

On the death of Ignatius, Photius was again elevated to his see, and the anathema resting on him, removed by a council of court in 879 (called by the Greeks the eighth Ecumenical Council). My object in referring to this dispute is twofold. In the first place, we find the power of the clergy and the supremacy of Rome asserted more distinctly, more inflexibly than ever before. The privileges of Rome were declared to be "eternal, immutable, anterior to, derived from no Synod or council, but granted directly by God Himself. They might be assailed, but not transferred, torn off for a time, but not plucked up by the roots. An appeal was open to Rome from all the world, from her authority lay no appeal." "We, by the power committed to us by our Lord, through St. Peter, restore our brother Ignatius to his former station, to his see, to his dignity as patriarch, and to all the honours of his office, etc." He then enjoins the emperor to burn the blasphemous and filthy letter with which he dared to insult the Holy See. If he refuses, the Pope will himself summon an assembly of prelates, anathematize all who favour or maintain these documents, and to his eternal disgrace, cause the Emperor's missive publicly to be suspended over a slow fire in the sight of all the nations who reverence the throne of St. Peter. Milman, Vol. III., pp. 29-31. In the second place, in this discussion the articles of difference between the Greek and Roman Church had been defined and hardened into rigid dogmas. These dogmas, however, were but mere pretexts for division. The real difficulty lay in the claim to primacy in the Church, set up by the See at Rome, and which the Greeks could only resist by separating from all fellowship with the Papacy. Subsequent negotiations for union were unsuccessful, and the darkness which soon after gathered around both Churches shrouded them from each other's sight.

### THE INGRATITUDE OF NATIONS TO THEIR BENEFACTORS.

THE LATE JOHN BRIGHT.

MR. EDITOR,—A short article appeared in THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN, on the 17th April in which very just remarks were made respecting the ingratitude of the American Senate in refusing to pass a resolution of condolence on the death of that great man, John Bright, who so recently passed away to his reward in England. It struck me as very appropriate, seeing how much John Bright had done in the greatest crisis the United States ever passed through to preserve that great Union from dissolution, and in the hour of the Union's greatest peril he was the most prominent Englishman of influence, who stood up for the cause of the North against the slavocracy of the South. Even the Hon. W. E. Gladstone—now so energetic for Home Rule in Ireland, prophesied and seemed willing that the South should succeed in her effort to establish a great slaveholding Republic—a course most inconsistent if not, for so great a man, disgraceful. How any lover of freedom or human liberty, at large, where six millions of slaves had an interest so great, could, in such a crisis in human events and in which the dearest rights of humanity were concerned, take the part of a Confederacy of slaveholders, boasting that the chief corner stone of their Republic should be slavery, was surprising. It lead me to say "How great is the inconsistency of public men!" Now when the great men in the American Senate (for if there are any great men in the United States, they are in it) have had an opportunity to express their gratitude for what took place only about twenty-six years ago, we see them, for fear of the Irish Roman Catholic vote, falter in their patriotism and gratitude. This same Irish vote caused ex-President Cleveland lately to disgrace himself by insulting and expelling an English Ambassador, thereby also probably losing his election.

It is the same way often in our own country and in England with politicians. The vote recently given at Ottawa never would have been given, had not the two parties which gave it feared Roman Catholic votes in Ontario and Quebec. You very justly remark, "If public men ever get any reward for good public services, it must either come from their own consciences, or must be given them in the next world." No doubt this remark is true, and no greater proof can be adduced of future rewards and punishments than this, that truly good men are not rewarded in this world, and that there is a state of being, immortal and invisible to us now, where a great God will reward those who act from high motives of righteousness, and not for mere temporary success. The Lord Jesus, blessed forever, has plainly told us so, for it was upon this principle He acted, (laid down His life for us) and taught His Apostles to act. St. Paul, in Timothy and in other letters, speaks of the rewards of good men in a future life. Mr. Bright has been blamed for not supporting Home Rule in Ireland. He and Mr. Gladstone differed greatly on this question, and for this the Roman Catholics hated him. But Mr. Bright feared that in granting Home Rule, he might cause Ireland to secede from England. His patriotism impelled him to do so, and the fact is that the greatest fear many other good men have, is that in granting Home Rule to Ireland, we are granting Rome Rule and Popish influences in it. We all know that Rome hates England, and her great desire is to pull down freedom's star, that hovers over the great island.

The great mistake men have made in this world is the setting aside of God, and acting on principles of expediency, making success their idol. Speaking of the American rebellion reminds me how badly many of our Canadians acted in showing strong sympathy for the South. Among the exceptions were the family of George Brown, then the editor of the *Globe*—and I am proud to say that I often wrote and spoke on the Northern side.

CHARLES DURAND.

May 8, 1889.

### THE TRUE VERSION OF THE ACADIAN TRAGEDY.

The following paper on a most interesting episode in Canadian history, from the pen of Malcom W. Sparrow, appears in *The Week*:

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 malefiance 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 Siubenacadie, 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 of 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 disarmed 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.

(To be concluded.)

The President of the United States has appointed Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D.D., of Boston, superintendent of Indian schools. Dr. Dorchester, who has made very careful and conscientious statistical studies of religious and benevolent work, has the confidence of the public, and will fill the place with faithfulness, and, we believe, success. The position requires especial executive faculty and knowledge of men, as well as honesty and zeal. This department was practically, under Mr. Atkin's and Upshaw's control, in the hands of the Roman Catholic Bureau at Washington, and the change to the superintendency of a Methodist minister will be something notable. But we judge that the Catholics will have no reason to fear any unfairness on Dr. Dorchester's part.