

# THE ACADIAN.

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## THE RIVER.

The lights of the city glimmer  
In the swift, black wave below;  
Like ghosts that flit in the gloaming  
The white ships come and go.

White and dim and stately,  
The good ships seaward go;  
Luck to you, captains and sailors,  
However the winds may blow!

White and dim and stately,  
The good ships homeward throng:  
Welcome, captains and sailors,  
Your voyage has been long!

And sweetheart's eyes shall glisten,  
And wives shall joyful be,  
As the little children listen  
To your tales of the stormy sea.

But what are the wrecks you tell of  
To the wreck of a love like mine?  
The river murmurs and glitters;  
Above the cold stars shine.

## THE WHITE ROSE IN ACADIA.

BY "MAUDE."

NOVA SCOTIA, or "Acadia," was colonized by the French, about a century previous to that war between France and England, which closed with the year 1748; and 'Acadia,' as the Province was entitled in the treaty then made between the two Kingdoms, was in that year, ceded for the last time to the English Crown.

Among the numerous adventurers in Nova Scotia, in 1749, with Governor, the Honorable Edward Cornwallis, was an Englishman, who had served for many years in the British Army. Poor, and harassed with the care of a family, his means were totally inadequate to aid his advancement in England; he had come to the New World, with numbers of his class, a worn and anxious man, bringing with him, a wife and four children—delicately bred,—and a strong heart that looked hopefully to his new home.

The infant town of Halifax though vigorously settled and defended, and wisely governed, was subjected to so many attacks, and surprises from the jealous and malignant Indians of the time, and any attempt at improvement was rendered so hazardous, by the merciless nature of their warfare, that Captain Charles Leceister, the emigrant of whom I speak, determined, a few months after his arrival, to remove his family to some one of the peaceable

and thriving villages of the Western Rivers. Several circumstances lessened the difficulties of this design. He had become familiar with some of the prominent men of the French Settlements, who frequently visited Halifax as Deputies to the English Governor, from the various communities; and had been so popular with them, from his knowledge of their language, and evident yet courteous superiority, that, exclusive as the Acadians were, in habit and feeling their kindly representatives did not discourage the Englishman, when he openly talked of his desire to dwell among them.

These French settlements were almost entirely composed of a rural peasantry; living together in harmonious prosperity; gay, simple, tender and industrious. But they were thinly sprinkled with a few families of a better order; the remnant, descended from their gallant and noble countryman, who had charmed the savages of Port Royal into lasting affection, more than a hundred years before.

Out of this superior class, as was natural, the Acadian peasants chose their deputies; and it was perhaps not strange, that these should find the companionship of Captain Leceister, and his refined wife, very attractive; alien though they were, in blood and faith. And more than all, these men were mostly wise enough to value their happy prosperous homes; and so long as they were not called to bear arms against the French King, in any new rupture between the two Crowns, were anxious to promote in every reasonable way, the alliance of their own people, with the new rulers of the Country. So, influenced by the residence, and great friendliness of Henri Pontreincourt one of the most superior of the Acadians, Captain Leceister chose one of the lower villages of the Gaspereau Valley, as his future home; and in a very few years could sit in his low cottage porch at sunset, and thank God for the rest and plenty he had found, as he looked abroad at his own beautiful meadows, and swelling uplands.

The Gaspereau, rising in a distant mountain lake, continues to descend for some miles, in a clear rapid stream, through a precipitous chasm of the wooded hills, which tower mightily over the dark narrow water. Gradually, the base of the cliffs lose their inaccessible character; the sides sloping inland, leave verdant banks below the rigorous steeps; until the widening river sweeps

circuitously on, through a romantic valley, conquering the retreating mountains, and flowing, like 'Yarrow,' through "the pomp of Cultivated Nature." Down the wider part of this vale, the Acadians were established, their lands and villages occupying about fifteen miles of the lower borders of the Gaspereau, which falls with considerable volume into the open basin of Minas.

Surrounded by these people, Captain Leceister was soon living happily in the pleasant village of 'Molansou.' His wife, though a delicate and reserved Englishwoman, was cordially loved, as she deserved to be, by her cheerful neighbors; and his eldest child Edith differed so entirely, in manner, character, and beauty, from the gay French girls with whom she dwelt, that she was caressed and loved by the generous people, all the more, for the contrast.

Nor was Edith altogether sundered from her own country-women in the Acadian valley; two or three other emigrants situated similarly to Captain Leceister, having followed him to Molansou; but among these, their were none to rival her, in the eyes of the observant natives, and it was only Edith, who was known as "the English girl;" the "white rose of the river."

I have seen one woman, very like what Edith is represented to have been. A shape, round and flexible;—a head beautiful and uncommon, rising and broadening from the comparatively low forehead, and adorned with long abundant hair, of that pale lustrous brown, so different in character from the ordinary insipidity of light hair;—and the clear face, with no distinct color, and small soft features, scarcely firm, yet not weak;—were visible to the most casual glance. But to closer study, the one great fault of her character, strong, though latent pride, was not quite hidden, in the smile of her charming mouth; though it was more than atoned for, by the sweet, intense eyes, that were of that dark pure blue, we talk of so much, and see so seldom. She had also that general complexion of extreme, yet warm whiteness, seen only, I think in a few English or Irish women. Such was Edith, and the picture I have attempted to give, has no exaggeration; the apparition her name recalls to me, is lovelier far than my words can show.

Captain Leceister had been thus most fortunately settled at Molansou, about six years, when Pierre, the eldest and only son of Henri Pontreincourt, returned to the Valley, from a respectable Provincial Seminary in France; whither he had been sent by his father, for greater educational advantages than could be obtained in Nova Scotia; although the Acadian settlements were by no means destitute in these respects: their exemplary and often accomplished

clergy being daily teachers, as well as pastors.

Pierre Pontreincourt's return, was welcomed with great joy by his family, and celebrated by the simple festivals of his people. Nor were the Leceisters slow to show their sympathy, and interest in the event; earning themselves new popularity, by the cordial affection with which they met their friend's son.

And their friend's son, was in no degree undeserving, or careless of their attention. Indeed, he began early to surprise some of the rural belles, by spending so much of his time with the 'English family.' But the upright Edith, had always so scrupulously abstained from seeking the small triumphs she might easily have secured among women, that she was safe from that bitterest of foes—an old rival—and the French girls saw with pride, that she did not decline the familiar companionship of her gay new acquaintance, as she had hitherto done that of his less polished countrymen. Particular as there was ample compensation to be found in her three brothers, who were sufficiently zealous for the attainment of feminine favour. So the spritely brunettes said with fond generosity: "Our best is scarce good enough for Edith. No marvel that he likes the 'White Rose.'"

It soon became evident that he did more than like the 'White Rose,' that it was a daily necessity to seek its beautiful presence, and fragrant breath. It seemed too, that the pale flower gained a lovelier bloom in the sunshine that surrounded its brilliant worshipper. Hitherto it had stood purely in the shade, cold, graceful and lonely; but now it lifted its delicate head to the light, with a softer flush and sweeter odour.

Each had found a conqueror in that secluded valley of the Wilderness, and in their obscure love there was as much heroic material as the grandest exhibition of the 'grande passion,' claiming the world for its stage, could furnish.

Each found in the other the great, but equal contrast that often makes the exceeding charm of such intercourse; and is the secret of the imperative need, each nature finds for its opposite. These two had no mental arguments upon the matter, but each knew instinctively that the other was its own. Pierre Pontreincourt lived in impulsive and decisive action,—Edith in a sort of stately abstraction,—and it was curious to see, how soon they influenced and benefited each other. The tenderness so seldom outwardly moved in her, was not less strong, but much more demonstrative.

(Continued on Fourth page.)