

drew near the Grand Falls, most of the party were asleep; and the rest were deceived by the woman who told them that the roaring they heard was caused by a fall at the mouth of a stream that here joined the main river. At the critical moment the Indian woman cut the cord that fastened her canoe to the others and escaped to the shore, while the Canada Indians went over the fall and were lost.

In the early days of the settlement at Fredericton, some fellows that had come from the States used to disturb the other settlers. They procured liquor at Vanhorne's tavern and drank heavily. They lived in a log cabin which soon became a resort for bad characters. Here they formed a plot to go up the river, and plunder the settlers—provisions being their main object. They agreed that if any of their party were killed in the expedition they should prevent the discovery of their identity by putting him into a hole cut in the river. While endeavouring to effect an entrance into a settler's house, a shot was fired out of a window, wounding a young man in the leg. The others then desisted from their attempt, but cut a hole in the ice and thrust the poor fellow under who had been shot, although he begged to be allowed to die in the woods, and promised if he was found alive he would not betray them, but they would not trust him.

The narrator of the foregoing incidents, like the majority of the old loyalist matrons, evidently possessed sterling qualities which she transmitted to her descendants. To her son, Peter Fisher, who accompanied his parents to New Brunswick in 1783, appertains the honor of being our pioneer historian. A grandson, the Hon. Charles Fisher, Attorney-general of the province and Judge of the Supreme Court, has left his impress on the pages of our provincial history. Descendants of the fourth generation are now numbered among our most active and influential citizens.