

that from all classes of Protestants—from Puritans, from Dutch Calvinists and from English Episcopalians—the poor red man received the same treatment. "New England" he says "waged a disastrous war of extermination; the Dutch were scarcely ever at peace with the Algonquins. The laws of Maryland refer to Indian hostilities and massacres which extended as far as Richmond." Two noble exceptions to these deeds of blood stand out in honourable relief—the Quakers and the French. "Penn came" says our historian "without arms; he declared his purpose to abstain from violence; he had no message but peace; and not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian." That the French had been equally kind is proved from the fact, that when the French authorities made their last journey through Canada and down the valley of the Mississippi they received on all sides expressions of passionate attachment from the many tribes of red men. "To this day" says General Cass "The period of French domination is the era of all that is happy in Indian reminiscences." "When the Frenchmen arrived at these Falls" said a Chippewa chief in 1826 to the American agent at Sault Ste. Marie, "they came and kissed us. They called us children and we found them fathers. We lived like brethren in the same lodge. They never mocked our ceremonies and they never molested the places of our dead. Seven generations of men have passed away, but we have not forgotten it. Just, very just, were they to us" (Jameson part II. p. 148.) The French (Mr. Bancroft observes) "had won the affection of the savages \* \* \* and retained it by religious influence. They seemed to be no more masters, but rather companions and friends. More formidable enemies now appeared, arrogant in their pretensions, scoffing insolently at those whom they superseded, driving away their Catholic priests, and introducing the traffic in rum, which till then had been effectively prohibited" (IV. 79.)

May we not safely say, that had the French retained possession of America the Red Indian would have survived to this day to worship the God of the Christian?

#### LANDLORD AND TENANT.

It is a beautiful morning in spring; the sun is shining brightly, and the birds are singing merrily in the yet leafless trees. The refreshing green of the meadows and fields is delightful, and everything around seems happy. Happy? Alas! no, not all. We look around, but we see no cottage; yet those tall trees seem to point out this as the habitation of man. Ah! why are those stones and this earth scattered about? Ah, reader, here has been the happy home of the Irish peasant; here has he played when a child; here has he grown from childhood to manhood; here has he tasted all those joys which once made music in his young heart. No wonder, then, that for this place he retains a love, strong and energetic,—that it seems as if his heart was torn from its place when he is forced to part from his dear home.

He has parted from it, gentle reader, but how reluctantly! He was forced to leave the home of his childhood, and you now behold before you the ruined home of the Irish "tenant-at-will," and truly, indeed, at the will of the landlord. He has failed to pay his rent, and, of course, he must give up his land. The "crowbar brigade" is brought into requisition, and he is turned out on the charity of his poor neighbours.

He has gone to the roadside, there to take up his abode for the present, whither we will follow him, and see in what condition his landlord has turned him out on the cold world. At a bond in the road, near what was once his own home, we behold a miserable sod cabin erected by his kind neighbours for the poor outcast and his family. Let us enter. On some straw in the corner of the cabin lies a decrepit old man. Already he seems no longer of this world. The sharp, death-like features the glazed eye and emaciated hand, tells us that death has marked out the poor sufferer as his victim. He seems not to perceive the objects about him; and in his hands he clasps with the rigid grasp of death a small crucifix. Around his wretched couch kneel his son and his daughter-in-law—the young and wretched wife who, it seems, is doomed to hardships already; and also, reader, you may see here a holy and reverend man, the ser-