

tion having been taken, the English could not succeed in landing their artillery.

The English appear to have been out-generalled in every direction, and to have been placed in an awkward predicament. They were unable to reach the position they required in order to operate effectually against the fort, and had, moreover, the mortification of seeing the French making trenches in the very place where it had been proposed to draw up the attacking forces. The Indians and <sup>French</sup> kept up a constant fire, and were worrying the British on every side. On the afternoon of the 24th August, forty or fifty men were sent down to the river for the purpose of procuring some thatch for the covering of the tents, but nine of the party wandered into an ambuscade, and were all killed. Col. Wainwright, writing about this time to his friends in Boston, confesses that his forces were in a very awkward strait. "If we had the transports with us, it would be impossible without a miracle to recover the ground on the other side, and I believe the French have additional strength every day. In fine, most of the forces are in a distressed state, some in body and some in mind; and the longer they are kept here on the cold ground, the longer it will grow upon them; and I fear the further we proceed the worse the event. God help us!"

The next day, the 25th, the English were obliged to take up another position, and commenced to erect batteries for cannons and mortars, but Subercase forced them to retire to another place, half a league lower down. Even here, however, they were so harassed by the French and Indians, that they were compelled to make another move, to a point where they were out of the reach of the cannon of the fort. On the 29th the English re-embarked, with the intention of making an effort to reach the other side of the river, but Subercase suspected their design, and made his preparations accordingly. At sunrise, on the last day of the month, the English troops landed under the protection of the guns of the fleet, and commenced their march in the direction of a point of land thickly covered with wood. Here the Baron St. Castine was awaiting their arrival with a force of a hundred and fifty men, and the moment they came

within pistol shot, he ordered his men to open on them. For a few minutes the English were disposed to force their way forward, but as the fire of the French did not appear to slacken, and they were ignorant of the number of the enemy in ambush, they began to retreat toward the shallows on the shore. Chevalier de la Boulardière <sup>re</sup> was detailed by Subercase to attack the retreating forces, but he was getting rather the worst of the encounter—having received several severe wounds himself—when St. Castine and Saillant came to the rescue. A hot contest then ensued, and the two last-mentioned officers were both wounded—the latter mortally. Finally the English succeeded in embarking after having suffered very severe losses, and in the course of the next day left the basin. The New Englanders were naturally much dejected at the second failure of an expedition which had cost them so much money, but they did not attempt a third attack till some years afterwards, when they were finally rewarded with success.

The elder St. Castine now disappears from history. After the events just narrated, he appears to have left Acadia and taken up his residence in Bearn, where he soon died at an advanced age. Anselme, his son by his Indian Baroness, however, remained in Acadia, and assisted in the defence of Port Royal, when it fell before the New Englanders, under Nicholson. He was married at that place on the 31st October, 1707 to Charlotte D'Amours, the daughter of Louis D'Amours, Sieur de Chauffours. In 1711 he was appointed by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, then Governor of Canada, provisional lieutenant of the king in Acadia. He was taken prisoner on one occasion by the New Englanders, but he succeeded in effecting his escape, and reaching France, where, however, he did not long remain. His Indian propensities soon asserted themselves, and carried him back to America, where we hear of him from time to time up to 1730, when he disappears from sight among the Abenakis. The name of Castine, however, still clings to a town of the sea-board of Maine, situated on the same peninsula where the Baron lived in rude state for so many years among his savage retainers.

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in 1710.