

to have been scarcely second in all the higher qualities of genuine eloquence to any that has been heard by this generation. The marvel of it is that such a speech should have been delivered by one who, in what is generally considered the highest school of oratory in the nation, if not in the world—the House of Commons—has shown no special oratorical force, being easily surpassed there by many men who have had no legal training and little practice in public speech. In attempting to explain the anomaly the writer in the *Weekly* favours the conclusion that Sir Charles Russell does not take the pains with his parliamentary addresses that he bestows on his forensic efforts. Be that as it may, it can hardly be doubted, in view of Sir Charles' recent triumph, that in his capability of rising to the height of a great occasion he has proved himself more worthy than any other man now before the British public to wear the mantle which must fall at no distant day from the shoulders of the departing Gladstone.

THE New York Centennial celebration was, on the whole, no doubt, a great and memorable pageant. The immense, if not unprecedented, numbers who took part in it, gave it the element of vastness which is, in itself, no unimportant factor in the production of the sublime. Then, the occasion was a grand one—nothing less than the centennial anniversary of the birth of one of the most powerful of modern nations. Above all, the national hero, in honour of whose memory the celebration was held, is one of the grandest figures in all history. The nation would be unworthy of the precious heritage of independence he bequeathed to it did it not delight to render him the highest posthumous honours of which it is capable of conceiving. The people of the United States are not as yet highly æsthetic, and it may not be greatly to their dispraise to doubt whether anything very notable in the way of artistic effect was produced. The unmistakable genuineness of the national feeling expressed by all classes was a higher tribute to the father of his country than the most artistically designed demonstration could have been without that element of downright sincerity. The one thing that will no doubt be long remembered with shame and pain was the disgraceful exhibition of selfishness and vulgarity which degraded the great centennial ball into an orgy that would scarcely have done discredit to a bacchanalian festival in ancient Thebes. The lesson taught is one which will, no doubt, be treasured up and turned to good account by the managers of future celebrations in the American metropolis.

A NEW thing in modern ecclesiasticism is the action of an Episcopal clergyman in Missouri who has been deposed from the ministry at his own request. "He found," says an exchange, "after years of experience that he could not believe, and therefore could not honestly preach, the doctrines to which he had given adhesion; therefore he takes the manly way of making the request that he be deposed at once and forever from the ministry." His course in the matter is warmly applauded as in favourable contrast with that of such men as Professor Smyth, Dr. Thomas, Professor Swing, and others, who have stood trials for heresy when they had ceased to believe the distinctive doctrines of their Churches, as popularly conceived. The public will, no doubt, generally pronounce the action of Rev. Mr. Bray, the clergyman referred to, the braver and more honest. Perhaps in this, as in many other cases, the popular view is the right one. But is it, after all, quite so clear? Unless the Churches are infallible, and the creeds perfect, there must be room for reform. Reform must usually come, if it comes at all, from within, not from without, an organization. Admit that a clergyman is in honour bound to leave a Church the moment his investigations lead him to deviate by a hair's breadth from the old ways of thought and belief, and what chance of reform remains? There are evidently two sides even to this question.

THE TRUE VERSION OF THE ACADIAN TRAGEDY.

WHOEVER have read the story of "Evangeline" will remember the sympathy they had for the ill-fated exiles and the indignation they felt towards the perpetrators of their misfortunes. The truth, however, concerning the expulsion of the Acadians is not to be deduced from the story itself. The reader of "Evangeline" has no conception of what led to the expulsion. He understands that a community of "simple Acadian farmers" was sent into "an exile without end, and without an example in story;" but he does not learn from the text that serious provocations prompted the deed and justified the English in the step

they took. The expulsion was necessary, because the Acadians allowed themselves to become the catspaw of the Englishman's "natural enemy;" necessary, because they committed outrages that were not to be tolerated; necessary, because they refused to take the oath of allegiance to Great Britain, whose subjects they had been for more than forty years; necessary, because, while proclaiming themselves neutrals, they incited the Indians, and assisted in a covert war against the English, after peace had been declared between the two nations; necessary, because, upon the approach of that war which settled the question of English supremacy in America, they exhibited disposition to join the enemy and to help to exterminate the English. There is no doubt that the expulsion was cruel. It is sad to think it was necessary. But when we review the archives of those turbulent times, and discard the sentiment which the poet's story has created, no other course than that of wholesale expatriation presents itself.

The period to which we allude, though nominally a time of peace, was really a time of contention and assassination. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which restored Louisbourg to France, and secured a suspension of military operations between the rival colonists of America, was only a breathing spell before the conflict which ended in the downfall of Quebec, and the final surrender to the arms of Great Britain. Both colonies, taking cognizance of their attitude toward each other, believed another war inevitable, and therefore availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the peace to fortify their frontiers. France not only claimed the greater part of Canada, but maintained that, by right of discovery, all the territory lying in the Mississippi valley, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, was also in her possession. England, on the other hand, controlled the Eastern, or New England States, by right of settlement, and at the same time possessed the peninsula of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, by right of conquest, of which acknowledgment was made in the treaty of Utrecht. England did not then aspire to the possession of Canada; she did not hope to drive the French out of America. The great object was to push back the enemy's border lines, which were threatening, in no small degree, to diminish the American frontiers; establish the rights of English settlers, who were gradually moving westward; and last, but by no means least, put a stop to the frightful atrocities of the Indians, who, it was believed, were being incited to malfeasance by the French.

In Nova Scotia, England had but an uncertain footing. Her military stations at Annapolis, and at one or two other points, were but feeble garrisons, which at any hour could have been demolished by an aggressive force. Louisbourg had been given back to the French, and the English commander was compelled to evacuate at the earliest possible moment. The Acadians exhibited an aversion to British rule, and frequently threatened to revolt, while the Indians were continually harassing the few English families that had settled in the land since the capture of Louisbourg by Pepperill. As a result of these demonstrations against them, the English deemed it necessary to establish a new stronghold, that these dangerous recusants might be awed, if not persuaded, into subjection to Great Britain. In compliance with an act of the Imperial Parliament, inducements were advertised, a multitude of emigrants collected, and in the month of July, 1749, thirteen transports, headed by the sloop-of-war, *Sphinx*, sailed into Chebucto Bay, with their human freight, and came to anchor a few miles distant from the ocean.

Here nature was in a primeval state. Rugged shores of granite and freestone, overgrown with dense forests of spruce, pine and hemlock, oak, birch and maple, met the emigrant's gaze on either hand, while a desolate interior waited to discourage the hopes he entertained of establishing a home and cultivating a farm. Nevertheless, he learned that, even then, it was a memorable spot. The waters teemed with the "treasures of the sea." The woods were full of game. Here was the red man's hunting and fishing ground, and thither, from the valley of the Shubenacadie, he came, with his comrades, in search of food. Here, also, Admiral D'Anville found sustenance, after his French Armada had been shattered to atoms on the cruel shores of Sable Island. In this same bay, the few ships of the line that were not wrecked during the voyage from Brest to America, found splendid anchorage; while their discomfited commanders waited anxiously for the rest of the fleet which never came. Here, too, died hundreds of French mariners, stricken by disease, and in the woods their bones lay buried, to be discovered and scattered by the progeny of an alien race. It was here the discouraged, heart-broken Admiral breathed his last; here the vice-admiral perished by his own hand; and here died that long-cherished scheme of curtailing British influence throughout America by destroying Louisbourg, Annapolis and Boston. Yet, in the wild surroundings there was very little left to suggest these facts, save the ruins of an old barracks, a few dilapidated huts, and the traditions of the Indians. Amid these scenes and reminiscences Halifax, the military centre of the province, was to be established.

From day to day, since the arrival of the English transports, the woodland rang with the blows of the axe, and the dying groans of many a forest monarch. From shore to shore reverberated the rasping of saws, the pounding of hammers, the shouting of workmen, telling plainer than words of the energy put forth to accomplish their object before the snows of winter should impede their progress. The people who thus sought to change the features of that pristine wilderness were an odd assorted lot. Men whose ears were better timed to the

din of battle than to the echoing ring of the woodman's axe, whose homes had been either upon the boundless deep, or in the military camp, whose occupation for years had been that subduing the enemies of Great Britain—sailors, soldiers and subaltern officers, now they had been disbanded by a treaty of peace, and induced by offers of land to a foreign wilderness, manfully strove to assert themselves, while wives and mothers endeavoured to anticipate the future as they reassured their wonder-stricken little ones. No one but the God of heaven could determine what that future should be, yet hope spoke kindly to many a wearied heart, and ambition spurred many a soul to action. Merchants, farmers, handicraftsmen, and even wig-makers mingled their efforts with the rest. Few were accustomed to the axe. Few knew how to build. But there were brave hearts among them, and they endeavoured to make the best of their circumstances without complaint.

By the month of September, eleven acres had been cleared, lots marked off, streets laid out, store houses erected, and numerous houses established. Many of the buildings, however, were rude, temporary affairs, built of logs and chinked with mud and moss; while others were neat frame structures, which, in pieces ready for putting together without further dressing, had been transported from Boston. The village was surrounded by palisades, and protected by redoubts of timber, through the loopholes of which protruded the muzzles of cannon that had been taken from Louisbourg. To add to the strength of the place, it was garrisoned by regiments of veteran soldiers, who had already seen service in the late colonial wars, and had come from Louisbourg and Annapolis. Battle ships were stationed in the harbour, and George's Island was fortified. Finally, with its Government buildings, its civic council, and its officiating governor, in the person of the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, this new settlement presented the appearance of a military station, whence laws were to be issued for the benefit of the whole peninsula. Military ports were established throughout the Province, roads were opened up, a system of communication arranged, and there was much passing to and fro of the settlers between the Capitol and the out-standing garrisons.

With this announcement of a nation's arrival heralded far and wide, it was not strange that many an Indian, attracted to the scene, stood gazing half stupefied with surprise at the diligent pioneers. When they realized that an alien race was establishing itself in their very midst, it was no wonder they were apprehensive. And when the Acadians understood the matter, and reviewed their misdeeds toward the English, it was quite in accordance with their cringing natures to petition the new governor for leniency, while they must have felt they merited nothing but his vengeance. They knew they did not deserve what they sought. They knew that for nearly forty years they had perpetrated outrages that were deserving of severe retaliation. Among other misdeeds, too numerous to mention, they had withheld supplies when the British garrison at Annapolis was in sore distress. Twice they had helped the Indians to burn a part of the village. They had assisted in the surprise and massacre of General Noble and his command, at Grand Pré, and during the siege of Louisbourg, in 1745, they had acted as spies, and had furnished the enemy with valuable information. Besides all this, they had paid annual rents and tithes to French Lords of Manors at Cape Breton, while they did not pay to the English, the rightful owners of the Province, even so much as a moderate tax for the privileges they enjoyed in the possession of their lands. Yet, even while conscience must have been admonishing them of their treachery, they had the audacity to approach the English governor with memorials, calling attention to the loyalty and good will they had ever exhibited toward King George, and promising to do even better in the future.

There was one man in their midst, however, who looked upon the English enterprise with greater misgivings than did his associates. He saw the people of Acadia changing into peaceable British subjects. He saw a new religion established. He saw himself a mere pigmy beside the new comers, and, naturally, he was enraged. That Monsieur l'Abbé La Loutre, the Vicar-General of Canada, the influential missionary to the Micmac Indians, the paid agent of the French Government, should lose his power was a presentiment so galling that he at once concocted a scheme whereby he should not only maintain his influence, but, to his greater satisfaction, perpetrate such villainies as would tend to discourage the English and finally drive them from the Province altogether. Straightway he intimated his intentions to La Jonquière, and not only won that gentleman's approval, but also his enthusiastic assistance. The result of the conspiracy was soon felt. The Indians, who had been frequenting the new settlement, partly out of curiosity and partly for the purpose of trading with the English, disappeared. The Acadians, who had been working for the Government at Halifax, laid down their tools and went home to stay. A short interval elapsed, and there began a series of animosities which threatened the new settlement with destruction. The Indians were incited to such deeds of violence that no Englishman's life was safe outside the palisades. Treacherous night attacks were made against Halifax and Dartmouth. Men who ventured into the woods never returned. Children were stolen and carried into a captivity worse than death. Prisoners were taken to Louisbourg and sold to the French, who subsequently restored them to their friends and relatives, only after the exaction of heavy ransoms. The tomahawk and the scalping-knife were frequently dripping with English