

hear that your life and health is continued, as well as that of my friend Hodgkin. For two nights I could not sleep; I felt when I looked at the letter, that I could almost see you both. I, too, am much blessed; my health is good, but I am constantly sick in my heart on account of the recent death of my eldest son. I feel that the Creator of all things has taken him from me; so I am compelled to think it is all for the best. That which is contained in the letter is true; I was certainly foolish to sell off my land, and come to this place. If the Americans had not cheated me, I would not have come here, but they bought my lands, and then would not pay me until I removed to this place; so it was not my wish to come here, but it was your own kind of people, the whiteskins. I was told that if I did not come here, I should not have any money, but if I should come here I could have a great deal. I accordingly came, but still do not get paid. I have just spent all that my friends in England gave me, and I am now poor; I did not make myself poor, but the Americans did it. That which you say, is probably true, that the government does not cheat me, but some of its servants. I was promised when leaving my old home for this place, that, on my arrival here, we should be furnished with eight yoke of oxen, and all kinds of farming utensils, but although we have been here two winters, we have not received, as yet, anything of the kind. I have just now returned from Westport, sixty miles distant, where I purchased for our use one yoke of oxen, twenty hoes, and a plough; I have also bought cows, hogs, &c. I am pleased with this country; the land is good, and the climate pleasant, but I am afraid that the U. S. will continue as they have begun—to cheat me. Probably, when I get improvements made here, the white man will again take it from me. I sometimes think that if I had removed into Canada, I should have been better off. The time is probably not far when they shall want me to plough with my foot, and use hands instead of the hoe. Since we came here, we have received but six hundred dollars of my old debt, which they owed my father. I remember that in Canada, your people always gave much to the Indians, and that when your people promised anything we were sure to receive what was promised. But here it is not so. We were promised that on our arrival here we should be fed, but we were here two months before we received anything, and we were compelled to run in debt for our food. So many failures make me think that we shall at last be cheated more and more. During the winter before last, we worked hard to clear off large fields. I sold a horse to get seeds, expecting that we should get our oxen as we were promised, but have never got any till I just now bought one yoke. The hope that we should get the oxen, &c. stimulated us to work hard; I brought with me goods to last me for several years.

I then sold all off, to enable me to enclose and cultivate a large farm, hoping that with my money which I was to receive, I could get goods for clothing again. Our clothing is given out; we have no money, and we are indeed poor. The white man comes from the Atlantic, and says to us, Go a little further. As soon as we are set-