

It was on one of these occasions, that a venerable Acadian made the remark that Byron, in later times, has rendered immortal, namely, "The cold in clime are cold in blood." Said he, "We lived too far north; the blood of our French forefathers had crept through so many generations in that freezing clime, that it became chilled; it had began to stiffen. It must have been so; it must, indeed; there is no other way of accounting for it."

From this state of despondence, of long despair, or of sullen apathy, the Neutral French (neutral no longer) were at length aroused. The commencement of hostilities between the United States and the mother country, the government of Great Britain, came upon them like an earthquake; it was astounding, and caused every chord within them to vibrate. It was like the dawning of the resurrection morning to the long-imprisoned spirits of the just. Every head was erect; there was a new dignity and elasticity in their steps, that evidently proclaimed each felt himself a man again. The idea of the colonies resisting the arbitrary mandates of Great Britain, was something that never entered their heads; they knew there was discontent and remonstrance on the part of the Americans; but what of that? They had felt it all, and much more, and petitioned for redress for fifty years, without any answer, except increased burdens being laid upon them, until they had given it up, and sat down submissive under the iron yoke; and they fully believed it would be the case of the Americans; it was not until the first blood had been shed in the cause of liberty, and the States were calling upon the citizens to arm, that they at all comprehended the case; when they did, their joy was boundless. Even their women rushed from house to house, aghast, to tell the news; and the information was uniformly answered by that neigh-