

scrupulous employers. One morning the sentries on Fort Lawrence were somewhat surprised to see one who was apparently an officer from the garrison of Beauséjour, with several followers, approaching the banks of the Missaguash with a flag of truce. The party reached the dyke, and the bearer of the flag waved it as if desiring to hold a parley. His followers remained behind at a respectful distance, standing knee-deep in the heavy aftermath of the fertile marsh.

In prompt response to this advance, Captain Howe and several companions, under a white flag, set out from Fort Lawrence to see what was wanted. When Howe reached the river he detected something in the supposed officer's dress and language which excited his suspicions of the man's good faith; and he turned away as if to retrace his steps. Instantly there flashed out a volley of musketry from behind the dyke on the further shore, and the beloved young Captain fell mortally wounded. The pretended officer was one of Le Loutre's supporters, the Micmac chief, Jean Baptiste Cope; and the fatal volley came from a band of Micmacs who had under cover of darkness concealed themselves behind the dyke.

The assassins kept up a sharp fire on the rest of the English party but failed to prevent them from carrying off their dying captain to the fort. The scene had been witnessed with horror by the French forces on Beauséjour, and their officers sent to Fort Lawrence to express their angry reprobation of the atrocious deed. They openly laid it to the charge of Le Loutre, declaring that such a man is capable of anything; and for a few weeks Le Loutre did not care to show himself at Beauséjour. At last he came, and met the accusations of the French officers with the most solemn declaration that the whole thing had been done without his knowledge or sanction. The Indians, he swore, had done it by reason of their misguided but fervent religious zeal, to take vengeance on Howe for something he was reported to have said injurious and disrespectful to the Church. "The zeal of my

flock," said he, solemnly, "is, perhaps something too rash, but it springs from ardent and simple natures!"

"Ay! ay!" said the old sergeant to his companions-in-arms, when he heard of the Abbé's explanations, "but I happened to recognize His Reverence myself in the party that did the murder."

There were many more on Beauséjour whose eyes had revealed to them the same truth as that so bluntly stated by the sergeant. But the Abbé was most useful,—was, in fact, necessary, to do those deeds which no one else would stoop to; and therefore his explanation was accepted. At this time, moreover, there was a work to be done at Beauséjour requiring the assistance of the Abbé's methods. Orders had been sent from Quebec that a



"But failed to prevent them carrying off their dying captain"

strong fort should straightaway be built at Beausejour, as an off-set to Fort Lawrence. And this fort was to be built by the ill-fated Acadians.

The labour of the Acadians was supposed to be voluntary. That is, they were invited to assist, without pay other than daily rations; and those who appeared reluctant were presently interviewed by the indefatigable and invaluable Le Loutre. His persuasions, with blood-thirsty Indians in the background, invariably produced their effect. To be sure, there was money sent from Quebec for payment of the labourers; but the authorities at Beauséjour, having Le Loutre to depend upon, found it more satisfactory to put this money in their own pockets.

With his customary foresight, Antoine Lecorbeau had promptly evinced his will-