

beautiful than the cold regions of the east, presented themselves on every side, and courted their unthankful and almost undistinguishing observation. For the most part, they had exchanged the quiet for the bustle of life, but they regarded it not. The crowd passed on, often jostling them out of the way, but they felt it not—one soul-absorbing thought possessed them all—they were exiles from their country. They had lost their name and their inheritance, and had lost it, as they now believed, foolishly. Oh, what would they now have given, could the "tide of time" roll back, and place them once more in their country, with arms in their hands; even without, it was worth the peril. Had they resisted, the ruthless conqueror might have been foiled; had they failed, they could at least have died in the contest, have bravely died, have fallen like men, and won a deathless immortality. The thought was agony.

Often, when the sympathies of the people they were among had won them to their firesides, would they recount the horrors of that day when they were compelled, with their wives and little ones, to quit their beloved homes, their rural dwellings, and fruitful fields, their well-filled barns, countless herds and flocks of sheep, a prey to the spoiler, and embark upon a tempestuous sea for an unknown land; lighted from the shore by the blaze of their dwellings, and separated from each other on their perilous voyage; and often would the ready tears of the listeners attest the pitying feelings the sad narration had called forth. There were few, however, but would insist they would not have yielded without a struggle. "They should have trampled on our bodies, they should have waded knee deep in our blood, before we would have submitted to such an arbitrary edict," was often the expression of the incensed Americans, at the conclusion of their story.