

endured the privations encountered, with great patience, but soon they complained of the outlook. One wrote, "All our golden promises have vanished. We were taught to believe this place was not barren and foggy, as had been represented, but we find it ten times worse. We have nothing but His Majesty's rotten pork and unbaked flour to subsist on. It is the most inhospitable climate that ever mortal set foot on. The winter is of insupportable length and coldness, only a few spots fit to cultivate, and the land is covered with a cold spongy moss, instead of grass, and the entire country is wrapt in the gloom of perpetual fog. But there is one consolation, neither Hell nor Halifax* can afford worse shelter than Boston or New York to-day." The rebels at Boston heard with delight these tales of discontent from Nova Scotia. They nicknamed our province, "Nova Scarcity." It was a land, they said, which belonged neither to this world nor the other. It was enough to give one the palsy just to look at the map. However it is no more than the Loyalists deserve.

Meanwhile in the new Republic, the career of persecution went on without pause, and violence and imprisonment and starvation awaited all, who were even suspected of loyalty to Britain. In many places, men and women were tarred and feathered, and even hanged for daring to remain or even claim their property. The Loyalists had no other course open to them, than to leave the country, and their homes where they had hoped to die.

"They left the homes of their fathers, by sorrow and love made sweet,

"Halls that had rung a hundred years, to the tread of their people's feet,

"The farms they had carved from the forest, where the maples and pine trees meet."

*Can this phrase refer to the old saying that coupled Hell Hull and Halifax?