in the mother country. In return, for so many blessings, are we the moral people we ought to be? If atrocious crimes are unknown, or unfrequent, among us, are we not more sensual, more worldly, more luxurious, than we ought to be? Are not drunkenness, profaneness and blasphemy, daily to be seen, and heard, in our streets? Is not an ostentatious, expensive, dangerous levity, the characteristic of our people? Are not misery, and indigence, too often the fruits of vice? Are we not, annually, taxed for the support of unprincipled wretches, whose poverty is of their own procuring? And is it not a fact, that some of them have been heard to boast, while expending, in riot, the earnings of temporary labour, that that they had still a resource in the public charity? The means of rectifying such abuses I presume not to point out.