

dence relating to Major Grant's family in his possession, can speak with some confidence as to the correctness of most of the occurrences here alluded to. As an example of the fate of the Loyalists, the following incident, though more peculiarly interesting to the writer, may not be unacceptable to the public :

Major Grant, a Scotch officer, who had settled in the State of New York, and had married a sister or aunt of Chancellor Kent, commanded a regiment of colonists in the war, and fell at their head in storming Fort Montgomery, expiring in the arms of his friend Capt. Johnston, the grandfather of the Hon. J. W. Johnston, of Halifax, whose family have letters from him, referring in very feeling terms to the death of his commanding officer.

After the evacuation of New York, a large number of Loyalists left for St. John, New Brunswick (then a part of Nova Scotia). Among these were Mrs. Grant, the widow of Major Grant, and her family, consisting of Robert Grant, her eldest child, who had served under his father as an Ensign, and was then only eighteen years of age, and her three daughters.

The vessel was wrecked, in the depth of winter, on the island of Grand Manan, in the Bay of Fundy. Colonel Chandler, the ancestor of the Hon. E. Chandler, of Dorchester, New Brunswick, and several others, perished.

Mr. Grant succeeded in carrying his mother, who was much exhausted, a long distance through the snow, but only reached a place of shelter in time to find that he was bearing a frozen corpse in his arms. After peace was declared, he returned to the United States to complete his education at Harvard (or Yale), where, it appears, his residence was not rendered very agreeable, from the violent hatred that still existed against all who had sided with the *Tories*, as the Loyalists were then called.

Though he succeeded in distinguishing himself at his University by his attainments, the state of his health, which had been undermined by the exposure he had undergone, and a too close application to his studies, compelled him to leave Harvard for Savannah, where he died, soon after, of consumption.

The last letter, announcing his approaching death, to his orphan sisters, whom he had been compelled to leave in an unbroken wilderness, among strangers, is a most eloquent and touching memorial of the sufferings of the Loyalists. Not yet of age, he seems to have become prematurely old by the effects of the trials he had undergone. In a few lines he calmly announces his approaching death, to which he tells them to be resigned ; and he then devotes the remainder of his letter to parting advice as to their future life—how the elder sister should educate the younger (where schools were yet unknown), and the steps they should take, in order to obtain compensation from the British Government for the losses they had sustained. A casual reader would suppose it was the production of an aged father, who, having lived out the allotted period of human existence, was resigned to his fate,—his only anxiety or regret being absorbed in the welfare of those whom he was about to leave behind.

Few would imagine it to be the letter of a young man prematurely cut off just when life was most attractive, and when his services were so much needed by those who would lose in him not only a brother, but also their only guardian and protector.

Soon after his death, the University published a short biography of him, as a tribute to his memory, but the writer has never been able to procure a copy of it.

This is but one instance of Loyalist sufferings ; but we may well say—*Ab uno disce omnes!* Volumes filled with thrilling adventures of heroism, danger and suffering, might be devoted to the subject.

If, however, their history shall ever be written, let a colonist, who can alone appreciate their character and their fate, assume the task of being their historian. Mr. Sabine, in his able work, which is valuable as a biographical dictionary, scarcely conveys to his readers any idea of the lives and adventures of the forgotten Loyalists.

Had we, their descendants, treasured up their memory as the Americans have that of their republican ancestors, I should not have been, at this late day, compelled to refer to family documents for an illustration of those innumerable instances of loyalty and suffering which should have long since been an enduring portion of our colonial history.

“Sed omnes illacrymabiles  
Urgentur ignotique longa  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.”