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THE ROUND OF LIFE.

Two children down by the shinings strand.
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery:
Laughing aloud at the sea-new's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast
Till the first star looks from the evening sky
And the amber bars stretch over the west

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air.
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale, that has been told
In the days gone by, is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on the listening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling imps 'neath the old roof-tree;
A lifted latch and a radiant face
By the open door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm chair,
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
And the open book of God close by
Sweet on the boy the gleaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden streets of the Land afar.

An old charchyard on a green hillside,
Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fisherman's boat going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west.
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year.

THE WHITE ROSE IN ACADIA.

BY "MAUDE."

(Continued.)

But Edith had seen the approach of the sloop, and knew what would follow. She found means, too, of making sure that Gabrielle had been Pierre's companion from Pesiquid, and was then at the Pontrincourt House. So, she sat watching, beneath a crescent-shaped group of willows, as she had often watched before, till she saw Pierre's tall light figure, coming rapidly up the gentle slope that skirted the Cottage. She turned paler than common, and for a moment, longed to stay, and hear

his tender explanations, and apologies. But she thought of the cause assigned by Mary Merton, for his voyage; and remembered with a renewal of her resolution, that her words had been partly, if not wholly, true; for he had brought back Gabrielle. She knew perfectly well that the girl had spoken in mere envy, but she could not forgive Pierre for leaving her ignorant of that with which Mary seemed so familiar.

As the young Frenchman drew nearer, she rose, and passed quickly through the trees; and without speaking of her intention within the Cottage, went into the Village by a footpath, completely screened, as was common in these settlements, by the favorite willow of the Acadians. She was anxious to see the Pesiquid beauty, and eager to be among the first to offer her the customary courtesies of their simple mode of life. She was determined to show Mary Merton, and Pierre also, that she had no quarrel with the new visitor; and having no real fear of the young stranger's influence, saw, without pain that her piquant loveliness and grace had not been exaggerated by her admirers. Like all woman of her kind, she felt extreme pleasure in the beauty of her own sex; and showed her appreciation of Gabrielle, so unaffectedly and cordially, that she won the tender little French girl's heart, at her first visit.

Pierre stayed long at the Cottage, hoping for Edith's return, as she knew he would,—and she did likewise in the Village; and successfully evading him on her return home, felt, as the night closed over the Valley, triumphant at his disappointment.

But Pierre was not so manageable, as Edith imagined. He made unlimited allowance for her displeasure, and would not be offended until she should hear his offence; and in her daily paths, and at the evening dances, he was continually near her, recalling their old intercourse, with such earnest, though silent tenderness, that her heart shook with delight, at being so beloved; and rendered the continuance of the manner she had adopted towards him, very difficult. But Edith had rashly and angrily declared to herself, that she would repulse his love, and silence his disclosures; and crushing every

transient relenting, she kept well her unreasoning vow. She extended the words and manner of ordinary civility, when she encountered him: and wounded him far more deeply in doing so, than if she had totally shunned his society. But when he spoke entreatingly at her side, as he perpetually did, she turned to him a face so cold and imperious, that he would turn away from her, sick at heart, and come back again and again, to meet the same misery.

So the harvest time came on, and the yellow uplands were gay with the happy villagers, securing their abundant crops: for the kindly, simple community, toiled together, like one large family, and each man's fields were anxiously cared for, by his neighbors. Along the swelling borders of the river, the Acadian men and women, in their picturesque Norman garb, were grouped and sprinkled through the luxuriant grain; reaping, binding, and piling up the golden stocks.

Nearer the river, the meadow, marsh and dyked lands, stretching in broad undulating belts of vivid and changeful green, that varied with every fleeting hour of the fervent Autumn heaven, were strewn and speckled with the sleek, numberless cattle of the Valley, that roamed at pleasure, through the short, sweet after-grass.

Beyond the reapers, and between the wooded brows of the mountains, and the outskirts of the scattered hamlets—nooks, and half-cleared patches of green pasturage, were spotted with countless sheep, that lay here and there, like the small white clouds on the skies of lustrous summer. But storms were brooding over the happy Valley, while the guiltless, unconscious people, danced in the moonlight, and gathered their harvest in the sun.

The Colony and Government at Halifax, were exasperated by the continued treachery and violence of the Indians; and though the good faith of the Acadians, was in many instances undoubted, the English found it very difficult to relieve themselves of the relentless enemies, who held retreats and strongholds in almost every French settlement and harbour, from one extremity of the Province to the other. These places being all the time professedly neutral, when difficulties occurred between France and England.

The story of the sudden summons to the "men, young and old," in the districts of Minas, and River Canard, to appear on the fifth of September, 1755, at the Church of Grand Pre, is too familiarly known to need any repetition here.

The Pontrincourts, father and son, were among those unhappy Acadians who assembled unsuspectingly to hear the decision of the English King, upon some matter, as they imagined, of internal government; and heard the decree which forfeited their wealth, and banished them from the land, to which their feelings clung so passionately, with the fortitude and patience characteristic of the Acadian people is misfortune.

The men collected at Grand Pre Church, which was converted into an arsenal for the time, being retained as prisoners, obtained from Colonel Winslow, who was engaged in the painful duty of removing them from the Province, permission to choose a few of their number, to return to the several villages to relieve in some measure the extreme distress of their families, and to make the best arrangements possible in their wretched condition, for leaving the Country together. There was no chance of resistance, so secretly had their ruin been accomplished. And even the few, who, in the despair and unbearable misery of leaving their beloved homes, fled, scarcely knowing what they did, to the forest, with some undefined intention of seeking shelter among the Indians, were so effectually hunted and wrought upon by the threats freely applied to their captive relatives, that they mostly gave themselves up, before the day appointed for the general embarkation.

Captain Leceister, though a faithful English subject, made no concealment of his commiseration for the unfortunate people with whom he had lived so long, though he could give them no actual aid. And he had promised old Henri Pontrincourt, who had been deputed by his fellow prisoners to return for a few hours to "Molanson," to take means to prevent his separation from the women of his family, at the time of departure.

Five vessels of transports, had been lying for some days in the Gaspereau,

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