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ACADIE DAYS

SKETCHES OF NEW SCOTLAND

By
W. H. T. SQUIRES, M. A., D. D.

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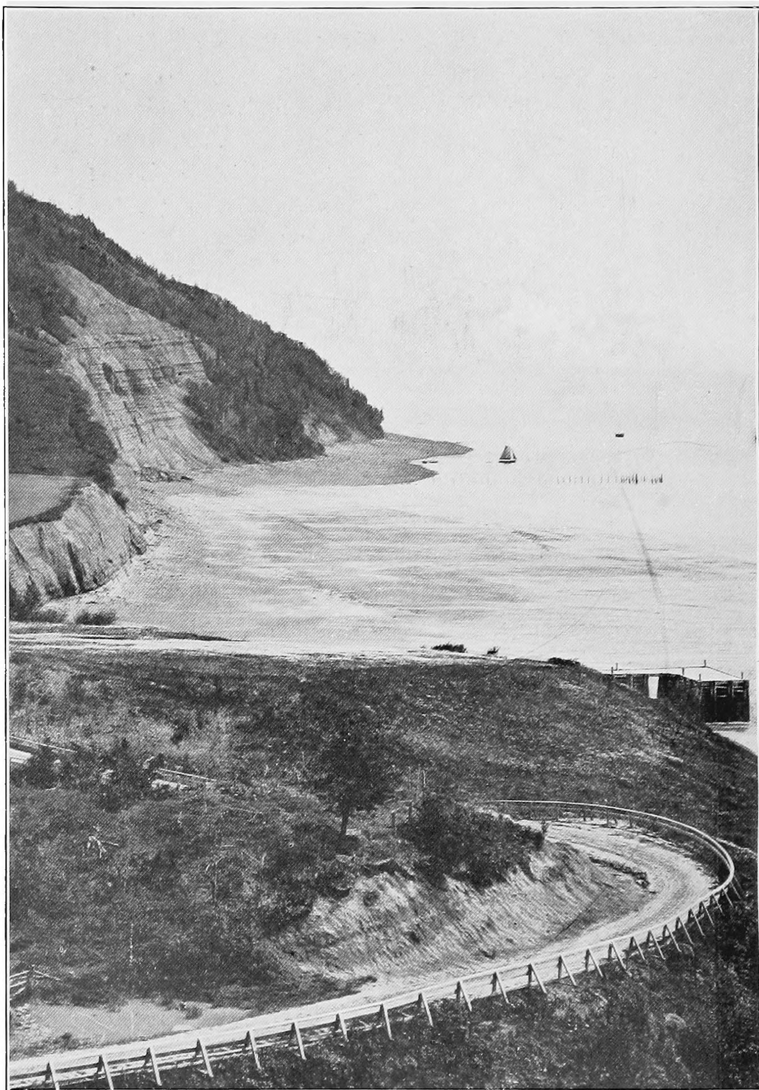

Blomidon and the Basin of Minas in the Land of Evangeline

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Acadie Days
Sketches of New Scotland

I. The Fogs of Fundy.

"What better could a man expect?" growled a fat commercial traveler, "when he starts to sea on Friday, the 13th?" The "Prince George" rolled far to port and the fat man clung to the rail for safety to life and limb.

"Have you been down to dinner?"

"Dinner!" I cried indignantly. "On the contrary—"

The "Prince George" gave a tremendous lurch to starboard, threw on his emergency brakes, as it were, and swung as sharply from his course as was possible, given his length and speed. Somewhere amidships the "Prince" emitted a hideous scream that cut the thick folds of fog like a knife. An affectionate young bride and groom, who had been so interested in each other that they had not noticed even the weather, slid from their stools and landed on the wet deck in an indiscriminate heap.

"What's that?" shouted the fat man through the din.

"It's Friday, the 13th," I called back. At the moment a small motor boat emerged from the fog close to the port bulkheads of "Prince George" and instantly dropped again into the thick, gray billows of oblivion.

"They just missed theirs," said the traveler. "A launch like that must have a fool

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for a skipper to be out in such a fog with such seas running.''

"I'm glad the 'Prince George' didn't cut her in two. Somebody would have been smashed, or drowned, or both,'' I replied.

"'Twould serve 'em right—what's your line?''

"My line? I have four at present. Vacation, Recreation, Information, Inspiration.''

A gleam of disgust passed over the fat man's face. "You come a queer place and a queer time to get 'em, I must say.''

"Do you know Yarmouth?'' I asked.

"I know it a sight better than I want to know it.'' He was in a bad humor; so were we all—all in a bad humor. "Lobsters, lumber, fogs, fish, dismal shops and wooden ships—that's Yarmouth,'' he added sententiously.

"You forgot the thing I am going to see—a runic inscription on a rock.''

The sentence was lost, for "Prince George'' laid a lash of hideous noise five miles in length across the veiled face of the North Atlantic. Even the bride and groom ceased their whispers. My fat friend after some three miles of agony rose in disgust and waddled on his short, uncertain legs over the streaming deck to his state room. I followed shortly and flung myself, clothes and all, a saturated object of hopeless, helpless misery into my berth. My straw hat rolled all unheeded on the floor. I had not enough energy to replace it on a proper peg. Its yellow crown spoke of green fields, of summer skies, of babbling brooks and it seemed to mock me as I looked down upon it. When "Prince George'' rolled to starboard, to starboard slid the hat. When "Prince

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George" listed to port, to port gracefully glided the yellow lid. I came to hate it for its jaunty air, its bilious color and its wholly unsympathetic attitude. I hated "Prince George," and I hated myself most of all.

Through the interminable hours of that stormy night the hollow voice of "Prince George" told his misery. I heard him even in the snatches of my troubled sleep as I rolled with him over the weltering waves. At last a faint, wet light stole through the streaming, opaque glass of the port hole. "Prince George" lurched against the green piles of the tall wharf, and I awoke to the glad intelligence that it was Saturday, the 14th, Yarmouth, and terra firma—less terror and more firmer.

Yarmouth is the child of the sea, and her sons are the offspring of ocean. Their fathers, their childhood, their education, business, wealth, food, thought, ambitions, pleasures and, alas, all too often, their graves are of the deep.

When ships were made of wood Yarmouth was the first shipbuilding town in all the world, per capita. Yarmouth masters and their brave lads sailed the seven seas. From Helsingfors to Valparaiso their flags were flown in every harbor. But when ships of steel supplanted wooden bottoms Yarmouth lost her proud preeminence.

Cape Sable, on the tip of New Scotland, thrusts its nose far out into the Atlantic, and Yarmouth, near the black cape, revels in fogs, the deepest, darkest, dampest, most persistent, penetrating and insinuating of fogs. The merchants ply their trade and the children go about the murky streets as cheerfully as though

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the dripping mid-summer noon were blessed by Italian skies of bending blue.

I hailed a ghost, who emerged into dripping reality from the mundane vapors.

"Did you enjoy the trip over?" he asked in strong Scotch accent.

"I knew no joy like the leaving of it! When my yellow hat and I emerged from the ribs of 'Prince George' we rejoiced with great joy. They tell me Nova Scotia is buckled to the rest of Canada by a ligament of land that did not crack at creation's dawn. Is that true?"

"Aye," said the cheerful Scot.

"If that ligament holds I go home through the frosty wilderness of Maine. I will not trust myself (not to mention my yellow hat) again to the mercies of 'Prince George.' How long has it been since you saw the sun?"

"About a fortnight and five or sax days beside; but that's no long. I've often seen a stretch of twa month without the fogs a-liftin'. If ye'll be patient the sun will shine. It always shines, sooner or later, in Yarmouth."

The most interesting single object of historic interest in the town is a fragment of stone carefully preserved in the little public library. It bears on its black, basaltic bosom a runic inscription. It is a genuine aboriginal carving which for a century has puzzled the wisest heads. Fifty years ago a Philadelphia expert declared to the scholarly world that he had deciphered it. "Harku's son addressed the men," was the legend the stone carried to posterity. After he had read the inscription (not before, mark you) he searched the long-forgotten history of the Vikings and, sure enough, in 1007 a warrior named Harku had

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sailed for Markland and landed in "a place where a fiord penetrated far into the country, off the mouth of which was an island, passed which ran strong currents."

The controversy over Harku now raged as furiously as the currents of the fiord. At last the stone was shipped to Norway. Learned sons of the Vikings examined it and shook their heads. It did not mean, and could not be made to mean what our Philadelphia expert had affirmed. So a genuine Yarmouth fog of doubt settled again over the famous Yarmouth inscription.

II. The Versatile Village of Digby.

It is a bleak and desolate hinderland that stretches eastward from Cape Sable; a land of rock, and sand, and sterile soil; a land of cold rivers, deep gorges, glacial pools and sombre forests. The landscapes suggest the familiar line from Tennyson,

> "O the dreary, dreary moorland!
> O the barren, barren shore!"

When the expatriated Acadians returned to Nova Scotia, as many of them did, the English authorities gave them a strip of this dreary moorland and barren shore along St. Mary's Bay. The exiles went to work with characteristic energy and for 170 years, or less, they have dwelt here in the quaintest of villages, enjoying their seclusion, peace, and a modicum of prosperity.

"Along the shore of the mournful and misty
Atlantic

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Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

It is the custom of the Canadian French to divide their lands into ribbon farms. The cottages are built side by side along the road, one continuous village. This settlement of St. Mary's Bay, where a few Acadian farmers settled is now some twelve miles in length and boasts 10,000 people. They are Romanists to a man and have their churches, their schools and a convent which maintains close connection with France.

As one descends toward Digby the barren shores take a more pleasing aspect, and the dreary moorlands open into rich valleys. Green pastures fill the countryside. Here and there the fields are covered with sheets as white as snow. It is the famous cod, beheaded, split, salted, drying and withering in the warm sun and the keen air of the North. Let none despise the humble cod, for it is the source of great and growing wealth.

Digby is famous as a fishing station, an apple market, a shipping and railway termi-

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nus and a fashionable summer resort. The season of one's visit gives the angle of the human kaleidoscope.

Those who arrive by sea land at a long and deep pier. If the tide is at flood one steps safely upon the floor of the wharf, while the steamer rocks on waters some ninety feet deep. If the tide is at ebb one steps into a cavern fully fifty feet below the floor and passes through a slippery, green, marine subway whose slimy sides are festooned with fungus and sea weed, the odors of which are those of the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean.

The delightful village nestles in a green covert of the valley over against Digby Gap in North Mountain. Two long mountain ranges bound the great valley of Nova Scotia, but they rise to such modest altitudes that in North Carolina they would be called hills. South Mountain carries on its shoulders the bleak and barren uplands of the interior, over which the railway struggles. Stalwart North Mountain breasts the turbulent tides of Fundy and holds them back from these fertile meadows. On the crest of North Mountain the "sea fogs pitch their tents and the mists from the mighty Atlantic." The mountain is not equal to its gigantic task and at Digby Gap the seas burst through and flood the floor of Annapolis Valley.

This great chasm is a feature of the landscape. The rushing waters that fill the Gap measure two miles across current from headland to headland. These twin capes rise six hundred feet above the water and the bottom of the channel sinks to profound depths below.

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The rocky promontories are covered with the dark foliage of the Northern forest; but here and there avalanches of snow and ice have left great scars, where soil, rock and forest trees have been carried in a gigantic plunge to the depths below.

Picturesque little villages cling to the shore line. Simple white cottages and costly summer houses dot the landscape. Dark wharves stand upon gigantic stilts and white winged vessels rock upon the waves. The road that climbs the mountainside from the curving shore is a ribbon of red and yellow on a dress of dark green. The blue sea is never at rest and the surf rolls unceasingly. The insolent breakers fling their salt spray into the rocky face of the headlands.

Amid such scenes of lovely tranquillity one would fain rest, for earth and water, sky and forest unite to please the wearied traveler; but historic fields beyond the gently undulating hills are beaconing.

"A ticket to Annapolis Royal, if you please," I asked the young man who wore an emphatic blonde pompadour behind the bars of the ticket wicket.

"Seventy-five cents," languidly.

I opened my purse. Had an elephant stamped upon it in rage it could not have been flatter. It wore the empty, dejected look of a Virginia boom town of 1892. Just at this moment the train whistled for Digby.

"I haven't the money," I confessed with considerable embarrassment, "unless you will accept 'travelers' checks.'"

For answer the blonde pompadour pitched the ticket to Annapolis back in the drawer

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with a gesture that plainly intimated that his railway was not an eleemosynary institution.

"You do not accept 'travelers' checks,' then?" It was a useless appeal. The blonde pompadour was deaf and had already turned to the party next in line. I hurried to a bank and laid down a check for ten dollars. The cashier counted out $11.20 Canadian.

"I do not understand the extra change," I said.

"American money is at a premium of 12 per cent," he replied.

"Many thanks. It is the first time in my life I have gotten something for nothing." I hurried back to the station, the blonde pompadour and the waiting train.

"I will take that ticket to Annapolis that you pitched in the drawer a few minutes ago," I said.

"I would have taken your 'travelers' check,'" he remarked as he stamped the ticket.

"Then why did you not say so when I asked you twice? Incidentally you lost $1.20 on an investment of seventy-five cents by your lack of courtesy. I have noticed all my life that it pays, in more ways than one, to be courteous—even to strangers. Good-bye and good luck."

III. The Cradle of Canada.

Three years before the settlement at Jamestown (June 16, 1604) a French vessel sailed within the inviting water-gate now known locally by the homely name "Digby Gut." The turbulent tides of Fundy were left be-

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hind the barrier of North Mountain and a land of exquisite beauty spread before the ravished gaze of the sailors.

Two noble sons of old France stood on the high, old-fashioned deck, each of whom was destined to make a mark upon this land, which the ravages of time and change would never obliterate. The older man Comte Pierre de Monts, a Huguenot of fine family, had followed the white plume of Henry of Navarre, and his grateful king made over to him a vast boundary of land in Acadie. The younger man, Samuel de Champlain, was at the threshold of his romantic career. Manuscripts, faded and yellow with age, are still preserved which describe the emotion with which these sea-wearied adventurers gazed upon the fair landscapes that opened before them. The sunshine of June was golden and glorious. Its bright rays lay on lake and river, forest and glen. The graceful undulations of the mountains were reflected in the peaceful waters as in a mirror. The primeval forest cast cool, green shadows on hillside and valley. Rivers of fresh water, as pure as the untrodden snow of the uplands, dashed over cataracts and plunged into the parent sea. Timid red men peered from the coverts of the thicket upon the strangers whose enormous white-winged canoes skimmed the placid waters as the white winged gull cleaves the blue vault of heaven.

Comte de Monts called this tongue of land Port Royal. Here he built the first fort and the first village, and from here civilization gradually expanded until it touched the frozen shores of the Arctic and the wild strands of the far distant Pacific. For a century that civ-

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ilization was French, Latin and Catholic, despite the Calvinistic founder. For two centuries it has been English, Protestant and progressive.

We had left the fogs of Fundy far behind. The rare and tender sunshine of Canadian midsummer lay upon all the land and caressed the raindrops of the preceding night from the thick, rich grass that clothed the hillsides.

The sleepy little village of Annapolis will not be likely to detain the stranger long, for his impatient steps turn to the mighty ramparts which lie like a huge four-cornered star upon the tip of the historic peninsula. There are the bust of de Monts, a few English guns, a few piles of shot, an old well, a picturesque sally-port, an interesting dungeon for ammunition, and the officers' quarters, which is now an excellent museum with a courteous intendent. It was difficult to realize that we trod one of the most bloody spots in North America. Alas, how often have these fair fields, now so tranquil, been soaked with precious, patriotic blood! Here the flower of young manhood from France, from Great Britain and from New England has all too often fallen in the cold embrace of death.

No less than twenty times has the tocsin of war sounded over these hills. No less than ten times has this tiny peninsula stood regular siege. Thrice it has been surrendered to the invading foe and, strange as it may seem, two of the three conquerors were erstwhile governors of Virginia; although men of whom no Virginian is proud.

The French had made a fair beginning at Port Royal when Samuel Argall came up the

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coast from Virginia. The continent was not large enough for Jamestown and Port Royal so Argall utterly destroyed the little French village and drove the helpless inhabitants into the forests. He even had his sailors chisel the name of de Monts from the foundation stones he had laid.

Argall had some good in him, with much that was evil. He was a great navigator. It was he who brought Lord Delaware safely to Virginia (1610). It was he who discovered and named Delaware Bay. It was he who was largely responsible for the introduction of negro slavery into Virginia. Lady Delaware declared to the courts that he had embezzled some of her late husband's estates. It was this same old tar who whipped the Spaniards at Cadiz and burned their ships under their noses. But Virginians always remember Samuel Argall as the pirate who kidnapped Pocahontas after bribing old Japazaws, who lived up the Potomac, with a copper kettle to betray his ward. Argall treated our little, dusky princess well, but she was the only princess Virginia has ever had or will ever have, and Virginians cannot forgive any indignity to her. So Argall's name has as bad odor in Virginia as in Acadie.

When I entered the little museum with its relics reflecting the shadows of a grand and noble past, almost the first object to catch my attention was the coat-of-arms of Sir Francis Nicholson.

"Can this be our old friend whom we pushed out of Virginia?" I asked. It was even he. And I observed that Francis Nicholson's memory holds a greener and more grateful nook

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in these high latitudes than he can claim in the ardent climates of the South.

"It was General Sir Francis Nicholson who captured Port Royal from the French (1710). He changed the name from Port Royal to Annapolis Royal for Queen Anne. And it has been Annapolis and English ever since," said the intendent courteously but significantly.

"When we had him he was neither 'sir' nor 'general,' only lieutenant-governor," I replied. "But he was always strong on names. He moved the capital from Jamestown to Williamsburg, which he named for William III. He laid off the new town and modestly named two of the streets for himself. They are there to this day, a Francis street and a Nicholson street. He had previously laid off a new capital for Maryland on Chesapeake Bay. He called that Annapolis. Princess Anne was the idol of the Tories and Nicholson was a strong partisan. But he did not score so well with the women as he did with his new cities, for he died as he lived, an old bachelor. Did you ever hear the story of his Virginia courtship?"

The intendent had not heard.

"When they sent Nicholson to Virginia for his second term he was thirty-eight. I judge that he had cut his wisdom teeth. There was a wealthy planter in Gloucester county, Major Lewis Burwell, whose wife was a member of the numerous Smith family. Abigail Smith was a first cousin of Nathaniel Bacon, our first Virginia rebel. The major had nine daughters—not to mention his sons. Nicholson fell in love with one of the nine—impetuously, unreasonably, passionately, vehemently, violently, ardently, madly in love. When the maiden

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told him that she preferred a young Virginian he flew into a fine frenzy and swore to her in his rage that he would kill her father and brothers if she did not marry him forthwith. The male members of the family did not seem, however, to be greatly alarmed. He ranted the streets of his new city, made a spectacle of his unrequitted love and spoke most shockingly of his rival. He told the Rev. Commissary Blair that he would cut the throats of three men when the fair damsel was wed; the bridegroom, the clergyman and the justice who issued the license. But he didn't. And the Rev. Commissary soon had him recalled."

"So he lost his job as well as his girl?" said the intendent.

"He did," I replied, "but I have never blamed Nicholson. Oh, sir, if you could but see the beautiful maids of Virginia! If you could but understand how they get on a man's heart strings, you would understand Nicholson's sad plight. I have known many a young man of excellent sense to go as wildly mad as he! They just can't help it, when they fall in love with Virginia girls."

IV. A Romance of Acadie.

When that wild buccaneer, Samuel Argall, came sailing into the peaceful waters of Port Royal, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, and laying waste the fair land with fire and sword, many of the French found refuge with the savages. Among them a boy of fourteen, Charles de la Tour, and his intimate friend Biencourt, son of Biencourt Potrincourt, who had succeeded to de Monts' title

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as proprietor and governor. The two friends adopted the wild life of the Indians and made their headquarters near Cape Sable. From this rude fort, which they called Fort St. Louis, alone in all these vast regions the white banner of the Bourbons floated to the breeze. After some years Biencourt died (1623) and left his title rights to Charles.

There was, at the time, a sweet French maid living near the ruins of Port Royal. Marie was a Huguenot. She placed her gentle hand in the strong grasp of Charles—and man never won nobler bride.

Claude de la Tour, Charles' father, came of a noble Huguenot family. Like de Monts he had followed the white plume of Henry of Navarre to victory; but unlike de Monts the civil wars had ruined him. For a time he labored as a mason in Paris where little Charles was born. Claude shrewdly saw the opportunities in Acadie and resolved to begin life anew overseas. But disaster followed him. Argall's hand was heavy. Claude took refuge on the Penobscot River where he opened a fur-trading station. Immense fortunes were to be made in furs.

Of course the Puritans of Massachusetts would not tolerate the French flag nor a French station in Maine; more especially if the Frenchmen were making fortunes. They drove him out and he returned to his son's rude fort at Cape Sable.

It was arranged that Claude should return to France, lay the Acadie situation before Louis XIII. and ask aid of the son of Henry IV. to hold Acadie. Meantime Charles and Marie would fly the flag at Fort St. Louis.

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Claude's success was flattering. Louis XIII. sent him back to New France with eighteen ships, 135 cannon and stores sufficient to protect both Quebec and Acadie against invasion. England and France were, as usual, at war. When Claude reached the estuary of the St. Lawrence his fleet was captured by Sir David Kirke and Claude was sent to England as a prisoner. Meantime Charles and Marie waited with the white flag by the black cape.

Three years dragged by when the heart of heroic Charles was lifted with joy. His father came sailing to Fort St. Louis with two ships, a colony, and abundant supplies. But to Charles' unutterable amazement the flag that his father raised to the mast-head was that of England! His father came ashore in the uniform of an English admiral—Claude de la Tour, a British admiral! And his beautiful young wife came with him. She had been a lady-in-waiting upon Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I, daughter of Henry of Navarre!

Claude brought with him a patent of nobility. He was a baronet of Scots. And he brought another patent for Charles; he, too, was a baronet of Scots. And they, father and son, were given a grant some 800 miles in extent. Acadie was no more. It was New Scotland now—Nova Scotia—and the la Tours were to hold the trade and customs forever!

Charles heard his father to the end, and cried out with scorn: "If those who sent you on this errand think me capable of betraying my country, even at the solicitation of a parent, they have greatly mistaken me. I am not disposed to purchase the honors now of-

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fered me by committing a crime. I do not undervalue the proffer of the king of England; but the prince in whose service I am is quite able to reward me; and whether he does so or not the inward consciousness of my fidelity to him will be in itself a recompense to me. The king of France has confided the defence of this place to me. I shall maintain it, if attacked, till my latest breath.''

The pitiful little fort was only a heap of logs and rocks, so Sir Claude thought to carry it by storm. But Charles and Marie defended their home so stoutly that the colonists rebelled and Sir Claude was forced to retire to Port Royal. Here his friends forsook him and after a few months he must needs return humbly to Fort St. Louis and ask refuge for himself and bride.

In these dark days Claude offered his wife her freedom. But she replied with the spirit of true and noble womanhood, ''I have shared your prosperity, Sir Claude, I will now share your evil fortunes.''

King Charles I. now made over New Scotland to France. Nova Scotia disappeared and Acadie reappeared. Charles de la Tour was richly rewarded. A great boundary of land on the River St. John (now in New Brunswick) was granted him. Here he built a real fortress with four bastions. Surrounded by his growing family, faithful friends and devoted Indian allies he reigned as little less than a colonial king. The fur trade that his father had lost in Maine came to him on the St. John multiplied many times over.

Across the Bay of Fundy at Port Royal another lieutenant of France reigned as a rival

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colonial king. Charnisay held what we know as the peninsula of Nova Scotia. The immense solitudes of New France do not seem to have been large enough for the two rivals. For five years Charnisay cast covetous eyes at Charles de la Tour. Finally Charnisay went to France and laid a number of charges against Charles before the court of King Louis. The most prominent of his crimes and his blackest offence was that he was a Huguenot, son of a notorious Huguenot, and the husband of a Huguenot. Charnisay's intrigue was successful.

Charles was summoned to France to answer these charges in person. He flatly refused to go. Why languish in the Bastile when he might be as free as the winds of Acadie? His wife's influence procured promises of aid from the Huguenot city, La Rochelle, and from Boston where Marie was popular.

The villain Charnisay awaited his chance. He crossed the bay with 500 men and two stout ships. But Charles was ready. The assault settled down to a siege. Two ships from La Rochelle appeared in the offing at the critical time. Charles slipped through the bloody fingers of Charnisay, boarded the ships and sailed with the Huguenots to Boston, leaving Marie in command of the fort. He soon returned to besiege the besiegers. Charnisay fled in dismay. The Bostonians refused to fight further. They said they had earned their pay; and besides a valuable cargo of furs had fallen into their hands. So they went home.

A year later Charnisay returned to the attack when he heard that Charles was not at

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home, and that Marie alone was in command. But the brave woman was more than a match for the villian, and beat him off. Charnisay had recourse to bribery and secured one of the gates to the fortress. Marie agreed to honorable terms of surrender. She especially stipulated that the lives of her brave men should be spared. Charnisay readily signed the contract, but as soon as his soldiers secured the fort he seized the brave woman, put a hangman's halter over her head, tore up the contract before her and forced her to witness the death struggles by hanging of all her brave garrison. She sank under the terrible ordeal and died three weeks later at Port Royal. Marie de la Tour, noblest of the matrons of New France, is a name that adds lustre to Huguenot and Presbyterian history.

Charnisay had now reached the summit of his ambition. Charles de la Tour wandered, a fugitive, in the frigid forests of New France. Five years was given Charnisay. He fell in the surging tides and was drowned in sight of his fortress and friends.

Charles immediately hurried to France, cleared himself of the charges his mortal enemy had lodged against him and returned to Acadie with greater power than even Charnisay had possessed. He rebuilt his former home and fort on the St. John and ended the bitter feud of the old days by courting and marrying the widow of Charnisay at Port Royal.

Mighty Oliver Cromwell had now thrust the decadent Stuarts aside. Before him Acadie fell without firing a shot (1657). Charles de la Tour was equal even to this emergency. He

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journeyed to England and claimed Nova Scotia (not Acadie now) under the terms of the grant made by Charles I. to himself and his father years and years before, as baronets of Scots! Cromwell was well pleased with this wild, sturdy, iron-willed son of the American forest. Perhaps Charles' very audacity was a help. Oliver restored him to his place and his property once again.

Charles de la Tour was an old man now. Three score years had passed since as a lad he had watched his father work as a mason in Paris. He sold all he had to English officers and retired to private life. He lived to see New Scotland fade again and Acadie restored under the powerful hand of Louis XIV. He died in the memorable year 1666, while the white banner and the fleur de lis, that he loved so well, floated proudly still over Acadie and New France.

V. The Land of Evangeline.

The genius of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has thrown the mantle of poetic pathos and romantic immortality over these rare, Northern meadows. He breathed, and Evangeline became a living soul, more real in her kirtle and homespun than any Acadian maiden who lived, and suffered, and loved in her tragic day. The Huguenot heroine, Marie de la Tour, is almost entirely forgotten; but Evangeline is known and beloved wherever the English tongue is spoken.

The finest view in Acadie is to be had from a little, white church that hangs on the hill over Grand Pre, where the children of the Covenanters worship—strictest of Presbyte-

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rian stock. The homes of the prosperous Scotch Canadians are embowered in the splendid forest trees below. Velvet meadows cover the marshlands and climb the sturdy dikes. The August sunshine lends a richer green to the grass, and gives a tone of deeper blue to the waters of Minas. Here and there the farmers are busy in the meadows. Here and there white sails dip to the blue of the Basin as they bend to the southern breeze. The Basin is filled to the brim with the crowding tides of Fundy, which rise fifty feet in perpendicular above where the waters rest at ebb some six hours later.

Beyond the inland sea the dark green tints of the uplands rise to meet the misty blue of the sky. North Mountain comes to an abrupt end at the promontory of Blomidon. Its rocky head is lifted some 670 feet above the restless water; and the bed of the channel sinks 160 feet below. The bottom is so smooth that no anchor can take hold upon it. When the day is wild, and the storm rages, and the winds and the tides are at war, the stoutest captains will not put their craft into these treacherous swirling rapids, for these smiling shores have often been strewn with fearful wrecks.

When the tide is out long strips of red and yellow mud fringe the green shores; great vessels lie careened upon their sides, like dying monsters of the deep. Tall wharves, dripping with sea weed and fungus, stand forth like toy houses upon exaggerated stilts.

Four prosperous counties may be counted from the church steps. Five rivers wander at random through the valleys and at last deliver their waves of fresh water to the thirsty sea. By broad daylight the scene is enchanting,

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and worthy the land of Evangeline; but "by the aerial magic of sunrise and the voluptuous sorcery of sunset such transformations are wrought as make the scene an ever changing realm of fancy," writes the distinguished Canadian author, Charles C. D. Roberts.

The expulsion of the Acadians was worse than a crime, it was a blunder. The British authorities placed the thankless task upon the shoulders of General John Winslow, of Plymouth, Mass., who declared to his helpless victims: "It is very disagreeable to my natural temper and make, but it is my business to obey such orders as I receive." The remark, at least, does his memory some honor.

All the men of Grand Pre were gathered into the church and the decree of banishment was read. They vainly tried to escape. The exits were barred and guarded. Six thousand were herded together, many of whom had to be carried bodily on board the vessels. The soldiers did their best to be humane, but in all conscience the best was bad enough!

The exiles were scattered along the Atlantic coast. One thousand were deported to Virginia and half as many reached North Carolina. Many eventually returned to Nova Scotia, for Acadie and New France were no more.

"Waste were the pleasant farms and the farmers forever departed"—that is the French farmers forever departed. Soon after the French moved out the Scotch moved in. Grand Pre and the Gaspereau retain their French names but these luscious meadows have for 170 years yielded their rich harvest to thrifty Scotch hands. The French dikes have been immensely lengthened and strengthened.

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"Why wrest these lands from the hungry sea?" I asked. New Scotland is an empty land. If the province were laid upon America it would extend from New York to the cotton plantations of North Carolina—and yet in all this vast country there are fewer people than one may count in the eight by ten miles of the District of Columbia.

"That is true," said my friend, "but our Atlantic uplands are a rocky, sullen country. In the Great Valley from Digby to Windsor the lands are rich, fat and fertile. When the tides recede they leave a soil of exhaustless fertility. And if, by any chance, the soil should become exhausted the farmer has but to open his dikes and the tides will lay another deposit as rich as the valley of the Nile.

A very literary lady from Boston engaged the rear seat of our automobile for the drive to Grand Pre. She was a Christian Science reader she said. Our driver was a fine, young fellow, whom we imagined was a college lad on vacation. He was anxious to please and engaged to show all that was to be seen for a fee of five dollars. He did his duty well. The literary lady was indefatigable in her search for literary and historic antiquities. She sighed sympathetically at the bend of the Gaspereau where the simple Acadians embarked. She carefully examined the ancient and decaying tombstones in the kirk-yard under the rank grass. She mounted the old-fashioned pulpit, set like a little round balcony against the wall of the church. She drank of the waters of Evangeline's well. She plucked a twig from the ancient, leaning willows of Grand Pre. She rested in the shade of the apple trees planted

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by the hands of the French. She took pictures of the newly-erected statue of Evangeline. She paced the "dikes that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant to shut out the turbulent tides." Hers were emphatic expressions of delight at the beauty of the landscape, the height of the tides and the abundance of the harvest.

When the long drive was done, and the young Canadian set her down safely at the door of her inn she looked at him through her lorgnette and said sharply:

"I shall pay you three dollars—only three. You did not show me the home of Evangeline, nor even her grave, young man."

A most interesting argument followed. He labored to convince her that Evangeline was a literary and not an historical character. My keen sympathy was with our young Jehu, but I discreetly held my peace. He was Scotch and by that token I judged him equal even to this emergency. And he was.

VI. Cape Breton's Arms of Gold.

Cape Breton is a huge island of rocks, sand, forests and water, salt and fresh. It is the bridgehead to Newfoundland and Labrador and partakes somewhat of the frigid aspects of those forbidding outposts of civilization.

The name is probably the oldest in North American geography. Some Basque fisherman in the early days of the Sixteenth Century gave the name to this headland that thrusts its nose far eastward into the fogs of the Atlantic. The early names of French and Spanish origins have for the most part disappeared, but Cape Breton has lived; and not

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only survived, but expanded to cover the whole, great island. For Cape Breton is one-fifth of the province of Nova Scotia.

The narrow strait of Canseau thrusts a long blue arm from the Atlantic through the forested hills and joins a similar arm of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. At the narrowest the strait is only one-fourth of a mile in width. What it lacks in width it makes good in depth for the bottom falls away 130 feet and more below the blue surface.

In a more hospitable land the strait would be bridged. But here the winters are long and hard, the tides are wild and the seas run high. The ice pack is the most serious problem for the engineers. The crossing is negotiated by a barge so flat, broad, and ponderous that it receives an express train with only a slight tremor. Captain and pilot stand on a bridge far overhead. The huge furnaces and boilers are hidden below and are totally invisible, unless one peers through the sooty gratings and sees the sweating stokers piling the fires in the immense hold. The strait here is less than a mile in width and the crossing is effected in fifteen minutes.

Once upon the island one is astonished to find it hollow, as it were. The ocean that surrounds it has eaten out its heart. A vast, inland sea covers a great part of the surface. A distinguished author has said that Cape Breton reverses the definition of an island, for it is a body of water surrounded by land. The inland sea is called Bras d' Or, "Arms of Gold." Just why "gold" is not apparent. The waters are sapphire, as blue as the heavens that bend above. When the sun lies upon the

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water and the dark green shore Bras d'Or is a lake of molten silver in a frame of emerald. The water is limpid and crystal, as pure as snow, as cold as ice, and as salt as the parent sea, to whose pulsing tides and raging storms it moves in ready sympathy. The shores of Bras d'Or are neither rugged nor steep as in other parts of Nova Scotia. The ice cap of glacial ages has evidently ground them to lower levels. Innumerable islands and islets, peninsulas, bars and tiny bays indent the wild and lonely shores. They are far too numerous for names, or inhabitants, or even for owners.

The long, heavy train creaked and jostled as it came to an unwilling pause at Iona. A little door was opened grudgingly, and I stepped into the thick dusk of early morning. The ponderous locomotive dragged its burden into the dim distance and soon the pall of solemn silence settled again. The little box of a station was as solitary as the traveler. But he had not long to wait for midsummer dawn comes early in these extreme climes. The stars went out one by one in the infinite expanse of the heavens, and an indescribable movement in the twilight, that one feels rather than sees, tells that a new day trembles at dawn. Gray streaks of light chined earth and heaven, and the rising sun peered through the morning mists. The sunbeams touched the broad bosom of Bras d'Or with opalescent light. The warm breath of the south wind caressed the dark forest and the cold rocks of the headlands; and another day of opportunity with its unknown joys and sorrows had come.

In the strong light of morning one could see that the shores of Bras d'Or draw closer and

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closer as though the hills had determined to throw their arms together and bar the way of the waters. At Iona they almost meet. But there is to be no union, no wedding, no reconciliation, for when the converging shores look one another full in the face they retreat never to meet again.

To Iona gallant little steamers come in summer, sailing this sun-silvered sea, with passengers and freight to be delivered to the long trains. From Iona there is a daily steamer to Baddeck.

"Baddeck is always full of Yankee tourists," said the Scotch station master, who had now arrived to begin the day's tasks. He pronounced Baddeck to rhyme with Quebec.

"And in Baddeck lives one of the great scientists of the world," I replied.

"Aye, Alexander Graham Bell." It is impossible to describe the rich accent which a Scot gives to Scotch names. "He has bound the world with telephone wires. The first Canadian airplane made its fight here under his patronage. And now he is maturing a new breed of sheep that will triple the world's supply of mutton and wool."

"Hard at work despite his seventy years," I added.

"Aye. Seventy-three," corrected the station-master.

Cape Breton is the most Scotch part of New Scotland. And these Scots are the children of the highlands. They cling tenaciously to their Gaelic customs, speech and religion. Many are Presbyterians, and many are Romanists. The two churches that have faced each other in the

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Scotch highlands since the days of John Knox face each other in Cape Breton today.

"Do you know the Sidneys?" asked a lady who also awaited the train at Iona.

"Well—yes," I replied. "There was Philip who lost a good coat to gain a red-headed woman's smile. Though I always considered that Sir Philip made a good investment. In fact, I think that the handsomest coat is not worth more than a woman's smile, even a red-headed woman's smile. And then there was Algernon. I have always thought it a calamity that his name was Algernon. It should by all means have been John. He lost his head rather than knuckle to a tyrant, or prove himself false to his conscience. And then there was Mary, the poetess—

"I don't mean men, I mean towns," she interrupted. "Sidney, North Sidney, Sidney Mines, Glace Bay and Sidney Harbor."

"Tell me of them," I replied with enthusiasm; and she did. Coal, steel and iron ore. Enough fuel to supply the demands of a freezing world given labor and transportation. Coal all over the land. Countless millions of tons to be had for the scraping as one scrapes the sands of the sea shore. Coal under the sea with miners at work far beneath the waves while their mates are catching cod in the depths of the ocean above their heads. One might tunnel from Cape Breton to Newfoundland and never leave the rich stratum of coal. And in Newfoundland more coal, and more iron for the scraping. There's a company at work whose capital stock sounds like the national debt of Belgium, and whose sheds look like the State of Rhode Island.

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And these be the barren coasts flung away by France and lost to her by sheer profligacy and indifference. She would risk another world war for a pocket of coal near the Rhine —and all this once was hers. It was of this land that Voltaire flippantly said, "France is well rid of fifteen thousand acres of snow."

Voltaire was brilliant and witty, but his ideas of statecraft were as erroneous as his ideas of religion.

The finger of God has never touched the earth in vain. No land is useless. Wealth is everywhere. The day dawns at last when men discover why God made the bleakest and most unlikely of coasts. He is the Great Economist.

VII. The Warden of the North.

"Into the mists my guardian prows put forth;
  Behind the mists my virgin ramparts lie,
The Warden of the Honor of the North,
  Sleepless and veiled am I."

In these smooth measures Rudyard Kipling gathers a history and description of the metropolis and citadel of New Scotland.

For the most part the inhabitants of Nova Scotia are settled along the fertile valleys that parallel the Bay of Fundy, or in the great coal districts of the extreme north and east. The Atlantic shore is stern, rock-bound, wild and tempest-driven. With the single exception of Halifax the towns of the Atlantic littoral are insignificant, as the farming lands are scant and thin.

Halifax is born of conquest. The French had pinned their faith to Louisbourg. The British, as usual, came after the French. As

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usual, they selected a better site and as usual they were more economical and more practical than their long rivals. Louisbourg on Cape Breton necessitated Halifax on the mainland.

It was from Halifax that James Wolfe sailed in command of his division to the capture of Louisbourg. The iron fence, stout, tall and strong, about Parliament House Square in Halifax, was cast from French cannon that once belched fire and lead from the ramparts of Louisbourg upon the British lion. The hotel in which we lodged was originally erected with stones brought from the finely carved walls of the famous French fortress. These incidents are significant. Halifax is today a rich and thriving city of some 75,000 people; while Louisbourg is a heap of stones, the grazing place of the tethered kine of the poor. Halifax is sprung of the loins of the stubborn British race. Louisbourg is a memory and a ghost—an all but forgotten memorial to Louis XIV.

An old table of sturdy, English oak may still be seen in Halifax. It is black with age and polished like glass. Around it in the cabin of H. B. M. S. "Beaufort" the unborn city was organized and named. It might have been better named. There are two rich tobacco counties, one in Virginia and the other in North Carolina, that were named at about the same time for the same man. The earls of Halifax were an unhallowed family who took their title from a pleasant district in Yorkshire. The second earl was, at the time of which we speak, president of the Board of Trade and Plantations. He was a scheming politician for whom the mantle of charity must be generously used. He was an uncle of that Lord North,

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whose name was execrated by our Revolutionary sires.

Halifax from the first has lived to her destiny. In every conflict since she was begotten she has borne a conspicuous part; although no alien foot has ever trod her ''virgin ramparts.'' When George Washington pushed William Howe out of Boston he retreated to Halifax. After the Revolution some 20,000 Tories left the colonies for Canada. Many of them settled in Halifax, and here their children still abide under the triple cross.

These loyal British folk had their revenge. Their British blood burned within their hearts when H. B. M. S. ''Shannon'' sailed into the harbor leading the U. S. S. ''Chesapeake,'' which had been captured off the coast of Massachusetts. A century has passed since that triumph but it is not forgotten.

This city sent General Robert Ross forth to Chesapeake Bay. He burned the City of Washington, but met his fate at Baltimore. To Halifax they bore him in his shroud.

The Confederate cruiser ''Tallahassee'' refitted here during our Civil War. She neatly slipped to sea while three powerful Federal battleships watched in vain for her exit. But the last great war left the deepest scar.

I walked upon the formidable ramparts of the citadel above the town to watch the great, red sun sink in the clear, Canadian sky. There I met an aged man bent, worn and feeble.

''Where is Dalhousie University? Where the beautiful Public Gardens? Where is the unfinished Anglican cathedral?'' I asked of him. He pointed out these and other places of interest over the tree tops.

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"And why are so many families living in those baracks?"

"Do you not know?" he answered in a tone of surprise, "that the city has not been rebuilt since the explosion? The barracks, you see, are built upon the commons given by King George II. to the city when it was founded. It was formerly a park and a parade ground; and it will be again, no doubt, some day."

"It was December 9, 1917, that a steamer loaded with deadly T. N. T. collided in the Narrows yonder with a battleship. The explosion was frightful. All the houses to the north were demolished as though they had been built of cards. For miles around all glass was broken, doors were flung from their hinges —oh, I could not begin to describe the destruction, devastation and death that resulted in a moment of time," he added wearily.

"Do you see those wooded hills about three miles to the west? In the forest over there is an anchor weighing I know not how many tons. It was whirled across the city, and it lies there half-buried to this day."

"And were you here when the explosion took place?" I asked. There was a long pause after my question; so long that I thought the aged man had not heard, but at last he said:

"I am a musician, and a violin-maker. I have lived here thirty-five years. I was at work that morning in the shop. The clock had just struck 9. I had a chisel in my right hand. The explosion whirled me sixteen feet over a table, and against the wall. The chisel was driven through the palm of my left hand and I was pinned to the wall. You see the scar. I have not played a note since and will never

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play again. I tore my hand loose and climbed out of the debris. The first thing I saw in what had been the street was a woman screaming. A piece of glass had cut off half her face." There was a long silence. I watched the setting sun.

"All day long," he took up the narrative again, "they brought the dead and wounded and laid them on these green slopes. There was no snow. Strong men, delicate women, little children, wounded, bleeding, delirious, unconscious, dead. All day and all night the physicians and surgeons went among them without rest or food or sleep. It seemed like everyone was dead or wounded. And the next day a fierce blizzard came. The weak froze to death as they lay before they could be carried to shelter. Oh, sir, it was awful, awful."

His voice choked and his lips quivered as those ghastly scenes passed again before him in all their vivid reality. I stood quietly, silently by. At last he found his voice.

"My son was a fine, strong lad just turned twenty-three. They laid him here on the grass. I found him at last. As soon as I saw him I knew he was dead. There was not a scar on his body, not a drop of blood on his uniform. He was a sailor, you know."

There was another long pause. The disc of the sun just touched the blue horizon.

"And the next day they dug under the timbers of her home and found my daughter. She was dead; and her baby was clasped to her bosom, dead—both dead!"

The tears rolled down the old man's withered cheeks and dropped one by one on the soft, green grass. My heart went out to him

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in his weakness and his heart-broken sorrow, I murmured the familiar line

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Yes. Yes, I know that, too. I am reconciled—now," he said.

As he spoke the old man arose. He turned his uncertain steps to the steep path that leads down the hillside to the town. He would have no assistance. I watched him grow slowly indistinct in the gathering shadows. The sun had entirely slipped away. The fogs were rising and part of the city was already obscured.

"The day is almost done," I said.

VIII. The Northwest Arm.

Despite seventeen decades of war and bloodshed it is the future and not the past to which the Haligonians look with confidence. Halifax faces the rising sun, metaphorically as well as literally. Her magnificent harbor, reputed one of the finest in the world, opens to the east. It is never blocked with ice despite its far northern situation. Halifax is some 600 miles nearer the crowded marts of Europe than any other continental city. And in these far northern latitudes the trans-Atlantic voyage is considerably shortened by the converging longitudinal lines.

The rocky cape at the city's end is called Point Pleasant. Here great cables dive under the ocean to rise again on the shores of Ireland.

The most ancient church in Halifax, and one of the most influential, is St. Matthew's Pres-

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byterian. It was founded by the Scots with the city in 1749. The oldest Anglican church is St. Paul's, which still remains in the heart of the city. Unfortunately St. Paul's is built of wood. The interior of its ancients walls is covered with mural tablets. Some of them speak in glowing terms of English and Canadian nobility; some of the great commanders of army and navy; many recall the virtues of beloved if not distinguished dead, and not a few recall those who walked in the humble lanes of life.

The English church is building an immense cathedral of native granite. The choir and nave have been completed. A cathedral is really not interesting without the double attraction of age and historic distinction. Time will touch this great, blue church with his yellow finger soon enough, and the stalwart sons of British sires may be trusted to add the latter.

Royalty has played an interesting part in Halifax. They tell of William Henry, second son of George III, afterward William IV, who was stationed here for a time when he was merely the Duke of Clarence. The gallant duke was a bit too familiar with the pretty daughter of a tavern-keeper, and a British tar, who was in love with the girl, gave his future sovereign a black eye—democratic discipline doubtless deserved.

King George's third son, Edward, Duke of Kent, erected a large wooden clock on the edge of town near the citadel which has for more than a century struck the quarter-hours of fleeting time. William and Edward had no idea that the Crown and succession to the

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Crown would ever come to them. Their elder brother, George, was regent; and his daughter, the princess Charlotte, stood next to her father. But the young princess died and her parents were divorced. The old king was helpless and insane most of the time. So the whole question was brought prominently forward. The royal dukes returned to England in haste. William Henry selected Adelaide and Edward married a very poor but very aristocratic German widow, Victoria. The two brothers were married the same day and received the parental blessing. Edward and Victoria had been previously married in Germany, but they thought a second wedding would do no harm; and no doubt it was a wise precaution, for they became the parents of Queen Victoria.

In the days of slavery Halifax was a prominent terminus of the so-called "underground railway," by which slaves from the southern plantations secured their freedom. Here they also found political and, in a way, a kind of social equality, as intermarriage, while rare, is not unknown. I was interested to observe what progress the negroes had made in a century with all these circumstances in their favor. I found, however, that the colored section of Halifax was as squalid and the inhabitants as thriftless and indolent as those of any Southern city. They live in dilapidated tenements with their dogs, "mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound and cur of low degree." That my observation was correct I quote a distinguished Nova Scotian who says: "Nova Scotia was the favorite asylum of colored refugees and their descendants. I do not think

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they have degenerated. On the whole they form a dirty, good-humored, retrograde feature of the population.''

It was the afternoon of a Saturday uncommonly fine. The sun was warm, the air cool and crisp. After many hours of close application in a library I sauntered to a street corner determined to take the first car that came let it carry me where it list. This is a luxury one may enjoy only in a totally strange city, when alone, and with plenty of time on one's hands. The little tram soon appeared. It was labelled ''North West Arm.'' How very interesting! I should now discover that part of the anatomy of Halifax. The car executed some marvelous twists and turns. It made its noisy way down narrow streets, around seemingly impossible curves, and up seemingly impossible hills. My confidence in the sturdy little tram ripened into admiration. It gradually dawned upon me that this particular car was very popular—too popular in fact for real comfort. They crowded in from every corner. There were young men in purple neckties and pale green socks, who had their kodaks and sweethearts along. There were good, substantial citizens a trifle gray over the ears with their stout wives and numerous clinging progeny. There were fat babies in nodding pink ribbons—and blue. There were old ladies who must needs be assisted into the tram with great care. And there were, of course, the inevitable swarm of half-fledged striplings with soiled caps, torn stockings, shining faces and plenty of humor and vitality. All the extra space—and there was none—was filled with lunch baskets of varied shapes and sizes, but every

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one of them stocked to the limit of its ample capacity.

"What can it be?" I asked of my ignorant self. "An excursion? A Sunday-school picnic? A county fair? Let be what it will, I shall see this thing through. How fortunate that I took a car marked 'North West Arm' and not 'South West Leg.'"

The tram stopped with an emphatic jerk as much as to say, "Here we are." Out filed the lovers, the kodaks, the pale green socks, the market baskets, the babies and infirm old ladies. Out filed a stranger at the end of the procession. Down a steep hill plunged the merry procession. Down the steep hill followed a silent stranger. To a wharf by the side of blue waters came the procession, and into the ferry they stepped. To and into followed the stranger.

"This ferry to the Tower," said the ferryman.

"To the Tower let it be," replied the stranger.

The North West Arm is an arm of the sea, as blue as sapphire, as salt as ocean, as calm as a lake, that is insinuated between wooded hills and caresses Halifax with a close, perpetual embrace. No wonder the Haligonians love the North West Arm.

The tower is Cabot's Tower, a lofty campanile of blue granite that rises from a forested knoll by the side of the Arm. It is a memorial to colonial self-government. There are tablets and stones from all parts of Canada and the empire built into the walls of the Tower.

To the top the stranger climbed and looked

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down upon the azure waters. The Arm was covered with boats—hundreds and hundreds of them. Every craft that floats seemed to be there, except battleships and passenger vessels. There were canoes, with paddles and sails, punts, launches of all sizes, sculls, skiffs, dories, cat-boats, piroques, barges, lighters, schooners, shells, single and double, and even a revenue cutter bedecked with flags. Every craft was filled to overflowing with fair ladies, gallant gentlemen, strong rowers, dripping bathers. Bands were playing, flags were flying, and laughter and song floated far up to Cabot's blue tower. It was a regatta. Again I blessed the tram marked "North West Arm."

"Was O. Henry any kin to Patrick Henry?" asked a gentleman in the lobby of the hotel. "Both were from the States."

"O. Henry's name was Sidney Porter. He was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, during the trying days of our Civil War. He wandered to Texas in his early years and had experiences there that make one doubt the justice of justice. As a journalist he had many ups and downs, mostly downs. He drifted to New York, which is the scene of many of his stories. The flotsam and jetsam of the great metropolis suggested innumerable plots and romances to his teeming brain."

"His style is vivid, his action rapid, and his sympathies ready and real. He touches his characters with the hands of a master. Bank presidents and office boys, beautiful women and shop girls with their beaux and chewing gum, millionaires in their limousines and tramps that sleep on the park benches—all jostle one another in his broad horizon. He

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was a careless writer in a way; independent of accepted literary standards, and fearless of the critics who have been kinder since his death. O. Henry is different from all others. He struck an original path. He died about ten years ago, the greatest master of the short story in the world.''

''I have his book 'Cabbages and Kings'—queer name, isn't it?'' said my friend.

''It is a queer name and he took it from a queer little nursery rhyme. It is one of the few stories that I have ever read in which the author plays the curiosity of the reader to the end, as a sportsman plays a game fish before he lands him.''

My friend turned to the pages illumined by the genius of O. Henry. The little rhyme the book has made famous ran irresistibly through my memory until I seized and mutilated it to my purpose—

''Your task is done,'' the Walrus said,
''Speak not of other things,
Of ships, of shops, historic facts,
Of cod-fish and of kings.''

The End.

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