

As if there was not a sufficiency of such distress objects already in this country. The Good People of England have collected a whole ship load of all kind of vagrants from the streets of London, and sent them out to Nova-Scotia, great numbers died on the passage of various disorders — the miserable remnant are landed here, and have now no other cover but tents. Such as are able to crawl are begging for a

a proportion of provisions at my door. Two other ships were loading with the same kind of cargo, — Heaven only knows what will become of 'em. —

As soon as we get rid of such a fest as these — another little multitude appears of old crippled Refugees — Men & Women who have seen better days — Some of 'em tell me they formerly knew me — they have no other friend to depend upon
and