

he entered on his duties as President of the Province. This indeed was a bolt from the blue, a stinging blow to one who was the soul of honor and scrupulous to a high degree in money matters. He writes a most pathetic sympathetic letter. "Poverty I was prepared to bear, but Irving if you love me, do not by any action or word add to the sorrows of poor unfortunate William. Remember his kindness to me. Hang the world, it is not worth a thought, be generous, oh my dear boy forget the past and let us all unite in soothing the griefs of one of the best hearts heaven ever formed. Could tears restore him he would soon be happy. I sleep little, but am constrained to assume a smiling face through the day. Did it depend on myself, how gladly would I live on bread and water. William writes that no unpleasant steps will be taken to enforce the debt and says — "A Mr. Ellis lately from Canada said that sooner than anything unpleasant should happen to you, so great is his esteem and friendship for you, that he would contrive to pay the debt himself. He also said you were so beloved in Canada that your friends would, if necessary, assist you to any amount." What a relief this must have been in view of his despairing expression in another letter. "Why keep me in suspense? Are my commissions safe, or must they be sold? Can I not retain out of the wreck my two or three hundred a year? They would save us all from want, and we might retire to some corner and still be happy. Yesterday was the first truly gloomy birthday I have ever passed."

Sir Isaac, however, prepared to face the difficulty by meeting the obligations by degrees. He says that his salary for his new office is £1,000, and this he hopes to give to pay the debt. His inflexible honesty says: "I shall enclose a power of attorney, do with it what justice demands, pay as you receive," and then affection speaks, "unless, indeed, want among any of you calls for aid? in that case make use of the money and let the worst come." He had had, he said, to expend about £400 in outfits, and in his position he must entertain. In the hour of victory, on his return from Detroit, his thoughts turn to his family troubles and he writes — "When I returned Heaven thanks for my amazing success, I thought of you all. You appeared to me happy, your late sorrows forgotten. Let me know, my dear brother, that you are all united. The want of union was nearly losing this province, and be assured