

the woes of these hapless beings are now lost in the shadows of the past; others are joyously reaping harvests on their obliterated camping grounds, and there hardly remains aught but a few dim traditions of this sublime and sorrowful exodus scattered among the fireside tales of aged Acadians on the Bay of Fundy.

In the wild paths that wound in and out through the interminable forests of Maine, this long line of emigrants walked painfully on. There were small groups of women and children, dragging the slender baggage of misery; while the men, scattering hither and thither, sought in the chase, in fishing, and even in wild roots, something wherewith to feed them. There were very small children, who were hardly able to walk, and were led by the hand, the larger children carrying them from time to time. Many of these unfortunate mothers held an infant in their arms; and the cries of these poor babes were the only sound that broke the gloomy and dismal silence of the woods. . . .

While this sorrowful caravan advanced, some indeed were found whose failing strength refused to carry them any farther; however, all did not succumb, and one after another a few groups remained along the road to form the nuclei of future colonies. It was thus that, on the banks of the river St. John, several families fixed their abode amid the ruins of the settlements formerly occupied by the French in this district. . . .

When the column of exiles, thinned out by the fatigues of the journey, reached the banks of the Petitcodiac, they had been four months on the road. There, at length, they could taste a few moments of repose and consolation. The first to come out at the foot of the wooded mountain-range along this river met there some men, half-hunters, half-husbandmen, who spoke their language, and among whom they were not slow to recognize fellow-countrymen and relatives. . . .

Unfortunately, after this first burst of joy, they had to suffer great heaviness of heart. They had cherished the hope that, away on the other side of the Bay of Fundy, at Beausejour, Beaubassin, Grand Pre, Port Royal, they would find once more their lands, and, perhaps, their houses; that they might be allowed to settle on the farms which were not yet occupied. But they soon realized that all this was a dream. Everything had been allotted to their persecutors, or to new colonists. The great and painful journey they had just made was now useless; they had no longer either home or country. . . .

However, a certain number of them could not believe that all was lost. . . . Fifty or sixty families, men, women and children, once more set out; they rounded the innermost shore of the old Baie Française, which had now become Fundy Bay. Everything was changed; English names, English villages, English inhabitants; wherever they appeared they looked like ghosts come back from a past age; nobody had thought of them for a long time. The