

publication in 1849, and then introduces us to the Village of Grand Pré, in September, 1755 :—

" This is the forest primeval ; but where are the hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman ?  
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of the Acadian farmers—  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven ?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever departed !  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October  
Seize them and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the Ocean.  
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré.

" In the Acadian land on the shores of the Basin of Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.

" There, in the midst of farms, reposed the Acadian village ;  
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and chestnut,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.  
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows ; and gables, projecting  
Over the basement below, protected and shaded the doorway.  
There, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset  
Lighted the village street, and gilded the eaves on the chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and kirtles,  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden flax."

And—

" Anon from the belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers—  
Dwelt in the love of God and man. Alike were they free from  
Fear that reigns with the tyrant and envy the vice of republics ;  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows ;  
But their dwellings were open as the day and the hearts of the owners ;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance."

Ten years before this, the Sieur Marin, with a detachment of Canadians and Indians, had been despatched on a mission to Acadia, by the Government at Quebec ; and the result is given us in a letter from Messrs. DeBeauharnois

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