

assailants; but they rallied, and went over the barrier like a scarlet wave. The dyke was much easier to scale when thus approached on the landward side.

And now ensued a fierce hand-to-hand struggle. The spectators could hardly contain their excitement as they saw their party, fighting doggedly, forced back step by step to the edge of the water. Some, slipping in the ooze of the retreating tide, fell and were carried down by the current. These soon swam ashore,—discreetly landing on the further side of the river. The rest, seeing the struggle hopeless, now broke and fled with a celerity that

the English could not hope to rival. Along the flats, for perhaps a mile, a detachment of the English pursued them, till a bugle sounded their recall. Then Major Lawrence, finding himself master of the field, directed his march to that low hill where he had encamped the previous spring; and a fatigue party was set to repair the dyke.

On this hill the English proceeded to erect a fortified post, which they called Fort Lawrence; and in an incredibly short time the red flag was waving from its battlements, not three miles distant from Beauséjour, and an abiding provocation to the hot-headed soldiery of France. As for Le Loutre, after his disastrous repulse he yielded to the inevitable, and gave up all thought of preventing the establishment of Fort Lawrence. But he was not discouraged; he was merely changing his tactics.

The Missaguash being the dividing line between the two powers, he caused his Acadian and Indian followers to enrage the English by petty depredations, by violations of the frontier, by attacks and ambuscades. Soon the English were provoked into retaliations; whereupon the regulars of Beauséjour found an excuse for taking part, and the turbid Missaguash became the scene of such perpetual skirmishes that its waters ran redder than ever.

Even then, there might have been ere long an attempt at reconciliation, to which end the efforts of Captain Howe were ceaselessly directed. But Le Loutre made this former impossible, by an outrage so fiendish as to call forth the execution of even his un-



"He rushed from his hiding place"—(See page 69.)