

of her sex in understanding, and came behind none of them in delicacy of sentiment and warmth of friendship and every virtue."

Mr. Wiswall is now in Boston, his native city, and how changed is everything around him, in every street and lane so familiar and dear to him. To wander about the city is now a heart-aching contrast with his happy boyish days. The site of the State House, Beacon Hill and the Common were white with the tents of the British soldiers. On duty as sentries, or walking the streets, redcoats were everywhere, returning contempt for the thinly veiled hatred of most of the citizens. Around the city in a half-circle was Washington's continental army; and in the harbor the British ships of war flying the British flag.

As long as the army remained in the city, and the fleet in the harbor, loyalists were numerous in Boston; but as soon as the soldiers and ships were withdrawn, thousands were transformed into redhot republicans. The English and Americans were not in natural agreement. For the two parties to come into contact was to array prejudice against prejudice. Indeed until this day, many Englishmen from the Island have little skill in adjusting themselves to their brethren, the Americanized Englishmen of this continent. But at that time, when to the matter of chronic prejudice that of disloyalty was added, the collision was direct and relentlessly sharp. There was actually no harmony. Their respective habits produced mutual astonishment. The profanity of the English horrified the American; and the duplicity and scheming of the American made the Englishman open wide his eyes and hold up his hands.

During the progress of the war, when the prospects of the rebellion were discouraging, large numbers took oaths of allegiance, to break them when in important battles the patriots were victorious. While Mr. Wiswall remained in Boston, he was made deputy chaplain of one of the regiments stationed there. He also received many tokens of kindness