

THE DAUGHTER OF THE CONGREGATION.

A CANADIAN TALE.

BY H. V. C.



RAVE events of history, many of startling interest, are recorded in the early records of these Colonies, which are now half obscured by the shadows of time, and scarcely arrest the attention of any, except the patient historian, or the learned antiquary.

Yet, these may still find favor with the popular mind,

and redeem many useful facts from oblivion, if used as the ground-work of harmless fiction;—as an attractive setting draws attention to an antique gem, which would otherwise escape the common eye. The intrinsic value of the gem remains intact, and who shall say that the artist has wrought in vain, if he has renewed a dimmed glory of the past, and gives it as a study or recreation, to the present prosaic and practical generation.

More than a century had elapsed from the landing of the first colony of adventures at Quebec, before the Pilgrim Fathers moored their frail bark beside the rock of Plymouth. Yet within the space of fifty years from the latter epoch, what different results had followed the enterprise of the rival Colonies!

Canada remained embroiled in restless strife, without social compact, or political existence—her history a perplexed tissue of border warfare, intestine quarrels, and Indian depredation. The bad faith and selfish policy which marked her dealings with the savage tribes, were visited by

fearful retribution, and the poisonous drink which she offered to savage lips, was poured back in fiery judgment on her own devoted head.

The early settlers of this northern wilderness, were, in general, men searching for adventure,—for that coveted fame, which was won by the new discoveries of that age, or for the more substantial results offered by traffic with the native tribes. There were among them, men of determined energy and daring courage—but they wanted the stern principle—the fixed purpose—the moral and intellectual strength which can alone unite individuals in any important object, and give success and permanence to any great undertaking.

The New-England Colonies, on the other hand, were already rejoicing in religious freedom and social prosperity. Churches and schools arose in every town and village, unshackled by any bonds but those which conscience imposes. Commerce and agriculture flourished—the rights of the citizens were protected by wise laws, and friendly treaties bound the savage tribes in amity and peace.

The French and English colonists placed in juxtaposition with each other, lost none of their ancestral animosity. Mutual aggressions nourished the seeds of discord, and the only representatives of civilization, on the North American continent, continued to exercise the hereditary privilege of antipathy in the most hearty and undisguised manner. The descendants of the Puritans regarded with righteous horror the advance of a popish colony so near the borders of their Canaan; while the subjects of a Catholic prince, argued that “no faith should be kept with heretics,” and under the cloak of religion, too often sanctioned the most cruel barbarities. No doubt there lurked some worldly ambition with religious zeal on both sides. The French coveted the more temperate regions of the South and West, and the New-Englanders ever cast a longing eye towards the North, and on all suitable occasions manifested a loving desire to include it in their fraternal embrace.

Whenever the signal fires of war were lighted up between the two great powers of Europe, their trans-Atlantic colonies directly placed them-