

children were frightened at them, the women and the men were annoyed, as by a threatening spectre from the grave, everybody was angry with them, and the poor wretches dragged themselves from village to village, worried and worn out by fatigue, hunger and cold, and a despair that grew at every halting-place. . . .

The wretched Acadians, not knowing whither to go, allowed themselves to be led, and so ended by stranding on the shore of St. Mary's Bay, where lands were granted to them on December 23rd, 1767. Thus, without counting the long tramps they had to undertake to meet together in Boston, they had traversed on foot a distance of about a thousand miles before reaching the end of their journey. . . .

During many subsequent years there were numerous migrations. Acadians arrived from France, from the West Indies, from Louisiana, Canada and the United States; going from one settlement to another in search of a father, a mother, a brother, a relative whose whereabouts they had not yet found. Often death had claimed the long-sought one; sometimes, on the other hand, he that was supposed to be dead was unexpectedly discovered. Slowly the scattered members of one family succeeded, not infrequently, in all getting together once more. Those who were in better circumstances collected their poorer brethren around them; the bereavements of the past were gradually softened by new ties, and finally each group took on the aspect of a distinct and homogeneous community.

LOCATION OF THE ACADIANS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

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Considerably over a century has passed since the meadow lands of Grand Pre witnessed the expulsion of a whole people from the soil which they and their fathers had tilled and loved and cherished; but the years as they have gone have not dulled the interest of humanity in the pathetic story connected with that expulsion. There is a very witchery of fascination about the old and the new Acadian settlements in Nova Scotia. The romance of the past is slumbering there, and stores of historic records are in their possession only waiting to yield themselves to the earnest investigator.¹

The Acadians are not found to-day in their old haunts. The homes that were theirs before the fateful days of the expulsion are theirs no longer. Their old lands are now occupied chiefly by

¹ It might be a matter of inquiry, however, if these records are really in existence, how they could have escaped the scrutiny of Gaudet and other investigators of this interesting subject.—EDITOR.