

going to follow this up by the utter devastation of the English colonies. Even Boston itself should be laid waste.

Never had news before sent such anxious thrill along the Atlantic seaboard as did this. Nor strangely so. France, all the winter through, had been equipping an expedition such as none had ever seen in American waters. This expedition succeeded in getting unobserved away from Brest. The Viceroy of Canada, too, had gathered a thousand men or more to act in conjunction with its arrival. But again accident or other intervention decided the issue. Such passage as was met with, the oldest sea-dog aboard had never known. For days the fleet would lie becalmed, then, suddenly, storms arose that threatened every ship's undoing. Not till September did they draw near to Nova Scotia. By that time, fever within and storm without had left them with twelve hundred men less than when they sailed.

But by far the wildest gale of all was awaiting them within sight of the land they sought. On the second of the month it met them off Cape Sable, and, driving some of them back to France, sent others under, and tossed the noblest of their navy till they tumbled helplessly in the sea.

When the admiral, Duc d'Anville, arrived in Halifax, he found that M. de Conflans, commander of the West India fleet, tired of waiting, had sailed for home a few days before with four large ships-of-war. Then, seeing that only two of his own immense fleet was harboured with him, and knowing that half the men aboard of these were starved and fever-stricken, it was too much for him, and poison or apoplexy ended his anxiety.

That same day, D'Estourville, vice-admiral, reached the rendezvous, heard what had happened,

took over the command, and soon after committed suicide in a delirium of fever.

Nor was he alone in his fever. Hundreds of miserable men were perishing in hastily thrown-up sheds ashore. Those who survived owed their lives to Britain's Acadian subjects whose lands the stricken ones had come to conquer. When, at last, all that were left of these set sail for France, another hurricane caught them in November, and only the sorriest remnant ultimately anchored in French harbours.

But by the spring that followed another large armament was ready for America. This one, however, Warren and Anson met off Finisterre and early ended its career.

Then, such sometimes is the irony of fate, what France had so utterly failed to win by force, was handed over by her enemy through the pessimistic outlook of a consumptive, discontented commodore named Knowles. This man had been called from the sunny south to the governorship of Louisbourg. Distressed by its fogs and frosts, he sent such description of Cape Breton to England, that wise officialdom came to regard the place as only fit for fishing or for Frenchmen.

So all New England's efforts went for naught, and, at Aix-la-Chapelle, Cape Breton was given back to France. Four years after the siege in which so much brave New England blood was shed, a French governor sat again in the citadel, and set about the old game of intermeddling with the Acadians. Two years later, Count de Raymond, a tool prepared to priest La Loutre's liking, diligently tried to stir up strife. Then France seized the isthmus between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Not, however, till four years after that was war declared. But nothing