

empty into Cumberland Basin. These were times when there were many apprehensions entertained by the British authorities in Port Royal and Halifax as to the good faith of the large settlements of Acadian French which had in the course of a hundred and fifty years established themselves in the most fertile section of the Province. Under these circumstances the erection of Fort Beau Séjour, in the vicinity of Beaubassin, one of the most important French Acadian settlements, near the site of Amherst, induced Major Lawrence to send a British force to the Isthmus of Chignecto and build another fort on the opposite side of the river, and which was named after the Governor himself. Then, in the course of a few months, ensued a series of hostilities between the French and English, but the final result was the destruction of the Village of Beaubassin and the capture of Beau Séjour, which was then named Fort Cumberland—a name which has since been given to a large and prosperous country. With the history of every French fort in Acadia the name of some famous Frenchman is intimately associated. The heroism and perseverance of De Pourtincourt and La Tour threw a halo of romance around the early annals of Acadia. The name of Le Lontre, for some years one of the French missionaries, can never be forgotten in any sketch of the history of Beaubassin and Beau Séjour. His enemies describe him—and no man in Acadia had more enemies among the British—as a compound of craft and cruelty, and it is quite certain that he hated the English and resorted to every means, whether fair or foul, to prevent their successful settlement of Acadia. That beneath his black robe beat the courageous heart of a soldier, the following incident of the siege of Beau Séjour shows full well:—When the commandant, Vergor, was almost driven to despair by the perils which threatened him, Le Lontre alone appears to have preserved that composure which, to do him justice, never deserted him

in the hour of danger; and day after day he walked on the ramparts, smoking his pipe, and urging the men to renewed exertions, though the bullets whistled all around him. It is truly said, had the spirit of the *habitans* been always equal to that of their priest, Beau Séjour would not have fallen as soon as it did.

The country around the old forts presents a charming combination of pastoral and water scenery. Here, too, is a large expanse of marsh land, where some of the fattest cattle of America find a bounteous pasture, and the farmers grow rich in the course of a few years. The landscape presents a vast sea of verdure, relieved by the Cobequid mountains in the distance, by glimpses of the sea, by clusters of white houses, and by placid rivers which wind through a country where nature has been most lavish of its gifts. No traces now remain of Fort Lawrence; a little cottage is said to stand on its exact site; but we can still see ruins of Fort Cumberland a short distance off, across the stream. It is in the shape of a pentagon, or fort of five bastions, which once mounted thirty or forty guns of large calibre. We can see the remains of the old barracks, and the cannon which did service for both the French and English in old times. The casemates are still in a good state of preservation, for they were made of solid brickwork. The magazine is outside of the walls, on the seaward side, and is a substantial building. Every spot of ground has its historic associations. As we passed, a summer ago, into one of the casemates, we recollected the story of the havoc made by a British shell which came directly through the opening and killed several French officers, as well as an Englishman, whilst they were seated at breakfast. Treachery, according to tradition, was at the bottom of this tragedy. The tradition is that a Frenchman, having some design of vengeance to carry out against his officers, had directed the British in the fort opposite how to aim