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No. 1.

AUBREY; A BALLAD OF ACADIE.

BY JAMES HANNAY.

'Twas after Ivry broke Mayenne's and every Leaguer's lance;
 And Henry sat at length secure upon the throne of France;
 A little fleet set sail from Dieppe to cross the western main,
 De Monts he held the chief command, with him was bold Champlain,
 And many a gallant gentleman from Paris and Rochelle,
 And Poutrincourt from Picardie and Biencourt as well;
 Enough to form a Colony, for in that motley throng,
 Were artizans and soldiers brave, and peasants rude and strong
 And learned Huguenot ministers, and priests from Aquitane
 And Aubrey Perè a wanderer from the pleasant banks of Seine:
 All eager to behold a land to Europe long unknown,
 O'er which a strange romantic veil of mystery was thrown.

Four weeks they sped with eager sail before a favoring breeze,
 Westward their prows were pointed still across the unknown seas;
 Bright skies, fair winds, a broad expanse of sea on every side,
 But not a sail to cheer their souls as on and on they glide;
 And many a longing eye was turned towards their distant home,
 And many a heart in secret cursed the thought which bade it roam.
 At length on the horizon dim a cloud-like line appears,
 And here and there a rugged crest a bolder summit rears.
 Acadie's rocky coast uplifts its dark form to the sky;
 Loud roar the waves upon the shore the white spray leaps on high,
 O'er rocks on which the sea had dashed since time's first hour began,
 Destined to rend in after years the noblest works of man.

Onward they sail and Fundy's Bay expands to either shore,
 Never had European keel parted its tide before.
 All things were strange, the sea, the land, the forest stretching wide,
 Stranger than aught their eyes had scanned the swiftly flowing tide,
 Nature, attired in brighter hues than in their own fair land,
 Appeared to bear a nobler front and a more bounteous hand.

O'er summer seas they swiftly pass with spirits light and gay,
 Their vessels part the dark blue waves of still St. Mary's Bay,
 The anchors cast, the boats are manned, they reach the silent shore,
 Never had foot of white man trod that unknown beach before—
 Near sixty centuries had sped since the Creation's birth;
 But what had all time's changes wrought upon this spot of earth?
 With eager feet the wanderers haste to range the forest wide,
 They wonder at the grand old trees which rise on every side;
 New flowers and birds arrest their eyes, new scenes their thoughts employ,