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THE

NEUTRAL FRENCH;

OR,

THE EXILES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

By Mrs. WILLIAMS,
Author of "Religion at Home," "Revolutionary Biography," &c. &c.

Lo! Tyranny strides on with step accurst,
Trampling her million victims in the dust!
But God, the mighty God, shall hear their cries,
And bid the Star of Liberty arise! — Ed.

"The cold in clime are cold in blood." — Byron.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

PROVIDENCE:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1841.

B. Cranston & Co., Printers.

DEDICATION.

To the Hon. JOHN FAIRFIELD, late Governor of Maine, this work is most respectfully dedicated by his grateful friend, the Author, not only as a tribute of esteem for his public and private virtues, but a small acknowledgment of his politeness in facilitating her inquiries into the history of the interesting people of whom it treats.

The Author indulges the hope, that the deep sympathy in their wrongs and unmerited afflictions, domestic as well as national, expressed to her by one who is an enemy to oppression in every form, and an example in all the endearing relations of social life, will not be lessened by the perusal of the story in which she has attempted to embody their history.

PREFACE.

In the following traditionary Tale, a very imperfect narration of which has come to the author of this, the reader will perceive the attempt to embody the history of a people long since extinct as a nation, though found still, in scattered fragments, in various parts of the British provinces in North America, in the "disputed territory," and sometimes incorporated with the Indian tribes.

In giving a history of the forcible expulsion of the Acadians, or Neutral French, from the province of Nova Scotia, or New Scotland, we shall be compelled to dwell upon scenes to which the history of the civilized world affords no parallel. The cruel sufferings of the modern Greeks, under the ruthless Turks, bear no affinity to it. The Greeks were tortured and almost exterminated by Mahomedans, persons professing a creed that sanctions deeds of blood, that despises all other of every form of religion, and that classes Christians with dogs. The Turkish government, too, were dealing with subjects in open rebellion, and the outrages were perpetrated in the heat of battle.

In the late history of Poland, Russia dealt with an ever-threatening foe, a people hostile and implacable to them; a people who, though possessed of many noble characteristics, were yet fierce and warlike, brave and persevering; and who, taking the sword, had to perish with the sword. Not so the hapless Acadians, the peaceful, gentle, and long-enduring inhabitants of Nova Scotia. The injuries they sustained were inflicted in cold blood—in open and shameless violation of treaties, most solemnly guaranteeing to them protection, their liberties as freemen, the free exercise of their religion, and the protection of their property.

It is painful to dwell upon such scenes, though perhaps salutary. If there is no gratitude in republics, there is no good faith or honesty in monarchies. The throne, it appears, is constantly surrounded by a set of cormorants, whom nothing can satisfy, and Grant after Grant is obliged to be dispensed until there is nothing more to give, except the privilege of plundering one another; that is, the privilege to the strong to plunder the weak. The rapacity of the colonists had not only, in many instances, obtained large Grants of land in the new world, but was still desiring more; and the credit of plundering and dispersing the people we are speaking of, for the purpose of obtaining their lands, is very generally accorded them. No possible excuse can, however, be made for the British Government in permitting such an outrage, such a violation of all rules of justice, equity, and humanity.

It is useless, at this time of day, to pretend that a few interested and avaricious individuals were alone culpable in the affairs of the Neutral French, for full proof even yet exists, that they did what was done by the authority of the English King, George the Second, and under his hand and seal; and that when, after the deed was completed, and the remnant of those who survived drew up a memorial of their sufferings in the land whither they were banished, and sent it on to his successor, George the Third, it was rejected with cool indifference, and they left to perish, or exist by the charities of those they were among, as chance might direct.

In collecting the facts given in the historical part of this book, the author has been much assisted by reference to the manuscript papers in the library of the "Massachusetts Historical Society," to which she had access, and was politely permitted not only to peruse, but take notes from, and for which she takes this opportunity of tendering them her very sincere thanks. Some facts have been gained from William Lincoln, Esq., of Worcester, who has lately lectured on this subject before the "Rhode Island Historical Society." His lectures contained a vast deal of information, and some excellent remarks. Some other facts, also, have been obtained from the kindness and research of Mr. Williamson, author of the "History of Maine." From Halliburton we have

drawn largely; and by the politeness of Mr. Bigelow, Secretary of State for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, have been assisted to obtain from the papers in his office some of their later history.

In treating of the Indian character in our story, it will be seen that we have looked but little on the dark side of the picture; the story did not require it, and their deeds of blood are too well known to need the recital of them here. The fact that they were almost uniformly kind to the French, the Indians accounted for by saying "it was because they never cheated them, and always fulfilled their contracts."

We cannot, however, leave the subject of the Indians without reverting to the expressions of pity and sympathy so often bestowed upon them by our neighbors on the other side of the border, in view of the late arrangement for removing them to the West by the Government of the United States. Whether the arrangement may prove wise or unwise, as respects the safety of the white inhabitants, time alone can show. But as it respects the humanity of the measure towards themselves, we have ever been satisfied of its principle. The tribes in the vicinity of white settlements were fast degenerating, and seemed, in most instances, to have adopted all the vices, without any of the virtues, of their white neighbors. Those who were about half civilized, were, in general, some of the most slothful, filthy, and disgusting part of the population. It was thought, by most people, that the Indian character had fast deteriorated, and as their numbers seemed to dwindle in proportion, that, unless some plan could be contrived to preserve them as a people, and where they would not be abridged of all their former pleasures and habits, they must inevitably be extinct in a few centuries. Hundreds of poor white families would have rejoiced to have been the subjects of such a provision as was made for them in their removal. They were not robbed of their possessions, as the full value of them was given in good lands in the fertile valleys of the West. They were conducted to them by a safe escort, every facility offered them for cultivating them, and a year's provision found on lands that, with slight labor, would produce two crops a year. The greatest

care was taken to have all the members of families go together, and for their personal comfort while on the road. They are allowed to govern themselves in their respective tribes, and yet are under the protection of the General Government. Every facility is given the benevolent missionary to minister among them, and to all others whom kindness and humanity impel to aid them.

And for all this, shall we be accused of barbarity? And by those, too, who have driven an innocent, confiding, and unoffending people into banishment, stripped of their property without remuneration, separated wantonly from each other, driven among a strange people, lighted from their native shores by the blaze of their own dwellings, and left unsuccored and unprovided for, either to perish with want or be relieved by the charities of strangers? We think for one that the charge, though baseless in itself, would come better from some other quarter.

"But," say my English readers, "there are your slaves." True, and who made them slaves in the first place? Who entailed this curse upon our land, and taught us we could not do without it? Who resisted the remonstrances of the people of Virginia, and other colonies, not to impose them upon the white population, and continue to inundate them by fresh importations, many, many years since? It is hard to compel people to adopt customs, and when habit has made them almost indispensable, to compel them to drop them, and that too because those who first introduced them, afterwards, in some freak of benevolence, forbid them, and begin to call them hard names; by the way, the very worst way ever taken to convince any one of their errors.

We are not advocates for the principle of slavery; on the contrary, we think the first man that ever brought slaves here, yea, the second and the third, ought to be condemned; but we cry the mercy of our English neighbors, who have so much to say on the subject, and entreat them not to compare our southern slaveholders to theirs of the West Indies, from whose ruthless and blood-stained hands (by their own account) they have just taken the lash. There is a difference in the people of the two regions. The one, proud, aristocratic, and domineering by nature, and from precept and example. The other,

highminded and gentlemanly indeed, but altogether different, from cherishing the principles of liberty, and feeling that every other gentleman is his equal. The southern planter of the United States resides on his plantation, among his slaves, entirely surrounded by them, and considering himself as the head of a great family, between whom and himself he wishes there should be a bond of affection as well as of interest. Now it stands to reason, that, exposed as they must be to the revengeful passions of their slaves, if ill used, that they would endeavor to use them well, and make their bondage easy, and their yoke light: the lives of the whole family would not be safe an hour were it otherwise. The West India planter, on the contrary, seldom resides on his plantation, leaving the direction entirely to mercenary overseers; and when, for a term of years, they sometimes consent to remain there, it is to hurry the business of amassing property, that he may return and spend it in England, while the overtasked and overworked slave derives no benefit from the visit, and consequently feels no gratitude, no tie of affection. The slaves of the United States, for the most part belonging in a family from generation to generation, have the same kind of feelings for the families of their owners, that they describe the old servants and retainers on an estate in England to feel for the owners. The name of *slave* is, to be sure, very shocking; but names do not alter things, and it is a certain fact, that in the amount of time bestowed in labor, they do not work as many hours in the twenty-four as our mechanics, or those who work in manufactories; and as respects their "state of moral degradation," their morals, as a body, are much better than those of the free colored population at the North; and it takes about a dozen house-servants, who are slaves, at the South, to do what one good white servant performs at the North. Thus much is true; the inference, of course, every one is at liberty to make.

We have wandered from our subject, and we beg pardon. We were going to say that our readers are at perfect liberty to believe any part of the Tale here narrated, embellished, if they choose, it is a matter of great indifference to us; but not so with the historical facts connected with it. We shall give in it a true, though

faint description of that people whose sufferings and virtues we are about to commemorate—of their oppressions, persecutions, privations, exactions, and so forth, previous to, and at the time of, their banishment from their beloved and beautiful Acadia, and as far as we can come at the particulars of their desolation, suffering, and abandonment after their arrival in the States, the thousandth part of which can never be known. Their stories, for the most part, have gone down to the grave with them, and will never be rescued from oblivion.

Alas! alas! for a people once so happy, so comfortable, so innocent and unoffending; for a people who, since the days of the patriarchs, have been the only families of believers who have lived in perfect simplicity, without any of those cravings after riches that mars the peace, distracts the mind, and sullies the conscience of all other people upon the civilized earth. The goadings of ambition and envy, as a necessary accompaniment to the thirst for gain, were unknown to them. Blessed privilege! happy people! could it be possible that in such a corrupt place as our earth, you could have flourished long? Could he, who looked upon the Garden of Paradise, when our first parents were innocent and happy, with an envious eye, have borne to look on you?

There is, however, a prevailing belief, and a very gratifying one, that the author of this will be a pioneer in hunting up the history of this much-injured people; and she cannot but flatter herself that some Paulding, perhaps an Irving, whose means of information may be more extensive than her own, may drag forth from the lumber of ages, some important facts connected with them, as yet unsung, and present them in a fairer form.

INTRODUCTION.

PERHAPS there is not a place on the habitable globe, where the foot of civilization ever trod, of which mankind in general have such an erroneous idea as of the province of Nova Scotia, or New Scotland. Within a very few years, indeed, it has been a more fashionable trip than formerly. The few strangers who go there, however, usually go by water to Halifax, and back again, during the period of midsummer, and generally know as much about the country after their return as before they started.

With the exception of its inhabitants, or rather the more cultivated and intellectual part of them, who have taste to admire the beauties of natural scenery, patience to investigate, and judgment to appreciate its internal riches and immense resources, and a few casual visiters from the mother country, and the knowledge possessed by the banished Acadian, Nova Scotia has as yet been an unknown land, a place which the ignorant of every country seem to consider as the extremity of the north pole; and hence the saying, "cold as Nova Scotia," "barren as Nova Scotia;" and when some poor, houseless vagabond is seen to pass, that "he looks as though he were *bound to Nova Scotia;*" or of some hardened villain, who is a nuisance to the community, that "he ought to be banished to Nova Scotia."

Even in this enlightened age, when the facilities of travelling and voyaging have brought us nearer and made us familiar with almost every people under heaven, the ignorant prejudice respecting this province still remains; and the bare mention of it, in most companies, will set their teeth to chattering.

Whether the first word, Nova, (new,) being translated *north*, as we are confident it very generally is, is the cause of the chilling associations connected with it, we

are unable to say. Perhaps the stern despotism which has always been exercised there, since the English sat foot upon the soil, has had some share in producing them.

The memory of the thousands of our brave countrymen who have perished in the dungeons and prison-ships at Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, during the war of the Revolution, is yet rife in the mind of every American; and there is nothing in prison discipline remembered with so much abhorrence, unless it is the accaldama of Dartmoor, or the black-hole of Calcutta.

The enactment of the cruelties practised in Nova Scotia, however, towards the French or our own helpless citizens, who have been so unfortunate as to be dragged into bondage, has not made the place bleak or sterile. The grandest scenes in nature have sometimes been the theatre of the most horrible tragedies; and though, by association, they may in a measure lose their charms, yet the face of the country is not changed: and this province is, for the most part, eminently beautiful in its scenery.

But, though there is much to exasperate the feelings of an American in the history of Nova Scotia, since the period of 1775, and of the French prior to that time, yet there is that of its history in relation to the Acadians, that, if it could all be told, would strike the whole world with horror. The sufferings of imprisoned Americans, cold, starving, and expiring from disease and filth and noxious air, would be almost forgotten, if once the whole story of the former inhabitants, the rightful owners of the soil, the much-injured Acadians, could be told.

To tell that story, in all its revolting details, is not in our power; nor is it in the power of any person now living. The actual sufferers have long since, it is believed, all gone to the shades. The people, as a people, are extinct; the records of them, in what was their country, industriously destroyed; and, as far as possible, all knowledge of their former state and possessions suppressed. We speak of the public records of the British provinces. It was not until within a very few years that they have found a place in history.

About ten years since, Judge Halliburton, of Nova Scotia, son of Doctor Halliburton, formerly of Newport, Rhode Island, published a history of Nova Scotia, in

which he has made mention of them, and given something of their political history, with more truth, candor, and independence, than could have been expected from such a loyal subject of the crown of Great Britain. Much credit indeed is due him for thus dragging forth from the lumber of ages, the interesting particulars he has given, as well as for the manner of relating it. The manner in which he became possessed of most of the facts, proves most incontestably, that it was the design of the British Colonial Government at least, that all memory of this nefarious and dark transaction should be forgotten. Hence he himself avers he could find no existing records of them in the whole country. That scattered remnants of them still exist in different parts of the province, where they have sometimes wandered back from the States, or emerged from the deep recesses of the forests, where they had been concealed for a term of years, he affirms; and indeed mentions one of the original stock, an aged female, whom he had seen, and who being of an age to remember the transactions attending their expulsion, and the almost superhuman sufferings of those who remained, thus concealing themselves, of whom she was one, gave him a most affecting oral account.

But the principal means of information was the manuscript now in possession of the "Massachusetts Historical Society," where, as we before mentioned, we drew much of our own.

It is worthy of remark, that Halliburton is far from attempting any thing like a justification of the government for their persecution of this unoffending people, though he appears to seek most industriously for some palliating circumstances, and takes care, in his censures of the government, to always specify "*the colonial government.*" But we will not anticipate him. All that is important to our story will be found in its proper place.

Nor is it in our place to give, in detail, a history of the conquest of the country, or a minute description of its features. Suffice it to say, that Nova Scotia was, for the most part, a beautiful though sterile tract, until the superior training of the French had brought the low lands into a state of cultivation, with a number of excellent harbors, exceedingly well watered with lakes

and rivers; not mountainous, the highest hills in no part exceeding six hundred feet, with beautiful intervals on the rivers, and diked lands on the coast; that the climate is much like that of New England, the winters a little longer perhaps, and in the interior rather more severe; that the heat of summer is allayed by refreshing sea-breezes, and that most of the fruits of the temperate zone attain the same perfection as in Connecticut and Rhode Island, and also the other products of the soil; that the country now abounds with fine gardens, orchards, and productive fields, and the rivers yield plenty of excellent fish. There are also many very valuable mines. The coal mines, particularly, appear inexhaustible, and are an immense source of revenue. And most of the comforts of life, we believe, may be enjoyed there in as great a degree as in most other portions of the globe. We speak of the country, without any reference to the government, of course. The climate is proverbially healthy, except for consumptive persons, many of the diseases fatal in warm latitudes being unknown here.

It will be recollected by those acquainted with the early history of the continent of North America, that the province of Nova Scotia was originally settled by the French. William Lincoln, Esq. observes, that "the settlements of the nations here, French and English, were almost simultaneous." It does appear, however, that the French had the precedence, and were in reality the first that had the honor of planting a colony in North America.

Halliburton treats the account of a French settlement being formed by the Baron de Lery in 1518, as questionable; but, by reference to Goodrich, the author of American Geography,—and the greatest author of his class now perhaps existing,—the reader will perceive the fact established of a "French settlement on the St. Lawrence as early as the year 1524 by James Cartin, and that settlements were soon after formed in Canada and Nova Scotia." And although Queen Elizabeth granted in 1579 a patent "for discovering and occupying such remote heathen countries as were not actually possessed by any Christian people," we cannot perceive how such grant could trench upon the possessions of the French in America. Nevertheless, it was upon the ground of this

patent to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and landing at the harbor of St. Johns fifty-nine years after the country had been actually settled by the French, that the English principally grounded their absurd claim to the continent of North America! though they couple with it the discovery of Cabot in 1497, and the residence of Sir John Gilbert on the coast of Maine in 1607, who claimed the country in behalf of, or as heir to Sir Humphry Gilbert.

In addition to the claims of the French, it appears they were trading and fishing at Newfoundland many years previous to their settlements in America, and although there is no authentic account of any settlements on the coast, yet the presumption is very strong.

As early as the year 1603, we find a settlement commenced by the French in Nova Scotia, admitted by the English, they having discovered it in some of their fishing expeditions to the Banks of Newfoundland. The French the name of "Acadia" to all the land lying east of the Penobscot; consequently Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and a part of the now State of Maine, constituted the country called Acadia. M. Demonts was appointed Governor-General by Henry IV. It was not until five years after that the English commenced their settlement in Virginia, which was the first place, it will be remembered, where they attempted a colony. And now began the disputes between the Powers, as to who had the prior claim to this continent; a contention that has repeatedly deluged the country in blood, almost before it was reclaimed from the wilderness. France resisting the encroachments of the English, believing she had the best right to the country; and England protesting her own claim upon the ridiculous assumption that they had the right of discovery, and that one John Cabot, or his sons, they could not exactly tell which, had discovered the continent about one hundred years before. This Cabot was a Venitian, in the employ of the British Government, who received a commission from King James to sail on a voyage of discovery, and who professed to have discovered land, which was afterwards supposed to be the eastern coast of America. The accounts of this discovery were, in the first place, very vague and contradictory. The English sometimes asserting it was the

father, and sometimes that it was the son; but, at all events, they were positive (more than a hundred years after) that it was one or the other of them. The discovery, real or pretended, was made, they asserted, in 1497. And although, if their assertion were undeniable, it was a most preposterous claim, and of no sort of consequence, being more than one hundred years before its occupancy by them; yet, ridiculous as it was, it was the only thing they could think of upon which to found a plea of justification for a series of aggressions disgraceful to any civilized nation.

The commission to this John Cabot and his three sons is still to be seen in the British archives, and being so infinitely diverting in itself, and withal edifying to us of plain republican capacities, we cannot forbear transcribing the heads of it.

His Majesty's commission, then, gave to this "John Cabot and his three sons, permission to sail to all countries east, west, and north, under British colors, with five ships of any burden he might choose, on their own (the Cabots') proper cost and charges, to seek and discover all the islands, regions, and provinces of heathens unknown to Christians. His Majesty reserving to himself *the dominion of all*, and requiring one-fifth of the gains after the expenses of the voyage should be deducted."

This was royal patronage with a vengeance. The question naturally arises, *gains of what?* Why, of the plunder of those heathen nations, if they found any, to be sure.

It appears that the two Powers continued to increase their settlements in a prosperous manner; and one would have supposed that the distance from Virginia to Nova Scotia was quite sufficient to have kept them asunder. But the enterprise of the French, and the avarice of the English, soon annihilated time and space. The English monarch, too, had given to two companies the grant of land in America from the thirty-fourth to the forty-fifth degree of latitude, and this grant actually trenched upon prior grants made by the King of France. To go back.

The settlements of Acadia continued to progress for a period of about ten years after the coming of the English. The inhabitants devoted themselves princi-

pally to agricultural pursuits, and lived in the most friendly manner with each other, and with the savage nations by whom they were surrounded. They had employed no means to subjugate them, but observed the strictest integrity in their dealings with them, and strove to civilize them through the medium of the gospel. In their attempts to christianize the savages, they were eminently successful. True, they were Catholics; they erected the standard of the cross wherever they planted their footsteps, and they attended to most of those outward observances so obnoxious to Protestants; but their zeal for the salvation, as well as for the temporal comfort of their savage neighbors, was worthy of all praise. And who shall dare to say their labors were not acceptable? Many of those savage warriors, upon the first proclamation of the gospel there, at once laid down the weapons of war, confessed their sins at the foot of the cross, received baptism, and sought absolution and forgiveness through a crucified Saviour, and at the hands of the priest whose authorized ambassador they humbly conceived him to be.

The island of Mount Desert, where one of those happy settlements of the Acadians was established, was destined to be the first object of British rapacity.

In the year 1613, a commander of a British ship, whose name was Argal, had accompanied a fleet of eleven sail upon a fishing and trading voyage to the coast, having heard of these French settlements. Although the two nations were then at peace, he immediately resolved to attack them. Proceeding along the coast, he at length discovered the settlement at Mount Desert. Tradition says it was a beautiful little place, and that the air of quiet and serenity, and feeling of security that reigned within, might have disarmed savages. They had a little fort, for in those days, as now, there were pirates, and such a defence was deemed necessary. In the harbor quietly lay a ship and bark at anchor, unsuspicious of danger. Into these the English commander fired, the first salutation, and then seized all alive on board as prisoners; destroyed their fort, and shot the priest, who, finding them attacked in this unheard-of and remorseless manner, endeavored to arouse the inhabitants to defend themselves.

They shot him immediately, and the affrighted inhabitants finding them landing, fled to the woods. The island was then taken possession of by the British in the name of the King of England, and the cross broken to pieces.

The chief man or governor of this place, Saussaye by name, fled with the rest, and with such precipitation that he left his papers behind, and among the rest the King of France's commission for the occupancy of the territory. He returned the next day and surrendered himself, with a view of exhibiting the authority by which he acted; but the piratical captain had stolen it, and while the governor was in the greatest consternation at the loss, Argal told him "that, finding he had no authority for what he did, he should treat them as pirates, and immediately ordered the place to be pillaged; and, putting the governor and some of the principal men in a small vessel, he sent them to France. He then took the remainder, being now entirely destitute of provisions and support, to Virginia with him.

"Arrived at Virginia, Argal delivered up these persons as corsairs or pirates, although, when he brought them away, to induce them quietly to surrender themselves, he had promised them the best of treatment as prisoners of war." These unhappy people were immediately thrown into prison at Jamestown, and condemned to be hung as pirates.

This was going rather farther than the English captain intended, which was nothing more than a pretext for plundering them; and finding they were actually about to be executed, he was for the first time shocked. The horrors of conscience alarmed him, and he applied to the Governor (Sir Thomas Dale was then Governor of Virginia) for a pardon. It was in vain; the sturdy old knight protested they should die. And it was then that he felt himself driven to the humiliation of confessing that these people were no pirates, but peaceable citizens, acting under a commission from their king, and produced the commission. Of course, they were then reprieved. But what became of them, history does not say; whether they remained in Virginia, whether they went to France, or contrived some way to get back to Acadia. But the wretch Argal, it appears, was immediately after engaged in another plundering expedition.

History informs us that the account of these settlements aroused the cupidity of the English Governor, and "he immediately fitted out three armed vessels, appointing Argal to the command of them, to pillage the remaining settlements, and dislodge the French from Acadia." The only excuse for this abominable atrocity, in thus invading the possessions of a Power with whom they were then at peace, was the absurd pretence of the prior right of the English, from the supposition of the discovery of the eastern coast by this John Cabot, some hundred years before.

The finest settlement of the French, or Acadians, as they called themselves, was at a town they named Port Royal, and since called Annapolis by the English, one of the most delightful situations in the whole province of Nova Scotia. The French Governor of this place appears to have been a spirited person, a Roman Catholic, and a just man, but he had a most implacable dislike to the Jesuits; and such was his opinion of their treachery, duplicity, and depravity, that he besought the French King not to send any of that order into the settlement he had the honor to command.

Whether the monarch took the request in umbrage, or whether the reluctance of the Governor to admit them, as some accounts seem to intimate, only increased their desire to itinerate in the new world, or whether Louis the Fourteenth desired to get some of them out the way, cannot now be known; but certain it was, that he yielded to the request of some of the holy brotherhood, and sent them; and the Governor, opposed as he was to their admission, was compelled, in obedience to the command of his sovereign, to receive and tolerate them. And now came the punishment. The base Argal was unable to find his way into the harbor of Port Royal, the navigation of which was somewhat difficult, when the treacherous and revengeful priest then in the town contrived to get to the squadron, and offered himself as a pilot, and did actually pilot them into the port.

The inhabitants of this beautiful settlement were unable successfully to defend themselves; and the consequence was, that the English landed and pillaged, and then destroyed the place. Part of the inhabitants fled to

the woods and hid themselves with the savages; a part escaped up the river St. Lawrence to the Canada settlements; and a part were seized and carried prisoners to England, from whence they were afterwards reclaimed by the French ambassador.

It was at this time, while Port Royal lay in ruins, and eight years after its destruction by those who, according to the laws of nations, had no right to molest it, (see Halliburton, vol. i. p. 39,) that one William Alexander, a sort of poet, and travelling companion of the Duke of Argyle, and afterwards gentleman usher to Prince Charles, and knighted by him, sought and procured a grant from James the First, of all that country lying east of the river St. Croix to the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, which was then named Nova Scotia; and this, the English historian says, was the commencement of the troublesome discussions about the actual boundaries of that country. In 1623, a number of Scotch emigrants arrived, who, finding the country again repopulated by the French, went back to England. This patent was afterwards renewed by Charles the First; and, in 1628, by the help of one David Kintck, a French colonist, he again sat out to claim the country, and succeeded in taking it, as we shall hereafter mention.*

By what right, however, Nova Scotia was thus claimed, we cannot see; for it appears that the first William Alexander, getting discouraged about establishing a peaceable settlement there, conveyed (with the exception of Port

* We pause to speak of this Alexander family. The General Stirling in the war of independence was the rightful heir to this William Alexander, which was his own name. Just before the American war he went home to England to claim his title, as also the grant of Nova Scotia, but was unsuccessful. The Americans, who thought his claim good to the title at least, always called him "Lord Stirling." He was a brave and patriotic man, and was the person who revealed to Washington the intrigue of General Conway in 1777. He was taken prisoner at Long Island, at that remarkable battle, but afterwards exchanged, and served with honor through the whole war. He died at Albany January 15, 1783, aged fifty-seven years. The title of the Earl of Stirling was considered extinct for many years; but recently a new claimant has appeared. Should the old claim upon Nova Scotia be allowed, we may see one more revolution in that region. — Ed.

Royal) the whole of his claim to Claude de la Tour, a treacherous Frenchman, who, having married a maid of honor to the English Queen, turned against his country, and actually beseiged a fort held by his son at Cape Sable, which was nobly defended; and the son only permitted his father an asylum in the country after, upon the condition that he and his wife should not enter it.

The trouble given by this La Tour was immense, and furnishes a romance in itself, but our limits will not permit us to give it here. We will only observe, that his claims were favored by the English as far as they dared to, according to their ancient policy of dividing, where they wished to destroy; and there is now a letter to be seen in the archives of Massachusetts, written by the French Governor of Acadia in 1644, to the Governor and Council of Massachusetts Bay, on the subject of the rebellion of La Tour, entreating the English, for their mutual good, to suppress it; that, in the author's opinion, is one of the finest specimens of diplomatic correspondence she has ever seen. It appears a ship, belonging to a merchant of Boston, Mr. Saltonstall, (son of Sir Richard Saltonstall,) had been wrecked on that coast, and the captain returned with a lamentable story of having been plundered there, &c. D'Aulney, the French Governor, replies to their complaints, stating that the captain must have told a falsehood, as they paid him one thousand pounds for the cargo which was saved, and that "the commander of Razzilly bought of him all that could be saved of the wreck of the vessel for seven or eight hundred pounds, which he paid in solid gold buttons, taken off a suit of his clothes for the purpose." He then reasons with the English Governor on the folly and injustice of their continual persecutions, professing a desire for peace upon the Christian principle of doing unto others, &c. The concluding paragraph of his letter is one of the finest specimens of Christian eloquence we have ever perused.

Immediately after the English had quitted Port Royal, the hapless inhabitants, who had hid in the neighborhood, returned to their possessions and essayed to rebuild their places; and various hindrances operating to prevent the English from molesting them again, they continued to

occupy it in peace for a period of fourteen years, at the expiration of which term war was declared between France and England, and another expedition fitted out against them. The horrors of the former period, of course, were acted over again in this and other places, and towns and cities were sacked; and there was fighting by sea and fighting by land, with various success, the history of which our limits will not permit us to give. Fleets were sent from France to succor them, but all would not answer; the settlements fell again into the hands of their foes. Acadia, and this time the Canadas also, were captured; they were all a conquered people. However, by the treaty of St. Germaine it was restored, and the whole returned to the French crown. This was in 1632, the date of the treaty.

From this date to 1654, a period of twenty-two years, the inhabitants had a breathing spell, when they were again attacked and conquered by a force sent out by that hypocritical despot, Oliver Cromwell, and for the third time fell into the hands of the English, who, after destroying their forts, pillaging the inhabitants, and enacting other barbarities, returned to England. What kind of force or government they left behind, history is not very explicit about; but, as they continued under the British yoke for thirteen years, doubtless it was a sufficient one. The poor persecuted inhabitants maintained their integrity to their government as well as they could during this period, trusting that whenever peace should be settled between the rival nations, they should return to their old master. Nor were they disappointed; for at the treaty of Breda in 1667, Acadia was restored to France.

Another period of twenty-three years elapsed, during which the Acadians flourished. They built towns and villages, planted orchards, raised dikes, (a work of tremendous labor,) continued to reclaim land from the ocean, laid out roads and erected chapels; and, lastly, fortified themselves by building more forts, and trying "in time of peace to prepare for war." In all this, of course, they were aided by the parent country, France, from first to last, expending a vast deal of money in that region. Of course, from time to time they received accessions of companies from that country; but it had been so often

the seat of active warfare and the object of British cupidity, it was rather discouraging, and the Canadas, too, presented a more inviting aspect on the score of security.

"But go to, ye that say to-day or to-morrow we will buy and sell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what a day may bring forth."

The inhabitants of Port Royal, (their principal town,) notwithstanding all past experience, became lulled into a false security; they relaxed their vigilance in guarding the coast, suffered their forts to go to decay, and to be almost unmanned, and disabled in every respect.

Every one knows the force of evil example. The colonies of the English in North America had looked on for many years and seen how very easy it had been to overcome this people, and how much the English had gained by their marauding expeditions, and—and—it is in vain to disguise it at this day, there is no doubt the example was contagious. They had learnt that every outrage perpetrated against their French neighbors, was more than tolerated, generally rewarded, and they were unwilling to look on and see so profitable a business going on, and not be sharers in the enterprise. Hence, there was a continual outcry about them on the score of Indian hostilities, and every outrage perpetrated in the English settlements, of which there were not a few, and such as would curdle one's blood almost to describe, was unhesitatingly laid to the French. If they could not make out they were direct agents in the atrocities, they asserted it was entirely owing to their proximity; and the wish that they might be exterminated or driven out, was often expressed even in public.

Instead of examining to see if the faithlessness of their own agents or commissioners, in their contracts with the Indian tribes, was not the cause, as it most generally was, they unhesitatingly accused the French, on all occasions, of being the instigators.

In the frequent outrages of the Indians, the State of Massachusetts (then comprehending all the land from Massachusetts boundary to the Penobscot river) was undoubtedly the greatest sufferer. The Indian massacres at Saco and at Wells, and other places in that region,

were horrible indeed, and perfectly convincing that they must have partaken largely of the nature of demons.

There is no reason with a savage. Has he a friend to avenge, or an enemy to punish, the first that comes in his way of the offending nation is sure to fall a victim; and whole hecatombs of victims do not suffice to glut their rage. But, knowing this, being aware of this trait in their character; and, moreover, that nothing excited them more than cheating them by failing in observing treaties, can any excuse be offered for our English forefathers, in thus provoking hostilities, and thus exposing the lives of innocent women and children to the deadly tomahawk and scalping-knife?

The French repudiated the assertion at the time, that they incited these barbarians to murder and pillage; and at the same time protested their utter inability to restrain them when excited by real or supposed injuries; and, in many instances, suggested to the English their dangers, unless they would honorably fulfill their contracts with the tribes, and thus prevent all provocations.

In later years it was ascertained that the Governor of Canada engaged the Indians to assist him against the English; and it is a matter of history that papers were found on some of the savages while harassing the frontier, which proved they acted under his direction. If this was the case, those Indians could *read and write*, and consequently were not savages.

We are no advocates for savage life or savage warfare, but think there must have been something crooked in the dealings of our English ancestors at that time. That the Indians could be conciliated by kind treatment and just dealings is quite apparent, or they would have been likely to have harassed the French.

The inhabitants of the Canadas (French) asserted they could not prevent the Indians from killing their prisoners by any other means than offering to ransom or purchase them. Many families and individuals were saved by this means, upon paying their ransom. But for this they were most violently accused by the English, who either thought or said that this practice, by whetting the avarice of the Indians, only made them worse, and added another stimulus to their barbarities. The idea that it was done by

the Canadian French from motives of humanity, seems not to have been at all admitted. Whatever accusation was brought against one, it appears in their mind to have applied to the whole French race on the continent.

By degrees, these aggressions of the savages had worked up the inhabitants of New England, and particularly those of Massachusetts Bay, into a determination of doing exactly what they accused the French of, namely, of attacking the most defenceless of them. Accordingly, a force of three ships of war and transports, carrying seven hundred men, were fitted out in Massachusetts, and sailed out of the harbor of Boston, under the command of the Governor, Sir William Phipps, who went himself in person.

Before relating his gallant exploits, it may be interesting to give some little sketch of the man entrusted with such high authority. Bonaparte said, "that men were made before kings." Our readers may make what application they please of this sentence to the story in hand. For ourselves, we believe villains were made before titles.

Sir William Phipps was the son of a blacksmith, and was in early life apprenticed to a carpenter. Not finding his occupation exactly to his taste, he left it and went to sea. He is represented as a man of coarse manners and ferocious temper, but possessed of great courage and ingenuity. He soon became captain of a ship, and some time after formed the design of attempting to raise the wreck of a Spanish vessel, which contained an immense quantity of specie, and fifty years before had gone down on the Bahama banks. Various attempts had been made by the British to possess themselves of this treasure, but without success, until Phipps made the attempt. He had been in search of it a long time, and given it over as fruitless, and was about to return, when, getting becalmed, he lay at anchor one fine day, indulging his sailors in the luxury of bathing. One of them, who dove to the bottom, came up with a handful of gold, thereby discovering the place of the lost treasure.

For this exploit, which supplied the British coffers with an immense amount of specie, Phipps was rewarded with a title, and appointed Governor of Massachusetts. Embarking from Boston with the force before named, he sailed for the eastward, and on the 20th of May, 1690,

suddenly appeared in the harbor of Port Royal, and demanded of the astonished and terrified inhabitants, an "*unconditional surrender.*" We observed before, that the caution of the gentle Acadians who were even then a peaceable and agricultural people, was entirely lulled asleep. They had nothing but a dilapidated fort, with eighty-six men to man it. The unwarlike inhabitants, it is probable, would have immediately surrendered had they not been animated and encouraged to resistance by a Catholic priest, who, unlike the treacherous jesuit who betrayed them twenty-three years before, boldly hazarded his life in their defence.

It was soon evident that a show of resistance was all they could make, and, with consummate wisdom, the priest began to listen to overtures of the enemy; and finding a very short time must reveal their defenceless condition, he succeeded, before it became known, in obtaining the most favorable conditions, and in the articles of capitulation it was stipulated and agreed to solemnly, "that the soldiers, with their arms and baggage, should be transported to Quebec."

2. "That the inhabitants should be continued in peaceable possession of their property, and the honor of the women protected."

3. "That they should be permitted the free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, and the property of the church protected."

On board of one of the ships this agreement was formally ratified, Phipps saying "that his word as a general was sufficient, and was pledged to the full fulfillment." Upon entering the fortress, where the keys were delivered to him, Phipps perceived that he might have taken it with ease, had he known its defenceless situation, without granting any terms, and all his violence and malice were at once aroused. He immediately disarmed the soldiers, imprisoning them in the church. The Governor he imprisoned in his own house. The Governor was called Manival, and him the piratical Phipps stripped of every thing, robbing him even of his clothes; and, horrible to tell, then gave up the place to the general pillage of his soldiers, from which not even the church or the priests were exempt.

After stripping the place of every thing they could carry away, they destroyed the fort, tearing it entirely to pieces, and then left them, carrying the Governor, a sergeant, and thirty-eight privates, prisoners with them; also the two priests, and compelling the wretched inhabitants to perjure themselves, by forcing them to take the oath of allegiance to the British sovereign.

The only excuse which this licensed robber, the base Phipps, pretended to offer for the commission of these atrocities, on his return, was the pitiful one. "that he had made the discovery of *some stores* in the houses of some of the inhabitants, which they had not apprised him of."

From Port Royal, Sir Williamm Phipps proceeded to another settlement, and approaching the harbor of Chedebucto, to his surprise he met with a warm reception. The fort here was commanded by a spirited French officer, by the name of "Montorgieul," who made such a brave defence against the furious assaults of the invaders, that they were compelled to set fire to the town before he would listen to any terms of capitulation; and then they found themselves compelled to treat them rather differently from those at Port Royal, not having priests and women to deal with here.

From Chedebucto Phipps proceeded to another settlement at Isle Perce, where there was no defence whatever, where they were living in a state of perfect confidence and tranquillity, and had nothing but their tears to oppose to the ruthless freebooter, who now presented himself. It seems incredible, that these innocent people could have been given up to pillage. Yet such was the case. They were plundered of all that could be carried away, and destroyed more, and among the rest the chapel, the consecrated sanctuary where they were accustomed to worship the God of their fathers in the only form they had ever known.

Deep and profound was the misery of the wretched Acadians; but, deep and bitter as was their anguish, it seems they had but tasted the cup of misery, and they were soon obliged to drain it to the dregs. And now comes the most mysterious part of their eventful history, but what is fully authenticated history; and hoping our

readers may understand it better than ourselves, we give it as it is related in history. Halliburton, in his History of Nova Scotia, narrates it, with much seeming innocence too.

The account is this. That, "in this defenceless state, the unfortunate Acadians were visited immediately on the departure of the English by two *piratical vessels*, the crews of which set fire to their houses, slaughtered their cattle, hanged some of the inhabitants, and deliberately burned up one family, whom they had shut up in their dwelling-house to prevent their escape."

The question very naturally arises, who were these pirates? of what nation? what language? how came they in that neighborhood just at that particular time? and how did they get there, and elude these English ships, while all their tenders and transports were scouring those seas?

A very few days after these events, the Chevalier Villabon arrived from France to assume the command of Nova Scotia, conveying, we may well suppose, some little comfort to this distressed people. He entered Port Royal first, immediately hauling down the English flag and substituting that of France. The distressed inhabitants flocked around him, narrating the history of their sufferings; but, bad as things were, they informed him that, upon the approach of the English, they had immediately buried a large sum of money, by which means it had escaped the rapacity of their conquerors.

From this place, Villabon, according to the orders of his government, was obliged to proceed to the relief of the French fort at the mouth of the St. John, (the now city of St. John, undoubtedly.) He had several vessels with him, and one under his convoy was partly laden with presents, from his most Christian Majesty the King of the French, to the Indians, and likewise containing stores, &c. for the fort. What these presents were we can only conjecture at this day. But it appears they were gifts, and that the kindness of the savages uniformly to the French, had always been reciprocated by the government.

On the way to this fort they were interrupted by the mysterious piratical vessels, before spoken of, who suc-

ceeded in catching the store-ship with the presents, &c., and escaped with her. The grief and mortification of Villabon were extreme, particularly on account of the presents intended for the savages, who, it seems, had been apprised of the favors intended them. In this emergency he collected the Indians and narrated the disaster, and with much feeling deploring it.

History does not relate a more generous circumstance in the character of these Indians than this, namely: "They, so far from appearing displeased, tried to comfort Villabon, telling him that they lamented the loss of the vessel and stores more on his account than the loss of the presents to themselves; that the King had already been very generous to them," and voluntarily proffered their continued faith to the French government.

Before narrating the exploits of Villabon, the avenger of the despoiled Acadians, after the whole horrible detail of English outrage in their various settlements had been made known to him, we pause to say, that from the time of these piratical exploits, the English sat up a regular claim to this territory, although it continued entirely peopled by French, and had been retaken within a few days, and would, probably, at the next peace, be ceded to France, as it had uniformly been at every proclamation of peace. Yet, nevertheless, at this very time, while the flag of France waved from every fort in that region, a new charter of Massachusetts had it annexed, making an extensive tract of eight hundred miles in length tributary to Phipps, the *carpenter-blacksmith baronet*, and corsair-Governor of Massachusetts, who was the first Governor under the new charter.

To go back to the brave and chivalrous Villabon. The exasperated Frenchman was determined not to sit down patient under the injuries and insults sustained by his countrymen as well as himself in the recent transactions. Having been sent to protect these settlements, it seems he thought he could not more effectually do it than by carrying the war into the enemy's camp. Accordingly, he proceeded to make the fort at the mouth of the St. Johns a rallying place for French and Indians, whom he prepared and trained to his purposes. Aware of these preparations, the English sent out a ship-of-war to intercept the annual

supply they were in the habit of receiving from France. This ship, called the Sorrel, was fitted out from Massachusetts, and sailed from the harbor of Boston, with orders to cruise off the harbor of St. Johns, and await the French vessel. The frigate that brought these supplies appeared in due time, and was attacked by the British ship. A very severe engagement ensued, in which the French, however, were victorious, beating off the Sorrel, and, entering the harbor in triumph, landed her stores.

"The next year the Sorrel, being repaired, was despatched again upon the same service with the Newport frigate and the Province tender; but while at anchor in the harbor of St. Johns, Ibberville, the Governor of Quebec, arrived with two men-of-war, having on board two companies of soldiers and fifty Mic Mac Indians, to effect, in conjunction with Villabon, the reduction of the English fort at Permaquid. The ships were immediately engaged, when the Newport, having sustained the loss of her topmast and other injuries, surrendered. The others, under cover of a fog, escaped.

"Reenforced with this prize, Villabon and Ibberville proceeded immediately to Penobscot, where they were joined by the Baron Castine with two hundred Indians, and invested Pemaquid on the 14th of July, 1696. The defence of this fort was inconsiderable; but the terror inspired by the savages was such that the garrison capitulated after a feeble resistance, upon assurances of protection from their fury."

Our limits will not permit us to give a history of the various retaliatory measures adopted on the one side or the other; and we should not have narrated this, had it not been for one anecdote connected with it, which exhibits, in fine contrast the conduct of French officers, with that of the English during the revolutionary war.

Upon entering this fort of Permaquid, (now in the State of Maine,) their Indian followers discovered one of their tribe a prisoner, and in irons; and history narrates that, upon his giving them an account of his sufferings, which had been very severe, they were so exasperated that they fell upon the English and murdered several before the French officers could prevent them; but that

Ibberville immediately came to the rescue, and had the prisoners removed to an island in the neighborhood, and placed under a strong guard of French soldiers, to prevent their falling victims to the rage and revenge of his Indian allies.

Does history record a brighter act of generosity, magnanimity, and humanity, than this? The recent provocations of the French had been almost beyond a parallel, and if revenge ever was lawful, it might have been so in this case. Besides, they had no character to lose; for there had not been an Indian murder on the borders since the first settlement of the country, that they had not been accused as the instigators, and here it would have been a very plausible excuse, "that they could not restrain the savages;" the same excuse made afterwards by Burgoyne and others in the war of the revolution. In addition to this, there was actually no small danger in the attempt to do so; for no greater provocation can be given to an Indian than to rob him of his revenge.

There was a fleet immediately sent out from Boston, but they came too late for the fort, which was destroyed, and the enemy had retreated before their arrival. Iberville went immediately to Cape Breton, by which means he was separated from Villabon, who attempted to return to St. Johns, but was captured by this fleet and carried prisoner to Boston.

We will not attempt, in this place, to give the history of the Baron Castine, a man who may certainly be considered as having been one of the wonders of the age; a man of noble birth, of immense fortune, and singular elegance of person, preferring the wilds of America and the society of savages to all the refinements of civilized life, and even to the elegancies of a court. To the place of his residence in Maine he had the honor of giving his name, and will be remembered probably as long as "Castine" remains on the map of the country.

The history, or at least some little account of him and his son, by his Indian wife, will be found in another part of this book, and the reader may rely upon the historical accuracy of the narration; the descriptive parts *alone*, resting upon a few vague traditions.

Immediately after the destruction of Pemaquid fort in

1696, the English despatched a force of five hundred men from Boston to "*ravage Nova Scotia*," under command of the famous Captain Church, the person who is celebrated for his great success in the wars with the savages, himself a greater savage than any that he slaughtered.

He arrived in Bean Rasin, Nova Scotia, and, intent upon his mission as the minister of destruction, ravaged all that country now called Cumberland district. The terrified inhabitants, as usual, fled to the woods on the first approach of the enemy. By manœuvering and deception, he induced many of them to return. Many would not, preferring the protection of the savages to the tender mercies of the English, which had been experienced too many times, they thought, to trust them now. Those who adhered to the wise resolution of remaining in their covert, had reasons full soon to rejoice at their foresight; for no sooner had the number who had been lured back, assembled, than they were ordered to "join the force of Captain Church in pursuit of the savages."

Judge Halliburton, who relates this manœuvre, remarks, "that it was an ungenerous request, to which it was impossible for them to accede, though the restitution of their property, which had been already taken, was promised them, and the preservation of the rest." No inducement ever could, or ever did prevail on the French to injure the savages. Nothing could surpass the integrity of their conduct in this respect. Every kind of bribe from time to time was held out to them, but in vain. They peremptorily refused to assist on this occasion, too, to so base an act of treachery and ingratitude; and on their refusal, their houses were burned, their effects plundered, their cattle and sheep destroyed, and their dikes broken down; and, in fine, all the horrors and excesses of former times acted over again. And upon the discovery of an "Order for the regulation of trade," by Frontinac, the Governor of Canada, their ire exceeded all bounds. They accused them of being rebels, and set fire to the church, destroying that and every thing which remained to the wretched Acadians.

It is almost impossible to read the history of this inno-

cent and persecuted people, without wondering why there was not some "hidden thunder" to crush their remorseless foes? We believe it was not ever pretended that these Acadians were the persons concerned in the late attack on Permaquid; that having been conducted wholly by the French, under Villabon, aided by a force from Canada and by the Indians. Nevertheless, as they were the most defenceless, the first act of retaliation was to ravage Nova Scotia, whose chief offence seemed to be, that they would not imbrue their hands in the blood of the savages.

So far were these innocent people from offending, that they could not seem to comprehend the cause, if any there was, why they should be subjected to such attack, and produced to Church a proclamation of Sir William Phipps, promising them protection while they remained peaceable. But Church probably thought Phipps's example of more import than his words, and acted as he did, not as he said; thus leaving an industrious and unoffending people, with all their little ones, on the verge of a cold winter, houseless, homeless, stripped of all that could render life comfortable.

They were charged, too, with being *rebels*, although, within less than a century, they had changed masters *fourteen times*, and alternately been compelled to swear allegiance to the Powers of France and England; not just as many times, indeed, as they had been conquered and reconquered, for, often before that operation could be performed, they were again transferred to the opposite Power. In the present instance, they were ceded to France in the same year, by the peace of Ryswic.

Captain Church, upon leaving Cumberland district, had to proceed to the fort of Villabon, at the mouth of the St. Johns. Here he fared very differently. The fort was defended with much gallantry, and he beat off, and returned to Boston, without effecting one principal object of the expedition. Thus ended the war of six years, from 1690 to 1696. From this time, Massachusetts finding herself unable, as she said, to *protect Nova Scotia*, petitioned to the crown to be relieved from the expense and trouble, which act was considered as a relinquishment of jurisdiction over it.

The felicitations of the Acadians, upon again coming under the crown of France, had scarcely ceased; their wasted lands again put in a state of cultivation, and habitations once more rising around them, and their dikes repaired, &c., than France and England were again at war, Louis the Fourteenth having acknowledged the Pretender as King of England. War was declared against him on the 4th of May, 1701. This was rather the shortest breathing spell the Neutral French enjoyed, but little more than four years. And that demon in human shape, as they must have considered him, Captain Church, was again let loose upon them, for the purpose of ravaging and plundering the settlements of Nova Scotia.

The instructions given to Captain Church, the slayer of King Philip, by Phipps, &c., is one of the greatest literary curiosities that has fallen in our way. After authorizing him to take the command of the force destined for Nova Scotia, &c., the order requires him "to have prayers on board ship daily, to sanctify the Sabbath, and to forbid all profane swearing and drunkenness." The next article authorizes him to burn, plunder, destroy, and *get spoil* wherever he could effect a landing. The hypocritical cant made use of in these orders is enough to make one's blood curdle. It seems, after all, that the spoiler did not get his reward; for his son, who has written his life, affirms, "that for all his great expenses, fatigues, and hardships, in and about this expedition, he received only fifteen pounds as an earnest penny towards raising volunteers; and after he came to receive his debenture for his colonel's pay, there were two shillings and fourpence due him: and as for his captain's pay and man Jack, he never received any thing." Verily, cutting throats in those days must have been a cheap business. His historian adds: "After he came home, some evil-minded persons did their endeavors to injure him for taking away life unlawfully;" referring to his having commanded his soldiers who were surrounding a house full of people, who refused to come out at their bidding, (and being French probably did not understand the command,) "to set fire to the four corners of the house, and, as they came out, *knock them all in the head.*"

During the eight years' cessation of hostilities, the

inhabitants of these fated regions suffered themselves to be lulled into the same security they had done before. Yet their measures, and the resolutions they came to this time, were somewhat different. With incredible industry and perseverance, they had again built up their beautiful villages, restored their farms, rebuilt their chief towns in an improved style, and again the herculean labor of erecting dikes or encroachments against the ocean had been resorted to. But this time, warned by sad experience, they determined to erect forts in every exposed place, and make it a primary object to fortify and strengthen them in the best manner they were able. Port Royal, in an especial manner, was strengthened. Alas! too soon, they were convinced these precautions were not unnecessary.

The war had raged with various success between the French and English three years, before the actual assaults upon the settlements of Nova Scotia commenced. The pretext set up for thus disturbing the peace of these regions this time, was that Bruillon, the then French Governor of all that country called New France, had employed pirates in his navy, and savages on the land, in acts of hostility towards the neighboring English colonies, that is, New England, which then contained twelve thousand inhabitants. The French settlements, it will be remembered, then extended as far as the Penobscot river, and nothing could be more convenient than to cross over and plunder each other. The settlement of the Baron Castine was in this neighborhood, too, and he, from his marriage, having been constituted chief of the Abenakis nation, was usually accused of being the principal instigator of all the savage exploits in that region. But the Baron Castine was not then in the country, but on a visit to France; and it seems to us quite as inhuman to have visited the hapless inhabitants of Nova Scotia for the offences of a Governor set over them without their choice, as for the Governor of Canada to have employed the savages to avenge the depredations of English soldiers upon the peaceable settlers of New France, who had no part in the contest.

It is not our province to go into an argument on the subject of reprisals, with respect to the English histories

of French enormities committed at that time. But to return.

Alleging the before-mentioned incentives, to avenge upon the whole French population the acts of the Governor and the forces under his command, the English authorities in Massachusetts Bay fitted out of Boston, in the year 1704, an armament consisting of three men-of-war, fourteen transports, and thirty-six whale-boats, with a force of five hundred and fifty soldiers, under the command of Colonel Church, for the purpose of "ravaging the French settlements in Nova Scotia." Halliburton says:

"Touching at Montinicus, and seizing a few Frenchmen, whom he compelled to serve as pilots, they first sailed up the river Penobscot, where they took a number of prisoners, and among the rest the daughter of the Baron Castine, who was then on a visit to his paternal estate in France." Thus avenging the loyalty of the Baron to the French government, and his friendship to the Indians, by the plunder of his helpless household during his absence, and the captivity of his daughter. Of this young lady, the daughter of an Indian mother, (but in lawful wedlock,) history makes no further mention in this place. Some years subsequently, however, we are told, "that the two daughters of the Baron Castine were married to respectable French gentlemen." And thus it appears this unhappy young lady survived her captivity and all the horrible scenes she was compelled to witness ere the return of the English fleet to Boston. Who were the companions of her voyage we cannot tell; but it is recorded "they carried from this neighborhood a number of other prisoners."

"From thence," Halliburton continues, "the boats proceeded up the western Passamaquoddy, destroying the whole of the settlements as far as the falls of the river, and perpetrating several acts of outrage upon the unoffending inhabitants." Here the fleet separated, the men-of-war sailing for Port Royal, and the whale-boats for Minas, now called Horton. Here they succeeded, after some resistance, in totally destroying three populous villages, plundering the inhabitants, and bringing off a number of prisoners; after which work of destruction, they immediately proceeded to the harbor of Port Royal and

joined the ships. The attack upon Port Royal was unsuccessful, and, after several attempts, was given up. The inhabitants seemed, at length, to discover that they could fight when pressed to the utmost. After abandoning this place in despair, Church proceeded to Chiegnecto, (which he had visited eight years before,) and laid waste the country, plundering the inhabitants of their goods, burning their houses, and breaking down their dikes, which protected their valuable and extensive marshes from the encroachments of the sea.

The ease with which these conquests, if such they could be called, had been obtained, seems at length to have excited the cupidity of the authorities in Massachusetts, to become the permanent possessors of this beautiful country, or at least that it should become annexed to the English provinces. They therefore procured the assent of the parent government to raise a force sufficient for the conquest, and a pledge that, if conquered, it should never again be ceded to France.

"The ways of Providence are dark and intricate" indeed. Little did the New England provinces then think, that the time would come when they should as fervently wish it in the possession of the French as they now deprecated it.

In 1707, one thousand men were raised in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island, and despatched to Port Royal, where they arrived on the 17th of May, under the convoy of two men-of-war. The Governor, Broillard, had died the preceding year, and the command had devolved upon M. Subercease, an active and brave French officer, and one who had before distinguished himself at Newfoundland. His judicious arrangements and spirited defence frustrated all their attempts upon the forts, while, in endeavoring to land in another place, they were met by a company of Indians and of the inhabitants, commanded by one whose name seems always to have carried terror into the camp of the English, the "Baron Castine." On this occasion he became the assailant, and compelled them to re-embark. The consequence was their immediate return to Boston.

Governor Dudley, who was then Governor of Massachusetts, was determined the enterprise should not thus

be abandoned; and, accordingly, raising an additional force, and fitting them out once more, he compelled them to return to the assault. They were beat off again, and with such effect that the English soldiers lost all presence of mind and subordination, and retreated in much disorder, numbers falling into an ambuscade laid for them. They continued some time on the coast, making several attempts; but Providence had decreed that they should not now succeed, and for this time interposed an Omnipotent arm between them and the hunted and persecuted Acadians. A violent and epidemic disease at this time broke out on board the ships, which compelled them to return before they should be unable to get away.

For three years no attempt was made against this country, until, in 1710, another expedition was fitted out under the command of General Nicholson; and on the 18th of September, four ships of war, two provincial galleys, and fourteen transports, in the pay of Massachusetts, five of Connecticut, two of New Hampshire, three of Rhode Island, a tender, and five English transports set sail from Boston bay, and after a passage of six days displayed their imposing force in the harbor of Port Royal. With the exception of one regiment of marines from Europe, the forces were all provincials, raised in New England, but commissioned by the Queen, and armed at the royal expense; four provincial and one English regiments.

There chanced to be but two hundred and sixty effective men in the forts; and, although one of the transports was sunk in attempting to enter the harbor, and perished with all her stores and every soul on board, yet so imposing was their array, that they were landed without opposition.

Every thing that man could do, the brave Subercease essayed. Although a tremendous cannonade was opened upon the fort from within a hundred yards of it, the French returned shot for shot, and held the fort for seven days, with a handfull of men, against five regiments within one hundred yards of them. On the 1st of October, the English had three batteries open, two mortars, and twenty-four cohorn mortars mounted; and on the evening of that day, once more and for the last time, the misera-

ble, persecuted, and deeply-injured Acadians passed into the hands of their remorseless foes, the English.

Thus fell Port Royal, the last stronghold of the French in Nova Scotia; and who that shall read the subsequent history of that ill-fated people, the Neutral French, but will mourn the day? Alas! alas! their guardian angel had fled; their friends, the savages, were not near, and the Baron Castine, not being prepared for this event, was far away. And there was no eye to pity, and no arm to save. Their lamp has gone out, their star has set, and their sun has gone down in utter darkness. Alas for those over whom the iron rod of oppression shall now fall, until the last ray of hope has departed.

It was not, however, until the most honorable terms of capitulation had been agreed upon, that the gallant commander of the French consented to surrender. The garrison marched out with colors flying, drums beating, &c.

It seems almost a waste of paper to record these articles. Their conquerors appear to have had little regard to things of that kind at that day, and to have reserved to themselves the privilege of construing them as suited their convenience. The victors, in fact, observed no law that was not agreeable to themselves. In the present instance, however, or at least for the time being, they thought proper to preserve some regard to their agreement. They had to "provide ships to carry the garrison to Rochelle," and allow them "to carry out six guns and two mortars," &c.; "to allow the officers to carry all their effects;" "to respect the effects and ornaments of the chapel and hospital;" to give the "Canadians leave to retire to Canada;" and to "carry those belonging to the islands to their home."

But the fifth article in the agreement, specifying for the safety of "all the inhabitants within cannon shot of Port Royal," was in truth a singular one. It was probably intended to protect the persons of those most obnoxious to the conquerors, who, on the landing of the British, had harassed them, concealing themselves behind houses and fences, and killing many on their march towards the fort. The English contended, afterwards, that those within cannon shot being alone specified, the remainder of the inhabitants were given up to their unconditional mercies.

Upon the accession of Nova Scotia, the English immediately despatched a commissioner, or rather a deputation of several commissioners, to Vandrieul, the Governor of Canada, to say, "that if he did not restrain the savages under his control from further incursions into New England, they would take revenge for every act of hostility committed by them upon the defenceless Acadians now in their power."

The French Governor, with great dignity, returned for answer:

"That the evil complained of might have been prevented wholly, at an early day, by the English acceding to a proposal of his, of neutrality between the two provinces of America, while the parent states were at war in Europe. But if their threats were put in execution, nothing should prevent him from delivering up every English prisoner *into the hands of the Indians.*"

This threat saved, for the present, the poor Acadians. As to restraining the Indians altogether, they must have known it was beyond his power. Vandrieul, however, cherished the expectation, as most reasonably he might, that Nova Scotia would again be restored to the French. In this expectation, the deceived Acadians were likewise sanguine. Vandrieul, in view of this, appointed the Baron Castine to the chief command of Nova Scotia, (then called Acadia,) with instructions to preserve their loyalty to the French King as far as possible. This person actually raised a force and attacked a party of English in what is now called New Brunswick, and defeated them, and was about to deliver Port Royal from the power of the English with his Indian forces alone. When those who were to assist him from Canada disappointed him, having to remain to defend Quebec from an English fleet under Sir Hovendon Walker.

Aware of the approach of the Baron Castine, and the probable movements of the French and Canadians to assist them, the commanding British officer at Port Royal took three priests and five of the principal inhabitants, and shut them up as hostages, proclaiming "that upon the least insurrectionary movement, he would execute these innocent persons in retaliation." Despairing then of succor, the few inhabitants who had taken up arms,

laid them down and submitted. But, not satisfied with this, the English began to scour the country to swear the dispersed inhabitants to allegiance. Nothing, at any time, created such sensation among the Acadians as this; from conscience, they always uniformly avoided taking an oath, so revolting to their principles: and on this occasion their blood was up.

Having been disappointed of their expected succor from Canada, (which, by the way, was only two hundred brave Frenchmen under the command of the Marquis D'Alloigniers,) they were obliged to lay down their arms; but, to resist the taking of an oath, which they believed sinful, they determined. It is not, therefore, unlikely that they procured the assistance of their Indian friends to surprise the force under Captain Pigeon, an officer of the English regulars, sent out on this ungrateful service. It is, however, quite singular that no history accuses them of having any hand in it, although they were usually accused, even when guiltless, of all the savage enormities.

The craft, whatever it was, proceeded up the river to enforce the new regulations, and reduce all the disaffected to obedience. They had not proceeded far, however, when they were surprised by a body of Indians, who "killed the fort major, the engineer, and all the boat's crew, and took from thirty to forty English prisoners. (The scene of this disaster is about twelve miles above the fort on the road to Halifax, and is still called Bloody Creek.) The success of this ambuscade tempted the inhabitants to take up arms again, and five hundred of them, with as many Indians as they could collect, embodied themselves to attack the fort." But it was in vain; a fiat had gone forth, and all future effort seemed to be useless. They lacked an efficient officer, and sent to Placentia for one; but the Governor of that place was unable to spare one, and they had to abandon the enterprise and disperse.

Immediately after this, or almost while it was going on, a peace was concluded between England and France, which set the seal to the fate, and crushed forever the hopes of the wretched Acadians. Great rejoicings were caused in New England by the news of this treaty. And

as to France, the English historian says she only "lost a country of which she had never known the value."

The long looked-for event of peace, the Acadians had been taught to anticipate as the end of their sorrows, and the bursting of their bonds. Instead of which, (the reverse must have been dreadful!) the poor, simple-hearted, trusting Acadians found themselves delivered up to the power of their enemies, forsaken by the parent government; their beautiful and beloved country, to which they had clung with unexampled fidelity, even when the means of subsistence appeared almost to fail; when their fields were blazing and their houses levelled with the dust; when stripped of their clothing, and all that they possessed a prey to the spoiler, was now given, irrevocably given, to that enemy, whose tender mercies they had so often found to be cruelty.

The articles of Utrecht were signed on the 11th of April, 1717; and blinded, infatuated France, by them stipulated not only to give up the whole country called Açadia, but the privilege of their fisheries on the coast, or within thirty leagues of it.

From this period that country (or Nova Scotia proper) has continued in the hands of the English; and though France declared war against England in 1774, nothing of consequence was done towards the recovery of that country. In fact, they lost Cape Breton the next year, and in 1760 they lost Canada too.

We have endeavored not to mix up the affairs of Canada and Cape Breton with the history of that interesting portion of the country of which it is our design to treat. But the reader will see, by looking back to the history of that period, that the attempts of the English were steadily going on in these two places at the same time. The fall of Louisbourg, the seige of Quebec, &c. are well remembered, and our limits will not permit us to treat of them here.

To return to the Acadians, left in the power of their ancient enemies. What were they to do? Their desire was for the most part to dwell among the subjects of the French government. Some wanted to go to France, some to Canada, some wished to go to Cape Breton, and some to the French West Indies—so that they could get

among people of their own nation and language, it did not seem very important which, and they would probably have settled that point without any difficulty. But, upon making application, they were told "they could not depart in English built vessels, and French vessels would not be permitted to enter their harbors."

For a long time these harassed people kept back from taking the oath of allegiance to the English monarch, George the Second. But at length, upon the most solemn assurance "they should not be compelled to bear arms against the French, and permitted the free exercise of their religion, they consented. This was not until six years after the treaty of Utrecht; and from this time, 1719, they went by the name of the "Neutral French."

At first, considerable pains were taken by their new masters to conciliate them. Their services were wanted in the construction of dikes and roads; from their long acquaintance with the soil, too, they were qualified to assist in its cultivation; and, above all, fears of an insurrection disposed the English to treat them with tolerable decency. But, at length, matters assumed a different aspect, and they were, upon one pretence or another, deprived of their privileges until even the shadow of liberty departed; and they were left to feel, in bitterness of spirit, that they were not only a conquered people, but, owing to their French origin, a hated one, and that they were regarded with irreconcilable enmity. Their language, too, operated a sad disadvantage to them. Suspected often of mischief and plotting, when they did not even understand the difficulty, or even if they comprehended it, incapable of explaining themselves to the satisfaction of their accusers; and, in addition to this, their masters were disposed to visit upon them the atrocities and barbarities of the Indians ever since the settlement of the country.

The zeal of the English in settling and colonizing their new possessions, we are told, "bore no proportion to their desire to possess it." They did indeed hold out inducements to emigrants to colonize; but the number of foreigners residing there, and the belief that it would again become the seat of war, proved a great impediment. The hostile disposition of the Indians, too, deterred many.

It seems the Indians were not named in the treaty of Utrecht; and to this omission, probably, may be attributed many of the difficulties that ensued. The savages themselves could not comprehend the nature of the transaction, by means of which the French inhabitants of Acadia quietly submitted themselves to the dominion of their ancient foes, and they applied to Vandrieul, the Governor of Canada, for an explanation. He endeavored to enlighten them, and at the same time informed them "they were *not named* in the treaty." Bitter complaints were afterwards made by the English, that the French, ever after the conquest of the country, *affected* to consider the Indians as an independent people. Whatever weight this accusation might have had in the colonies in that day, we believe it would be difficult to name the time when the French did not consider them as such, and acknowledge it in their intercourse with them.

One of the most singular accusations brought against the French at that time was, that "they had told the Indians the English were the people who crucified our Saviour." This story was very current in New England at that day, and the various cruelties of the Indians often attributed to it. There is nothing to support such a charge; and Halliburton, the English historian of Nova Scotia, entirely discredits it. The fact was, that "the affections of the Indians, violent and ardent, were towards the French." They were now, many of them, united by one faith and one baptism. They were the first they had known of the white people, and they could not but look upon the English as intruders and interlopers. They had, as neighbors, always lived peaceably and amicably with them, and in their dealings been dealt fairly with, while in their trades with the English, they almost uniformly found themselves deceived and cheated; and the wrath of the North American savage when once aroused, it is known, is unappeasable unless by the immolation of the offenders, revenge being a passion perfectly savage, and with savages considered the highest virtue. They had too, before this, made the quarrel of the French theirs, and now it was not in the power of the French to restrain them. And although the Acadians, for the most part, tillers of the soil, or living by the fisheries, seemed

after this to have sat down peaceable and contented, and almost indifferent as to who governed, provided they might be permitted to remain in quiet, and not compelled to bear arms against their countrymen, whom they still loved, or the Indians, whom they feared, and to whom their scattered settlements were particularly exposed, yet the Indians themselves would not remain so, and it was not long before their aggressions called for merited punishment.

In 1720, they attacked Canseau, where the English had erected a fishing establishment, and carried off property to the amount of £20,000. Several lives were lost in the attempt to defend it. In the next year a vessel was seized at Passamaquoddy, on her way from Annapolis to Boston, and Mr. Binney, the collector, and several other gentlemen were made prisoners. Reprisals were made by the English, and twenty-two of the Indians seized and put in confinement by the Governor, until they were released. Other vessels were taken in the same year, and some of the crews murdered by them; and in 1723 they again surprised Canseau, and captured seventeen sail of fishing vessels, putting nine individuals to death, and carrying twenty prisoners to Lunenburg to sacrifice to the manes of thirty of their own men slain in the conflict. These twenty seamen were timely rescued by an English vessel, which arrived and ransomed them and the vessels, though not without some difficulty. Shortly after, they attacked the garrison at Annapolis, burned two houses, and killed and scalped a sergeant and private, and took several prisoners.

Although the English might have seen in these depredations an almost exact copy, in miniature, of their own former ravages in Nova Scotia, their pillaging, murder, &c., it does not appear they thought once of the example they had set to this untutored and uncivilized race in this very region. But as it happened about the ox and the cow, the parties becoming *vice versa*, entirely changed the nature of the case, and the lesser enormities of the savages were exclaimed against as something never heard of before.

The Indians of the western portion of Nova Scotia were a part of the great Abenequi nation, a part of whom

inhabited the now State of Maine, and acknowledged the Baron Castine as their leader. The present baron was son of the former, and is described as one of the most elegant young men of his day. From his personal and literary qualifications, he was much thought of, and from his great wealth and connexions, (his mother being one of their tribe,) he was supposed to have unbounded influence with them, and upon this presumption was seized before these last aggressions, carried to Boston, and imprisoned. His defence—which will be found in another part of this work—was dignified and manly, and seemed to have had great effect on his accusers, as he was immediately released. History says, "partly from a dread of exasperating the Indians beyond all hope of reconciliation, and partly from the difficulty of considering him a *traitor* who had never acknowledged himself a subject, it was deemed prudent to release him." But, whatever suspicions they chose to have of this individual, all that is known of him ought, even at this day, to exclude him from blame. It is beyond dispute that he possessed a most humane and benevolent temper, and employed his great influence with his tribe to humanize and civilize them, on all prudent occasions. Soon after this he went to France to take possession of his paternal estates, and returned no more. Tradition says there was a sad and melancholy look about him, that rather added to than diminished his attractions; the effect, it was supposed, of the increasing miseries and degradation of his tribe. It would be a subject of pleasing investigation to follow the history of this extraordinary individual and his family through subsequent generations. But his story is lost to us from the time of his reaching his father's native land.

There were some few aggressions on land that immediately followed those last mentioned. And now comes the plan of revenge contrived by the English, and executed with remorseless cruelty and injustice.

There existed at that time a very beautiful settlement of the Indians at Norridgewoack, (now Norridgewock,) on the Kennebec. It was a Christian settlement, and acknowledged an aged missionary as their pastor, who had been among the Indians forty years. The Indians

loved and almost idolized him, and were at all times ready to hazard their lives for his preservation. This village, besides a great number of huts, contained a church, a huge cross in the middle, and was defended by a rude encampment.

The priest Ralle was a person well known as a scholar. He had, previous to this, carried on a controversial correspondence with some gentleman in Boston, which proved his literary attainments to be of a high order, though perfectly useless in his present situation. Halliburton, a scholar and a man of taste himself, pronounces his Latin to have been "pure, classical, and elegant." It appears, also, that the priest was conversant with the English and Dutch languages, and master of the several dialects of the Abenequi nation. But all these accomplishments, together with his high sense of religion, his deep devotion to the cause and salvation of these benighted beings, and his life altogether, which was literally one long martyrdom, seems to have been lost upon those who only saw one fault, namely, that he was a correspondent and friend of the Governor of Canada, and he might have instigated the Indians to hostility. Under this impression they fitted out a force from Massachusetts, consisting of two hundred and eight men, with orders to attack the village.

On the 12th of August, 1724, this force arrived at Norridgewoack, having marched with such secrecy as to come upon them entirely unawares, and the consequence was, a tremendous slaughter of the Indians ensued. Many of the Indians had fled upon the first appearance of the enemy. Charlevoix relates that the priest Ralle, though unprepared, was not intimidated, and shew himself at once in front, in hopes to divert the attention of the enemy to himself, and screen his beloved flock by the voluntary offer of his own life. The historian adds, that "as soon as he was seen he was saluted with a great shout and a shower of bullets, and fell together with seven Indians, who had rushed out of their tents to defend him with their bodies; and that when the pursuit had ceased, the Indians who had fled, returned to weep over their beloved missionary, and found him dead at the foot of the cross, his body perforated with balls, his head scalped, his skull broken with blows of hatchets, his

mouth and eyes filled with mud, the bones of his legs broken, and his limbs dreadfully mangled. Aftar having bathed his remains with their tears, they buried him on the site of the chapel, the chapel itself having been hewn down, with its crucifix, and whatever else they considered emblems of idolatry. They had likewise destroyed the buildings and pillaged the encampment. Now, beneath its ruins, was interred the body of him who had the very evening before celebrated the rites of his church within its walls."

The reader may find a biographical sketch of the life of the priest Ralle, given in the eighth volume of the second series of the "Massachusetts Historical Collection," page 256.

The Abenequi nation was composed of many different tribes, and the distance between many of them very great. Hence the improbability of every petty depredation being concerted by the whole nation at once. There is no doubt at this time, that the different tribes gratified their thievish or revengeful propensities whenever or wherever occasion offered them facilities. Norridgewoack was the original cognomen of the tribe of which Father Ralle was priest or pastor at the time of the cruel slaughter of these the best and most civilized of all the tribes, and of the learned, intelligent, and benevolent Ralle. There was found in his cabin, among other things, a manuscript dictionary of the Abenequi, or eastern languages, which was carefully preserved, and was printing at Cambridge (Mass.) in 1832. We presume it has been completed, and may now be found in the library of Harvard University, and perhaps in others. The bell, too, of Father Ralle's little chapel escaped the spirit of extermination and puritanical bigotry, and is preserved to this day in the cabinet of Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, (Maine.)

We go back to the Acadians, who, as a people, appeared to sit quietly down under the government that they now comprehended was to control them. The storm of war, they trusted, had now passed over them for the last time. It had taken their wisest and bravest, and those left behind were a peaceful people, living in a happy contentment. Indeed, they seemed the realization of

pastoral life, as pictured in the description of Arcadia of old. With many, and indeed with most, there was an indignant feeling at being deserted by their King, and irrevocably made over to their ancient enemy, and this feeling disposed them to submit more cheerfully to their present masters. With the most astonishing perseverance, they once more raised the broken dikes, rebuilt towns and villages, and assisted, when called upon, to build up the forts for the English. Thus, while they were continually laboring to make the country valuable, the authorities of the province were, on the other hand, laboring to enslave them.

From the period of the last conquest of Port Royal, every thing seemed to confirm the despotism of the English over this fated province. Louisburg, the "Dunkirk of America," the capital of Cape Breton, had surrendered to the arms of the English, or more properly to the arms of the colonies in New England, after a siege of thirty-nine days, and their Catholic brethren in that region treated with great rigor. It will be remembered this place was taken by a force from Massachusetts of thirty-two hundred men, aided by five hundred from Connecticut, and three hnndred from Rhode Island, planned by Governor Shirley of Massachusetts, and commanded by William Pepperell, Esq. of that State, afterwards knighted for his prowess in this expedition. There were many to whom the growing exactions of the British had become exceedingly galling, and who looked forward to a removal to Cape Breton as the only asylum, and the most secure one, whose last hope expired when Louisburg fell. Previous, however, to the fall of that place, an attempt had been made by the celebrated De Quesnal, Governor of Cape Breton, to free the Acadians. It was immediately after the declaration of war against England by the French court in 1744. In this attempt the brave De Quesnal was premature and rash, having received express orders with the declaration, "not to attack any post in Nova Scotia until further orders." Believing, however, that he should receive great accessions from the disaffected inhabitants, he ventured to disobey the orders of his government, and make a descent upon Canseau, under Du Vivier, on the 11th of May, and was instantly joined

by two hundred Indians. The garrison under Captain Heron surrendered. He then proceeded to Annapolis, where, after an unsuccessful siege of four weeks, he finally retired to Minas, (now Horton,) where he destroyed the fortifications and English houses, and then retired to Bay Verte, and then to Canada. During this season, an attempt was also made upon Annapolis by one Luttre, a French priest, with three hundred Indians. Wherever the French force appeared, there was a general rising of the Indians, who immediately flocked to their standard. Not so the Acadians, who, on all these occasions, maintained their character of neutrals as a people, with only the occasional defection of a few young and daring spirits. Painful as must have been their feelings, they respected their oath of allegiance to the English monarch, and loathed the scenes of carnage and blood.

The resentment of the English against the Indians was now at its height, and the government of Massachusetts denounced them as "enemies and rebels," and declared war against them, while "the savages of the different New England tribes were forbidden to hold any intercourse with them." So far it was right; but we shrink from the remainder of the proclamation, which went on to offer premiums for capturing and scalping them. "One hundred pounds for each male above twelve years of age if scalped, one hundred and five if taken prisoner; fifty pounds for each woman and child scalped, and fifty if brought in alive." Irritated by this, a French officer in Canada immediately raised a force of nine hundred Indians, and invested Annapolis. But from this attack they were immediately called to the relief of Louisbourg, (Cape Breton,) which was now invested by land and by sea. They were prevented by the English ships from crossing the strait, and had to retire to Minas. Thus that devoted island lost their services. Their storeships, also, from stress of weather, were compelled to retire to the West Indies; their gallant Governor, Du Quesnal, died suddenly; Duchamber, his successor, had not, alas! his skill or vigor; and thus this beautiful place and strong fortress, which had cost the French already not less than thirty millions of livres, and twenty-five years' labor, and not yet completed, fell into the hands of the English after a siege of forty-nine days.

We wish the limits of our work would permit a description of this splendid fortress, and the means employed for its reduction. But the description alone of a town defended by a wall two miles and a half in circumference, constituting a rampart thirty-six feet high, and environed with a ditch eighty feet wide; with its church, and arsenal, and hospital, and other elegant structures: its bastions, and batteries, and embrazures for one hundred and forty-eight cannon; its light-house, and the beautiful town without the walls, would fill a volume. Its walls are demolished, and its palaces laid low in the dust. The French made two essays to recover Louisbourg; but the Providence of God seemed to have destined their disappointment, sometimes by storms, and sometimes by arms. It was upon the expedition to Louisbourg, that the banner was presented to the famous George Whitefield for a motto. This person was at the time preaching with great success in New England. He was a man of most remarkable powers of oratory, but so exceedingly singular and eccentric in his manner, that many and very discordant opinions have been expressed of his piety. But as he was the happy instrument of turning many to righteousness, we must charitably conclude he was a good man. Aware that they wished to have this expedition considered as a crusade, he blessed the banner by giving it the motto, "*Nil desperandum Christo duce*"—we despair of nothing, Christ being our leader. Many of his enthusiastic followers engaged in the enterprise, and some of them, preachers too, carried hatchets to hew down the images in the churches, with which they contrived, it seems, to hew down churches also, and every thing else they could get at.

We have said that the reins of power seemed to be drawn tighter, from time to time, after the conquest of Port Royal, and a regular despotism to commence from that epoch. We proceed to say in what manner it was manifested. And here we must premise, that we can only name some of the most outrageous and glaring abuses, and of them only give a very slight sketch. In the first place, then, the Acadians were not only debarred from holding any office of trust in the colony, robbed of their right of representation, a shadow of which had at first been accorded them, but, after a few years, formally excluded

from the right of adjudication in their courts of justice—an act of tyranny the most ruinous and oppressive, as well as the most arbitrary that could be conceived of, since, let their individual abuses and losses be what they might, they had no appeal to the law for remedy. The state of things this was calculated to produce must be obvious. The strong had the power to encroach upon the weak, without the oppressed having the power to defend themselves. Their boundaries and the titles to their lands, by this means, became involved in the greatest confusion. But yet so amicably did this gentle race live among themselves, that, as respected each other, it made but little difference. They were accustomed to put their title-deeds and wills into the hands of their pastors for safe keeping; and in any little dispute among themselves, to refer the matter to him, and be governed by his advice. Their time was also often required in the construction of dikes for the English, erecting fortifications, making roads, &c., as well as supplying the British armed force with fuel, for which no compensation was allowed. They were narrowly watched, and subjected to most vexatious restraints and intermeddling. But all these were endured with patience, with almost superhuman fortitude.

Meanwhile, more than five years had elapsed since the treaty of Utrecht, before any great progress had been made in the settlement of the country by the English. But a scheme was devised about this time for effecting English settlements along the coast and in the interior, which would not only secure to them the future possession of the colony, but actually improve its nominal value, by the improvements they would introduce. They now made an offer of land to all officers and privates lately dismissed from the army or navy of Great Britain, to settle there; the conditions of which were fifty acres to every private, eighty to officers under the rank of ensign in the army or lieutenant in the navy, two hundred to ensigns, three hundred to lieutenants, four hundred to captains, and six hundred to any above that rank, free from quit-rents, for ten years; also to transport them and their families free of expense, maintain them one year, supply them with arms to defend themselves at the expense of government, &c. &c.

The scheme was so alluring that, in a short time, thirty-seven hundred and sixty were on their way, and £40,000 voted to pay their expenses. Arrived, they chose an establishment at Chebucto harbor; and this was the commencement of the settlement of Halifax, called so in honor of the nobleman of that name, who had the greatest share in founding the colony. The Indians continued, occasionally, to harass the English, and, as often as they could surprise small parties in the woods, would kill, scalp, or make them prisoners. In addition to which, a French officer from Canada came down with a company of Indians and erected a fort on the neck of land connecting Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and even, as was then reported, threatened Halifax into the fort, which they denominated Beau Sejour, (English name Cumberland.) They impressed three hundred young men of the Acadians; and this, though the great body of that people formally denounced, and always protested was done without their concurrence, was the cause of much crimination, and furnished a very plausible pretext for abuse of that unfortunate people. The charge, too, of supplying the Indians with arms and ammunition, was made much of, though they very feelingly protested they dared not deny any thing demanded by that murderous race, as instant vengeance would have followed the refusal; of that of instigating them to acts of vengeance, they utterly denied, with the most solemn protestations of innocence. But there they were, and their very existence was a crime. Their temperate policy under all their burthens, as it supplied no excuse for destroying them, was still more provoking. Never was there a stronger proof that "peace of mind does not depend upon outward circumstances." Their population increased rapidly, and their riches also.

At the period at which our story commences, 1755, the French Neutrals numbered eighteen, some say twenty thousand souls. Their manner of life had gradually changed in one respect, and that an improvement, as far as the domestic character was concerned, for they gradually gave up hunting and fishing, and addicted themselves to the pursuits of agriculture altogether. The immense meadows they had rescued from the sea, so repeatedly and with such industry, were covered with flocks of sheep

or herds of cattle. "They possessed sixty thousand head of horned cattle, and most families had several horses, although the tillage was carried on by oxen." Their habitations were as substantial and convenient as most farm-houses in Europe. Each farmer raised his own grain and a variety of vegetables, and they manufactured their own clothing from wool and flax, which they raised in abundance. They abounded in fine orchards, and their usual drink was beer and cider. If any of them coveted articles of luxury, they procured them from Annapolis or Louisbourg, and in exchange gave them corn, cattle, or furs. They likewise reared a vast deal of poultry.

Of the morals of these people, contemporaneous history speaks volumes in one sentence, namely, "*an illegitimate child was unknown in their settlements.*" What a comment! One great reason of this probably was, "their young people were encouraged to marry early; and in all their settlements, whenever there was a marriage, the company got together and built them a house and furnished them with a year's provision, and the females always brought their portions in flocks. Fifty years of comparative quiet had done wonders for this people. Their chapels had been rebuilt and improved, and new ones erected; and although their priests were subjected to the most vexatious restraints in travelling from place to place, &c., they contrived to keep these people united in one bond of love. The pastors were not only their priests, but lawyers, judges, schoolmasters, and physicians; and all the remuneration they received was a twenty-seventh part of their income, voluntarily set off to them by the people.

That such a state of simplicity and social happiness could exist in this jarring world, may well be a matter of wonder in these days, when luxury and extravagance has almost banished simplicity from the earth. The truth, however, is too well established by contemporary historians to be doubted; and, moreover, of those of this people who survive in their descendants, and may yet be found in scattered portions in the country, the character of piety, benevolence, integrity, simplicity, and honesty, is still kept up.

That such a people could possibly give offence; that they could, in any way, become so obnoxious as to cause their expulsion from the territory, from the land of their nativity, by those who had the rule over them, is equally astonishing. But, as historians, we are bound to hear the arguments of their antagonists, to state the accusations upon which so inhuman a measure was determined on, leaving it to the judgment of every individual to decide whether they were well founded. The accusations were briefly these:

1. "That they would not take the oath of allegiance without the qualification that they should not be compelled to bear arms; which qualification, although it had been accepted by the Governor, Governor Phipps, was disapproved of by the King."

2. "That, though affecting the character of neutrals, they had been guilty of furnishing the French and Indians with intelligence, quarter, provisions, and assistance, in annoying the government of the province."

3. "That three hundred of them had been found in arms at the taking of Fort Beau Sejour."

4. "That, notwithstanding an offer was made those who had never been openly in arms, to be allowed to continue in possession of their land if they would take the oath of allegiance without any qualification whatever, they unanimously refused."

Historians assert that, with regard to the second accusation, there might have been individuals who violated their neutrality in this manner, it is certain the great body of them did not.

Among the colonial authorities, backed by instructions from the parent government in England, it was finally determined, though in the most covert and secret manner, to remove and disperse this whole people. How to proceed, was at first a great difficulty. It was argued, "they could not be dealt with as prisoners of war, because they had been suffered to retain their possessions peaceably for half a century; and their *neutrality* (after they had refused to take the oath of allegiance unreservedly) had been accepted in lieu of their obedience." "An order had been promulgated, requiring the neutrals to give up their arms and all their boats, so as to be una-

ble to aid the enemy in any way." This oppressive and unjust edict, which was calculated and probably intended to force them into insurrection, or premature and overt acts of rebellion, utterly failed of that effect, and left their oppressors no shadow of pretext for annoying them, for cheerfully and unreservedly did this innocent and deceived people comply with the requisition, thinking by their ready compliance to do away all distrust; and thus they robbed themselves of all chance for defence afterwards, had they been so inclined.

So far from ameliorating their fate, their submissions only seemed to invite further oppression; and whenever they were required to do any thing, they were ordered to it in the most offensive and domineering manner possible, usually accompanied with shocking threats in case they should refuse, although full well their oppressors knew that they would not refuse, or even affect reluctance. For instance, they would be commanded to supply a certain detachment of English soldiers with fuel, and told in the same breath, "that if they refused, their houses should be burned for fuel." Again: "To bring timber for the English forts, and that if they refused, they should suffer military execution."

And this not done by inferior officers, as we might be led to suppose, from its vulgarity and insolence, but by orders of the Governor, who, in his letters of instruction to Captain Murray to this effect, says: "You are not to bargain with this people for their payment, but furnish them with certificates, which will entitle them at Halifax to receive such payments as shall be thought reasonable, and assuring them if they do not immediately comply, the next courier will bring an order for their execution." Full well the treacherous Governor knew, that no compensation was ever intended them, and that at the moment the bush was limed, and the measures concerted to hunt them into captivity, after these forts should be completed. It can scarcely be thought, that even the Acadians themselves expected any thing: but they cheerfully complied, resolved to disarm resentment by a patient compliance, and continuance in well doing.

When all things were ripe for the expulsion of these people from the province a force was raised in New Eng-

land, principally for this object, and put under the command of Colonel John Winslow, of Marshfield, (Mass.) who held a commission of major general in the militia, and his influence was so great as to effect the raising of two thousand men in two months; they embarked on the 20th of May, and arrived at Annapolis on the 25th. Determining upon the subjugation of the whole country in the first place, they despatched three frigates and a sloop up the Bay of Funday, under the command of Captain Rous, to give them assistance. At the mouth of the river Massagaush, they attacked a block-house, defended by some French from Canada, Indians, and a few rebel Acadians; the whole number was only four hundred and fifty. These were dislodged by the English, who proceeded to the fort before mentioned, at Beau Sejour, which they invested, and, after four days, compelled to surrender, and the garrison sent to Louisbourg, which, by the last treaty of peace, had once more fallen into the hands of the French, though it was only a temporary possession. From thence they proceeded up the river St. Johns, the last stronghold of the French (proper.) They fled at the approach of the English.

Thus having secured, as they said, the peace of the colony, by completely routing all the French, who, since the last declaration of war between the two countries, had been gradually encroaching from Canada in their march southward, and who doubtless counted upon finally rousing the Neutral French to join them, and free their country from the English yoke, they might be supposed to be satisfied, and to have relented of the cruel policy towards the Neutrals. But it was not so. And the delay which intervened between this and their final expulsion, it appears, was only allowed in order to be secure of the gathering in of the harvest, which they were determined this deceived people should do for them.

Various apologies have been offered for Colonel Winslow for his share in this cruel business, and to wipe from his memory the stain it has left. It has been argued, "he was a soldier, and bound to obey orders;" and contended "that he went to Nova Scotia assuming the command, ignorant of the service required of him." But all these apologies are insufficient to reconcile us to his

character. The following extract from Halliburton's History of Nova Scotia (vol. i. p. 175) sets the matter at rest with respect to the part Colonel Winslow took.

"At a consultation held between *Colonel Winslow and Captain Murray*, it was agreed that a proclamation should be issued at the different settlements, requiring the attendance of the people at the respective posts on the same day, which proclamation should be *so ambiguous in its nature* that the object for which they were to assemble *could not be discovered*, and so peremptory in its terms as to insure implicit obedience. This instrument being draughted and planned, was distributed according to its original plan." Then follows the proclamation. Thus it appears he was not only an actor, but one who assisted in *planning and contriving* this piece of Machiavelism.

To avoid repetition, we will not now enlarge upon the manner in which the barbarous measures proposed were carried into execution, as they will be minutely given in the story forthcoming, which commences precisely at this period. If the reader is not satisfied with our description of it, he will please read Halliburton's History of Nova Scotia, in which there is a historical account of these transactions, with many very just remarks upon the cruelty of an enterprise which had for its object the securing the loyalty of a people by destroying them.

The barbarity of driving out an innocent and unoffending people, with fire and sword, from their dearly-earned possessions, and scattering them among a strange people, ignorant of their manners, language, customs, and laws, refusing them the privilege of seeking their own nation and religion, can never be expiated. But it is a singular providence, that some who had a hand in these transactions, were, in their turn, twenty years after, obliged to flee. Several of these, it is said, and many of their descendants, were obliged to flee and seek refuge in a country from which the persecuted Acadians were expelled. When "the fullness of time had come," and the measure of their crimes, committed under the name of *loyalty*, was full, the Lord prepared a new thing under the sun—a people who should dare to scoff at the "divine right of kings—to set both despots and their slaves at defiance—to burst their fetters and be free—and drive

out those who had driven others. And it is worthy of remark, that Colonel Winslow's family, in 1775, were among the tories who had to flee to Halifax.

Colonel Winslow, in the history of his achievements, is mentioned as "the descendant of an ancient and honorable family," which is true, as he was the direct descendant of one of the honorable family of the Pilgrims, who, a little more than a century before, had left the shores of Great Britain to seek an asylum from persecution and religious intolerance. For several generations certainly, and we are not certain but from the first settlement of that part of the country, the Winslows had established their family residence at Marshfield, (Mass.) in the neighborhood of Plymouth. It is called "Caswell Farm." The house is still standing, and was evidently built in imitation of the ancient family mansions in Great Britain, as there is an air of coldness and stateliness about it entirely different from that appearance of snugness and comfort which distinguish the more modern style of building, and one would suppose indispensable to that cold region.

The portrait of the last Colonel Winslow, until within a short time, was still to be seen there, and reminded of those words of Halleck—

> "Still sternly o'er the castle-gate,
> Their house's lion frowned in state."

It has recently, however, been removed to the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in Tremont street, Boston; and a curious contrast is exhibited between the countenance of the Colonel, with his light complexion and perpetual smile, and the dark and monkish looks of his progenitors, the two Governor Hutchinsons, the one his grandfather, the other his greatgrandfather. They were, it appears, a very aristocratic family, and thought much of *good blood.* Colonel Winslow married a lady who was niece to the Duke of New Castle, the Lady Arabella Pelham, and, report says, affected a style far above his income, by which he involved the ancestral estate so deeply that, in the next generation, it passed from the family. It has since, however, been repurchased by a branch of the family.

The portraits of the Winslow family, together with some of the Hutchinsons, and others, now occupying the walls of the Historical Society's rooms at Boston, suggest a curious inquiry. Whether they assumed these stern looks to awe the vulgar, upon being appointed to lord it over this new world, or whether they were by nature so repulsive, is a problem which we cannot solve at this day. But certain it is, that the grim visages of the colonial governors and other early officers of the colonies, as exhibited in their portraits, is as different from the broad, rubicund faces and merry looks of the present race of Englishmen as possible. The portrait of Colonel John Winslow represents an Englishman of the present time, with a full face and chest, and that kind of smile about the mouth vulgarly denominated smirking, together with the blue eyes and fair complexion of the Anglo-Saxon. We must say we were perfectly disappointed in the appearance of this redoubtable commander, who drove unarmed men, women, and children, and also "*much cattle*" before him, at the expulsion of the Neutrals from Nova Scotia. The lowering looks of some of his predecessors would have better suited the character of that transaction. However, an habitual smile is no proof of real good nature or good principles, since the greatest and deepest villains have often assumed it to conceal the wickedness and cruelty of their tempers; and there have been persons "who could smile, and murder while they smiled." It is not prejudice, but the face is far from being an intellectual one, since it rather indicates cunning than wisdom. Colonel Winslow lived to the advanced age of seventy-three, and died in 1773; consequently he must have been fifty-five at the time of his exploits in Nova Scotia.

Providence seems to have punished this commander in a measure at the time, as his last days in Halifax—for he did not come off with the Neutrals himself—were embittered by the conduct of the English authorities in that region. They made no scruple, it appears from his journal, to transfer soldiers in his regiment of New England troops to the Halifax regiments; an unlawful thing, and which he remonstrated against to the Governor and commanding officer on the station without effect, his representations

being treated with cool contempt by those with whom he had plotted and acted so little time before. In his journal (now in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society) he pronounces their conduct "contrary to the rules of war," and prophesies "it will be the last New England force ever marched into Nova Scotia to defend their rights."

Besides these and other abuses, it appears there was a continual covert attack upon the character of the New England troops, very galling to the feelings of Colonel Winslow, who felt that the mother country was entirely indebted to the New England forces for all their conquests in this quarter of the globe. We were much amused by the complaints of the soldiers on this head, and particularly one John Rouse, who writes of the bragging of the Halifax troops over the New England ones, and hopes to "live to see them paid," and that "the time might come when they should be convinced the New England troops would not turn their backs to them"!

When the New England troops were enlisted to go to Nova Scotia, they were told "they were going to assist in removing the encroachments of the French in Nova Scotia." What was understood by the ambiguous statement, does not appear. But tradition says many did not even know the place of their destination previous to their embarcation, and believed it to be Canada. Colonel Winslow himself, doubtless, was in their counsels, and would not engage in the undertaking without his reward being paid beforehand. Eight hundred pounds was the price of hunting eighteen thousand people into captivity. Alas! perhaps the price of his soul. It does not appear on any record, that the cruel methods used to transport the seven thousand Neutrals brought away at that time by direction of Winslow, were devised by any but himself. His putting males in one set of transports, and females and children packed into others, as though purposely to separate families, appears his own work, as well as their barbarous exposure on the shore, &c.

Nova Scotia was, during the Revolution, the stronghold of the tories; and to it many were obliged to flee, who saw not their families for years, and some of them never met

again. Many of their descendants still live in that region, too happy in being permitted to till the soil and enjoy the produce which of right belonged to the banished Acadians, the hapless exiles of Nova Scotia.

It was long after that the country, left smoking in ruins, regained its beauty and fertility. Five years after, a small colony from Connecticut was persuaded by the colonial authorities to emigrate there, and they described it in such a garb as would have drawn tears from the eyes of any one not completely hardened. The ground was at that time whitened with the bones of the famished flocks and herds of the Neutrals—the blackened ruins of their habitations were still staring them in the face on every hand—and even the ruins of the carts and other conveyances, that carried the few goods they were permitted to take, were mouldering on the shores. But the most moving spectacle was some human beings who had been hid in the woods, and had not tasted bread for five years. In the famished and forlorn condition they were in, it was with difficulty they could be lured from their dismal retreat. But at length the gentle manners of the new settlers prevailed against the overwhelming fear they had of the English.

At the period of the Revolution, that country still wore an air of desolation. Several persons from our own part of the world (Rhode Island) went, and some returned after the war of the Revolution. Of these we have a distinct recollection of one, Mr. William Richmond, who gave a very interesting though mournful description of the remains of the Neutral French. "Some of the remains of those ruined dikes, erected by the industry and ingenuity of that people, were still visible in their dilapidated state, that he stated to have been forty-five feet in height, and of great thickness. His sympathies for that exiled race were very much excited, and he did not hesitate to say, upon investigating the causes of their expulsion, that he believed it to have been caused by avarice alone; and that they were indebted to the plotting of the colonial governments, who coveted their lands, more than to any danger that menaced the state through their residence." *

* As the gentleman, whose authority is here cited in behalf of

Of the final success, in the attempt to incorporate the Neutrals with the people of the different provinces, whither

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the Neutrals, was one of the few who left the United States at the commencement of the Revolution, and afterwards returned to it, it very naturally excited our curiosity to hear his story, and be able to account for the desertion of our country in her hour of peril, by one who subsequently deported himself as a good citizen, and held, for many years, offices of trust and importance in the State. The following authentic particulars will not be unacceptable to those who knew him, of whom many remain until this day.

WILLIAM RICHMOND was born at Providence (R. I.) in 1744, and was descended from the Richmonds of Wiltshire, (England,) who settled at Sagonet, now Little Compton, (R. I.) in 1675. He early in life embraced the principles of the Glassites, or Sandaminians, a sect who, about the middle of the eighteenth century, separated from the Scotch national church on various points of discipline and doctrine.

At the commencement of the Revolution, he was living at Danbury, (Conn.) whither he had resorted for the purpose of living in communion with a numerous congregation of the same sect, there formed into church order.

There were two points on which the members of this church—although they disputed the monstrous claim of parliamentary supremacy over the colonies—declined to bear arms against the mother country. In the first place, they were non-resistants, as the Quakers; and, secondly, they professed to have conscientious scruples respecting the oath of allegiance which they had taken without equivocation, and with an express disavowal of all mental reservation. The taxes assessed on them for the support of the dominant sect in Connecticut, they had paid without any evasion, and in fact they paid the war-taxes as long as they lived there, but they did not believe that any government could absolve them from their oath. But as they were equally reluctant to take up arms in support of British usurpation, the government of Connecticut was disposed to protect them.

It was soon perceived this state of things could not continue. The multitude could not distinguish between their forbearance as a matter of conscience, and the manœuvreing and plotting of the treacherous tories. And the consequence was, that their situation soon became very uncomfortable, and from time to time they were exceedingly annoyed, and found themselves often exposed to popular violence. The fact was, the State government was not sufficiently established to protect them from violence.

The government of Connecticut seemed to compassionate the situation of these people, and finally advised them to remove to Long Island, then in possession of the British. With this recommendation they complied, and were furnished with a passport and certificate of their peaceable, moral, and religious character. Mr. Richmond took a farm on Long Island, where he remained until

they were banished, we can say but little. They, on their arrival, were generally conducted to the poor-houses,

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the evacuation of the British. Apprehensive of a recurrence of the scenes which had formerly been so annoying, and feeling that the citizens would not regard him in the light in which he wished to be viewed, Mr. Richmond, with his party, emigrated to Nova Scotia, and settled for the time at Selkirk. Mr. Richmond accepted an employment in the civil engineering department of Nova Scotia, where he was employed some years in laying out roads, &c. It was here that he became acquainted with the history of that persecuted race, whose interesting remains met the eye on every side, and told a tale of woe, one would suppose, peculiarly exciting to all who would be neutrals on British ground. Whether it had any effect on the mind of Mr. Richmond, or whether the endearing recollections of his native place and kindred alone drew him back, we cannot say. But he returned, and finding the leading men of his native town much more tolerant and liberal, respecting his principles and conduct, than he had expected to find them, he gladly availed himself of the opportunity to settle in Providence, and went no more. Soon after, being a widower, he married a daughter of the Rev. Russell Mason, of Swanzey, (Mass.) in whose society he passed the remainder of his days. Mr. Richmond held several offices of trust, some of which were the gift of the Legislature.

It was not without a struggle, however, that he was elected, the opposing party contending that "he had forfeited the right of citizenship; and, besides, was not to be ranked with those who had borne the burden and heat of the day." Others contended, that he having acted altogether from a scruple of conscience, his withdrawal was not to be ascribed to malignant feelings against the new government, particularly as he had taken no part with the enemies of the country, uniformly refusing to bear arms on either side. That he had given strong proofs of attachment by returning to the country, when his services might have been well remunerated where he was. And "besides"—and the most powerful argument after all—"the talents of Mr. Richmond peculiarly qualified him for public business, and it was the interest of the State to appropriate them." However, the objection of forfeiting his right, &c., was so frequently brought up, that he found it necessary to appeal to the General Assembly of the State, and, by the recommendation of Arthur Fenner, then Governor of the State, an act was immediately passed exonerating him from blame, and declaring him "entitled to all the rights and privileges of citizenship."

Among the congregation who went to Long Island on the occasion above alluded to, were two eminent lawyers, Messrs. Humphrey and Barrell. These gentlemen, with a full knowledge of their opinions and conduct during the Revolution, were repeatedly appointed to office by Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. (We

as they almost uniformly refused to work, alleging "they were prisoners of war." From thence they were dispersed through the different towns of those provinces, in order that each town might thus render its proportion toward the expense of supporting them, a debt which it seems the States were saddled with.

The Count D'Estaing, when Governor of Hispaniola, commisserated their case, and invited them there, allotting a particular district to their use. A considerable colony emigrated there; but the climate was so different to any thing they had been accustomed to, that a pestilence broke out among them, even before they could prepare themselves habitations, and they miserably perished, except about two hundred of them, who left the island for a milder climate.

When the Count, hearing of their shocking mortality, went out to see them, he found them in the most pitiable plight, crawling under the bushes, &c. to screen themselves from the rays of a torrid sun, and laying down to die. Of the number who straggled back, some encamped in the wilderness, but it is believed many perished from hardship and exposure in the attempt. (The settlement of the Madawaska, by their own traditions, appears to have been first made by the Neutral French. Doctor Jackson, in his "Geology of Maine," speaks of its being peopled by their descendants, notwithstanding the statement of "Pierre Lazotte," that they found none there

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do not record it, however, to recommend the precedent.) Mr. Humphrey was appointed by the latter district attorney of New Hampshire, in 1801, which office he continued to hold, under subsequent administrations, until his death, two or three years since. Mr. Barrell was consul abroad, as also his son, who died in Spain in 1838. It is not known that in any of the States, the act of attainder, confiscation, or other disqualification was passed against a member of this sect of Christians, for their opinions and conduct during the Revolution.

In the case of Mr. Richmond, every worldly motive was against him. His father, brother, uncles, and brother-in-law, were all revolutionary men. Three of them held commissions in the American army, and another was a surgeon, to all of whom he was sincerely attached, and beloved by them. It was his happy privilege, while on Long Island, to be of essential service to a number of our citizens confined on board the "Jersey."

but Indians.) This unfortunate people had no other friends, and in almost all their gradations in these regions, exhibit more or less of Indian blood.

We have stated that in the recent difficulties with the English, respecting our boundary, the inhabitants of that region feeling themselves the citizens of a free government, and belonging to the State of Maine, called a town meeting to deliberate upon the measures they should pursue in case of hostilities—when the "ringleaders," as they were termed, the most considerable men in the settlement, were seized by the British authorities in New Brunswick, and incarcerated in Frederickton jail; several, it is reported, sent to England for trial. Most of them, at this day, wait only to know how the final settlement of the boundary question will eventuate, prepared, should the Americans in any case, loose it to the British government, to emigrate to our western States. Eleven families, some of the most considerable among them, removed there in the first of the difficulties.

Some families of Acadians actually straggled back to their former homes, and their descendants still live in those regions, not only without persecution, but almost reverenced. They are still an innocent and exemplary people. In fact, the English in that region, at the present day, are very much ashamed of these transactions, though like all their regrets, it has not produced a restitution of the spoils. They seem to have that kind of feeling towards them, that they might be supposed to in England, should a little colony of the ancient Druids suddenly appear among them. The feeling that we probably shall have, when a little handful of the sons of the forest will be all that remains of our once powerful tribes, with the exception that the one has been distinguished by their fierceness and valor, and the other by their innocence and inoffensiveness.

We have been at some pains to possess ourselves of the names of families among the Neutrals brought to the United States, &c., in order to elicit information from the different places "whither they have been carried captive," and the following is the information we have been able to obtain on the subject. We will not say all, for the subject widens as we approach it. From the list of names

given by Colonel Winslow of the inhabitants of Grand Pree, Minas, Canard, and places adjacent, we take the entire family names, premising there were two thousand of these names, some of them numbering twenty or thirty families. It will be remembered there were five thousand others, whose names we cannot now obtain, other than as they occasionally appear in the petitions which were continually coming in to the Governor (Shirley) and Council of Massachusetts, and to the Governors of other States where they were carried.

List of inhabitants of Grand Pree, &c.

Jean Desigree	and family.	Vastache Commo	and family.
Alex'r Landry	"	Piero Traham	"
Antoine Vincon	"	Claude Majch	"
Pierre Landry	"	Paule Capierere	"
Batista Lapin	"	Jacques Bellamaine	"
Claude Ferrick	"	Dominique Gostre	"
Lupriere Ferriot	"	Oliver Belfontaine	"
Basil Richard	"	Michette Loverne	"
Charles Apigne	"	Comero Brussaud	"
Jean Le Prine	"	Dominique Pitre	"
German Libando	"	Ettienee Boudra	"
Alexis Hebert	"	Charles Ancoine	"
Jaques Ferriot	"	Basil Commo	"
Saul Bugeaub	"	Norier Libare	"
Alex'r Melanson	"	—— Melanson	"
—— Amcoine	"	—— Cleland	"
—— Dagre	"	—— Libar	"
—— Fernot	"	—— Sosonier	"
—— Ferriot	"	—— Liblare	"
—— Leblane	"	—— Brune	"
—— Granger, 20 families.		—— Benois	"
—— Aincena and families.		—— Clemenson	"
—— Boudro	"	—— Noails	"
—— Melanson	"	—— Goitre	"
—— Fenanbar	"	—— David	"
—— Lemron	"	—— Bubin	"
—— Petree	"	—— Alanier	"
—— Duor	"	—— Cloatre	"
—— Amoine	"	—— Forrest	"
—— Sories	"	—— Leuron	"

—— Celestin	and families.	—— Dins	and families.
—— Heberk	"	—— Masses	"
—— Bossin	"	—— Labous*	"
—— Blanchard	"	—— Le Blons*	"
—— Doulet	"	—— Massier*	"
—— Leprine	"	—— Choet*	"
—— Menjeans	"	—— Losler*	"
—— Douert	"	—— Infirms*	"
—— Tibodo	"	—— Le Sour*	"
—— Koury	"	—— Chelle*	"
—— Bourg	"	—— Masseir*	"
—— Carretter	"		

The usual Christian names of these last were Charles, Joseph, Claude, Pierre, and Batista, with a few of Alexander, Paul, Simon, Germain, Michael, Jaques, Benois, and Antoine.

It appears—and it is a circumstance we were not aware of when we commenced writing this work—that vessels continued to arrive at Boston with Acadians, at different times, after the first, until the Governor and Council, by remonstrance, put a stop to it. And it is mentioned particularly, that when the party from the southern States was stopped at Boston, on their way back to Nova Scotia, that "five husbands, who had wives at Boston, requested to come on shore to their families, and others also who had relatives, and were permitted." Subsequently all stopped there, and were distributed to the different towns. We grieve to say it was but too evident these unhappy people suffered much from poverty and ill treatment even after their adoption by Massachusetts. The different petitions forwarded to Governor Shirley at this time are heart-rending. The writer of this attempted to copy some of them from the archives in the office of the Secretary of State, but was so blinded by tears as to render it impossible. Somes of the names were as follow: Dupais, Belliveaux, Bourgeois, Amiraux, Dantreinone, Boudrat, Duhar, Bro, Gourdeaux, De Mathieu, Meuse, Nigerant,

* Of these, there were at least fifty families sometimes bearing one name. Here are only eighty-two names among two thousand people!

Frater, Geriore, Liour, Kabir, Gentle, Remon, Benois, Veuiel, Michael, Robiehaux, Brun, Doucet, Claremont, and Charree. These all signed a petition, with eight hundred persons, after Canada was ceded to the British, to go there; and Murray, the first English Governor of that province, refused to let them come, "unless the State of Massachusetts would find them one year's provision after their arrival." We could find no *grant* of this kind, but from time to time vessels loaded with these families were despatched to Canada. How many finally went, we have now no means of ascertaining.

We can find no apology for the treatment of too many of these people upon their first coming into New England, but by saying, as an old revolutionary soldier did, "it was during the dark days of *monarchical despotism.*" It was certainly a time when, by the influence of England, every thing French had become hateful and suspected. We observed a petition from one town on the coast, to have the "Neutrals removed to the interior, as they had a *powder-house* there, and was afraid they would blow them up." * The Neutrals, after being distributed to the

* We beg pardon for introducing any thing in which ourselves are concerned, but we cannot resist the inclination to relate an anecdote of our own foolish fears, upon encountering some of these people. In the summer of 1839, while travelling near the "disputed territory," at the close of a cool, raw day we stopped for shelter at a small house on the banks of the St. Johns. The building wore a dilapidated aspect, from the effects of a recent hail storm, which had broken all the windows on the road side of the house, and the best room, which contained a bed, being on that side, afforded rather uncomfortable quarters. It was, however, the only place to sit down in, and as there was no other house for many a weary mile, it was necessary to make the best of it. The woman of the house, a singular looking being enough, said "the lady could have that for a lodging-room, and the gentleman with her must take up with a place in the loft, or lay somewhere on the floor as the other lodgers did." We asked who were the other lodgers? "Raftsmen," she said, "bringing timber down the river." Upon looking out, we discovered not only several rafts moored at the foot of the bank, but numerous others making for the same harbor. And in this wildest looking region, with a stormy night in prospect, (for it had now commenced raining,) with only one female beside myself, and twenty or thirty perhaps of the roughest and darkest looking men, I had to pass the night. The gentleman with me, the surgeon and physician at Fort Fairfield, had a considerable

different towns, no longer refused to work, but were often cheated out of their wages, suffering every privation besides. They must have found some friends, however, as many of the petitions of those who could not write are written with great feeling.

One of this description from Plymouth, struck us as very appropriate. It represented the situation of a distressed couple, whose son, a boy, had been dragged off to

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sum of government money with him, which he was transporting from the interior to that outpost, and did not feel over comfortable more than myself, although he was well armed. It was in vain that we attempted to ascertain whether the lodgers were dangerous characters, from their conversation, as so many were talking French at once. How to dispose of ourselves for the night was a question. The landlady offered to sleep with me, but this I declined, being as much afraid of her as the whole twenty men. Then she would bring her own bed inside, and let the Doctor sleep on it. That would not do. The poor woman was in great perplexity—"what was I afraid of?" "Why—why—of the broken windows, any one coming along the road might step in," I said. My companion reminded me of my courage in passing one place where there were seventeen miles between human habitations, and when in riding along he descried two savage looking figures, he asked, with seeming alarm, "if they should prove robbers, and both attack him at once, had he not better give up the money without resistance, as he could not manage two at a time;" and I told him to give me one of the pistols, and I would manage one while he did the other, though the harmless woodmen did not give us the opportunity. But rallying was vain. I however suffered the landlady to conduct him to a place to sleep, and after nailing my shawl and cloak over the broken windows, and driving a nail over the doorlatch, retired to her red-curtained bed to sleep. Fear, which sometimes operates as a sedative, caused me to sleep soundly, and when I awoke, the rafts and the lodgers had quietly disappeared, and I discovered a door behind the curtain of the bed upon the latch, which, had any one been disposed to have entered, there was nothing to prevent. Had I known at the time that these raftsmen were some of the harmless Neutrals, I could have had no fears. An English gentleman of high standing, who employed a great number of them in his mills, told me that "they, as well as the Canadians, were the most perfectly innocent and upright people by nature, and always remained so, unless they became acquainted with the English language; and that the first thing he inquired, when employing them, was, "Did they understand English?" If they did, they were dismissed at once. Certainly, this fact speaks volumes. It can only be accounted for by the old maxim, that "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

sea by an unfeeling captain from Plymouth, and the parents, upon remonstrating, were cruelly beaten. Another from a neighboring town, represented a scene of suffering and starvation almost incredible in a land of plenty; and the two grown-up sons refused their wages, which amounted to fifteen joes, being barbarously beaten when they called for them, and one of them had his eye put out in the contest. It is due to the government of Massachusetts to say, that they immediately sent a committee of investigation, and enacted severe laws against all such as should defraud these persecuted people.

It is well known, even to this day, that there is nothing in country towns regarded with so much abhorrence as paupers. It really does seem as though every mouthful of food and article of clothing is yielded with more than churlish reluctance. While towns are permitted, without murmuring, to expend immense sums in unnecessarily expensive public buildings, and improvements around rich men's estates, the least sum devoted to ameliorating the condition of the starving poor, is regarded as an unnecessary tax.

A large family of these Neutrals, sent to Wilmington, (Mass.) represent that they were placed in a ruined house, without doors or windows, in an inclement season of the year; the mother of the family, who was sick, had to have her bed moved to the leeward every time it rained. They had no fuel, and were denied oxen to get any, and not allowed to go and back it from the woods. A very little of *rations* was given, and they were told to earn the rest. Upon the man's complaining of the water coming over his floor, "and every thing afloat," he was told "to build a boat, then, and sail about in it." They were not permitted to stroll from town to town. If taken without a passport from two selectmen, they were to be imprisoned five days, or whipped ten lashes, or sometimes both. By this means, families were kept separated from their friends and each other. Numerous petitions and advertisements were constantly sent to find lost relatives.

A very beautifully written statement of a case peculiarly distressing, was made by Mr. Hutchinson, (afterwards Governor of Massachusetts,) of a poor woman whom he found in a dying state on board one of the

Neutral vessels, which had been kept in the offing some days, to the great detriment of the suffering passengers. She was a widow with three little children; and, just before her death, she besought Mr. Hutchinson "to ask the Governor, in the name of their *common Saviour*, to let her children remain in the place" where she died. She had been kindly removed by her protector on shore to a tenement of his own, without permission of the Governor, at his own risk, and he now offered to give bond that they should never be a public charge, if his request could be granted.

It would be a curious research to trace the blood of these children in the family of the tory Governor, and of others also; for, be it known, the blood of the Acadians now mingles with the best blood in Massachusetts. If it is asked, "Where?" we answer, ask of the tombstones in every churchyard in Boston. And to the question, "In what family does the blood of your 'St. Pierres' flow?" we answer, inquire at Mount Auburn!

We have never been so struck with the entire alteration in the character of our countrymen, caused by the Revolution, as since becoming acquainted with the history of the Acadians. No aliens from any country could, at the present day, be treated as they were on their first settlement among us. They came, it is true, under very unpropitious circumstances. Their first refusal to work, (a terrible mistake,) declaring themselves "prisoners of war," threw them at once among paupers; and although they afterwards renounced the position in practice, and toiled laboriously whenever they were able, yet it was many years before they could surmount the difficulties by which they were surrounded. Bigotry, too, no doubt, had its share in prolonging their misfortunes. We observe among several of the petitions addressed to the then Governor of Massachusett, that they account for much of their ill-treatment by a report which they say was industriously circulated at that time, "that they had Catholic priests among them in petticoats, in the disguise of old women;" and though it was not pretended that their priests affixed the abhorrent S. J. (Society of Jesuits) to their names, as *Father Ralle*, the unfortunate missionary at Norridgewoack had, yet the presence of a priest of

their religion, was not only prohibited by the laws of the colony, but also by the voice of the people.

We could not help remarking, while looking over the bills of expenses presented to the government of Massachusetts at that time, that however they might have suffered for food, lodging, and clothing, it appears they did not for medicine; for we never read of such quantities put down the throats of one set of people. There is a bill of one Dr. Trowbridge, of Marshfield, if we recollect right, for visiting *nine* French Neutrals, and administering *nine vomits*, one hundred and twenty-one powders, and applying eight blisters!

Of the innocent and peaceable character of this people we have abundant proofs, inasmuch as they never opposed force when abused and ill treated. Several petitions for redress of grievances, appeal to the English for proofs that they have often stood in the breach between them and the savages; and one man testifies, "that he had been three times taken prisoner by them, and had his house burned for saving the crews of some English vessels, by warning them of their danger; and now these same English had banished him to a land where they permitted him to suffer for bread, and that too from a state of ease and affluence."

It should be observed here, that there was a scarcity of bread the year after the Neutrals arrived. A blast fell upon the grain in the ear, which the Neutrals attributed to "the judgments of God for their own fields wantonly laid waste." They were not inattentive to the signs of the times. And the earthquake, (the most severe ever experienced on this continent,) which happened in November, 1775, only a few weeks after their arrival, and which so shook the town of Boston as to ring the bells and throw down chimnies, was regarded by them as the voice of a God who had not forgotten them. (For an account of this earthquake, see Hutchinson, Minot, and other historians of that day. It appears that it took a southwesterly course, and the town of Newport (R. I.) felt the shock most severe next to Boston.

I would here observe that there are various opinions, and some discrepancy in the data, of the first settlement of the Madawaska. That the place is now settled princi-

pally by the descendants of the Acadians is certain; that it was settled by the Indians, we think admits not of a doubt—but some are of opinion that the first Acadians who settled there were those who founded Frederickton. It is certain that place was founded by a colony of these people immediately after their flight from Nova Scotia; and that directly after the commencement of the revolutionary war, in anticipation of the assistance of the French, they were again hunted forth by the British, and driven further into the wilderness, lest they might discover what was going on, and be induced to take sides against their old persecutors. This last supposition, we perceive, has been adopted by Mr. Williamson, author of the History of Maine, from whose letter to the author of this, we here make an extract:

"As to the Madawaska settlement, it is not quite certain when it was commenced, probably not before the American revolution; but it is an authentic fact that, in 1782, Pierre Lazotte, a young man, strayed from his friends in Canada, and found his way to an Indian settlement near the mouth of the Madawaska river, where he remained during the subsequent winter. Returning to his friends, he gave them such an interesting account of what he had witnessed, as to induce his half-brother Dupeere to accompany him to the same place, for the purpose of trade with the natives. The next year they pursued their traffic two or three miles lower on the southerly side of the river St. Johns, and it is confidently asserted they were the first white settlers who commenced a settlement at Madawaska.

"At the close of the Revolution there were found at the present Frederickton, the descendants of those Acadians, who first settled at the head of the Bay of Funday, and had been made prisoners, or were driven out in the woods by the British. These ill-fated people, like their afflicted ancestors, were now not only disturbed and plundered by the refugees, but they were actually dispossessed of their farms and homes by the British provincial government. Thus provoked and abused beyond endurance, they fled up the river St. Johns in search of places and a possible residence beyond the reach of British oppression. Some twenty families or more then settled themselves on

that river below the trading station selected a few years before by the above mentioned Duperre, where they lived some years in the unmolested enjoyment of their homes and property.

"But the British authorities of New Brunswick finding Duperre a man of some education, and of great influence among the settlers, soon began to caress him, and in the year 1790 *induced him to receive from them a grant of the lands he possessed.* Hence, by the influence of that man, and by hopes of quietude, a large number of his neighbors, the French settlers, took grants of their lands, some paying ten shillings a-piece, and some nothing. About the same period, 1790, other French Neutrals, who had sought retirement on the Kenebeccasis river, being disturbed by the refugees and acts of government, quit their possessions, and sought an asylum with their countrymen at Madawaska.

"To these, accessions were made at different times, especially in 1807, when the settlement was begun a few miles above the mouth of the Madawaska river, and all of these people lived in mutual fellowship, governed by the laws of religion and morality.

"In 1798, the source of the St. Croix (see the first volume of my History, page 14) was ascertained and settled under Jay's treaty, and hence all pretexts of the British to the Madawaska settlement were at an end, nor did that people or government dream of any right to claim any part of it for more than twenty years.

"On the 15th of March, 1831, our State Legislature incorporated the settlement into the town of Madawaska, and some of the men who were engaged in organizing it, were seized and sent to Frederickton jail. You know the rest," &c.

Thus far Mr. Williamson. Now, the Madawaska settlement is principally a range of clearing of at least sixty miles in length, and it is very possible it might have been a place of sojourn, and even a rallying point for the banished Acadians travelling from New Brunswick to Canada —and it is equally possible terror might have driven them on to Canada before Duperre settled in that region—and it is equally possible, as it was so extensive, Duperre, though at the mouth of the Madawaska river, might not

have known of their vicinity, and might, after the discovery, have still been ambitious of being considered the first white settler in that region. The traditions of that people go to prove they sojourned there at least before any but Indians had inhabited it.

The Madawaska settlement is principally on the banks of the St. Johns, which is throughout a very beautiful river, widening as it approaches the mouth at St. Johns city, where it empties into the Bay of Funday. It contains thirty-five hundred inhabitants.

It is a little singular, if the inhabitants considered themselves within British jurisdiction, that their settlements are beyond the line of the disputed territory, in the province of New Brunswick—it is by far the most beautiful situation on the river only about three miles on the New Brunswick side of the settlement. We allude to the Grand Falls of the St. Johns, which have never been improved until within the last six years, when Sir John Caldwell, from Lower Canada, selected and obtained a grant of the land in its vicinity, where he has erected a pretty cottage. The immense water-power, which carries the saw-mills, he has recently employed. Doubtless this spot was granted with a view of making it a military station, as, during the late disturbance on the boundary, there were six hundred British troops stationed there. Barracks are erected, and it is still a military post, distant about thirty miles from "Fort Fairfield," on the Aroostook river. The country is exceedingly hilly, with precipices and deep ravines. The military road contemplated by the British through to Canada, would be a stupendous undertaking. There is one portage of only thirty-six miles, where there are eleven mountains separated by deep morasses, in the neighborhood of the Tamiscota lake. Nevertheless, the *disputed territory* is a valuable country. Its forests of tall timber appear almost inexhaustible; and, once cleared, would afford many fine situations for settlements. For so cold a country, it would be a fertile one too; and we are not sure but clearing most of the timber would be a blessing. While travelling in that region in the summer of 1839, we observed that the wheat raised there was remarkably sweet and good tasted, and was told that it was only since the cutting of

the timber was prohibited, that they had turned their attention at all to agriculture: that before that, they had bought their flour, which came up in British vessels from St. Johns, at eleven and twelve dollars per barrel, when it was selling in the United States for five dollars, or they might have raised it themselves while they were selling *stolen timber*. Since the commotion and frequent travelling in that region, the inhabitants found a market for their produce at their own doors; and some of them told me they had realized more from the sale of oats, &c., than they had made at any time in the same space by all the timber they could cut. This relates to the scattered population on the banks of the St. Johns, and within the Aroostook country, not to the settlers of Madawaska. There is a deep anxiety in the disputed territory, throughout, to have the question decided, and know where they belong, not only among the descendants of the Acadians, but of the English and Americans. Few of them would be willing to remain there, unless America establishes her claim, and generally avow their intentions, should it prove otherwise, to emigrate to the West. Their situation is exceedingly unpleasant—their dwellings often rudely entered, and themselves insulted, by officers and soldiers looking for deserters from the British army, and scenes are enacted trying to the feelings and tempers of the inmates in no common degree.

I chanced to call at one house in that region, where three poor fellows had wandered a few days before, and, arriving in the middle of the night, asked succor. It was in vain that the benevolent landlord advised, and the females besought them, to take some food in their hands, and push on towards Fort Fairfield, not two miles off. They protested their wearied limbs could bear them no further, and crawled up a ladder to sleep under the roof of the building, drawing it up after them. They had not been asleep two hours, before an officer and some British soldiers were thundering for admission, having followed their trail. The master of the house refused to deliver them, and the soldiers were ordered to bring hay from the barn, and set it on fire under the hole leading to the loft. The woman of the house was lying ill, unable to be moved, with an infant three days old, and a girl in

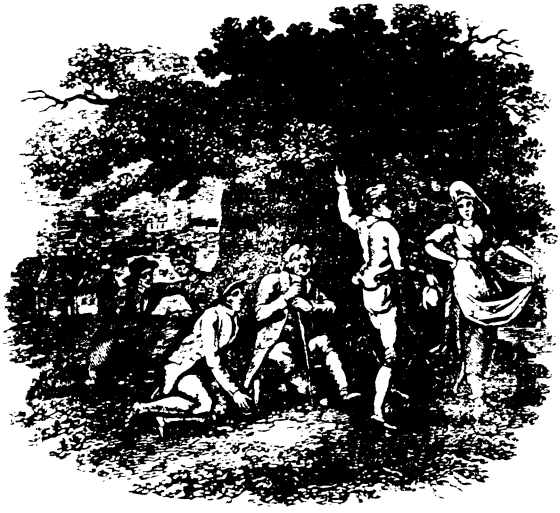
the next room in a situation still more helpless, and the boy had had a fall from a horse. The shrieks of the helpless and terrified females were heart-rending, as the hay once ignited, there would have been no possible chance for escape. The landlord, however distracted he might be on account of the females, would make no effort to deliver the deserters; but just as the brand was about to be applied, the poor fellows offered to surrender rather than see their benefactors perish with them. Previous to this they had threatened to shoot one of the females, because she would not tell them to come down. Imagination sickens over the scene of the probable punishment of these poor fellows. And when we consider that this transaction, and similar ones that take place every week or two, was on American ground, within two miles of an American fort, it is enough to make one's blood boil. One person, who had been under the necessity of hoisting an English color, at one time, to protect his house, and perhaps life, as he was an emigrant formerly from England, was in the daily habit of asking in prayer that the Almighty would save him from every thing English—the poor fellow did not seem to comprehend there was any other evil under the sun. If such are the feelings of some of their own native-born subjects, what must be those of the descendants of the persecuted and hunted Acadians? When Dr. Jackson was making the geological survey of Maine, he found the people of Madawaska in a very excited state. Eleven families, he mentioned, had just emigrated to the West, and numbers were preparing to follow, unless the country should speedily (return) to the United States. (See first number of report.) He did not use the word return, which we have chosen, as it is possessed by the English now, whose troops nearly overrun the whole country, and have established a line of regular fortifications through, from Quebec to New Brunswick.

We were not aware that the English claimed the Madawaska, too, upon the ground of possession, until our recent visit. We asked "what they meant by possession?" and were told, "because their subjects, the Neutral French, settled and still occupied it." Now, the question naturally arises, what claim can the English

have upon the French Neutrals for fealty? Were they not expatriated? Were they ever treated as subjects? Not as citizens certainly. Where are the proofs of their citizenship? They are blotted from the records of the provinces, from which their boundaries and title-deeds had been blotted long before. May Providence in its mercy grant, that hunted race may not be routed again, or, what would be worse to them, compelled to succumb to British power, and the supineness of permitting an enemy to establish themselves on our borders, may be remedied before it is too late.

The inhabitants of that wild region suppose that it cannot be that Americans comprehend the situation of that territory, and discern that it opposes, while in their hands, the strongest impediment to the concentration of an enemy's forces upon our borders that they could possibly ask for. "Let the way across this now almost impenetrable country be once made easy, and you are surrounded, say they; and yet you lie still, while the net is weaving that is to enclose your country. The gins are laid, and the bush limed, even before your faces."

It will be seen that, in detailing the calamities of the Neutral French, but little reference is made to their sufferings or to their after history in the other States. Massachusetts received the largest number at first, and continual accessions seem to have been made to their numbers there, until they began to emigrate to Canada. Yet there were many families left further south. Some were carried to Virginia, some to Georgia, to Pennsylvania, to New York, and New Jersey. Many joined the voyage homeward, spoken of in this story, and were stopped at Boston by orders from Governor Lawrence. But where are the remainder? What a tale of woes remain to be told, should the history of their sufferings in all these places ever come to light.



THE NEUTRAL FRENCH,

OR,

THE EXILES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

CHAPTER I.

"Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand,
Between a splendid and a happy land."

It was on the evening of the first of September, 1755, that a family, inhabiting an old fashioned, French-looking farmhouse, situated on the rising ground a few miles from that beautiful and noble expanse of water called the "Basin of Minas," were assembled to partake of their frugal meal.

The persons who composed the group around the circular oaken table at this time were, first, an aged and venerable man, who appeared the head of the family, as he was served with a degree of respect that might have gratified an emperor, but was that kind of homage that kings and emperors rarely receive. His age was probably not less than eighty-five, possibly more, since his head was not only silvered over with age; hands feeble and trembling, and his mouth toothless, but he was blind, totally blind, as was evinced by the attentions of his grand-daughter, a fine, blooming girl, who sat on

his left, and from time to time turned round to cut up his meat or place the cup of cider or small beer in his hand.

Gasper St. Pierre Le Blanc was the name of this patriarch, though we drop the last for brevity; and on the right of him sat a respectable looking farmer, in appearance about middle age, together with his wife, whose age could not have been much less than forty, young as they married in that region; though madam exhibited much less of the wear and tear of life than is usual at that age, and much less than her good man, who in reality was her junior by a year or two, notwithstanding he looked a dozen years older. Louis, however, though not handsome, was a person of excellent principles, sound mind, and, for those regions, of superior cultivation. Among other accomplishments, he spoke good English, and with indefatigable industry he had labored to give his children a competent knowledge of that language; for, with prophetic foreboding, he had surmised that the time would come when a knowledge of it might be almost indispensable, though little did he, or any other of that simple people, anticipate the truth.

Four stout, ablebodied young lads, the oldest of whom was called Louis, after his father, and the next Gasper, after his grandfather, sat around the table, with two grand-daughters, one of whom, Pauline, has been noticed; the younger was called Josephine. Beside the eldest young man, who was in reality the oldest child, sat a pale, sickly young woman, his wife, and her two little children, a boy and girl. This couple resided about two miles off, and were then on a visit to the paternal mansion, hoping that the cheerful society in that happy abode, together with her respite from domestic avocations, might be efficacious in restoring her wasted

strength; and, as her husband, Louis the younger, said, "call back the roses to her cheeks."

The plain but substantial fare to which this family of love had now sat down, their afternoon meal, consisted of a sirloin of cold roast beef, bacon and eggs, wheat cakes and pies, together with a beverage of cider, and homemade beer from the roots and herbs with which their forests abounded. The plates they ate from, were out of a hard kind of wood, which the English called "trenchers;" they were of their own manufacture, and as white as scouring could make them. The tablecloth, made, as all their linens were, from flax of their own raising, was of snowy whiteness. Of earthen dishes they used but few; yet the little mugs the children drank their milk from, was of delf ware.

It was a warm day for the season, in that latitude, and the windows in front of the house, and the outside door, which opened from this their best room upon the green plot and wilderness of sweets by which it was surrounded, were open. The harvest had been gathered in rather earlier than usual, even for their short season, and earlier than Louis thought advisable; but it had been expedited at the command of the Governor, who had issued his commands in a proclamation, ordering "that every man's harvest should be gathered in by the first of September;" a requisition that, among any other people, would have excited suspicions of something mischievous—but with this simple and single-hearted race, accustomed as they were to arbitrary and unreasonable enactments, created no apprehensions or alarm. The *gathering*, however, had always, previous to this, been succeeded by a kind of holyday, when all labor was laid aside, and friends and neighbors met together to rejoice in the bounties of a kind Providence. But now,

whether it was they became aware that the right of happiness was exasperating to their oppressors, or for whatever reason, the holydays were unobserved, and nothing of the kind was seen among them.

As they arose from the supper-table, the fair and feeble invalid, whose name was Gabriella, seated herself at the door to enjoy the breeze from the salt water, which, flowing in from the Bay of Funday, mingles with the waters of nineteen rivers, that discharge themselves into the Basin of Minas. This capacious inland sea, of which a very small part could be seen from the point described, its distance being mingled with the blue of the heavens, lay fair before them. The rays of the declining sun were now dancing on its dazzling waters, and on the fine forests which extended here and there along its borders. The hues of autumn had already succeeded their brief summer, and had tipped the trees with its many colors, but had not touched the deep green intervals which abounded in these regions. One of the rivers passed through Gasper's farm, near his house, from whence, after several fantastic turns, it discharged itself into the Basin.

But chiefly would the beautiful lowlands in front, defended from the tides by the dikes, have charmed the attention of the gazer, where immense droves of cattle were quietly feeding, with the exception of a few young heifers, who were playing their gambols and chasing each other around the enclosures, while the pastures above were whitened with flocks of sheep.

As the breeze from the water fanned the cheek of the fair invalid, her spirits seemed to revive, and she broke out in strains of admiring observation upon the scene before her. "This is not the first

time," she concluded, "that this enchanting landscape has solicited my attention, and impressed me, by its grandeur, with elevated ideas of the power of Him who could create such wonders; but never before was I so sensible of its beauties, never have I had such feelings while gazing as now. Surely we are much blessed in our place of abode, if the Lord has permitted some burdens to be laid upon us."

"Great reason, indeed, to be thankful," responded her husband, "and our burdens, I think, will soon cease to afflict; for it is impossible for a people to concede as much as we have, to obey all reasonable, and many unreasonable requisitions, in the true spirit of forbearance, as I think we have done, without eventually disarming suspicion and conciliating enmity."

The blind father shook his head.

"Conciliation is, I fear, out of the question," said he; "envy and enmity never were appeased by submission. Tyranny and despotism continually exact fresh sacrifices. Nevertheless, I have always been opposed to resistance; to suffer patiently, yea, meekly, seems to be the doctrine of our divine master. 'He that takes the sword, shall perish with the sword,' is one of the threats of the gospel. Is it not so written in the little French bible that your wife's mother sent you, Louis?"

"It is, indeed, my father," said Louis, seating himself beside the old man, and affectionately taking a hand in his. "But do you know, father, I have taken the liberty to translate this text for myself of late; and, with all proper submission to your superior wisdom and exemplary piety, I understand it different from yourself. I believe that our Saviour spoke of individual injuries alone, and possibly had allusion to the deadly practice of single combat, which was even then practised by the

Romans and other nations, upon every real or supposed injury. Every thing, in my opinion, is to be understood with reason; and we cannot suppose that a company of blustering, bullying, fighting followers, would have had any tendency to recommend the religion of the gospel; besides, force would have been met with force, and the church's victory over her enemies was attempted upon a new plan, and the superiority of endurance no one pretended to contest. Again, my dear father, there are other things commanded, one of which is for every man to provide for his own household; and in many instances this could not be done without fighting for one's rights. And my opinion now is, that if we had early stood by ours, with sword in hand, yea, fought to the last gasp, if need be, it would have been better for us as a people. Be not alarmed, (seeing the old man start, and raise his sightless orbs to heaven,) I am not going to counsel resistance now. It is too late, the die is cast. We cannot beard the lion in his den, and especially after he has drawn our teeth. We may as well make a virtue of necessity now. Fools that we have been, to throw away the means of defence while they were in our power. We could at least have died gloriously, every man perishing at his threshold. Then we might have been honored. Now what are we?"

"A Christian people!" said the old man, meekly.

"A dishonored one," said Louis, with bitterness. "What will future ages say of us? That we sat down ingloriously, and let the spoiler and extortioner take all that we had. We shall soon become hewers of wood and drawers of water to our proud taskmasters, who will class us with the dogs of the fold."

"That our cup is not yet filled, I fully believe," said Gasper. "But oh, my son, is it not the Lord

that afflicts us? Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it? I beseech you, my son, to restrain this impatience."

"One word more, my father. Have not myself and brethren, yea, hundreds and thousands of our people, been worked beyond our strength this whole summer, to bring timber and build places to defend our enemies against our friends? Have we not, ourselves, put the whole country in a state of defence, without fee or reward, goaded on by threats and curses? Our best timber used, our provender taken for their horses, and our horses too, whenever our tyrants fancied they had need of them; and, in short, every thing else they chose to demand. Is not all this true?" said Louis, clenching his teeth.

"There is one comfort, father," said Louis the younger, now attempting to take a part in the conversation.

"What is that?" demanded two or three voices at once.

"There is not much more that they can do."

"Mistaken! mistaken! ye cheated all!" shouted a strange and uncouth voice; and, ere they were aware, a tall Indian sprang from behind a grove of cherry trees and currant bushes, which grew near the window, and without more ceremony stalked into the middle of the room.

He was a man apparently about fifty years of age, and though not exactly possessing the ferocious aspect of most of his nation, yet his countenance exhibited sufficient courage and determination, mixed with not a little of that overreaching and superlative cunning for which that wily people had long been celebrated; for Menoi was not one of the Tarratine tribe, their next neighbors, but a Mic Mac, and had recently travelled from Canada by a most lengthy and roundabout way, to elude

the English, upon a real errand of kindness. He had traversed mountains and morasses, backing his canoe over many a weary mile, where none but an Indian would ever dream of carrying himself—had encountered rapids and whirlpools, and the greater dangers of pursuit from the English, whom he had eluded by various stratagems on his journey, convinced they would show no mercy, and brave many dangers for a scalp for which ten guineas had been offered by the government. And, in short, after every species of daring, in behalf of the oppressed and threatened Acadians, and every artifice to baffle his pursuers, he had succeeded; and now, in all the grandeur of savage magnificence, stood before them.

The wild halloo with which Menoi usually greeted his friends upon entering their dwellings, was not used on this occasion. For, uttering the words just mentioned, "ye cheated all!" he was silent for several minutes, standing in the middle of the floor; and, with his naked sinewy arms drawing his blanket around him, he regarded the party at the farm with such a strange and equivocal expression, as caused the hair to rise upon the heads of the younger part of the company. He had evidently just come from a long journey. His sandals were completely worn out, and fragments of what had been red gaiters, hung in fragments about his legs, which were scratched and torn in every direction. The party-colored feathers which distinguished a chief of his nation, hung down from his head all soiled and broken, and the stout wampum-belt, which bound his waist, and served both for ornament and to confine a kind of close jacket without sleeves, exhibited many a rent. In short, his whole appearance bespoke hard travel, fatigue, and famine. But nothing could induce him to sit down to the abundant fare which yet remained on

the table, until he had delivered his message, which was "to warn as many of the Acadian families as possible, and this in particular, that treachery was on foot; that they were menaced by some new calamity, worse than all they had endured, but of what nature he was not able to say. The discovery had been made by some of the Acadians, who had fled towards Canada, and sent on a report by the Indians, to warn their brethren in Acadia to flee after them."

The friendly savage urged their immediate flight with all the eloquence he was capable of, and offered to assist in conducting their escape.

The aged Gasper declared at once, urging his inability to fly, as well as the fair invalid; and no persuasion could induce the husband to desert his wife, or the younger part of the family to leave their aged relative.

Deep was the grief of the savage. The tears actually sprang to his eyes, and rallied down his cheeks, while he endeavored, in his broken French, to persuade them it was their duty to go, such as could. But all his arguments were vain, and after partaking their hospitality, and consenting to take a stock of provision, which the younger part of the company forced upon him, he rose to depart.

"Menoi bid you farewell forever!" said he, as, gliding across the room, he approached the venerable Gasper.

"Menoi your brother," added he, drawing a cross from his bosom, and reverently kissing it, "and you a father, you long serve him twenty years ago, when I sell skins here. I find you same good man, and now you bless him, bless Menoi," and he bent the knee gracefully before the patriarch.

"If Menoi is not a man of blood," said the old man, slowly rising and laying his hand upon the head of the savage, "may the God of peace

with him; and if he war in defence of the innocent, may the God of battles defend him."

"Amen!" said the chief; and, springing from the floor, he darted out, and plunging into the bushes, was out of sight in a moment.

Unperceived by the other members of the family, who sat, as it were, rivetted to their seats, Louis the elder slipped out of the house by a back way at the same time, and rising the hill, and placing himself in a very conspicuous situation, began to call, as though gathering the sheep to fold. The signal was understood by Menoi, and in a few moments he was by his side, who, laying his finger on his lips, beckoned him to follow to a more retired spot. A little grove of cypress was just behind, and to this Louis retreated, and found his red friend in waiting.

Lofty and commanding in his aspect at all times, there was a something in his look now, that told not of this world; and Louis, as he drew near, said, almost unconsciously,

"I never knew but one who looked like you, Menoi, and that was my venerable grandfather, the day before his death. Alas! if you should be a martyr in our cause."

The lip of the savage curled in scorn, as he replied, "Think I fear death? Menoi no 'fraid to die. Jesus, Holy Virgin, all good men gone before." And he pointed upward, "No English there."

"Perhaps, Menoi, the people in England are not so wicked as those of this region. I cannot believe but there are some good among so many; and I doubt whether the King sanctions the impositions and cruelties practised in these regions."

Menoi shook his head as he replied, "Don't believe, don't believe." "But," added he, "no time for talk," and giving quite a wary look around, he drew quite near, and saying, "have you courage

to use these?" he drew forth from his tattered garments a pistol, hatchet, and dirk, which, together with some ammunition, he handed to Louis, and whispering, "Be watchful," sprang into some bushes, and again disappeared.

For a moment Louis gazed around him. Far as the eye could see, all was quiet. There was no apparent cause of alarm. The distant rampart of Fort ——— was seen in the quiet of evening. A gentle breeze just shook the standard that floated from the flagstaff. No sign of commotion was there. And while he looked, the sun sunk behind the neighboring hills. The revelly beat to quarters—the evening-gun was fired, and the standard ran down as usual at that hour, and all but the sentinels retired within the fort.

"One would think," said Louis mentally, "that all was peaceable here. But my heart has misgiven me before this. Why all this formidable array of soldiers, too? Methinks there is something suspicious even in the profound quiet observed by such a force. Alas! evil may come, like the day of judgment, when no man looks for it. My mind, however, is made up; and, beautiful scenes of my childhood, something tells me I shall not soon see you again."

Then concealing his prize carefully beneath his vest, he walked towards the house, until, meeting one of his younger sons, he informed him that business of great importance summoned him from home, requested him to return, and tell the family not to be alarmed if he should be absent the next day. Taking then an obscure path that led through the wood, he hurried away.

CHAPTER II.

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their firstborn sway."

THE absence of Louis would not have been much noticed at any other time. The Neutral French lived so much like one large family, it was not uncommon to spend the night at a neighbor's house. They were eminently social, and the remnant of them, to this day, spend much of their time in visiting each other. They used never to fasten their doors, or leave any protection except the faithful watch-dog, who protected their flocks, &c. from the beasts of the forest. In fact, they had nothing to fear, until the proximity of the English. We have it from their enemies, that the crimes of theft, adultery, and murder, were crimes unknown among them. But since their acquaintance and neighborhood with the subjects of his Britannic Majesty—with "the most refined and Christian nation on earth," as they term themselves, the dark-eyed daughters of Acadia had rather abridged their walks by moonlight; and, indeed, careful matrons had, of late, seen fit to prohibit lonely walks at any hour. Still, the male part of the population thought nothing of an evening's walk of some eight or ten miles. But just at this time, when the warning voice of friendship had sounded an alarm in their ears; just as some unknown danger menaced them, a danger not the less dreaded, because of the mystery of darkness in which it was enveloped, it was most strange.

The idea that the savage had spirited Louis away, never entered the mind of this unsuspicious family. But he might, they thought, have travel-

led to some of the neighboring settlements, to counsel with some of his brethren who resided there, and, if possible, unravel the dark plot, of which, it seemed, they were to be the victims. It cannot be supposed but the absence of the father of the family was felt, as they closed the door and windows of the apartment, and drew near the hearth, where a cheerful fire had been lighted, to remedy the dampness arising from the near neighborhood of the river, and counteract the increasing chill of the atmosphere.

The family drew near the hearth—the spinning-wheel was brought for madam, and the knitting for the girls; but they were untouched, and each sat lost in deep thought. The sprightly Pauline was the first to break silence.

"Dear grandfather," said she, "do you not wish we had the Baron Castine to resort to for advice and assistance? You have often told how much assistance he rendered our persecuted brethren of old, and how much blood would often have been shed but for his timely interference, and yet you never told me who he was; whether he was a Frenchman, Acadian, or what. Nor, indeed, do I know exactly where he resided. Will you please to tell us something of him this dreary evening? for, really, the visit of the friendly savage has thrown us all into gloom; and as to exertion we know not what to do. We know not the evil we are threatened with, and therefore cannot prepare against it."

"True, my own dear grandchild, we must leave this thing in the hands of Him who will, if we have faith, order all things for our good; and in the mean time possess our souls in patience. I seem to hear a voice that says, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' With regard to the narrative you speak of, most gladly will I comply, if my dear

children can compose themselves to listen to me. So much has been said respecting that celebrated individual, by his enthusiastic friends and bitter enemies, that posterity will scarce know what to decide on. And I am not to be his judge, or even decide on his character with future generations. Nor should I be competent to do so. I can only tell you what I know."

What a charm there is in a story. Each one seemed to lose at least half their cares in the anticipated narrative; and at once forming a circle around the venerable man, entreated him to proceed. And pleased that he could in any way contribute to the restoration of cheerfulness and beguile the hours, he proceeded.

GASPER'S NARRATIVE OF THE BARON CASTINE.

"It was about the year 1666, that M. De Courcelles was appointed Governor of New France, and with him came over a regiment of Cavignan sallures. The Baron Castine was an officer in the regiment, and of course came over with them. The Baron was a native of Berne, and his estates, which were very considerable, were in France. Of his former life we have no knowledge, though we have every reason to believe it correct. He was a young man and unmarried when he came to America. Attracted by the beauty of the country, and, as was asserted by those who knew him best, influenced by a desire to civilize and Christianize the Indians, he was induced to take up his permanent abode in the country. Selecting a tract of land on a peninsular east of the Penobscot river, of about twenty-six hundred acres, he seated himself down, and commenced his labors of love. The place which he selected, near the mouth of the river, was an eminently beautiful one; but, from its ex-

posed situation, guarded by a fort, which was commanded by a French officer, (D'Aulney's Fort,) who established his headquarters there for eight years, from 1640 to 1648. It originally bore the name of a French gentleman, who resided there several years, Major Biguyduce; but will, probably, now to the end of time be called after the Baron Castine, who resided there thirty years.

"The influence of Baron Castine among the surrounding tribes, was certainly great. He connected himself with them by marriage, having taken a daughter of one of the chiefs of the Tarrentine tribe to wife. He has been accused by the English of doing this as a political manœuvre, in order to establish his power on a sure basis. You yourselves can judge of that when I come to describe her. Certain it is, he had been long laboring to convince the savages of the sin and folly of a plurality of wives, and of the sacred nature of the marriage covenant; and this measure, combined with his after life as a married man, had more influence with them than all the arguments himself and the priests together had been able to offer."

"But, grandfather, where was Castine? Was it in Canada, or Nova Scotia, or New England?"

"My dear, it was on the extreme western boundary of what was called New France, whose Governor had erected the fort just mentioned. Acadia, which was called a province of New France, originally extended to the Penobscot river, though now it has passed and repassed through the hands of the two Powers, until we can scarce tell its ancient boundaries.

"It was during one of those seasons of peril and alarm, to which our unhappy and ill-starred people have been almost constantly exposed, that I, with a number of others, were commissioned to visit the Baron Castine, chiefly to seek his counsel and be

guided by his wisdom in the threatened conflict. It was during an inclement season of the year, though winter had not actually set in, that we commenced our perilous journey. Our dangers, by land and by sea, were many. Sometimes we would course along the shores in our frail canoes—sometimes steal through the forests, guided by the friendly Indians—and alternately we threaded the tangled thickets or sailed the rapid rivers. It was not until many weeks after our departure from this district, that our eyes were greeted with the sight of the royal standard of France floating over the fort of Biguyduce. We were hailed, and answering in French, was a sufficient claim upon the hospitalities of the garrison, who immediately tendered every kindness and attention. After partaking of some refreshment and warming our benumbed and almost frozen limbs, we departed for the residence of the Baron, who, we were informed, had fortunately just returned to his home, after a journey.

"The residence of the Baron Castine was a long, low, irregular building, partly of wood and partly of stone, of rather grotesque appearance. The windows, which were small and high, admitted not a view of those within; but the rays of light were (as it was now evening) streaming from them in several directions. The appearance of our sable conductor, and our speech, secured us an easy entrance from the old French soldier who officiated as porter, and we were at once admitted; and so noiseless was our approach, that the party within did not at first perceive our vicinity.

"I must here confess that, notwithstanding all the esteem I had conceived for the Baron, for his great regard uniformly manifested towards the Acadians, and his great exertions to humanize the savages, yet I could not think of his Indian wife without disgust. I had never seen, in all our tradings

with the Indians, who, you know, have come from all parts to trade their furs, any of their squaws but what were rendered hideous by negligence, untidiness, and the most barbarous style of dress, if the half garments they wore could be called such; and it cannot be supposed I was prepared to behold the lady of the mansion with any sentiments of regard, to say nothing of admiration. You may imagine, then, my feelings, when, starting from the floor where she was playing with her children, and, turning hastily round, the chieftain's wife discovered to my astonished gaze the most beautiful female, by far, I had ever seen. The form, which was grace and symmetry itself, was the first, probably, that would strike the beholder. Her features were exquisite, as well as the form, and her skin no darker than a great part of our own nation. Health, and perhaps a little excitement, had given a heightened glow to her complexion, and her eyes sparkled like gems. There was nothing terrific in their glances, nothing startling, unless it was that expression which seemed to read the soul at once. Her dress was a singular mixture of Indian and European fashion. No stocking covered the well-turned ankle, and the little foot was only partially hid by sandals, laced with blue ribbons. A close dress of blue satin fitted admirably to her shape, and was laced over her bosom with gold cord and richly ornament borders of the same, while a mantle of silk, of the color of the peach-blossom, thrown over her shoulders, fell in graceful folds to the ground. Her coal-black tresses were braided with strings of pearl and fine gold beads, and twisted around her head, being confined by a brooch of pearl and gold. She had ear-rings of the same, and bracelets adorned her arms, which, as relieved by the folds of the mantle, were bare nearly to the shoulders. Two female

children, lovely as cherubs, were sporting in her arms and twining round her neck as we entered; but, putting them aside, and gracefully motioning them to silence, she arose and advanced to meet us, and in a voice, whose melodious sweetness I can compare to none I have ever heard, unless it is yours, my Pauline, she said, in good French,

"'Welcome, brothers, be seated.'

"If we had been charmed by her beauty, we were doubly so by her speech, which, independent of the beautiful mouth and teeth it discovered, was so warm, cordial, and welcome.

"I was only a lad, and a green one, and you know the taciturnity of Indians. Our guide stood stone still, and the others of our party were positively overawed by the beauty and majesty of the lovely vision before us. I made out to stammer the Baron's name. She readily comprehended, and saying, 'You would have speech of the Baron,' glided into the next room. In a moment a servant came to say, 'The Baron would see us in his study;' and we were ushered into a small panelled room, where, seated at a round pine table in the centre, sat the object of our journey, with a Latin and Greek lexicon before him, from which, it appeared, he was instructing his son, a youth who sat beside him. Heaps of papers, parchments, and books were arranged on the shelves around him. There was a sad, care-worn look about the majestic personage who now rose to welcome us, and with frank politeness offered a hand to each. I never had the pleasure to see a king or an emperor, but I should say he must have looked something like one. I never saw him only on that occasion, but took good observation of him then, and should give it as my opinion, that no disappointment or disgust of the world occasioned his retreat, but simply the holy desire to do good to the benighted race among

whom, by the providence of God, he had been placed.

"He had an altar in his house, and a missionary priest. It was on the occasion of the evening sacrifice that we again saw, and for the last time, the lovely Therese, for by that name she had been baptized previous to her marriage.

"I regret to say that this beautiful and intelligent creature was destined to pass only a few short years on earth after I saw her. Her looks will never be forgotten by me, nor the dove-like expression of those lustrous eyes, when bent on her lord or her children.

"'And what of the Baron?' asked the younger Louis.

"Well, of him," continued the old man, "I am going to speak. He received the communication we brought him with a look of mournful interest, and folding the paper, after he had perused it, said,

"'It is no more than I expected. English cupidity has determined to grasp that ill-fated region, and that none of us shall ever rest upon American ground.

"'I am informed here that it is said to be by my encouragement and interference, the different tribes of Indians in this and all New France are again committing depredations on the scattered and unarmed inhabitants of yonder region,' pointing across the Penobscot. 'But the great God of heaven and earth knows I am innocent. I have stood between them and the English, when danger menaced, expecting it as an even chance which shed my blood first, the jealous Briton or the outraged red man. No, their own neglect to observe the conditions made in their treaties with the Indians, has occasioned this. Nor can I, though elected chief sachem of a powerful tribe, prevent individu-

al aggressions, while the English continue faithless to their contracts.

"'Thinkest thou,' said the Baron, rising and pacing the floor as he warmed with his subject, 'thinkest thou, that yon fair territory (pointing westward) was bartered for nothing? Thinkest thou, that the poor pittance our red brethren consented to receive for their lands, is to be thus shamefully withholden, and they to retreat and sit down tamely by the injury? By heaven! they cannot expect it. They ought not to. Where are the supplies, the ammunition, &c., long looked for, often asked for, and still denied? Where are the trading-houses, which were stipulated for long ago? Never erected.

"'Yet I have never counselled war,' said he, after a pause, 'still less would I counsel the murder of innocent women and children. I have reasoned with the tribes, and inculcated patience and forbearance until my conscience absolutely flew in my face. The English know what savages are. They know that the red man does not war like the white. They know their fierce passions, when roused, are not easily allayed—that their rage is like the overwhelming torrent, which, with undistinguishing fury, sweeps every thing that comes in its way when once it has burst its bounds. And yet they seek to provoke them. It is their policy to exasperate them to acts of violence, that they may have an excuse to cut them off.

"'Brethren,' said he, turning to us and waving his hand, 'a few more circling years, and from yonder, where the sun rises, even to the place of his going down, there will not be even so much as a remnant left of these unfortunate and hunted people. Their own fierce passions, too, mistaken beings! will furnish their enemies with the pretext to destroy and exterminate them.'

"Oh, it was a fearful thing," said Gasper, "to see a great mind so wrought upon. Even in his resentment, the terrible expression of wrath that sat upon his brow did not prevent one from feeling that they stood in the presence of a being of a superior order. And for myself I must say, I felt that kind of quaking I never felt in the presence of the most powerful of our foes. But at length the storm in his bosom seemed to subside, and sitting quietly down, he discussed the subject we came upon.

"'I should be grieved, my friends, if you in that remote region,' said he, 'should be sufferers in this business again; but should it be the case, and your possessions be again invaded, I pledge myself, in the hour of extremity, to come to your relief, with as many of my red friends as I can collect. In the mean time I will confer with the Governor of Canada, and see if you cannot be placed in a state of defence. It is scarcely possible there should be much of a force sent against you, without our being apprized of it, and should we, be assured we will get there before them.'*

* The English, whose policy it was to represent the Baron as a kind of bugbear at that time, asserted that he took four or five wives at the same time, and lived with them promiscuously. And I am astonished that my friend Mr. Williamson, author of the History of Maine, should credit such an assertion, though he is candid enough to state that the story was disproved by the Abbe Reynal, and La Hontan, who says in his work, (page 223,) that "Castine never changed his wife, to convince the savages that God does not like inconstant folks." One fact should set this matter at rest. Baron Vincent De St. Castine had immense possessions in France, and many connexions there, and his son by the daughter of Madocawando, sagamore or chief of the Tarratine tribe, had no difficulty in establishing his claim to his father's title and estates. He must, too, have been united to this woman by the rites of the Catholic Church, to make his claim good. It was known that he usually had a missionary of that church in his house. Modocawando, the sagamore, lived to the year 1698. The authority of the Baron La Hontan, who was a personal friend of Castine, ought to be conclusive. From the year 1683 to 1696,

"Alas! alas! he did not foresee the overwhelming deluge that was so soon to burst upon us. The attack of the English was too sudden and well concerted to admit of defence; and though the gallant Baron did arm in our behalf, and at the mouth of the St. Johns execute signal vengeance on our foes, his arm, powerful as it was, could not work our deliverance.

"'And what finally became of that extraordinary family?' asked Louis.

"He, the first Baron, died, I believe, on the peninsular, after a residence of thirty years, excepting his occasional visits to old France. From 1667 to 1722, it was the residence of the Castine family. In that year, Castine the younger went to France to take possession of his paternal estates, and returned no more. It is now thirty-three years since the Neutral French lost their best and surest earthly friend, in Castine the younger—the Canadians a mediator, the savages a connecting link between them and civilization, and the English a check, a man whom they both feared and hated.

"His immense wealth, beauty of person, and courtly manners, combined with sweetness and gentleness, high sense of honor and devoted piety, were the topics of discourse, and he was univer-

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he was Lord Lieutenant of the French colony at Placentia, in Newfoundland, and published a series of letters entitled "New Voyages to North America." He was familiar with all the eastern region, and gives a history of the different tribes of Indians between Newfoundland and Penobscot. This work, which would be found infinitely entertaining to the antiquarian, we suspect may be procured at some of the antiquarian bookstores in Boston. It is in French. The Tarratine tribes of Indians have yet several villages in the eastern part of Maine. In the war of the Revolution they were neutrals. Mr. Williamson remarks of the Baron Castine, "that he was a liberal Catholic, though devout and punctilious in his religious observances," which, we should suppose, rather militated against his having *four or five wives at a time*. Also, that "he was a man of fascinating address and manners."

sally admired, both by friends and foes. When he appeared before the authorities of the English King at Boston, where he was most unrighteously carried a prisoner, (being seized at his peaceful fireside and dragged there for examination,) his deportment was such as called forth loud and repeated bursts of admiration.

"He had been taken in 1713, for appearing at a conference of the Indians held on Arrowsic Island, wherein he represented his tribe as an 'Independent People.' The great difficulty of getting along with the Indians seems to be the determination of the English to consider them as subjects of their King, whereas they never acknowledged allegiance to any king, and cannot, therefore, with propriety, be denominated rebels.

"When Castine the younger was brought to the bar in Boston, an immense concourse of people thronged to see him; and if they supposed he was going to shrink before the committee appointed for his examination, who, with most imposing aspect, were placed in the seat of justice, they were mistaken.

"The prisoner evinced his independence of character even by the dress he wore on that occasion, which was a splendid French uniform, displaying not only the high office he held under his Christian Majesty, but the elegance of his person and deportment to the highest advantage. On gaining the position designated by his judges, a very stately and dignified bow from the Baron informed them that he was ready to attend to whatever they had to say. The interrogatories were put in the most singular and abrupt manner, and were precisely these, as several of our people who were present, can even now recollect. After stating his presence at the conference of the tribes,

"'Baron Castine, we demand,' &c.

"'Why did you attend this conference?'

"'In what capacity did you attend?'

"'Did not Vandrieul, the Governor of Canada, send you there?'

"'What means your French uniform?'

"To this rude and authoritative inquisition, Castine replied, with dignity,

"'I have always lived with my kindred and people. My mother was one of them, and I could not fail to attend a meeting where their interests were concerned; but I received no orders from Vandrieul to attend. My habit is only a uniform suited to my birth and condition, for I have the honor of being an officer under the King of France.'

"Notwithstanding the honesty and magnanimity of this reply, they had the baseness to imprison him five months in Boston. But at length, partly through dread of the Indians, and partly because they did not know how to designate his offence, and were disgracing and making themselves unpopular, they set him at liberty.

"It is supposed, that the increasing miseries and degradation of his tribe, and the utter impossibility of remedying their condition, discouraged the Baron from ever returning to them. The last I ever heard of him he was in France, in the enjoyment of a princely fortune, and, I doubt not, of all the esteem that his exemplary character and shining virtues merited. Of the two daughters I have only casually learnt that they were married to highly respectable men, but I do not know where they went. The Baron was said to be the only one who possessed the mother's beauty."

CHAPTER III.

" To-day there is a change within me,
There is a weight upon my brow." — HALLECK.

THE little party at the farm had scarcely time to thank Gasper for his very interesting account of the Baron's family, when they were aroused by an exclamation of surprise from one of the younger lads, who, sitting opposite the window that looked towards the broad sheet of water described in a former page, and instantaneously the whole family rushed to the windows to discover the cause.

A slight haze in the atmosphere, in the early part of the evening, had rolled off before the rising moon, which now, being at the full, shone in full splendor, and revealed every object on the transparent waters almost as plain as at noonday. In this capacious basin a number of sail were now descried, that had just made their appearance, some of them were even within sait, and most of them, though not ships of war, appeared of very considerable burden. The young men observed that their manœuvring was very fine ; but, although their number and very unusual appearance excited some wonder, yet it was unmingled with any thing of fear or suspicion in the younger part of the family. The wife of the absent Louis sighed deeply, however, and old Gasper uttered a deep groan when their appearance was announced. It was not unnoticed, and yet what could they suspect ? A quiet, inoffensive yeomanry, always submissive to the requirements of their taskmasters, and though somewhat situated like the Israelites in Egypt, yet exhibiting no signs of impatience or resentment.

Still, there was an indefinable feeling of dread, a presentiment of evil, partly occasioned, no doubt, by the agitating announcement of the Indian, that

seemed to drive away every thing like drowsiness; and it was not until a late hour for them that they retired to rest. They slept at length, and slept soundly. Oh! how soundly innocence can sleep. Daniel slept in the lions' den; Joseph slept quietly in his dungeon; and the Son of Man slept while the raging ocean was lashed into foam by the fury of the tempest, and his affrighted disciples were calling on him to save them.

They slept; but what frightful sound was that which awoke the slumbering inmates of the farm, after a few brief moments of slumber? What horseman's swift steed spurns the ground as he comes foaming over the hill? and what thundering knock reverberates through the most distant part of the building, causing the terrified inhabitants to start from their beds? They lost no time, however, in opening the door, upon which the tremendous blows from a loaded whip continued to be plied during the few moments it took to draw on a garment, and draw the bolt.

"See that you come without fail," said a tall, ferocious looking fellow, in regimentals, as he threw in a paper, and disappeared on the track to the next farm. The paper, when carried to the light, proved to be the Governor's proclamation, (Governor Lawrence,) signed, however, by the commanding officer on the station, Colonel Winslow. (A copy of this famous proclamation is still extant, in the handwriting of Colonel Winslow, and is as follows:)

"To the inhabitants of the district of Grand Pree, Minas, River Cunard, &c., as well ancient as young men and lads.

"Whereas, his excellency the Governor has instructed us of his late resolution, respecting the matter proposed to the inhabitants, and has ordered us to communicate the same in person, his excellency being desirous that each should be satisfied

of his Majesty's intentions, which he has also ordered us to communicate to you, such as they have been given to him. We therefore order and enjoin, by these presents, all of the inhabitants, as well of the abovenamed districts, both old and young men, as well as the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church at Grand Pree, on Friday, the fifth instant, at three o'clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we have to communicate, declaring that no excuse will be admitted, on any pretext whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels, in default of real estate.

"Given at Grand Pree, this second of September, 1755, and twenty-ninth year of his Majesty's reign."

"Did mortal ever hear such a thing as this?" exclaimed Louis, after reading the paper. "There is not the least intimation of the nature of the business, from beginning to end, nor any clue to guide one out of the labyrinth of doubts, guesses, and surmises it is calculated to produce. Most probably, however, it is some new effort to swear us unreservedly."

It seems incredible, that during the three days that intervened before the meeting, nothing of the business intended should have leaked out. We recollect distinctly, that in the letter of instructions to Colonel Winslow, he was particularly cautioned "not to let any of the soldiers have the least communication with any of the inhabitants during the intervening time, lest some discoveries might be made." That the real truth was far from suspected is certain, and yet there were some who anticipated some unknown and dreadful evil, and several whole families escaped to Chignecto, from whence a large company embarked for Quebec. It seems, that in anticipation of some evil, the nature of which they could not have understood, the Governor of Canada had despatched several vessels to cruise on

the coast, and "take off as many of the families as wanted to come away, and they could possibly bring." Some other of the families fled to the woods, and hid themselves. Yet were their terrors derided by the major part, who at once conceived the idea they were to be coerced to enrol themselves in the corps organizing to repel (as they said) the French and Indians. This they stoutly resolved not to do, come what might; and much of the intervening time was spent in praying for strength to enable them to persevere in their resolutions, and rather to pay the penalty, whatever it might be, than do any thing so contrary to the dictates of their conscience. Others, again, thought it was only a subterfuge to extort a penalty for not taking the oath of allegiance in the unqualified form in which they wished to administer it. And even when the day came, it found many vacillating in their opinions; and of the thousands of inhabitants in that district, only four hundred and fifty able-bodied men assembled.

In the mean time, Louis the younger had conveyed his invalid wife, the fair Gabriella, to his secluded home, with her two children, thinking if any thing happened she would be safer there, and more out of the way of excitement, which her gentle frame could ill endure.

To the great comfort of our family at the farm, Louis the elder returned home the night preceding the day of meeting. Dreadful had been the feelings of his faithful partner and his children at his long absence. They could in no wise account for it, nor did he satisfactorily explain it on his return; for he dared not tell them he had been round to some distant settlements, to try and ascertain the extent of their courage should the odious oath be forced upon them, which he anticipated, and which was, in truth, the extent of his and their fears.

Dispirited and disappointed, he had returned in despondency. Alas! who could have the courage to war without weapons? They had all quietly given up their arms, and "the very manner in which this was done," says an English historian, "should have been convincing of their sincerity and peaceable intentions."

CHAPTER IV.

"It is not so! Thou hast misspoke, misheard;
It cannot be. Thou didst but say 'tis so.
I have a king's oath to the contrary."

THE fifth of September at length came; a day big with the fate of the hunted and deceived Acadians; a day, alas! of mourning and of woe. When the time came to attend the meeting, there was a visible gloom on the faces of the young men; and as party after party of their youthful comrades and friends came on, still the male inhabitants of the farm would excuse themselves from joining them, until it was no longer to be avoided.

When about to go, Louis the elder turned round and asked his venerable father's blessing, and his example was followed by his sons. With a hand that trembled more than ordinarily, the venerable man successively blessed them; and then, sinking on his knees, listened to the last sound of their retreating footsteps. We leave the farm, and forbear to describe the trembling anxiety with which they listened to every sound until nightfall, and the heroic bearing of young Pauline, whose courage seemed to rise as theirs fell, and who zealously exerted herself to support the sinking spirits of the

family, and do away all painful surmises they were disposed to indulge.

The church or chapel, where they were to assemble, was situated about a mile from the shore, and rather over two from the farm. It was not an expensive building, but sufficiently large, and had been erected only since the time when their former one had been hewn down by some fanatics in their holy zeal, at a former irruption of the Goths from New England. The Catholics did not regard the destruction of their property as any evidence of the superior sanctity of the Abners and Joabs who accomplished it; and the consequence was, as might well be expected, the followers of his holiness were more than ever confirmed in their papistical errors, and where there was one image or picture in the old church, there were at least a dozen in the new one; and though, for the most part, they had not violated the command against making the likeness of any thing in heaven, or on earth, or under the earth, yet was the present church decorated with a full complement of saints in regimentals, angels in periwigs, and madonnas in brocades—and into this (to them) sacred place, the rude foot of heretical soldiery was now for the first time introduced.

As none of the representatives of the potentates of the earth were accustomed in those days to appear without a long retinue of military in attendance, it excited no surprise, even in this simple people, that the new commanding officer (Colonel Winslow) should be drawn up at the door between double files of soldiers. They supposed his station called for such a display; few believed any forcible measures would be taken to extort the oath they supposed about to be proffered. Four hundred and eighteen persons had now arrived, and finding no more appeared to be coming, the commander-in-chief, having a guard outside, advanced himself

with his officers (the soldiers lining the wall) into the middle of the building, where, the congregation in breathless silence awaiting his communication, he delivered the following address: (See Halliburton's History of Nova Scotia, vol. i. p. 176.)

"*Gentlemen*—I have received from Governor Lawrence the King's commission, which I have in my hand, and by his orders you are convened together, to manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his Majesty's province of Nova Scotia, who, for more than half a century, have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions. What use you have made of it, you best know. The part of duty I am now upon is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you who are of the same species. But it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey orders, and his Majesty's orders are—That your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, with all other of your effects, saving your money (he knew that they had none) and household goods, and you yourselves are to be removed from this province.

"Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed, and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off *your money* and as many household goods as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do every thing in my power that you are not molested in carrying off your goods, and also that whole families shall go in the same vessels, and hope, in whatever part of the world you fall, you may be faithful subjects and a peaceable and happy people.

"I must also inform you that it is his Majesty's

will and pleasure that you remain under the direction and inspection of the troops I have the honor to command, and I now delare you the *King's prisoners.*"

Had a thunderbolt fallen from heaven, it could not have paralyzed the hearers more than this address. No language could do justice to the astonishment of the enraged and entrapped Acadians. At first they looked at each other with open mouths, as if not comprehending, or doubting the purport of the address. At length Louis the elder ventured to ask, "If they were to be carried to French ports?" and was answered, "No; his Majesty did not design to strengthen his enemies with such an aid." This was said with a sneer. Louis turned upon his heel and folded his arms, while a scornful smile curled his lip, awaiting in silence what should come next. Nor would he condescend to look round, when one of those he termed the "mean-spirited of his brethren," asked, in a tone of great humility, "How they had been so unfortunate as to offend his Majesty?" His blood boiled when he perceived this question treated with rudeness, for no answer was vouchsafed.

Several of them, either from policy to deprecate the severity of the commander, or from real regret, that their good feelings should not have been appreciated, began to lament aloud "they should have been so unfortunate;" and protested that "they had never knowingly violated any of the laws of the English; that it had been a matter of indifference to them, so long as they were *protected in their rights*, which Power they were protected by." (Winslow's Narrative.)

It is probable the unfortunate termination of the sentence rather aroused the ire of the commander, for well he knew their *rights had not been protected;* full well he knew, the Acadians had not only

been refused justice in their courts, but justice in all other respects, to say nothing of their disfranchisement and various political privations. He might not have known of all the individual cases of wrong. He might not have known, that if an English neighbor wanted an ox or an ass, he had only to seize it, and made no scruple of doing so, and there was no relief for the sufferer but the Christian one of patience; for to what could they resort? Not to law, of course; and to personal chastisement, would have brought swift destruction.

And here we must make a digression, for which we beg the indulgence of our readers. It was probable this very grievance, arbitrary and tyrannical as it was, was one cause, and not a lesser one, of the former prosperity of the Acadians in amassing property, and preserving the social relations of life unimpaired. If they lost a few of their flocks, or suffered any other loss at any time by violence, they kept steadily on, and raised more, instead of attending courts, and losing time, money, and patience for an uncertain remuneration. Their manners, too, were not corrupted by associations they could not have avoided. To return to our narrative.

We observed that the ire of the commander seemed somewhat roused by the last appeal, humble as it was in language; and although he was one of those of whom the poet says, "Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile," yet, being possessed of almost unlimited power in the present instance, and feeling that the favor of the poor trembling being before him was not worth taking very particular pains for, was not quite as lavish of his smiles as though he had been in a drawing-room, and he answered, in rather a cavelier-like manner,

"That he was not there to reason with them, but to command, and see that they obeyed orders."

By this time the ire of Louis had attained a certain height, that threatened bad consequences, and, as he afterwards said, "if he had not given way to it, it must have choked him." His face was scarlet, and his laboring chest heaved with the efforts he made to keep it down. But this last remark of the commander, and the manner in which it was uttered, was too much for him, and turning fiercely to him, he said,

"And who are you, that are bloodhound enough to engage in this business? From what den of incarnate fiends were you let loose? Of all the myrmidons of a *tyrant* in this region, could not one be found to do his bidding?"

"Silence, there! Guards, seize him!" vociferated the commander, and the arms of the unfortunate and enraged Louis were immediately pinioned to his side, amid the exclamations of some dozen voices of his friends, which were quickly stilled, however, by the presentation of the soldiers' arms, and the loud voice of the commander ordering them to "fire right into the midst, if another word was spoken." Louis was bound hand and foot, and carried, without opposition or any attempt at resistance, to the guard-house.

The tumult now subsided, and the people judging that this at least was not the time to make any attempt at softening the hearts of their persecutors, were slowly making their way to the door, in order to give the earliest notice to their families, and to concert with them how to get along under this cruel sentence. With these feelings and views shared in common, but unexpressed, they went forward in a body, as soon as Colonel Winslow and his staff had passed out, (which they did without much ceremony immediately after the seizure of Louis,) and to their complete amazement were met at the entrance by soldiers with fixed bayonets, who

rudely ordered them back, and they were told, "that they could not leave the chapel as they were the King's prisoners, and would be kept there until the vessels which were to take them away were ready to receive them; that rations would be dealt to them regularly; but as any other indulgence was incompatible with the public safety, they must not expect it; and that any symptoms of restifness would be signally punished on the spot." (See Winslow's Narrative.)

The succeeding morning dawned upon that unhappy company without their anxious relatives even knowing where they were. What heart-rending lamentations, what tears, prayers, and exhortations to comfort from those who felt it not, did the long watches of that night witness! Alas! it was a night long to be remembered. The lamentations of the morning were nearly equal to those of the Egyptians when they arose and found "there was not a house where there was not one dead." But long and painful as was that night to the broken-hearted Acadians, it was nothing, nothing to what they were destined to see.

Our family at the farm were sorely amazed. The evening meal smoked long upon the board, awaiting their return. Often did Madam St. Pierre, the wife of Louis the elder, open the door and strain her eyes through the darkness to discern the figure of her husband—but no husband came. Often did thé light step of Pauline tread the lawn in front of the house, or ascend the little hill at its back, and bending her ear to the ground (a practice they had learnt from the Indians) listen for the footsteps of her beloved father or brothers. Alas! no sound, save the occasional tread of the cattle that were browsing in the meadows below, the accidental bleat of a sheep, or mournful note of the bird of night that sings in those regions, met her ear, except

when a sudden gust of wind brought the sound of the dashing surge as it swept on with tremendous force from the Bay of Funday. The shuddering maiden, with her locks wet with the thick dews of night, would then retreat to the house and offer up a prayer before the image on the cross for her absent relatives.

Josephine, more timid and quiet in her nature, it was true dropped many tears, but exhibited less of anxiety than the others. Her tender years, perhaps, did not admit of her feeling so much; and the creative powers of imagination in Pauline, though it opened rich sources of enjoyment unknown to the other, was at other times productive of unmeasured pain. The aged Gasper said but little, except the utterance of the fervent ejaculations which from time to time escaped his laboring breast. "God be merciful to me a sinner! Enable me to suffer all thy will! and may that will be done!" were many times repeated through the night.

The morning at length began to dawn, and the female part of the population to pour abroad. Long before the sun appeared the paths (for roads there were none) began to fill with women. It was not "*here and there* a traveller," but it was a crowd, a perfect rush from all the habitations, far and near, towards the chapel. The old with crutches, and the child of three years, joined the procession, and hailing as they passed the inhabitants of the farm, they were joined by Madam St. Pierre and Pauline, old Gasper being persuaded to remain with the gentle Josephine.

Various were the conjectures of the females, as they threaded their way by the nearest path to the church, as to what the difficulty might be. Some of the terrified females actually feared their friends had all been put to death together; but the most generally received opinion was, that they had been

pressed into the service of the English to go and fight the Indians, or to defend the coast from some threatened invasion of the French. Not knowing at all whether they should find a single soul at the church, they yet resolved to go there first, as being the last place where they could trace them.

CHAPTER V.

"I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
I still had hopes, each long vexation past,
Here to return, and die at home at last."

Just as the sad and anxious company came to a corner of the wood from which a distinct view of the sacred edifice was visible, there was a general halt, an indefinable feeling of dread seemed to chain their feet to the spot. They dreaded to see that holy place, the sight of which had hitherto filled them with rapture, when, arm in arm, they had followed the sound of the Sabbath-bell to the house of prayer. The halt, however, was momentary, as their impatience to know the fate of their friends impelled them on. The sun was just rising, and his golden beams tipt the cross of the sacred edifice, and displayed to the astonished gaze of the females, the glittering arms of some hundred soldiers, drawn up in fearful array at its entrance, while from its tower floated the English colors. In short, it had all the appearance of a garrison, and many stopped irresolute, and held a council. It was soon decided to proceed, and share the fate of their husbands and brothers. When, at length, seeing no manifestation of the military to keep them off, they walked

boldly up, and demanded to know "where their friends were?"

"Within!" was the prompt reply.

"And," said Pauline, springing forward and disclosing her beautiful face, "what is the meaning of their detention?"

"The meaning, my pretty dear," said a tall, consequential fellow in epaulettes, from the province of Massachusetts Bay, who seemed to be master of ceremonies during the absence of the commander, "the meaning is, you have all got to tramp from here. The papists are to be driven out, and the country given to the Lord's true people, or the King's friends, I don't know which."

"Thou hast well distinguished," said the maiden, "for the Lord, who knoweth them that are his, knows there are but few among the minions of a tyrant." Then perceiving she was not understood in French, she added in English, "What crime are they accused of?"

"Why," said the soldier, "I believe of papistry, or treason, or some such thing, I don't exactly know what. I only know that we came to drive the French out of Canada."

"Indeed!" said Pauline, staring at his ignorance or awkward attempt at a jest, "and where are you going to drive us?" And brightening as she caught a new idea, "probably to Canada; that must be your mea—".

"Hold there!" said the soldier, by no means disliking to show off before so pretty a girl. "Not so fast; the King our master knows better than that. He warn't born yesterday, nor our Colonel nuther, so that's not to be thought of. But if so be (and he drew himself up several inches taller) you'd wish to go with this here drove of women into your temple, or whatever you call it, if it will hold you, I have no objection, though I am only commander

here pro tem. Yet I take it upon me to say there can be no harm done unless," said he, winking to the centinel at the door, "there should more of you come out than goes in. They do say you are miraculous that way, seeing you have all been killed off more than twenty times, and the next year there's just as many of you as there was before."

"Soldiers, admit the women. But, stop there; only a hundred at a time. Them fellows inside may scrabble out in the confusion."

"How many, sir?" respectfully demanded the centinel.

"Why, let's see, they are as thick as the locusts of Egypt; ten at a time, and in five minutes another ten, and so on. Young woman, (turning to Pauline,) you had better wait."

But Pauline, mad with impatience to see her dear father and brothers, and not loth to meet one more, rushed forward. The one other met her first, and, dropping his head on her shoulder, sobbed like an infant. Giving a few tears to her youthful admirer, the dutiful Pauline soon released herself from his clasping arms, and rushed through the crowd of friends and neighbors in search of her father and brothers.

Language would not do justice to the scene of confusion and distress, as platoon after platoon of the female ranks made their way into the chapel. Here was an aged and widowed mother hanging over her son, the last stay of her declining years. There, some motherless daughter, clinging to a father or brother, all that remained to her on earth. And there, the aged matron, invoking heaven to spare to her the partner with whom she had travelled this vale of tears for half a century, and permit them to close their eyes in that beloved though afflicted country, in which they had drawn their first breath. There was the youthful bride, who

had promised herself many, many years of happiness to come in the society of the fondly loved and lately found helpmate. Many a young wife, with her brood of little children hanging around their father's neck, and uttering the most bitter lamentations. The affectionate sisters and brothers were weeping in each others arms, as was Pauline in those of Louis; while her half-distracted mother was penetrating the crowd in every direction, in the vain hope of finding her husband, each friend striving to evade the question of "what had become of her Louis?" Pauline was first informed of his arrest, and communicated it to madam, at the same time endeavoring to console her afflicted mother.

"Off! off! thou unfeeling child," exclaimed madam in the distraction of her grief; canst thou speak thus calmly of a father's murder, for murdered he will be."

"Mother, softly," whispered that excellent child, not heeding the reproach, "do not incense our foes more. Remember we are in their power, and there may be some of these guards who understand French. Take patience, I beseech you, and it may end better than you expect."

It was some time before these afflicted females could be brought to understand that they were not to be separated; that the commander (Colonel Winslow) had pledged his word and honor "*that families should go together*," which left them the consolation of believing that, though they might be reduced to beggary or pauperism in the land whither they were going, yet these cherished ones would remain together. This, in some measure, seemed to restore quiet, or at least to turn boisterous grief into silent, though painful acquiescence.

By what sophism Colonel Winslow reconciled this deception, not to say abominable falsehood, to his conscience, history does not say. But his friends

have said for him, "that if he was engaged in a cruel undertaking, yet his honor was not tarnished, and doing what he did at the command of his sovereign, implied no want of humanity in him; that he was an officer whose honor could not be impeached." We ask what is honor? Can a soldier violate his word with honor? Was it honor to plot to deceive this innocent people into the laborious business of getting in their harvests for their destroyers to enjoy? Was it honor to plot to get them together in the house of God, under false impressions, and then seize them as prisoners? For a full account of this transaction, we refer our readers to the "History of Nova Scotia," (vol. i.) a book which we have so often quoted. To return.

When the feelings of this afflicted people had just attained a comparatively quiescent state, a new cause of excitement appeared, and the sources of grief seemed to burst open anew. The doors of the chapel were opened, and the venerable priest, who had for so many years been their father and friend, as well as teacher, was rudely thrust in among them. In a new outbreak of anguish, the people crowded around him, and received his blessing. Few words, however, were spoken by the pastor, who seemed inwardly collecting his strength for some mighty effort. Gently putting them aside, as they crowded the aisle leading to the altar, he made his way to that sacred place, and falling on his knees before it, covered his face with his hands many minutes before he ascended the steps.

During this period the audience had time to sober their grief, and a holy silence had succeeded to the cries and sobs with which they greeted his first appearance. At length rising, he advanced to the place where he had been permitted for so many years to break the bread of life, and was now, as a

special favor, allowed to address them for the last time, which he did as follows.

CHAPTER VI.

"He in his duty prompt at every call,
Had watched, and wept, and prayed, and felt for all,
——————————at his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul."

"My beloved friends and brethren, and children in the Gospel—You have in this temple of the living God professed the faith of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; that faith which was held by the prophets and apostles and martyrs of old. During the time I have been permitted to labor among you, I have thought you a Christian, a believing people.

"But, my beloved, I have seen you only in circumstances of ease and prosperity. For I count not the small privations you have heretofore endured, as any thing. I call not the giving up a few of this world's goods, while we have enough left and to spare, as any thing. I call not a few months' compelled labor for our rulers, while we have the remainder to ourselves, and are surrounded by plenty and the society of our dear connexions, by our own firesides, as sufferings. To say nothing of the great author and finisher of our faith, and of his torments in the body, the first disciples of our crucified master were exposed to every privation and indignity that it is possible to conceive of. They were persecuted, afflicted, and tormented; suffering in cold, nakedness, hunger, and watchings; in perils by land and by sea. 'They bore in their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus.' Their persons were scarred and seamed with the scourgings and beat-

ings they had received for his sake. And what, I ask you now, did they do under these afflictions?

"Did the apostles and first Christians sit down and waste their breath in lamentations? Did they weep and sob, and pray to be excused from their trials? Ah! no, my dear, dear brethren and sisters, they did not. They took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing that in heaven they had a more enduring substance. They counted themselves happy that they were thought worthy to endure persecution for his sake.

"And now I beseech you, brethren, to imitate their example. You are called upon, this day, to exhibit an ensample to all the earth; to prove whether you are the willing disciples of the suffering Saviour, or have been compelled into his ranks. Whether you have been enrolled as soldiers of the cross, by arbitrary parents and sponsors, into a service your hearts reject and your understandings disapprove, or whether your own free will has ratified the deed, and you are willing to follow the great captain of our salvation to prison and to death, if such be his will. If there are any compelled servants here, it is not such that I address. [Here he made a long pause.] Let him that is on the Lord's side, hold up his right hand."

Every hand was immediately held up, except the English guard, who did not understand French, save one placed there to ascertain there was no treason spoken.

"Who here is willing to part with all that he has, to be the disciple of our Lord, let him hold up his hand."

Every hand was raised.

"No reserves," continued the pastor; "for whosoever is not willing to forsake father and mother, husband and wife, brothers and sisters, and all these

together, if his Lord requires, is none of his. Believest thou this?"

There was a dead silence.

"Who is sufficient for these things," continued the gray-haired preacher, "let him hold up both his hands."

Alas! alas! not a hand was raised. The pastor regarded them a few moments in mournful silence. At length he asked,

"Are ye Christians? are ye believers?" When an old man sobbed out, "Lord, we believe, help thou our unbelief;" and immediately the whole assembly fell on their knees, simultaneously uttering an "amen." "Save, Lord, or we perish;" "God be merciful to us sinners;" "Enable us to suffer all thy will," were reiterated in agony of spirit; thus proving that people in their extremity go immediately to God, and never think of appealing to him, when in earnest, through the medium of saints and angels. The pastor prayed long and fervently with his afflicted flock, and arose with a look so lofty, and yet resigned, so elevated above this world, that it seemed to his enwrapt hearers as though they could almost see the shining of his face. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, where, whatever might be the errors of his creed, the grace of God was evidently inscribed, he proceeded to say:

"It is but once in an age, my dear brethren, that the disciples of our blessed Lord are called to receive the crown of martyrdom; and it is not impossible but some of us are destined to that high honor, that glorious passport to the third heaven; and I entreat, I beseech of you, not to let the benefit of your example be lost. Future generations may look to you for an ensample of suffering and of patience, and, seeing your fortitude and constancy, may glorify your Father who is in heaven.

"I am going to tell you that you are to be scattered in a strange land; but he that dwelleth in the thick darkness, is yet enthroned in righteousness, and may even in this have designs of mercy and goodness in store for you, that you cannot now even have an idea of. You think you are to be scattered among your enemies, who will perhaps make you hewers of wood and drawers of water. But granting that this may be the case for a time, you may go out weeping, and in the lapse of ages return singing with everlasting joy upon your heads. I counsel no resistance. You have began to suffer; suffer all his will who has called you to suffer for his sake. You will not be as sheep having no shepherd, for the shepherd and bishop of souls will care for you. This earthly temple you will no more see. But, my dear hearers, there is a temple not made with hands, to which all can at all times have access. These earthly remembrances (glancing at the ornaments of the chapel) serve, indeed, in a time of 'ease in Zion,' to put one in mind of that Saviour whose cross we are too apt to overlook, and of the holy men and martyrs who suffered in olden time; but in the furnace of affliction you will not need them. The cross you will bear on your own shoulders, and you will need no emblems to remind you of the suffering saints of old.

"I am an old man; like yourselves I am a prisoner; my fate is an unknown one to me; but I think I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. There be some here whose faces I shall see no more, and I bid you all an affectionate farewell. Farewell! farewell! be steadfast, immovable, be faithful unto death, and Christ shall give you a crown of life."

The guard now appeared to conduct the venerable priest to the quarters of the commander, who, strange as it may seem, chose to be himself the

jailer of their spiritual guide, and, we find, actually carried him with him to his house in Massachusetts.

We will not say that the voice of the pastor did not falter when he blessed, for the last time, the people of his charge. We will not say that his hands did not tremble, when he laid them for the last time upon the heads of his brethren and their little ones. But we may say that his example, like his precepts, were worthy of all praise.

Intercession was made by the females to have their friends return with them to their habitations. But this was refused. Nor was this privilege granted any, until the day before sailing, when ten at a time were released to assist their families to the place of debarkation, and in removing such effects as they were permitted to carry to the transports, drawn up in the river Gaspereaux to receive them.

To see Louis, if possible, was the determination of Madam St. Pierre and Pauline, upon leaving the chapel. But this, they were now told, was impossible, as he had made his escape from the guard-house during the night, and could not be found, though several soldiers were out in pursuit of him. Trusting that he was concealed somewhere near his own dwelling, they were hastening in that direction, when they were informed that the younger Louis, Pauline's brother, had just been carried to the guard-house as a hostage for his father, and that if the father did not present himself before the day of sailing, which was fixed for the tenth, (four days from that,) the son would be shot, such being the Governor's orders, namely: "That all offences should be visited upon the next of kin, the offender being out of the way, or in default of kindred, upon the next neighbor."

That such a refinement in cruelty should have been thought of, appears almost incredible. Nevertheless, it is true; and the copy of Governor

Lawrence's instructions to that effect is still to be seen in the Massachusetts Historical Collection, in the handwriting of Colonel Winslow.

Great exertion was made to collect the persons who had escaped into the woods, for many had disobeyed the proclamation to attend the meeting at the chapel, and had hid themselves in the woods. As has been shown, it was no part of the policy of those who were hunting them into captivity to let them escape to Canada. Scouts were out in every direction. There was another fear, too, and that was alarming the other districts at a distance, whom they were plotting to entrap in the same manner.

CHAPTER VII.

"Who ne'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,
Or checked his course for piety or shame;
Who, trained a soldier, deemed a soldier's fame
Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,
Though neither truth nor honor decked his name."

We must now change the scene to a dwelling of even more humble and secluded appearance than the farm. Though quite remote from any other habitation, being situated in a deep dell, it exhibited many marks of good taste about it. There was a beautiful garden in its rear, and about its whited walls the honey-suckle and eglantine had been taught to climb, and shaded the few windows in its front. It was surrounded on all sides, at a little distance, with an almost impervious forest, except as here and there little vistas had been opened through the trees, showing spots of land where cattle or sheep were usually grazing. One outlet only admitted a view of the river below and the

breeze from the water, which, but for that, would have been rather confined during the hottest part of the season.

In an apartment looking towards this partial opening, upon a small pallet-bed lay a female, whose countenance, though exquisitely beautiful, exhibited not only the ravages of disease, but much of mental agony. The snowy pillow upon which rested that fine formed head, was not whiter than the cheek that reposed on it. Her hands were clasped, and on the marble brow lay the locks of jet-black curls. Her eyes were closed, and but that her pale lips slightly moved, as though in prayer, and but for the heaving of that faded bosom, you might have supposed that the soul had already left its frail tenement, and soared to that world where sin and sorrow can never come. Long time did the gentle sufferer lay hovering between life and death, until her attention was awakened by the entrance of two little children, who had been playing in the next room. They rushed in calling for "mamma;" and at the sound she opened her eyes, looked at them one moment, and then raised them imploringly to heaven.

The two children then came up to the bed and asked for Maria. The mother extended a hand to them, which they both seized, looking in her face and then at each other with childish wonder. The eldest, only three years old, inquired "if mamma wanted any thing?" To which the sick lady answered, "drink;" when the little creature very carefully brought a cup from the table and held it up. She took a few swallows, and seemed refreshed. "God bless you, dear children," she said; "what can I do with you?"

The reader will probably surmise this was the wife of Louis, whose only attendant, Maria, had been despatched to make inquiries after the impris-

oned husband and father, at the earnest request of the invalid herself, who did not realize how very ill she was on this day. The faithful Maria was loth to leave her, but there was no putting her off; and as to getting any one to stay in her place, that was impossible; for this was on the ninth of the month, and the families were commanded to get the few things they were permitted to carry, such as their bedding, cooking utensils, wearing apparel, and provisions for their voyage, to the shore ready to be embarked the next day. As we before observed, ten at a time for each neighborhood were permitted to leave the chapel, and go render their assistance in conveying their things.

Four days of harassing anxiety had done the work of ages upon the exhausted frame of Gabriella. She was as yet ignorant of the imprisonment of Louis, though she was aware of the flight of his father. Far was she from suspecting that her husband was even then under sentence of death, and that he was sentenced to be brought out and shot, in sight of his family and friends, on the next morning, in case his parent did not return by that time, and in the event of his return, if by compulsion, he himself was to be the victim. It had been judged expedient to keep Gabriella in ignorance of his seizure in the first place; and of his sentence, passed on this day, the family at the farm had but just learnt.

It had been a matter of deep consultation, in the family of Louis, in what manner they should be able to remove their sick sister, and in what manner they should account to her for the absence of her husband when they came to embark; for well were they aware that a slight shock, added to what she had already experienced, would shake her delicate frame to dissolution. Pauline had visited her every day since the imprisonment of their friends

at the chapel, and, with the family, had been concerting every measure calculated to soothe her pains, and facilitate her removal. Vain cares! her Creator had provided a different home for her from that "beyond the western main," and the forces of his Majesty a different conveyance.

Maria, the excellent young woman who had been attending her, after receiving her commands, paused on the threshhold of the door. "My beloved mistress," she softly whispered, "should we meet no more! something tells me this is our last. Oh God! oh God!" she softly exclaimed, wringing her hands in agony, "she may be murdered in my absence, or I murdered on the way; and then these dear little ones, suppose I take them? I may save their lives. But no, I could not carry them, and to lead them two miles would hinder me. I must be quick." And she now hurried forward with breathless haste, in the almost certain hope, however, of meeting some of the family coming to their assistance. But as no tidings of her were ever after heard, nor no traces of her discovered after, unless it was a few fragments of a shawl she wore across her shoulders, by some persons who shortly after passed that way from the farm for the purpose of seeing the sick woman, we must leave the kind-hearted girl here, hoping that her fate on earth, which we shudder at the bare thought of, only admitted her a passage to a better world, where she and her beloved mistress sat down together in the paradise of God.

May no eyes that peruse this story, ever have occasion to shed such tears as stole down the pale cheek of the fair invalid, as she gazed on the two innocent prattlers who were trying, in their artless manner, to beguile her attention.

"Dear children," she said, "I am dying. Oh! what will become of you? Father in heaven, send

one friend, only one!" and she raised her clasped hands in agony to heaven. As she uttered this expression, the door slowly opened, and Menoi, the friendly savage, stood before her.

"Lady, can I serve you?" asked the red man, with evident emotion, as he advanced to the couch, and looked earnestly in her face.

"Menoi, God be praised!" exclaimed Gabriella, as she made an ineffectual effort to raise herself up, and sank back again exhausted. "Menoi, know you the fate of our people? Of my husband, Louis?"

The savage shook his head.

"Don't deceive me, Menoi, I am dying," said she.

"Menoi no deceive. To-morrow, my white brethren be all sent off, great way over water, to be Englishman's slave. If old Louis come back well, he not come; they shoot young Louis." A shudder passed over the frame of the dying woman, and she closed her eyes for a moment, uttering an incoherent prayer, in which the most that could be distinguished was "my children!"

"Lady," said the savage, "will trust Menoi with little ones; he carry them to Canada, please God. If French no take 'em, my squaw bring 'em up with pappoose. Half Menoi have, Louis' babies have."

Gabriella passed her hands across her eyes.

"One moment, stop one moment. Yes, Menoi, I will trust them with you. Take them, and if possible get them to Quebec. Tell Frontinac they are the descendants of his friend ——— ———. If he will not receive them, keep them, and may God bless you and yours as you prove faithful to my babes. I trust you are a Christian, Menoi. Teach them to love God, and to remember me when—when"— — — — The last of the sentence gurgled in her throat; a dreadful spasm shook

her frame, and the gentle Gabriella, the fond, devoted wife and tender mother was no more.

The savage bent down his head to see if she breathed. All was silent. Gently he disengaged the wonder-struck children, and telling them they must "be still, and go see father," he took one on each arm, and plunged into the wood with them.

He had no sooner disappeared, than a posse of British soldiers made their appearance. A suspicion had been communicated that Louis the elder might be concealed at this remote place, and a small company of British soldiers from the fort had been sent out, as being best acquainted with the country, to search this neighborhood.

Fierce as bloodhounds, they rushed into the building, and directly into the room where lay the remains of the lovely Gabriella. A peaceful smile was on the lips of her whom no tumult should ever again disturb; the hands were meekly folded on her bosom, and the parting lips appeared as though they might have even then been calling down blessings on her murderers. "There are tears on her cheek," said one of the soldiers, who drew near, and seemed to cast a glance of compassion.

"Fire the building!" shouted a stentorian voice. "Our orders are imperative, to fire the house if we did not find the prisoner. No delay there, time presses." His orders were obeyed, and the flames of the building soon rose in one wide sheet to heaven. From the first opening in the forest, the savage, with his precious burden, caught a view of the blazing pile; and savage though he was, stopped to give one sigh to the gentle being whose earthly part was consumed in it.

It was but for a moment, for there was no time to lose. Carefully and safely putting aside the branches, the wary chief pursued his way towards the place where he had designed to rest until night.

In that neighborhood he had hid a canoe, and at nightfall he proposed to embark in this frail conveyance, and carry them to a small encampment of Indians, where, he trusted, they would be safe until the heat of pursuit should be over, when he would proceed to Canada with them.

Whether the intentions of the generous savage would have been carried into effect, could he have gained this place even, is after all uncertain. But his designs were doomed to be baffled, for now a new difficulty intervened to stop his progress. A house and barn had just been fired near the place where he had to pass, and fearful the flames would communicate to the adjoining forest, he was obliged to change his course, and by that means exposed himself to the observation of some straggling soldiers, part of a scout who had been sent out to search for the missing. The "reward of ten guineas for every Indian scalp," which had recently been offered by Governor Lawrence, was not forgotten at this moment. The hue and cry of "an Indian! an Indian!" resounded through the woods, and showers of bullets were falling in all directions.

With as much precipitation as possible, burdened as he was, the red man fled before his pursuers. A shriek from the boy now announced he was wounded, but still the savage dashed onward. He was armed, and had he been alone would have sold his life dear. But one arm encircled each child, and there was no possibility of defending himself. Flight was his only resource, and he evidently gained upon his pursuers, until, coming to the river, he stopped irresolute one instant, and looked back: It was fatal. A bullet entered his side, and he could only stagger back a few paces, ere he fell on the sward. The place where he fell, however, was well calculated for concealment, being completely defended from the rays of the sun by the interven-

ing branches forming a kind of natural arbor, enclosed on every side, saving the one by which he entered. Here Menoi sunk upon the sward, convinced his labors were over, and here we shall leave him for a few moments.

Aggravated beyond measure by the daring and contemptuous language of Louis at the meeting, Colonel Winslow had determined, at all events, to secure his person. Whether he was animated wholly by a spirit of revenge, or whether he really thought as he said, that "he was a dangerous person to go loose," or whether he thought it a hard thing one person should suffer for the sins of another, or whether all of them operated, we cannot say. But he evinced a desire to make an example of him, rather uncommon; and as scout after scout had returned unsuccessful, he had that morning rode out himself, determined to direct the pursuers, who were now hunting him up,

The party who had been diverted from the pursuit of the fugitives by the sight of an Indian, had missed the savage after his wound. They were not sensible they had shot him, but, indeed, thought him much further off than he was. When they arrived at the river side, and saw the print of his foot on the soft sand along the edge of the bank, where in truth he had passed up that morning when on his way to the habitation of Louis, (and most imprudently stopped to hit a buck on the opposite side,) they thought of course they were following him, and proceeded up the stream. Colonel Winslow had heard the shouting, and, turning his horse in that direction, gained the bank of the river. Here he stopped, and commanding his few attendants to dismount and follow on, he himself awaited their return.

Exceedingly fatigued by the exercise of the morning, he resolved to alight and refresh himself

and was proceeding down the bank to the water, when he discovered spots of blood upon the grass. Though alone, he was no coward; and following the track, he traced them to the place we have just described, and entered the recess.

The scene that presented itself was petrifying. Never on the field of battle had he seen any thing so touching as what he now beheld. There lay the savage, each arm still encircling a child. The beautiful boy of three years old, in his terror had clung to his neck, and death had only tightened the grasp. His bright flaxen locks were dabbled in blood, and his fair round cheek rested against that of the red man. His eyes were open, those beautiful blue eyes, though the languor of death weighed on their lids. The little girl, just one year younger, and not less beautiful, reposed her head on the dusky bosom of the chief. She had been stifled by the firm grasp in which she was held. In the agitation of his flight, Menoi had grasped her with an energy he was not aware of. It had stopped her breath, and the soul had quitted its little tenement and taken its flight for heaven. The starting eye-ball, the half-opened mouth, as though gasping for breath, and the purple flush of the brow, proclaimed the death she had died. Unlike her brother in appearance, the pure French blood spoke out in every feature.

We envy not the feelings of the commander as he stood transfixed and gazed upon this scene. The features of the grim savage, too, were not to be mistaken. Life in him was not yet extinct, and his glaring eye-balls spoke daggers to the imagination of Colonel Winslow. A Mic Mac, too, one of the most savage of all the races of Indians. And yet he had perished, nobly perished, in the endeavor to rescue infant innocence.

The Colonel had stood upon the field of battle

while the horrors of carnage raged around him, and slaughtered hundreds were stretched on every side; and more, he had beheld unmoved the agonies of this very people. He had assisted, in cold blood, to wring the hearts of hundreds whom he had heard supplicating around him, broken hearted, and, dreadful to tell, his own remained untouched. But nothing had equalled this. The cold sweat stood upon his forehead, and he felt his knees smite one another. He stooped and bared the bosom of the boy, and the blood, no longer impeded, spouted a stream from the bullet-hole in his breast. He lifted the little soft hand of the girl, and it fell powerless from his grasp. For the first time his heart was softened, and tears unbidden forced themselves down his cheeks, while in agony of spirit he exclaimed,

"Why was I commissioned upon this iniquitous service? Was there no monster, steeped to the lips in blood, who could have been found? No cannibal, who would have undertaken it? The conduct of this savage will rise up against me in the day of judgment! The King commands it: true. But who is the King? Can he forgive sin? Can he sanctify evil deeds? Can he make the Ethiopian white, or the leper clean? Can he purge the guilty conscience? What if I leave this ungrateful service now? I will! I will! nor stain my soul still deeper with—with—innocent blood!" And he wrung his hands, tore the sword from his side, and threw it on the bank.

Suddenly a distant but tumultuous shout reached his ears. Hastily snatching up his sword, he emerged from the shade and ascended the neighboring hill, where a scene presented itself so awfully grand, so horribly sublime, as to enchain every faculty.

The heavens were darkened with smoke, while on every side towering flames rose in the air, and

the wailing of the inhabitants broke upon the ear as nothing ever can equal, until that day when the wicked shall "call on the rocks and the mountains to cover them and hide them from the wrath of God."

His orders—alas! he had forgotten the savage order—had been too faithfully obeyed. History informs us, that "two hundred and fifty-five houses, two hundred and seventy-six barns, one hundred and fifty-five outhouses, and eleven mills, were all on fire at once." The crackling flames gathered strength on every side, and the maddened and affrighted cattle were flying about the country in all directions. Self-preservation was now the only thought of the commander, and hastily buckling on his sword, he sought his horse to make the best of his way to quarters. Should the surrounding woods take fire, he would be caught in his own toils, or should he meet a drove of the furious cattle, he might fare hard. A quaking of limb, we opine, might have been seen then, had there been any to observe. But although he soon found some of his attendants searching for him, and leading his horse, their own terrors were so great they did not observe him. Taking a path as much out of the way as possible, and closing his senses to the sights and sounds of misery, he was so happy as to reach his quarters in safety, entirely cured of his penitence, and rejoicing that the morrow would end his labors in this region, and see them all embarked.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues quit the land."

THE order for burning the buildings may be explained in few words. It was to oppose a sure defence against any straggling ones who might hide themselves until after the sailing of the exiles, and then return to their habitations. The day had been devoted to the removal of the last of the household goods the miserable Acadians had been permitted to take, and there were piled up on the shore of the river where they were to embark, uncertain to the last how many of them they should be permitted to take. They had endured one more trial in seeing for the last time the faithful and docile animals that drew them. For, as their carts and conveyances were unharnessed on the shore, these poor creatures were turned loose to perish as soon as the frozen earth should refuse them subsistence. Their valuable cattle, flocks of sheep and of poultry, had all been looked at in turn for the last time; and the only consolation respecting them was, that after the English had supplied themselves with what they wanted, their barns and houses, which they had left open for the purpose, would afford them shelter through the winter. A restless and lingering desire to view these cherished homes once more, had impelled many to return from the shore. Some had not left the premises when the dreadful order to fire the buildings was given. When the inhabitants saw this, as may well be imagined, their distress and agony were intense. They felt then, truly, that all hope was extinct for themselves, and that their poor animals must inevitably perish. "In

this one district of Minas alone, their stock consisted, at this time, of one thousand two hundred and sixty-nine oxen, one thousand five hundred and fifty-seven cows, five thousand and seven young cattle, four hundred and ninety-three horses, eight thousand six hundred and ninety sheep, and four thousand one hundred and ninety-seven hogs." (See MS. of Colonel Winslow.)

It seems astonishing that no means were taken to save this immense amount of property, either by taking them off alive to the other provinces, or killing and exporting the beef, mutton, &c. And it appears particularly strange that, as Massachusetts and other provinces made immediate complaints to the government of such a host of people sent destitute among them, no means were taken to send and bring off this stock, instead of supporting them wholly at the public expense, which they must do, and did, it seems. Yet such was the fact. They were not made use of. Most of them perished, and their bones, many years after, whitened the earth in that region. Of course, the English garrison, and the few English besides in Nova Scotia, could not have made use of this immense amount of provision. But the question suggests itself, why was it not prepared for exportation and sent to England, where there has always been more or less of a starving population? The amazing fact that it was not so, stares us in the face; and if there be a circumstance that adds one shade of infamy to the transaction it is this: that they destroyed what they did not want, and took what they could make no use of.

The evening succeeding a day of such peril and hardship to himself, as Colonel Winslow considered it, was passed by him in close quarters. In reality, nothing had ever exceeded his astonishment at the patience and forbearance of the Neutral French.

Compelled to quit their own dear native land, a land where even the multiplied trials and sufferings of their race had, it seems, helped to endear. To behold with their own eyes the destruction of their cherished homes, and be exposed to all the insult and degradation connected with such a catastrophe, and yet no word of anger, no threat of vengeance had escaped their lips. Even the cool contempt of the elder Louis, cutting and provoking as it was, contained no threat, (though it evidently was more stinging than though it had.) It was marvellous, almost surpassing belief.

The commander had, on that evening, before retiring to his comfortable quarters, coolly written his orders, "that if the elder Louis should not be found or present himself by next morning at nine of the clock, his eldest son, the younger Louis, should suffer in his stead, by being drawn out in front of the garrison and shot." And having performed that imperative act of justice, as he termed it, went in and very comfortably ensconced himself before a cheerful fire he had ordered to keep off the damps and chills which, from its proximity to the river, he thought might be unhealthy.

A table, smoking with the good things of the land, and wine and spirits from other lands, was spread in the room, and only waited the arrival of Captain Murray and two or three officers of inferior grade, to commence operations. The gentlemen soon arrived, and took their seats according to etiquette. For some time the attention to the calls of appetite precluded conversation. At length, hunger being somewhat appeased, they gradually fell to discourse, and each had something to relate about his own courageous exploits through the day.

One had, as he said, "fired ten different farmhouses with his own hand, his soldiers being afraid to go in, the inmates yelled so hideously in French."

This excited great merriment, and the room rang again with laughter. One proposed a toast "to their speedy acquisition of the English language." This was drunk with great glee.

Another "had twice escaped being run down by the infuriated cattle in an attempt to burn a barn where they were confined;" and averred he had discovered an excellent remedy for restiff beasts—"to touch them now and then with a firebrand." The others protested they would improve upon the discovery when they came to drive out the Neutrals from the adjoining districts, as he thought "a few firebrands thrown among the obstinate women and children, might have a marvellous tendency to learn them good manners, and to move quicker at the commands of their superiors."

"They were not over swift to get out of the way, it must be confessed," said another. "One old blind man detained me some time, saying his prayers; and it was several minutes before we could convince him he would have leisure to say them on the passage. The only difficulty I had with my own men, was in burning a retired house where lay the most beautiful woman I ever saw, if she had not been French. However, they burnt it at last, and her in it."

"God forbid!" said Colonel Winslow, starting from his chair; "you did not burn up a human being, and a woman too!"

"Why, she was dead, Sir," said the officer respectfully, "and you gave no orders to bury the dead."

"True," responded the commander, sinking back to his chair; "but were there no friends near to bury her?"

"No human being, I assure you, though we met a person shortly after, who accused us of burning two small children, who, he said, were there. But

it was false, there was nothing in the house that had life."

We will not weary our readers with all the coarse jokes and unfeeling remarks uttered on that occasion; but merely say that the stories grew more marvellous, and the wit brightened, as the candles and decanters grew lower, until the company separated, and Colonel Winslow was left alone again in his room. The effervescence of his spirits seemed to go off with the company; for they had no sooner retired, than the commander was seen leaning his head upon his hand, his elbow resting upon the table—from which all had been cleared except the well-drained decanters—in a very thoughtful mood.

The wind had risen during the evening, and now blew almost a gale; and as it shook the casement of the windows, perhaps brought to his mind the poor, shivering wretches encamped on the shore, with nothing but their goods and the carts that brought them to shield them and their babes from the dampness and cold. All females, too, the males being still shut up in the church. Perhaps he thought on their forlorn condition; perhaps he was thinking upon the sweets of unlimited power, having for the first time tasted them that day. But there is no telling what he did think. The wasting light and dying embers on the hearth, however, warned him the evening was far advanced, and he was just rising to retire, when he was diverted by a slight noise at the entrance. Presently the door was thrown open, and a young girl rudely thrust in.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the commander in a rage, at being intruded on thus, without his permission. But his anger was instantly appeased by the sight of the interesting being before him.

The person who now presented herself to the

astonished Colonel, appeared some fourteen or fifteen years of age, and, as some romance writer said of his heroine, "too lovely to be looked at steadily." True, that her marble cheek was only visited by the softest, faintest flush, and her polished brow was shaded by curls that had not on that day, at least, been smoothed. Indeed, the winds of heaven had dealt so rudely with them on this evening, that they appeared blown in all directions. Her beautiful countenance expressed a degree of anxiety, and even agony, quite uncommon in one of her years; and her finely formed mouth seemed vainly endeavoring to give utterance to the feelings that swelled her laboring bosom. Twice did those ruby lips unclose to give utterance to something, and twice close again, as if the effort were vain.

Thinking that some strange terror kept her mute, and that perhaps her communication affected his personal safety in some way or other, he spoke soothingly to her, and begged her to disclose the nature of her business immediately. For the first time she raised the long dark lashes that shaded her eyes, and looked him steadily in the face. The eye was French, there was no mistaking that; and such was the force of prejudice,—we record it with grief,—half the feelings of kindness with which he had been disposed to regard her, vanished at the conviction. If Walter Scott had written at that day, he would probably have quoted him:

> "Why is it, at each turn I trace
> Some memory of that *hated* race?"

"Can you understand French, Sir?" asked the girl, speaking in imperfect English, but in a voice of melodious sweetness.

"I don't speak it well, but I believe I can understand you child. What is the matter?"

"I come, Sir," said the girl, advancing to the

table, and speaking with an energy that was almost startling, when contrasted with her first appearance, "I come to ask the life of a brother, unjustly condemned to death."

"Ha!" said the commander, "is the young cub that is to die to-morrow, your brother?"

"The young man who is so sentenced is my eldest and dearly beloved brother," said Pauline.

"But how sayest thou he is unjustly sentenced? Know you not that his father is a traitor, and keeps himself out of the way? Let him deliver himself and save the lad."

"Alas! Sir, we know not where he is, but fear he has slain himself. My father, if living, would never suffer his son to die for him, unless he is, as we fear, mad."

"Why," said the commander, "have you ever discovered any symptoms of madness in him?"

"Very many," said Pauline, following up the idea; he has behaved very singular of late, absenting himself for days together. He could not have been in his senses."

"Oh!" said the commander, somewhat mollified by the assurance that the insult he had received was from a madman; "but as respects your brother, girl, my orders are from the Governor, and his from the King, and he, you know, must be obeyed."

"May he reward you, Sir, better for your obedience than he has us," said Pauline, with a sigh. "But you, as commander here, have the power to reprieve as well as to condemn. My brother, Sir, was torn from a dying wife, who, in her last moments, consigned her two infants to a savage Indian. No other human help was nigh, and those two innocent babes were shot by your soldiers, with their protector. My brother! my brother!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands, "hast thou not suffered enough?"

The last part of the sentence was unheard by the commander; for full before him, in imagination, lay the ghastly savage, with his clenched teeth and glazing eye-balls, and the little innocents on his bosom.

"Then it was your brother's wife who was consumed in yonder house," said he, with a deep drawn breath, "and his children who perished with the savage?"

"It was!" exclaimed Pauline; "and could you have seen them as I did"—

"I have! I have!" exclaimed Colonel Winslow, pressing his hand on his eyes as though to shut out some dreadful vision. Then rising, he rang a small bell which stood on the table, and told the attendant who answered it "to get him a piece of paper." After writing a few lines, he folded and presented it to the waiting and agonized pleader.

"Thou hast prevailed, poor girl," he said, with a softened voice; "thou hast saved the life of thy brother. Give this to Captain ——— in the morning. It is a reprieve."

With unbending firmness the youthful Pauline had stood before him while making her request; but she was now softened. She took the paper, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Sir," said she, "when the King Eternal shall judge you for obeying an earthly king, may he remember this one good deed."

"Well, I see you are no flatterer. But stop, child; can I be of any other service to you, consistent with my duty? You must be rather chilly out there this raw night. Will you take a glass of wine?" proffering one at the same time.

Pauline looked up. "While my friends on yonder shore are suffering for a drop of fresh water, no. I will say as our blessed Lord said before his sufferings, 'I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine

until I drink it in my father's kingdom.'" Then turning to the commander, and making a low and graceful obeisance, she departed.

"These French, your honor, never lose their politeness, any how," said Andrew, an English attendant, who had been some years in the country.

"Indeed, indeed, I can't tell," said the commander, musing. "She came very near losing hers, methought, once or twice, but dost know any thing about her, Andrew? She is something quite extraordinary. A papist, and pious too, and has read the Bible. I marvel at that. And then her manner might adorn a court."

"Oh yes, your honor, she is one of the best educated among them, and has a French Bible. The priest and all consider her as quite a prodigy. Moreover, she is the schoolmaster's sweetheart, and a fine looking fellow he is, too, bating his being French and a papist."

"But, now I think of it, Andrew, how came she in here without permission, or even being announced?"

"Why, your honor, she said she had important business, and no time was to be lost, and that you would be sorry when it was too late, if she did not see you; and so the sentinel admitted her, without any more palaver."

"Indeed! Well, just see that he admits no more, my good fellow. I am going to try to sleep. But, Andrew, how do those poor people on the shore endure this cold wind? Do they grumble much? All females, too; it is bad, you know."

"I cannot tell, your honor. I only heard Nedebiah Smith say there was a few of them dead when he changed guard, an old woman or so, and one or two children, and that they were going to bury them in the sand at daybreak. But he said there was no mourning, each one wished it had

been themselves. They also say there were several sick with the fall sickness, whom they fear were burnt up in their houses."

"That is a mistake," said the commander; "and I trust those who died on the shore, died no sooner for removing. Doubtless their time had come," hemming once or twice to clear his throat.

"No, no," said Andrew. "Hurried them, no; for they were dying when they began to move; so it would be useless for them to say being turned out in the night air killed them."

"You may go," said the commander, possibly thinking the conversation was taking rather an unpleasant turn. "You may go, but wake me at the first glimpse of dawn."

The attendant departed, and the commander was once more left to himself. The dying embers and nearly exhausted lights seriously admonished him to retire. Before he did so, however, he walked the room about ten minutes, nearly as fast as an ordinary horse would go upon a trot, wiped his forehead, opened the window, listened one moment to the howling gust as it swept past, the distant roar of the surge on the beach, and heard the midnight sentinel say, as he slowly paced his rounds under the window, "All's well." Then shutting the window, with an involuntary response of "all's well! Oh God!" retired to rest and to sleep.

The image of the graceful Pauline haunted the early part of his slumbers. Her keen, heart-searching glance was still turned to him, look which way he would. He could not get out of the way of it for some time. At length the scene changed. A figure incessantly pursued him, and, turning to face his unknown foe, the gigantic person of the slaughtered savage stood before him. He tried to flee, but fell over the bodies of the two murdered infants, whose warm blood he thought he could feel

trickling over his face and hands. He tried to rise, but could not, when the loud yell of the Indian awoke him; and, so vivid was the impression that, upon awaking, he could not help believing the red men had come to the rescue. Wearied and exhausted, he now rose and pressed his repeater to see what time it was. The watch answered to three, and judging that two hours' sleep would refresh him much, he once more sought his pillow and repose.

Thus far, the long-suffering goodness of God had sought him. It was now the devil's turn, and he had no sooner closed his eyes than a scene of a very different kind presented itself.

He now suddenly found himself in a splendid hall, where the lights from unnumbered lustres almost dazzled him. At one end, seated upon a small platform, elevated a foot or two above the carpeted floor, and beneath a canopy of crimson velvet, sat a man of about sixty-five years of age, clothed in ermine and purple, and around waited in princely state hosts of attendants in splendid attire, either of whom, taken alone, would have commanded attention from any one so wedded to the pomp and vanities of the world as was the commander of his Majesty's forces from the province of Massachusetts Bay. It wanted not the diadem or sceptre—though both were there—to assure him that he stood in the presence of England's King. But what particular business brought him to the court of George the Second, he could not at first divine, until a hand was tendered him, and he was gracefully led up to the feet of royalty. He was about to kneel, when the King presented his hand, and thanked him before the assembled court "for his zeal in ridding his province of Nova Scotia from the enemies of his crown." He then knelt down, and a sword being presented his Majesty, he laid it

on his shoulder, and commanded him to "rise, Sir John Winslow." A military band of music then struck up "God save the King," and amid the waving of standards and congratulations of admiring throngs, the Colonel awoke, fully nerved for the business he had on hand!!!

CHAPTER IX.

"Good heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round thy bowers, and fondly looked their last;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep."

In the neighborhood of Grand Pree, then district of Minas, (now Horton,) there were collected about two thousand souls. The tenth of September was scarcely ushered in, by firing the morning gun and rolling of the drum, &c., before the whole were in motion. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children, who awaited in breathless expectation, the appearance of husbands, brothers, fathers, and sons. Pale faces bathed in tears might be seen on every side.

The wind that had howled so dismally through the night, had now lulled. But a damp and chilly atmosphere seemed to forebode a coming storm. Nature appeared to mourn the woes she witnessed. For the sun had hid his face, and the driving scud and dark and heavy masses of clouds still obscured the face of heaven.

About one hour had elapsed since this mournful company had gathered along the highway—an age

to them. When, suddenly, the blast of a trumpet was heard, and, emerging from a road on the right, the commander and his military escort appeared in sight. He was mounted on a fine charger, that pranced and curveted as though he was bearing the person of his portly rider to a triumph, and exulted in the elegant housings, &c. with which he was decorated. Colonel Winslow himself, had some how managed to throw off the look of care he had worn on the preceding evening. Though he was somewhat pale, he appeared not only collected but resolute. In fact, there was an appearance of stern determination about him that argued rather unfavorably for the afflicted, heart-stricken beings that the dark and inscrutable decrees of a mysterious Providence had, for the present, subjected to his mandate.

With an air of sullen dignity, our commander passed on through the ranks of sobbing females that lined the road. Without the slightest courtesy or sign of recognition to those who bore the form of woman, he never once bent his head, except now and then to shun a branch that ventured to obtrude itself "between the wind and his nobility," until a short turn in the road placed suddenly before him an object that, nerved as his feelings were, he could not behold without some emotion. It was the beautiful and interesting girl that appeared to him on the preceding evening; and if her beauty and grace had interested him then, the position he now saw her in was calculated to do so still more, for if ever despair was personified, it was in her. She stood like some marble statue, and there was a rigidity about her features that was absolutely startling.

On the bank before him was seated an aged man, of most venerable appearance, while a girl of almost infantile years knelt before him, with her face hid

in his lap, sobbing with violent emotion. Not so the graceful Pauline, who supported his head on her bosom, and held one of his withered hands clasped in hers, though the look with which she regarded him seemed almost petrified; there was a kind of stupefaction about it, that would at once have startled an observer, had not his own woes, as did those of these unhappy people, absorb every faculty. The commander looked at her for an instant, as though to ascertain whether she breathed or no. She never raised her eyes, and he said, haughtily,

"What does this mean? Did not I command every man to be at the chapel five days ago?"

"My poor father is blind, Sir," said a middle-aged woman, of most dignified appearance, who now stepped forward, "and very aged, and we fear this walk, combined with his other suffering, may prove his death."

Pauline never once looked up, but in immovable silence still continued to hold the hand and support the person of her grandfather, upon whom her eyes were bent, with that stone-like gaze.

Without deigning a reply to madam, the commander rode on, followed by his attendants, and the crowd pressed after, each wishing to be first to seize the hand of a husband, or some dear relative, intending to go hand in hand to the vessels, that they might by no means be separated. The short distance from where Pauline now was, enabled her to reach it, supporting the tottering steps of her grandfather, and they arrived just before the church doors were thrown open, and the prisoners ordered to come forth. As soon as they were all out of the church, the young men and lads were ordered to stand apart. They were then arranged six deep, and, contrary to all ideas of precedence, to march on first. In the utmost surprise and confusion, they demanded to know what it meant.

It was now that Colonel Winslow threw off the mask, and appeared in the true spirit of his embassy. He now boldly proclaimed his intention "of sending the young men by themselves, the old ones by themselves, and the women and children (he observed) would fill the remaining vessels."

Horror and amazement were depicted on every countenance. Many of the females fainted on the spot, and cries, groans, shrieks, and prayers were mingled together in such lamentation as we question ever was heard, unless it might be when Herod gave command to destroy all the first-born of the children of Israel. To be not only driven out from their peaceful and happy homes, scattered in a strange land, whose manners, language, and customs they were unacquainted with; to be taken from plenty and condemned to poverty and servitude; to not only encounter the perils of the ocean, but, as a refinement in cruelty, to be condemned to encounter them alone, separated from all they loved on earth, Oh! it was too much to think of—it was heart-rending.*

* It seems scarce credible, but such is the fact, that historical writers who have mentioned this scene, have expressed a degree of pity for the tyrant who in this affair carried into execution the mandates of a greater one. We have no recollection of seeing any order to Colonel Winslow, prescribing the manner in which the exiles should be classed on board the vessels; certainly none for the separation of families. And we have no doubt this was an arrangement of his own contriving. Cruelty is a passion that grows by what it feeds on. There is not, from the lord of the forest down to the meanest animal, any but what are maddened by the taste of blood. The unresisting anguish of these deeply afflicted people, instead of working compassion in the hearts of those who carried the cruel mandate of their expulsion into effect, seems to have had the effect of heightening their cruelty. In one of the letters of Captain Murray to Colonel Winslow, at that period, he says, "I am glad to hear the poor devils take it so patiently." "*Poor devils!*" The man who could speak of such sufferings as theirs in such a manner, or he who could reciprocate it, ought to have the word "villain" written on his tombstone.

Our readers will recollect the conduct of these men is a matter

This unreasonable and tyrannical command was most unexpectedly met by the young men with suitable demonstrations of resentment. They one and all drew back, and refused to proceed, unless their parents and families were permitted to accompany them. The demoniacal passions which policy had kept down, while cunning and caution were necessary, were no longer concealed, as with close-shut teeth and eyes sparkling with rage, the commander fiercely ordered the soldiers to advance upon them with fixed bayonets, unarmed and defenceless as they were, while himself, rudely seizing the foremost one, jerked him forward. Of this ridiculous and contemptible action, Colonel Winslow actually boasted afterwards in his report, and the same circumstance is narrated in his journal, which, as we observed, is still to be seen. But to return. It was impossible for the commander on withdrawing his hand, and uncollaring the man, to escape the glance of utter contempt which passed from rank to rank upon observing this ruffianly, unsoldierlike action.

Gladly, at this moment, would the young men, the youthful band of sufferers on this occasion, have laid down their lives on the spot, have sung hallelujahs at the prospect of instant death; but to be mangled to pieces, without that privilege, murdered by inches, and yet not killed, flayed alive in

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of historical record. And one of the first inquiries that suggests itself, upon reading of the manner in which this man falsified his word pledged to the Neutrals, "that their personal comforts in the transportation should be attended to as much as possible, and families should not be separated," is, had he the power? Was he authorized, or not, to make such a promise? And, if he was, how came he to falsify it? A soldier's honor is his own, and respected as such among all nations. A man may be compelled to fight, and so much against his judgment and feelings. But no power on earth can make a man a liar, but with his own consent.

sight of their distracted parents and brethren, to be cut and hacked and gashed to pieces, and finally compelled to obedience after all, was more than flesh and blood could bear. And thus goaded, they took up their march, followed at some little distance by the older men, in the same order; their feelings partook not of the warmth of the younger part of the company; and, we record it with grief, there was an evident feeling of disappointment, mixed with anger, at their peaceable deportment, which left no room for the exercise of severity on the part of their oppressors. With the most perfectly calm and collected deportment, they passed on through the groups of women and children, that lined the road on each side through that interminable mile, and who fell involuntarily on their knees as they passed, with streaming eyes imploring heaven in strong cries for mercy. In the midst of this all-harrowing scene, the men were enabled, like Paul and Silas, to sing praises unto God, and one universal strain of praise and thanksgiving, in loud hosannas, burst in full chorus from a thousand lips. Oh you who assert that Frenchmen have no feeling, and papists no piety, read this, a fact sufficiently attested in history, and ponder. With short intermissions of ejaculatory prayer, this was continued until they reached the shore, where a trial awaited them worse than all. It was the parting look at their families, the consummation of their martyrdom. Upon stepping on board the transports, each one might have exclaimed with the hapless Agag, "Surely the bitterness of death is past." The moment in which they took this last look of their greatest earthly treasures, must have been one of excruciating agony, and we doubt if their fortitude did not falter in so trying a moment.

Five transports lay too and received the male part of the population, and each one was guarded on

the voyage with "six non-commissioned officers and eighty privates." We dare not dwell upon the scenes attending the embarkation of the wretched Neutrals—the agonizing shrieks of children for their parents, wives for their husbands and sons, and the great distress of removing the sick, many of whom died on their passage, and a vast many aged persons. Imagination sickens over the horrors of that day, and our readers can doubtless bring the scene before their mind in all its appalling circumstances. We will, therefore, leave the great mass of sufferers, and follow the footsteps of our heroine.

In the background of the scene transacting on the shore, at the time of the embarkation of the male population, Pauline, who had continued to support the tottering steps of her grandfather, was now seen holding his trembling arm, while she parlied with the soldier who was urging him to hurry on board where the older men were embarking. No longer was the deathlike and rigid look to be seen. Her cheek was flushed and her eye sparkled as she plead the cause of humanity in behalf of the poor blind man, whom she argued it would kill to separate from his family, and besought she might be permitted to take him with her among the females.

"What is the matter in this quarter?" said the commander, riding up and surveying the group in question. The officer told him. At the same time a very prepossessing youth, just embarking, was exchanging adieus with Pauline.

"Maiden," said the commander, "I will grant thee one more favor, thy lover or thy grandfather. Choose quickly."

"My choice," said the indignant maiden, turning upon him a scornful glance, "is the path of duty." Hastily drawing the arm of the infirm old man through hers, she led him aside.

The wind, which had risen again, was now blowing almost a gale, and the word being given of "all ready," the white sails were speedily unfurled, and the vessels containing the male part of the population, careening to the blast, dashed through the foaming waters, scattering the spray from their sides like sheets of feathers, and were soon out of sight. A few more hours on that cold shore, and the craft destined to receive the females arrived. Just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, enveloped as he was in flying clouds, and every thing presaging a storm—half sick with grief, terror, watching, and exposure, the wretched women and their little ones bade a long and last adieu to their native shore, their once lovely and still beloved home. Until the last streak of day had faded from the horizon, you might have discovered the graceful form of Pauline clinging to the railing of the last vessel, while one arm clasped the person of her aged grandfather, whose sightless orbs were raised to heaven, while his gray hair fluttered in the gale. What a contrast to the youthful figure beside him! Her long dark curls were waving about her person, and her dewy eyes directed to the receding landscape. Together, they formed a group that might have stood for the angel of the resurrection about to bear some aged saint to heaven.

CHAPTER X.

"Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children quit the land."

Pause we upon a scene of destruction and desolation rarely paralleled, even when marking the course of a victorious army through some conquered country. Here, "no embattled hosts had strewed the ensanguined plain." No contending armies had met. The peaceful and gentle race who had just been drawn from their happy firesides, offered no resistance to the cruel exactions and multiplied demands of their oppressors. What a scene must have met the eye on every side, immediately on the departure of this people; and how hardened the heart, how seared the conscience, that could not feel on such an occasion! Despairing ourselves of giving an adequate idea of the total ruin, we take the liberty to transcribe a paragraph entire from Halliburton's History of Nova Scotia, (vol. i. p. 180.) After remarking that the haste with which the embarkation of these unfortunate people was conducted, did not admit of the preparations for their comfort so desirable, &c., he adds:

"The hurry, confusion, and excitement connected with the embarkation had scarcely subsided, when the provincials were appalled at the work of their own hands. The novelty and peculiarity of their situation could not but force itself upon the attention of even the unreflecting soldiery. Stationed in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country, they suddenly found themselves without a foe to subdue, and without a population to protect. The volumes of smoke which the half-expiring embers emitted, while they marked the site of the

peasant's humble cottage, bore testimony to the extent of the work of destruction. For several successive evenings the cattle assembled around the smouldering ruins, as if in anxious expectation of the return of their masters; while all night long the faithful watch-dogs of the Neutrals howled over the scene of desolation, and mourned alike the hand that had fed, and the house that had sheltered them."

Thus far Halliburton. And perhaps it will not be expected to add to a picture sketched by such a masterly hand. He allows "that all good men have agreed to condemn the treatment of the Acadians," who, he avers, "were scattered in distant provinces, in the hope that in time, their manners, language, and predilections would be changed, and even the recollection of their origin lost;" and adds, "it was doubtless a stain upon the *provincial councils*." This would seem to imply that it was concerted and concocted in the provinces, when it was certainly known, and he himself admits in another place, that it was decided on by the King, "to whom they had referred." He apologises, however, for the English government resorting to such extremities, because, "had the milder sentence of unrestrained exile been passed upon them, it would have had the effect of recruiting the strength of Canada; and because in those days of religious rancor, it was deemed impossible for English colonists to mingle with papists or Frenchmen."

When we reflect upon the ease with which the French and Spanish inhabitants of Louisiana and the Floridas have conformed to the new order of things since they became citizens of the United States, we are in amazement that it should have been deemed a difficulty to effect that, which, without any coercion, has been accomplished by our government, and in a much shorter space of time.

It proves the truth of the old adage, "easier drawn than driven."

We must go back a few days in our story, to speak of the affairs of Annapolis and Cumberland, where the proclamation excited great feeling among the inhabitants. A report had, by some means or other, reached the Neutrals of that region, that they were to be carried prisoners to Halifax; and, instead of assembling, as they were directed, the terrified inhabitants fled in all directions. A very considerable number from Cumberland district escaped to Canada by the way of the St. Lawrence, which, it will be recollected, lies east of that district, and flows through the straits of Northumberland. When the ships came to receive them, the houses were deserted, and the people had fled to the woods with their wives and little ones. Hunger, fatigue, and distress compelled many to return and surrender themselves as prisoners, while others retired to the depths of the forest and encamped with the Indians, and others wandered away through the forests to Chegnecto, from whence they escaped to Canada. To Annapolis, Louis the elder had retreated in his flight. He had tried in vain in other places to arouse the slumbering spirit of resistance, but here circumstances favored him. He had extensive connexions at one of the settlements, near the forests to which the fugitives retreated, and having occasion to cross it on his route, he accidentally stumbled upon their covert. He was just in the humor to counsel resistance, and did not hesitate to do so. But, alas! weapons of defence they were destitute of, unless it was the spade and the scythe. These, however, as a last resort, they secured, bearing them with their goods to the woods, and were busy in removing every thing they judged would be useful to them, to the remote recesses of the forest, until the very day the ships

arrived. The officer sent to bring them on, according to directions, immediately on discovering they had fled, gave orders to fire their dwellings, and two hundred and fifty-three dwelling-houses, with their contents, and also the outhouses, were consumed at once. Among other things of value, great quantities of wheat and flax were consumed in this region. (See Winslow's Journal.)

Dreadful as were the feelings of the inhabitants who beheld from the adjoining woods the destruction of their property, yet they still continued quiet in their retreat, the soldiers not daring to enter the wood for fear of an ambuscade. At length, when every kind of property they could lay hands on was consumed, they attempted to fire the chapel. And then it was, that, when adding insult to injury, the feelings of the people became almost maddened. Louis, seizing an axe, dashed from the covert, followed by some hundreds of the male population, armed with spades, axes, scythes, and crowbars, and rushing upon the soldiers unawares, dealt their blows about with such good effect, that, in a few moments, about thirty rank and file were lying dead upon the ground, besides a number wounded; and ere the astonished soldiery could recover themselves, they retreated again to the wood, and remained masters of the field, their enemies, not daring to follow them, backed out as fast as possible. In short, such was the dread of falling into the hands of the English, in these last regions, that the decree was resisted; and of eighteen thousand persons at least, only seven thousand were secured at this time in the whole country. These were crowded together in the ships provided, with most indecent haste, and, as with those of Grand Pree, without any regard to the feelings of families. Many of whom, afterwards, were scattered about through the different provinces, among entire strangers,

while weeping mothers and mourning fathers and husbands were wandering about from place to place, in search of those whom, in many instances, they were destined never to meet again on this side the grave. Alas! the half of the woes of this deeply afflicted people can never be told. When all that could be collected were embarked, as we before stated, the whole number amounted to seven thousand, one thousand of whom were from the immediate neighborhood of the family of St. Pierre. One thousand of the whole were destined for the province of Massachusetts Bay, and with these the fair and magnanimous Pauline had the happiness to be embarked; happy, we call it, because the voyage, though a rough one, was short compared to that of Virginia, Philadelphia, &c. We shall leave Louis the elder encamped in the forest with the company of fugitives, waiting for a chance to get to Canada, and turn to the scene of destruction and desolation at Grand Pree.

On the evening of the day that had witnessed the expulsion of the unoffending Neutrals, Colonel Winslow, pleading fatigue, excused himself from the mess, and retired alone to his apartment to repose. The excitement of the occasion had subsided. The unresisting victims of his will had been driven out before him. He had seen the last embark. He had witnessed the pity, the forbearance, the wonderful fortitude of these people; and he could not but ask himself, if his fate had been like theirs, whether he would have borne it as they did? Conscience answered no. Again, he had been deceived altogether, as respected the character of these persecuted beings. He had accustomed himself to consider them as quarrelsome, rebellious, and refractory; and his astonishment was great at finding them quiet, industrious, and inoffensive, caring but little what government they lived under, so

long as they were not molested in their individual concerns. Conscience asked the question, whether he had done right in the first place, to engage in such an unholy undertaking? He could not conceal from himself that, for cruelty and ruthless barbarity, it exceeded any thing he had ever heard of among Christian nations, and that he had used his discretionary powers to inflict unnecessary pain, by the separation of families from each other, and the destruction of much property that might safely and conveniently have been transported with them, and subsisted them for many a month, instead of being reduced to the situation of paupers, as he foresaw many would be. He could not but contrast the situation of those people with that of his own cherished family at his pleasant fireside, and think of the possibility of the sins of the father being visited upon the children. For all the wealth that ever flowed from England into Massachusetts Bay, we would not have been a prey to the reflections of this man on that night. Nor was there any consoling reflection, except the anticipation of favors and honors from his sovereign, as he termed the King of England. The command to "call no man lord," no man master on earth, not being then understood in the favored land he had the happiness to reside in, and in the very province too, which, twenty years after, was the first to make the discovery.

A bright and beautiful morning succeeded to a rough and stormy night, and Colonel Winslow felt an unconquerable desire to survey the scene of desolation he had been the agent of producing; and summoning a faithful attendant who had been some time in the neighborhood, and was acquainted with all its localities, he mounted his horse and proceeded to explore the region. The attendant was quite an intelligent fellow, for one in his station, and had

acquired considerable knowledge of the different families in the vicinity. Nor was he backward in imparting what he knew, and pointing out to "his honor" where the widow lived "whose only son was removed on his bed, and died on the beach last night;" or where "the happy couple resided who went off crazy, please your honor, at being torn from each others arms, and, to complete their misery, seeing their only child carried off in a third vessel."

Sick of the scene, and wearied with his long ride, the commander at length paused upon a beautiful plot of ground in front of what had once been a house of very considerable dimensions. The blackened walls of the cellars, and the huge stone chimney, which looked like some frowning giant, were all that remained of it. But a beautiful garden, laid out with singular taste, and evidently cultivated with much industry, at once attracted his observation; the finely embowered walks, adorned with the latest flowers of the season, many of them still in bloom; the fruits, late in this region, still hung in clusters on the trees, those only which were near the house having suffered from the scorching effects of the fire. Dismounting, he walked across the lawn, and immediately found himself surrounded by flocks of poultry that jumped familiarly upon his arms and shoulders, proclaiming at once the familiarity with which they had been treated, and asking from his hand the food they had been accustomed to receive. There is something in the sufferings of dumb nature inexpressibly touching, when coupled with a display of almost human intelligence. The effect was irresistible, and the Colonel, shaking off the harmless creatures, felt the tears gathering in his eyes. Leaving the ruin of the house, which the attendant told him was owned by one Gasper St. Pierre, he opened

a little wicker-gate, and entered a secluded copse. A bower, covered with vines, was at the end of it. To this he retreated, and, throwing down his hat, sat down upon a rustic bench to refresh himself. His eye was immediately attracted by a piece of paper lying on the ground; and, hastily snatching it up, he read these words:

"Torn from our loved and cherished homes,
Do thou, O Lord, still guard this spot;
But may our wrongs, though we are gone,
Remembered be. Forget them not.

And when we go to lands unknown,
Wilt thou protect us on the deep;
Be with us, Saviour, every morn,
Although we only wake to weep.

But, Great Jehovah, hear our prayer!
May he who works a tyrant's will,
Who boldly lifts his hand to swear,
He will that tyrant's laws fulfill,

Live with a guilty conscience goaded,
By every pang the heart can feel;
Live, by the very Power derided,
Whose gold has turned his heart to steel;

Live, till the land he boasts his own,
Has felt the iron rod of power;
And cursed, in bitterness of soul"—

Something had evidently interrupted the writer, the lines were left in an unfinished state; but the word "Pauline," scribbled on the back side, sufficiently proved whose composition it was.

"So, pretty Pauline, thou hast cursed me, too. Well, that was ungrateful; for sure I am I could not have cursed thee, though much I fear thy surpassing beauty, more than thy mental superiority, would have prevented. But, in good truth, thou wert a prodigy, and it were a pity that so fair a form should grace an almshouse. And what other destiny awaits any of you, by my faith I cannot

tell. But," and he mused, "it is a pity, pity! Halloo, there, Andrew?"

Andrew soon appeared, thrusting his sunburnt face through the bushes.

"Andrew, dost know which vessel this old Gasper and his grand-daughter went in? for I suppose it was the blind man who lived here."

"Why, please your honor, I cannot tell. I only know I heard Madam St. Pierre lamenting being separated from her daughter, and heard another say she went in the other vessel to attend her grandfather; and Madam St. Pierre lifted up her hands and said, 'God will bless her.'"

"Then Madam St. Pierre was Pauline's mother, and you cannot recollect which vessel carried either, whether to Boston, Philadelphia, or"—

"No, indeed," said Andrew, "for I never knew to recollect. I only know they got separated, as many more did beside."

The attention of the two was now attracted by the appearance of a beautiful little French dog, which came bounding through the bushes, and wagging his tail, as though rejoiced to meet a human being in these now deserted regions.

"It is Pauline's," said Andrew; your honor knows no dog was permitted them to carry, and I believe his name is Sappho. You see he answers to the name. Poor little fellow, so you too must perish here. Will your honor please to let me shoot him? it would be such a mercy."

"No, Andrew, he is such a rare animal, and so very pretty, I think I will keep him. You may take him to quarters."

Andrew departed with the dog under his arm, the little animal suffering himself to be taken unresistingly.

As they went out of the wicker-gate the cattle, attracted by the sound of a human voice, began to

gather round; and the cows, with distended udders, appeared looking anxiously for the hand accustomed to relieve them.

"Poor creatures," said Andrew; "if it were not for scaring the dog, I would shoot two or three of you, it would be such a mercy. But never mind," added he, mounting his horse, "you will die quick enough when it comes cold weather."

This was all unheard by the commander, to whose mind's eye the beautiful and high-spirited Pauline, bending beneath the task of some imperious master, was now present, and he was only wakened from his reverie by Andrew calling out, as though he divined his thoughts, "if he did not think it was a pity she was French and a papist?"

CHAPTER XI.

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold yeomanry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

THE winds blew furiously and howled through the shrouds of the laboring vessel, whose straining timbers appeared to the inexperienced passengers threatening every moment to separate, and end their sorrows in a watery grave. The waves threw up their white crests, and the ocean resounded with that hollow roar which always precedes a storm. Darkness, the most intense, settled over land and sea, but nothing had apparently disturbed our party. Still holding by the railing of the vessel, stood the intrepid Pauline. She could not withdraw her eyes from the direction of her home, her forsaken home. A gleam of lightning would now and then reveal a

portion of it, and while a glimpse of it could be caught, it was a gratification she could not forego, though for the most part the thick darkness covered all. Since night had closed in, sickness and terror had driven most of the women below, where, with their children of all ages, they were piled about the cabin floor in lamentable confusion and discomfort. Old Gasper had quietly seated himself at the feet of his grand-daughter. To him "the darkness and light were both alike;" and so that his beloved grandchild was near, he could endure any thing.

Suddenly a bright light was discoverable from the shore, which increased every moment, and to the astounded gaze of the horror-stricken Pauline discovered the spire of the chapel, which, with the body of the building, was now one sheet of flame. An involuntary expression of amazement and horror escaped the lips of Pauline, while the soldiers raised a shout of triumph at the fall of the "Babylonish temple," as they denominated it.

"Hurrah! there she goes, mother of abominations," shouted one.

"Rejoice thou heaven and ye holy angels," said a follower of Whitefield, who was standing near; "I wish I had been there to have witnessed the fall."

"Fall of what?" said Pauline, comprehending only the last part of the sentence.

"Why, of your temple, or whatever you call it," said he; "that place of all abominations, where idolatry and every thing else was practised, if report says true. You may count it a very great blessing, young woman, to have been driven out of such a place."

Pauline, disdaining a reply, was silent.

"You see," said a voice which she immediately recognised to be that of the gallant corporal who admitted her to the chapel, "it was decided to

burn that old papistical place after you came away, as the commander thought it not best before. He did not want such a time as they had in the other place there, where thirty or forty of our soldiers were killed by them murderous fellows, the French."

"Possible!" said Pauline. "I was not aware that any resistance had been offered by our people in either place."

"Very well, we did not intend you should know it, my pretty dear; for as they all escaped into the woods again, who knows what it might have put into your heads? As to old daddy, I don't 'spose there is much fear of his rising."

Pauline, not noticing the allusion to her grandfather, asked and obtained something like a history of the transaction alluded to, with the additional information that the ringleader, who had also escaped, was one Louis, who had previously escaped from the guard-house at Grand Pree, and would have been shot, if taken before he fled there to head a rebellion; adding, "that same fellow, armed only with an axe, killed the officer and several privates with his own hand."

Pauline drew in her breath. She perceived clearly she was not recognised as his daughter, and assured of the safety of her father, she now felt the necessity of withdrawing, lest some expression from herself or her grandfather might reveal the interest they felt in the fate of the man who had made such efforts to avenge his countrymen.

As to Gasper, he submitted to be quietly led wherever his grand-daughter thought best, and she now obtained one bunk, which was all that, in the crowded state of the vessel, could be allotted her. Here she placed him, and sitting down by his side, kept her watch through that awful night, holding on to steady herself, for the storm raged without, and the rolling and pitching of the vessel in the

Bay of Fundy was dreadful. But so exhausted was her poor blind grandfather, that he slept soundly, though it required all the efforts of his gentle attendant to prevent his being thrown out, several times. As only a part could lie down at a time, she had plenty of company awake. Many an anxious mother was watching her little ones as they slept on the only couch that could be obtained for the whole family. But if their anxiety was great, what must have been the feelings of those who had been separated from their little ones, and compelled to go in a different conveyance. There were many such, and some children who had no relatives to take care of them, and were indebted to the kindness of others for food and lodging.

It had been a great grief to Pauline, that she could not be permitted to go in the same vessel with her mother and sister; but the most distant surmise that they were not going to the same port, had never entered their head. That pang had been spared her, and she anticipated the happiness of meeting her beloved mother and sister as soon as they should arrive at Boston. Towards morning the wind lulled, and her grandfather, according to his custom, arose, when Pauline, taking his place, procured a few hours' repose.

A brilliant sun had arisen after the storm, and was high in the heavens before she awoke and sought her grandfather. She found him on deck, and was happy to perceive that such was the veneration in which he was held, he did not want attentions in this their hour of need.

The strife of the elements had subsided. The tempest passed over without injury. But that which had passed over this people, had made fearful ravages; had left marks of violence, of desolation and destruction behind, which no after sunshine could repair. The tempest of soul had been such that it

seemed almost to have shaken reason from her throne, with many of them. Nothing could exhibit a scene of greater misery and despondency than that presented by the different groups that composed the passengers of this transport. The deepest affliction marked their every look and action. There was resignation, but it was the resignation of despair. A languor, a perfect stupor, seemed to have seized upon the faculties, mental and corporeal, of most of the females. They would sit for hours, gazing upon vacancy, utterly regardless of every thing around them, until aroused by the cries of an infant, or the necessities of some one to whom they were called to minister, and it then seemed to be a great effort.

Pauline had been so thoughtful as to get many comfortable necessaries on board, as also a part of their movables; many she had been compelled to leave, from the fear of the officers about loading the vessel. Such as she had, though, particularly the beds, she found most useful. Their little stores were untouched, as rations were allowed all from the abundant spoil carried on board. Many of the passengers were distressingly sick through the voyage, which lasted a week.

The port of Boston was at length visible to their longing eyes; for, much as they dreaded landing in a strange place, and the thousand evils they anticipated, it was a relief to most of them. Some had been praying "to go to the bottom before they could enter an English harbor;" yet, even to these, reviving hope lent a momentary energy, as they entered the harbor of one of the most picturesque cities in the world, certainly the most on the whole continent of America; for, although Boston was not then what it is now, as respects the improvements of art, yet its natural beauties were great, and appeared not the less lovely to those who

had been tossed seven or eight days on a tempestuous sea. Distressed as was our fair heroine, yet such was her keen perception of the beauties of nature, that she viewed the scene before her with an admiration, that, under different circumstances, would have been rapture.

"And is this," she asked, "the fair land which, I had almost said, a partial God has bestowed upon the English? and could not such a mighty gift satisfy the rapacity of their desires?"

The question was addressed to a young officer who stood near, and a mournful smile was her only answer.

"Alas!" sighed Pauline, after a momentary pause, "could they not have been satisfied, without disturbing our peaceful and unoffending people? It would not be strange, if the time should come when the barbarities practised upon us should be visited upon those who are the instruments of tyranny, until they shall curse even the name of a king. It would not be strange, if torrents of blood should yet be made to flow, in expiation of this sin. I doubt not God is just, though he has permitted this, and his vengeance is sure, if slow. Believe me, Sir, I had rather be the poor, houseless, homeless exile that I am, than the wealthiest sinner concerned in this business."

"Dear ma'am," said the young man, "let me beseech you, be cautious; remember you are now in an enemy's country. From my soul I pity you all; but, with the exception of myself, none appears to feel for your people. If," said he, drawing near and speaking in a low voice, "if I could have made my escape from the detestable task I have been engaged in, I should have done it; and when we get to shore I will endeavor to befriend you. Be patient."

As they neared the port, (which, alas! was three

days after this,) the tall spires of the churches, the numerous shipping that lined the wharves, the extent of the buildings, the hum of business, and the universal bustle going on, so new to most of them, seemed for a few moments to elicit their admiration; but the effect was brief, and again the sense of their lonely and deserted state pressed upon them with overwhelming force.

It had been a matter of surprise to Pauline, that two or three of the vessels in which their company embarked, kept within sight of each other; and now, as they all drew up, and were joined by several others that lay in the offing, she discovered, to her dismay, that half only of those who were shipped at Grand Pree were arrived or expected, one thousand of them only being ordered to Boston. (Two of the seven thousand then shipped were from Grand Pree.)

CHAPTER XII.

"Happy the man, that sees a God employed
In all the good and ills that checker life."

Some temporary shelter had been erected for the wretched exiles on an unoccupied piece of ground bordering the city, which, we suppose, must have been Boston Common; and to this the whole company were marched, followed by the very few goods they had been permitted to bring. As it was early in the day when they landed, the whole company had arrived and were encamped before night. And now began the search for lost relatives. Here might be seen a wife rushing to the arms of her husband, children clinging to the neck of a parent,

brothers and sisters embracing, and neighbors and friends greeting their companions in misfortune; and here, too, were distracted women and children, flying from tent to tent in search of those who had been conveyed to distant ports. But no one had Pauline to search for her. Unable to leave her infirm charge, whose health had perceptibly failed since their embarkation, she stood still, supporting her poor grandfather, and watching the moment when a brother or an uncle should appear, and aid her dear mother and sister to her arms; for she could not but believe that her relations, except her father, were among those who had landed from the other vessels; and it was with a pang amounting to agony, she learnt at length that herself and grandfather were the only ones of the family in that region, and that there were none from her immediate neighborhood except a few helpless women and children, who embarked in the same vessel.

We pass over the tears, the wringing of hands, and exclamations of despair, that succeeded this discovery. Although she felt the utmost need of a mother and brother's care, it was not for herself she mourned with many who mourned from like cause. It was for her dear mother, and young, lovely, and affectionate sister, whose knowledge of the English language was very inferior to her own, and whom she thought less able, on every account, to struggle with misfortune than herself. She pictured her kindred sold into slavery, and compelled to serve some taskmaster on one of the southern plantations; for of them she had often heard from her youthful admirer, the schoolmaster; he, too, was not here, and Pauline felt herself almost sinking under her heavy weight of affliction.

One of the most important steps was taken on this evening that had ever been taken by this people; one that had the greatest effect upon their

after lives and final destiny. It was to call themselves "prisoners of war, and, persevering in it, to refuse any exertion or employment whatever." The object contemplated by this measure was to procure an exchange, by some means or other, to be conveyed to France or some French port. No one could blame them. In fact it looked, at first view, like a wise and prudent determination; but could the framers of it have foreseen all the evils that would result from it, they would have been shocked indeed. That memorable evening it was announced to all and every individual, that they must consider themselves "prisoners of war, and that no one of them must, by any means, consent to labor in any way or fashion, or be useful in any employment." This agreement, drawn up by some of the most educated and influential of the Neutral French, was circulated from tent to tent, requiring the signature of every person capable of holding a pen. It was unhesitatingly agreed to and signed by almost every individual: but the distress of the miserable Pauline was so great, she was not spoken to on the subject, and they doubtless expected full time and opportunity to do so.

A committee, appointed by the town of Boston, waited on the unfortunate people the next morning, to ascertain what they were capable of doing: and numerous families of the aristocracy, in want of good house servants, very considerately offered to receive them in that capacity; but they were refused with sullen indignation, as was every offer to employ them; they asserting "they were prisoners of war, and not compelled to work." In short, after every argument had been tried without effect, the town was compelled to adopt them as paupers, and support them at its expense, until a division could be made for each town in the State (Province) to take its proportionate part. Of this second sep-

aration, the unfortunate people were then in ignorance; but, at present, the public almshouse and other places were opened, and one thousand people thus suddenly became a public charge.

It was not in the nature of Pauline to give up to despondency; and, aided by the wise and pious counsel of her grandfather, after weighing the probabilities of the case, and the positive evil of being herded in an almshouse, she adopted the resolution of trying to subsist by her own efforts, and laboring to provide for the wants of herself and honored relative. It would, she felt, be no small effort to announce this determination to her people, and she wished, if possible, to get rid of the remonstrance and persuasion she would be sure to encounter if it were known, as all argument, she rightly judged, would be thrown away before they had tried the evils they were then courting.

As she expected, the young officer who had spoken to her the day they landed, sought her out early the next morning, and demanded to know "what determination she had formed respecting her future destination?" She unhesitatingly replied, "to procure, if possible, some place to shelter herself in, and contrive, by some kind of labor, to subsist herself and grandfather until some better prospect offered, which, if once more united to her family, she should not despair of." The young man applauded her determination, and offered to look up a suitable tenement, and interest some families of his friends to supply her with some kind of employment she was competent to.

As it took some time to quarter all the paupers thus suddenly thrown upon the hands of the Bostonians, our heroine remained unmolested, though not altogether unnoticed, until the next day, when the young man again appeared, acquainting her he had found a retired little place for a very cheap

rent, just out the city, on the opposite side the river; that she would be better off there than in the city, as the air was more pure, and like what they had been accustomed to.

It was fortunate for our heroine she knew so little of the world in some respects; for, otherwise, she might have feared to trust herself to the guidance of a stranger, a young gentleman too, and have slighted the really good advice and disinterested efforts of a friend, for such he proved himself to be. Without any hesitation, she committed herself and poor old Gasper to his direction; and hastily repacking her little stores she had so carefully hoarded, and the beds and few articles of household goods she had been permitted to bring with her, suffered herself to be conducted across the river, and to the small but neat little cottage of two rooms and an attic, ready to receive her. The young gentleman, whose name was Rodman, did not go with them, but directed the person who moved their things to take them over at the same time.

The first thing attended to by this dutiful girl, was to make her grandfather comfortable in the same way he had been accustomed at home; the next, to put her simple habitation in order, which she did with a neatness and despatch truly astonishing; and found, by blessed experience, that employment was the most sovereign remedy for grief.

There was a feeling of rest, of quietness, of thankfulness, and almost of happiness about her, when looking round and comparing her lot with others, and the probable fate of those who madly adhered to their system of idleness, that would have been perfect, could she have known the fate of her beloved relatives; but even her anxiety on that score was sensibly diminished by the words of young Rodman, who ridiculed the idea of any white

persons being made slaves; and candidly telling her that, if her friends had gone South, they would probably fare all the better, as there was a degree of feeling, of kindness, generosity, and hospitality there, greatly superior, and indeed rarely found at the North. This young man was kind enough to call on the succeeding day, bringing two good ladies of his acquaintance, who engaged to find as much spinning and other work for Pauline as she could find time to do, and also "to write to the different provinces where the others of her countrymen were distributed, and make inquiries of their fate." These good ladies kept their word. They often visited Pauline's cottage, and were struck with her unostentatious piety, and the greatness of mind she manifested under such complicated misfortunes, as much as they had with her beauty and elegance of person, and they could not endure the thought that such a mind should remain in the darkness of of popery. But in vain did they assail her faith. The arguments that might have been effectual under different circumstances, were thrown away upon one who had seen them enforced by fire and sword. So true is it that persecution always defeats its own object. She might, too, have given those arguments a candid hearing, had the church of which she was a member have been in prosperity. But now that they were humbled in the dust, their altars profaned, their temples burned to the ground, and their priests hunted out like wild beasts, she could not think of it. No, she daily mourned over the desolations of their Zion, and considered all their people as martyrs to their faith.

So uncompromising had been the hostility of the English towards the Catholics, that Pauline had concluded it to be occasioned by their religion alone, an opinion entirely erroneous, two other causes operating in a much greater degree than the difference

in religion. One, as we have shown, was the absolute and unmitigated hatred manifested towards the French from age to age; a sentiment zealously inculcated in the mind of every child born of English parents, as soon as he was capable of entertaining an idea.*

Nothing, perhaps, could have been more obnoxious to the minions of despotism, than the kind of independence possessed by this people. An independent peasantry, the rightful proprietors of the soil, living in a state of equality; their lands were their own, and could not become manorial, and while they were citizens of the country, nothing could be done to bring them into that state of subjection to which they wished to reduce them. In vain had they denied them legal redress for illegal encroachments. At peace with themselves, they kept the even tenor of their way, and made what was meant for a curse operate as a blessing, saving their property, time, and peace, and avoiding the manœuvring of that rapacious set of cormorants, whose great business is setting every man's hand against his neighbor, that *they*, a third party, may come in and take all.

It was the interest of the priests, undoubtedly, to make the people believe they were martyrs in behalf of their church, and persecuted wholly on the score of their religious tenets, and thus endear the rites and ceremonies of the church in such a way as no arguments should ever be able to move. Per-

* It is singular that this feeling of animosity was continued down to the time that France was *without a legitimate sovereign*, when, all at once, England discovered she loved her dearly, and in the plenitude of her affection, took to her bosom the before hated Bourbons, received with open arms her ancient nobility and gentry, the supporters of the bastile and inquisition, and fastening again upon France the chains she had well nigh shook off, assisted, as a matter of course, to perpetuate the Catholic religion there.

haps many of them honestly thought it, and were not aware of the deep hatred which despotism invariably discovers towards the least approach to independence.

Pauline was pious, truly so; nor let us scoff, because the madonna and the crucifix adorned her simple habitation. We are accustomed, when thinking of their mode of worship, to accuse them of idolatry; and the mention of Catholicism, by a natural association, brings up the images of monks and nuns, dungeons and inquisitions, indulgences and absolutions, and all the jesuitical jugglery that has been practised since the days of the first pope. But let us recollect, that even when religion in the Catholic church was at the lowest ebb, there were some good ones, as witness the names of Massillon, Fenelon, and others. And if there were such within the vortex of a court too—that sink of iniquity and grave of all that is upright and noble in man—why should there not have been in an American wilderness? The simple and single-hearted Acadians knew nothing of the corruptions of their church, nothing of its former persecuting spirit. Their religion was necessarily of the simplest form, for it was such as the savages were taught, and such as they could comprehend. The early settlers of Acadia had discouraged the sending of French jesuits, and requested the court of France to recall one or two they had sent, and they were removed. The Catholic priests in Acadia were styled pastors, and sometimes elders; and there is no account of any excesses or immoralities practised by them, if we except the sweeping charge of the English, "that they were the instigators of the barbarities of the Indians." (Quere. As the Acadians, priests and people, are now extinct, who have been the instigators of their cruelties since? From that time down to the present?) Of the

Acadians, it is presumable they were a sincere and devout people. Their behaviour, when driven out from that land which was honestly their inheritance, is proof sufficient, since the virtues of patience, meekness, and forbearance, practised on that occasion, could only be the fruit of a christian temper.

The little stock of provisions, &c. in the possession of Gasper, was of material use to them, as it enabled them to begin the world, as the saying is. And though young Rodman had kindly made himself responsible for the rent of their cottage, he was never troubled; as, from the persevering industry of Pauline, the money was always ready at the end of the month. The ladies not only continued their supplies of work, but recommended her to others, so that she had plenty of employment. Nevertheless, it could not but be obvious to these generous women, that the graceful and talented girl was fitted for a different sphere of action; and it was the cause of many consultations among themselves, until they finally concluded that, as she spoke and read French so well, and had acquired a competent knowledge of the English, she might be made useful as an instructress, and a French teacher had been much wanted in that region. Accordingly they resolved, finding it highly agreeable to herself, to look her up a class to study the language under her instruction. There was one difficulty in the way, she must leave her aged grandfather often. The class were to meet once a week alternately at each others houses, and once a week she was to give each scholar a separate lesson at their own house. It would be necessary, then, to look up a person to take charge of him during her absence, and she resolved to look among her own country-people for such a person. A benevolent lady in the neighborhood kindly offered to take her over to

the almshouse, and the heart of this good woman was wrung at witnessing the meeting between her and the squallid wretches who flocked around her. A division had been made among them, and a certain number removed to each town for support. Among those who were left, there had been quite a mortality, but a number still remained, and they flocked around Pauline, amazed at her healthy and happy appearance. Each was eager to secure the place in her family, but the sympathy of her heart led her to select a poor widow she had known at Grand Pree. This person had two very young children she could not part from; but the difficulty was obviated by the suggestion of the good lady, who proposed that the woman should go on with the spinning, &c. that Pauline must necessarily abandon, and as they could occupy the attic, and the children attend a charity school near, the plan was adopted.

If the admiration of the lady patroness was great at Pauline's prudence and management, what must it have been at what followed, when the youthful monitor turned round and addressed her countrypeople with an energy and pathos that drew tears from every eye. She begged them to reflect "they were sacrificing their own comfort and the future welfare of their children, by persisting in the course of indolence and inactivity they had chosen;" displayed to them "the folly of waiting for an intervention in their favor from the French government, which would never happen;" and exhorted them to attempt their own support, narrating to them the history of her own life during the last few months. Her remarks were received with much feeling and kindness; some promised to take her advice, but many still held out, and some from age and helplessness were constrained to remain.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the poor widow

selected to be a member of her family ; she kissed her hands, and exhibited almost frantic exultation. The two pallid children, about to be removed from a close atmosphere, showed their satisfaction in a different way, dancing and capering about with the excess of their joy. The arrangements for their removal were soon made, a number of the poor exiles volunteering to assist her next day. The excellent lady who accompanied Pauline, Montgomery by name, offered to take one of the most interesting of the children into her own family, and the parents consenting, she took it along with her, and also the widow's children. The downcast looks of the poor deserted people left behind, affected her very sensibly, and she asked " if they would work if habitations could be procured for them. Most of them assented, and promising to see that something was done, they took their leave freighted with the blessings and good wishes of the sad community.

CHAPTER XIII.

" But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;
And till so much blood hither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dread ? "

Poor old blind Gasper, whose health had sensibly failed since his first landing, had been left alone, and the anxiety of Pauline to return was intense. The day was raw and cold, though there was no snow upon the ground. As they rode along, the tormenting fear that he might have fallen into the fire, or met with some accident, seized her. What then was her dismay when she saw the carriage

drive up to a store in Cornhill, where Mrs. Montgomery had some shopping to do, and requested Pauline to go in with her. After making a few purchases, she walked on a little further, and Pauline returned to the carriage grieved at the delay, but not daring to say any thing. She was about to ascend the step, when she felt her gown forcibly held back. Astonished, she turned round to see what the rudeness should mean, when what was her surprise and delight to see little Sappho, her dog that she had supposed must have perished during the cold winter, even if he did not with hunger before. She was not permitted to bring him, and amidst all her other sorrows, the probable fate of this little favorite had given her many a pang. The joy of the little animal exceeded all bounds. A thousand conjectures, all wide of the truth, crossed the brain of his mistress, as to how he came there. Determined to hold on upon him, at all hazards, she seized him, and covering him carefully with her shawl, sprang into the carriage. Mrs. Montgomery coming up the next minute, they drove off; the lady praising the beauty of the dog all the way, and admiring the incident, which she accounted for by supposing the dog had hid himself in one of the vessels, and accident had prevented her seeing him before.

The joy of old Gasper exceeded that of Pauline, as, he said, he had now a companion to lead him about, without being a constant tax to her; but Pauline told him she had provided an old neighbor to attend to his wants. The widow and her orphans were soon domesticated to her entire satisfaction, so that Pauline found herself greatly relieved in getting rid of her domestic cares, and never did she have reason to regret the good action of receiving these little orphans.

As to good Mrs. Montgomery, her sensibilities

were not exhausted upon this family. With the help of some of her friends, she found some suitable habitations, where she transplanted the grateful Acadians, and had the satisfaction to see the objects of her bounty prospered. They were civil, industrious, faithful, and honest, and possessed hearts grateful in the highest degree. Often did that good lady exclaim in indignation against the cruel edict that drove them from their country, and threw them destitute upon the kindness of strangers. The hardest task was to persuade them to acquire the English language; but at length their prejudices were so far overcome, and the necessity of the thing so apparent, they submitted to be taught, and some benevolent gentlemen from the University volunteered to teach them twice a week. The pity expressed by Mrs. M. had communicated itself to her friends, and there was soon no difficulty in finding employment of various kinds for these poor people; while many interesting children were provided for in good families, and rescued from a life of misery and degradation.

All this time no tidings could be gained of Madam St. Pierre and her daughter, but Pauline did not despair; resolving to be quiet, and remain where she was, trusting that by some means her mother might learn her place of residence and come to her. And she thought they might be better provided for here than in any other place; for she was one of the few who, from the beginning, never expected again to see her native land.

Accustomed by degrees to her new employment, she found her pupils increasing; and having access to many of the most respectable and fashionable families, she found it necessary to take a handsomer and more commodious tenement. This was done by the advice of Mrs. Montgomery, who thought many would prefer waiting on her to receiving les-

sons in their own house, and would dislike to enter her humble abode.

"We must conform to circumstances, dear Pauline," she would say. "Hitherto, you have known nothing of the pride of life, and, I grieve to tell you, you will soon be a participator of this sin, which, I speak from experience, is one that carries its punishment along with it, since it imposes a complete slavery; nevertheless, your employment demands this sacrifice, and—and"—she stopped herself from saying she felt a persuasion she was destined for something higher and better than she had yet dreamed of, from the fear of exciting an ambition, and holding out prospects, that might never be realized. The fear of exciting pride was, however, unnecessary with her, whose whole soul was occupied with the woes of her people, and the idea of being an empress, without the power to benefit them, would not have gratified her in the least.

In many houses where Pauline was accustomed to attend, she had to wait until her scholars had got through their music lessons, and her quick ear often caught the tunes before the scholars could play a bar of it. Nature made her for a musician, but the simple airs of her native vales had hitherto been the sum total of her music, yet she sung them with a melody and pathos quite enchanting. On one of those occasions when the master had labored in vain with a careless and spoiled child, and was about to give it up in despair, the little minx, turning upon him, said,

"If you sang as sweetly, and was as gentle as Miss St. Pierre, I could learn it."

"Indeed!" said the master, a cross Englishman, for the first time looking earnestly at Pauline, "I should like to hear the lady."

Mamma and her daughter now began to persuade

her to sing. Pauline, though reluctant, was obliged to comply. At their request she sung a pastoral ballad, composed by one of the bards of her native land, and though the music teacher could not understand a word of it, he was in raptures, and would not be satisfied until she had sung another and another; and finally some of the songs in English he had been trying to teach the little girl. He protested that he had never heard such power of voice, or known such an ear for music; that she should learn instrumental music, and he would be her instructor."

"On condition," said Mrs. Courtland, the lady of the house, "that she teaches you French."

"Oh, of course, I should be most happy to reciprocate," said he.

"Then I protest," said Mrs. C., "you shall both learn here, for I think Emma would learn something among it all, having two beginners to go along with, one in each branch."

The conversation, began sportively, ended in serious earnest, and a bargain was made on the spot, that the two beginners should meet at Mrs. Courtland's twice a week, and instruct each other and Emma at the same time. A search was now agreed on for an instrument, as it would be necessary for Pauline to practice at home. This difficulty was settled by Mrs. Courtland, who had sent to England for a new harpsichord, and agreed, as soon as it arrived, to loan the old one to Pauline. It soon arrived, and Pauline felt a new world open upon her. She was not one of those who have to toil so hard as to make the application perfect drudgery, and by such laborious application, generally become tired before they have fairly learned. The rapidity of her acquisition astonished her instructor, whose teaching could scarcely keep pace with her learning. It seemed like intuition, or rather inspiration,

and the delighted teacher was proud to show off the talent of his new scholar whenever opportunity offered; and by this means, aided by the sweet and gentle manners of Pauline, she became gradually known, and often invited into circles of fashion. At first, people invited her more to amuse their friends, but she could not fail to be loved for herself alone, when once the intrinsic excellencies of her character were known. Little Miss Courtland, who, though a sad romp, was a most affectionate and grateful child, in particular delighted to show off her instructress, under whose care she had become an excellent French scholar and a tolerable performer on the harpsichord; and, above all, she was a warm admirer of beauty, and had adopted the opinion that Pauline was rather the handsomest female she had ever seen. Whenever they visited together, which she often contrived should be the case, she found that, sustained and upheld by her friend, she could perform her part in many difficult pieces, which, without her help, she must have failed in; and she did it so unostentatiously too, as though she were the person assisted, that Emma gradually acquired a confidence in herself highly beneficial; and, besides, they could hold a conversation together, that few persons could understand.

Many of the ladies at that time, in Boston and its vicinity, adopted the fashion of having little concerts at their houses, and in fact every party usually ended with one. The teacher before mentioned was the master of ceremonies for the most part, and Pauline second.

It was on one of these occasions, a brilliant party given by Mrs. ———, where most of the wealth and fashion of Boston were invited, that our heroine, accompanied by her young friend Emma, made her appearance. The simplicity of her dress and manners were in fine contrast with her dazzling

beauty, and she soon found herself one of the stars of the evening. Of course, the singing commenced early, as that formed the principal object of the gathering. The gentleman of the house led Pauline to the instrument just as some new comers entered the room, who, however, were little observed at the time, as all attention was at once given to the performers. The lady of the house, however, taking the arm of a rather elderly, but fashionable looking man, drew him towards the magical circle, saying,

"We have got a prodigy here, Colonel, this evening. You will be delighted to hear Miss St. Pierre sing. It is well you did not return to the country without hearing her. You don't know what you would have lost; but I forgot she is a French lady, and you don't like the French."

"Oh, I have no particular dislike," said the person addressed, "only in war you know."

A scarlet blush passed over his face, and he bit his lips with rather a look of vexation. His attention, however, was soon completely entranced by the performance. The solos were sung by Pauline, several others joining in the chorus. The Colonel could scarcely respire. He felt a longing desire to see the face of the charming musician. The gay and fashionable were crowding around, and he could only get where he had a glimpse of the bust, by which, however, he discovered the form was exquisite, and the hand and finely rounded arm he thought superior to any of Nature's workmanship he had ever seen. He was thinking in what language he should address the beautiful musician when he attempted to thank her for the pleasure her unequalled performance had given him. She was not, however, permitted to rise immediately, as a duet was now proposed, and a tall and graceful young man, who was hanging over her chair, was prepar-

ing to assist her. Once or twice as she turned partly round to speak to him, the Colonel caught a glimpse of her profile, and beautiful as he thought her, there was a dim recollection of something he had seen, that gave him pain. In vain he turned to the past to see what it was. It was now nearly three years since he had seen her, and as he had quite forgotten her surname, having never heard it but once, that of St. Pierre did not strike him as familiar.

At length, after the performance of several other pieces, supper was announced, and the gallant young man who assisted her, and whom the Colonel recollected as an acquaintance from the South, gave her his hand to conduct her to the table. Mrs. Bell, the lady of the house, at the same time begged "to present Colonel Winslow to Miss St. Pierre."

"Colonel Winslow," said Pauline, and for an instant the color faded from her cheek; but it quickly returned, and darting at him a look that spoke volumes, with a distant and studied curtsey, returned his profound salutation, and passed calmly on. Not so the Colonel. Had a ghost arisen from the regions of the dead, he could scarce have been more appalled; it was in vain he struggled for composure. Pale as marble, his knees smote one another, and he made an apology for not staying out to sup, feeling himself "too unwell to be out longer."

Pauline was not going to stay at supper, having excused herself from that on her first arrival, her grandfather being quite indisposed; she would not have left home at all on this evening, but she knew it would be a great disappointment to her young friend and pupil, Emma, and also to Mrs. Bell, who wished her to take part in the musical performances of the evening; she therefore immediately took leave of the company, and withdrew. She knew

the carriage of Mrs. Bell would be waiting for her. The agitation of Colonel Winslow had not been unobserved by the company, though few, if any, divined the cause. His hasty exit was not seen by Pauline, who studiedly averted her eyes from him. She was not, therefore, aware of his departure; and, to her surprise, abruptly encountered him in the hall. He evidently sought to speak with her, but with a lofty inclination of the head she repelled the attempt, and hastily passed him.

"Pauline," said the Colonel, "I wish much to speak with you," rushing forward and seizing her hand as she approached the carriage. "Pauline, have you forgotten me? I wish to see you a few moments. You have nothing to fear," observing her tremble violently.

"I have not forgotten you, Sir, nor do I fear you," said Pauline proudly. Here the Colonel placed himself directly between her and the carriage-door, which a servant was respectfully holding.

"Where do you reside, Pauline, Miss St. Pierre, I mean. I have business," said the Colonel.

All this time, the young gentleman, Mr. Moulton, from Carolina, upon whose arm she leaned, stood staring in mute astonishment, not knowing what to make of it, until the answer of Pauline opened his eyes.

"Colonel Winslow," said Pauline, with a degree of spirit which, from her sweet countenance and gentle manners, no one would have supposed her to possess, "we have no more lands to despoil, no houses you can burn, nor friends to banish. What business, then, can you have with the plundered exiles of Nova Scotia?" and, springing into the carriage, she ordered the coachman to drive on.

The Carolinian stood as though rooted to the spot, as the carriage whirled round the corner, for

the coachman, who thought he had sat in waiting quite long enough, was not slow to obey the order. The Colonel, now turning to him, began to explain, saying,

"I knew the girl in Nova Scotia, at the time the French were driven out, and should think she would feel some gratitude. I granted the life of her brother at her request."

"Indeed!" said the southerner, "I was not aware you were concerned in that detestable business."

"I had the honor to command in that expedition," he answered, without deigning to notice the reflection, "and I granted to this young virago her brother's life."

"Who condemned him to death?" asked Mr. Moulton, abruptly.

"Why, from the rank I held, I was obliged to do that," answered the Colonel. "His father had fled, and refused to give himself up; and my orders from the Governor were"—

"Then you condemned the innocent son because the father had exercised a right which God and nature had given him to preserve his liberty. I wish you a very good evening." Just touching his hat, the haughty and disdainful Carolinian walked into the house, inwardly cursing the cowardice of the man who could consent to make war upon unarmed men, women, and children.

The blood of Colonel Winslow boiled in his bosom, as he found himself standing alone upon the pavement. He would have challenged Mr. Moulton, but for various reasons that would not have answered. In the first place, it would have been difficult to designate the offence; next, it would have called up public attention to certain scenes of his life, that might as well be forgotten. So, firmly resolving he would never again recognise one of these hated exiles, he walked off.

With a bosom throbbing with unutterable emotion, Pauline rushed from the carriage to her own apartments, and threw herself upon the neck of her venerable grandfather. There she gave way to the emotions that overwhelmed her, and sobbed as though her heart were breaking. All the trials she had endured, all the miseries of her people, the dreadful scenes acted over in her desolated country, and the uncertain fate of her family, rushed upon her with overwhelming force. But we must leave her some little time, and look after some of the other sufferers.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven,
Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads."

MADAM ST. PIERRE was a woman of great dignity of character, and most uncommon fortitude. From her, Pauline doubtless inherited much of the firmness and energy which distinguished her through life. Josephine had it not; she was mild, gentle, and amiable, but timid, retiring, and by no means possessed of the firmness of nerve that distinguished her sister; the shock of their forcible expulsion from their native home, had of itself nearly overcome her; and, in addition, the night of cold and exposure on the shore, by which she contracted a violent cold, rendered her so ill that, upon getting on board the transport, she was entirely unable to help herself. Perhaps it was fortunate for her mother it was so, as her time and thoughts were so completely occupied about this her youngest and darling child, as to leave little

room for lamentation. Josephine, hovering between life and death, was an object that absorbed every feeling of her distressed mother. Few persons ever experienced more affliction at one time; torn from her cherished home, or rather, suddenly driven out, she had seen her house and substance a prey to devouring flames, her husband an exile, with the sentence of death hanging over him, (for a reward had been offered for his head before Madam St. Pierre left,) her four sons sent off, she knew not where, and her heroic and noble-minded daughter forbidden to come in the vessel with her, unless she would quit the side of her infirm old grandfather, and leave him in his blindness to be tossed about the world alone, compelled to take passage for another port, and sweet Gabriella, whom she loved with the affection of a mother, had, as Madam St. Pierre believed, been burned up in her house, and her two innocent children butchered in sight of their home.

"Oh, my brain!" the poor lady would often exclaim; "if I can only keep my senses." Then when she looked upon Josephine, all would be forgotten in the anxiety for her apparently dying child.

From the crowded state of the vessel, the air was extremely bad; and day after day, and night after night, did the wretched mother hang over the couch of her daughter, imploring heaven to take her with her, if her child could not be spared; the next moment, perhaps, she would say, "But why should I ask her life? What has my child to look forward to? It is selfishness entirely; better that the raging fever or the raging sea destroy her at once. Could I bear to see her suffering, or her delicate form bending beneath the task of some hard master, her strength taxed to the utmost to earn a scanty pittance of bread? Forbid it heaven!"

The pitching and rolling of the vessel was dread-

ful; and sometimes it seemed as though they were all about to be engulfed together: but no symptom of fear was discoverable in her, or indeed any of that hapless company; their misery was too intense to be disturbed by fears of death. The mortality in that, and indeed in all the transports, was great, a number of aged persons and invalids having died on the passage. Alas! from the crowded state of the vessels, but little could be done for their comfort; and to have been indisposed before sailing, was almost a death-warrant. Several infants also died, and were torn from the arms of their half frantic mothers and consigned to a watery grave.

In another of the transports, which started several hours before the one that carried the females, Louis the younger and his brothers were embarked. Of the wretched fate of his family, his beloved Gabriella and her babes, Louis had only been informed just before sailing; and the intellects of the unhappy young man, already injured by his close confinement and the agitation he endured while under sentence of death, it is probable were still more beclouded by the disastrous news which was now communicated. For several days he would sit for hours with his arms folded, looking down with a fixed, immovable gaze, without apparently observing any thing around him; his brothers, who did not, however, comprehend the extent of his danger, would try to rouse him, and would have rejoiced to see him weep, but no sigh or tear escaped him.

On the third day of the voyage, some of the guard were very insolent to the unhappy prisoners, from some very trifling offence, calling them French dogs, vagabonds, &c., and Louis was observed to turn upon them a threatening look, upon one in particular, until the soldier himself at length perceived it, when he called to a comrade to assist in

securing him, as "he was afraid of his life." The fellow ran to get a pair of handcuffs, while several of his friends and neighbors looked on with an anxious eye, half resolved to attempt a rescue. His brothers were below, a part only of the prisoners being permitted to be on the deck at a time. The two soldiers advanced to secure their victim, and Louis, who had sank back apparently into his former lethargy, sat immovable, until they were within about four feet of him, when, springing between the two, he threw an arm round each, and with the strength of distraction leaped into the sea, carrying them down with him; twice they rose, but as the sea was very heavy, and the vessel going quite fast, all attempts to save them were vain, and the strong, nervous gripe of the poor distracted maniac, which never relaxed, carried them down again. It was evident that Louis had been wounded by the men in their attempts to free themselves, as the water around them was dyed with blood, and in the agony of death he probably held them closer; one universal cry resounded through the vessel, which called the guard and officers from below. It is worthy of remark, that while this scene was acting, the English looking on with horror, the generous French exerted themselves to the utmost to save the struggling victims. They threw over plank after plank, shouting for them to seize it, and, hastily uncoiling a rope, nearly succeeded in reaching them with the end of it; and when they sank for the last time, they evinced their humane feelings by a general expression of pity.

Very great confusion now ensued on board the vessel, the officers of the guard protesting they would avenge the death of the two men, and chain the whole below for the remainder of the voyage. With bitter curses, the prisoners were then ordered

down. But the captain, who was a plain, blunt fellow, it was evident was not well pleased; he was one of those who had been engaged to transport the exiles, or rather to assist in carrying a freight of them to Philadelphia, where he belonged when at home, which was very seldom, as he was generally away on coasting business. Though these were in the days of "kingly despotism," this man seemed to possess something of the spirit of independence. Placing his arms a-kimbo, he walked straight up to the officers who were assembled round the caboose, and proposing violent measures.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I'll tell you what it is, I don't want to see these poor people treated any worse than they have been already, God knows that is bad enough; as to the jumping over with them rascally guards, I am a witness they deserved it, though I did all I could, as you all know, to save their lives. The young man who did it, and who died with them, was raving crazy, driven mad by the burning up of his wife and the murder of his infant children; and, gentlemen, any violence shown to this unoffending people, to avenge the death of those fellows, would be wrong, and if I have any authority in this vessel, I forbid it."

"Silence!" said a pert lieutenant. "Why, Sir, don't you know we could take the command of your craft from you, and chain you with the rest?"

"No," replied the sturdy seaman, "as I hope to see my Maker, I don't know any such thing. It would be mutiny, and punishable with death in whoever attempted it. I know what is due to the king's officers as well as any one, and I know also what is due to a captain on board his own ship. Why, do you threaten any such thing, Sir?"

"No, certainly not," returned the lieutenant, quite cooled down. "I merely said it could be done. But, if you will engage for their good be-

haviour, we will not chain the poor wretches, whose fate, as you observe, is rather a hard one."

"I make no pledges," said the captain bluntly, "but I have no fears but they will deport themselves peaceably, as they have done, with the exception of this poor crazy one; and if I should see them abused in my ship, I would see them righted, if I went to England to do it."

"Well, what had we better do, my brother officers?" asked the lieutenant. "Shall we trust them a little longer, or had we better confine them entirely below?"

"That," said the captain, interrupting, "would be worse than a slave-ship, that hell upon earth; for even there, they are brought on deck for air."

The brother officers now interposed, and recommended moderate measures, and finally it was agreed to admonish the Neutrals respecting their peaceable deportment, and give them as much liberty as formerly. Upon this, the captain walked off; but, singularly enough, from this hour he was observed to attach himself particularly to the three lads whose brother had dealt such signal vengeance on the guard. Whether it was because he came so near getting himself in a scrape on their behalf, for he feared for the severity towards them most, in the retaliatory measures, or from whatever cause, he sought out the poor afflicted lads, and tried, in his rough way, to comfort them.

"Never mind, my brave fellows," he would say, "what signifies, we have all got to go; and if your brother has gone to Davy's locker before ye, why, you and I have got to follow in some sort, that's all. May be you have parents in some of the other vessels; and if so, why, when we come to port, I'll try to look them up, and if they are in distress, as doubtless they are, why, Sam Cummings will give you a helping hand. So, come

cheer up. When things come to the worst, they mend."

The poor lads, to whom the voice of kindness from any of the English (for so they called the inhabitants of the provinces) was new, at this redoubled their tears. Nevertheless, the words, or what they could understand of them, of the worthy captain, did in some measure comfort them; and when, after a dreary passage of nearly three weeks, tossed about by contrary winds and other hindrances, they finally made the port of Philadelphia, the captain was as good as his word, and sat himself to make inquiries after the mother and sisters of the three lads. The transport that conveyed them had arrived first, and the captain found they were the tenants of an almshouse. There, in a room containing about fifty bunks, arranged on either side, and only a few feet apart, lay the youthful and beautiful Josephine, a prey to wasting disease, and beside her sat Madam St. Pierre, the image of despair. Her eyes were so intently fixed upon the pale face of her darling, that she perceived not the approach of the brothers, until a faint shriek from the poor invalid announced their entrance. We cannot paint the interview, which came very near being fatal to Josephine, and caused the captain to choke sadly, and wipe his eyes more than once. The fate of Louis was obliged to be told, but it did not move his mother as they feared it would. She had harbored a presentiment of something of this kind, and never expected to see him alive; and in the presence of wives deprived of both husbands and children, could she repine? No; she felt it was now her duty to rejoice, and, devoutly sinking on her knees, she returned thanks to that great and good Being who had spared her so many blessings.

And now came the fulfillment of the good cap-

tain's professions. He had promised the lads, if they would work, to procure employment for them as soon as they should arrive; and they, contrary to the advice of the other Neutrals, had agreed to labor. A habitation was to be procured for them; but, before this could be done, he deemed it expedient to remove Josephine to his own house, which, being just out of the city, he trusted the pure air would aid in her recovery. Any thing for the recovery of her darling, Madam St. Pierre was ready to assent to, though it grieved her to be parted from her boys, only for a few days.

Mrs. Cummings very politely welcomed her husband's guests, in her joy to see him. "Why, I was so afraid, my dear," she said, after the first salutations were over, "that you would be murdered by these horrid French, you can't think." The face of the captain reddened even to his temples, while he answered,

"I have been in no danger, unless it was from the King's officers. But if you ever catch me in such another scrape, may I be hanged. Why, Mary, they are the most *innocentest* people under heaven; but have a bed instantly prepared for this poor girl."

Mrs. Cummings looked at her and saw there was no time to be lost, and leading the way to the only spare chamber she possessed, and calling a girl to assist them, she politely left them to prepare something for their comfort. The contrast was great to the poor invalid, from the crowded workhouse to a peaceful and comfortable chamber, with all that kindness and the most considerate attention could devise for her comfort; and then the pure air of the Schuylkill, and the comfort of seeing her brothers often, as the captain always brought out one of them at night. Gradually the fever left her, and returning health once more revisited her cheek. In

a few weeks the brothers announced the gratifying intelligence that they had steady employment, and had procured a habitation, humble, but suited to their wants. Into this they removed the few things they had brought, and taking an affectionate leave of their hostess, whose friendship did not leave them here, they returned to the city, and in the society of the brothers, who uniformly spent their evenings with them, laboring out days, they were obliged to confess, that if they only had the other members of their family with them, they would be more than comfortable. Of her husband, Madam, thought with grief more than anxiety, and had little doubt he would escape to Canada; but she feared their separation would be long, as he would not seek her. Pauline she thought of with all a mother's anxiety, and had immediately interested friends to write and make inquiries. One consoling reflection she had; Pauline had refused to desert her poor blind grandfather, and she trusted that with so holy a motive, God would not desert her; her daughter, too, spoke English fluently, and was capable of making herself understood much better than the other members of the family; she was, besides, possessed of much firmness, energy of character, and perseverance, and if she was blessed with health, she firmly believed would never consent to remain the inmate of an almshouse. With these considerations they used to cheer themselves and each other, resolving to continue their inquiries, and in the mean time compose themselves, waiting quietly His time, who, they firmly believed, would in his own good providence bring every thing about which was really for their good. Happy they who by an effort of philosophy or religion, can overcome that corroding anxiety which serves no good or useful purpose, and, if indulged, will only unfit us for the enjoyment of our wishes if granted, and

to add to our abundant misery if not, and is sinful, because it implies a distrust of Providence. "As ye believe so shall it be to you," or, "as your faith is," &c., is as often fulfilled as any promise held out to the sons of men.

Madam St. Pierre had been settled some months in her new habitation, when a deputation from the banished Acadians south of Pennsylvania arrived in the city to procure the signatures of their countrymen in Philadelphia to a petition to the King of Great Britain, drawn up by themselves, the object of which was to procure some relief or mitigation of the cruel sentence which condemned them to a rigorous banishment from their native land, and to drag out an existence in a climate which they found was thinning their numbers rapidly. The mortality among them in Virginia and Georgia, where some of them had been carried, was dreadful, as the greater part died from the effect of the climate the first season. In Pennsylvania it was not much better, for as the greater part were confined to the city of Philadelphia, one of the hottest cities in summer on the whole continent of North America, if we except Charleston and Savannah. They began to droop immediately as soon as the spring opened, and by midsummer the mortality had become very alarming. The greater part of these poor people could not be brought to believe that the King of England, whose peaceable subjects they had been for so many years, could have sanctioned the heartless proceedings that had driven them into exile, or if he had done so, they felt that he must have been imposed upon by those whose interest it was to ruin them. With a view, therefore, to open his eyes in case he was deceived, or perhaps to move his compassion at the representation of their forlorn condition, this document was prepared. It is a most able and pathetic appeal,

and proves incontestably, that however quiet and unoffending that people were from principle, it was not from want of intellect or intelligence. We regret that its length must prevent its insertion entire in this place. It covers twelve octavo pages in Halliburton's History of Nova Scotia, and may be found in the first volume of that work, commencing at page 183. It was dated at Philadelphia, where the delegates now were, and a great proportion of the unhappy exiles had now congregated, to make the last effort to obtain redress and relief.

The petition, in the first place, was addressed "to his most excellent Majesty the King of Great Britain;" and purported to be "the humble petition of his subjects, the late French inhabitants of Nova Scotia." The substance of it was as follows:

"That it was not in their power to trace back the conditions upon which their ancestors first settled in Nova Scotia, under the protection of the British government, as a great part of their elders who were acquainted with the transactions, were dead; but the greatest reason was, that all their records, contracts, and other papers, were forcibly seized long before; but they had always understood the agreement made between their forefathers and the English commanders in Nova Scotia in 1713, to be a stipulation 'that they should be permitted to remain in peaceable possession of their lands, and the free exercise of their religion, with an exemption from bearing arms, upon their coming under an oath of fidelity to the government of Great Britain.'

"That it was in the recollection of many of them, that in 1730, Governor Philips, the then Governor of Nova Scotia, in the King's name did confirm unto them these privileges, at the same time administering the oath of allegiance, which ran

thus: 'We sincerely promise and swear, by the faith of a Christian, that we will be entirely faithful and submit ourselves to his Majesty King George, whom we acknowledge as sovereign lord of New Scotland or Acadia. So God help us.'"

The said Philips then promised them in the King's name, "they should be excused from bearing arms either against the French or Indians." That, under the sanction of this solemn engagement, they continued to hold their lands and make further purchases, paying their quit-rents annually, and that they felt confident their conduct was such as to recommend them to the King, and also the Governor of New England, who, seventeen years after, issued a printed declaration to that effect, some of the originals of which they had preserved from the general plunder. This declaration of William Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts Bay, was directed "To the French inhabitants of Nova Scotia," and was to this effect:

That he, the Governor, "had been informed a report had been circulated among the Neutral French, that there was an intention to remove them from their settlements in Nova Scotia; that he had made a representation of their circumstances to the King, and, in obedience to his command and order, he now declared in his Majesty's name, that there was not the least foundation for such fears; that he had no intention of removing them; but, on the contrary, it was his Majesty's determination to protect them all in the peaceable and quiet possession of their rights and privileges, who should continue in their duty and allegiance to him, and deport themselves as his subjects. Dated at Boston, October 21, 1747." (This was just eight years before their removal.) Signed by William Shirley, Governor of his Majesty's Province of Massachusetts Bay.

"That this declaration was followed by a letter

to their deputies, from Mr. Mascarine, Governor of Nova Scotia, reiterating the promises and assurances made by Governor Shirley; that they were again required to take the oath of allegiance, which they did as formerly, without any mention of bearing arms; and that they could aver with truth, they were not sensible of any alteration in their disposition and conduct since that time; that they had always continued to behave themselves peaceably and as good citizens, notwithstanding which they had found themselves surrounded with difficulties unknown before.

"That the determination of the British to fortify the town of Halifax, had caused the French in Canada to make incursions in order to annoy that settlement, whereby they were exposed to great straits and hardships; yet, from the obligation of their oath they never doubted it was their duty to remain quiet, and did so," &c.

The memorial went on to say: "That had they known it was judged not consistent with the safety of the province for them to inhabit it, they would have acquiesced willingly in any reasonable proposal to leave it, consistent with the safety of their aged and little ones. That, at one time, Governor Cornwallis insisted they should take the oath of allegiance without the exemption of bearing arms, which they positively refused, and asked leave, if their residence there upon the former terms was not acceptable, for permission to evacuate the country, and settle upon the island of St. Johns, then a French settlement, which he refused, until he should consult the King, when he would give an answer; but no answer ever came to them, or proposal of any kind.

"That notwithstanding the difficulties they labored under, they could confidently appeal to the several Governors of Halifax and Annapolis Royal

for testimonies of their conduct for their willingness to obey orders, furnish provisions and materials, making roads, building forts," &c.

"That although they would not fight, they had from time to time given warning to the English whenever apprized they were in danger, and had their advice been attended to, especially when Major Noble, his brother, and numbers of their men were cut off, many lives would have been saved; and after that they had been most unjustly accused by the English of aiding in the massacre." They then ask "that they may not be permitted to suffer from suspicions and false accusations, but that there may be a judicial investigation." That "it could not be supposed but there would be occasional defection in their ranks, but that the number had been very small, and they known and punished." That "in the incursions of the French into the country, they had sometimes seized and impressed some of their young men into their service, a circumstance bitterly lamented by them at the time, but which it was impossible for them to prevent.

"That there were papers in their possession which would have proved their innocence; but their rulers with an armed force came upon them unawares, and seized them all, and they had never been able to regain any of them."

The memorial here proceeds to show the way "in which they were treacherously made prisoners, and sent away without any judicial proofs, or any accuser appearing against them." Here follows a particular account of the hardships of their passage, and the great number, especially of the aged, that died in consequence. "That they had been accused by the English of not feeling bound by their oath, an accusation they considered amply refuted by the fact of their suffering so much rather than take an oath which they could not in conscience comply with."

In speaking of their recent sufferings, they mention the case of one "Renne Leblanc, a notary public, who was seized, confined, and brought away with the other sufferers. His family consisted of himself and wife, twenty children, and one hundred and fifty grandchildren; they were all scattered in different provinces, so that he was put on shore at New York, with only his wife and two children in that province, in an infirm state of health. He joined three more of his children at Philadelphia, and then died, unnoticed and unrelieved, though he had spent many years of labor and deep suffering in the service of the English government." (This gentleman had been an indefatigable laborer in behalf of the government, aiding to bring every thing in the province under peaceable subjection to the English, which he judged best for the people. In one of his journeys for that object, he had been seized by the Indians, from whom he endured a captivity of three years. No kindness whatever was extended to him more than others.) The memorial concludes with a description of the miseries consequent upon their banishment. "Being reduced for a livelihood to toil and hard labor in a southern clime, where most of them had been prevented from obtaining a sufficiency by sickness, more than one half of their number had died since their banishment," and all "their distresses were aggravated by the threat of having their children forced from them, and bound out to strangers."

In this wretched condition, aggravated by the contrast of the state of ease and affluence from which they had been driven, "they beseech his Majesty to grant them some relief, after having the justice of their complaints truly and impartially inquired into."

CHAPTER XV.

"Ye gods! look down,
And from your secret vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head. Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? how lived?"

We have given, in the preceding chapter, the *condensed* substance of the eloquent and pathetic appeal of the Neutral French to the English monarch, George the Second, a document much resembling, in tone and language, the many appeals of the American family just previous to the Revolution, although composed twenty years before that period. It was, of course, submitted to all the heads of families for their signatures, and Madam St. Pierre, as one of the most highly respected, was one of the first waited on and requested to sign.

"I will do it," said Madam, advancing to the table to place her signature, "I will give my aid to this last experiment upon royal clemency; but, my dear friends and countrymen, I have no faith it will avail any thing. Think you that the vulture will give up its prey, or the famished wolf after he has tasted of blood? that the tiger or hyena will take off their claws at the cries of the victim, and that, too, while their prey is prostrate and grovelling in the dust?"

But, however faithless Madam St. Pierre might be, there were those who were sanguine about it, and whose disappointment, after many a weary month had elapsed, at finding the petition unanswered and unnoticed, was proportionate to their, we had almost said, silly expectations.

During this period but little of moment occurred in the life of Madam and her daughter, whose health, however, continued to improve. The sons were industrious and frugal, and made frequent

calls on their country-people, striving to cheer and encourage them, and laboring to convince them there was something yet to do. Their efforts were seconded and rendered effectual by a new proposition made by some of their most influential people, which was to wait until all possible hope of favorable news from England was over, and then commence a pilgrimage to their desolated home in the East. Such a resolution, that certainly savored of the most complete despair, if not of aberration of mind, was at once adopted. Death from the climate where they were, appeared inevitable, sooner or later, and they began to indulge the hope that France might again claim Nova Scotia, and her government be once more established there. How it chanced that this hallucination overtook them again is unexplained, but it is a matter of historical record that such was the fact, and that from the time they again conceived this idea, incessant preparation was going on for a pilgrimage eastward, and every nerve was strained to prepare themselves for the undertaking.

It appears to the author (and it is only a conjecture, as there are no means of ascertaining now) that the Neutrals, after weighing the facts of their sudden banishment from Nova Scotia, after so many years' residence under the British government, must have come to the conclusion that that country was menaced by a powerful invasion of the French, and they sent out of the way to prevent all possibility of their giving aid or strengthening the enemy; and that, under such an impression, they conceived it possible they might, upon reaching it, actually find it in possession of the French. There were some who opposed the undertaking, and concluded to stay and remain where they were. Madam St. Pierre and her daughter would have been of that number, pressed as they were by the kind persua-

sions of Captain Cummings and his equally kind wife; but a secret hope of meeting with her dear daughter, whom, as yet, she could hear no tidings of, induced her consent to share the enterprise.

The voyage to England and back again was, in those days, somewhat of an undertaking, and it was many months before the messengers charged with the undertaking, returned to Philadelphia. The account they gave of its contemptuous reception and subsequent silence, was entirely discouraging, and determined them now to expedite their removal.

We must stop here to record an event of much importance in the domestic history of the family whose lives we are recording; and we warn all readers of romances that they will be very much shocked at such an unnovel-like incident, so much more like the every day occurrence of real life than than the high wrought adventures conceived in the imagination of the novelist.

Among the number of Neutrals whom the plan of the pilgrimage brought on to Philadelphia, was Ferdinand, the former lover of Pauline; and despite of all that is said of first love and everlasting constancy, the young man no sooner saw Josephine than he conceived a violent passion for her, which she, faithless sister, appeared to return with equal ardor. Whether it was because she was now about the age of her sister when he parted from her, or whether he feared never to find the other, and believed in the old adage, "that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," we cannot tell; but there was a total transfer of the affections of the faithless swain. Josephine was pretty, even beautiful; but her beauty was of a different character from that of the noble Pauline. She was one of those timid, helpless, languid, inert sort of women, particularly admired at the present day, when indolence is mod-

esty, and helplessness retiring delicacy; one of those beings for whom Providence has exerted a special care to provide something to lean on, well knowing their utter incapacity to stand without support of some kind.

The delicate feelings of Madam St. Pierre were somewhat shocked at the proposition of an immediate marriage between the lover of her eldest daughter with the youngest one, but she considered that was a subject not to be named; and the uncertainty respecting the fate of that beloved child, who, if found, might perchance be as much changed as her lover, decided her not to frown upon it, although she did ask, with a deep drawn sigh, "Is this a time to marry, or be given in marriage?" Yet she assented, advising, however, "to wait the termination of their journey." This advice was disregarded, and the lovers were united while preparations were going on. After a most laborious preparation, the requisite number of coasting vessels were procured, and with a large proportion of the survivors of their exiled countrymen, they commenced their tedious voyage.

Madam St. Pierre was truly loth to leave her comfortable quarters in Philadelphia, and was only supported in such an undertaking by the presence of two of her children, and the hope of meeting with the dear lost one. Two of her sons chose to remain under the protection of Captain Cummings, who promised, "should they be so happy as to effect a settlement further north, that he would, upon receiving intelligence, bring the two lads himself." The coasters were to touch at New York and Boston on the voyage, and remain long enough at those places to take away all of their countrymen who wished to join them; and Madam St. Pierre was obliged to confess on the voyage, that the marriage of Josephine had relived her of much

care, as the attendance formerly demanded of her now devolved on the husband.

Arrived at New York, every inquiry was made for Pauline, and they became convinced that she was certainly not in that region, and it was not until after their departure from port, that some who had joined them in that region chanced to recollect that, more than a year before, inquiries were made there for Madam St. Pierre and her daughter, by some persons from Boston, and their impression was, it was in behalf of a daughter at the latter place; but whether she was yet there, they could not inform her. Indeed, so great was their own afflictions, and so many inquiries were made from different members of families separated from each other, that their recollection of circumstances was rather imperfect. Nor was this strange. Besides, the stupefaction of despair is one of the most benumbing sensations ever experienced, and it was the fate of these unfortunate people to be a prey to it.

But hope in the bosom of Madam St. Pierre was sanguine, as, after a long and disagreeable voyage, the crazy old vessel she was in, neared the harbor of Boston. The whole were ordered to stop within a given distance, and not presume to land the people until an order from the municipality, which could not be obtained before the next day. It was evening when they arrived, and at the intercession of a boatman, who came along side and heard the inquiries of Ferdinand, who spoke very good English, our party were permitted to come up with him. The man professed to know Miss Pierre, who, he said, was a French teacher; and as he was a very respectable man, and promised to ferry them over from Boston himself, and be accountable for their re-embarkation, if required, he was permitted to take them. Various delays, besides the distance,

occasioned them to reach the residence of Pauline at a late hour.

It was on the eventful evening when we left our heroine, after her interview with Colonel Winslow, that they arrived. Her aged and pious grandfather had been trying to sooth her feelings and elevate her faith, by convincing her that such excess of sensibility was wrong; that heaven would, in its own time, restore all those who were really necessary to her good; that she should in the mean time reflect upon her present blessings; that the Lord had given her favor in the eyes of this people as he did Joseph, after he had been sold into Egypt; and that Jacob thought all these things were against him when every thing was tending to bring about a most important and desirable termination.

"I will be calm, dear grandfather," said Pauline. "I realize how few have met with so many alleviations to their sorrows as myself, distinguished as I have been above almost all the rest of my unfortunate country-people. But in enumerating my blessings, I must not forget yourself. What could I have done without your counsels and your prayers?"

"Well, the night wears apace, my good child," said Gasper, "and before we retire, let me hear your sweet voice sing the psalm, 'God is our refuge in distress.'"

The two children mentioned on a former page, who had begged to sit up this evening until dear Miss Pauline returned, joined coaxingly in the request; and Pauline, fatigued as she was, seated herself at the harpsichord and commenced the psalm.

The windows of the apartment were open, and only partially shaded by a blind half way open, when Madam St. Pierre and her party drew near. The sound of the sweet voice within, in their own language, and in a well known tune, oft warbled

among their native vales, arrested their footsteps. They stopped a moment to listen; could it be Pauline? The music ceased, and Madam St. Pierre stepped where she could look through the open blind. It was indeed Pauline; she was leaning over the instrument and wiping off a few tears. Then striking the chords once more in a low and melancholy tune, commenced a lament of the exiles. Madam waved her hand to the impatient Josephine, while she gazed once more on the face of that beloved child, and thought—Oh, who could have thought otherwise—that her peerless and unrivalled beauty was her least attraction. There was a divinity that spoke in her countenance, that proclaimed her soul of the highest order. Her intellectual faculties had for the last two years been improved and matured by study; for music, which was only a pastime, had been so easily acquired, it had not engrossed a fourth of her time, but had created an ardent desire to improve herself in every elegant and useful acquirement, and there was a grace and elegance in every movement rarely equalled. One moment the mother's swelling heart permitted her to gaze and drink in the music of that enchanting voice; the next, she had rushed into the house and clasped the beautiful performer to her bosom, exclaiming in an agony of joy, "Do you not know me? do you not me, my long lost child, whom heaven has watched over?" Josephine had sunk into a chair and covered her face, while Ferdinand stood looking in at the door, as though uncertain whether to advance or retreat.

"My sister!" at length said Pauline, disengaging herself from her mother's arms, "can this be little Josephine?" and she threw herself sobbing on her neck. The brother, in his turn, was heartily welcomed. Old Gasper, too, who was seated in an arm chair at the further corner of the room, receiv-

ed his share of caresses. And now a rather awkward circumstance occurred, namely, to introduce the late admirer of Pauline as a brother-in-law; but the easy and unembarrassed manner of the forsaken one, while she welcomed him with all the familiarity of an old friend, convinced them that absence had done quite as much for her as for him, and the parties were soon at ease on that score.

One of the children, to contribute to their satisfaction, ran and brought little Sappho, and another recognition took place. They were highly delighted, too, to find the little dog appeared not to have forgotten them. How he came there, Pauline could not tell; but since seeing Colonel Winslow that evening, she believed he must have followed some of his suit on board, and come off with them.

As respected the plan of returning to Acadia, Pauline listened with astonishment, and at once decided "it was the wildest and most unadvised scheme she had yet heard of, and utterly refused to join in such a hazardous, and, as she believed, impracticable undertaking; professing her belief that the civil authorities of Boston would at once put a stop to their further progress, and that they would not be permitted to leave the harbor; and as they listened to her reasoning, there was certainly something like a feeling of shame at having engaged in such a quixotic expedition.

We will not stop to relate the interesting conversation of that evening, which was prolonged to a very late hour; the mutual interchange of communication; the journal of their own sufferings, and the miseries of their people since they parted on the shores of the Gaspereau, were all narrated and commented on, and many plans proposed for the future. To the fate of poor Louis she dropped some tears; but as she had never believed he would

long survive the loss of his family, in whom his heart was bound up, her grief was moderate.

As Pauline predicted, a stop was put to the further progress of the unfortunate exiles, as they were met the next day by an order of Governor Lawrence for their detention, and they were prevented from leaving the harbor. The family of Madam St. Pierre concluded to remain with Pauline, who proposed, with the help of her brother-in-law and sister, to open a French and music school. The historians of the Neutral French represent them as entirely ignorant of the passion of jealousy, and here was a striking instance of the fact; for the new school was set up together, and went on with the utmost harmony. Some of the exiles procured leave to return to Pennsylvania, some remained where they were, and a goodly number ran away, and took their course through the woods of Maine up the forks of the Kennebec, sheltered occasionally by a friendly tribe of Indians, until they reached Canada.

An impatience of remaining where the Almighty had evidently placed them, seemed the besetting sin of this otherwise exemplary people. We shall see in the end how much was gained in exchange, and how much the Lord designed for them, if they would have quietly submitted to become incorporated with the people of the United States. Many of them, yea, hundreds of them did so, and though they lost their beautiful name of Acadians, and their first home, yet were they enabled, after the lapse of a few years, to exclaim with triumph, "Where Liberty dwells, there is my country!"

Unable, to be sure, to pierce the veil of futurity, yet was the lesson of quiet submission to the evident will of God, deeply impressed upon the heart of Pauline; and in this trying season to her countrymen, she exerted herself to the utmost to com-

fort, console, and encourage the disheartened exiles. Even before they were permitted to land, she went on board every coaster, and used all her eloquence to that effect. Nor did she fail to narrate her own peculiar trials, and speak of the mercies of God towards herself and her family. Often a glimmering, though distant and indistinct, glance at the future would cross her vision, (for coming events do cast their shadows before,) and she would speak in holy trust of the mercies in store for those who by patient continuance in well doing insure the rewards of Providence.

Won by her arguments or her eloquence, many actually relinquished the intention they had formed to join the stolen march across the country, and remained where they were. Most of them, indeed, came to this resolution, and their quiet and peaceable behaviour so won upon the inhabitants, that they soon had reason to be thankful they had not prosecuted their hazardous journey.

CHAPTER XVI.

> "Then crush, even in their hours of birth,
> The infant seeds of love;
> And tread his growing fire to earth,
> Ere dark in clouds above." — HALLECK.

It is not to be supposed but that the beauty and fine talents of Pauline elicited admiration, and occasionally procured offers from persons with whom any mother might have been willing to see a daughter connected; but the daughter in question seemed, thus far, to have no inclination to exchange her situation. She had always managed with such prudence—a rare qualification at her years—as to

make a friend where she rejected a lover. We would not undertake to give a history of all her lovers or offers, for we deem the description of such adventures as rather too trifling for rational readers; but there was one which we think of too interesting a character to be passed over. There was one young man, son of a deceased clergyman of the Presbyterian order, if we recollect right, and destined for that profession by his doating mother, who was a lady of very aristocratic pretensions; though a sensible, and, in many respects, valuable woman, she was, however, as little qualified for a clergyman's wife as clergymen's wives usually are. The thought that our fair heroine could possibly refuse the honor of an alliance, never occurred to her; and relying wholly upon her own efforts to break the match, she sought by every argument in her power to prevent it; but the heart of the young man seemed bound up in the damsel, and he at length told his mother in plain terms "he could not live without her."

When matters arrived at that height, of course there was an end to the argument; and all the lady-mother could now do was to see Pauline and ascertain if it was possible to reclaim her from her popish errors. Accordingly, she invited her to a social visit, when no other company was expected, in order to hold a tete-a-tete on the subject, which Pauline, perfectly unsuspicious, readily accepted.

She commenced by attacking her upon the doctrines of transubstantiation and image-worship. To the first our heroine, to speak the truth, could say but little, never having bent her powerful mind to the subject; but to the last, she not only plead not guilty, but warmly exonerated her whole people. "Never heard of such a thing as worshipping images; could not credit such an absurdity ever existed." She argued, "we are apt to think of what

is immediately before our eyes, and she had always understood the representation of our suffering Saviour was placed over the altar for that purpose, to recall with vividness the memory of his sacrifice." Some conversation then took place upon the subject of the mediation of saints and angels; Pauline arguing "nothing more was meant by it than asking the prayers of our fellow-christians, who were supposed in a higher state of sanctification than ourselves, a thing she had often seen practised among protestants; and if their prayers could avail us any thing while in a state of imperfection, why not in that place where the just are made perfect?"

To this interrogatory, Mrs. Ackmoody replied, "that it was idle, because we had no warrant for supposing the departed saints were observing the things of this world; and even if so, they were not omniscient or omnipresent, these were attributes of God alone; therefore they could not be supposed to hear and understand all the prayers, or requests, if you will, which were offered to them at one and the same time from so many different parts of the creation, even with the enlarged vision which they would doubtless acquire. And again, we had no warrant for supposing there was any thing like prayer among the 'saints in light;' the presumption was, that prayer would in heaven give place to praise." We cannot follow them through all the argument, which resulted, however, in Mrs. Ackmoody confessing she "had not before understood their belief on this subject, and that if it was not more rational than she expected, it was at least less sinful, and that she began to think the gulf between them was not quite as wide as she feared, and she could not see, after all, why Pauline would not make a good protestant."

She then proceeded: "You have had little, my dear young friend, to recommend protestantism to

you, in the conduct of those who have banished you from your beautiful country."

Pauline assented, "that it had not particularly recommended it;" and Mrs. A. went on to say, "that the conduct of the British and provincials towards your harmless people should have been attributed to their hostility to their creed is not strange; but you must reflect upon the ages of persecution from your own church, upon the wars, the massacres, and the burnings she has practised, in order to force people into a profession which they could not honestly adopt. Reflect upon the horrors of the inquisition; who has a right to exercise such tyranny over the conscience? Reflect upon the recent persecution of the Huguenots of France, and their present situation."

"I do reflect upon all these things, madam," said the patient auditor; "and if my own blood could wash away the stain of such guilt, I would freely give it; but I ascribe such tyranny to a different cause. I think the possession of power is the source of the evil. In the history of nations, I perceive the power to oppress has begat the disposition to do so, univerrally. Power was not made for man. The riches, too, which the zeal of her votaries has poured into the bosom of the church, it is evident has corrupted it, and has been the means of extending the power, and of course of increasing the evil. In beloved Acadia it was not so; there our humble pastors received but a little, and that was freely given, I mean a freewill offering; there was no exaction, nor lording it over the consciences of men. But do you not think, madam, that the church of England, when she comes to have the power, will be as intolerant?"

"I think not," said Mrs. A. "I apprehend there is a greater difference between papistry and protestantism than you imagine. I do not think there is

such a jesuitical spirit in the church of England, though I am not of that communion myself. I think its doctrines favor more of liberality than that church which is clothed with all the terrors of the inquisition. I may be mistaken, but I think the spirit of avarice and hatred to the French has prompted the unjust and oppressive measures towards the Catholics of Acadia, more than religious persecution. But, Pauline, what do you think of forbidding priests to marry? You cannot think that right, surely. Priests are like other men, and need female sympathy and society as much; and I don't see by what authority they are forbidden to seek it, and to form the most delightful of all relations in life."

"I think it right they should not marry," said Pauline, promptly, "whether they are forbidden or not."

"But, Pauline, think of the good a well-ordered family can do. Every body looks to a clergyman's wife for example, you know."

"Too well I know it," said Pauline; "and for that reason, among others, should advise them to abstain from marrying. The watchman upon the walls of Zion is not placed there to form delightful relations in life, but to rescue from impending death. He is not to entangle himself with the affairs of this world, neither. If it be true, as you say, that priests are like other men, it is lamentably true that their wives are like other women. They require the same indulgences, have the same propensity to vanity and frivolity that most females, I grieve to say, have, and which the mistaken system of female education has made an almost involuntary fault. Believe me, dear madam, that since my frequent intercourse with protestants, I have become convinced that the connection you speak of has retarded the usefulness of the minister of the gospel

more than it has promoted it. Somehow the dwelling of the clergyman favors as much of pride and state as any place one goes into. The ambition of the lady is generally to be considered the first woman in the parish, and very likely the leader of fashions; hence, while the husband is preaching humility and self-denial, and the blessing of being poor, and that God is no respecter of persons, &c., his own house is the antipode to all he recommends, the headquarters of the aristocracy of the church, the very place where the line of demarcation that excludes the poor of this world is drawn; the place where the most arrogant pretensions are assumed and allowed in persons who claim respectability solely on account of their wealth and fashion."

Mrs. Ackmoody had collected in her brain a fund of knock-down arguments with which to assail the obnoxious tenets of the church of Rome. The subject of indulgences, in particular, was one she meant to attack next, and where she doubtless would have been victorious; but the unlucky chance by which she stumbled upon the subject of forbidding to marry, &c., quite drove them from her memory. She was a woman of deep sense, of great powers of reasoning, and of elegant manners; but a mistaken education in the first place, and a mistaken fondness in the last, had made her, in her married life, just the character described, and conscience supplied the application. With her hand pressed over her eyes, she sat ruminating upon her own past life. A voice had spoken to her as Nathan did to David, and let us hope that she felt something of David's remorse. She could not but look back through the long vista of years; she remembered with now useless regret, the gentle and patient being whose usefulness she had hindered, whose fame she had tarnished, whose hopes she had withered, and whose heart she had broken by

her pride, extravagance, and perverseness. Again, in imagination, the voice of mild remonstrance sounded in her ears, and the eye that was so often turned to hers in kind expostulation or loving entreaty, seemed to look into her very soul, and a few scalding tears, unobserved, as she thought, by her guest, stole down her cheek, and she could say no more.

As no further opposition was offered to the wishes of the young man, he waited on their guest the ensuing day, flushed with the hope that the amiable but high-souled papist might become all he wished, and made an offer of his hand; when, alas! to his utter astonishment, she positively declined the offer, though with many expressions of gratitude for his favorable opinion. What the effect of the unlooked-for termination of this affair was, upon the mother or the son, we cannot tell; but the effect on Pauline was a full determination to expose herself as little as possible to such attentions in future, for most truly did it grieve her to witness the disappointment and mortification of the young man, whose disinterested attachment she felt it impossible to return.

CHAPTER XVII.

"If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I've power to shame him hence."

It was no disadvantage to Pauline to have such an addition to her family as Madam St. Pierre. The dignified manners of that lady secured her instant respect wherever seen; and the matronly part of her acquaintance, who easily discovered the foundation of Pauline's character in the upright and

correct principles of the mother, were not slow to show her many civilities, and she found her name often included in invitations to fashionable houses, to visit with her daughter. Nor was Josephine overlooked. The good sense of Madam St. Pierre, however, told her she was not in a situation to engage in a round of visiting; and that propriety as well as economy demanded she should devote her time to the concerns of the family, and live as much in retirement as possible. The extent of her recreation was in partaking in the delightful walks which her daughter often indulged in, and she highly enjoyed the fine air and fine scenery in the vicinity of the picturesque site they had chosen.

With Pauline, Madam St. Pierre delighted most to take these walks, for she was able to lead to all the best and most romantic; and her conversation, at all times a feast to her mother, on these occasions was so animated, so sensible, and instructive, that she frequently said, in listening to them, she felt lifted above the world. It was a rare sight, indeed, to see a mother watching for instruction from the lips of a daughter.

It was on one of these walks, when allured by the beauty of the flowery vales they had wandered through, they had strolled an unusually long way from home, beguiled too by the artless prattle of the two children who had accompanied them, and amused with the pranks of the little dog who gambolled before them, that, overcome with fatigue and the heat of the weather, Pauline had placed Madam on a log near the brow of a hill that commanded a view of the river, and inhaled the pure breeze that wantoned on its bosom. Seated on the bank at her feet, she was fanning herself with her bonnet, for the first time forgetful of her little charge who had wandered on a short distance be-

fore, gathering daisies and other wild flowers. Insensibly, the conversation had wandered to the subject of their sufferings and exile from their native land; and as Madam looked down upon the beautiful face of her daughter, she felt that much as she loved her, she had never realized her worth: so young, so sensible, so prudent, so modest, and yet so firm and fearless in duty. "Oh, what she thought, can speak the value of such a child!"

She had not time, however, to pursue the train of reflections ere she was interrupted by one of the children, who came running out of breath, exclaiming, "O Mamoselle Pauline! a naughty, wicked gentleman has caught Sappho, and is carrying him off." Not even stopping to put on her bonnet, which she threw upon the bank, Pauline bounded over the hill, followed by the children, and rushed to the bottom, with her face flushed and hair dishevelled in the wind, and in a moment found herself face to face with Colonel Winslow. Amiable, forgiving, and pious as she was, there was something in the sight of this man that called up all the resentment her nature was capable of, and she demanded, with something approaching to hauteur, the release of the little quadruped.

Colonel Winslow, who was holding the struggling dog in his arms, seemed no way inclined to give up his prize, saying, "the dog had been lost some time before in the streets of Boston, by one of his family."

"The dog, Sir, is mine," replied Pauline, "and you will be good enough to restore him, I hope, to the rightful owner."

"He belongs to me, young woman," said the Colonel, somewhat fiercely; "I brought him from Nova Scotia some years ago."

"He was mine, Sir, before you ever came there," said Pauline, trembling with emotion; "mine, be-

fore the ruthless foot of British soldier trod my father's lands; mine, before a people enjoying comfort and affluence, were driven out to misery and beggary."

"But not before your fathers instigated those hellhounds, the Tarratine Indians, to commit such butcheries on our borders, I presume," said the Colonel, with a contemptuous sneer.

"They never did so," exclaimed a new voice, as the tall and stately person of Madam St. Pierre drew up beside her daughter; "the vengeful passions of that savage race were excited by your own want of good faith."

"Well, I am not in the habit of disputing political subjects with women, and especially with half a dozen at a time; but the dog I must take the liberty to carry home," said the Colonel. He turned off and was walking away; but the agitated Pauline springing before him, arrested his steps, while she firmly repeated,

"Colonel Winslow, let it suffice to have separated husbands and wives, parents and children, and brethren and sisters. Methinks you have cruelty enough to reflect upon for the remainder of your days, without the poor addition of stealing a dog."

"Insolence!" said the Colonel. "Why, woman, who are you?" with that peculiar stare of effrontery that the little great of this world sometimes assume, in order to awe their inferiors. But the Colonel reckoned without his host in this instance; for the blood of Louis, though under excellent control in general, was up in arms, and she answered with firmness,

"One who feared not to tell you the truth while surrounded by your myrmidons, and the sword was suspended over her head, and who would not take your burdened conscience for all the honors you will ever arrive at."

"By heaven! this is too much," said the Colonel. "Woman, you shall repent." Involuntarily, he laid his hand upon his sword, and the movement giving little Sappho one chance, he sprang and was out of sight in a moment.

"Oh, he is gone!" exclaimed Pauline, wringing her hands; "my poor little fellow, I shall never see thee again."

"Don't mind it, my child," said the alarmed mother, drawing the arm of her daughter through her own. "The sight of us must doubtless be an offence to those who have destroyed us. Your sword, gracious Sir," turning to the incensed Colonel, "might once have done us service; better we should all have been slaughtered, than dealt by as we have." So saying, she walked rapidly away, drawing the reluctant Pauline along with her, who could not help, however, now and then stealing a look over her shoulder, in hopes to catch a glimpse of her lost favorite; and she who saw herself driven forever from her home and country with such surpassing fortitude, actually shed tears at the loss of a dog. So strange is human nature.

Wearied and distressed, the two ladies at length regained their home, where they decided to say nothing about the events of the morning, Madam thinking it would alarm Josephine, who was very timid, and perhaps distress poor old Gasper with needless fears; for she could not but think upon reflection, that Colonel Winslow, in his cooler moments, would feel ashamed of having exhibited resentment upon so trifling an occasion.

What the reflections of that gallant officer were, we have no means of ascertaining; but as he had no doubt often secretly blessed himself that he got out of that ravaged country alive, it is not improbable that the idea of the latent spirit that dwelt in the bosoms of that exiled race, somewhat awed

him: for certain it was, he took good care to keep out of their way ever after. And though his menacing look haunted our heroine for many days, yet the countenance that wore it, never again appeared in her sight.

Pauline, upon entering, threw herself in a chair in no very enviable frame of mind. There lay the cushion upon which her little dumb favorite used to repose, and there stood the cup of water to which he always ran first upon entering the house after their long walks. The idea that some one might be cruel to him on her account, silly as such an idea would have appeared in any other person, more than once crossed her mind. But, resolving to shake off the painful feelings the loss of her dog had occasioned, and, above all, the irritated ones that the unexpected sight of their ancient foe had awakened, she arose to hang up their bonnets in the little recess at the end of the room; and there, in a dark corner of it, half hidden by a shawl he had contrived to creep under, lay little Sappho, trembling like an aspen leaf. With true canine sagacity, he had sought his home by a circuitous route, and arrived long before his mistress; but such was his fright, that he never offered to follow any of them on a walk for a long time afterwards.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Thus, when the good man dies,
Ere yet the everlasting gates unfold,
Shall light prophetic dawn upon his soul,"

The days of old Gasper drew towards a close. More than fourscore years had whitened his head,

and we may truly say, that more than the sorrows of a century had been measured out to him. Bereft of sight for many years, exiled in his old age from his native land, deprived of all his children, and now about to lay his bones in a land of strangers. Yet had his confidence in God suffered no diminution; the language of his lips and heart had been, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" and that great Being whom he had faithfully served, did not desert him now. Not a shade dimmed the brightness of his prospects, not a shadow intervened between him and immortality. The promise that "whosoever will do his will, shall know of the doctrines, whether they be of man or of God," was abundantly fulfilled in his case. He was asked whether "they should try to procure a priest of his church to administer the last rites of religion?" but he shook his head, saying, "I have no need, the great High Priest is with me." You will ask, perhaps, "if he died a Catholic?" It is probable he did not think of religious distinctions; for it is only when death appears at a distance, that we have leisure for that.

All the family of the venerable man watched him with affectionate interest; but there was one who felt more than all the rest, though she would not sadden the last hours of the departing saint by useless lamentation. Often would the dying patriarch lay his hand upon her head and bless her, imploring heaven "that its choicest mercies might be showered upon her; that all she had been to him might come up in remembrance before God: and that as she had thus by his providence been brought to this land, she might like Joseph, in the day of trial, be found a blessing to her brethren, and also to the people among whom God had placed her."

And often, very often did he pray, "that the

evil that had been wrought them, might not be avenged upon this people, but that they might be pardoned for their share of the guilt, and visited in ages to come with the special mercies of the Most High; that every man might be permitted to sit under his own vine and figtree, with none to make them afraid; and that the Lord would pour out blessings upon this land there should not be room to receive." This was the climax of christian feeling. "Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that scornfully and despitefully use you and persecute you," was the command of our blessed Saviour. But how few are equal to this thing!

It was on one of the finest days of summer, that the venerable old man, professing to feel himself much revived, expressed a wish to be carried out to enjoy the air. Refreshed and invigorated by the breeze, he then insisted upon ascending the green hill that rose just by their habitation. "I wish once more," said he, "to feel the reviving influence of the sun before I go to that world where the Lamb shall be the light thereof." His requests were law to the family and to the kind neighbors, their countrymen, who usually assisted them on these occasions, and though feeling it was rather too far for one so much exhausted, they nevertheless continued slowly and gently to bear him to the eminence.

"Oh my dear grandfather," said Pauline, when they had softly sat him down, "how I wish you could see this enchanting landscape; the beautiful river in front, and charming islands that encircle the harbor; the whole peninsular lies before us as a map, and Boston, with its glittering spires, its splendid edifices, and forest of masts; and then the numberless little creeks, the streams that empty themselves into this river; the long promontory

that runs so far into the sea; the hill behind us, and numerous heights around; the little city below; the towns in the distance; the outward bound vessels, lessening every moment as they recede; the fort; and then the sea! the sea! the dark green sea!"—and the enraptured Pauline was running herself almost out-of breath, when suddenly she was stopped by feeling the arm that rested on hers quiver. She looked at her grandfather: his whole frame was quaking in a manner she had never witnessed before; his eyes were closed. She could not speak—an awful sensation of she knew not what, shut her lips. The tall figure of the patriarch rose slowly from the chair, and his arms were stretched out towards the East, where lay the city opposite, while he repeated,

"Blessed art thou! Thou hast been first to afflict, thou shalt be first to feel the hand of the oppressor. The sufferings of our race shall be atoned for in thee. Thy sons shall be dragged into captivity, and thy daughters mourn in sackcloth. Widows and orphans yet unborn shall rue the punishment of this sin thou hast committed. But blessed art thou! for out of thee shall come forth a light that shall enlighten all the land. The ground whereon I stand is shaken. I hear the roar of battle, and feel the shock of contending armies.

"From the East to the pathless solitudes of the far West, they come as doves to their windows. The Star of Freedom lights them on the way. There is a waving of standards, and gleaming of arms. The sea is covered with the ships of hostile navies. The flames of the city below me are towering towards heaven, and calling down vengeance, while the cries of the wounded and groans of the dying ring in my ears!

"But who is he approaching in the distance, glorious in the panoply of truth, leader of the ar-

mies of freedom, but the angel of death to the legions of despotism? They fall before him like the grain before the scythe of the mower. But, alas! they crowd—they rush upon—they surround him! What power shall aid? Where is my country? where? — — — She comes! she comes! the flower de luce, the standard of the Bourbons! France to the rescue! France to the rescue!" shouted the patriarch, in a voice whose shrill tones rang clear and distinct o'er the waters of Charles river, as he fell back into the arms of his family and expired. A silence as of death ensued—not a word was spoken. In holy awe and chastened submission each head was bent as they slowly bore him from BUNKER'S HILL. — — — — —

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"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." No gilded coffin, nor nodding plumes, nor muffled drum, nor soldiers with arms reversed, accompanied to their last home the earthly remains of him whose immortal part had passed into the heavens; but a long line of "the poor of this world," of exiles from their native land, of persons whose hearts had been broken, whose spirits and energies had been crushed under the iron car of despotism, whose hopes and ambition had fled together, and most of whom wished the lot of the dead had been theirs, in slow and solemn array followed the lowly bier. The mourning family deeply felt the loss of him who for so many years had been their guide and counsellor, and their tears attested their sense of the bereavement; but there was one exception, one individual among those mourners, whose firm and elastic step spoke more than resignation: there was an animation, an elevation of spirit about her, amazing to those who had witnessed the deep interest and affectionate solicitude with which she had

regarded the departed. Some there were, almost ready to accuse her of want of feeling, until the service of the grave commenced, when the clasped hands, raised eyes, look of holy trust, and perfect resignation, convinced them it was something very remote from insensibility.

There was a vacuum in the family of our exiles, created by the death of the venerable St. Pierre, that was felt by all, though there could be no lamentation for the glorious exit of one whose whole life, as well as his death, was a triumph.

Of the remarkable circumstances attending his exit, but little was said openly. Among their brother exiles, however, it was often discussed, and like the people of old time, they "wondered what these things should mean?" and various conjectures were hazarded as to the solution. Often, of a winter's evening, would a company of those who had given over all hope of ever revisiting their native land, assemble at the fireside of Madam St. Pierre, and, in half whispers, talk over the mysterious and exciting subject; and some would even imagine they discovered in the signs of the times a coming fulfillment of the prophecy, but very dark indeed were some of their solutions. Others manifested quite an impatience, and with that unbelieving race that asks "where is the promise of his coming?" were ready to despond.

It was on such occasions, that Pauline would remind them that the prophecies of old times were not fulfilled in a moment; that ages had rolled away before many of them were even understood; and with sweet persuasion she would chide their unbelief, and exhort them to renewed confidence and trust in Him, whose wisdom and mercy she believed would yet be made manifest.

Happy would it have been for this most unfortunate people, if they could early have been persua-

ded of the wisdom of quiet submission and contentment in the land where the Lord their God had brought them. The fate of those who eluded the authorities of the province of Massachusetts, and fled, in the foolish expectation of regaining their native place, was peculiarly hard. Few of them lived to cross the border again, and of those who attempted it successfully, their sufferings must have been dreadful. Obliged to skulk in the forests by day, and often encamp in some swamp by night, constantly afraid of being surprised and compelled to return, they had little to comfort them except the occasional hospitality of their Indian friends. Many of those had some knowledge of their language, and many were believers in their religion; and they probably received that pity and assistance from them they might have solicited in vain from the provincials: for such was the fatal prejudice against every thing French, that they would most probably have been immediately informed against, and by that means stopped on their journey and sent back. Against all risks of this kind, the wandering Acadians were guarded; and stopping occasionally to procure food and bury their dead, who, alas! dropped on their path like leaves in autumn, they at length surmounted the difficulties of the way from Boston to New Brunswick.

It has been supposed by many, that the remnant of this people, who wandered back at that time, formed the first settlement of the Madawaska, to which scattered companies, secreted in the woods, occasionally joined themselves. Various places in the wide forests of New Brunswick and the disputed territory, show signs of having once been the retreat of these unfortunate people. In particular, the one not far from Mars Hill, where there is a very considerable burial place, and the remains of some of the rude crosses on the graves are still to be seen.

We must now leave the interesting family of St. Pierre for a period of fifteen years, that is, from the capture of Quebec, in the year 1760, to the commencement of the revolutionary war, just stopping to narrate that, immediately after the first mentioned event, or, rather, after the peace that followed it, Pauline became connected in marriage with a young French gentleman, who had formerly resided in the Canadas, the Chevalier D——. This lady, who had uniformly persisted in freezing all her English lovers out doors, somehow, no one can tell, surrendered her heart at once to the amiable and elegant Frenchman, and with the full and joyful approbation of all her friends, married him. The courtship was a short one, but she had no reason to repent her choice. Her husband shortly after went to France to settle some business, and then returned and removed his wife to Philadelphia, where he had some connections. By this means, Pauline and her two eldest surviving brothers became neighbors. One of them had married a daughter of Captain Cummings, and the other a descendant of Renne Le Blanc, and were both in easy circumstances. Ferdinand and his young wife preferred Boston, and the youngest son of Madam St. Pierre, who married there. Madam agreed to reside alternately with her children; but as Josephine had always been quite a pet, she still continued to monopolize most of her mother's society.

Of Louis the elder, no certain tidings had been heard. A report had reached them that he had been in Canada, and went to France at the capture of Quebec, and died on the passage out. As a price had been set upon his head, he dared not come into the British provinces.

We must now stop a few moments to speak of the affairs at Acadia, or Nova Scotia, after the departure of those whose banishment we have narra-

ted. The proceedings of the English and provincials towards the remnant left behind, were marked with more severity even than to the former; resenting as they did the attempt to elude them, when the seven thousand were sent away. The woods were scoured, and every effort made to hunt up the residue. As we stated before, a very considerable number escaped to the Canadas; many perished in the woods, and some encamped with the Indians, and finally became incorporated with the tribes; others, becoming famished in their hiding-places, came forward and surrendered, rather than perish by starvation; and others again were found and pounced upon by the British soldiery. Of these two last, the whole number were conveyed to Halifax, prisoners. What were the tender mercies of the victors towards them during the six years they were kept in that region; or, in plain English, in what way they lived, we are not able to say, since history makes no further mention of them until 1761, the time the French captured the town of St. Johns, when, fearing a rescue from their proximity, it was deemed expedient to send them out of Nova Scotia. Accordingly, these poor, persecuted beings were all embarked and sent to Boston, and ahead of them went despatches from the Governor or President of Nova Scotia, to Governor Barnard, the then Governor of Massachusetts Bay, politely "requesting" him, in a manner that amounted to a command, "to make arrangements for their settlement in that province."

Now, the authorities of Boston had long began to weary of a game in which they were always sure to be losers. The vast expense attending the reception of the first company, who, as we before stated, mostly became a public charge, had never been remunerated by the parent government, to say nothing of all the expenses of raising forces, fitting

out vessels, and other expensive arrangements attending this unholy expedition, for which a very limited compensation had been granted; and they very wisely concluded now, it was time for them to make a stand.* Anticipating then the immediate arrival of the vessels, they assembled in General Court to consult what was to be done; and the first thing was to send word for the transports to anchor under the guns of Castle William while their consultations were going on.

The Bostonians even then appear to have had some idea of doing business on their own hook; for, after short consultation, they very positively forbade the exiles to be landed, and directed the Governor "on no account to permit such another burden to fall on the people."

A report of these proceedings were despatched without delay by Governor Barnard "to General Amherst, commander of his Majesty's forces in Nova Scotia." But the Bostonians took especial care to show the transports out of the harbor, and have them reach Halifax again before another order could reach them.

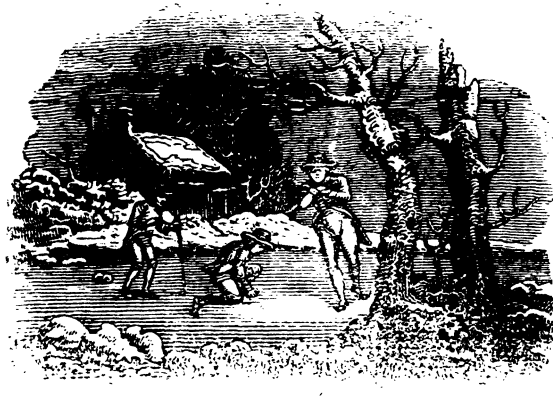
No doubt there would have been trouble about this between their high mightinesses of the two provinces, had it not so chanced that by the time the poor Acadians reached Nova Scotia again, the French forces had quit the country, after doing all the mischief they could at the time, namely: they captured two English settlements at Newfoundland, which they razed to the ground; they captured the town of St. Johns, carrying off a company of soldiers prisoners of war, "with the officers and crew of his Majesty's ship Gramont."

On the tenth of the February following, 1762, another peace was patched up between the French

* Subsequently, this debt was paid.

and English, by which the French monarch renounced and guaranteed all his possessions in North America to the English. This proved the death of hope to the forlorn Acadians, and set the seal to their fate forever!

END OF VOLUME ONE.



Amusements of the Acadians.