

Not more than half a mile above where De Villebon's fort once stood, there stands a group of miserable huts, inhabited by the descendants of those very Abenakis, whose name once carried such terror to the home of many an early New England settler. In the warm summer evenings, these few poor remnants of a fading and faded race, love to gather in the open air around a bright fire and relate to one another their little experiences of uneventful life, occasionally mingled with a few faint traditions of their ancestor's deeds of valor which memory has from age to age handed down. They are a civil, harmless people, and not nearly so much addicted to strong drink as they once were.

About the first of the present month (July 1881) the writer, in company with a friend, determined to visit the Islands opposite to, or rather below the mouth of the Keswick, about seven miles above Fredericton. We enlisted the services of Gabe, who brought with him another Indian whom he called Sol, and who must have been nearly eighty years of age. He spoke but little English, and although very good natured, had but little to say. Gabe, however, made up for all his friend's defects in this respect. Before leaving, we bought a can of salmon, a couple of loaves of bread, some tea and sugar, and a tin kettle and dippers. We had each of us an Indian and a canoe, and our dusky guides soon landed us on the bosom of the Saint John, plying their paddles with a strength and speed which younger men might envy.

Gabe had a pole, so he occasionally dropped his paddle and used his pole, always, however, waiting affectionately for Sol when he had distanced the latter a hundred yards or so, saying at the same time, "I must not leave Sol behind." The balmy air, laden with the perfume of the white clover and wild flowers which grew on the river bank, rippled the blue waters of the river, obliterating the shadows which the long extended branches of the graceful elms had thrown upon the water, and rustled among the leaves as it sportively danced from bough to bough. Nature was indeed charming, in her very brightest and happiest mood, and the time passed so pleasantly that we found ourselves near the lower end of the Islands in a very short time. One of these, yet called Savage Island, was the place where, about the year 1760 or 1770, Charles Morris, then Surveyor General of Nova Scotia, saw the Great Indian Council House, built of rude poles, where, in the month of July in each year, the Abenakis met to allot to each Indian family its hunting ground.

"As we rounded a point on the west side of the river, Gabe remarked: 'It is noon; here is a good place for dinner; on that