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## The Gaspereaux.

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Sweet mountain stream whose amber tide,  
With noisy haste, or softest glide,  
Like childhood's bright inconstancy,  
Pursues its journey to the sea,  
And winds in many a graceful sweep  
Where blossomed wild-flowers silent weep.  
Upon thy marge the fragrant dews  
That evening's humid steps diffuse—  
At intervals scarce seen amid  
The herbage of the valley hid;  
Whose wild luxuriance reveals  
The fertile wave its growth conceals;  
In soft and mazy dance to stray,  
I've watched thy gentle winding way,  
As leaping o'er its rocky bed,  
Thy shallow current downward sped;  
Or deeply, smoothly slid away  
Without a ripple or a spray.  
And I have dreamed, tho' scarce to song,  
As yet thine humble name belong,  
That not the travelled Summer glade,  
E'er slept within so sweet a vale  
As that upon whose bosom bright  
Thy current shapes its line of light;  
When, issuing from the dark ravine,  
Thy forest-shadowed wave is seen  
To check its tide, that many a mile  
Had fretted in the dark defile,  
When flowing o'er their subject flood  
Thy mural precipices stood.

My thoughts, tho' seldom now I may  
Beside thy murmuring waters stray,  
Oft turn, by fond remembrance led,  
Where those gray rocks obscurely shed  
Their image on thy foaming wave,  
Whose eddying course was wont to lave  
Their shelvy base, where, in and out,  
The salmon and the speckled trout  
Gliding, were frequent captives made  
By patient angler in the shade;  
While sweetly on the branch above  
The wild-bird tuned his note of love;  
Or mingled with thy murmurs still,  
Its monotones the distant mill;  
And sloping skyward from thy shore,  
Those hills a fadeless mantle wore,  
Of fragrant spruce and hemlock green,  
Where the sun's latest rays were seen,  
And in the glade with Spring's first glow  
The Mayflower bloomed amid the snow.

As pencilled by the sunbeam true,  
All thy loved haunts now rise to view;  
And there is mingled with the thought  
Of thee, by faithful Memory brought,  
A feeling near allied to pain,  
That I perhaps may ne'er again  
Beside thy silver margin roam  
With dreams of hope and childhood's home.  
Daughter of lakes! long years have past,  
Since my fond look was on thee cast;—  
By many a stream my path has led,  
Where legends of the brave and dead,  
With Nature's fair or wild display  
Have mingled in the poet's lay,  
Yet fairer rose than each fair scene  
To view thy vales of living green.

I've seen the dancing foam-wreath fleck  
The darkly rolling Kennebec;  
And swiftly on his shining track  
Flow down the busy Merrimac,  
Seen leaping from his piny hills,  
Augmented by a thousand rills;  
Where art, wealth, taste, their graces blend,  
The fair Connecticut descend.  
His cultured vales, with fertile wave,  
I've seen the gentle Mohawk lave;  
Imperial Hudson glide in shade  
'Neath his eternal palisade;  
And villa'd banks, and cities fair  
Glassed in majestic Delaware;  
Her midnight lamp have seen—the moon,  
O'er hidden Schuylkill hang in June;  
And the fierce day-star faintly gleam  
On Wissahickon's shaded stream;  
Beheld in transport from the steep,  
Through his wild gorge Potomac leap;  
And gathered the flinty arrow-head  
By the wild Lehigh's rocky bed.  
I've watched the Spring his pride renew,  
On Susquehanna's hills of blue,  
And Autumn's lovely tints grow pale,  
In Juniata' winding vale;  
Startled the fawn on hills that fling  
Shadows on blood-stained Wyoming,  
And lingering o'er the classic vale,  
Have matched the sadly tragic tale  
And sorrow of sweet Gertrude's line  
With those of thine Evangeline.  
Whence Alleghany's limpid flow,  
Joins the Monongahela slow,  
Commingling from their rocky plain;  
Through all his fair and wide domain,  
Still verging towards the western day,  
Ohio holds his placid way,  
With Commerce throned on either hand,