

it practically and really an English province. The fleet sailed from Boston harbor, and on arrival near their destination was joined by a force of British regulars under Col. Moncton, who took command of the whole. The negotiations with the English government and preparation of the expedition had been conducted with so much care that the occupants of the fortress were surprised at the appearance of the enemy. Their consternation quickly extended to the Acadians who, with instinctive French predilections, required only a threat from the commandant of the French forces to lead many to cast their fortunes with them. Not knowing what was really involved, believing their all to be in peril at the hands of practical freebooters, they accepted the only apparent chance for self-preservation. Rendered desperate by the gloomy outlook, some three hundred joined the troops in the fort, while many, being undecided to the last moment what was best to do, finally hid their families in the woods and fought the invader from any cover they could find. Heroic but mistaken purpose, idle effort; the hand of fate was upon them, they struggled against destiny.

The fort surrendered after feeble resistance, and the misguided Acadians were at the mercy of the English who, having granted them neutrality, now pronounced them traitors.

With mock generosity they pardoned this grave offense, but there awaited them a doom no less grievous. It is this doom at which every sentiment of humanity revolts against stamping the perpetrators as men worthy the brand of Cain. No claim of precedent, no plea of national policy can be made to hide the infamy of that at which the hearts of all good men rebel. Precedent does not palliate wanton