

Some of those people, then very old, had been nursed by their mothers all through the long, weary way, as in terror they fled they knew not where.

These sorrowful stories were so burned into my young heart, that in my after-journeyings through the province I have eagerly listened to repetitions by their descendants, who tell, with touching pathos, the incidents handed down in families, from generation to generation. The length of time that has elapsed makes it impossible to now give primitive exactitude, and, therefore, this record must bear somewhat the form of legends of my native village where my story begins.

Going backward more than a century, eastern Canada was a trackless wilderness. It was 1755 or 1756 when a few families were seen wending their way through it; all victims of the same misfortune, who, for some cause, now unknown, halted on the banks of the Montreal river, and decided that they were now sufficiently hidden, and might venture to there establish a home.

It was a curious but not unnatural fancy, that the exiles usually named any new place they might decide to occupy, after some one that was dear to them in the land from which they had been expelled.

This group had found a spot where they determined to begin anew the struggle of life, to try once more what unremitting toil might bring forth, and named it Little Acadia—after their lost country. Thus began a little colony, toward which other fugitives, as if by instinct, worked their weary way. The scenes then occurring there would soften the flintiest heart. The poor unfortunates arrived, one after another, in straggling groups and wholly destitute, seeming like parts of a wreck after a storm, drifted by the winds to the same shore. Fathers,