

—to the principles in which I had been instructed, and several letters to old friends of his own, who he thought would subserve my welfare. Good old man! he has now left us since many a year.

“The young man—Gaspard Leoville—was the son of a Frenchman of respectable family, who had come out to Canada in the early part of the century, and conceiving a passionate desire for forest life, had settled among the Indians on the upper waters of the Penobscot. Like the famous Baron St. Castine, he appears to have forgotten all his old associations in the course of time, and married among the tribe, who adopted him, and made him their great “sagamore.” He had subsequently come to the peninsula of Acadia, and took a part in the campaign against the English; but he died soon after, leaving his child to the care of an old Acadian, who was much attached to his family. The Indians never forgot the parentage of the child, and frequently visited him with presents. As he grew older he would go and stay with them for months, until at last he became practised in all their forest arts.

“The young man was said to resemble his father in person, and possessed a reputation among the Indians for his reckless daring and fierceness of temper. Among the Indians he was better known as the Black Cloud—in reference to the bursts of anger which he sometimes had displayed when his wishes had been disobeyed, or his pride aroused by those among whom he lived.

“His demeanor, however, in our house was gentle in the extreme, and it was difficult at times to believe that he possessed the character attributed to him by the Acadians and Indians, who had known him long. His knowledge of English, when he first knew us, was confined to a very few words; but in the course of a few months he was able to express himself quite intelligibly. He had been coming to our place for nearly two years, when it became apparent to my mother that my sister Marian was the cause of the Chief's visits, which were sometimes as regular as once a month. The knowledge of this fact gave my parents not a little perplexity, as they were unwilling to do anything to offend so useful a

guest, as we had been entirely free from annoyances on the part of the Indians. Our crops were never touched, nor our cattle stolen, thanks to the influence of the Black Cloud. Gaspard gradually became more subdued in his manner, and showed less desire for the company of the associates he had previously sought. Indeed, after a time, we treated him just as we were accustomed to treat any of the better class of Acadians whenever they came to our house. Gaspard was proud in his way, he had never forgotten that his father had belonged to the race who had already acquired so large and valuable a portion of America, and then he was a chief of the people that still lingered by the streams where once they had been the lords and masters. But whatever good qualities he possessed were marred by his vindictiveness whenever his pride was wounded by those with whom he associated. In this respect his Indian blood predominated—for revenge is a ruling passion of the strange race who so long were the lords and masters of this continent.

“Marian at first was much amused at the evident admiration of the young chief, but after a time she was constrained to treat him with the utmost coldness, which had the effect of causing his absence for weeks; but at last he would appear to have forgotten it, and return with some present of choice fur or venison—gifts which my parents dared not refuse. Finally, it was decided that Marian should go on a long promised visit to Boston—where my mother had a brother—and stay there for some time, with the hope that the Indian would discontinue his visits and forget the proud white girl—the lily of the Equille—as she was called by the Indians.

“A year passed by and my sister remained in Boston. The chief, in the meantime, ceased his visits, and we heard that he had gone with a number of Indians to the St. John River, where the French still held possession. Then my sister thought it safe to return to her own home; but she did not return alone, for during her residence in Boston she had been betrothed, with the warm consent of my family, to a fine young man, who was Secretary to the Governor