

Both Gauthier and Bugeau spoke in terms of eulogy on the capabilities of the soil. It would yield, they said, in abundance everything that man needed for subsistence, and they hoped, as time went on, to find in the generous fertility of their new fields some recompense for the losses they had suffered in leaving Acadia.

The news of Franquet's arrival had spread among the settlements on both sides of the river, and when he rose on the following morning he found a number of these settlers waiting to consult him upon the site of a church which they had resolved to build. The difference of opinion was limited to one point—whether the church should stand on the north or the south bank of the river. Both sides had agreed to argue their case before Franquet, and abide by his decision. He was nothing loath to undertake the duties of umpire, but requested that all interested in the matter should be notified to meet at *Sieur Gauthier's*, where on his return from *St. Peter's*, he would hear the question debated and give his decision.

Before these matters could be arranged the tide had begun to ebb, and portions of the shallows were beginning to appear above water. The party at once embarked, with what haste the difficulties they had to encounter would allow. Having gained the offing they proceeded up stream, noticing on the left bank the River "*Au Moulin*"—*Mill Brook*, so called from a saw-mill which an enterprising settler had erected on it. Still farther on the *Pisquid* came into view, with its numerous dwellings on either bank. The well cleared lands under cultivation, and the fields of waving grain, woke the admiration of the travellers. They were told that the settlement was an old one, and that every farmer in it enjoyed an easy competency, possessing a sufficiency of farm stock, and reaping every year from his fields enough to satisfy all his wants. The view up the *Pisquid Valley* was one to charm the eye. On the shelving sides of the valley through which the river ran, stood the log houses of the settlers, dotting the landscape with a pleasing irregularity, and by every house was its spring of fresh water. Up the slopes behind the houses lay the cultivated fields, their crops beginning to assume the ripening tints of autumn, while along the summits of these slopes