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GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS IN ACADIA.

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Those adventurous tourists who have left the beaten path of American travel, and wandered for some time over Nova Scotia, must have returned home with exceedingly pleasant impressions of the scenery presented in the western part of that fine province. There they will not see the wild and picturesque features of the Restigouche, the St. John, or the Bras d'Or; but a lovely prospect of nature, robbed of its ruggedness and toned down by art. The counties of King's and Annapolis show a wide expanse of charming orchards and farms, and abound in associations of the historic past. On all sides, we will see the lands reclaimed from the sea, which swells away beyond and periodically comes rushing up its estuaries, as if about to sweep all obstacles before it and overwhelm the whole country. There to the northward, is tall dark Blomedon, with its overhanging cliff, under which the tumultuous tide struggles and foams. Here, in a large meadow close at hand, is a long row of Lombardy poplars, speaking eloquently of another race and another century. Here, embowered in trees, is a pile of college buildings,—there a tall white spire rises into the pure blue sky. We see pretty villas and cottages, with their wealth of honey-suckle and grape vine; with their gardens where the rose, the tulip, the dahlia—a thousand flowers,—bloom in spring, summer, and autumn. This is the garden of Nova Scotia, once the home of those "happy Acadian farmers," who first won the land from "the turbulent tides," and lived quiet pastoral lives, until the stern

mandate came which scattered them far and wide—

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern Savannas;
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.

Delightful as is the scene, we must not linger, but pass from the fertile fields and pretty villages of King's to the adjoining County of Annapolis. If it is in the spring we are travelling, the country is one mass of pink and white blossoms, which load the passing breeze with delicate fragrance; if it is in autumn, the trees bend beneath their wealth of apples, of a size and quality that cannot be surpassed anywhere. We drive through a fertile valley by the side of a river, which at last empties into a fine basin, communicating with the bay so famous for its tides. We are at last in a quiet old town, whose roofs are verdant with the moss of more than a century; where the landscape shows a harmonious blending of sky, mountain, and water. Unpretending as is this little town in its external appearance, it has a history of its own;—for we have arrived at the spot where the French, two centuries and a half ago, made their first permanent settlement in America.

In the year 1604, when Henry of Navarre was King of France, Sieur De Monts, one of his favorites, obtained leave to colonize that large and ill-defined territory, then and long afterwards known as L'Acadie.