

Then followed a long preamble about the possibilities of defeat, due to the financial resources and overwhelming strength of their oppressors; which, in the end, would still be a victory to themselves:

*“Even then, and I say it, before High Heaven, our cause will not have been fought in vain. These old coaches over the sea are desperately slow. They may not intend to be dishonest or mean or unjust to the settlers in distant lands; but they send out c. jogies to govern us who know nothing of the principles of justice—men devoid of all generous and noble impulses—who look upon themselves as the salt of the earth, and ourselves as the scum; that it is our duty and privilege to grovel and cringe and slave our lives away, that they may have the proceeds to lavish upon their follies.*

*“Granting all this, even at the worst, we are opening the eyes of our far-away rulers to the true situation, and redress sooner or later will inevitably come’.”*

Then came a record of his doings over the border, of his successes and failures throughout the land, of the friends who were false and the friends who were true; and though he wrote from within the confines of prison walls, he concluded the epistle in a transport of ecstasy:

*“Still, come what will, I see as in a vision that all in the end will be well. Though a prisoner to-day, to-morrow I shall be free; the time will come when my own loved land will call me home again; and though the rabble, the veritable scum, may spit on me, and*