

Bay of Chcbucto, since known as Halifax harbor, which had been chosen as the rendezvous of the fleet. An English prisoner who had boasted that he was acquainted with the coast, was forced to act as pilot on penalty of being tossed overboard with a couple of cannon balls at his feet. Before nightfall the three ships cast anchor within the spacious harbor, after a disastrous and protracted voyage of ninety-one days. Only one of his ships, a transport, was awaiting him when he arrived. Three ships of the line and a frigate that had been detached some time before to convoy some merchantmen to the West Indies, had been ordered to rejoin the squadron at Chcbucto. They had arrived there some time previously, but not finding the belated fleet, had sailed for France only a few days before.

D'Anville was broken-hearted. His misfortunes and the weight of responsibility had affected him deeply, and were now become unbearable. He saw about him but four shattered ships of that grand armada that had so confidently hoisted sails at Brest. What had become of the others, he knew not. Disease was rapidly unmanning his ships. The very curse of heaven seemed to follow him. He was a brave man, and an eye-witness says he had borne the reverses with manly fortitude. Now, however, only ruin was before him. At two o'clock on the night of September 27th he suddenly died, probably of apoplexy. There were those, however, in the fleet who whispered that poison had ended his many troubles.

On the afternoon of the same day several ships entered the harbour and cast anchor. It was the vice-admiral d'Estournal with another portion of the scattered fleet.

On the following morning at dawn, a solitary boat bearing a dead body and a number of officers pulled to Isle Raquette, now George's Island, and there beneath the trees were unceremoniously laid the remains of the unhappy commander. His heart was removed and subsequently deposited in the tomb of his ancestors. The name of the island was changed to Isle d'Anville, and the Indians were instructed never to speak of it save by that name.

A council of war was summoned to meet on the vice-admiral's ship, "Le Trident," on the day succeeding the burial of d'Anville, in order to discuss the situation and form plans. The frightful condition of the fleet was patent to all. Only some seven ships of the line remained, the admiral was dead, and the men were dying by hundreds.