

me, I will tell you a short story connected with myself, which I have not even told to Osborne, intimate as we have been. As we have been talking of the Indians a good deal, you will be somewhat interested in the story, for it relates to them. Of course you have often heard me say that I passed many years of my boyhood in this country, although I was born in the fine old town of Durham, so famous for its historic memories. My father was in the King's service, but about twenty years ago he was persuaded to accept an appointment at Annapolis. In consequence, however, of some disagreement with his superior officer and the authorities at home, who supported the former, he gave up his post, and having formed a deep attachment for the country, he decided to remain and cultivate an extensive tract of land which he had secured in the vicinity of the Annapolis or Equille—a beautiful river winding through a well-wooded and rich district, where many of the old Acadians were settled, and at last emptying into the Bay of Fundy, not far from the old fort of Port Royal, the earliest settlement of the French in Acadia. A comfortable dwelling had been built by a small stream flowing into the large river, and there was already a considerable tract under cultivation, as he had purchased a part of the property from an old Acadian. The land was good, the natural beauties of the situation were exquisite, for my father had a taste for the picturesque, and the only disadvantages of the situation were those arising from the visits of the Indians, who never loved the English, and the absence of familiar intercourse with people of like tastes and habits. Our nearest white neighbors were five miles off, and they were Acadians, a quiet, civil people, who were always willing to assist us when we required their aid. As to the commandant at the fort, there was a deadly feud between him and my father, who considered himself deeply wronged, and avoided all intercourse with his countrymen for some years.

"I shall pass by several years—years of hard struggling with the difficulties of a new country, always the bone of contention between the French and English. Fortunately we had little to complain of as respects the Indians, who paid us many visits,

but never injured us in any way. Our good fortune in this respect was owing in some measure to the tact and kindness displayed by my mother whenever the Indians or *habitans* came to our house; but it is questionable if we would always, during those years of earlier settlement, have got along so pleasantly with those very unreliable friends had it not been for circumstances which gave us a powerful ally among the tribe.

"One March day a party of Indians came to our house on their way to the fort, to procure provisions and clothing in exchange for furs. They had been caught in one of those heavy snow-storms not unfrequent at the close of March, when winter seems to summon all his energies for a last burst of his tempestuous wrath. Accompanying the party was a young man, tall, finely-formed, and evidently highly esteemed by the Indians. In passing a deep and rapid stream, where the ice was but imperfectly formed and rapidly rotting in the heat of the March days, he had fallen through, and was only dragged out by his companions with a great deal of difficulty. The wetting he then received, together with the subsequent exposure he was obliged to suffer, brought on a violent cold, which had settled into a fever by the time he had reached our house. He was so weak and ill that he was unable to continue his journey, and was forced to keep his bed for at least a fortnight, by which time his companions had returned from the village. My mother treated the young man with much kindness, which he seemed to appreciate, though he said but little. He possessed the Indian peculiarity, which forbids any strong display of emotion or sentiment.

"I may here state that I am unable to speak from personal knowledge of all the circumstances to which I am about to refer; for when I was in my fifteenth year I was sent home to England at the urgent request of an old uncle—a brother of my father—who was wifeless and childless, and offered to look after my future prospects. Such an offer could not well be refused by my father, who had already a family of six children growing up, and he therefore let me go with many earnest exhortations to cling—he was a non-conformist, by the way