

Fort, without much dispute, to Monsieur *Deberuel* their Chief, as I heard the Gentleman say whom I lived with, who was there present ‡. Early in the Spring I was sent, with three Frenchmen, to the Mouth of the River, for Provision which came from *Port-Royal*. We carried over Land, from the River to a large Bay, where we were driven on an Island by a North-East Storm, and were kept there seven Days, without any Sustainance, for we expected a quick Passage and carried nothing with us; the Wind continuing boisterous, so that we could not return back, and the Ice prevented our going forward: After seven Days the Ice broke up, and we went forward, tho' we were so weak that we could scarce hear each other speak; and the People at the Mouth of the River were surprized to see us so feeble; and advised us to be cautious & abstemious in eating. By this Time, I knew as much of Fasting as they, and dieted on Broth, and recovered very well, as also one of the others did; but the other two would not be advised: and I never saw any Persons in greater Torment than they were, till they obtain'd a Passage---on which they recovered.

A Friar who lived in the Family invited me to Confession, but I excused my self as well as I could. One Evening he took me into his Apartment, in the dark, and advised me to confess to him what Sins I had committed: I told him, that I could not remember a thousandth part of them (they were so numerous:) Then he bid me remember and relate as many as I could, and he would pardon them; signifying that he had a Bag to put them in. I told him that I did not believe that it was in the power of any but GOD to pardon Sin. He asked me, whether I had read the Bible? I told him that I had when I was a little Boy, so long since, that I had forgot most of it. Then he told me, that he did not pardon my Sins; but when he knew them

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Othel Fryar's  
transaction  
while I was  
among them.

‡ Our last quoted Author says, on the fourth or fifth of *August*, *Chubb* with an unaccountable Baseness did Surrender the Brave Fort of *Pemmaquid* into their Hands.

“ Unthinking Men no sort of Scruples make;  
“ And some are bad, only for Mischief's sake;  
“ But ev'n the Best are guilty by Mistake.

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