

full about noon, and with the tide came in the English ships. Knowing the anchorage, they came right into the river's mouth, in a long, ominously silent line. The mixed rabble of Le Loutre crowded low behind their breastworks; and hundreds of eager eyes on Beauséjour strained their sight to catch the first flash of the battle.

"Do you see that little knoll yonder with the poppies on it?" said Pierre to his father and the sergeant. "Let's go over there and hide in the bushes, and we can see twice as well as we can from here. There's a little creek makes round it on the far side, and we'll be just as safe as here!"

"Yes," responded the sergeant, "it's a fine advanced post. We'll just slip down round the foot of the hill as if we were bound for the dykes, so there won't be a crowd following us."

As the three sped rapidly across the marsh, Antoine Lecorbeau said significantly to his son:

"Do you see how these English spare our people? They haven't fired a single big gun, yet with the metal on board their ships they could knock those breastworks and the men behind them into splinters. They could batter down the dyke, and let the tide right in on them."

"Aye!" "aye!" assented the old sergeant, "they're a brave foe, and I would we could have a brush with them. They're landing now, without firing a shot!"

At this moment the irregular firing from the breastwork grew more rapid and sustained, and our three adventurers hurried into the knoll, eager for a better view. They found the post already occupied by half a dozen interested villagers, who paid no attention to the new arrivals.

By this time the English boats had reached the water's edge. On this occasion Major Lawrence had nearly eight hundred men at his command, and was resolved to carry his enterprise to a successful issue. The troops did not wait to form, under the now galling fire from the breastwork, but swarmed up the red slope in loose skirmishing order, pouring in a hot dropping fire as they ran. As they reached the dyke a ringing cheer broke out, and they dashed at the awkward and slippery steep.

A few reached the top, and for a moment the English colours crowned the embankment. But at the same time the painted defenders rose with a yell, and beat

back their assailants with gun-stock and hatchet. The red flag was seized by a tall savage, and Pierre gave a little cry of excitement as he thought the enemies' colours were captured. But his enthusiasm was premature. The stripling who carried the colours, finding no chance to use his sword, grasped the Indian about the waist and dragged him off the dyke, when he was promptly made captive.

Now the English withdrew a few paces, held back with difficulty by their officers, and one, whom the watchers on the knoll took for Lawrence himself, was seen giving orders, standing with his back half turned to the breastwork, as undisturbed as if the shower of Micmac bullets were a snow-storm. Presently the red-coats charged again, this time slowly and silently, in long, regular lines.

"Ah!" exclaimed the sergeant, under his breath, "they'll go through this time. That advance means business!"

In fact, they *did* go through. At the very foot of the dyke a single volley flashed forth along the whole line, momentarily clearing the top of the barrier. The next instant the dyke was covered with scarlet figures. Along its crest there was a brief struggle, hand to hand, and then the braves of Le Loutre were seen fleeing through the smoke.

The Missaguash is a stream with as many windings as the torrid Minudie; and about half a mile beyond the lines which the English had just carried the contortions of the channel brought another and almost parallel ridge of dyke. Over this the flying rout of Micmacs and Acadians clambered with alacrity, while the English forces halted where they found themselves.

To the little knot of watchers on the knoll the contest had seemed too brief, the defeat of their people most inglorious.

"As a fighting man Monsieur the Abbé makes rather a poor show, however good he may be at burning people's houses!" exclaimed Pierre, in a voice that trembled with a mixture of enthusiasm for the cause and scorn for him who had it in charge.

"You will find, my son," said Lecorbeau, sententiously, "that the cruel and pitiless are often without real courage!"

"Oh!" laughed the old sergeant, "I'll wager my boots that His Reverence is not in the fight at all. It's likely one of his understrappers, Father Germain, perhaps, or that cut-throat half-breed, Etienne Le Bâtard, or Father Laberne, or the big