

tious type, but was a genial gentleman, fond of good living and with a love for adventure. He planted corn, and rejoiced to find an excellent increase. Though once driven to leave, with others, he returned, obtaining a cession of the place all to his friendly and pious self. He brought out, this second time, a band of jolly good fellows, whom Champlain formed into a *Société de bon temps*, of whom each alternately undertook to provide for the rest, and see that they wanted neither food nor fun. There was a joyous company, and we hear of three quarts of wine a-day for each. L'Escarbot was there, unlike most historians, a convivial soul, with a turn for making verses. Louis Hébert was there, Claude de la Tour also; Poutrincourt's son, young Biencourt; and with him a young Latour. Ah, me! what a pleasant time they must have had in that happy valley, two hundred and seventy odd years ago! But there were no women with them. Had there been, our chatty friend L'Escarbot would have told us so, and the garrulous Jesuit, Father Biard, would have said so, in his *Relations*. Doubtless this want was complained of in their festive hours; doubtless, too, when sickness and death clouded their experience, which did happen, they pined for a sight of the face of some beloved fair one; longed to see mother or wife, or sister or sweetheart again; and, doubtless, this it was which eventually sent many of them wandering from the Royal Port; even De Poutrincourt finally leaving, before Argal came on his errands of destruction—re-entering the Royal service and getting killed at St. Méry, in the act of taking it for his king.

The meadows above alluded to are singularly formed. Where the tides rise every day above the marshes bordering a river, there cannot be anything but mud flats; but where, once or twice in a year, the spring-tides reach, there will be no trees or bushes, merely marsh grass, more or less luxu-

riant. In the Bay of Fundy, or rather in the derivative and secondary bays, there is a difference of from five to fifteen feet between neap and spring tides, thus a larger space than in any other part of the sea-coasts of America was there originally fringed with meadow. Around Port Royal, there may be a mile or two of such land on each side of the river; but this feature is most noticeable on the southern and western shore of the Basin of Mines, where a natural meadow, to which the name of Grand Pré has from the first naturally been joined, stretches for eighteen miles along the railway. There are other such marsh meadows in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, worth now from \$100 to \$500 *per acre*, for by dikes and abbatues the sea has been very perfectly kept off, and cultivated grasses have taken the place of marsh plants. But let me quote L'Escarbot, on his arrival at Port Royal:—

'Finally, being in the Port, it was to us a marvellous thing to see the fair distance and the largeness of it, and the mountains and hills that environed it. . . . At the very beginning we were desirous to see the country up the river, where we found meadows almost continually for over twelve leagues (36 miles), among which brooks do run without number. . . . The woods are very thick on the water shores.'

But though there are other such meadows, there is no other spot in all Acadia so favoured by climate. It is indeed a happy valley, and its advantages, not its drawbacks, were present to the eyes of its first settlers.

So far the French alone are concerned with the locality of which we speak. Another race now comes upon the scene. The Virginia Company having been formed in England, obtained a Royal Charter from Queen Elizabeth, and the British planted their institutions upon American soil. Their first capital was at Jamestown; means and men were not wanting; the mari-