

of the climate, on the sultry plains of St. Domingo? Where those whom the relentless Byron drove from the Falkland islands? Where those who threw themselves into the arms of the savages, and became incorporated with that blood-thirsty and relentless race, whose crimes, committed against all the better feelings of human nature, will eventually call down the vengeance of heaven to their complete extermination? Where the thousands who have wandered back, through woods and wilds, encountering all the perils of the desert and the climate, to lay their bones beneath the sod polluted by the foot of the oppressor? Could they have stood where Moses stood, and viewed the land of promise from afar, how different would have been their feelings! It would doubtless have been harder to force them back, than it was to transport them in the first place.

“But we are so ignorant, miserably ignorant of the future! Still, I cannot see why those of my unfortunate countrymen could not have been as patient as thou, my Pauline, and resorted to their talents as thou and Ferdinand, my brothers, and our resolute and honored mother.

“By the way, hast thou ever learnt of the death of our old persecutor, Colonel Winslow? He has been dead now two or three years, yet it was but the other day our mother took up a newspaper containing his obituary, and a long and pompous list of offices which he held under the two tyrants, George the Second and Third; some of them, methought, were too insignificant for enumeration; but eleven different ones were named, with high praises for the integrity with which he discharged them—among others, ‘the office of commander-in-chief of the provincial forces employed to remove the encroachments of the French in Nova Scotia.’ Encroachments, indeed! There would