

at the appointed time. Few failed to obey the mandate, as suspicion was disarmed among them, and the orders of the Governor were of vital importance. Seated in their places in respectful and painful expectation, they did not notice that the soldiers were quietly surrounding the building.

This done, the ranking officer in full uniform, representing his imperial majesty of Great Britain, after some preliminaries, read the fatal orders, which were nothing less than that their property was confiscated to the Crown, that all were to be removed from the province, leaving behind everything save such personal effects as could conveniently be carried with them, and that after the moment of the reading, they were prisoners, and with their families doomed to perpetual exile. The ax had fallen at Grand Pre, but not with like success at some of the settlements, especially that of Beau Basin and Annapolis, where suspicions had by some means been aroused, and only a portion reported as ordered. The recusants, fleeing from the horror they faintly imagined, hid with their families in the woods, hoping against fate for something better than their fears had painted.

This awful communication, coming like a thunderbolt, so appalled the prisoners that they doubted what they heard, but all became too plain for doubt when they saw the stern sentry at the doors and beyond them the guard under arms. Then their strong hearts bowed under the weight of wretchedness. Instantly passed before them as in a panorama, their homes, their families, and every sacred associated tie suddenly wrenched from them; their fertile fields and well filled barns, their herds grazing on the plains, to them blotted out forever. Anguish rent every heart; they were worse than free outcasts on the face of the earth.