

whom God's sun had shone for the last time. Delirious with excitement, their barbarous conquerors could hardly wait for the tardy night to consummate their unhallowed joy. A stake was at once sunk on the opposite bank of the Alleghany, whither the crew repaired, the prisoners lost in dumb sorrow at the surprising fate which they now began to comprehend. Here, one by one, they were given to the most cruel and lingering of deaths. Bound to the post under the eyes of their remaining comrades and of the French garrison who crowded the ramparts to behold the scene, they were slowly roasted alive. Coals from an adjacent fire were first applied to various parts of the victim's person. Sharp splinters of light, dry pine wood were thrust into the flesh and ignited, to consume and crackle beneath the skin, causing the most exquisite tortures. His trunk was seared with red-hot gun-barrels; blazing brands were thrust into his mouth and nostrils; boiling whiskey was poured in flames down his throat, and deep gashes made in his body to receive burning coals. His eye-balls were gradually consumed by the thrusts of pointed sticks or the application of a heated ramrod, and the warrior was prized the most highly who could furthest prolong sensibility in his prey and extract a renewed cry of anguish from the wretch who had almost ceased to suffer—his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips—willing to take its leave, but not suffered to depart. The last expedient was generally to scalp the poor creature, and on his bare palpitating brain flash gunpowder, or throw a handful of live ashes.'

Let us imagine the influence upon men's minds of such a calamity as this. To the first stunning effect followed a clenching of the teeth, a determination of all brave and patriotic men to spend their fortunes and their lives to redeem the disaster. Poor Braddock, dying, gently murmured,

'Well, who would have thought it, we must be prepared and beat them another time.' And herein, at least, every British heart beat in unison with his.

Meantime, at Beauséjour, the British were successful. A French priest, Le Loutre, who had spent his life in attending more to politics, in keeping alive the disaffection of the Acadians, was the ruling spirit of the siege. When they were asked to join the French troops, the first who came forward said, they were willing to bear arms for the French, but for their security they must have positive orders to arm and defend the fort under pain of serious punishment in case of disobedience. This the commandant complied with, sending orders to the effect to all the captains of militia. After the capture of the place, Col. Moncton ordered the Acadians to come into the fort. He offered them pardon on condition of their taking the oath of allegiance; they gave up their arms but refused the oath.

If we now take up Murdoch's History of Nova Scotia as a guide, it will soon lead us to the termination of this long paper.

At the Governor's house in Halifax (which had been founded in 1749, and was at once made the seat of government), were read memorials from the Acadians regarding the return of their arms. The commandant at Fort Edward, through whom they were delivered, said that for some time they had been civil and obedient, but at the delivery of the memorial to him, they had treated him with indecency and insolence. The Halifax people thought they had received information of a French fleet being in the Bay of Fundy—as any hope of French assistance led them to display an insolent and unfriendly feeling. The signers of the memorial were asked to come as a deputation to Halifax. On their doing so, after some preliminary conversation, they were asked to take the oath of allegiance, but they replied they were not come prepared to answer on this