

we love, from all we *are*." They, too, might wish, when time had ripened their growing empire, to assert that independence which, when mature in strength and knowledge, we claim even of the parents we love and honor. But to snatch it with a rude and bloody grasp, outraged the feelings of those gentler children of the common parent. Mildness of manners, refinement of mind, and all the softer virtues that spring up in the cultivated paths of social life, nurtured by generous affections, were undoubtedly to be found on the side of the unhappy loyalists; whatever superiority in vigor and intrepidity might be claimed by their persecutors. Certainly, however necessary the ruling powers might find it to carry their system of exile into execution, it has occasioned to the country an irreparable privation.

When the Edict of Nantz gave the scattering blow to the protestants of France, they carried with them their arts, their frugal regular habits, and that portable mine of wealth which is the portion of patient industry. The chasm produced in France by the departure of so much humble virtue, and so many useful arts, has never been filled.

What the loss of the Hugonots was to commerce and manufactures in France, that of the loyalists was to religion, literature, and *amenity*, in America. The silken threads were drawn out of the mixed web of society, which has ever since been comparatively coarse and homely. The dawning light of elegant science was quenched in universal dullness. No ray has broke through the general gloom except the phosphoric lightnings of her cold blooded philosopher, the deistical Franklin, the legitimate father of the American "age of calculation." So well have "the children of his *soul*" profited by the frugal lessons of this apostle of Plutus, that we see a new empire blest in its infancy with all the saving virtues which are the usual portion of cautious and feeble age; and we behold it with the same complacent