

the bias of his education, and the political opinions of his relatives, instilled into him those public virtues, his own fine sense of right and wrong, and his reverence for that volume which bids us, "Fear God, and Honour the King," would have for ever separated him from the ranks of those, who aim at subverting a Constitution, which, under Providence, has, next to Christianity, been the greatest blessing, not only to one narrow Island, but to the whole known world. While sojourning in Europe, the contrast between the tranquillity, liberty, and piety of his own happy land, and the restlessness, anarchy, and depravity of revolutionary France did not escape his attention.* In his letters and Journal he frequently alludes to the utter absence of any thing like national principle in that mighty and extensive kingdom, the low state of religion, the insecurity of life, and the universal corruption of morals. The sunny clime of France, the "beauty of design and elegance of taste," prevailing from the highest to the lowest ranks, and pervading every work of man, from a public edifice down to the most common utensil of domestic use, her lovely and romantic scenery, her thousand historical recollections, were charms that could not reconcile him to the profligacy of her inhabitants. An observer of the Sabbath himself, he remarked in one of his letters, that, in France "there was certainly more sin committed on one Sabbath, than in ten week days." "Throughout France," on another occasion, he observes, "Marseilles is renowned for debauchery of all sorts; but so far

* The Journal and extracts from Letters of the deceased, may hereafter be printed for the gratification of his friends.