

Were the story of French domination in Acadia written by an able writer, it would be seen that no other section of America is supplied with better subjects for every form of the poets' muse. DeMonts, Champlain and Poutrincourt, the earliest settlers, were gentlemen of culture, who aimed at something higher than mere plunder or profit for themselves, while, in after times, men like the Sieur La Tour appear, with lives devoted to gaining influences in this wild new land for France. And among the missionaries, both Recolets and Jesuits, were some of God's devoted servants, and men of the DeRetz and Richelieu stamp, well adapted for aiding or subverting dynasties and building up colonial power. Over the greater portion of the country the French have left mementoes of their occupation in the forms of ruined forts, dykes, and rows of willows and names of places. I think that, in selecting names, the English settlers are far behind both Indians and French. Ouigoudi, the Winding River; Magaguadavic, the Stream of Hills; Shockamock, the Shining Falls; Pokiock, the Dreadful Water, have beauty and suggestiveness, and Digby Gut and Parrsboro and Cow Bay will scarcely bear comparison with Cape Enrage and Grand Prarie. One likes to linger among the old historical scenes and characters, to mark the courtly customs of Port Royal, where the grand Steward of the day, with the staff and collar of his order, ruled the guests; to read the story of the fight at Fort LaTour, of the brave defense by a noble woman, and of her subsequent ill fortune. Then there were fierce engagements between the rival ships of war, when at times King Fog, the guardian spirit of the bay, would separate the combatants, and, at intervals, a Captain Argal drove the settlers off, or a fleet from Massachusetts sailed past Brier Island up the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia and battered at the sea-girt walls of Louisbourg. At last the struggle ceased. Wolfe was victor at Quebec; the rule of France in North America was at an end. The