

blood, dwellings were burned, property and cattle destroyed, families rendered destitute, and many other outrages were committed without stint. The Acadians, if they did not take an active part in all these monstrosities, stood quietly by and signified their approval. They were influential among the savages, and could have prevented many of the outrages had they been so disposed. But instead of acting as British subjects, they were sending deputies to Halifax with petitions, signed by hundreds of their people, begging the privilege to leave the country with their personal effects, refusing to take the oath of allegiance, and evincing their displeasure that the English wished to settle among them.

It has been asserted and generally believed that the English were avaricious and desirous of possessing their lands. But the archives have nothing to substantiate any such affirmation. The Acadians held letters patent from King George, which secured their lands to them and their heirs forever. The Colonial Government was assiduous in its efforts to induce them to remain and be a benefit to the Province. It dealt with them as an indulgent parent deals with refractory children—leniently, persuasively, yet with a show of annoyance. It sought to open their eyes to the fact that they were being misguided by the French, "who had not their real interest at heart." It sought to show them how greatly they would be benefited, they had the only cultivated lands in the Province and they could have enriched themselves by disposing of their cattle and produce at Halifax. They were told how foolish it would be to abandon their rich alluvial marshes, their broad fertile meadows, their flourishing grain fields after the years of labour they had expended upon them. "This Province is your country," said Cornwallis, in one of his addresses to the deputies; "you and your fathers have cultivated it; naturally you ought yourselves to enjoy the fruits of your labour. Such was the desire of the king our master. You know that we have followed his orders. You know that we have done everything to secure to you, not only the occupation of your lands, but the ownership of them forever."

Such words were not without effect, and on several occasions the affable Cornwallis had the deputies so nearly conciliated that "they went home promising great things." But here it ended. Once home and under the old influences they were as pertinacious as before. They forgot their avowals to Cornwallis. They made not the slightest effort to change the attitude of their people. Hostilities continued, and discontent was always deduced from their memorials. Could they have realized how patiently King George dealt with them, no doubt their aversion to him would have given way to loyalty. But they were under influences which prevented any such understanding, much less compromise. We have seen that a conspiracy was formed against the English. We have seen that La Loutre was in league with La Jonquière. The intrigue meant that every priest in the Province, and every French official between Louisbourg and Quebec, were to be united in a common cause. It meant that the Acadians and the Indians were to be pitched against the English in a perfidious feud, while the actual instigators directed the insurgents, furnished supplies and kept out of sight. If suspicion pointed to the conspirators, they should assume an air of injured innocence and declare themselves irresponsible. They should exonerate themselves by throwing the entire blame upon the insurgents and allowing them to suffer the consequences. In fact, they should use their easily deluded people as the tools with which to knock down British enterprise, and if the tools were broken in the attempt, it was of little import to them. The loss of Acadia had been a sore blow to the French, and by keeping the Indians and Acadians loyal to King Louis, they hoped eventually to retake it. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle prevented them from going to war, but they were perfidious enough to incite another party to commit outrages in their behalf, which they dared not attempt themselves.

Naturally, the Council at Halifax sought to suppress these animosities by the most effective means possible. The garrisons were strengthened, and companies of volunteers were organized to hunt down and destroy the savages. A premium of £10 sterling was offered for every Indian either captured or killed, and it is a wonder the whole nation of Micmacs was not entirely blotted out of existence. But the Acadians were dealt with in a manner more humane. Their guns were taken from them, and it was insisted upon that they should take the oath without further delay. But they could not be subdued. They would not recognize coercion of any form, and laws of regulation coming before them, if deviating from their stupid views of freedom, generally met with scornful derision. In their petitions to the succeeding Governors of the Province, there was always prevalent a disposition to dictate their own terms, rather than submit to what was demanded of them. They vauntingly declared their neutrality, refused point blank to take the oath of allegiance and preferred leaving the country to proclaiming themselves loyal to Britain. There is not the slightest doubt that in this state of aversion they were sustained by their priests, who were indefatigable in teaching them to regard the English with suspicion. The Abbé La Loutre was so enthusiastic in his hatred of the English that he urged on his savages, paid them heavily for every scalp they took, and on many occasions influenced not a few Acadians to disguise themselves in the red man's attire and assist in his murderous attacks. When the Indians raided the village of Dartmouth and murdered a number of its inhabitants, an Acadian named Beau-Soleil, led the way. When Major Lawrence attempted to establish a fort on the Chignecto isthmus, and was fired upon by the Indians, a number of

Acadians were found among the insurgents. And when Fort Beauséjour was finally reduced by the English, under General Moncton, "three hundred Acadians were found in the fort with arms in their hands, in open rebellion against the British Crown." Yet, despite their indifference to the sufferings of the English, they were protected by laws that made it criminal for any of the soldiers to annoy them. Now and again a soldier was whipped for stealing from them, and he would have been as quickly hanged for murdering them as were the Indians now and then who were brought captives into the settlement. This exhibition of leniency was in consequence of the hope entertained by the Council of finally conciliating them. But it proved of no avail. They remained prejudiced and refractory until the patience of the Government was exhausted.

No doubt, the reader of "Evangeline" has ever entertained the belief that these people were "simple Acadian farmers," who "dwelt together in love," in "homes of peace and contentment;" but the records have nothing to sustain the impression. Their simplicity was extraordinary, it is true; but this was due to ignorance and a lack of ambition. They were indifferent to the world's progress. They were ignorant of the great changes which had occurred between the nations. They knew not their mother country, once so prosperous under Richelieu, had become debauched under a succession of frivolous kings. They knew not that the way was being paved for contention and revolt. They knew not that the peasantry had been ground down to the degradation of slavery. They had not the slightest conception of the tumults, the riotings, the fierce and contumacious bickerings that should finally culminate in the most barbarous revolution the world has ever known. Had they been told of the true state of affairs, they would have given the information little, if any, credence. They thought of France as they had left her and they were intensely loyal to King Louis. They could not realize that, by the treaties of Utrecht and Aix-la-Chapelle, their Province had been finally and irrevocably ceded to Great Britain, and that they were absolved from the French King forever. In the first treaty, those who wished to leave the Province and get away from British influence had been granted a year's time in which to do so; but they had remained, and by the time the second treaty was signed they had been in the Province and under the British flag for thirty odd years. Yet they could not understand that they were British subjects, and it was ever the disposition of the priests to keep them in ignorance, that they might continue French at heart.

Unlike the description of the poem, their "perfect harmony" was discordant on many occasions, for, when the actual truth is known, they were a quarrelsome people. "Disturbances were common among them, for they were often at variance with one another over the boundaries of their lands." Aside from these failings, however, they were, as a general rule, economical and industrious. They cultivated their lands with every success. Their farms were situated in the beautiful Annapolis valley, on the banks of the Gasperean and about the Basin of Mines, and consisted principally of rich alluvial marshes which they had reclaimed from the tides by dyking. Their produce was not so very much unlike our own of the present day, and it grew in abundance. They also gave some attention to fishing and hunting. But in this latter pursuit there was something so alluring that in many instances men were enticed to the forest, where they lived with the Indians as *Coueurs du Bois*, and planned many an onslaught against the English. They were very useful tools in the hands of the priests; but they always served as a two-edged sword. They not only harassed the English but they drew upon themselves and their less offending brethren the vengeance of a whole nation.

The mutterings of another war between France and England were growing more distinct and startling. That war was to settle the question of English supremacy in America. In a Province filled with such treacherous subjects as the Acadians had proven themselves, the question of ascendancy was dubious. Under the generalship of the French the insurgents might easily annihilate the colony, and thereby dislodge the only footing the English had upon Canadian soil. When we remember that since the treaty of Utrecht, in 1773, Nova Scotia had been recognized as a British Province, that thirty-five years later it was again acknowledged as such in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and that it was now occupied chiefly by British born Acadians, who were acting the part of rebellious subjects, we realize at once how necessary it became to dispose of them, in such a manner as to prevent their alliance with the more formidable enemy. After carefully considering the matter, it occurred to the Colonial Government that wholesale expatriation would prove the most effective safeguard. If distributed among the colonists of the Atlantic seaboard, the Acadians could harm no one, and would eventually become loyal and useful subjects. It was a sad conclusion, but under the circumstances the authorities saw no alternative; still they were not hasty. Col. Lawrence, who had by this time succeeded to the Governorship, gave them one more opportunity. He was not so lenient, however, as his predecessors had been, and after admonishing the Acadians of their misdeeds, and of the gentle way in which they had been dealt with heretofore, he required them to either take an unqualified oath of allegiance, or suffer the consequences. In an insulting reply, they gave him to understand that the consequences were the more preferable. Apparently they could not believe that anything serious would occur. They had opposed the oath so long with impunity, that they con-

sidered defiance their safeguard. Imagine the indignation of the British Government at this bold affront. It was like a jackal snapping at a lion, until the king of beasts, exasperated beyond control, sweeps its tormentors out of existence with a blow of its mighty paw.

In this final decision the Acadians reached the climax of their foolhardiness. In refusing to take the oath, they threw away their brightest opportunity of becoming a prosperous people. It would have been the best thing that could have happened to the settlers of the Province had the Acadians taken the oath and calmed down into peaceable subjects. But it was not to be. They were doomed to wholesale expulsion. They had served the French faithfully, only to find themselves forsaken in their time of need. Before the winter came they were removed from their homes and carried to far distant climes. The colony of Halifax prospered, but the Acadians, the broken tools of the French Government, were doomed to the greatest misfortune, perhaps, that has ever befallen a people.

MALCOLM W. SPARROW.

Toronto, April 20th, 1889.

### NIGHT'S MYSTERY.

Oh, mystery of night! whose shadows fall  
Noiseless and deep, to quench the sunset's glow!  
Fold all thy shadowy robes about the day,  
And bid sweet silence hush all things below.

Shower from thy wings the silver stars of light,  
To sparkle in the cloudless depths of blue;  
And pour the golden radiance of the moon,  
On tree and flower—to rival sunset hue.

Come with thy sweet enchantress, restful sleep,  
To breathe repose on wearied brain and heart;  
And lead us to the fairy land of dreams  
Where flowers never fade, nor joys depart.

From thy weird halls steal forth faint murmurings  
Of other worlds, whose import we would know;  
But vain our hope to catch the heavenly notes  
Our ears are dulled with time's unceded flow.

When first the morning stars sang to the earth,  
Did they reveal the secret of thy course?  
Have the fleet winds that wander through the clouds  
Ne'er whispered of the mystery of thy source?

Thy face is beautiful, yet dread, oh, night!  
Love claims thee for his own, yet so doth hate;  
And pleasure holds high revel at thy noon,  
But death and sorrow on thy footsteps wait.

We cannot read thy message, veiled and dim,  
But when time's shadows flee—as that dark cloud  
Was light to Israel—thou wilt stand revealed  
Sister of light, with glory full endowed.

Halifax, N.S., February, 1889.

S. P. M.

### THE ROMANCE OF ADELE HUGO.

TRUTH MORE THRILLING THAN FICTION.

MR. ROBERT MOTTON, the stipendiary magistrate of Halifax, was for a long time a prominent lawyer in active practice in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He was chiefly distinguished as a criminal lawyer, and many stirring incidents of real life have marked his long professional career. One dramatic story, owing to its superior historic interest, is worthy of being made public.

One morning in the year 1866 Mr. Motton was seated in his law office as usual, when his clerk announced a visitor waiting to see him. On being shown in, Mr. Motton observed a tall lady, apparently young, and closely veiled. After the usual salutations she was invited to a seat. Upon her lifting her veil a remarkably handsome face was revealed, complexion dark, a Roman nose, jet-black hair inclined to be wavy, and eyes of piercing brightness which would burst into flame at the first touch of passion.

After a little preliminary conversation, Mr. Motton discovered that his interesting client had called to consult him professionally upon a matter of considerable delicacy. Halifax, as is generally known, is a garrison town—now the only garrison town in Canada. At that time there were some regiments of British regulars stationed there, together with detachments of artillery and engineers. One of these regiments was the Sixteenth of the line, which had been ordered to Halifax towards the end of 1861, on the occasion of the threatened difficulty between Great Britain and the United States over the Trent affair. One of the officers of that regiment was a certain Lieutenant Albert Andrew Pinsen, of the second battalion. It was in relation to this young officer that the tall and veiled lady had called to consult Mr. Motton.

Before proceeding with the object of her visit, it may be well to make the reader acquainted with the young lady. She gave her name as Miss Lewly, and that was the name by which she was known in Halifax. But her real name was Adèle Hugo, and she was the favourite daughter of the great French poet and patriot, Victor Hugo. This narrative might not be without passing interest in the case of any young woman, but it derives its chief importance from being associated with the daughter of one