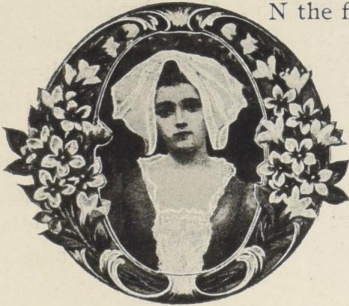


Acadie—Past and Present



ON the fifth of September in the year 1755, an Acadian, living on what is now College land, left his home and wended his way toward the little village of Grand Pré, on the shores of the Basin of Minas. Not only one but many, in fact all the male inhabitants of the Acadian land were taking their way thither, in answer to a summons from the governor for all to assemble in the village church. Everybody was asking the occasion for the meeting; everybody was wondering what the proclamation would be. Surroundings were strange to them. True, the meadows were still green, the willows still stood out in bold relief against Blomidon rising far to the northward, the mists from the mighty Atlantic looked on the valley as of yore, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean still spoke in accents disconsolate, and yet a feeling of dread seemed to overcome them. Why was the graveyard beyond the church of St. Charles dotted with soldier's tents? What was the cause of the pickets surrounding the camp and village? Why were the open gates guarded with armed sentries? Why was the church surrounded with soldiers who stood stern and commanding as the line of bewildered men entered in single file? Little wonder they were afraid; little wonder that mutterings regarding the heavy hand of British law were uttered amongst them.

At length the proclamation was read. Their lands, tenements and cattle were forfeited to the crown and



Grand Pré Village