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ENCHANTMENT.

The sails we see on the ocean
Are as white as white can be;
But never one in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea;
And the clouds that crown the moun-
With purple and gold delight [tain
Turn to cold grey mist and vapor
Ere we reach the height.
Stat-ly and fair the vessel
That comes not near our beach;
Stat-ly and grand the mountain
Whose height we may never reach.
O distance! thou dear enchantress
Still held in the magic veil
The glory of far-off mountains,
The gleam of the far-off sail!

The Gypsy Maiden.

A TALE OF NIAGARA FALLS.

It was early in the evening, and the moon shone brightly. The Niagara River never looked more lovely. Its broad silver boom glittered in the Night Queen's rays, and the thickly-wooded shores and islands presented a striking contrast to this burnished beauty.

A young man sped swiftly along the American shore, some thing like a mile above the thundering cataract. At length he paused, and gazed earnestly across the rapid river. He made an impatient gesture, and said:

"I should not be one bit surprised if old Gypsy John had broken camp and removed to some other point. Strange man! He is well aware of the fact that I love his daughter Clarinda, and that she also loves me. And yet the old Turk appears to prefer that young Simon Dagget, a gypsy vagabond like himself, to me, Charlie Beaupre, a gentleman's son! I can't exactly understand this. But this much I know, I love the girl, and she shall be mine, in spite of father or my gypsy rival."

For a few minutes the young man remained silent, after thus delivering himself, and watched the opposite shore. Then he exclaimed:

"Clarinda promised to meet me at dark to-night, over yonder. I am a little behind time; but surely she would wait for me. Even should her father have decided upon removing the camp, she would not accompany him without first having seen me, and made some arrangements for our future meetings. I cannot endure suspense. I

will make her my wife this very night—if I find her—and then this anguish of mind will be ended."

Beaupre drew a small boat from its concealment among the under growth and launched it. Then he leaped into the craft, and, seizing the oars, he pulled rapidly for the Canada shore. The little boat readily obeyed the touch of the paddles, and shot lightly across the waters; but the current was so swift and strong, that it had borne nearly half a mile downward toward the great Falls before the land from the opposite starting-point was reached. Once there, the young man sprang upon the bank.

He now gazed around him. But he had not long to wait in suspense, for he saw a light form emerge from a little grove not far distant, and run rapidly toward him. He knew it at a glance that it was Clarinda, and ran to meet her.

The gypsy maiden sprang into the arms of her lover with a cry of wild delight, and exclaimed:

"O Charlie dear, I have been waiting for you so long, and I feared you would not come! Oh, I should have died if you had failed to meet me to-night!"

Tears were streaming from the eyes of the maiden, and she clung to her lover, while she trembled violently, and glanced round her, as if she feared something.

"Why, what is the matter, Clarinda?" asked the lover. You appear unusually excited."

"I have enough to make me so, dear Charlie."

"Tell me what has occurred."

"I will. You know my father wishes me to marry that Simon Dagget?"

"Yes, so I have learned."

"Well, they have tried to force me to do so to-day. Of course I refused and Simon swore he would kill you the next time you came over the river."

"Well, this is interesting. Do you fear that he will do it, or try to do it, Clarinda?"

"I don't know what to think. He is a bold, bad man. But I plainly told him that if he harmed you, he should not live five minutes after the act was committed."

"Would you kill him, Clarinda?"

"I certainly would, if he should attempt to harm you."

"Do not fear for me. My rival must remember that two can play at the game of death. If he has threatened my life, and for no other reason than because I love you, let him have a care how he crosses my path."

"I know that you are brave, Charlie; and I should not fear if Simon would

meet you like a man."

"Don't you want me to come here any more?"

"I do not."

"And leave you forever?"

"No; I want you to take me forever."

"Explain your meaning."

"You told me long since that you loved me, and I believed you. You asked me to become your wife, and the very thought of this rendered me supremely happy. I know that you are a gentleman, and I am only a poor, gypsy maiden. I am not worthy of you, but I will try to become so. I will take you for my mentor, and by hard study, perhaps, in time I shall be able to make such an advancement that you will not be ashamed of me."

"Well, Clarinda, what do you wish?"

"Do you not think that I love you, Charlie?"

"I feel sure of it."

"And you still love me, do you not?"

"Better than life."

"And you will be happier when I am your wife than you are now?"

"Much happier; I shall never be completely happy until that time."

"Then why should we delay the happy event? you are in danger every time you come here."

"You have spoken my own feelings, Clarinda. Will you go with me now to the other side, and become my own darling wife?"

"Yes, yes, dear Charlie."

"Let us go, then, and at once."

The lovers advanced toward the little boat; but before they had reached it two men sprang into their path and confronted them. The maiden recoiled with a suppressed cry, and the name of Simon Dagget escaped her lips.

Beaupre drew a pistol and cocked it. His manner was very calm; and he said:

"So this is Dagget, is it?"

"My name is Simon Dagget," replied the gypsy, in a sulky tone. "But why do you draw that pistol, as if I was a tiger or a hyena?"

"Oh, I simply wished to be ready for such fellows as you are. But who is this with you?"

"It is the father of that girl, and he wants to know where you are going with her."

"Then let him speak for himself."

"Where are you going with my child?" asked the father, his voice betraying more of sorrow than anger.

"Sir," replied Beaupre, in a frank manner, "I was going across the river. We have long loved each other, and this very night I had resolved to make Clarinda my wife."

"Then you mean honorably toward my daughter?"

"I do."

"I am glad to learn it, for I have been led to think differently. I am

aware that Clarinda loves you, and I seek only the happiness of my child. Of course, I prefer she should wed one of her own tribe; but, if her heart is another's I shall not oppose her wishes."

"O dear father, you are so good!" exclaimed the maiden, throwing herself in her parent's arms.

The old man wept. But, passing her to Beaupre, he said:

"You see, sir, that I cannot give her up without a struggle. A gypsy seldom sheds tears; but they are falling from my eyes now, in spite of all that I can do to keep them back. But I give her to you, sir. See that you make her happy."

"You have no cause for sorrow, that I can see," replied Beaupre. Your daughter will not be lost to you. Her home will be just over yonder. You can see the dwelling even from here, and I am sure you will always be welcome there."

"Ah, young man, I know more of the world than you give me credit for. You are the son of a wealthy gentleman, but I am only a despised gypsy. Sometimes I might creep to your kitchen, and your servants might tolerate my presence for a short time, because I was Clarinda's father. But you would be ashamed to present me to your friends, or point me out to them; and I dare say you would blush when you informed your menials who I was. Perhaps—no doubt—you would try to keep the knowledge from them."

"You greatly wrong me, sir, by indulging in such thoughts."

"No, I don't wrong you; but I don't blame you. Your ways and mine are different. Even Clarinda will forget her youthful home and habits. It is right that she should do so, for she must become a lady. But I hope she will not forget that her poor old father always loves her."

"Dear father!" repeated the girl, caressing him, and brushing away the tear-drops which were falling.

"There, there! take her, young man. I shall miss her cheerful morning song, and her sweet evening melody. My home will be less happy; but I shall gaze across this river, and comfort myself with the thought that a home over yonder is more happy on account of her presence in it."

Beaupre was about to lead the maiden forward, when Dagget exclaimed:

"Stay a moment, Clarinda."

"What do you wish, Simon?"

"Don't you know that I love you?"

"But I cannot love you, Simon."

"You did not answer my question. Don't you know that I love you?"

"I suppose you do."

"Don't you know that I have longed to make you my wife?"

"I believe you have entertained such

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