

of the St. Lawrence, very few families protected by their small number and by the remoteness of English settlements, and also by the usual poverty of an uninhabited country.

As to those of the river of Annapolis, they threw themselves in the woods at the first suspicion ; as they had for long time been accustomed to such tactic ; but this time, it was not a passing storm after which one could go back to his fields and raise up again one's wooden house. The English made them a lasting war. One portion of the people of Annapolis were obliged to take refuge, through forests and deserts, with the Savages and some Acadian fishermen scattered along the shores where, poor and unnoticed, they earned their lives. There, during several years, they succeeded in concealing their existence amid anxieties and privations, hiding carefully their small canoes, not daring to till the land, watching with apprehension any english sail, and dividing with their friends, the Indians, the supplies due to fishing and hunting.

The wood land remains yet, but to day under its shade lives a race differing in customs and language. It is only on the dreary and misty shores of the Atlantic that vegetate yet a few Acadian peasants whose fathers came back from exile to die in their native land. In the fisherman's cabin, the spinning wheel and the loom are yet in motion.