

their houses, that they might be allowed to settle on the farms that 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. These discouraging tidings overwhelmed most of them; they were utterly worn out, and, without seeking to advance, they remained on the very spot to which Providence had led them.

“However, a certain number of them could not believe that all was lost and that they were hopelessly despoiled of those rich lands, formerly wrested from the sea by the laborious skill of their forefathers. Fifty or sixty families, men, women and children, once more set out; they rounded the innermost shore of the old Baie Francaise, which had become Fundy Bay; they visited in turn Beaubassin, Pigiguit, Grand Pré; but Beausejour was now called Cumberland; Beaubassin, Amherst; Cobequid had taken the name of Truro; Pigiguit that of Windsor, and Grand Pré was named Horton; everything was changed. English names, 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 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 last was Port Royal (Annapolis), where the same irritation on the one hand and the same disappointment on the other were repeated.

“Yet, what was to be done with this caravan of poor people in rags, weary unto death, crushed by want and grief? The officers of the garrison adopted the plan of conducting them a little further south, on St. Mary's Bay, the unoccupied shores of which were lined with vast forests. The wretched Acadians, driven to exhaustion and despair by so many misfortunes, not knowing whither to go, allowed themselves to be led and so ended by stranding on this deserted shore, where lands were granted to them on December 23, 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.