

Deacon Adams, Afa Spafford, and George Robins, which gives us the sorrowful news of the death of your father Willard, who was killed by the Indians last summer a little way from the fort. Your brother Moses was stabbed in the thigh with a spear—this is all the mischief that has been done, except the Indians burnt the mills. Mr. Labarree has made his escape from Montreal, and has gone for the English fort. I should be glad to write you a fuller account of things, but it is very difficult to write. I should be glad you would write to me, to let me know how you are. So I remain your friend,

JOSIAH FOSTER.

*From Mrs. Biffon to Mrs. Johnson, after her return.*

QUEBEC, SEPT 15, 1757.

MADAM—It is with all possible pleasure I do myself the pleasure to write, and to let you know the dullness I feel since your departure. One would not imagine it, considering the little time I had the happiness to be acquainted with you. I wish I had it in my power to convince you of the truth of it, but the distance hinders us, you will know from your husband how I have done all I could to see he had done for him all the little services in my power. I pray you would salute Miss Miriam in my name, and tell her I wish her a pretty little husband at her return, worthy her merit. Embrace also your two little misses; my daughter Mary Ann assures you of her respects, and salutes kindly Miss Miriam and the two little Misses.—I beg you to enquire after my son, who I believe is taken, because he is so long