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CONCLUSION.

The writer has endeavored, in the foregoing pages, to put the reader in possession of facts to enable him to judge of the condition of the neighboring Provinces. And although, in so doing, he freely admits his political predilections, and the bias consequent thereon; yet the reader may be assured, in glancing over the outrages which he has detailed, that "the half has not been told." A vast amount of it, is hidden from every human eye, except that of the sufferers themselves.

To say nothing of the destruction of human life in the field, or on the scaffold, yet the destruction of property—the outrages upon women—the rending of domestic ties—the lonely wanderings—the insults of licentious armed parties and Orangemen—the midnight burnings; as in the District of Beauharnois, where, for twenty miles square, every habitation was destroyed in the depth of winter, and where hundreds of women and children perished in the snows—and, above all, the secrets of the *Prison House*. Who shall reveal *them*? Think of nearly two thousand of the best men in the Canadas, being in prison at one time; and in such prisons too! and not a few of them in cells, with scarce a blanket to protect them from the cold.

The untold sufferings of these men, in these Royal dungeons, like those interred alive in the gloomy cells of the state prison of France, may be imagined, but can never be described. They will be remembered when they share the fate of the Bastile.

"The Bastile;
Ye horrid towers; the abode of broken hearts;
Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair
Which monarchs have supplied from age to age
With music, *such as suits their sovereign ears*;
The cries and groans of miserable men."

Then again, look at the exiles. How many thousands of them are there now along the lines, who may almost be