

LETTER VI.

HAVING carried you, my Son, thus far, shall I not now give vent to my feelings ? But, alas, of what avail would it be ! I am declining to the grave. I have survived my country. I am among the last of those, who saw the golden days of Republican freedom. Yet if kingly power can in any hands conciliate esteem, and reverence, and duty, certainly these are due to our gracious Sovereign. Never, perhaps, could a people look back on so natural a series of events, as have formed the progression of the northern colonies to a free, sovereign, independent and powerful monarchy. But I, the inhabitant, as it were, of another country, and the relict of another race, look back with peculiar sensations. The immortal names of Carver, Bradford, Winthrop, Haynes, Hooker, Cotton, Higginson—and a long train of worthies, men of piety, of learning, and of the purest patriotism, swell my bosom with indescribable emotions. The ebbing blood thrills through these withered veins with a momentary glow ; and when I shall be permitted to rest from a wearisome pilgrimage, O spirits of my ancestors ! “*Sit anima mea, Puritani, vobiscum !*”

The choice of a President of the new Republic for a time allayed the contentions of parties, but for a short