

escaped being born in Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, to be brought into the world on Saltkill's Island in Passimmaquady, Bay of Fundy, N.B. A few days after my birth I removed across the Province line to Campo Bello Island within the State of Maine, U.S. At three weeks old, we went by a sailing vessel to New York; thence by a sloop up the Hudson to Albany; next in a springless lumber-waggon over, or through (literally through) execrable roads to Youngstown on the Niagara River. Then ferried across to Queenstown, U.C., where we remained till the following spring.

Lived about two years in the Niagara Country, mostly on the Ten Mile Creek—partly at the "Lower Ten," and partly at the "Upper Ten." Just as we were about to leave that region, somewhere near the Twelve, I lost by a cruel death my best and ablest brother, Joseph. Then, in sad desolation as a family, we proceeded by a toilsome journey to the Grand River country, where we lived in two several places—at Fairchild's Creek, and on an Indian farm belonging to Chief Davis, on the river bank in the heart of the Indian country.

In 1813, father joined the army, and trailed us out to Niagara, where we witnessed the battle, a fortnight after our arrival there. Mother and we, her four youngest children, escaped out of the town during the action, and fled to the Cross Roads, four miles away, and took up our abode at the house of Mr. George

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