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BEST.

"Love is better than house or lands;
So, Sir Stephen, I'll ride with thee"
Quick she steps, where the courser stands,
Light she springs to the saddle tree.

Love is better than kith or kin;
So close she clung and so close clasped he
They heard no sob of the bitter wind,
Nor the snow that shuddered along the lea.

Love is better than life or death,
The drifts are over the horse's knee
Softly they sink to the soft, cold death,
And the snow-shroud folds them silently.

Horses and lands are gone for aye,
Kith and kin like the wild wind flee,
Life and breath have fluttered away,
But love hath blossomed eternally.

THE WHITE ROSE IN ACADIA.

BY "MAUDE."

(Continued.)

The elder Pontrincourt, had no hesitation respecting the right thing to be done. Knowing the intentions of the savages, he would not sit quietly at home, and leave christian men to the chance, almost the certainty, of secret and merciless slaughter. His son had been as usual, to the 'Willow cottage,' as Captain Leceister's house was called; and when he reached home in the deepening twilight, the old man had completed the few arrangements necessary, for Pierre's immediate departure to 'Pesiquid,' with information to the officer in command there, of the apprehended danger.

A small sloop of their own, in which such excursions were frequently made, was in readiness at a landing-place, on the river, a little below the Village; and the father was anxious that it should proceed on its mission, as soon as the approaching darkness should ensure its sudden sailing, from the observation of the neighborhood. For, much as the Pontrincourts were honored, and beloved among their own people, they knew that they were not likely to be judged quite fairly, if their present anxiety on the part of the English soldiers, became generally known in the Valley; and Pierre felt that his father was right, in urging him not to return to the Leceisters, before leaving the River. There would have been nothing injudicious, of course, in trusting Captain Leceister with the affair, but the old Frenchman had somewhat ungallant

misgivings, regarding the discretion of womanhood, and had more limited ideas of Edith's privileges than he suspected his son to entertain. He felt quite sure that if Pierre went back, for a parting with Edith, he would see nothing wrong in disclosing to her the nature of his errand to 'Pesiquid;' and much as he liked the Leceisters, it was perhaps natural that he should not see the necessity of telling them, that which he thought wise to hide from his own people. So he said to his son: "it is safer and better that none but ourselves should know of this. Gabrielle Pipon has been talking of coming to dance at our harvest. Tell her mother you have come for her; bring her back with you, and your visit to 'Pesiquid' will seem sufficiently reasonable."

To leave 'Molanson,' without seeing Edith Leceister, even for so short a time as his absence was likely to occupy chafed the young man's spirit more than he chose to acknowledge; but he had been so accustomed to listen reverently to his father, that he made no demur to the prescribed arrangements; and having promised that she would not return to the English family, made no attempt to break his word.

He had engaged to accompany Edith upon the next evening, to a simple festival, to be held at one of the few English houses in the Village; and had been very earnest about securing her hand, for the dances in which she might choose to mingle. Very trifling as this matter would have seemed to his father, Pierre found no pleasure in the smallest chance of offending Edith; and knowing that she would not hear the true cause of his absence, and loving her, with the humility and fear of love too great to believe that it could win the like return, he dreaded the effect of, what would seem to her, his presumptuous neglect.

She had owned with little scruple and with pure and womanly honesty, that she loved him. To have trifled with his earnestness, that she might enhance her own value, would have been impossible, to Edith's simple, lofty nature; but she had not told him, nor, indeed, did she then know, how much she loved him. She had shown him no raptures, and he was too happy in the calm tender delight with which she met him, and too unselfish, to mur-

mer at giving more than he expected to receive.

Pierre judged rightly when he foretold Edith's displeasure. She appeared at the gay gathering of her neighbors, intuitively anxious to conceal her annoyance; stately, pale, and beautiful as usual; and talked to the Valley girls with her general sweet composure. But for the first time in her life, she was thoroughly roused, and angry at heart. She knew that Pierre had gone suddenly to 'Pesiquid,' and no more; and she felt positively wrathful, when one of the French girls said innocently: "Edith, why did Pierre Pontrincourt leave the River so strangely last night? We want him so much now, and he is your best partner." But too proud to swerve from the truth, much as it just then provoked her, she said coldly: "I do not at all know why he is away at present."

The girl who had questioned her, looked surprised. She said nothing in reply, though she was quick to perceive that Edith's cheek had lost its clear cool hue. There was a deep though delicate flush upon it, and a cold resolute look upon the usually radiant mouth, that women easily interpret in such circumstances.

But Mary Merton, whose birthday they were met to celebrate, stood by; and having been to the Pontrincourt house through the day, where she heard Pierre's absence explained as his father desired; glancing maliciously at Edith, said in a cool authentic way: "He has gone with the sloop to 'Pesiquid,' to bring Gabrielle Pipon to dance at our harvest fetes. She promised Lucie Pontrincourt to come this Autumn; so, although Pierre is Edith's favorite, she will have to share him with Gabrielle."

"Bah!" said the spirited little Acadian who had first spoken. "If Edith does not know why Pierre went so suddenly to 'Pesiquid,' neither does any girl in 'Molanson.' Our Deputies have frequent need to communicate with the English Forts, and Henri Pontrincourt is not likely to tell all the women in the Village, should his son go upon such an errand."

Mary Merton was jealous of Edith's beauty and superiority; and replied with apparent carelessness: "Perhaps not, but all the women in the Village

know, that the Pontrincourts wish Pierre to marry Gabrielle, and she is quite pretty enough to make him wish the same thing. Besides she is of his own people, and religion; and we English heretics, at least have no chance as her rivals."

"I tell you Mary Merton," said the French girl, with a passionate flurry in her lovely brown face, "that Pierre Pontrincourt will marry neither you, nor I, nor Gabrielle Pipon; and if we desired that he should, there are English heretics, as you, not I called them, whose rivalry any one of us might dread."

Mary Merton remembered that she was talking to her guests, and answered smoothly, but with a covert insolence, intended to convey that she had never contemplated Edith as Pierre's future wife: "Well, Marie, we will not quarrel about it, and, as you say, neither you nor I are to marry him, he and Gabrielle will show us in good time their own decision, whatever that may be."

Edith Leceister was assailed in the most vulnerable quarter. She had no poor vanity, but pride was almost the strongest element of her nature, great and generous as that nature was. In her, this pride was not so much a blemish, as a passion, that in its slumber, lent stateliness to her beauty and dignity to her daily life. She disdained to mingle in the conversation of the girls, respecting Pierre's absence, and felt Marie's evident sympathy as great an aggravation of her anger, as her countrywoman's malice.

In her heart, she had no real doubt of her lover. She knew that no Gabrielle in the wide world, could be what she had already been, in his heart and eyes. His unexacting, and lavish devotion, had taught her too well, her own power; she knew that she was loved, with that love which once given cannot be reclaimed; and, that hers was the irresistible sway in which he gloried.

Had it been otherwise,—had Mary Merton's words, struck her with the terror of losing him,—her hard and bitter pride would have been quenched in that sea of agony; but there was no real fear, to show Edith her own deathless love; that lay wrapt up in her very life, silent, because secure;

(Continued on Fourth page.)

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