

the British Colonies, who were always jealous of their neighborhood, and resolved on preventing their progress.

Nearly a century and a half has passed since the times of which we have been writing, and the very names of the men who worked so laboriously and courageously to build up a New France in America are forgotten by all except the scholar. Of the noble dominion France once possessed, she now only possesses two barren and insignificant islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The whole aspect of things has altered on this continent. Where England once claimed rights as the Sovereign State, we see a mighty nation with a population of nearly forty millions,—exhibiting in their energy, perseverance, and self-reliance the best of the qualities of those races who seem destined to build up many Empires,—to form "Greater Britains" over the face of the globe. Where France once reigned supreme, England now claims dominion.—Prosperous communities, already counting their aggregate population by millions, have grown up by the Atlantic, and by the borders of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, and no portion of the inhabitants show a more loyal devotion to England than the people who speak the French language and profess the religion of the majority of France. Acadia, where De Monts, De Pontreincourt, La Tour, and St.

Castine struggled and fought, is the home of an energetic and high-spirited people, who have accumulated considerable wealth out of the great resources that abound in the soil and in the waters around them, and who must have a noble future before them if they are but true to their best interests. In different parts of Acadia can still be seen settlements of the descendants of the race who once fought against England for the dominion in America; but, like their compatriots in the Province of Quebec, they have no aspirations for the old *regime*. Still the traveller can see in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the same faces that he may meet with in old Normandy. The language of the majority is at the best a *patois*, and the English language has as yet made surprisingly little headway among them, for the Acadian is remarkably tenacious of old customs, and little disposed to change. They are simple in their habits, fond of amusements, and easily satisfied; and though they may be wanting in energy and enterprise, qualities especially valuable in provinces like these, yet we would not willingly see them disappear by becoming absorbed in the majority, for like many of the names of our rivers, bays, and headlands they help to remind us that we are not without a history of our own, and to recall those stirring times when the English and French contended for supremacy in this country.

PROMETHEUS VINCULUS.

BY JOHN READE.

Ah me! this weary burden of a life,
That must be borne because my sin was great!
Ah me! this restless force of frenzied strife,
With which in vain I struggle with my fate!

And yet high Heaven is just that sends these pains;
That gnaw my bleeding vitals day and night,
And heart and soul to this hard rock enchains,
Near which I ventured, trusting in my might.

For with forbidden fire I dared to stir
The slow course of my blood to quicken bliss,—
Thy bliss was madness, fiery sorcerer!
And all thy transient joy has come to this!

These scornful, captive eyes, I'm doomed to raise,
And parched and cursing lips and craving brain,
Forever (must it be?) to that fierce blaze,
From which I drew my madness and my pain.

Sometimes I fancy that I sleep, and sweet
Soft-saddened echoes round my senses flow,

Of days long past; and at my fevered feet,
Ocean's bright nymphs with songs of gladness go.

At such times I am free a little while,
And touch their garment's hem with loving hand,
As on they dance with music in their smile,
To where the wild sea-chorus surges grand.

But ever, as I think my torments o'er,
The vulture-fiend, as with a poisoned dart,
Pierces my trembling soul into the core;
And from my dream I waken with a start.

Ah me! ah me! this maddening, quenchless fire!
Ah me! this rock, these fetters of a slave!
Ah me! this vulture's, ceaseless, ravenous ire!
Ah me! this deathless death, this living grave!

Oh! how my soul cries upward for the day,
When I shall burst these fetters and be free!
Oh! that redemption from this thrall, I pray,
Kind Heaven, in mercy, yet may bring to me!