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GEORGE FOX AND QUAKERISM.

BY THE REV. M. HARVEY.

PART II.

IT seems to be the order of procedure in our world that all new truths shall, on their first introduction, be welcomed with blows, hatred and persecution. Such has been the reception of almost every new truth that has blessed the world. It finds itself, in the outset, in a minority of one; and the supporters of established opinions assail it, and endeavour to stifle or annihilate it and its supporters. So, then, there must be, in every age, martyrs for the truth. The man who believes and preaches anything new must be prepared to do battle with the world, to toil and suffer for his truth, and to do so in the assured confidence that, if a real truth, it will one day be crowned with victory. What we want in this and every age is men who will boldly and courageously speak out the truth that they believe, fearless of consequences:

"All conviction should be valiant,
Tell thy truth, if truth it be;
Never seek to stem its currents;
Thoughts, like rivers, find the sea;
It will fit the widening circle
Of Eternal Verity."

Early Quakerism met with blows enough, and was not without ts stout-hearted martyrs. One of the most noted of these evangelistic martyrs was James Nayler, whose story is deeply pathetic. He had been one of Cromwell's Ironsides, and had risen to the rank of quarter-master under General Lambert, in the Scottish campaign. Listening to the fervid appeals of Fox, he joined himself to the Society of Friends, and in company with his spiritual master bore many a storm of persecution. Speedily he became noted for his power and eloquence; and in London, profane and drunken cavaliers and intolerant sectaries bowed before the convincing might of his words, and counted themselves his disciples. Women, too, in their deep trustfulness and admiring reverence, sat at the feet of the eloquent stranger. Some of these, however, were weak and wild enthusiasts, who began to imagine that Christ was, in an especial manner, dwelling within the holy man, James Nayler, and to call upon all to recognize, in reverent adoration, this new incarnation of the divine and heavenly. Poor Nayler gradually yielded to this flattering but miserable delusion; and when these infatuated women surrounded the jail where he was confined, crying out that "Christ was in prison," and when they were admitted, knelt and kissed his feet, exclaiming: "thy name shall be no more called James Nayler, but Jesus," the unhappy man, now surely a fit subject for bedlam, received their adorations with complacent satisfaction. A mournful and pitiable spectacle surely, springing from the perversion of what is highest and best in man—his reverence, piety and love. And now, towards the close of the year 1656, one of the saddest exhibitions of wild fanaticism was witnessed in the city of Bristol. Nayler, with his miserable, deluded worshippers, entered the town, parodying Christ's entry into Jerusalem. We must let Carlyle paint the scene in his own grotesque but vivid fashion: "A procession of eight persons—one a man on horseback, riding single, the others, men and women, partly riding double, partly on foot, in the muddiest highway, in the wettest weather; singing, all but the single rider, at whose bridle walk and splash two women, 'Hosannah! Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth,' and other things in a buzzing tone, which the impartial hearer could not make out. The single rider is a raw-boned male figure, with lank hair reaching below his cheeks, hat drawn close over his brows, large, dangerous jaws strictly closed; he sings not, sits there covered, and is sung to by the others bare. Amid pouring deluges and mud knee-deep, so that the rain ran in at their necks, and vented itself at their hose and breeches; a spectacle to the West of England and posterity. At the High Cross of Bristol they were laid hold of by the authorities; turn out to be James Nayler and company."

Sadly ludicrous is this picture of Carlyle—this poor fanatic with his forlorn and draggled companions—tragic insanity enacting its involuntary comedy, and making us smile through our tears. Instead of mercifully shutting up the actors in a mad-house, the authorities of that day conceived the affair to be a stupendous blasphemy, and regarded themselves as avengers in the matter. Nayler was solemnly sent up under a strong guard to London; and the Parliament of England actually spent a good part of two months in hearing evidence and debating over this case of mental delusion. Their horrible sentence on the poor maniac was, "that he should stand two hours in the pillory at Westminster, and be whipped by the hangman through the streets to the Old Exchange, to be there set in the pillory two hours more, to have his tongue bored through with a hot iron, and his forehead branded with the letter B to indicate 'Blasphemer.' Then to be taken to Bristol, carried through the streets on horseback, with his face backward, whipped again, and then committed to Bridewell prison, London, at hard labor, till released by Parliament." All this was carried out to the letter, notwithstanding the efforts of some humane persons, Cromwell among the number, to arrest or mitigate the sentence. Poor Nayler bore it all calmly; and it is touching to find that he afterwards saw his error, wept bitter penitential tears over his mournful delusion, and humbly acknowledged that he had fallen through want of watchfulness. It is also beautiful and touching to find the Quakers of that day receiving back into their communion their greatly erring but deeply repentant brother. His life was ever after blameless and beautiful in its humility and lowly charity, and his death-bed full of peace and hope.

In the same year that Nayler suffered, George Fox visited Exeter, preaching in the Friends' meetings, which were now established in many places, as he went along. From Exeter he passed on to Bristol, where, in an orchard outside the town, some thousands gathered to hear him. This orchard was so often used for such purposes that it was regarded by Quakers as hallowed ground, notwithstanding their strong protests against consecrated brick and mortar. Leaving Bristol, he came to London, holding crowded meetings as he went. As he entered the city he observed a crowd near Hyde Park, and on approaching it he saw that the object of attraction was the Lord Protector, Cromwell, in his coach. Oliver was now at the zenith of his glorious career. He had made England great and respected among the nations of the earth. Everywhere he was acting as the defender of the Reformed Faith, and even the great Mazarene trembled before him and ceased his persecutions when Oliver spoke, for he knew that the Protector's word meant something, and would soon be followed by the deed. No sooner did George espy Cromwell in Hyde Park, than, remembering the kind reception of former days, he rode towards his coach. The guards would have driven him off, but Oliver recognized his friend, and stopping his carriage, waved him to approach. The burden of George's message was the sufferings of the Friends, their imprisonments and cruel persecutions, and how contrary all this was to the spirit of christianity. Oliver listened patiently, and desired him to come to his house in Whitehall. Once more they stood face to face—the stern soldier who had, by the sword, overturned the throne of the Stuarts, and the meek Quaker, whose warfare was purely spiritual, and whose principles forbade him to take the sword even in self-defence. For some reason which is not stated, the Lord Protector's mood was not, on this occasion, so gracious and propitious as at their former interview. Their conversation took a theological turn, perhaps unfortunately for the object George had in view; and they got into a discussion regarding the Quaker doctrine of "th inner light." Cromwell seems to have suspected the soundness o the principle, and perhaps hinted that it might delude a man b leading him away from the written word. George's meek ange was roused, and he was moved to bid the Lord Protector "la down his crown at the feet of Jesus," and over and over he repeate his exhortation. The Lord Protector pithily, and perhaps wit too much truth, retorted on George that his enormous self-confidence was none of the least of his attainments, and at the sam time, as Fox's Journal records, he came over to the table whe George was standing, and sat down on the end of it, saying, "I was determined to be as high as the Quaker;" and spoke som light things to the grave and serious George, half-mocking, hal rebuking his "enormous self-confidence." Disconcerted and di pleased, George retired; and when the Lord Protector went in his wife and other company, and described the interview, he sai half-regretfully, "I never parted so from them before." One c fancy that curious scene, more than two hundred years ago,—t first of the Quakers, hat on head, commanding Cromwell to lay down his crown; and the greatest potentate in Europe seating himself on the edge of the table, trying to overtop the Quaker, and bantering him for his infallible assurance. But the good humor of the Lord Protector soon returned. "I have good news for you," he said, later in the day, to one of his wife's maids, who was a Quakeress, "George Fox is come to town." "That," she replied demurely, "is good news indeed." So there were Quakers in Cromwell's household, even as of old there were "saints in Cæsar's household;" and they dearly loved their spiritual guide and friend.

One other interview only, in this world, were George Fox and Oliver Cromwell destined to have. Two years later, just after the death of his favorite daughter, Lady Claypole, Cromwell was seized with the fever which soon after terminated fatally. At the outset, he struggled against the disease, and rode out to take the air at Hampton Court. While thus engaged, at the head of his guards, he saw once more the figure of George Fox approaching. Courteously he stopped and awaited the Quaker. Some of his followers had again been imprisoned, and George well knew where to go for redress. Having stated his case, he was requested to come to the Protector's house; but when he came next day, the fever had increased, and he could receive no one. A few days more, and Cromwell was on his death-bed in Whitehall, praying for his enemies, blessing his children, and humbly and in peace committing his spirit into the hands of his Creator. George Fox's account of their last interview, is thus given in his Journal: "I met him riding in Hampton Court Park; and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft (or apparition) of death go forth against him; and when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him as I was moved to speak to him, he bid me come to his house. So the next day, I went to Hampton Court to have spoken further with him. But when I came, he was sick, and the doctors were unwilling I should speak with him. So I passed away and never saw him more." Let us hope that Puritan and Quaker have met, long since, in that better land, where no clouds come between good men, and now understand one another better than when on earth.

At the time of Cromwell's death George Fox was but thirty-four years of age, and had still thirty-three years of life and labor before him. On the restoration of Charles II. to the throne, the Quakers had high hopes that their sufferings were likely to be ended, inasmuch as before embarking for England, the King had issued a declaration addressed to the British nation, in which he promised liberty to tender consciences, and that no man should be disquieted or called in question for differences of opinion, in matters of religion, which do not disturb the peace of the kingdom. But the high hopes founded on this promise were doomed to be bitterly disappointed; and the Quakers speedily knew how much value was to be attached to the word of a Stuart. Charles himself, a gay, easy-tempered profligate, personally wished no harm to the Quakers, and even yielded more than once to appeals in their favor; but then he was quite as ready to yield next day to their enemies. Under his rule, the darkest atrocities were perpetrated, and the unhappy Quakers groaned under their sufferings. Fines, imprisonments, transportations were mercilessly inflicted; and at one time upwards of four thousand prisoners were in the jails of England. Their refusal to take an oath, in the usual form, was construed into a violation of an Act of Parliament then in force. The law against conventicles was directed against them as well as all dissenters; and their uncompromising denunciations of war, of a paid ministry in the church, of all gay amusements, brought down upon them the hatred and vengeance of the military, legal and clerical classes, and the contempt of the thoughtless and dissipated portion of the community. Fox himself was five times imprisoned, and spent in all upwards of eight years in prisons. Some idea of the dens called prisons, in those days, may be formed from the condition of Lancaster Castle, where he spent about two years. He was put into an old ruined tower of this castle, where the smoke from the prisoners below came up so thick that it obscured the light, and stood as dew upon the walls, insomuch that the under-jailer could scarcely be persuaded to enter. The room was so open that the rain came in upon the bed and saturated his clothes. Here he passed the winter, during which his body became swollen and his limbs benumbed. Margaret Fell, who was afterwards his wife, spent twenty months in another apartment of the same dungeon. When George Fox was brought out of this prison to be transferred to another, he could barely stand, and had to be lifted on a horse by the sheriff and his attendants. In Scarborough Castle, to which he was next sent, his apartment was even worse, having no fire-place, and being so open on the side next the sea that the rain was driven in by the wind. He was often deprived of the food sent to him by his friends for his subsistence. So meekly and firmly did Fox endure all, that he won the respect even of the officers and soldiers who guarded the castle. "He is as stiff as a tree," they said, "and as pure as a bell, for we could never make him bow." Fearful times were those when men, for conscience-sake, were thrust in among the thieves, murderers and felons of Newgate, in overcrowded apartments and filthy cells,—"a very hell on earth;" when a law was enacted prohibiting all meetings of Quakers, and transporting them to Jamaica on the third offence; and while good men and women were languishing in loathsome dungeons, flatterers were crowding round the Nell Gwynns of a licentious court, and ribaldry and licentiousness were stalking abroad unblushingly. In the midst of all this, the destroying angel entered London, and from street to street the Plague advanced, breathing death all around. The awful rumble of the death-cart filled the air, and the deserted streets resounded with the appalling cry, "Bring out your dead." A year later, and the Great Fire wrapped London in flames, leaving four hundred streets strewed with ruins and thirteen thousand houses reduced to ashes. But all these terrors had no effect in arresting persecutions, and the prisons were as crowded as ever with sufferers for conscience-sake. But is there not

"Some sort of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out?"

It was, strange to say, in the midst of this gloomiest period of English history that the immortal allegory of "The Pilgrim's Progress" had birth; and that in Bedford jail, John Bunyan, like another Jacob, was dreaming of a ladder whose top reached to heaven, and of ascending and descending angels. John Milton, too, old and blind, was completing his great poem, "Paradise Lost," in the very year of the Great Plague. 1659

Thus, then, for years, Quakerism struggled on and gathered strength, in spite of every effort to destroy it. No sooner was George Fox released from prison than he undauntedly resumed his labors, traversing almost every county in England and Wales, making numbers of converts wherever he went, and in his preaching tours visiting Scotland, Ireland, Holland, and even America, and returning only to find in England the same dreary round of intolerance and persecution as before. Learned and able disciples arose to propagate his doctrines—Barclay, the Melancthon of the new faith, and William Penn, who planted a Quaker kingdom in the New World. An indomitable missionary spirit marked the early Quakers. Their apostles attempted the conversion of the Pope and the Grand Turk, and made their way to Jerusalem, Egypt, China and Japan. George Fox's life extended through the reigns of Charles I., the time of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and into the reign of William and Mary, the jubilee of civil and religious liberty, when Churchman, Puritan and Quaker were allowed to worship God in peace. Ten years before his death he had at least fifty-eight thousand followers in Great Britain and Ireland, and ten thousand more in other lands. Thus successfully had the Nottingham shoemeker labored in his generation. He was able to continue his toils till within a few days of his death. On the 15th of November, 1690, being in his 67th year, he calmly expired, full of triumphant faith and hope. His last words were "All is well; the seed of God reigns over all and over death itself."

They placed his toil-worn body in an open coffin in the meeting-house in Grace Church Street, London, and there, for three days, many hundreds of his devoted disciples came to take a last look at the face of their beloved teacher. And there were sobs and streaming eyes and beating hearts and sacred, tender remembrances around that coffin, such as accompany few to the grave. A vast assembly, numbering four thousand, followed the remains to the grave. In Bunhill Fields, the last resting-place of much precious dust, they laid the first of the Quakers, and William Penn pronounced over his grave an eulogium marked by tenderness, pathos and power, in which, amid the falling tears and sighs of the great multitude, he testified of his pure and innocent life, his unwearied labors of love, his manifold sufferings for the truth, and the all-sufficiency of the power of God, to whom alone he ascribed his preservation amid so many dangers.

What manner of man was this first of the Quakers? Man is a compound being, and he who is to do a great work in the world needs a strong, capable body, as well as a master-soul. George Fox was above the middle stature, possessed of a robust, powerful frame; his countenance graceful; his deportment grave; his appearance manly, dignified and commanding. His dark gray eyes are spoken of as piercing and brilliant, emitting, at times, flashes before which an opponent was apt to quail. He had, too, that true courtesy which springs from kindness of heart and a just appreciation of the rights and feelings of others, a politeness which far transcends all the forms of etiquette. In living he was marked by great temperance, eating sparingly, and avoiding all intoxicating drinks as a beverage. He allowed himself but little sleep, resting barely long enough to recruit his energies for work. His education was of the slenderest description, and to mere book-learning he never pretended, yet he was desirous of gaining all possible light, and he must have greatly enlarged his circle of knowledge, for in his later works we find him, instead of decrying learning, quoting now a passage from the Koran, and now a criticism upon the original Greek of the Gospels. While he had no pretensions to be a logical reasoner, great truths came to him he knew not how—intuitively, as with many great minds; and he could only appeal to inward voices and visions in explanation of his rare spiritual insight. In organizing and governing power he approached the executive greatness of Wesley. His imagination had little appreciation of the beautiful, either in nature, art or literature, but it revelled in visions of the wild and wonderful, and was at home in the sublime outpourings of the Hebrew prophets. No one could reproduce their sublime imagery more powerfully than he. If somewhat stern in disposition, yet no one had more warmly attached friends. When in prison, on one occasion, one of his followers went to Cromwell, and offered to take his place in the wretched dungeon and bear his punishment if he were liberated. "Which of you," exclaimed the Protector to his courtiers, "would do the like for me?" Under the rough rind there beat a warm, brotherly, tender heart. The granite rock had a living spring within. Doubtless he failed in appreciating the worth of established institutions and in due consideration for other men's opinions; but this arose rather from the prejudices of his position and the strength of a pertinacious will, than from any unkindness or irreverence of heart. Perhaps his most distinguishing characteristic was his world-wide philanthropy, in which he grasped the whole human race, beholding a brother in every member of the human family. He believed that the gospel of Christ, carried out in practice, would fuse all nations and tongues into one common harmonious brotherhood. As to his religious convictions, he held them with the noble firmness of one who had received his commission from on high; and no threats or dangers could intimidate his fervent zeal. In fearless daring, while engaged in his work, he equalled the fervid Francis Xavier. Oppression and imprisonment did not overawe him, and never awoke the malevolent impulses of his nature, only adding fervor to his plea for the captive and the oppressed. Indeed, in those sad prison experiences of George Fox we can detect the germs of that modern philanthropy in which his followers have distinguished themselves so nobly. Few have been so active as the Quakers in that movement which led to a thorough reform of the prisons of England; and in all efforts to lessen the sum of human suffering they have nobly distinguished themselves.

That Quakerism had a great and important mission, few thoughtful minds will now deny. That it was needed as a witness for some half-forgotten principles of christianity, at the time when it arose, most religious philosophers will admit; though they might add that its mission seems to be accomplished and its work done, and its protest, in its own special form, no longer needed. Like many other systems which have had their day and their history, Quakerism is passing away.

The grand distinctive principle of Quakerism, that which gave it at first such wonderful vitality and force, and touched so many hearts, was what they named "the inner light," or the voice of God in the soul. "The light within"—this was the very centre of the Quaker system and their early watchword. They put forward their belief in this, as the first and central truth of the gospel,—as a sufficient justification for their forsaking all existing Christian societies. The grace of God, said George Fox, must be sought and felt in a man's own heart, if he would be delivered from his sin and his fear by that grace. The true light, he repeated again and again, is within the man himself. With the Quaker, "the inner light" was the principle of salvation and the ground of a church. Still it was to his view, a living light—a Divine Person shining into the soul—not superseding the Bible, but guiding to its truths. Divested of its Quaker drapery, it seems to me that this doctrine did not differ materially from that which is now held by all the evangelical churches, regarding the divine influence in the heart of man,—an influence which extends to all men—christian and heathen—and is called by different names. The same Lord was teaching the early Quakers as is now teaching living Christians. They felt themselves struggling with an evil nature, and welcomed that divine light which aided them in overcoming their spiritual darkness. At that period, the testimony borne by the Quakers to the spirituality of all true worship was greatly needed, and has borne rich and abundant fruit since.

But now arises the inquiry, how, with so much of divine truth in it, so much enthusiasm, devotedness and energy among its early propagators, has Quakerism failed and become a declining system. That it is a declining cause, and that its extinction, as an organization, is not very distant, is admitted on all hands, even by the most enlightened Quakers themselves. At the death of George Fox, the numerical strength of the Quakers in Great Britain and Ireland was about sixty thousand people. Estimating the entire population of the kingdom then at eight and a half millions, one person in one hundred and thirty professed Quakerism, in the latter part of the 17th century. In the year 1800, the numbers of the sect were only one-half what they had been a hundred and twenty years previously—that is about thirty-two thousand persons, or one Friend to every four hundred and seventy of the general population. In the year 1856, the total number of Quakers in the United Kingdom was twenty-six thousand persons—equivalent to about one person in every eleven hundred of the general population, as contrasted with one in one hundred and thirty, in the year 1680.

This decline of Quakerism is very remarkable. How are we to account for it? Fifty years after its first ardent propagators had passed away from the scene of their labors, the prospects which the opening dawn of Quakerism held forth were clouded; it had ceased to be aggressive, and the spirit of the early Friends had entirely left the body. In fact, Quakerism had its missionary age, which came to a close. Its first love abated, and its early zeal grew into formality or coldness. There seems to be a law that one generation of religious reformers cannot bequeath to the next the same measure of zeal with which they themselves were inspired. In the case of Quakerism, with much that was noble and good about it, the views which it inculcated regarding a stated ministry, the mode of worship, church membership and marriage, music, the fine arts and amusements, were so stereotyped and contracted that there was no room in the system for expansion to suit the altered conditions of society; and thus, as years rolled on, it was found in antagonism with advancing ideas, and repelled instead of attracting adherents.

When persecution ceased, there came to the Quakers a day of ease, of outward prosperity and abated zeal. With commercial success came wealth, luxury followed, and then indifference to religious things. Even as early as 1700 the Quakers were noted for that commercial success which has continued to be common among them to the present day. This success arose no doubt largely from their integrity and plodding industry, as well as from the superior education they were able to give their children; but perhaps still more from the fact that the whole energies of the Quakers were directed to trade and commerce, as in the case of the Jews. They discouraged literature and the fine arts; they were at first shut out from civil employments, and could hold no post under the crown, owing to the operation of The Test and Corporation Act. Hence their energies, checked in all other directions, flowed into the single channel of commerce. Wealth followed, and with it, unhappily, a decline in religious zeal. An able writer has said, with bitter pungency, "Quakers pursue the getting of money with a pace as steady as time and an appetite as keen as death." With an anxiety to testify against superfluity in dress and indulgence in the pleasures of the world, the Society of Friends have not been equally faithful in warning its members against the too eager pursuit of riches. Thus unduly immersed in the pursuit of worldly gain, while loudly condemning the frivolous pleasures of the world, men naturally said that they

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

There can be little doubt that one great cause of the decline of Quakerism has been their views on the ministry as connected with worship. They denied that there was to be any order of men set apart as religious teachers and preachers, and in the meeting for worship they held that no man should open his lips unless prompted by the Spirit. The ultimate result of this was that silent meetings became the order of the day, which, to the undevout, became profitless and irksome, and repelled the young, who went elsewhere for instruction. This repulsion was still farther increased by the rejection of music, whether vocal or instrumental, from worship.

Besides, the Quaker peculiarities of dress and language have had no small effect in discouraging the spread of Quakerism. It is well known that the early Quakers lifted up their voice against all superfluities of dress and language; they objected to the use of all merely complimentary expressions, as well as to the use of the plural pronoun when addressing one individual only. A Quaker costume thus grew up, which the second generation enforced by strict laws and regulations. Soon, however, it became evident that the mere setting up of a form cannot secure the substance, and that any amount of insincerity and deceit may be practised in what is called plain language, and that the Quaker dress neither shuts out expense, fashion, nor vanity.

Their regulations, too, in reference to marriage, have acted most prejudicially in reducing the number of their members. To marry outside the connection is followed by expulsion; and by the operation of this rule great numbers have been cut off. Thus, narrowness of views and blindness to the real wants and tendencies of humanity; rigid adherence to antiquated forms, and a conservatism that admits of no change, innovation or adaptation to varying forms of society have acted to prejudice the minds of men against what is noble and good in Quakerism, and to weaken and overturn the system. The indisposition to change, even in the smallest externals, on the part of the leaders, has led to an ever-widening distance between them and the young members of the Society, who are rapidly throwing aside the distinctive peculiarities of Quakerism.

There seems to be no probability now of a reform and revival of Quakerism, such as would give it fresh life and impetus. Still, though it may become extinct as a system, the good seeds it has scattered will never die; and its leaders will ever be honored as the champions of spiritual religion and humane morality. With Fox for their apostle, Barclay for their theologian, Penn for their legislator, Dymond for their moralist, they need not be ashamed of their history. Spirituality and humanity owe much to the Friends; and among the names worthy of being heard as rallying cries in the conflicts of humanity against oppression, of faith against despair, few names deserve more honorable mention than that of George Fox, the Shepherd-Prophet.

6

SEARCH FOR THE PHŒNIX FEATHER.

"Cold and clear as diamond stone,
Clear and cold as wintry star,
Cold as Alp's most crystal cone,
Clear as ice-crest seen afar,
Is my Lady,
Is my Lady,
Is my Lady Oriant, the splendor-eyed.

"Not to me in douce regard,
Not in kindly warmth look down,
Not unbend her heart so hard,
Not unbend her eyes of brown,
Would my Lady,
Would my Lady,
Though I prayed her by the love of Christ that died."

Thus Sir Guyon made his moan
To the haughty, cold douzelle;
Then the lady, cold as stone,
To the knight who loved her well:
"Lov'st thou me? By May above,
Never man my hand shall grasp,
Never man shall win my love,
Never man my zone unclasp,
Till he bring me feather of the Bird of Fire!"

Stricken Guyon bowed his head
To the flinty-hearted dame;
Guyon steed from stable led,—
Sought the place from whence he came;
Not her hest would he gainsay,
Not with wrath his heart was stirred,
But he humbly rode away,
Rode away to seek the bird—
Bird that rises from the ashes of his pyre.

To the hill-men told his quest:
"Have ye here the Bird of Fire?"
Answered they: "On mountain crest
We have but the lammergeyer,

And the self-communing raven,
  And the long-winged tercil hawk,
With the buzzard, bald and shaven,
  But the bird of which you talk
Hath no nest, that we know, 'mong the mighty hills."

To the vales descended he:
  "Have ye seen the Fiery Bird?"
But the clowns in clumsy glee
  At the stranger 'gan to gird:
"Yes! we have young Robin Red,
  And the nightingfinch that sings,
Whip-poor-willy, go-to-bed,
  Magpie that says naughty things,
And swallow-swifts that build in the eaves of mills."

Baffled Guyon, sick of jokes,
  Went beside the sounding sea,
Said he to the fisher folks:
  "Know ye where this Bird may be?"
"Nay. We know where skims the skimmer,
  Caves in coves where builds the owl,
Where murrs swim,—where makes a shimmer
  Peter's ne'er-alighting fowl—
Mother Evermurmur's bird that bodeth storm."

Humbly patient Guyon turns
  To the sand-land lone and lorn,
"Have ye here a Bird that burns?"
  Said he to the desert-born:
"We have here the ostrich fleet,
  Fleet as mare of Zadi's tribe,
And the sand-rail and te-wheet,
  And we have the scarlet ibe
That, when slants the sunlight, seems a fiery form."

Then he to the realm of snow,
  And to dwellers on the ice
Said: "Salvages! do you know,
  Builds here Bird of paradise,
Fire-fowl called?" Cried they in wrath:

"We do know the north sea screamer,
And we know the gannets' bath,
And the dove of the Redeemer,
But we know no Fire Bird,—by Odin and Thor!"

Then he to the orient Ind
And said: "Ho! ye bronze-cheeked men,
Say if with you I shall find
Bird that burns and lives agen?"
Said they: "Though we know Bird Vishnu,
And have birds like flying flashes,
We, nor no men, ever knew
Bird to rise up from its ashes,
Nor is there in the Vedas warrantry therefor."

Sadly home returning, Guyon
Took the route by Holy Land,
And, when near to blessëd Zion
Met a palmer, staff in hand;
Said the palmer: "True knight, yield!
Cease thy quest, no farther roam,
Phœnix is not found afield,
Seek the feather nearer home,—
For life and love are born and die together."

To his Lady's home he drew,—
Oriant the splendor-eyed,—
Told her none the Phœnix knew,
But to seek it he'd have died:
Oriant the splendor-eyed,
On his head her hand she laid,
Drew him gently to her side
And in loving whisper said:
"Though thou knew'st not thou hast found the feather."

HUNTER DUVAR.

THE VALLEY OF THE PLATTE.

BY GEO. J. FORBES, KOUCHIBOUGUAC, N. B.

No. VI.

Our first experience of the Mirage—The Western "Bull Driver" and his team—Our companion the Coyote.

> Is this a lake which I see before me,
> The trees upon thy banks inverted in thy bosom?
> Come let me haste to drink of thee,
> I have thee not and yet I see thee still;
> Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible to feeling as to sight,
> Or art thou but a lake of the mind? a false creation
> Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain.
>
> MACBETH (slightly altered).

WE have already far exceeded the limits which we assigned to this valley when we began to pen these articles, but had no idea that we had so much to say till we took up each subject in detail. We would fain hope that we have interested the reader, and can only promise that at the conclusion of another article we will introduce him to new scenes, which are laid still further west, and which we will give, literally, *as we saw them.*

In describing the mirage we very much doubt if we can give anything new in connection with it. It will test the abilities of a descriptive writer to the utmost to convey to the reader a correct idea of that which is tangible; how much more difficult then is his task when he describes a phantom, for we can call the mirage nothing less. We would fain be more exact than our friend, Con Cregan, who, in writing from America to his brother Patrick, attempted to give a description of a bear, and the part which he had borne in the animal's transition to (we will hope) a better world. He ludicrously described him as a "feathered fowl," which, by the by, was "the first he had ever seen," and having treed him up a stump, had terminated his span of life by "shooting" him with a pitchfork. There is no person who will not readily admit that the reading of this terse epistle would not only bring the "bird" himself, but also every detail connected with the killing of him, before Con with a vividness which would be almost startling; but would, at the same time, leave Patrick completely mystified. Con, all simplicity, does not for a moment suppose that anything more requires to be added in order that Patrick may understand the danger from which he escaped; the ferocious nature of the animal; his appearance, size, and manner of living, and also any details which he may have heard regarding him in the new country. Being allowed feathers, Patrick at once invests him with wings; given wings, he could, of course, fly. None of the bird species are dangerous as far as he has been able to learn, so the only noteworthy point which he can see in the affair is the laziness or stupidity of the creature in thus allowing himself to be approached and killed with such a simple and common weapon, or, we should say, implement. How far from the reality is this!

In treating the mirage we will try and be more concise than this. The subject is one of unusual difficulty, inasmuch as it presents many phantasmagorical phases, all seemingly as real as Macbeth's dagger. The whole scene brought forcibly to our mind the passage in which the great assassin addresses the phantom instrument with which he had committed the deed of blood. The illusion, commonly known as the mirage, is varied by the surroundings and the degree or intensity of heat imparted by direct solar rays; it is in nowise a necessary adjunct that the surroundings be as barren as Sahara, as we have seen the phenomenon as perfect in detail in the Valley of the Platte as we ever did in the barren, alkalied plains of Nevada. Much vegetation would, however, suppress the illusion, as it would absorb the solar rays, keep down the temperature of the atmosphere, and impart to it a degree of moisture that would destroy its refracting powers. Our first view of it was above Fort Kearney, about four hundred miles from the Missouri. The vale was wide, and the river far to our right—the herbage everywhere cropped bare by the buffalo, the antelope, and the many teams that nightly fed from its now parched bosom. The previous night had been warm, and the sun had apparently risen from a furnace, red and fiery. The level and sunken plain which formed the valley seemed to smoke under his burning rays, and the atmosphere danced and scintillated in fiery waves and streaks that seemed only to require a spark to set the whole in a blaze. The first thing which we notice is an enlargement of objects, which, new as the phenomenon is to us, is perfectly incomprehensible. Anything which is stationary looms up enormously, while that which is moving, in addition to increase of bulk, takes on so many new phases of character that we seem to be in an enchanted region. Our line of vision is lengthened in a manner which is almost a cause of alarm. There are giants in these parts, for we can see them five to six miles ahead of us, and from eight to ten feet in height apparently, even at that distance. We had read in our youth the description of Goliah, his stature and strength, with much more pleasure than profit, and we now rake up the ashes of memory in regard to the number of his family; but after much rubbing of our brow and irritation of our cranium, have but a small measure of success. We have read and heard much of this region, but never gathered any information on this head, so have now deeply impressed on us the old adage, that there is nothing like travelling for information. We are elated. We will be the first to make known to the world that the family of which Goliah was a representative are not all dead, and will acquire much fame thereby. We can, in fancy, see our honored parent lifting his eyes from our epistle, which announces the fact of their existence, and descanting thereon with a look of mingled wonder and pride. Meanwhile, the giants are approaching us, and at the same time are diminishing in size in a manner that sets the question of our bodily safety at rest: we meet and find they in no way exceed our own size. The affair is getting to be serious, for it is quite evident the derangement is confined to ourselves, and we are far from oculist or physician. We venture some remarks regarding the illusion to our companion, an old stager, who has been watching us with an amused and quizzical expression. One word—"the mirage"—dispels all our apprehension, and we have leisure for intelligent observation. A dead ox, three miles in advance of us, assumes the proportions of a small mound, shadowy and shapeless in outline, while the vultures, that hop around and perch on the carcass, appear like so many gnomes from the spirit land. Every change of position invests them with a new character or phase of hideousness. The representation of vulture physical force, that has succeeded in retaining possession of the vantage ground—the highest part—assumes the proportions of a monster seven or more feet in height. As he turns his gory head, opens his monstrous beak, and flaps his shadowy wings, he is a very demon in appearance. There is war in the spirit land. The onslaught against the demon is furious, and although his defensive parts appear to pervade space in a wonderful manner, he is finally obliged to succumb. Beyond is the lake. Even down the minutest part the illusion is complete. The sandy beach and rippled surface are perfect in detail, while the high land and trees reversed are reflected from its seeming depths in a manner that it is hard to believe is imaginary. It keeps ever receding as we advance, as if it were jealous of revealing the secrets of its depths. More curious than all is it to narrowly observe the ground or space covered by this apparent lake. It covers many square miles, and is traversed by wild animals, wagons and horsemen. A herd of antelope, scared from our track, have the appearance of phantoms—at times so airy and vaguely defined that they seem to dissolve in space, in a moment to again reappear in a new *role* and unexpected locality. Like the creation of a moment, they appear before us as a clump of airy and attenuated trees violently shaken by the wind, which may probably vanish with a suddenness that will leave us in doubt as to whether they really were not a creation of our brain, overheated as we feel it to be; or they may merge into water-craft, fanciful as a Turkish *caicque*, and evanescent as the far-famed flying Dutchman. The prairie wagon and team which are crossing can be likened to nothing but chaos. The oxen are monsters, shadowy and connected to each other in a manner at once comical and frightful. It would seem as if the wagon were in the midst of them at times—the filmy cotton cover toppling far in advance, and apparently liable to overwhelm them at any moment. A revolving wheel is, at any time, a most uncertain piece of mechanism, on which to bet largely, in regard to construction; but when we have the mirage to assist us, it becomes much more complicated. We have a centre, often dark and gloomy, around which shadowy rays seem to stretch far into space, where, at times, they remain stationary, the next moment to gyrate with surprising rapidity. The situation of the whole is the source of the greatest wonder. The team and wagon are plainly to be seen, at times, like Mahomet's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth. This would, like the flaming sword which overhung Jerusalem for many months before its destruction by Titus, be an omen of evil or, may be, good to the superstitious or those who were ignorant of the phenomenon. The effect is really very curious, and we could hardly blame one of our party who accepted it as foreshadowing our entire and complete destruction, or at the best, the total failure of the end for which the expedition was organized. His stories of Indian fights and scalpings were henceforth frequent, and were told with a subdued pathos, which was meant to impress on us the uncertain tenure of life in a region where the red brother was a free moral agent. We, of course, agree with him, and charitably add any tales of horror or ocular warnings of impending destruction of which we may have read or heard, till he gets so nervous that, out of pity, we desist. This illusion—the existence of an apparent plain below the real one—is not always an accompaniment of the mirage; in fact, it is seldom that we are favored with a vision of this kind perfect in detail. If the apparent expanse of water is large, the illusive plane of the earth's surface is more depressed, and we have objects elevated one hundred feet or thereabouts. The greater the elevation the more distorted the reflections. We have seen an ox in this way represent anything from the winged bull, which Layard excavated from the mounds of Nineveh, to pictures of the Evil One which we had seen in our youth in a copy of "Dante's Inferno." There is no limit to fancy, and we have the pleasing reflection that we are basing it on what seems to be reality. The whole is something wonderful, but the latter—the ærial images—according to the law of optics, we find much more easy to understand than to explain. We know that by filling a basin with water, an object within it, which was previously unseen, is brought to view, although the line of vision remains unaltered. We believe our apparent lake produces the very same effect in regard to location, and the condition of the atmosphere is responsible for the balance. We have exhausted the subject. The lake recedes as we advance, so that our distance from its shadowy and mythical shores is ever the same. As noon advances into evening, the waters vanish, all the surroundings take unto themselves their natural hue and shape, and the many reflections vanish as a hazy atmosphere before the morning sun, leaving us, if our mind has any weak points, in doubt as to whether the whole was a creation of our own or an authenticated natural phenomenon.

The teamster of these regions, commonly known as a "bull-whacker," is quite a character in his way. We cannot, in truth, say much good of him. He is nearly always ignorant, and, as a matter of course, very rough in his conversation; while his profanity is something awful. The worst swearers that we ever heard belonged to this class. The facility with which he will turn any subject or remark, so that he can show off this vile accomplishment, is really wonderful, and it is almost superfluous to say that it has a most debasing effect. The man who swears at everything, reverences nothing. We believe the teamster has done more in the sowing broadcast of unique and, therefore, insidious oaths, than the representative of any other class. He is a traveller, and comes in contact with many people, publicly and at the family hearth; and having seen much that is novel, and encountered many dangers, he thus has the ear of the circle, large or small, amid which he may be thrown. He is a hero in his way, and the juniors, with far too many of the elders, look up to him as one whose every action is worthy of imitation. In relating any encounters which he may have had with the Indians, he swears at them with an energy and fluency at once the envy and admiration of aspirants to fame in this particular branch of rhetoric. With open mouth and bated breath they await the finale to which imagination has already carried them, where the savages, panic-stricken and demoralized by a vigorous and well-sustained volley of oaths, are picked off in detail with the rifle and scalped at leisure. While performing this last pleasing and refined operation, which by gesticulation he almost pictures as a reality, he showers on the dead or writhing savage a torrent of profanity, which his auditors fondly and reasonably hope may take effect on some of the retreating foe. Having nearly turned the savage hunting-ground into a desert by a series of scathing maledictions, he turns his attention to matters nearer home. The length and quality of the road; the strength and endurance of his team; the weight and value of his load, are all illustrated and determined by a series of expletives which seem to have a recognized value. Taking what he considers to be the lowest and least forcible expressions, he ascends by the climatic scale, till his execution, for volume and denunciation, is as unsurpassed as it seems unattainable to the would-be learner and auditor. The man has the misfortune to live in the wrong time. What a fortune this accomplishment would have been to him had he chanced to be selected by that old heathenish, Canaanite king, Balak, to curse Israel, instead of Balaam. We can imagine the delight of the old fellow as he sits rubbing his hands and listens to the torrent of denunciation which flows from this modern Balaam's mouth with the steadiness and force of water from a boiling and covered kettle; how he smiles and dances with joy as expressions, which he invests with the power of a modern Armstrong, follow one another with surprising rapidity; and how, having convinced his employer that "Israel" should soon "*not be reckoned among the nations,*" this combination of prophet and sorcerer is sent home in the royal chariot (almost as fine as a truck wagon of the present day), laden with presents, amongst which may be reckoned "raiment" as tasteful in design and fine in quality as a Spanish "poncho" or an Indian blanket; sandals, which on account of the accumulations of sand and gravel between them and the sole of the feet, were warranted to secure expedition that the traveller might bring his misery to a close; and much oil for use internally as a medicament in inflammatory complaints, also a pleasing adjunct to the dinner-table (some dirty patch of his clay floor or the same outside of his hovel), and greatly valued as an emollient ointment, which kept the skin from cracking and induced accumulations to scale from the entire body, thus at once husbanding his small stock of water and forwarding the cause of cleanliness in a manner eminently satisfactory. As our bull-driver could curse in a manner that must needs be satisfactory, without putting his employer to the expense of erecting seven altars with the necessary accompaniment of rams and bullocks, he would no doubt be rewarded with a shekel or two in addition to the prime necessaries already named, which would set him up in life, and probably leave the monarch impecunious.

The man who is profane is too often cruel, and the "bull-whacker" is no exception to the rule. That we may fully illustrate and show him up on this count of the indictment, let us note the weapon which he is in the habit of using on his hapless and unoffending charge. First we have the goad, with its protruding brad, which is buried without stint or mercy in the living flesh, and with refined cruelty the most sensitive spot is always chosen. He never thinks he has made effective use of it, if the poor brutes are not made to bawl in a manner that would wring some modicum of pity from the heart of a demon. This instrument of torture is a mere plaything to what is known as the "bull-whip." The lash of this latter is from nine to twelve feet in length, of great thickness in the middle part, and loaded with shot to give it proper weight. The stock or handle is not more than thirty inches in length, which would leave it totally useless in the hands of a novice, who would be much more likely to injure himself than anything that might be the object of his wrath. The uninitiated will at once suppose that the animals are struck with the heavy part of the whip, but such is not the case. Only the tip, which is a thong or strip of heavy buckskin, is ever allowed to come in contact with the animal. The lash is thrown backwards, and the whole strength of the teamster's brawny arm, in addition to the great weight of the lash, is concentrated in this terrible tip, which, at every determined stroke, cuts completely through the hide with the keenness of a knife. The smallest effort will mangle the miserable animal in a manner which is pitiable to behold. That he may excel in the use of it, he is continually practising, and it is well for the team if plenty of lizards (called swifts) cross his path, or the rattlesnake sounds his note of warning with more than ordinary frequency. The latter reptile, of whom we will have more to say anon, affords excellent practice, offering, as he does, some very fine points, requiring a steady hand and excellent judgment of distance. The head, elevated to the distance of eighteen or more inches, is cut off with a precision and certainty which, combined with the celerity of a flash, must leave the reptile in some doubt as to whether he was not always headless; or his rattle, on which he no doubt prides himself, is removed from his control with a suddenness which it is evident he cannot understand. No matter how energetically he may shake his tail, no music greets his ear, and not learning wisdom by experience, he renews the effort as often as he is approached, till he becomes almost convulsed with rage and exertion, when he is decapitated without ceremony. We tried to become a proficient in the use of this whip, that we might strike down his snakeship at a safe distance, but only succeeded in encircling our body in its folds in a manner that came near making us our own executioner. We never could get the interminable lash straightened out, so the reptile tribe had nothing to fear from us. The swift, who does not belie his name from the manner in which he crosses our path, is stayed in his career of progress with a suddenness totally out of keeping with his previous movements. Sometimes the aim is a partial failure, and he escapes with the loss of his tail, which must be a grievous one, as it is at least one-half of his total length. If none of these attractions offer, the whip must be kept agoing, and the man who can remove a fly from the hide of an animal at or near the extreme length of the lash, without allowing the latter to feel the operation, can safely count on being an object of envy and admiration to the greater part of the (in)human portion of the train. Practice makes perfection—so the old proverb says—and whether or not the teamster has noted this terse and laconic adage, he pursues its provisions with a pertinacity which is anything but a source of consolation to his dumb charge. If he misses the fly, he seldom does the ox, as the scarred back of the poor animal too well attests; and if vexed, or the animals have to haul the last possible pound, the manner in which he uses it is positively frightful. We have, in the clear air of these regions, heard the crack of this terrible "persuader" with the distinctness of a pistol shot for more than a mile. We do not wonder that its constant use has a demoralizing effect on the person who uses it. The amusements of the teamster are few, and none of them are calculated to elevate him in the scale of humanity. When camped, and the labors for the evening are finished, cards are produced, and not having money, some kind of a stake must be provided to make the game attractive. Tobacco, in morsels proportionable to the stock on hand, first change ownership, and this source being exhausted, he must, perforce, turn his attention to something else. The labors attendant on camping for the next evening are divided, and decided by their use with a celerity which is worthy of all praise. These matters being satisfactorily adjusted, some of the party take to dime novels, with blood and murder in every page, while some accomplished liar entertains the balance with stories of Indian fights or hunting adventures. During the fall and winter, his lot is a hard one, for his protection against cold is totally inadequate. His misery, while standing guard during the cold nights, is often indescribable. Many times he cannot even light a fire, as it would be a convenient mark by which he might be shot by the treacherous and unreliable Indian. When he has arrived at his destination, and pockets his wages, he is ready for a spree, and while his money lasts, drinking, gambling, and every species of vice is entered into with a zest that speedily dissipates it, leaving him often with insufficient clothing and diseased body, to enter on a return voyage which would tax the endurance of a robust person to the utmost. There are from three to six yoke of oxen to each wagon, and from ten to twenty of the latter in a train. To sum up,—the "bull-whacker" is ignorant, although by no means deficient in natural smartness and shrewdness, cruel to the dumb brute, the worst, the most detestable and sinful phase of cruelty, pre-eminent in profanity, and more vicious than his prototype, the sailor. What worse character can we give to him.

On leaving the confines of civilization we begin to make the acquaintance of an animal, and which acquaintance he improves in a manner we are not likely to forget. This is the coyote (pronounced coy-óh-tah), an animal partaking of the characteristics of the fox and the wolf. In size he is about midway between them, and blends their principal points of appearance in a manner which we cannot describe. He crosses our path many times in the day, and at meal-time sits beyond the reach of our rifle patiently watching us. We no sooner depart than he occupies the camping-ground, gleaning a scanty meal from the remains of our by no means plentiful one; but among the many he no doubt does tolerably. During the warm nights of summer he disposes of himself quietly, but towards winter he grows noisy and ill-mannered. About three or four o'clock he is so cold that he cannot sleep, and no doubt begins to feel hungry. We hear a stray howl in different directions, being apparently preparatory to a general chorus. We can hear them tuning up after the manner of a precentor who is somewhat doubtful of his execution. The scattered parties seem to be uniting, and by their short, quick bark we can judge that they are many. Being gathered within two to three hundred yards they let their pipes loose, and such a pandemonium of discord is not producible by any other animal. We supposed by the variety of sound that every wild animal for fifty miles around had gathered to attack us, and thought our last hour had come. Many thoughts rush rapidly through our mind. Seeing that we are not likely to be allowed to commit any more sin, we repent of what we have done and forgive our enemies with some few exceptions. We hear the yelp of some adventurous fellow far in advance of the rest, and feel assured that our last hour has come. He does not seem to be backed in the manner which his courage deserves, and speedily retires. We fire a shot or two by way of experiment, and this quiets them till the last reverberations die away in the distant gorges and canyons. The infernal chorus is kept up without a moment's intermission till we begin to discern the faint streaks of day lining the eastern horizon. After a time we can see them seated on various eminences at a safe distance, patiently waiting for our departure, that they may pick up anything which may be left from our scantily furnished table. The gift of tongue which this animal possesses makes him an object of interest, and secures him an amount of notoriety independent of that derived from his notorious thieving propensities. No kind of animal is imitated; the noise is exclusively his own. Each one has a yell or howl of his own[illegible]tally unlike that of his neighbour, though we do not believe all the sounds are common to each of them, as some pretend to say.

We always imagined there was some sort of a competitive serenade on the tapis, from the serious manner in which each animal seemed to go through his part of the programme. He might be a statue as far as any movement went while executing the difficult parts of his solo, or sharing in the most stirring chorus. It seems to be a duty, disagreeable 'tis true, but yet a duty which must be performed, if it takes him all night to do it. Throughout he occupies one position, a sitting one, with his nose pointed towards the zenith while venting his melody. In the Black Hill region which we traversed from side to side, we found him exceedingly noisy. When not engaged in training our ears to harmony of sound, we could hear his short sharp excited yelp, while in hot pursuit of some unfortunate animal. Like the wolf, he hunts in packs and secures his prey by running it down. About sundown we hear a solitary and sharp hi-i from some neighbouring hill, which is taken up and echoed on every side of us. This seems to be a signal for gathering, that some plan or expedition may be decided upon, which will give a return commensurate to the strength of their united effort. He is a most notorious thief. From the farmer he will abstract his domestic fowls in the most mysterious manner, and his sheep disappear with a regularity which betokens great steadiness of purpose on the part of the thief, and forces on the attention of the former as to "wherewith he shall be clothed" and the extent to which breechcloths are ornamented. The hunter is pertinaciously followed and dogged from place to place, by which means he secures all the offal of any game which may have been killed, and too often the carcass which was supposed to be hung up beyond his reach. The "caches" in which he had deposited his supplies are opened; anything eatable swallowed, and much that is of no earthly use to him (the coyote) destroyed. The buckskin-bag in which the miner had buried his hard-earned treasure is found by this keen-scented marauder, torn open, and, in the greater number of cases, the gold dust scattered so that it proves a total loss. There is no limit to his sneaking daring. He has been known to enter the precincts of the prairie bivouac and quietly remove all the edibles about which the sleepers were probably dreaming of making a delicious breakfast, leaving them in the morning both chagrined and hungry. We were told of a thoughtless fellow who, tempted by the unusual warmth of a June night, indulged in the luxury of sleeping "outside" (without) his buckskin pants, and his consequent dismay on finding the coyote had appropriated them to his own special use. Not being possessed of a second pair, and none of the party having anything extra in the clothes line, the hapless hunter was obliged to travel about under bare poles, Indian fashion for some time, to his intense disgust and great discomfort. We would not care about being the thief and run the chance of the oaths of this irate gentleman taking effect on us, especially as the garment was of no use for a protection from cold or heat, and must needs be a very inferior article of diet, even when cooked in the most approved manner. We think in this instance that the sin carried its own punishment with it, as the difference between the anticipated feast and the reality must have been far greater than anything which had heretofore dawned on the coyote mind. It is no wonder that he has secured for himself a bad name, and is thoroughly detested by man and brute. He will, as has been shown, steal clothing which he cannot wear and which he must have known would be very poor eating, leaving the unfortunate owner in a pitiable state of destitution and shame. The appropriation of the bag which contained the miner's gold dust is an act which, on any grounds, is indefensible. The article is a most unsavory morsel, dry, leathery, and apt to stick in his teeth, yet he must have it at the expense of the miner's all, which had been accumulated by much danger and very great privation. We will charitably hope that the coyote did not know this; that he did not foresee the despair of the unfortunate owner (of the loss), and the tears and misery wrung from and inflicted on his unhappy and destitute family. Many a young and helpless feathered family he leaves helpless, and whom it would have been a charity to have eaten up. After making a meal of buckskin, we will not accept as an excuse the fact that the latter would have furnished much feathers in proportion to the amount of nourishment; but must place the leaving them in the land of the living to starve and die to the account of a depraved and cruel heart. To conclude—regarding him the adage applied to Cain, "his hand is against every man and every man's hand is against him," will be applicable, if we also include every other living creature--bird, beast, and reptile.

THOUGHT RAMBLES.

WHILE the amiable Fathers of the Church promote disunion by their disputatious wrangling, making gods of Creed and Custom—all christian people find the chord of universal sympathy and feeling in Christian Psalmody. It is one of the golden bands by which all true hearts are bound together—no matter of what rank or party. We sing the hymns of Isaac Watts, of Charles Wesley, of Augustus Montague Toplady, without asking them to what denomination they belong. It is well that those who differ in mind, may agree in heart.

He who would enjoy the richness and completeness of Poetic Literature, must not neglect those lyrics which breathe the spirit of Christian faith and love. They are often the offspring of genius. The man who has steeped his mind in the imagery of Milton, need not turn with disdain from the simple grandeur of that which, since childhood, has fallen with a weight of awe upon my ear:—

> "Before Jehovah's awful throne,
> Ye nations bow with sacred joy."

I know our poetic ardors lead us seldom to the hymn-books; nevertheless, we may, in our treasure-seeking, pass unnoticed the unobtrusive spot where many golden sands are lying. Perhaps some have a distaste for the religious sentiment they express: They call it *cant*, and count all cant a weakness. They have a transcendental horror of anything "orthodox." Now I have no disposition to censure—but the over-refined taste of such persons, may happen to be more void of judgment than of prejudice. I am not slow to speak of the poetic excellence of almost any hymnal, with which I am acquainted, and I have hunted curiously through quite a number. Despite the rather improving dictum of Charles

Wesley's appreciative brother, I have seen a sneer curl on the lip of the classic critic at the very mention of Wesley as a poet. Even some of our clergymen—good brothers mine, in whom I have confidence, profess a doubtful appreciation of the poetic value of his hymns. Well now, I grant there is very little of that showy process of word-painting, often so extravagantly displayed in verse, for in a hymn such imagery is not frequently required; but there is often an elegance, an energy, and an animating fire, which forbids us to denounce them as doggerel, or merely flimsy versification. If they are not florid, they are fervid: if they have not the decorations, they have the essentials of true poetry. I know that Charles Wesley wrote much that gives evidence of looseness and carelessness, and some of which his brother forgot not to call "doggerel, double distilled;" but he has likewise written some of the best hymns in the language. There is one sweet little elegiac poem, belonging to him, full of graceful and tender sentiment; I do not think you can find anything very much superior to it, even amongst the delightful pages of Collins or Gray:—

"The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,—
As careless of the noon-tide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

* * * * * * *

"So blooms the human face divine,
When youths its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose."

And even this, spoken above the "marble coldness" of some beloved one, might be poetry:—

"This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more."

I bear in mind, too, that pæan of triumph—that exultation over divine deliverance—when he had come up out of the deeps of tribulation. It is an anthem like that of Miriam, with the timbrel sound on the Red Sea shore.

Quaint and mellow George Herbert—more precious as he stands amid the dim light of the olden time—how I wish I had his fragrant leaves before me, that I might revel for a time in sweetness! How many meditative and devotional things he has given us! I would almost put his

"Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,"

into the hymn-books, among the collections which celebrate the Sabbath. And venerable Jeremy Taylor, "the Shakspeare of divinity," as Emerson calls him, because he wrote such royal prose; although he be so very churchly in his hymns, the *Golden Grove* is not without it beauties. Bonar, in his lyrics, and Keble, in his *Christian Year*, have made important and permanent additions to hymnology.

There rises before me a vision of that young aspiring spirit, who haunted that dingy room at Cambridge during the first years of this present century. He who made himself a devotee at the shrine of Science, until he thrilled and outwore his feeble frame too early. Dear Kirke White! Never did a more guileless and transparent soul have existence! Even Byron loved him, while he hated Southey—his more austere and puritanical poetic brother. His was a warm and genial heart. His progressive current of Christian faith, returning from the early flood-tide of infidelity, is beautifully expressed in his *Star of Bethlehem*. What a pity Tom Moore allowed himself to be such a butterfly! He was made for something better than to flit around the King's candles. He had in him the beginnings of a high independent manhood. Sometimes this "little young Catullus of his day," when he took the fit, could rhyme it like a Christian. This is a sweet little thing, full of sympathy with Nature, and of aspiration after Nature's God:—

"My choir shall be the moon-lit waves,
When murm'ring homeward to their caves;
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music breathes of Thee.

Among the fugitive hymns which our first poets have variously written, I think of that of Tennyson, which, in a most plaintive and pathetic strain voices the plea of the *Foolish Virgins*. Perhaps, Brother Editor, you can furnish the first stanza? I only remember one:—

"Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet!
O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!
'No, no, too late! Ye cannot enter now.'"

It seems to me there is pathos enough in that imploration to melt the heart of an angel; and regret enough in that denial to fill a soul with sadness forever. Gentle reader, I would not weary you with so much prattle, but I do wish you would read that noble hymn of Whittier, which so rejoices in *Eternal Goodness.* It is full of simple confidence, and apostolic assurances, and must do anybody good who will take the pains to read it. These two stanzas are particularly soothing to me:—

> "And so, beside the silent sea,
> I wait the muffled oar;
> No harm from Him can come to me,
> On ocean or on shore.
>
> "I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care."

I might make myself tiresome did I linger over the beauties of poor old George Wither, of Reginald Heber, of Augustus Toplady, of Bishop Mant, of John Keble, of Mason, and Lyte, and Elliott, and many others, who have made life's stormy places cheerful with Christian song; but I will indulge myself with the remembrance of one more melody before I lay my pen down for to-night. There is a familiar hymn of the "Better Land," the sum of all our desires. Its strain is low and majestic, as though it repressed the wing of a secret rapture, in anticipation of that fulness which hath not been revealed. It is, to me, as if some chastened spirit had stricken her harp, amid the twilight dawn of eternity, to sing:—

> "No night shall be in Heaven,—no gathering gloom
> Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever loom;
> No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers
> That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers."

Perhaps it may be a matter of doubt in some sincere and enquiring minds whether poetry has any business in the pulpit. Now as the christian pulpit is a most redoubtable field of operation, it becomes a question of the highest importance what belongs in it. "No," says the Rev. Prosy Straightface, "we want nothing but the ring of an old-fashioned gospel." The ban of ostracism is upon sparkling stars and dewy flowers,—especially in any of their sanctified uses. They must always appear to the disadvantage of a sermon. My clerical friend, whose opinions to the contrary I highly esteem, was dealing largely in tropical illustration, one afternoon, to the delight and profit of the sensible portion of his congregation, when a devotee to prose and ill-manners interrupted him with the remark, "that coming there to hear the gospel preached, he failed to hear it!" My friend paused until the ignoramus had exploded, and then, without deigning an answer, went on with as great a profusion of imagery as before. He could not help it any more than a bird can help singing. Perhaps this notion has grown out of an envious disposition to depreciate that which we cannot hope to accomplish, perhaps out of a fancy that coarseness and ignorance consist better with piety than intelligence and refinement; however this may be, it is among the popular fallacies, which are more easily seen than corrected.

Let nothing fly without wings. You may put that down in your note-books, as a maxim of universal application. You may desire the eagle pinion and the regal imagination; but the

"Azure deep of air"

will never be your dominion unless Nature has constituted you an heir. A forced flight is laughable, and often pitiable, when it is seen that it cannot be sustained. Let no one but the poet attempt the language of the poet; for he will use it without trying, or he cannot use it at all.

Dr. Thomas Guthrie, at the commencement of his public ministry, tried, conscientiously I have no doubt, to cut his theological cloth according to the plainest Presbyterian pattern, and preached sermons which were bare, and bald, and prosy, and practical enough. But Nature whispered a secret in his ear, and he found his way out into the dewy meadows, and amongst the whispering groves; and his feet were enchanted to walk the long sea-beaches, where the soft-voiced waves murmur love plaints, and the hasty breakers cream over the rocks. He brought God's Bible of Nature into the pulpit with him, and his eyes were opened, as well as his heart, to the wondrous harmony and correspondence between it and Revelation. He was not afraid to combine "the useful with the ornamental." If poetry will not answer in the pulpit—as far as the worth of a sermon is concerned—it serves a very good purpose out of it; as the sermons of Guthrie, Hamilton, and a few others, still living, who are exquisite poets, are the only ones out of a whole generation of them, which will live in memory and the lettered volume, and speak as freshly to coming generations as they do to us now. But there are as high uses for poetry in the pulpit as elsewhere; and when the Almighty sends a soul to preach His Gospel to whom He has confided that strong sympathy with the grand and beautiful, which somehow forms the poet, be assured He has sent his choicest instrument. Many will call him a madman; but when he comes before you, gentle reader, in your generous mind respect and admiration will be blended. His words will not be tinsel, but gold; his sermons will not be intellectual fireworks, but rich in solemn and majestic beauty, like a heaven full of stars. He will not be one of those who

> "Seek to dazzle you with tropes,
> Or play the lily-part before your eyes,
> While you are hungering for the bread of life;"

but if he does yoke the thunder and harness the lightning; if he does drop from his lips the dew of Hermon and Bozrah's ruddy wine,—he will be so earnest, so inspired, so unconscious of the beauties he is sprinkling around him, that the wonder will not cease with his voice, nor the impression vanish with his presence.

How anybody can take a fragment of Job or of Isaiah, more radiant and redolent with poetry than the finest passage in Milton, and preach a sawdust sermon, I can well imagine, but why he has the assurance to think himself equal to such an attempt, I cannot. He who commences with "the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley," cannot consistently shut poetry out of the question; yet he does,—and it is like taking a diamond knob to open a pine door, to choose such a text and then deliver a prosy and spiritless sermon. If there are *logical* texts for logical people, and *practical* texts for practical people, and *oracular* texts for oratorical people, there are also *poetical* texts for poetical people, which, in harmony with their nature, should be treated in a consistent and appropriate manner; and when nerve and vigor and swarthy energy combine with high poetical talent in the lofty work of preaching the noble gospel of Christ, the charm of beauty is not to be despised. He who speaks that men may be enlighted and saved, and that God may be glorified; he who speaks under the stimulus of a burning zeal for truth, may utter his message in his native language without deserving reproach. We remember that the grand old Hebrew bards, who aimed not at the vain-glorious, and penned no passage of mere ornamental display, have spoken and written that which shall glitter with studded gems of poetry forever. Though this delicious faculty be yours, aim not so much at *it* as at *the truth;* for by such endeavor alone can it shine and blossom in your mind. A subtle and wary spirit is Poesy. She comes not at all times, even if she be sought after; and oftentimes she appears where least expected. But if we are true to ourselves and our life work, this fickle genius of the stars and flowers will learn to be obedient.

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

MERLIN'S CAVE.

BY LOUISA MURRAY, TILSONBURG, ONT.

I.

'MIDST wild Welsh hills and lonely dells
Strange legends had their birth,
When faith in magic charms and spells
Ruled all the childlike earth.

There goblin grim and fickle fay
Once kept the land in thrall,
While Merlin's dread and mystic sway
Held mastery o'er all.

Still in that wild, romantic land
They find the fairy-ring;
Still to lone vale and mountain grand
Do lays and legends cling.

For wonders veiled from skeptic sight,
To trusting eyes are shown;
Still they believe in Merlin's might,
And Arthur's coming throne;

And tell us that their long-lost king
In hidden Elf-land reigns,
Till time the fated hour shall bring
To break his fairy chains.

Love, too, who dwell where'er he may,
  Still meets enchanted land,
Where smiling spirits charm his way,
  Or goblins frowning stand;

Where giant doubts opposing start,
  And fairy hopes invite,
And cloud and sunshine to his heart
  Bear omens dark or bright,

Finds secret credence rise unsought
  When such charmed tales are told,
And feels the truths so subtly wrought
  In web of legends old.

Then list. If love has ever made
  Your heart a haunted shrine,
You'll give belief, with fancy's aid,
  To this wild tale of mine.

II.

Among the sea-swept rocks and caves
  That gird Carnarvon's shore,
Where beat the long Atlantic waves
  With loud resounding roar;

Where through the spray the sea-bird wails
  Above the foaming tide,
A narrow, broken pathway scales
  The cliff's steep, slippery side;

And leads to where a hollow cave,
  Deep in the rock's worn breast,
Holds angry ocean's baffled wave
  In wild and fierce unrest.

Rugged and dark the cavern showed,
  With rude steps circled round,
By hands of faerie-dwarfs once hewed,
  Winding to depths profound,

Within whose gulfs at fateful hour
  The gifted might descry—
A palace built by magic power,
  Of azure like the sky.

Abode of Merlin, wizard dread,
From whence his potent wand
Ruled every magic realm, and spread
Enchantments o'er the land.

And if, what time the moon's full light
First touched the caverned wave,
A mortal summoned will and might
Alone to seek the cave,

And fearlessly its steps descend
Down to the giddy verge,
Where tottering stones appear to bend
Above the boiling surge,

Then dare to call on Merlin's name,
And speak a wish firm-willed—
The strongest wish his soul could frame,
That wish should be fulfilled.

But should the suppliant's courage quail
At magic sight or sound,
His faith give way, or senses fail,
Dire was the doom he found.

Whelmed 'neath the flood, by breakers torn,
Weary and tempest-tossed,
Amidst the waves he roamed forlorn,
A wretched, wandering ghost.

III.

Of all the maids in wild North Wales
Who listened with delight
To fairy lore, and magic tales,
And songs of Merlin's might,

The kindest, softest, gentlest heart
Beat in young Ella's breast;
The shyest wild bird would not start
To find her near its nest.

The beggar blessed her helping hand,
The dog crept to her feet,
The child would leave the romping band
Her fond caress to meet.

For every living thing she loved,
  She felt for every woe,
And every shape of sorrow moved
  Her pity's bounteous flow.

But yet her heart was light as air,
  Her spirits blithe and glad,
No doubt, or fear, or selfish care,
  Had ever made her sad.

No tears, except for others' pain,
  Her eyes clear light had shrouded,
No evil thought with sinful stain
  Her soul's pure white had clouded.

All things that crossed her joyous way
  A gleam of gladness caught,
Her presence, like a sunny ray,
  A flash of brightness brought.

And in her soul there burned a light
  That cheered her on her way,
Made luminous the starless night,
  And cleared the cloudy day.

Imagination's wondrous power
  Had taught this cottage girl,
In every field to find a flower,
  In every shell a pearl.

Bright fancies dwelt in her untold
  And flashed through her clear eyes,
As gleams of light betray the gold
  That in some river lies.

And so she lived in sweet content,
  And smiled when first appeared
The sunlit cloud that o'er her bent,
  And darkened as it neared.

IV.

A landscape painter came to sketch
  Scenes yet to fame unknown,
New forms of loveliness to catch,
  And stamp them for his own.

Beauty he worshipped; at her shrine
His spirit had been nursed,
And from her living streams divine
He drank with quenchless thirst.

She from his birth had loved him well,
And on his aspect smiled,
And all who looked at him might see
He was her favored child.

Tall, graceful, fair, with lustrous eyes,
And hair of sunny shade,
And lips round which in smiling guise,
A mocking sweetness played.

A brow whose lofty breadth gave sign
That genius dwelt within;
A mien half haughty, half benign,
A glance all hearts could win.

His voice was rich as music's own,
His words were sweet and strong,
Persuasion dwelt in every tone
And swayed the listening throng.

Keen wit he had and fancies bright
Fell from him without call,
As erst some faerie-gifted knight
Let pearls and rubies fall.

Nature and men, and printed lore
Had given him stores of thought,
Fair regions he had wandered o'er
With classic memories fraught;

Yet all his peerless gifts he bore,
With just such careless grace,
As his green crown Achilles wore
When victor in the race.

Courteous he was to all around,
And full of pleasant ways;
Roam where he would, he always found
Large meed of honeyed praise.

He seemed as joyous as a child,
  And yet a searching eye
Might see, and oftenest when he smiled,
  Dark clouds of mystery lie

Beneath the radiant, laughing light
  That in his blue eye shone;
Yet look again, and all seemed light,
  The fitful clouds were gone.

V.

Once, when the sunset hour was near,
  Our landscape-painter found
A well of water, crystal clear,
  Its margin circled round

By rowan-trees, whose berries bright
  Bent down to kiss the well,
And kept it pure from evil sprite
  Or fairies' harmful spell.

Half hidden by the drooping trees,
  A girl is kneeling there—
The well unruffled by a breeze,
  Reflects her image fair,

Till lightly she the mirror breaks
  As down her hand she dips,
And lifts the tiny cup it makes
  O'erflowing to her lips.

The beauty of that lone green dell,
  The rosy evening light,
The maiden kneeling at the well
  With eyes so soft and bright,

All charmed the painter's eye; he staid
  To gaze a little space,
Then kneeling by the startled maid
  With frank and fearless grace,

He drank as he had seen her drink,
  And looked at her and laughed;
"There's magic in the well, I think,
  So sweet I find the draught!"

Surprised and more than half afraid,
 Young Ella turned to fly,
But when he softly spoke she stayed,
 And glanced with timid eye.

His smile, his voice, her fears dispelled,
 She blushed, but she replied;
And Hesper, rising bright, beheld
 Her lingering at his side.

Next eve again he crossed her way,
 And in her eyes' glad light
A welcome read, which, day by day,
 He sought, and found more bright;

For to her thought he seemed as fair
 As if of angel birth;
She had not deemed a soul so rare
 Could dwell in common earth.

New worlds he opened to her gaze,
 Fair realms with wonder fraught;
As flowers imbibe the sun's bright rays,
 She drank the love he taught.

Entranced, she listened while he spoke,
 And still at every word,
Her heart's deep chords responsive woke,
 Like echoes when they're stirred.

And oft at twilight hour he told,
 With frank and careless glee,
The dangers he, with spirit bold,
 Had dared by land and sea;

While she, with eager lighted face,
 Hung breathless on each word,
And found in every one some trace
 Her memory loved to hoard.

Till then her pure love had been given
 To all things, great and small,
As everywhere from cloudless heaven
 The rays of sunlight fall;

But now love's scattered rays converged
Were turned on one alone;
As if her life in his were merged,
Her soul his soul had grown.

She loved him. Dearer in her eyes,
His smile so sweet and gay,
Than every joy beneath the skies,
If that were snatched away.

Ah, foolish girl, her love to pour,
With all true love's unthrift,
On one who scarcely prized it more
Than some slight festal gift.

VI.

Among the hills she bloomed alone,
A flower of beauty rare,
By Nature in some soft mood sown,
And watched with gentlest care.

Securely guarded from all eyes
But those whose vision dull,
Was powerless to see, or prize,
If seen, the Beautiful.

Till Beauty, to her painter true,
His wandering footsteps led
To where this lonely flow'ret grew,
With dews and sunshine fed.

He saw her fair and sweet and good,
By native grace refined,
And marvelled in a home so rude
Such loveliness to find.

And then the subtle charm that lies
In all things strangely found,
And unrevealed to other eyes,
His fancy to her bound.

It was a pleasure sweet and new
Her fresh young mind to watch,
Its sweets unfolding to his view
Like flowers at magic touch.

To wake the thought that else had lain
For ever still and mute,
As wakes a master some sweet strain
From a neglected lute.

And so he woke rich melodies
That charmed his artist-ear,
Sweet, simple, tender harmonies
That none but he might hear.

And knowing that from him had sprung
The impulse that first stirred
Those soft, sweet notes that trembling hung
On every thrilling chord;

Almost he deemed the strains his own
Come back from buried years;
The shades of hopes and joys long flown,
Of vanished smiles and tears.

And half in vague regret he sighed,
And half in scorn he smiled;
"He who has all illusions tried
No more can be beguiled!"

Illusions? Name how falsely given
To all those spirits fair
Who bring to earth bright gleams of heaven,
And wafts of its pure air.

Hope that preserves us from despair,
And Faith that looks on high,
And Love that beams more brightly where
Earth's sordid vapours die;

Stars of the soul, that lend their rays
To steer the course aright
Of all who keep a steadfast gaze
On their unerring light;

While e'en on those who mock their beams
Their lustre fain would shine,
To prove the fount from whence it streams
Th' eternal fount divine.

Nor could this wanderer, though he tried,
These angels quite expel,
Lingering, they struggled to abide
With one they'd loved so well.

And Ella's fair and guileless youth,
Her bright enchanting face,
Her sweetness, purity, and truth,
Her simple, artless grace;

Her loving heart, her faith in good
That nothing could exhaust,
The freshness of his heart renewed,
In worldly paths long lost.

Her beauty charmed his artist taste,
Sweet, delicate, and fair,
Some faerie clime it might have graced,
Instead of that rude air.

Her nature, kind without pretence,
A genial charm diffused,
Her quick and bright intelligence
His lonely hours amused.

And thus she pleased him, as some toy
Of rare new form and powers
Had pleased his fancy when a boy,
A few brief idle hours.

But when his eyes' keen searching ray
Her simple heart had read,
And open to his gaze it lay
The subtle charm had fled.

The charm of mystery and surprise,
Of something new and strange—
Far different must be the ties
That will not suffer change!

And thus the transient fancy died
Poor Ella had inspired;
Restless and absent by her side,
What pleased him once now tired.

He wearied of the lonely glen—
  Its rocks, and trees, and skies,
Of tame delights and simple men,
  And Ella's gentle eyes.

The halo he himself had thrown
  Around her fair young head
Had faded; in his eyes she'd grown
  A simple cottage maid.

Again his changeful, restless mind
  Towards old excitements turned,
New fortunes and fresh joys to find
  His fervid nature burned.

The world's spiced cordials he had quaffed,
  Each stronger than the last,
And known how bitter grew the draught
  The first false sweetness passed.

Yet happiness he dashed away
  Those Circe drops to drain—
He left the glen one autumn day,
  And came not back again.

(Conclusion next month.)

ORIGIN OF THE ACADIANS.

BY P. S. POIRIER, OTTAWA.

[TRANSLATED FOR THE "MARITIME MONTHLY."]

THIS translation of the "Origin of the Acadians," which is now being published in *La Revue Canadienne* by a talented descendant of the people whose history is here, in part, recorded, is presented to the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY in the hope that it will be read with interest. The early history of the French colonists in this country, the difficulties they so nobly encountered, the progress they made, and the sad story of their banishment from the pleasant homes they had with much toil gained for themselves, must ever prove interesting, especially to those who now dwell in Acadie. J. L.

Explanatory Note.

The circumstances which gave rise to the following pages written to prove that the Acadians are descended without mixture of Indian blood, from the French colonists of Acadie, were not, as may easily be imagined, entirely fortuitous. No one, for the intrinsic pleasure of such work alone, would undertake to examine minutely all the published and MS. documents relating to the first settlements in Acadie, Canada and New England. An incident entirely foreign to the subject forced me to take up my pen in defence of my race.

M. Sulte, known in literary circles by his poetical works, as well as by historical labors in relation to Canada, spoke before the French Canadian Institute of Ottawa, in the month of January, 1873, the subject of his lecture being "Canada in France." In the course of his remarks he referred to the ignorance of a great number of French writers, even of those who had occupied themselves specially with the History of Canada, as to the real condition of Canadians. What he complained most bitterly of, was the conviction propagated in France by certain tourists, that the Canadians are a degenerate race, enjoying only a small share of the benefits arising from civilization, little superior to the aboriginal tribes, from whom they borrowed their mode of life, and with whom they had formed numerous alliances. "No," he exclaimed, "the Canadians are not a degenerate race!" * * * "And supposing the marriages (between French and Indians), which are looked upon as a reproach to us, that alone would not constitute an inferiority. Look at the Acadians—the blood flowing in their veins is French and Indian, and yet the Acadians are not on that account degenerate—they are not even inferior to the Canadians; on the contrary, they are physically superior to us." *

The following week I had the honor of speaking before the members of the same Institute on the Acadians. I then took occasion to rectify an assertion, which, in the first place, made an Abenaquis of the present writer, briefly giving the few proofs I had been able to collect. I then thought all was ended, but I was very soon made aware of my error. M. Sulte again took the platform, and sustained the position he had assumed the preceding week, declaring that he was supported in the view he took of the question by such grave authorities as Rameau, Haliburton, Lafargue and O'Callaghan; that he was prepared to discuss the subject with me, either before the Institute or through the press. I now present my share of the work to M. Sulte and the public.

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* M. Sulte has since published his lecture with this passage expunged.

I.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SUPPOSITION THAT THE ACADIANS AND ABENAQUIS INTERMARRIED.

THE most trivial incident sometimes, by the force of circumstances, assumes the proportions of an event; a fable—not alone among the Greeks—often repeated in the commencement of a colony, becomes an historical truth, if there are only a few or no documents to prove its falsity. This, to a certain extent, is exactly what has been the origin of the pretended intermarriages of the Acadians with their Indian neighbors.

When the English, five times rulers in Acadie and as many times driven from the conquered country, were making a last and supreme effort to become permanently masters of the little colony, which they lost almost as soon as they took possession of it, and for this purpose prepared their fleets and armies to conquer a town with hardly two hundred men to defend it, a man crossed their path, who, with a few Indians, thwarted all their plans, destroyed in succession three of their expeditions, killing many of their soldiers. This man was St. Castin. Arriving in Canada in 1665, as an ensign in the regiment of Carignan, and in Acadie in 1670, St. Castin had settled in Pantagoet, mingled with the Abenaquis tribes, married the daughter of the Chief, and was himself Chief at the time of which we write.

It sufficed for the Boston folks to know that the man who had beaten them at every point, and was continually troubling them, had married a squaw, to infer that all the Acadians were cousins or brothers-in-law to the Micmacs and Abenaquis; they were not ashamed to blast the reputation of a people they could never conquer. And yet it is somewhat surprising to hear Hildreth himself, one of the most judicious of American historians, telling his fellow-countrymen that "the Baron St. Castin had married *several* Abenaquis women, daughters of the chiefs."* Notwithstanding all this, St. Castin had only one wife, Mathilde, daughter of the Chief Madockawando. [*]

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* Hildreth, Vol. I, p. 496.

The Puritan chroniclers, in the midst of their imprecations against this terrible *Mormon*, sometimes made Abenaquis of himself, of those who took part in his expeditions, even the Canadian detachments that, like himself, brought devastation and death to Boston. "The French have recommenced their attacks this year (1690). The expeditions are composed of French and Indians, being, as Mather says, half one and half the other: French and Indian half-breeds.[†] Now these *Métis* were simply detachments of Canadians sent by Frontenac, one of which had burned Salmon's Fall, another had attacked Schenectada, near New York, where sixty persons were killed, while a third had destroyed Corland, a large English town not far from Orange.

Another and less celebrated adventurer, Charles St. Etienne de la Tour, whom M. Moreau represents as Catholic or Protestant,[‡] French or English, according to the situation he was placed in, and who allied with the Anglo-Americains against d'Aunay and the King of France, ended by ruining some of the principal merchants of Boston, among others one Gibbons. La Tour had led, it was said, before his marriage, a profligate life among the Indians of Cape Sable, where he had a fort. For this reason it was claimed that much Indian blood flowed in the veins of the Acadians of his time. But a fact which has been regarded as positive proof of intermarriages between the Abenaquis and Acadians, is the constant, unchangeable friendship, which formed a bond of union between these two races during the dark days of as rude trials as are anywhere mentioned in history, until the one was decimated by war and by emigration, and the other scattered over the earth by a most unjust proscription. The Americain could never explain this inviolable attachment—an attachment he was incapable of—otherwise than by the bonds of near relationship. The historians who have believed in the blending of the two races, and they are not as numerous as M. Sulte thinks, have brought forward no other proofs than the heroism of that friendship. This is a curious fact, and worthy of remark. M. Rameau even, driven to extremities in his suppositions on the cause and origin of the fusion of the two peoples, has thought it more prudent to render the whole matter clear by calling to his aid this friendship—"consequence of marriages," as he calls it. "In fact," he says, "a constant *tradition* among those who have occupied themselves with their (Acadian) history has attributed to these unions the great friendship that has always existed, without change, between the Acadians and their neighbors, the Micmacs and Abenaquis." * It must not be forgotten that all this is merely tradition. In the writings of the first historians of Acadie there are many traditions of the same kind, often reproduced since, which authentic and newly-found documents prove to be merely fables. M. Rameau, however, has no doubt as to the truth of the tradition under consideration. In what sense, then, are the words historical traditions here used? An author hazards a statement for which he has no certain data. This statement becomes positive when used by a second historian; and for a third it assumes all the dignity of historical truth. Any one who is unlucky enough to question such tradition, as not being based on sufficient documentary evidence, is immediately overwhelmed with the authority of a host of writers, who, after all, are only the echoes of the first hypothesis. This was the manner in which the history of Acadie was written before M. Rameau wrote his book. The Abbé Maurault, in his *Histoire des Abénaquis*, and M. Moreau, in his *Histoire de l'Acadie Française*, have been guilty of the same error. Both affirm the blending of the two races, the Acadian and Abenaquis. Perhaps they are in possession of authentic documents to sustain their affirmation. Not at all. They simply refer the reader to M. Rameau. † The latter fortunately indicates the source whence he draws authority for affirming the existence of these traditional marriages. He cites Charlevoix, Haliburton, Hildreth, etc. ‡ M. Sulte completes the list by adding the names of O'Callaghan and Lafargue.

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[*] Maine Historical Society, Vol. III, p. 134. Maine Historical Society, Vol. VI, p. 283, "Matekuando." French MS. Documents, 2nd Series, pp. 281-2, "Mataouando."

[†] Maine Historical Society, Vol. I. p. 201.

[‡] Histoire de l'Acadie Française, published in Paris in 1873.

II.

M. RAMEAU'S FIRST ERROR.

THE *tradition* of five historians is imposing. It would be more imposing still accompanied with the quotations from the authors named. I will willingly supply these omissions by producing passages relating to the question, without promising, however, that they will hear the interpetation heretofore given them.

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* Rameau, p. 124.

† Abbé Maurault, p. 75. M. Moreau, p. 276.

‡ Rameau, p. 124.

To begin with Charlevoix, I am obliged to say that there is nothing to be found in his history to justify M. Rameau's conclusion: I have read the English translation by Mr. Shea, himself an historian. This learned writer would not have failed, it would seem, in the notes which he adds to his translation, to give some explanation on such an important point. In the whole work there are only two passages relating to these mixed marriages.

"The French were not long in Acadie when they perceived that their familiarity with the Indian women was not looked upon with a friendly eye, and these women, on their part, have always shown great modesty and discretion."* In another place may be read: "The Indians have always lived on friendly terms with the French." This will certainly be admitted as a tradition which is very careful about making the Acadians Abenaquis. And it must be remarked that Father Charlevoix is the oldest historian of Acadie, generally the best informed, and the one on whom the latest writers, French and English, rely. If such intermarriages were common he would certainly not have failed to mention the fact, and add some reflections. Taking the date M. Rameau gives, these marriages would only have been recently contracted when Charlevoix wrote his history.

Haliburton, the English historian of Nova Scotia, vaguely mentions the fact, but gives no authority for the *tradition*. "From their first settlements in America the French strengthened their alliance with the Indians by an assimilation of manners, of families and of worship." † There never was any assimilation of manners between the Acadians and Micmacs. The only resemblance we find is that displayed in their warlike spirit, their bravery and perseverance in privation and fatigue. With the exception of a few adventurers, whom hunger and the need of united action against the English alone forced to live for some time after the manner of the Indians, and St. Castin, whose love of adventure caused him to preter the warrior-life of the children of the forest to the peaceful enjoyment of a barony in France, nothing in all the history of Acadie authorizes such an assertion. What does he mean by "assimilation of worship?" Assuredly there never was, between the Acadians and Indians, any other assimilation of belief in matters of religion than that produced by the conversion of the latter to Catholicity. As to the Acadians, it is hardly necessary to add that they did not abandon the smallest particle of their faith to strengthen their friendship. And what is the meaning of "assimilation of families?" Can it be by marriage—the advantage gained by an Acadian mother having for son-in-law a lusty Micmac, to whom the father of the bride might leave, as a wedding-gift, part of his inheritance—or simply a friendly relation between families, based on the benevolence and charity of both parties? What precedes and follows the passage quoted seems to authorize the latter interpretation. However this may be, this is all Haliburton says on the subject of the pretended mixed marriages.

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* Charlevoix, Shea's English translation, Vol. I. pp. 266–267.

† Haliburton, p. 101.

The testimony of Hildreth is more explicit. On the occasion of a marriage between Pocahonta, daughter of Powhathan, a Potomac Indian, and an Englishman, of Jamestown, John Rolfe, he makes the following reflections: "The Indians exacted these mixed marriages as the only proof of a sincere friendship. By this means subsequent wars with them might have been avoided, and the aborigines gradually absorbed by the increase of European colonists. But the idea of these mixed marriages was held in horror by the English."* Notwithstanding their horror, the English frequently contracted these alliances, even in their towns, as is proved by the very marriage which has given occasion to these remarks. Hildreth does not write a word more on the subject, not a word about the Acadians, when he had such an excellent opportunity to make a comparison.

Page 434, the same author, to omit nothing that might excuse these marriages of the English, says: "When women were not sent to the French (of New Orleans), they married Indian women." He does not yet mention the Acadians. Nevertheless, M. Rameau and M. Sulte both claim Hildreth in support of their opinion. Perhaps it is another passage, which, with the two already quoted, is the only one where there is question of mixed marriages. Speaking of the Recollets and Jesuits, he says: "The Indians they had converted were admitted to all the rights of French subjects; intermarriages became numerous." This at least is clear and positive. But, then, here is the difficulty—the author, in the text, speaks only of the Canadians. If he says as much of the Acadians, I am not aware of it. M. Rameau and M. Sulte will please point out the page where he speaks of *them*. I have been unable to find it. O'Callaghan and Lafargue still remain. Must it be admitted that the former is of M. Rameau's opinion? There is not one word concerning these mixed marriages to authorize any one using his name in the matter. Lafargue is as silent as O'Callaghan. All that can be found in his whole work relating to the question is the extract I am about to lay before my readers, that the attempt to use his authority may not be altogether frustrated: "A method," he says, "made use of by the French in their first settlements (in Canada) to gain the confidence of the Indians (Iroquois), was to give their children to be adopted by the most renowned chiefs. *These adoptions were very common*, and had this advantage, the adopted child was never troubled in time of war.*

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* Hildreth, p. 114.

It is sometimes unfortunate to make a mistake in quoting authors! To mention Lafargue, Hildreth, Dierreville, or the Abbé Maurault to prove that the Canadians are free from all mixture of Indian blood, is like a sailor extending his arms to a rock on which his vessel has only to touch to be destroyed. As to the Acadians, the reader will see to what the formidable *tradition* of five or six authors is reduced; a few words from Hildreth, speaking not of the Acadians but the *English:* "The Indians exacted these mixed marriages as the only proof of sincere friendship;" and an ambiguous phrase of Haliburton: "The assimilation of families." With such authority a whole French race is turned into Abenaquis.

III.

WHY THE ABENAQUIS WERE SO MUCH ATTACHED TO THE ACADIANS.

THE real cause of the friendship formerly existing between the Acadians and the Micmacs, Souriquois or Abenaquis by whichever of these three names they may be called, may be easily explained. If the *Relations* of Father Biard and the other documents relating to the early history of the Acadian colony were in the hands of every reader, it would be sufficient to direct attention to these authorities where the whole question is made clear. But these writings being very rare is my reason for setting down here, after reading and examining them with care, the true causes of this friendship: 1st. The conduct of the French; 2nd. The need of mutual aid against the English; 3rd. The manners of the Indians; 4th. The labors of the missionaries.

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* The Geographical History of Nova Scotia, p. 70. This work, translated by Lafargue, is known by his name.

1st. When the natives of Europe came to dwell on the continent Columbus had given to the world, they brought with them their ambition, their cupidity, their avarice, and their charity. Cortez drenched the vallies of Mexico with the blood of its people in his search for gold; Pizarro, in Peru, rendered the name of Spaniard execrable by his treachery and cruelty; the egotism of the English caused them to be loathed by the peaceful Indians, whilst their promises and fire-water gained for them the attachment of those who thirsted for blood. In Acadie, on the contrary, the Abenaquis, frank and grateful for kind offices, only beheld in their French protectors, friends free from all arrogance, whose greatest ambition was to gain their immortal souls to the Great Spirit. Doubtless motives of policy guided certain men in their officious protection, but with the majority of the governors, zeal for the conversion of the Indians and bettering of their condition was sincere. Their efforts in this direction were not the effects of charity alone: by the different edicts, ordinances, and charters of the king and his ministers they were directed to labor in the first place for the conversion of the Indians. No other European government has shown such religious zeal in the forming of colonies in America. Care for the interests of religion and the welfare of the the Indians directed the choice of governors. Maisonneuve at Montreal, Poutrincourt and Razilly in Acadie became the apostles of religion in the country where they were governors. The same care was manifested in the choice of colonists. They were to be Catholics, and aid the governors and missionaries in spreading the Gospel among the Indians. Thus it was charity that formed the bond of union between the French and Indians, the offspring of civilization and the children of the forest, from the beginning of the colony in Acadie. This union, based on christian charity on one side, and an affectionate submission on the other, would certainly have saved the two races from foreign domination had it been thus decreed. The superiority of any man, even of a man truly superior, is detestable and abhorred if manifested by presumption and disdain; but if the most powerful and most enlightened condescend, without haughtiness or motives of policy, to become the guide and protector of those less favored, he will cause the growth in the heart of an attachment, a friendship, which neither time nor men, more destructive than time even, can ever destroy. Such was the friendship of the Indians for the French of Acadie.

Even in 1607, at the departure of Poutrincourt and his colony, we read of Membertou and his tribe bitterly lamenting the removal of the French, and making the Governor promise that he would return with his people "to inhabit all their lands, and teach them trades, so that they might live like the French."*

It must be remarked, however, that this friendship was not the fruit of a familiarity which degrades the superior, and causes him to lose the respect of his inferior. It was on the part of the French a benevolent familiarity, on the part of the Indians a respectful one. An example will make this clearer.

Poutrincourt sometimes gave a feast to the Indians. Lescarbot informs us that as many as thirty Indians were always present. "But Membertou and the other chiefs only eat and drank with us."† "To the others," says the same author, "we distributed food as to the poor." This shows the nature of the relations existing between the French and the aborigines. The honors bestowed on the chiefs were flattering alike for themselves and their tribe; but the distinction in the choice of their companions at table manifested to both that the French were not slaves to their friendship. The Abbé Maurault, in his "Histoire des Abenaquis," attributes, moreover, the friendship of the Indians for the Acadians to the admiration, the courage and intrepidity of the latter inspired them with.

"The skilfulness of the Europeans in the arts and in their different occupations in no way excited the emulation of the Abenaquis. But when they heard of a European distinguishing himself by voyages or by hunting, who could guide a canoe in dangerous rapids, knew their warlike stratagems, travelled without a guide through the forest, and courageously supported hunger, thirst and fatigue, they were much interested. They said such a man was almost as good as an Indian. "*And*," he adds, "*the adventurous life of the French filled them with such admiration*

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* Lescarbot, p. 578. † Lescarbot, p. 555,

that it contributed greatly to their friendship."* This friendship, begun by DeMonts, strengthened by Poutrincourt, rose to enthusiasm when St. Castin revealed to them that the French could not only equal but even surpass them in their most daring feats of arms. And the Americains, who did not understand this adventurous mode of life, who only disputed the victory with the French when their numbers were greater, were despised by the Indians. One of St. Castin's ambushes, one of Villebon's master-strokes, caused the French to rise higher in their estimation than all the massacres and ruinous victories of the English.

2nd. Their thirst for vengeance, and their need of protection against the enemies of their allies, as well as of the religion preached to them by the *black-gowns*, added strength to the bonds which united them to the Acadians. The Abenaquis were naturally simple and peaceable; but when excited by their fury, these timid lambs became like so many tigers and panthers, thirsting for blood. The Americans had often to deplore their want of honesty in their intercourse with the redoubtable race. From the beginning of their relations with these Indians, many acts of dishonesty, of unfaithfulness, of cruelty on their part, were recorded against the general good faith and kind offices of the French governors, and friendship of the colonists; and this was why they could never for a moment destroy the friendly feeling existing between the Acadians and this tribe, whose vengeance was hereditary, whose desire for a scalp of an enemy was greater than for the wealth of the whole continent. Man's heart is so formed. He cannot be at enmity with all; the more intense the hatred with which an enemy inspires us, the more closely united to us is the friend, who, in sharing it, seems to render the passion legitimate. Hatred inspired by one object is often the origin of friendship for another, and no friendship is more enduring than that cemented with blood.

The English understood that an insurmountable barrier separated them from the Abenaquis. They recognized and sometimes even acknowledged the cause of it. "It must be remarked," says Lincoln in his Memoirs, "that the French, in their relations with the Indians, have manifested an integrity and purity of intention, especially with regard to their religious interests, far superior to what can be attributed to the English for their political and religious ends."[*] And Dormer, remarking this state of things, wrote as follows in 1619: "Wherever the Indians are in sufficient force they seek to betray us."[†] Was it surprising, when considering the cruelty and perfidy of his countrymen, of which these Indians had been the victims? It was simply the law of retaliation taken in his own hands by the child of the forest: implacable justice, the law of the executioner, who takes life from him who has taken away life, and which the Anglo-Americain would have evaded had he been less faithless towards his enemy.

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* Maurault, p. 17,

Moreover, things had come to such a pass, between the English and French, that the existence of one colony was incompatible with that of the other; the two races could not dwell together on the same continent, now too small for their ambition. The Abenaquis could not remain mere spectators of so deadly a struggle on the soil which was the scene of so many conflicting passions, of so many battles, of so much bloodshed. Both sides sought their friendship, but in different ways. They did not hesitate, as we have seen, to take sides with the French. But they were no longer the peaceable Indians whose customs Lescarbot describes. The crowning struggle of their friends against the English became their own; bloodshed had rendered them furious, and wrought such a transformation in them that, at the time the Iroquois, allied with the English, had become the terror of all the other tribes, the Abenaquis alone would not smoke the pipe of peace with them or bury the hatchet, and in their turn they became the terror of those before whom the other Indians of America trembled. However, no sooner had they returned to their lodges than their good nature resumed its empire, and, until a new war was declared, the voice of friendship exerted its gentle influence, and their thirst for blood was appeased.

3rd. Of all the aboriginal tribes of this continent, the Abenaquis have not only been the most persevering against their enemies and in their fidelity to their friends, but they were also the best disposed to receive the light of civilization. Long before the Word of God had been made known to the other tribes, the Abenaquis were Christians; long after the hatchet was buried by the other contending parties, they still did battle against the enemies of their allies. And when, at length overwhelmed, but not conquered by the ever-increasing numbers of their opponents, they were forced to seek a corner of the earth to raise their tents, they came to Canada, where the English were yet to be fought, where they settled and exist in small numbers even yet. Is it astonishing that a nation, so frank and ingenuous in peace, so devoted in war, attached themselves, as they did, to the Acadians? Together they had endured fatigue, hunger and thirst, under the same tent they had partaken of their hardy fare, side by side they had prayed to the Great Spirit. Could they, for whom the friend, the "nidoba," was an inseparable being during life, and, according to their religious belief, even after death, let the Acadians chant alone the war-song? No; the quarrel of one was the quarrel of the other; when one dug up the hatchet, both unearthed it, both went into battle, content to fall side by side if they could not conquer together.

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[*] Maine Historical Society, Vol. V., p. 165. [†] *Ibid.*

4th. It must be acknowledged, however, that the principal cause of the wondrous friendship of the Indian for the Acadian was religion. No American tribe yielded so much to the religious influence of the Europeans as the Abenaquis. An English author tells us that the English, on arriving in America erected a tavern, the Spanish a fort, the French a church. Thus, instead of receiving from Europeans the light of civilization, the Indians received only the impression of their vices and retained traces of them. In the Spanish colonies, where they had constantly before them the passion for gold, they became avaricious, distrustful, treacherous; in New England, the English by giving them their own egotism for example, and to favor their commerce, by distributing fire-water amongst them, made them ferocious as well as drunkards; in Acadie, the teaching of the missionaries made of them a race profoundly Catholic, and the example of the French, an eminently warlike people. The Indians fully understood the effects of this influence of the whites; they also equally distinguished the difference of their characters and their motives. The answer once made to the Governor of Massachusetts, Hutchinson, by one of the Abenaquis chiefs shows this clearly: "How is it that if religion is of such importance, the English for twenty-six years, never spoke to us of it?" And continuing, he said: "Neither you nor your predecessors, nor their servants have ever spoken to me of prayer, of the Great Spirit; the French on the contrary—"* The French government made every exertion to keep constantly among those tribes numerous and zealous missionaries, who, while laboring for the cause of religion, made of them so many allies in time of war.

Their expectations were not in vain, for the Indians repeatedly roved the colony, and retarded for years the domination of the English in Acadie. The hatred which the Anglo-Americains bore the Catholic missionaries was intense. If one of them crossed the frontier, death was the penalty. Sometimes, to be freed from his influence, they sent out troops to surprise and kill the missionary in the midst of his flock in Acadie. What was the result of these acts of vandalism? To cause the Abenaquis to become more and more intractable. Maddened by such deeds, they did not stop till they had carried death and devastation into the heart of the Americain colonies, destroyed whole villages, and caused blood to flow freely. In their expeditions they were commanded by the French, whose courage and daring they admired. The Puritan chroniclers revenged themselves for so many defeats by repeating amongst their fellow-countrymen that the priests had taught the Indians "that Jesus Christ was crucified by the English!" Another wrote: "The Jesuit has not brought civilization to the Indian, he has only adopted his savage life; nor the Gospel, he has only supplanted the *pow-wow*. The new superstition is no better than the old *diabolism;* he has not preached the Gospel, he has degraded it to certain manipulations."†

It must be remarked, however, that many Americain writers have done justice to the zeal, and the unselfishness of the French missionaries. Hildreth, among others, says that in New France there were "dozens of missionaries," not less zealous than Elliot and much more charitable and competent.‡ Another Americain quoted by Garneau ‖ adds: "The religious zeal of the French, had carried the standard of the cross to the borders of the Sault Ste. Marie, and the confines of Lake Superior, five years before Elliot, of New England, had even spoken a word to the Indians, who were six miles from Boston harbor." This Elliot was the acknowledged master-piece of English apostleship in New England. For twenty or thirty years he labored for the conversion of souls, and it is somewhere written, that after five years zealous work in the vineyard, he had wrought *one* conversion.

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* Related by Governor Hutchinson, Maine Historical Society, Vol. II. p. 168.—This Abenaquis chief was called Norridgewock. Another Abenaquis, said to an agent of the English, whose name escapes my memory: "In your relations with us you first enquire about the quantity of peltry we possess. The *black-gowns* on the contrary, never carry away the presents we make them, but they speak to us of the Great Spirit."

† Maine Hist. Society. ‡ Hildreth, p. 85. ‖ Garneau, p. 230.

In Acadie, on the contrary, all the Indians were Catholics. Long after La Heve was abandoned (1636–7) French fishermen were surprised to find the Souriquois still scrupulously practising all their religious duties, chanting the hymns of the Church, and reciting their prayers, always accompanied with the sign of the cross. The cross was held in special veneration by the Souriquois and Abenaquis; they always had it about them; they decorated their wigwams, and also the prows of their canoes, with this sacred sign. When a village was so unfortunate as to be deprived of a missionary by death, or by the hand of the enemy, the chiefs set out over mountains and through deserts for Quebec to beg of the bishop to send them another. If the English had, at the same time, burned their chapel, they, being too poor to rebuild it, sought the Acadian church, which was always open to them, to mingle their prayers with those of their friends; and the voices that had together sung the praises of the same God, became formidable when chanting the war-song. They loved to repeat this circumstance at all times, but especially in their public harangues to the English. Colonel Schuyler once thought he had, by means of presents and promises, detached them from their allies, the Acadians; that is, to have assured their neutrality—the English never expected more. But the chief answered him tranquilly: "Great Captain, you tell us not to join the Frenchman, supposing you declare war against him. Know, then, that the Frenchman is my brother (in Jesus Christ). *We have the same prayer;* and we have a lodge with two fires. If I see you entering the wigwam towards the fire where my brother the Frenchman is seated, I observe you from my mat on which I sit near the other fire. If I see that you carry a hatchet, I think, what does the Englishman wish to do with that hatchet? I rise then on my mat to consider what he does. Should he raise the hatchet to strike my brother the Frenchman, I take mine and run to the Englishman to strike him. Could I see my brother struck and remain in peace? No, no! Therefore, Great Captain, I say to you, do my brother no harm and I will do you none; remain peaceably on your mat and I will remain peaceably on mine."*

Another Englishman having asked a chief of another Abenaquis tribe why they were so much attached to the French, and so distrustful of his countrymen, he immediately answered: "the French have taught us to pray, and you have never done so." † And such was their answer each time they were questioned. But nowhere can any words be found giving as their reason for the friendship existing between themselves and the Acadians, the mutual relations arising from the marriage tie. This circumstance is never mentioned. This is worthy of remark, for the Abenaquis, naturally loquacious, would not have forgotten a fact so flattering for his race, had it existed.

These, then, were the real, the only causes of the inviolable friendship of the Abenaquis for the French of Acadie; the good treatment and bravery of the latter, the mutual need of protection against the English; lastly, and especially, the profession of the same faith. It is hard to explain how this fact could have escaped M. Rameau's attention; how this historian, so judicious in other matters, could not find the real motive of this friendship, when many Americain authors had recognized and acknowledged it.

(To be continued.)

CASILDA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH, FOR THE MARITIME MONTHLY.

I.

ALMENON, the Moor, was king of Toledo, with whom Don Fernando the Great, king of Castile, was on terms of cordial friendship. This Moorish king had a tender-hearted and very beautiful daughter called Casilda.

A Castilian slave related to the daughter of the Moorish king, how much the Nazarenes loved their God and their king, their fathers, brothers and wives. Also did the slave tell her that the Nazarenes never remain motherless, because when they lose that parent, there yet is left another, called Mary, who is an immortal mother.

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* Moreau, p. 302.

† Relations of the Jesuits, (1651-2), p. 15.

Years flew by and Casilda had increased in strength, beauty and virtue. Her mother died, and she wished now for the happiness of the Nazarene orphans.

In the confines of the garden which encircled the king's palace, there were a few dark, gloomy Moorish cells, in which groaned, hungry and laden with chains, many Christian captives. It happened one day that Casilda was passing through these gardens, and heard the poor captives bewailing their lot. The Moorish princess gave vent to grief without measure, and returned to the palace with heart full of sadness.

II.

CASILDA encountered her father at the palace entrance, and throwing herself at his feet, said to him:

"Father! O my father! in the prisons at the other side of the gardens groan a great number of captives. Relieve them of their chains, open to them their dungeon doors and let them return to the land of the Nazarenes, where weep for them, fathers, brothers, wives and lovers."

In his very heart did the Moor bless his daughter, because he was a good man and loved Casilda as the light of his eyes. He had no more than that one child, and he loved her because she was his daughter, and also because she was the living image of the mild-tempered spouse whose loss he had wept almost a year ago. But the Moor was king and Mussulman as well as father, and he believed himself obliged to chastise the audacity of his child. To sympathize with the Christian captives, and to ask their liberty, was a crime that the Prophet had ordered should be paid for *with death*. For this reason he concealed the complacency of his soul, and said to Casilda, with angered countenance and threatening voice:

"Depart, thou false believer, depart! Thy tongue shall be cut out and thy body cast into the flames, for such penalty does that one merit who pleads for the Nazarenes!" And he went to call his hangmen, to deliver them his daughter.

But Casilda fell again at his feet, asking pardon in memory of her mother, "of that queen whose death thou hast lamented since a year."

The Moor felt his eyes brimming with tears; he pressed his daughter to his heart, and pardoned her, saying:

"Guard thyself, *hija mia*, from pleading a second time for the Christians, or even from sympathizing with their lot, for it will make misery for thee; the holy Prophet has written: 'Cut down shall be the believer who does not exterminate the unbelievers.'"

III.

THE birds were singing, the heavens were blue, the sun was shining, the flowers were blooming, and the gentle breeze of the morning was wafting to the palace of the Moorish king the scented breath of the gardens. Casilda remained very sad; she seated herself at the window in order to drive away her melancholy. The gardens appeared at that time so beautiful that she was not able to resist their enchantment; she descended to wander through those most odoriferous and mazy paths. They say that the angel of compassion, in form of a most beautiful butterfly, went forth instantly and charmed both her heart and eyes. The butterfly kept flying from blossom to blossom, and Casilda went on in full pursuit without succeeding in catching it. Butterfly and child met with strong walls; the former penetrated through them, leaving the child immovable and transfixed with wonder.

Behind those massive walls Casilda heard most mournful sounds, and then she recollected that there groaned, hungry and weighed down with chains, the poor unfortunate Nazarenes, for whom were lamenting in Castile, fathers, brothers, wives and lovers. Charity and compassion fortified her heart and made firm her mind. She returned to the palace, and taking food and money, hastened again towards the prisons, following the butterfly, which had returned to be present before her steps. The gold was to bribe the jailers, the food to nourish the prisoners. She had concealed the gold and food in the folds of her mantle. Upon turning into an avenue of rose-bushes she met her father, who also had walked out to dispel his melancholy.

"What doest thou here so early, light of mine eyes?" asked the Moor of his daughter. The princess colored like the roses which the light morning zephyrs moved to and fro at her side, and at last replied to her father:

"I came to contemplate these flowers, to hear these birds trill their melodious notes, to see the sun reflected in these crystal pools, and to breathe this perfumed and ambient air."

"What dost thou carry enfolded in thy mantle?"

Casilda called from the inmost recesses of her heart to the immortal mother of the Nazarenes, and then answered her father:

"Padre y Senor, I am carrying roses that I gathered from these bushes."

Almenon, doubting the sincerity of his child, tore open the folds of the mantle, and *a shower of roses rained upon the ground.*

IV.

Pale was the princess, pale as the lilies of her father's gardens! History tells us that the blood had scarcely time to remain long in the veins of Casilda, because she was always blushing, making appear more brilliant the rows of pearls which gleamed between her lips.

But pale now was the princess, and the Moorish king was himself dying with fear that his child was in the grasp of death. All the skill of the Toledo doctors could not make good health return to the princess, and then Almenon called to his court the most famed physicians of Seville and Cordova. But if the science of the first was impotent, as well also was the skill of the second impotent.

"My kingdom and my treasures will I give to one who can save my child," exclaimed the wretched Moor, seeing Casilda nearly at her last breath.

But no one was at hand to gain his kingdom or his wealth.

"My daughter is dying," wrote the king of Toledo to the king of Castile. "If there is any one in your kingdom who can save her, let him come, let him hasten to my court, that I may give him my lands, my treasures and my daughter."

V.

THROUGH the kingdoms of Castile and Leon sounded publications, announcing that the Moorish king of Toledo offered to that one who restored his child's health, his kingdom and his treasures, and even the princess herself. They relate how a doctor, came from Judea, presented himself before the king of Castile, offering to restore health to the Moorish princess. So great was the wisdom that shone in the words of that man, and so great the faith that the goodness which was resplendent in his face, inspired, that the king of Castile did not hesitate to give him letters, assuring Almenon that he sent with them the saviour of the princess

Casilda. Hardly had the Judean physician touched the brow of the young girl, when the rosy color began to assert itself in her pallid cheeks.

"Take my kingdom!" exclaimed Almenon, full of joy, and weeping with gratitude.

"My kingdom is not of this world," responded the doctor of Judea.

"Take my greatest treasure," added the king, pointing to his daughter.

The physician, making a sign of acceptance, stretched out his hand toward Castile, and said:

"In that land there are some purified waters which are necessary to complete the salvation of the Moorish virgin."

The day following, the Princess Casilda, accompanied still by the Jewish doctor, trod upon the land of the Nazarenes.

VI.

Casilda and the Jewish doctor journeyed on day by day through the Nazarene country, and at last they rested upon the shore of a lake. The doctor took a few drops of water in the hollow of his hand, and sprinkling them upon the virgin's brow, exclaimed: "En el nombre del Padre, del Hijo y del Espiritu Santo, yo te bantizo."

Upon the shore of the lake, which now is called *San Vicente*, and is in the country of Briviesca, there is a poor, wretched hermit cave, where lived the daughter of the Moorish king, whom to-day we know as *Santa Casilda.*

ANECDOTE IN THE LIFE OF A MODERN INDIAN CHIEF.

BY MEG DORTS.

In the good old times the Indian Chief, a gorgeous but barbaric animal, with flaunting plumes and scalps and deer-skin robes, was but newly introduced to the wondering eyes of civilization. Our forefathers stared approvingly at this extraordinary and haughty personage, who walked a prince in his native wilds. Then he was the hero of romance, and then his mysterious religion and cruel customs and royal prerogatives were viewed by awe-stricken and respectful eyes.

But now that the white man has driven from their lands, scattered and half-exterminated, the subjects of the Indian kings; now that fire-water has rendered these once haughty chiefs things of derision to their own people, and the scoff of the Caucasain race, who have taken their place; now that instead of a slight knowledge of them and their ways, we have become very much acquainted with them indeed, familiarity has bred contempt. The flaunting plumes and scalps and deer-skin robes have given place to the cast-off coat and the battered beaver. The pitiful insignia of fallen greatness; the red ribbon that encircles his hat; the red cloth epaulettes, and the scarlet stripe that decorates his pants, alone proclaim the Indian Chief's ancient nobility, his high descent. No more he hunts the buffalo on barbed steeds, no more with stealthy step he follows the unsuspecting object of his hatred, no more his savage war-whoop makes the pale-face tremble. The modern Indian quietly gets drunk, quietly makes baskets and butter-knives, he quietly sleeps and dreams, we suppose, of the happy hunting grounds or of purgatory; he quietly beats, when he is angry, his squaw, who dresses in the latest style of government blanket, but beyond his own camp his voice is heard no more for peace or war. When consumption and bad rum have undermined his strength and constitution, he quietly lies down in his damp, unwholesome dwelling, quietly coughs up his life-blood, and then very quietly dies. Is he better off now than he was of old? God knows!

The age of romance is past; that is, in the eyes of an enlightened world, but it still lingers on the pages of sensational literature, and in the bosoms of a few old maids. Don't fret about it, unless you are an old maid, and then you might as well worry about that as about anything else. This is merely a warning word. To appear dramatic, which is the aim of all would-be good authors, we will commence to relate our incident in the following style:

The place, small town in the Dominion, situated by the banks of a lake (the name we won't mention, as it might hurt the feelings of the hero of the play). Time of the day, evening, sunset, etc. Time of the year, summer. Principal scene, the suburbs of the town, in a north-easterly direction, a lovely spot. Principal actors, Indian Chief and papoose, and a gentleman pale-face, of the carpentering profession. Enter first, Indian Chief, by name some such euphonious title as Peter Thomas, but we will say, for brevity's sake, Peter. He enters the scene by way of a bridge, over which he progresses in curves that are not included in its architectural structure. Here it would be, perhaps, only just to remark, that we are ourselves diverging slightly from the beaten track of the dramatic, and consequently crave your pardon for so doing. In the waving line of beauty, then, did this ancient and illustrious nobleman advance, laden not with the spoils of war or the chase, but with his only hope and joy, the heir of his ancient line, his papoose. The Chief's dress is slightly disarranged, and his royal beaver has stains of earth, suggesting an acquaintance with gutters; it is also on one side of his head, veiling the brightness of his coal black eye. The papoose, son and heir, is all serene in his wooden cradle; he has shut his eyes and resigned himself to balmy slumbers. As the head of the clan comes from the background, and advances into the foreground, his erring footsteps become still more wild, and his feet present the odd appearance of trying to tramp on one another, but not quite to succeed in so doing; finally he reaches the very footlights, as it were, and then collapses. He falls not very gracefully, crushing the wooden and birchen cradle of his offspring under him as he does so.

"What a fall is here, my countrymen!" morally and physically. Fire-water reigns supreme in that aristocratic breast; the babe wails plaintively, but its cries are unheeded by its drunken father. Now, attracted by the slight commotion, another actor appears on the lovely scene. Allow me the pleasure to announce, the carpentering, pale-face gentleman. A few words of explanation, if you please. This pale-face is professionally of the carpentering persuasion. He professes to be a carpenter, and is persuaded that he acts up to his profession. I wish that every one would do as well. He is an elderly man, of Celtic descent and respectable appearance, with the insignia of his trade—chips and shavings—clinging fondly to his garments; as he advances towards the foreground and the extinguished *heir*, there is a faint, subtle perfume that is wafted towards us—the *odeur de wood*, a very nice wholesome aroma; it is much sweeter than cheap cologne and vile musk. He stoops down and releases from its smothered state the wailing child, and taking it kindly in his arms, cradle and all, walks off the scene by a side door, or some other door. The Indian Chief still keeps the floor, or rather ground, and presently the pale-face returns; he carries something in his hand. Is it an axe? a knife? a plane? an adze? Oh, no! 'Tis only an oaken bucket old. He goes to the neighboring lake, and therein he dips the bucket so bold; he returns to the side of the inglorious Chief, who now not only keeps the floor, but is determined to hold it against all-comers. But he knows not with whom he has to deal. Splash! over him, soaking him to the skin, descends the pailful of water, till he gasps, and tries to rise; again and again the wretched Indian is drenched, and partially sobered he gets up and staggers off the scene.

Act 2nd. Is an interior, a kitchen of the yellow mug, willow-pattern plate, and two-story cook-stove style. It is five o'clock in the morning, and yet there is a fire in the cook-stove, and in front of it sits a nice-looking woman, with an Indian babe on her knee,—we recognize the lost heir. The woman is the wife of the professional carpenter, and this is his kitchen, and these and those his cook-stove, yellow mugs and willow-pattern plates. He is there too, still professionally chippy, and he and his wife survey the babe with fond looks, and talk to it in the unintelligible language usually spoken to infant humanity, and which it is impossible to put on paper.

Act 3rd. Bank of the lake again, half-past five in the morning; a lonely figure with haggard face wandering and evidently looking for something along the banks of before-mentioned lake. This lonely figure is Peter Thomas. Enters pale face of the etc, walks up to fallen greatness and enquires, "Shure what are ye lookin' fur?"

The wretched, haggard and staggered parent replies, "Nothing, nothing," but continues his search.

"Come wid me," says he of the carpentering profession, and as, "if impelled by some strange undefinable influence," the Chief follows the footsteps of he of the shavings. Of course they leave the scene.

Act 4th. The interior of the kitchen again with the yellow mugs, etc. Nice looking woman feeding Indian babe,—enter husband followed by haggard and staggered parent. Pale face points to the lost heir, "Look there, ye rascal."

Glad smiles light up the swarthy face, he clasps his hands in rapture, and from his parched lips in entreating tones, come forth the simple words:

"Augh! Will you give 'um to me?"

Pathetic and touching that appeal, and the son of Erin cannot resist it, and replies with emotion:

"Yes, ye miserable thief, I'll give him to ye, but the nixt time that ye get tight I'll take him and kape him."

The Chief fondly clasps the child, cradle and all, to his breast, and tears of fatherly affection and contrition well in his dark eyes. He turns to go, and the pale-face says warningly:

"Now mind, the nixt time that ye get tipsy he's mine."

The Indian turned, and a flash of the old fiery spirit glowed in his face, as he answered in grave, rebuking tones:

"*I not drink, I not go to town yesterday. Squaw* went, got drunk, lose him. Ah!" he said, shaking his head mournfully, "Squaw often drunk; bad woman."

Then he walked off with a majestic tread, and the son of Erin shook his head and gave him up.

"To think that the villain 'ud tell a lie like that on the wife," said the professional carpenter, in sad tones.

Well, well, ever since the world began it has always been the fashion to blame the woman. And now drop the curtain, for the play is played out.

"Why, what nonsense is this," you indignantly cry; "your incident is not worth relating."

True, true are your remarks my friend. I only drew a comparison, which we all know is an odious thing to do; and I only claim for this incident the charm of truth.

'Tis only a cry from suffering humanity, only a wail wrung from red lips by injustice and wrong. Perhaps you don't see it in that light; well then, go your ways hard heart, this incident cannot affect you. The white poor, whom none has injured, whose rights none dare take from them, whose birthrights none can buy or steal, these, in their extremity and misery, are relieved, housed, fed. But the poor Indian, God help him, for man does not, when sickness, want, and death come on him, in his ground-floor wigwam, on his patch of free earth. Under Heaven's blessed canopy he is born, he lives, and dies, and kind mother earth takes his worn-out corpse and gives it free burial in her broad warm breast.

You need not, by this defence of our red brethren, imagine that any of their noble blood runs in my veins, or that I can claim the most distant *cousinship* to Pocahontas—*relationship* I should have said, for its quite a time since the lady existed. In theatrical parlance the modern Indian is a poor actor, and I do not for one moment excuse his fire-water rehearsals; but could not kind, but one-sided charity, sometimes give the poor fellow a benefit, and might not those who sew warm garments for the Sandwich Islanders, who are quite comfortable without them, make some for poor red brothers and sisters nearer home, who, in the winter months, perish from cold and hunger.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

It has frequently been observed that "we live in an age of progress." Nothing then, however absurd, is proposed, that is not fortified by this generally believed to be crushing argument. With no class of people either is this dictum more convincing than with the masses. For they, of all others, have minds least capable of tracing the process through which, consequent has been evolved from reason, or cause from effect. Their thought penetrates no deeper than the surface. If it is ruffled, and something of a chop sea kicked up, they can understand this and enjoy the fun. They can go further and understand that a breeze has caused the waves; but there they stop, and there they wish to stop. All they want is the origin and result, but they would deem the intermediate steps, which delight the man of keener mental vigor, the greatest of bores. Accordingly when anything new is proposed, more especially if it is urged with the almost irresistible force of the tongue or the pen, and they are told that certain causes operating in a given way will produce certain effects; and further, that as this is an age of progress there can be no harm in trying it, they are at once convinced. And very naturally so. They are unable to discover fallacies in the maze of reasoning to which they are subjected. They cannot see further than their instructor, and discover that from the data, other and perhaps disastrous results can arise. They have acquired all this knowledge in the school of experience, and to that school they must ever resort when treading upon new ground. The give-it-a-trial argument then gains their assent, because most natural to them. And they do give it a trial, in some cases to succeed and to learn, in others to fail and to suffer;

but in both to buy their knowledge in the school of experience. A good school it is true, but often a very dear one.

Hence comes the wish of the century for novelty, and as the demand must increase the supply, the astonishing number of hypothesis, chimerical experiments, new theories in religion, law, the sciences and arts. Now the people, not only in the United States and the Dominion of Canada, but also in conservative England are more of a power than they ever were before. Not that England is more republican at all, but that the people are more in numbers, more enlightened, and can more easily make their existence felt and known than they could in the past. As a result, when anything gets their ear, the world hears of it sooner than in the past. It crops out too on all sides, and having numbers to affirm, it carries with it the weight numbers always give. The result is very frequently converts among those who hold the reins of power. It is said, of the late Joseph Howe, that one of his favorite means for carrying a measure was "to agitate," and never was that remarkable man nearer the truth. For there is something in forcing even repulsive ideas constantly upon the mind. It after a while gets used to them, and from that in many cases even to like them, to take their side, to defend them, and finally if necessary to die for them. Alison says in his History of Europe: "The strongest intellect is seldom able to withstand the incessant influence of adverse opinions delicately and skilfully applied by persons in intimate confidence and possessing numerous opportunities for successfully imparting them," and we have all felt its truth. Disciples then in the governed, and converts among the governing, and all agitating more or less, make more converts, say from those who blindly following the majority, and believing that the majority holds the correct opinion, are afraid of being left out in the cold, and so appearing to be behind the times. We are all apt to think that the advanced opinions on all subjects we so constantly hear and read about, are very generally held. We are all apt to be deceived and think they are much more generally held than they are, until some test question comes up and the vote is taken, when every one is astonished at the result. So it was with many in the United States with reference to Ritualism. Hundreds believed it was spreading over the whole Episcopal church, until the vote was taken in the Convention, when to the astonishment of all the canon condemning Ritualistic practices was passed by an overwhelming majority of both clergy and laity. For in the Great Republic, as everywhere else, the Ritualists are agitating, while the common sense members of the church are holding their peace. Every one then hearing of Ritualism and its astonishing advances, and hearing nothing of the other side, believe that the isolated instances they hear of are an index of the whole church. So it is too with Republicanism in England. Bradlaugh, Sir Charles Dilke, and those of their kidney, are "orating" constantly, ridiculing sovereignty and sovereigns past and present, denouncing the expenses of the Royal Family and the prodigality of the Prince of Wales, heading large processions and holding inflammatory meetings in the parks attended by thousands, till many believe that the death of the Queen will be the birth of a great and glorious English Republic. Meanwhile, sober, slow-moving England looks on and smiles. It does the Republicans good, when the pressure is too great, to let off a little steam, and hurts nobody; while every man of sense is aware that there is unfortunately much more certainty of the death of our beloved Queen, than the ghost of a chance for a great and glorious Republic.

So it is also with the woman question, her claims to equal education with man, to his studies, occupations, and civil privileges. John Stuart Mill—who might almost be called a woman worshipper, believing that his loved and lost wife was a true representative of the whole sex—has written. Dr. Mary Walker is a reality. Woman lecturers have arisen in droves—one lately even on female garments *(horresco referens!)* Feminine Sunday swimming matches have taken place, and hosts of other masculine pursuits too numerous to mention; while the list still remains open for female politicians, officers of the law, foot racers, jockeys, and champion scullers, who usually dress for the race, believing that the requirements of society may be sacrificed by *men* without violence to modesty.

There are many who are engrossed with this subject, and hold most firmly that the time is speedily coming when all our old notions with reference to the sexes will be overturned, and a new state of things inaugurated. Some who have even gone so far as to live and believe in free love, thinking the world is coming to that, but who have had as yet to suffer the fate of all reformers in advance of their age. We may be thankful, however, that their number is not legion, and is not likely to be so for some time to come, if ever. If we ask why this is so, we shall find that the solution involves much more than a deep-seated conservatism, which assumes at the outset that everything new is therefore wrong. For truth has not to work its way so slowly in the present as in the past. The schoolmaster is abroad, and men generally can more readily accept truth now than formerly. If, then, anything progresses but slowly, is not taken up by the greatest number of more enlightened minds, nor by the thinking, common sense portion of the world at large, we shall always find, upon examination, that there are some good reasons for it. "Depend upon it," says Froude, "that in all long established practices or spiritual formulas there has been some living truth; and if you have not discovered and learnt to respect it, you do not yet understand the questions you are in a hurry to solve."

Now this is the case with the woman question. Although it is true some Universities have thrown open their doors, that some men of thought have taken their side, that some progress has been made; yet the progress has been very slight, comparatively speaking; and should it be more in the future, it will never be permanently what many of its over-sanguine adherents desire and fondly prophesy, and for the following reason. All great movements in the world are followed by a reaction. If the pendulum has been forced too far one way, its first opposite swing must be equal from the centre on the other side. Republicanism, for example, becomes rabid, and proceeds to open violence, bloodshed and death; when order is restored, almost invariably the first clamor is for a king. So it was with the French revolution of the last century. Louis XVI. was beheaded because all men were to be equal; and he was scarcely cold in his grave when all France was following Napoleon to victory, worshipping him with a greater hero-worship than perhaps ever man had before, and believing in their hearts that his equal never had been, and would never be again. Napoleon, the king-maker, became then for France even more of a king than Louis, for he reigned (call him what you will) with a military despotism. So under Cromwell *all* men were holy. They spoke in the language of Scripture; frequently took its precepts and characters as their guides for smiting as well as for sparing, and perhaps a little oftener; named their children from its sacred pages; prayed loudly, long, and fervently upon every question of policy, as well as for success in battle; and where did it all end? Simply in the licentiousness and open, shameless profligacy of the court of Charles II. And if the members of the Church of England wish for safety for their Church in its integrity, they need not pray so much *against the spread* of Ritualism, as that when the reaction comes, as come it most assuredly will—Tractarianism and Ritualism being themselves the reaction of the Evangelical movement of the last century—it be not so violent as to drive thousands from the Church to the surrounding denominations.

Now, as we all know, it is one of the blessings of Christianity that it has raised noble, pure, lovely woman, from the degraded position of inferiority she held formerly, and still holds among those nations where the light of the Gospel has not yet penetrated, to the position she now occupies. But for some time the reaction has been coming on. Woman, finding when admitted to the counsels and pursuits of her lord and master, that she was often equal, and often superior to many men on their own ground, has commenced to agitate for *egalité*, *liberté*, *fraternité*. The pendulum is only swinging back the other way. And it will continue to swing while yet in the same way, until we have, perhaps, the sex claiming superiority to man; but let us hope not much longer if as results we are to have more of the unfortunate exhibitions mentioned above. Woman herself ought to be guarded too; for if she force the reaction to the old heathen practice too far, when the recoil comes, she will have none but herself to blame. Let us then see why this movement progresses but slowly, and why we may hope it will in time cease progressing altogether.

Equality for woman with man is opposed to the law of God. It is an old and hackneyed story, that woman sinned first and induced man to sin, but none the less true, Mr. Froude, and the enlightened infidel tendencies of the age to the contrary notwithstanding. There is another truth uttered to woman by the Almighty Himself, and found in the same connection, which also has a bearing on the subject. It is this:—"Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." Now the writer believes most implicitly the story of the fall and its consequences; and though this is not the place to enter into any proof of it, yet he may be allowed to ask if it is not strange that such a fundamental truth regulating the intercourse of the sexes, should be found so prevalent all over the world, so much so that for ages men erred in carrying it out too strictly? Is it not a strange coincidence too, that we find universal animated nature obeying it also; the males created larger, stronger, fiercer, and in many cases more attractive in appearance, as if the Creator wished mankind always to have a visible, silent reminder of what He intended the relations of the sexes to be? But as was observed, though this is not the place to argue for the truth of what has been contemptuously called "the story of the snake," yet that very law quoted above, is *the principal reason* why there never can be such a thing as equality in all respects, between man and woman. If this equality be pressed, the invariable results of the disobedience of God's laws, disaster, must follow. God instituted the Sabbath; do away with its observance, and keep Christendom to the same state of advancement it has at present, morally, socially and politically. Do away with it permanently, and keep man and beast in the same state of physical health they possess under the present *régime*. Are the nations who do not observe the Sabbath, the possessors of the most moral and physical energy and power? Will they accomplish as much in a given length of time when placed side by side with those who rest on that day? The universal experience of both employers and employed is, that they will not. God instituted marriage too. Let the laws of the land abrogate the ordinance, and could we not all readily foretell what would be the effects? Not only the disintegration of society, and the destruction of religion; but results of lawlessness and sin that would be as distressing to enumerate as to read. And yet these three, man's superiority, the Sabbath and marriage, were promulgated to mankind long before rules of morality came. It would seem then as if the Creator gave them, because from the outset they were necessary to the prosperity of the race, and the harmony of the sexes. Let it then be borne in mind by those who advocate the equality of the sexes, that they must expect precisely the same success for their hobby, as those who advocate the abrogation of the Sabbath, or the universal practice of free love. If they doubt this, they must prove that the passage quoted above was not meant by the Almighty to have the same force as the institution of marriage. But yet it is all of a piece. The loudest clamors for female equality are in that country, where of all Christendom the marriage tie is least binding, and divorces are most easily obtained. Where freedom, unless subjected to some wholesome restraints, will in time run mad, and become self-destructive. For when men think they can set aside God's laws with impunity, it is a plain evidence of moral decay; and there is no surer test of this, or no more speedy destroyer of society, than to lightly regard the sacred rite of matrimony.

One of the demands on the part of the female sex is for equal education with man; or, going further, to give woman all the education she can get, whether all men have had the same or not. Now neither of these is generally desirable, neither generally practicable as yet; and it can be shown that both would be injurious. Not that there are no particular cases where woman ought to have all the education she can get. There are women who will have it in spite of every drawback, having been created with superior intellectual powers. Such, like geniuses among men, must and will come to the surface, as a Madame De Stäel, a Mrs. Hemans, or the late Mrs. Somerville, who took rank, to her honor be it recorded, among the most learned men of the day. But like men those are the exceptions; and it would consequently be as injurious to society to highly educate all women, as to highly educate all men. While the world stands there must be hewers of wood and drawers of water as well among women as men. But if you give everybody the education of a high school or academy, where are they to come from? What does universal experience teach us with reference to education? Simply that when one born in an humble sphere acquires it, he at once leaves his former state, and seeks and works for a higher. Very laudable it may be said to be too, while *all* are not doing it; but let it be done by *all* and most calamitous results would follow. Why has there been a dearth of servant girls lately? Why do so many object to the name servant? One great reason it is true is, because they are often employed by those who have risen from the ranks themselves; but another undoubtely is, that on account of the spread of enlightenment they know too much. So much that in many cases they think the honorable calling of housemaid disgraceful, and want to be anything in the world else; and also that with many their opportunities have been better than those of their employers whom they proportionately despise. Now the remedy for this is not to do away with free schools. These may be called one of the greatest blessings of the age. But while all may get an education, let it not be carried too far and *all* urged to seek the training of a high school. If any are born to rise, they will find a way to do so under the present system; and we will have the mass left with all the education the mass needs in any country, a good rudimentary training in the most necessary subjects. But make a high school education compulsory, and our laboring classes would soon cease to exist; while higher positions, as clerkships, etc., would be as they are even now commencing to be, over-crowded. But it may be said, give a man a high school education and it will not make him above his work, as *e. g.*, the trades. If this means that the man's education will not make any difference in his estimation of such work, *i. e.* whether he is above it, or it is suitable for him; it is generally speaking a mistake. Or if it means that his education will give him judgment enough not to consider himself above such work, it is speaking generally a mistake also. A high school education, so called, is but a fraction of education. It is "a little learning" which proverbially is a dangerous thing. The training of a University is not an education completed. It is only the foundation of one laid, and then not always well; which has to be built upon by after years of study, observation, and experience. And when we find many University men who have never yet learned how little they know, but fancy they are able to instruct the world, can we expect those less educated to judge correctly, and not get above honest labor? Who are always the most assuming? the most dogmatic? the most impatient of contradiction? the most self-confident? the most knowing? *those who have learnt enough to raise them above the mass, but not enough to teach them how infinitely little they know.* Now as no one can learn everything or be everything, more especially in this age of the world, there is no doubt that it is every man's best interest to apply himself exclusively to what he intends to follow in after life. If a trade, let him learn his trade; if a profession or literature let him devote himself to that. The age is too practical, and life too short for attemping too much; and no matter what is studied, one must eat. Froude says, in his essay "On Progress" in his "Short Studies, etc.," II. p. 260: "Labor is the inevitable lot of the majority, and the best education is that which will make their labor most productive. I do not undervalue book-knowledge. Under any aspect it is a considerable thing. If the books be well chosen, and their contents really mastered, it may be a beautiful thing; but the stubborn fact will remain, that after the years, be they more or be they less, which have been spent at school, the pupil will be launched into life as unable as when he first entered the school door to earn a sixpence, possessing neither skill nor knowledge for which any employer in England will be willing to hire his services. An enthusiastic clergyman, who had meditated long on the unfairness of confining mental culture to the classes who had already so many other advantages, gave his village boys the same education which he had received himself. He taught them languages and literature, and moral science, and art, and music. He unfitted them for the state of life in which they were born. He was unable to raise them into a better. He sent one of the most promising of them, with high recommendations, to seek employment in a London banking house. The lad was asked what he could do. It was found that, allowing for his age, he could pass a fair examination in two or three plays of Shakspeare."

Now all this applies equally well to women. They have their place in the economy of nature, and an important one; but they ought to confine themselves to it, and educate themselves for it, and not above it, and so out of it. This place is undoubtedly marriage. Will it then help woman to fill this place better if she receives an equal training with educated men, or one superior to theirs. By no means? On the contrary, it would be apt in the first place not to lead to marriage at all; or secondly, to marriage with the *woman* the head of the house; or thirdly, to an unhappy marriage. Let us take up these statements seriatim.

A so-called education, as the word is generally understood, means, besides the three R's, English, French, German, Italian, Latin, Algebra, Astronomy, Botany, Chemistry, Geology, etc., Music, Painting, and Crayon Drawing. Now if a woman has studied these, which all may be partially learnt without going to College, it is safe to say she has studied more than nine-tenths of all the mechanics, tradesmen, clerks, merchants, and many teachers. If she go further, and taking a collegiate course, besides advancing in these, add to them Literature, Logic, Metaphysics, advanced Mathematics, and advanced Classics, with Hebrew, she takes her place among men of the learned professions. Now just in proportion as she advances in her studies, will the ideal of the husband she must marry *rise* in her mind. Love with woman means worship too; and a woman cannot worship where it is constantly forced upon her notice that the object of her adoration is by no means her intellectual equal. Just in proportion, then, as she advances, she lessens from her own standpoint her hopes of attaining her ideal. For the higher she goes the smaller the circle becomes. Hence it is that we find so many of our old maids strong-minded, or so well read, or so highly educated; while the blooming matrons, with their thriving families, are usually, if not the wives of professional men, and very often if they are, the ones who have not read Latin, and could not define simple logical conversion; but who are winning in their manners, good house-keepers, and not able to beat their husbands in argument.

But this is from the woman's *point de vue;* there is the man's side too. Most commonly, young men who have not a University education have a horror of highly educated young women, and very naturally. They are introduced, and the conversation, commencing with generalities, comes round to literature. The young man soon finds that in conversation he is nowhere. Authors whose writings he has never had time to read, are but A B C to the fair one. She dotes on Macaulay and Bacon; and has read Spenser, though the Laureate is her favorite poet; Longfellow being mere child's play. Thackeray and Lytton are her favorite novelists. Faust, Schiller's Wallenstein, and Dante's Purgatorio, she knows almost by heart in the original, and quite agrees with many of the conclusions of Renan. She is amused at Locke's smashing of the term "free will;" agrees with Sir William Hamilton's refutation of fatalism, and has even tried to puzzle out "the one" and "the not one" of Plato's Parmenides. The young man who has a good education for his calling in life, and who has spent the day counting bank notes or measuring cloth, listens till the fair one has ceased talking for an instant, and then quietly moves off to be seen no more by her that evening. Indeed it will be a marvel if he ever gives her another chance to display her conversational powers on him again. If asked an opinion of her, he has an invariable reply: "Very clever woman; make a splendid wife for a parson or professor: Gad! she'd take some of *them* down." For, if he marry, he wants a wife who will be a *help* meet for him; who will take her place at his table, entertain his guests with music and conversation, and take effective charge of his household; all of which she can do with a fair education and Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management." All of which she can do too without having read Sophocles, Berkeley, Carlyle, or John Stuart Mill. Advanced education in the hands of a woman who wants to get married, but does not expect to marry one more highly learned than herself, is like power over a husband,—it appears best where it is least seen. If, however, any do not want to get married, but to devote their lives to literature, or literary pursuits, no one has any objections to their acquiring all they can, or to their occupying the highest position in the domain of letters the world has to give.

But in the event of marriage, the learned woman can be happy with a husband more learned than herself. Yet even here there are rocks and shoals to be avoided. If she knows almost as much as her husband, so that he has to keep himself on the *qui vive* when uttering anything with the usual dogmatism of husbands in their own homes, lest his wife take up the cudgels, and in a fair logical fight, from premises to conclusion, beat him by means of her greater abilities or more extensive reading upon that particular point, he will be apt to become impatient; for we have all some weak point, and the desire to be considered king in the domestic circle is one with nearly all husbands. He may then ask himself at times if he really consulted best for his own quiet and happiness when he chose such a clever wife, and one who, like himself, was not insensible to the pleasure of getting the best of the argument, and crying check-mate. Of course we can all imagine cases where men and women of great attainments are united, and where the highest conjugal happiness may be found. But, learned or unlearned, we are all human, and all have our weaknesses; so that even here it is better to be on the safe side, and have the intellectual attainments, as well as the superiority in age, on the right side of the house.

When in the second and third place the wife has the better education there must be either leadership on her part, or something of unhappiness for them both. We have seen that it requires delicate management for two equals to live amicably together. When they are not so there is no question whatever that *cæteris paribus*, the superior mind will lead. If the husband be easily led, or a man who not having attainments himself wishes to get a director, it is all very well, if they endeavor to conceal the exact state of things from the public. Effectually they cannot do it, as ten minutes conversation with them will show the observant stranger which is the leading mind. But where they have the good sense to try to conceal this, the world usually respects them, and they may be quite happy; she ruling and he happy in being ruled, and not knowing it. But when the man is different, and sees and feels his own inferiority while he is determined to rule and have things in his own way, the results are converse. They may be and generally are such as there is no occasion to dwell upon, and from which we desire ourselves and our friends to be free; for of all things in the world to be avoided is getting united to a nature entirely at variance with our own.

We can easily gather from all this, that our forefathers were not so far wrong when they trained up their daughters to be domestic, good house-keepers, and well taught in every thing that pertained to female education, and the comfort and happiness of others. To this day their conduct would be approved by nine out of every ten married men of moderate incomes, or if possessing more, who desire their wives to take charge of their households. Ask any sensible married man which he would prefer for a companion; a woman highly educated in masculine studies, who could astonish and entertain with her learning when from home, and of such a literary turn that at home she allowed his meals, comfort, and the household generally to take care of themselves, and go to the dogs while she enjoyed the last author; or one with but a good feminine education, and plenty of good sense; who could hold her own and move in society by her natural grace, wit, and refinement, and whose house was a pattern of tasteful, elegant comfort, where all went on well from the constant supervision of the mistress's eye? It may be said that the first of these is an extreme case. That the educated woman can take good care of her home and keep up her reading too. In one situation she can, when she is married to a man of wealth, and has nothing to do. But the dictum was not expressed concerning them. They are the particular cases. The great mass of the women of the Dominion do not expect to marry men of wealth, but some one whom they must help to make his own way in the world. And if they think before marriage that they can pursue their favorite studies and accomplishments after marriage, and take proper care of their homes, and rear their children too, the realities of married life will soon teach them their mistake. And if their earlier years have been spent in dipping into a variety of subjects, many of them masculine, or getting an education (falsely so-called); instead of acquiring the knowledge, habits of industry, economy, and other accomplishments necessary to good housekeeping, they will find, when married, that they have much to unlearn, and everything necessary to happiness yet to learn. But it may be said that previous study will prepare their minds so that they can learn it more readily. It can be replied, that the actual training the mind gets by learning "a little" is so slight, that in the female mind the difference of results between a fair, useful education and a high school one, would be scarcely perceptible. The Creator seems to have supplied the female mind with a natural aptitude for its own belongings. Women have naturally keener senses, a much more delicate organization, and a much quicker perception of the propriety of things, than men. We have all observed this. We all know that a young woman of sixteen has a judgment fully six years older than a lad of the same age, where they have both had equal opportunities. At sixteen or seventeen we commence to look upon a female as a young woman, while at the same age the male is yet a lad. This is evidently design. The woman, to have the care of the household, and the tremendous responsibility of bringing children into the world to train for eternity, will not have time to mature her perception and judgment by study or constant contact with the world. The Creator then does it for them. Man will have time, and his heavier judgment comes more slowly, and must be matured by experience or study. And this only follows the general plan of God's treatment of creation. He does nothing for His creatures that He has given them powers, by the proper training and development of which, they can do for themselves.

But there has been an outcry for equality of pursuits also. This means that all the professions and employments of men shall be thrown open to women. Now, before noticing this particularly, it may be well to observe one thing. As all protests or demands make people examine their grounds, they very often, as no institution is perfect, effect reform, though not succeeding entirely. Such has the cry for equality in pursuits done for women. It has made all inquire into the subject, and women being in a majority and all not able to be married, it has caused men to ask if there were no occupations by which they might earn a living, formerly closed, which might not be opened to them without any loss of their feminine dignity. The consequence has been that many such were found, and as the result we have female teachers, compositors, hatmakers, factory hands, etc., and all doing their work as well as men. But because some callings have been opened to them, and they have proved their fitness for them, it does not follow that they are adapted for all the employments of men. They are physically and mentally unadapted for many, and for this there is no remedy, as they have been created so. This is simply as it should be. Man could not be everything either, and for the maintenance of society the two sexes are absolutely necessary. There is no doubt also that there are many positions not yet opened to women which could be filled by them just as well as by men. But if there is one thing more than another women demand with justice, it is that there should be equality in wages. If they can do the same work as well as men, why should they be paid less? Physically, woman has not the same strength as man. It must then be harder for her than for man to toil day after day at the same work; it must be more wearing to her constitution; she must lie down at night more exhausted. But yet, because she is weaker, she must be paid less, to preserve the dignity of man. The man is strong, and he would be humiliated to receive the same pay as a woman, although she works at the same trade, and perhaps does more in a day than he. From every point of justice the position is utterly indefensible. Difference of work should of course make a difference in remuneration. The washerwoman works harder in one way than the female clerk, and is paid less because the one work is lower than the other. But when a man and a woman do the same work, do an equal amount of work, in a given time, difference of sex ought to be entirely disregarded when the wages are paid. In fact, the employer has nothing to do with it any more than with color, if white and black work equally well. Where, however, women underbid men to get employment, it is scarcely fair in them to protest.

But when women demand that all the employments of men shall be open to them, do they really know what they ask? Surely they have forgotten why they have been placed in the world. If men and women had been created without an affinity for each other, as a result of their natural feelings and passions; or if there were no sin, no flesh, or no devil to tempt, this might all be very well: but the trouble is, that we have all these. Men have a natural fondness for women, and women for men. It would then be as utterly impossible for them to mingle as freely together in all the relations of life, as men with men, or women with women, as to break down the barriers of dress in warm weather, and yet regard each other with purely Platonic indifference. And no amount of usage could make any difference while we are constituted as we are. What too would become of the half of daily-toil women, and that which they only can perform? We can easily suppose that if they found they could maintain themselves in a higher position than by marrying, there would be, with thousands, a rush for these positions for which there is now no lack of men. Meanwhile, what would become of homes, and where would families and population come from? For it is absolutely certain that this state of things could not go on, and society continue as it is. Though it is, then, an old thought, it is yet a true one, that God made one-half of humanity for the outside work, and the other half for the inside; and if either left their own, we should have enacted on a larger scale the story of the discontented farmer and his wife, who agreed to exchange labor for a day.

There is another thought which can find its proper place here. As women must admire in men manly qualities, as strength, courage, or superiority; so men love women best, not for their masculine, but their feminine attributes. These attributes too in them are their safeguard with men, their protection from insult, and the foundation of all feelings of true chivalry. But let woman leave her natural sphere, and laying aside, as she would be compelled to do, her feminine modesty, reserve and gentleness, attend men as doctors, or contend with them on the hustings, in the jostling crowd, or at the bar. They would then be treated not as men, but often, as they are weaker, even worse. A clergyman's protection is his profession. If he then insults a man, the man, if not a coward or a brute, does not knock him down. He says, "Your cloth protects you, or I would treat you as you deserve." But let the clergyman lay aside his coat, and challenge the man to knock him down if he can, there would no longer be the slightest hesitation on his part. For the clergyman, by his very offer to come to fisticuffs, forfeits the protection of his profession. The analogy is obvious enough, and women may rest assured that if the time ever comes when they occupy equal positions with men in the battle of life, then will come the days when the respect and protection of chivalry will be laid aside. Matters will then come to a fair fight, and as in all fair fights, the weaker will go to the wall. As man is, generally speaking, the strongest, intellectually as well as physically, woman will then find herself in a position of inferiority more decided by far than now, while the chivalrous respect of the opposite sex, at present enjoyed, will be forfeited also.

But whence has this demand for equality arisen? It can have come only from the fact that woman believes her position is inferior, and the sphere of her influence contracted. But it is not true that her position is so inferior, and the sphere of her influence contracted. We have seen that the Creator designed man to be, as one side must be, leader; but man is only the half of humanity, and would be as incomplete without woman as woman without man. We have seen too that under the Gospel woman has been elevated to her proper position as the consort of man, to refine, purify, and soften him by her gentle influence. That many callings have been opened to her, to which access was formerly denied. The inferiority then is certainly slight, more especially when we throw into the scale the respect and deference with which the sex is treated, so slight that it really exists more in theory than otherwise. It is even more evident that the sphere of her influence is not contracted. It is wider, far wider than the mass of humanity has any conception of. What has woman not done? She has instructed the young; trained up her children to be statesmen, poets, philosophers, authors, and great preachers. She has ruled tens of thousands, has slain tyrants, led armies to victory, reigned over empires, and not only populated the world, but greatest of all, a virgin gave birth to the Saviour. Could any influence be greater than this? Could any sex occupy a higher position? Many, very foolishly too, have been carried away by the twaddle, that for woman to take her place in the world and independently earn her own living, is a higher calling than staying quietly at home, in the good old-fashioned way, as a wife, and training up her children in the fear of God as a mother. Never was there a greater mistake. The reply of Napoleon to Madame De Stael, that the greatest woman was she who had had the greatest number of children, had much more in it than that it should be a rebuke to the vanity of a childless woman. Perhaps the great General looked at it from his own standpoint, that with plenty of men he could do anything. What does a woman do, however, who trains up her children well? The highest work in which mortal can engage. The child at her knee may lead thousands; may be a Cæsar, a Cicero, a Joan of Arc, a Shakspeare, a Luther, a Schiller, a Wesley, a Wellington, or a Macaulay. Is not giving the world such men as these exerting an influence? Only eternity will reveal what the influence of woman has accomplished for good and the glory of God. Alas! only eternity too can reveal what the influence of woman has accomplished for evil. The writer lately saw a scrap in one of our papers to show that crime is often hereditary. It struck him as being also one of the best instances of what the influence of lovely woman can accomplish for evil. It is quoted just as it appeared, and needs no comment: "A remarkable instance of the propagation of criminals was related by Dr. Harris, of New York, at a recent meeting of the State Charities Aid Association. In a small village, in a county on the Upper Hudson, some seventy years ago, a young girl named 'Margaret' was set adrift on the casual charity of the inhabitants. She became the mother of a long race of criminals and paupers, and her progeny has cursed the county ever since. The county records show two hundred of her descendants who have been criminals. In one single generation of her unhappy life there were twenty children; of these three died in infancy, and seventeen survived to maturity. Of the seventeen, nine served in the States' prisons, for high crimes, an aggregate term of fifty years, while the others were frequent inmates of jails, penitentiaries, and alms-houses! Of the nine hundred descendants, through six generations, from this unhappy girl who was left on the village streets, and abandoned in her childhood, a great number have been idiots, imbeciles, drunkards, lunatics, paupers, and prostitutes; but two hundred of the more vigorous are on record as criminals. The neglected little child has thus cost the county authorities, in the effects she has transmitted, hundreds of thousands of dollars in the expense and care of criminals and paupers, besides the untold damage she has inflicted on property and public morals."

To conclude. We may be thankful that as yet in the Dominion we have not had so much of the woman question as our neighbors over the border, or as they have had even in England. Let us hope it will be long before the absurd contagion in its more gross forms visits our shores. Many of the sentiments expressed in this short article may be old-fashioned, but that does not prove them to be untrue. They may not just now fall in with the most popular views or coincide with much of the clap-trap talked in the present day, but that does not prove them false either. New ideas are taken up so readily in this century, often simply because they are new, that it would be well for all before accepting them to examine fairly the grounds upon which they rest. The tendency of the age, and of human nature as well, is to drive forward. Luxury once introduced begets more in its turn; freedom and liberty, allowed with no restraints, soon degenerate into unbounded license, until either the sensible part of humanity is obliged to rise in its own defence, or it works its own cure by destroying itself. When any radical change is demanded, then, we ought to be sure, before giving up the teachings of our forefathers, which are backed by the beneficial results of the past, that we are accepting something better, which will stand the test of the future. "If we pull down with too much haste, we do as much mischief as if we retain with too much obstinacy; the virtuous should always recollect that if they remove the half, the reckless will speedily destroy the whole." * In the States, as well as in England, it is not the most virtuous, the most sensible, or the most highly educated women, who are advocating "woman's rights," so called, or who give the least countenance to the movement; but rather a large, discontented class, who either have been educated out of their sphere, and so educated to do nothing, or who, from other causes, have not found their right place in life. We must all have observed too that when this question comes up, it is always the happy wife and mother, or the woman of sound common sense, whatever she may be, who agrees with the arguments advanced against it, and which, with a few exceptions, are held in every enlightened country by the wisest and best of mankind.

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* Alison's Hist. Europe, vol. I., p. 89.

Current Events.

It is pitiful to observe the anxiety of the enemies of the Republic to find some salient point in the action of General Grant with regard to the Louisiana imbroglio. Possessing, as he undoubtedly does, the most thorough knowledge of the state of affairs in that section, we have unquestioning faith that events will demonstrate the wisdom of every act of his in the premises.

Whenever Lincoln made an advance step towards the suppression of the Rebellion, he met with the same opposition and opprobrium from a certain class, at home and abroad, that is now being heaped upon General Grant.

The "indignation meetings" that are now being held through the country are engineered by the same class of men who protested against "coercion" in the early days of Mr. Lincoln's administration, in the hope that by so doing their "commercial relations" with the South might be preserved intact.

The owl-like wisdom of some of our cotemporaries, as they review the situation, is ludicrous in the extreme.

In April, 1861, the London *Times* said: "The Union is gone for ever, and no serious attempt will be made to preserve it." In August of the same year it oracularly declared that "General bankruptcy is inevitable, and socialist riots may be expected soon." And in December: "If the Government wished to surrender Mason and Sliddel, the mob would not allow it."

Now one of our Solons writes in a morning paper that President Grant's message "reads like something that might be written by a third-rate lawyer, who imagined the whole world to be as shallow as himself." And another brilliant specimen of the fourth estate demands that Sheridan should be cashiered and Grant impeached or deposed.

It is possible that Grant will at once retire from the White House to the peaceful shades of some village academy, but we doubt it.

In our January number, we very briefly and incidentally alluded to the proposed establishment of a Court of Appeal for the Dominion, and the probable changes in the Judiciary of New Brunswick in consequence. Our highly esteemed and lively contemporary, the

Globe, in referring to our remarks says: "One would hardly look into the MARITIME MONTHLY for matters of news not referred to in the daily press." Why not? Has the "daily press" a prescriptive monopoly of all "matters of news" sought after by the reading public? And if so, would it not better accord with the "eternal fitness of things" to allow some one less modest (if such can be found) than a lawyer or a "daily" editor to give currency to the fact? We entirely agree, however, with the *Globe*, that St. John should be the "head-quarters of the Courts." Fully three-fourths of the entire legal business of the Province are furnished by St. John and the adjoining Counties. Why lawyers and clients should travel from St. John to Fredericton to settle their disputes, is more than we can understand. We hope at some future time fully to refer to this matter, and believe we can give such information as will compel even a jealous "celestial" to admit that a removal should take place.

THE scenes in Spain shift rapidly. What country in Christendom has had so many radical changes in so short a space of time. Isabella proved herself incapable to govern any people. Her vices, flaunted in the light of day, brought disgrace upon the Spanish people. Despotism, united with licentious imbecility, soon goads a people into deeds of violence, and so it proved in her case. She was hurled but a few short years ago from her throne, to make way for Amadeus, who quickly discovered that a Spanish Crown, at least, is one of thorns. The assassination of Prim deprived the Italian Prince of his strongest support, and he soon resigned in disgust a Crown he could not wear with safety to himself or benefit to his subjects. The Republic did not bring quiet to the nation. It, too, has passed away, and the problem now is, Can ALFONSO, a son of Isabella, and a Bourbon, bring peace and happiness to Spain? We confess to a large degree of skepticism on this point. The Spaniards are a hot-headed people. They cannot comprehend the distinction between liberty and lawlessness. It is certainly pitiable to see Spain what she is, when we remember what she was. The days of Ferdinand and Isabella, bright with promise and fruition, have passed away. The gold and silver of the New World, instead of strengthening, weakened and ruined her.

And this cannot be wondered at when we remember her Colonial policy. Instead of building up Colonial dependencies in America and elsewhere, for the purpose of securing an outlet for her surplus population, and a market for her surplus productions, she pillaged and robbed her colonists on all occasions. Her policy in this respect is in marked contrast with that of England, and the result is equally as striking. When will her troubles cease? A great work has to be done first. Her people must be emancipated from the bonds of superstition and despotism,—they must be made familiar with the idea of constitutional government and unfettered religious equality. Is ALFONSO equal to the emergency? We sincerely trust he may be, but we have serious doubts.

THE Dominion Board of Trade has just closed quite an unimportant session at Ottawa. Boards of Trade, properly managed and animated by the sole desire to forward and develop the industrial and natural resources of a country, would be of great practical advantage. They should be composed of the leading men of all occupations, else their deliberations will lack weight and influence. We regret to see indications of flagging interest in the Dominion Board on the part of our foremost commercial men. Once allow Boards of Trade to pass under the control of third and fourth-rate men, and they degenerate into little else than meaningless debating societies. We do not make these remarks for the purpose of reflecting upon the two gentlemen from St. John. On the contrary, we think they were capital selections. But the other gentlemen selected with them should also have attended, or refused nomination.

JOHN BRIGHT has recently been addressing his constituents. This time the great orator has been dilating upon the connection between Church and State. Of course the Tory organs will soundly abuse Mr. Bright for advocating the severance of the two. All progressive men must expect to be howled at by these fossilized specimens of humanity, who feed upon the cobwebs of a bygone age, and who can only see danger and disaster in every change. The Navigation Laws, originally enacted in 1652 to satisfy the spleen of that turbulent agitator, Oliver St. John, were only repealed after persistent effort. The ruin predicted to follow on the repeal of the Corn Laws has not yet come. The successive Reform Bills, given to the English people since 1831, have not weakened a single prop of our constitution. On the contrary, it is notorious that all the mournful predictions of croakers, interested or otherwise, have never been realized. The country has prospered greatly in consequence of these changes; and we can now admire and applaud the sagacity and the patriotic zeal of the men who fought for these reforms.

John Bright was one of the advocates of the repeal of the Corn Laws. He stood in the breach with Mr. Cobden, and breasted the great storm of opposition that raged around them. He is just the man to deal with this question of Church and State. The time has quite arrived when the Church of England should be disestablished. Why should any body of Christians enjoy emoluments and privileges denied to others? Why should a dignitary of the Church of England, by virtue of his office in his Church, enjoy the right of being an irresponsible legislator for the British Empire? It is idle to talk of the connection now as being the great bulwark of British Protestantism. It is an injustice to Nonconformists, and the voice of public opinion will, we believe, soon demand its removal. The Church itself would, by the change, greatly gain in self-reliance, activity, and spiritual zeal. This age cannot and will not countenance monopolies of any description.

MR. GLADSTONE has retired from the leadership of the great Liberal party of England. He seeks repose after a long life of incessant labor and responsibility. His retirement conclusively proves that his "Expostulation" was not the trick of a politician to catch the support of the Nonconformists and Low Church party of Great Britain. It was an honest protest against those claims of Papal Infallibility, which would place the civil power and the individual conscience at the bidding of a single man. It will be some time before Englishmen will consent to be governed by such principles.

THE Dominion Parliament will meet on the 4th instant. The session will be an important one in many particulars. Besides the establishment of a Court of Appeal, and radical changes in the Insolvent Law, questions intimately affecting the great Public Works of the Dominion will be under consideration. The Canals and Railways of the country—our great highways of traffic and travel—will mainly attract attention. The commutation of Lepine's sentence to imprisonment for two years, and deprivation of political rights, cannot call up any discussion, as it was done on the sole responsibility of the Governor General, without the advice of his Council. Riel is an outlaw, and will not, it is hoped, have the audacity to claim a seat. The North-West troubles were of a most perplexing character, and, it may be, call for exceptional action. The deliberate execution of Thomas Scott, however, was a cold-blooded, unjustifiable murder, and by all ordinary rules of logic, a murderer, in the garb of a self-constituted Adjutant-General, is deserving of no greater consideration than the one who waylays his victim in some deserted street at the hour of midnight. There may be a radical difference, but we cannot comprehend it.

THE Reciprocity Treaty does not meet with favor at the hands of the United States Senate. Can it be, that the decided stand taken by the St. John Board of Trade has had an influence upon the deliberations at Washington?

Scrapiana.

THE "ORIGIN OF CREATION."

To the Editor of the Maritime Monthly:

Sir,—We have read with interest your criticism on our work, "The Origin of Creation," and have much pleasure in taking advantage of the indulgence extended to us of permitting a reply. In the first place, we may as well candidly admit that since the publication of the book we perceive many blemishes in it, and that much of the reasoning might have carried more weight had it been done by regular induction rather than the method adopted. We may also state that to many of our statements we are not inevitably wedded, for we are not presumptuous enough to consider ourselves infallible; but it was necessary, for the completion of our system, that we should offer an opinion, or dogmatize on matter and all forces connected with it, and thus we explain invisible atoms and their force in the only way in which we could reconcile them with masses of atoms made visible, and the effect of whose force we could see and experiment with.

In the first place, you will, perhaps, pardon us for saying that it is a mistake to suppose that science takes nothing for granted, for if it did so, progress would be impossible. For instance, a geologist discovers a bone of considerable structural importance in a rock, which bone is precisely similar in every respect to the bone of a well-known living animal; he immediately reasons by analogy that the animal to which the fossil-bone belonged was identical with the living species. So also Professor Tyndall, in his late lecture in Manchester, on "Crystalline and Molecular Forces," makes a deduction which is quite as scientific. He says that if a magnet is broken in pieces, each piece, no matter how small, is still a complete magnet with two poles; the inference then is that the most minute invisible atom of the magnet is also a complete magnet with two poles, and the deduction is considered conclusive, for it is impossible to test the polarity of an individual molecule of a magnet.

Premising then that Science must take something for granted, we proceed with an explanation of our theory. While agreeing with Professor Tyndall, we also go much further than him. We find that by taking a magnet, and attaching needles to the ends, the points on each pole all repel one another; no needles will, moreover, attach themselves to the centre of the magnet, as the exhibition force is all concentrated at the poles. In examining any plant, flower, or tree, we find that they are similar to a magnet in many respects; the branches in the air spread their limbs and twigs apart, while the roots in the ground grow similarly, thus exactly resembling the needles on the magnet. We find also that from the trunk no large limbs or roots grow. What is the natural induction, or would it be unscientific for us to say (no satisfactory solution of the problem having ever been offered before) that the tree or plant is a magnet, and that its form is governed by the same magnetism which is exhibited in the iron magnet? We have had the spruce and banyan trees offered in objection to our theory. But while the spruce tree has a comparatively small trunk in comparison to other trees, yet it still has one. We have also always looked upon the banyan tree as a beautiful illustration of our theory of the poles. It can be shown by experiment that while the needles on one pole of a magnet, or on similar poles of two magnets, when brought together will repel each other, yet needles on the opposite poles of a magnet will attract each other.

While, therefore, it is natural that the roots or branches should repel each other, yet the roots and branches, did nothing else interfere, should each attract the other. The only instance we have of it, however, is the banyan tree, but it is a remarkable instance of it.

Botanists have also said that it is absurd for us to pretend to say what the force of a tree or plant is unless we have examined its cells with a microscope, and, in fact, that it is only by the microscope we can ever discover how plants grow. We wonder how long it would take a physicist to ascertain the force of a magnet if he looked for it in the crystals of the iron with a microscope. The merest tyro would of course say, never. We know of the force of a magnet only by its external and visible influence on similar bodies smaller than itself. So with plants or trees, we can only attain to a knowledge of their force by observing their external and visible influence and action.

Admitting, therefore, that a plant is a magnet, we find that although we take cuttings off it, yet these cuttings will still show themselves magnets by growing when placed in suitable soil, continuing the induction, as Professor Tyndall did with the iron magnet, and we reach the conclusion that the most minute invisible atom of a plant is also a complete magnet with two poles.

We proceed still further, and say that from an observation of their character and action, the animal is also a magnet. Reduce animals to atoms, we have also complete minute animal magnets. But as animal matter is only another form of the vegetable, we merge it into the latter. Further, finding that all vegetable atoms are magnets, and that iron, one of the minerals, is magnetic, suppose we assume, by way of argument, that all mineral atoms are magnets. As there are no neutral substances on the earth (there is no need of excepting one or two that chemists are not sure of) we thus assume that all the material of the earth is magnetic, or composed of atoms which are complete magnets. As, then, a magnet, which is added to and increased in size by having other magnets incorporated with it, does not become a number of magnets, with a number of poles, but remains still one magnet, in like manner, if, as we assume, our earth is composed of an aggregation of minute magnets, the earth itself, as one grand whole, should be a magnet. *And so we find it.* It has only two poles, and they influence our magnetic needle in an exactly similar manner to any small iron magnet.

Having thus proved our assumption to be correct, would it be unscientific now for us to lay down as certain that all the atoms of the earth, both mineral as well as vegetable, are magnets? We think not. Furthermore, as we find that the earth is a vast magnet impregnated with magnetism, and having seen that magnetism forms and dissolves crystals (as in Faraday's experiment with the lead tree), and that all vegetable life is controlled by it, would it be unscientific or illogical for us to say that all life or growth, whether mineral, vegetable or animal, is originated and controlled by magnetism, and that magnetism, or rather atomagnetism (for we must include the law which attracts, like atoms, to one another) *is the only governing and all-powerful force in the earth.*

If you, Mr. Editor, or any of your readers, fail to coincide with our reasoning, we will be glad to hear from you. As the London edition of our work has our names attached to it, neither Dr. Fraser nor myself have any further desire to write anonymously. I therefore subscribe myself,

Your's sincerely,

ANDREW DEWAR.

LOVE OF CONTRAST.

How I love to watch it raining, when the bow is in the sky!
Or the ready tears of childhood, when a laugh is in the eye—
Or to hear a maid's denial, when the blush is on her cheek—
Or to see the mighty bending, and the strong beneath the weak—
Or a man or woman jesting, when the heart is wrung with pain—
Or a fettered prisoner dancing, with the clanking of the chain—
Or to see an infant playing with the sabre of his sire—
Or the cold heart of a miser growing colder by the fire!
How I love to intermingle—'tis the passion of my soul—
Both the little and the mighty, the solemn and the droll!

HARRY HALIFAX.

THE MARITIME MONTHLY, a magazine of literature, science and art, published at St. John, New Brunswick, enters with the January number upon its fifth volume. It is a creditable exponent of the progressive characteristics of the Dominion. The leading paper in the number before us is on the "First Courts and Early Judges of New Brunswick," and its general contents are varied and well written. We cordially commend this magazine to our readers. It will familiarize our sportsmen with some of the most attractive resorts in the world, and draw nearer together the people of two adjacent countries having strong commercial affinity.—*Forest and Stream, New York.*

THE MARITIME MONTHLY.—This excellent magazine opens with an account of the "Early Courts of New Brunswick," with biographical sketches of the Judges who presided in by-gone times. Then follows an article on "George Fox and Quakerism," and after this, a story, "An April Fool." An article on "Auld Scotland" will be eagerly read by Scotchmen, while the poetical contributions, including two from Hunter Duvar, are fully up to the mark. We regret to learn from the prospectus that the magazine thus far has not been a financial success. Those desiring to become subscribers to a first-class magazine should lose no time in forwarding their subscription.—*Truro Sun.*

THE MARITIME MONTHLY.—This really excellent magazine has reached its fifth volume, the first number of which, that for January, has just reached us. It contains an interesting paper on the "First Courts and Early Judges of New Brunswick," read before the N. B. Historical Society by J. W. Lawrence; a readable essay on "George Fox and Quakerism," by Mr. Harvey; a thoughtful contribution on "Recruiting," by some practical hand;—by the way, Military Science,—the Art of Murder,—bids fair to be too much prized in Canada, a country young enough to afford to eschew it altogether; a sketch, "Auld Scotland;"—characteristic poems by Hunter Duvar and others—a nice little gem by that blind unfortunate "Harry Halifax;" "Scrapiana," etc., etc. We are sorry, but not at all surprised to learn from the publishers' advertisement that the enterprise is not a paying one, and unless it meets with a more liberal reception from the public, must go down.

If there *is* a crying need in the Dominion of Canada, it is for a stimulus to literary activity among her people,—for in this they are wofully deficient. The talent is there, however, and all that is necessary is such training as the periodical under consideration supplies. It would be a burning shame, and would lay provincials justly open to the charges of niggardliness and lack of culture, were the "*Maritime Monthly*" suffered now to go down, after so gallant a struggle for existence. Let us hope it will be sustained.

American Canadian, Boston.

FAITH.

Beyond this ever-varying world, where troubles will arise,
Above the ever-changing moon, beyond the azure skies,
There is a land where sorrow forever is unknown—
And the loved and lost are gathering beside the Saviour's throne.
I see the grey-haired father, with calm and peaceful mien,
And the saintly mother near him—I know 'tis not a dream;
For I hear the children's voices, half hid among the palms,
And the little ones are nestling safe in the Saviour's arms.

O. P. P.

A Correspondent discourses thus pleasantly of Christmas as it was in "ye olden time:"

Dear old Christmas, with its Santa Claus and happy childish faces I love. It is the only time I have a passionate longing to be a child again, and hang up my stocking. Christmas trees are pretty, and there is a good deal of fun in dressing them; but give me the good old orthodox stocking. Shall we ever forget, oh, Editor, the perfect happiness experienced while selecting the place to hang the stocking, getting everything ready for the advent of jolly old Santa Claus?

How we crept around softly, fearing to disturb him—going to bed two hours before the usual time—trying to go to sleep, yet every moment popping our heads up to see if everything was all right, a little uneasiness mingling with our joy, as to whether nurse was strictly correct in her conviction, loudly expressed, that switches would be the predominant feature in the contents of said stockings? Having come to the conclusion that nurse is "a mean old story teller," we fall asleep, and then comes that delicious moment when, the next morning, we waken before it is light, and creeping out, grope our way to the fire-place, and with trembling hands squeeze our stocking. The thrill of happiness that goes over us on discovering it really is full is never equaled in after years. We have our joys and our moments of intense delight; but nothing equals that of the child, standing in its night dress on a Christmas morning, looking at its new treasures that it firmly believes Santa Claus has brought. That faith in the old fellow is one of the sweetest fictions of childhood, and it was one in which I firmly believed. I would give a number of Northern Pacific bonds, now in my possession, if I could get up now half as much faith in anything or anybody as I had in old Santa Claus.