

Well clothed with wealth of woods, by Nature's bounty,  
And known as Hernewood all throughout the county;

For the blue herons there would build their nests  
High up on the tall tops of withered pines,  
And sit there with their bills upon their breasts,  
Or on one leg erect would stand in lines,  
Fishing along the inlet's marish sedges,  
Like sculptured ibises on old Nile's edges.

These extracts are representative of much of Duvar's poetry—which is fanciful, yet true to nature. The picture of the good-wife in the pioneer's cottage will easily be recognized by many persons in Prince Edward Island who have passed the limit of three score years and ten.

In De Roberval we find poetry which compares favorably with that of authors who have won immortality. The subject is indeed admirably adapted to Duvar's genius. A great, new, unknown, mysterious country is the scene of the drama. The fancy of the poet has ample room in which to play. But first there is the

#### ADIEU TO FRANCE.

Adieu to France ! my latest glance  
Falls on thy port and bay, Rochelle ;  
The sun-rays on the surf-curls dance,  
And spring time, like a pleasing spell,  
Harmonious holds the land and sea.  
How long, alas, I cannot tell,  
Ere this scene will come back to me.

The hours fleet fast, and on the mast  
Soon shall I hoist the parting sail ;  
Soon will the outer bay be passed,  
And on the sky-line eyes will fail  
To see a streak that means the land.  
On, then ! before the tides and gale,  
Hope at the helm, and in God's hand.