

SOMETIME before, there had been a French smuggling vessel upon the coast, on board of which was an artful priest* who had told the Indians that the Pope had received a letter from Jesus Christ; copies of which his Holiness had been so good as to send to them by him, for which they must pay him thirty pounds of beaver (worth about seven pounds sterling) for each copy; and if they would follow the orders in that letter, a French fleet would come at such a time, and drive the English from their country: in expectation of meeting this fleet the Indians were collected. The conditions in the letter were, "that the Indians should refrain, such a limited time, from drinking rum or cyder, (the strong liquors the English could furnish with them); they had liberty to drink claret or brandy (what the smuggler was loaded with); and that they should not let the English read one of these letters." I saw one of them hanging to a ribbon, round the neck of a chief, guarded with eight or ten folds of bark—the Indian would have parted with his life as soon as with this paper.

Then follows a very interesting account of a discussion of these matters which Smethurst held with a French apologist for them; and with this the book ends.

* The reader will have noticed evidence, more than once in the course of Smethurst's narrative, that the author possessed some prejudice against the Roman Catholics, and this fact should put us upon our guard in reading the passage above. It is wholly unlikely that any genuine priest of that church would have been guilty of such imposture as is here described; and if a

priest was concerned in it at all it must have been one of those unfrocked degenerates such as, unfortunately, every religious denomination has occasionally to acknowledge. The probabilities are very great, however, that it was the work of some unscrupulous impostor masquerading as a priest,—the natural disguise for him to assume under the circumstances.