

of the State. He accompanied her with my father to the province; and it was during this visit that a circumstance occurred which led to very unfortunate results.

"As ill luck should have it, Gaspard heard of my sister's return, soon after it took place, and presented himself one morning to our family as they were seated at breakfast. At this time I had just returned home on a visit and saw him for the first time. He appeared somewhat altered in demeanour, he was less communicative and a deep gloom seemed settled on his face. It was not long before he understood the relations between my sister and Mr. Hamilton, but he said nothing at the time. In the course of the day he met my sister in the little garden at the rear of the cottage, and there a scene occurred which I shall not attempt to describe. At the first he spoke with unusual gentleness, but when my sister remonstrated with him on the folly of his passion, he gave full expression to his long pent-up rage, and threatened Marian and all our family with severe punishment for the insult they had given him. My eldest brother and Hamilton were close by and hastened to the spot, and then the former, incensed at some expression the young chief used, struck him. Gaspard arose, his face was contorted fearfully with passion, but with a strong effort he controlled himself, and giving a farewell look at my brother which those who saw it would never forget, disappeared through the trees. That blow was to lead to sad consequences before many months passed away.

"Subsequently my sister went to stay some weeks with the Commandant of the English Fort at Annapolis. My father—a new Commandant, having been appointed, with whom he was on very friendly terms—accompanied my sister, and it was during his absence that an event occurred which showed that the passionate and revengeful Gaspard had not forgotten the incautious blow or the insult which he conceived my family had given him when they considered him—the Black Cloud of the Abenakis and Micmacs, the son, too, of a noble Frenchman—an unfit suitor for the hand of the 'English Lily.'

"One fine August day, early in the

morning, my mother received a message from a family three miles up the river that the eldest daughter was dangerously ill, and that they would feel it an act of great kindness if she would come up and assist them with her advice; for she had a reputation among those people for considerable skill in the preparation of simple remedies which had been very efficacious in cases of prolonged sickness. Such calls on my mother's generosity were not unfrequent, and she always answered them when she was able to do so. The settlers were in the habit of constantly assisting each other; indeed, without such mutual assistance, existence in those days of early settlement, so far from large villages and towns, would have been a much harder struggle than it actually was.

"My mother left the youngest girls—twins—of nearly four years of age, in charge of a woman who had accompanied her from the mother country and remained faithful to the family in all their trials and struggles. When my mother returned in the course of the evening, she was met by the woman in a state of fearful distress. Her story was, that whilst she was occupied in household duties, the little girls were left playing on the greensward which led down to the river. As the children were accustomed to amuse themselves in the same place, almost every fine day, and never wandered to the water, the servant paid no attention to them, but remained at her work until she thought it time to call them in and give them something to eat. She went to the door but no children were to be seen; she went around the house, into the garden, to the barn, but the children made no answer. Afraid of some accident having happened to them she hastened towards the river, but before she got to the bank she heard a shrill cry borne on the wind, and, glancing in the direction whence it came, she was horrified to see, standing on the verge of the forest, the figure of a tall Indian, who held up little Patience for a moment, as if in triumph, and then vanished into the recesses of the woods. As she stood horror struck at the sight, she saw the other little girl creep from under a canoe, which was turned bottom up on the side of the narrow stream.