

their chief down, were always their warm allies. When their treasury was full they would buy game and fish from the Micmacs, and wash their savory dinners down with good French wines. When it was empty they would make the best of their lean fortunes, and with gun and fishing rod, on the wooded hills and in the tide-swept river, find their own provisions. When De Monts would come back after some unsuccessful voyage to remoter parts of his domain, with broken rudder and torn sail, Lescarbot would decorate the fort with laurel and make a

jewelled collar and with other insignia of office presided, at the evening's close gracefully choosing his successor and pledging him in sparkling wine.

"A gay and gallant company,
Those voyagers of old,
Whose life in the Acadian fort
Lescarbot's verse has told."

After 1710, the history of Acadia is that of an English colony, but as in conquered Quebec, the history of an English colony, a large part of whose inhabitants looked to the country of the Bourbon, not of the Stuart or Hanoverian monarchs,



The Graveyard at Annapolis Royal. — The oldest in America.

poem in the noble explorer's praise. When Father Biard converted the old centenarian chief, Membertou, whose heart had been completely won to these Frenchmen by their generous hospitality and the deference they showed his age and rank, they made his baptism on the shore of the basin an imposing ceremony, and with the echoing woods behind them sang the church's *Te Deum* loud and clear. The second winter they spent at Port Royal, Champlain founded the famous *Ordre de Bon Temps*, at whose feasts each of the *bon vivant* brotherhood in turn took the office of steward, and in

as their fatherland. The chapter of Acadian history most widely known treats of a time from forty to forty-five years later than the final British conquest under Nicholson and Vetch, when the *habitants* of Grand Pré, Pisiquid, Beau Séjour, and Port Royal were forcibly removed by the agents of the British Government,—Winslow, Murray, Monckton and Handfield,—and scattered as homeless exiles along the American coast from Maine to Georgia. The incidents connected with the removal of the Acadians from Grand Pré have often been told in song and story, and the story has lost none of its pathos in