

after having finally consented to take the oath of allegiance without restriction are told that "*as there was no reason to hope their proposed compliance proceeded from an honest mind and could be esteemed only the effect of compulsion and force and is contrary to a clause in an act of Parliament, I., George II., Chap. 13, whereby persons who have once refused to take oath cannot be afterwards permitted to take them, but considered as Polish Recusants.*" Therefore, they would not be indulged with such permission. And they were thereupon *ordered into confinement*".

And now begins in earnest the sad drama of deportation. There is no other event in history, ancient and modern, which has such a setting of tears. It is a new world tragedy whose memory will go out but with the heart of man.

The transports are lying in the waters, the Acadians are ordered to convene in their church, whose consecrated aisles are desecrated by a brutal and blasphemous soldiery. It is Sunday, when peace and prayer were wont to hover over the village of Grand Pré! From the steps of the altar Winslow reads the forged order purporting to come from His Majesty, the King of England, ordering the people of Grand Pré into exile—"exile without an end and without an example in story".

I will let the poet Longfellow tell of the embarkation of the poor Acadians as they turned their faces away from their happy and peaceful homes to go they knew not whither :

"There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their
[children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste and reflux ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shores the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the wellknown bars of the farm-yard,
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milk maid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the Church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows."