

of visiting several deserters, under condemnation for leaving their posts and firing at the party sent to pursue them; when I first entered the guard house prison, I observed one of them had a paper in his hand, which he was reading with great earnestness, I requested to see it and found that it contained a prayer——"

"Having sat up with them all the night previous to their execution I attended them early next morning to the fatal spot; and * * * * they died with a humble reliance on the mercy of Christ."

His artless words throw a grim light on a typical tragedy, the condemned cell, and the fusillading of the deserter.

One of our most famous visitors was young Tom Moore, fresh from his Anacreontic successes as "Little." In 1803-4, he made a visit to America which lasted about fourteen months. I have found only scanty traces of the impression made on his mind by this part of the world. On Sept. 16, 1804, he wrote to his beloved mother an ecstatic letter from Windsor.

"I arrived at Halifax last Tuesday week, after a passage of thirteen days from Quebec. . . . Well, *dears of my heart*, here I am at length, with the last footsteps upon American ground, and on tiptoe for beloved home once more. Windsor, where I write this, is between thirty and forty miles from Halifax. I have been brought hither by the governor of Nova Scotia, Sir J. Wentworth, to be at the first examination of a new university they have founded. This attention is as you may suppose, very singular and flattering; indeed where have I failed to meet cordiality and kindness?"

His delight at the prospect of returning home found also poetical expression.