

immediately to Halifax, whence he was detailed for service at the fort in question. Here his duty obliged him to take a part in the forced emigration of the prosperous farmers of the Annapolis district,—one of the most fertile and lovely portions of the province, where the French had been settled from the earliest period in the settlement of the country—and the mournful incidents that pressed themselves on his notice, had made a very deep impression upon his mind. When the *habitans* ascertained the fate in store for them, large numbers fled into the woods, and there many perished rather than be taken from the country where they had passed their happy and peaceful lives. Some, more fortunate than the rest, were left to remain in the secret fastnesses of the forest, and managed to live until their cruel masters had sailed; then they stole to their old farms, only perhaps to find their homesteads piles of ashes. Others would build huts in the depths of the wood, and eke out a scanty living from the rivers or from the fruits of the chase until they were able to emerge once more into the old clearings. It was the same sad story at Annapolis as at Grand Pré—that story which an American poet was to tell nearly a century later in undying verse—mothers separated from children, husbands from wives—a whole people, in the enjoyment of all the comfort they wished for, sent out to starve in countries where the language and customs of the people were different from their own. Osborne was young then, and not well schooled in the stern lessons of war-like times, and it was not therefore strange if he sympathized in his heart with the poor *habitans* as they marched amid the ruins of their homesteads, to the boats that awaited by the water's side to carry them to strange and unknown lands. How many of us, in the course of our lives, are obliged, at the dictation of what is called duty, to perform acts which we cannot, reason as we may, reconcile with the generous impulses of our nature.

The weather fortunately kept fine, though the cold of the nights was quite sharp. To Osborne, however, this forced march was at times exceedingly irksome, for the trails were frequently very faint, and led

over brooks and hills, down ravines amid fallen trees and rocks. Now and then they would come to places where the trees would be of large size, and growing at some distance from one another—forming what are now called “intervals”—and here Osborne saw pleasant glades and groves, more resembling those in English parks than any he had yet seen in the country, and was able to walk over a sward, as soft and grateful to the feet as a Turkey carpet; for the leaves of countless trees had there accumulated until they formed a perfect covering for the earth. The trees at this time were being rapidly shorn of their autumnal dress—especially wherever they were exposed to the winds; but in the more sheltered nooks and glens, the maples still wore their richest yellow and scarlet, the birch and beech their golden plumage; the spruce alone remained unchanged—ever verdant when the snows are deepest and the winds the bleakest; in many places, too, arose some stately pine, fit “to be the mast of some great admiral.” At night the scene would be weird-like in the extreme; around the fire would be crowded the savages, smoking their long pipes, and talking in their low monotone. Perhaps they would be camping by the borders of some river or brook, and the murmur of its waters would mingle with the sighing of the wind through the woods. These or the crackling of a pine knot upon the fire would be the only sounds that Osborne would hear, when he would awake suddenly from his feverish sleep and see around him the prone forms of his captors, wrapt in their blankets or furs. Perhaps a little way off he would recognize the bright eyes of some animal—probably of a cunning fox prowling about to steal something from these invaders of his forest haunts.

At last, on the evening of the third day after leaving the river, they saw the gleam of water from a lofty hill over which they were passing, and an hour later they heard the barking of dogs and paths, diverging in different directions showed the presence of an Indian settlement. It was a village of at least a dozen wigwams, arranged in a half moon, at the verge of a little cove, forming part of a large sheet of water. Men were lounging about or lolling