

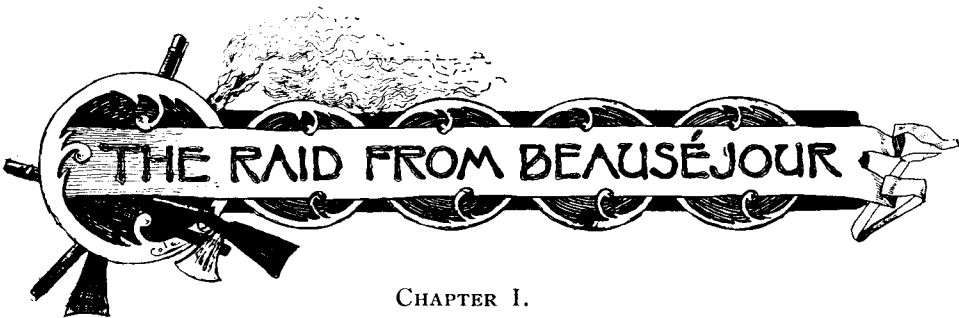


ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA IN THE YEAR 1892, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

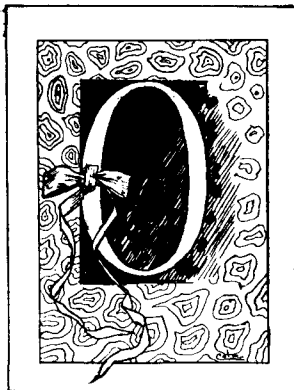
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CHAPTER I.



ON the hill of Beauséjour, one April morning in the year 1750, A.D., a little group of French soldiers stood watching, with gestures of anger and alarm, the approach of several small ships across the yellow waters of Chignecto Bay. The ships were flying British colours. Presently they came to anchor near the mouth of the Missaguash, a narrow tidal river about two miles to the south-east of Beauséjour. There the ships lay swinging at their cables, and all seemed quiet on board. The group on Beauséjour knew that the British would attempt no landing for some hours, as the tide was scarce past the ebb, and half a mile of red mire lay between the water and the firm green edges of the marsh.

The French soldiers were talking in loud, excited tones. As they spoke a tallish lad drew near, and listened eagerly. The boy, who was apparently about six-

teen or seventeen years of age, was clad in the rough, yellow-grey homespun cloth of the Acadians. His name was Pierre Lecorbeau, and he had just come from the village of Beaubassin to carry eggs, milk and cheeses to the camp on Beauséjour. The words he now heard seemed to concern him deeply, for his dark face paled anxiously as he listened.

"Yes, I tell you," one of the soldiers was saying, "Beaubassin has got to go. Monsieur the Abbé has said so. You know, he came into camp this morning about daybreak, and has been shut up with the Captain ever since. But he talks so loud when he's angry that Jacques has got hold of all his plans. His Reverence has brought two score of his Micmacs with him from Cobequid, and has left 'em over in the woods behind Beaubassin. He swears that sooner than let the English establish themselves in the village and make friends with those mutton-head Acadians, he will burn the whole place to the ground."

"And he'll do it, too, will the terrible Father!" interjected another soldier.

"When will the fun begin?" asked a third.

"Oh!" responded the first speaker, "if the villagers make no fuss, and are ready to cross the river and come and