

and harrow. There are no fences to divide the fields of the different land-owners. The low, flat plain, basking in the warmth of the hazy summer day, is almost as lonely and still as it must have been after Winslow's ships had sailed away with the Acadians. A few scattered cattle are grazing; a solitary labourer swings his scythe; on the mirror-like surface of the basin beyond, a little sail-boat is becalmed.

I doubt if the tides are allowed to wander at will at stated seasons over the meadow, as Mr. Longfellow asserts. The salt-water does not improve the soil, and, now-a-days at any rate, the inhabitants most jealously bar its entrance. They tell of a great upheaval of the waters some years ago, the 'Saxby tide' as it is called, from one who predicted it, when the whole plain was submerged, and cattle and crops and houses were destroyed. The ocean does not enter at any time with the concurrence of the farmers. They have ingeniously constructed gates, called *abadoes* (? à *bas d'eau*), which allow the small streams that intersect the meadow to escape, and close of themselves at the flow of the tide. The dikes are anxiously looked after. An official inspection is made every month, and weak points discovered in the earthen walls are at once strengthened by the united labour of the owners of the reclaimed land.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré!

And indeed the New England soldiers who had the matter in hand did the work of destruction very effectually. A few cellars, which are being gradually filled up, are all that is left to mark the sites of the Acadian houses. Visitors are shown the place where the blacksmith's shop stood—'Basil the blacksmith, who was a mighty man in the village and honoured of all men'—and also the site of the church, and, opposite it on the other side of a former road, the house

of the parish priest. The poor man's cellar and well are the sole relics of what seems once to have been a comfortable homestead. Here Col. John Winslow of Massachusetts, the officer whose business it was to remove the Acadians, quartered himself, apparently with satisfactory results. 'As you have taken possession of the friar's house,' wrote his friend Jedediah Prebble from the camp at Cumberland, 'I hope you will execute the office of priest.' 'I rejoice to hear that the lines are fallen to you in pleasant places, and that you have a goodly heritage. I understand that you are surrounded by the good things of this world, and, having a sanctified place for your habitation, hope you will be prepared for the enjoyments of another.'

In the church opposite—the grain grows on its site now—on the 5th September, 1755, all the male inhabitants of the district from ten years old and upwards, were ordered to assemble by a proclamation of Winslow's. They came at the time appointed, little suspecting the fate that was impending. They were shut into the church and Winslow, rising with the Governor's warrant in his hand, announced the purpose for which they had been assembled. He was not a hard-hearted man. He had written to Governor Lawrence at Halifax that the duty laid upon him, though he felt it to be necessary, was a disagreeable one, and he told his prisoners that it was against his natural make and temper. He reminded them of the long indulgence they had obtained at His Majesty's hands; they themselves best knew what use they had made of it. He had simply to deliver to them His Majesty's orders—that their lands and cattle and all their effects, saving money and household goods, should be forfeited to the Crown, and themselves removed from the Province. So overwhelming a calamity had not presented itself as possible to the Acadians, and we may imagine with what sore am-