

his torn raiment and shabby appearance ill-befitted a representative of Le Grand Monarque, he declined to accept the invitation. His grateful friend discovered the cause of his refusal and presented him with a suit of clothes and a handsome walking-stick, curiously wrought with silver mounting and carrying in its handle a concealed dagger. Thus equipped, the Baron was prevailed upon to appear before the Governor, and from an exiled prisoner he became a welcome guest in the city. His knowledge of seamanship gave him ready employment in Boston and here he ended his days. His grave may still be found in Roxbury.

By this time a new condition of affairs made it possible for his sons return unmolested, to their old Acadia home and at Pubnico (a corruption of the old name Pohomeoup) in Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia, they founded a settlement. In that thriving village to this day may be seen, as a treasured heirloom, the curious dagger cane presented to the old Baron, in Boston. It was one of the returned sons, Bensoni D'Entremont that we find on the deck of his schooner, at the opening of our story, in the summer of 1813, on his way from St Pierre et Miquelon with a cargo of brandy. The wind had fallen almost to a dead calm, and a mile from him he could see another in the same plight. While he looked, a boat put out from the other vessel and pulled rapidly towards him. As they drew near he saw the boat was crowded with armed men. D'Entremont's crew consisted of two Acadians and two Englishmen, without weapons of any description.

In a moment they were boarded without any pretence of resistance, and such a villainous looking crowd of cutthroats it would be hard to find elsewhere. Their vessel was a Yankee privateer, and without even bothering D'Entremont with questions as to his nationality or where his vessel was from, they bundled him into his boat with all his crew but one, whom they meant to use as a pilot.

The coast of Lockport Island was in sight, and D'Entremont's boat was headed there. They observed the privateer left a portion of his rough gang on board the "Acadie" and returned to his own vessel, which with a light breeze which sprang up, got under sail and was soon out of sight. The prize crew on the "Acadie" seemed to feel perfectly secure as they dropped anchor where they were for the night.

D'Entremont and his three men arrived at Lockport that evening and related their story. It was Sunday evening, and good Deacon Locke was on his way to "meeting," to lead in prayer and discourse on the "word," when the little knot about the forlorn sailors attracted his attention. The Deacon was a tall, spare man of tremendous strength and undoubted piety; but such a frame and such a jaw as he possessed were never meant for peaceable pursuits, entirely. The audacity of the capture within sight of land seemed to fill him with thoughtfulness.

"So the rascals even anchored with their ill-gotten gains off our coast?" he enquired.

Yes, "replied D'Entremont, "and pity it is we had not a way of letting Shelburne know where they be.