

peculiar character. They were not independent, they were not French subjects, but neither were they ordinary British subjects. They claimed to be 'neutrals,' and by many of them the laws of 'neutrality' were very freely interpreted against the English. As Canada and Cape Breton remained French, in the intermittent warfare between the two powers which followed the treaty, the Acadian 'neutrals' became a source of serious embarrassment to the colonial government. In any outbreak of hostilities the French could count upon gaining information and even active aid from their countrymen in Acadie. The priests also, who by the indulgence of the English Government, were appointed by the Bishop of Quebec, contributed to keep alive the feeling against England as the enemy of Fatherland and Holy Church. Moreover the English colonists were constantly subjected to attack by the Indians, who were the friends of the French, and whose hostility was fanned by the disaffected amongst the 'neutrals.' On the whole the presence of the French settlers was a cause of continual annoyance and trouble to the colonial government, besides being a serious hindrance to the opening up and settlement of the country. When at last a body of young Acadians were taken in arms at Cumberland, where they had joined an invading French force, the authorities at Halifax, out of all patience, determined to eradicate the French from Nova Scotia at a single stroke, and gave the orders which were carried out at Minas in the manner described in the poem.

The scene of 'Evangeline' is in itself not unworthy of the historic and poetic associations which cluster round it. The district of Minas is at the upper end of the Annapolis valley, in the present Township of Horton. The Basin of Minas, celebrated in the poem, appears on the modern maps of Nova Scotia as the 'Basin of Mines,' or 'Mines Basin;' and the Village of

Horton and a railway station called 'Grand Pré'—*Grand Pree* in the dialect of to-day—probably mark the central part of the Acadian village.

The muddy Annapolis flows sluggishly between the North and South mountain ranges of Nova Scotia. It enters the Bay of Fundy at Annapolis Royal, where French and English often met in arms in the old days, and where there is still a mouldering fort, occupied by French and English in turns for many years. The valley of the Annapolis is called the garden of Nova Scotia. It is a good agricultural region, though perhaps it would not be called a garden in a richer country. There is no part of it better than Minas district. As one drives to-day through the pleasant country, so beautifully situated on the sheltered basin, one can readily imagine how attached to their home the Acadian farmers must have been, and with what anguish they must have watched it fade away for ever from their sight. To-day there is an air of prosperity and solid comfort about the whole country-side. The farmers' houses are uniformly large and handsome, overlooking well-cultivated fields and symmetrical rows of vigorous fruit trees.

Five years after the exile of the Acadians, settlers from Connecticut took up the deserted farms. They found ox-carts and the implements of husbandry scattered about the fields, and the bones of cattle which had perished for want of care in the winter. To-day if you enter one of the big comfortable homesteads in Horton, you will probably be received by the grandson or great-grandson of one of these New Englanders, who will give you some facts about the old French village from his scanty store of tradition, and display some relics which the plough has turned up on the sites of Acadian houses.

Probably the person who named 'Wolfville' was a New Englander, and had no sense that there was anything in the name out of harmony