

leniency was the wiser course, and with severity when the occasion demanded it. It is related of him, that one day, while lying in his tent, a drunken Indian came in uninvited, and bending over him, knife in hand, made several pretended stabs at the prostrate trader; and would have done so in good earnest had not the captain, with his customary coolness, and knowledge of the Indian character, assumed the semblance of sleep, and refrained from making the slightest movement. After amusing himself in this way for several minutes, the Indian left; when Capt. Anderson called to his men to inquire of the fellow what he wanted? "Rum," was the reply. Anderson asked for a bottle, and on its being handed to him, knocked the Indian down with it, gave him a sound beating, and never saw him again.

It was both considerate and humane in Capt. Anderson to permit one of the American gun-boats, at the capture of Prairie du Chien, to retire down the river; and to allow the prisoners taken on the surrender of the fort, to leave on parole in the other gun-boat, under the protection of the British flag, so they should be safe from an attack on the part of Black Hawk and his warriors at the Rock River Rapids. He was afraid of the massacre of the prisoners by the rude savages serving under his banner, and took these precautions to avert so sanguinary an event.

While Capt. Anderson was himself a member of the Church of England, yet in the discharge of his duties as Indian superintendent, he uniformly respected alike the opinions and labors of Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Catholic missionaries. The welfare, spiritually and temporally, of the red man, appeared to be his controlling desire, from his engagement in the service of the Indian department to the time of his death. He frequently complained of what he considered the injustice done the Indians by the British government; and the neglect of them by the church of his fathers—to him causes of great anxiety. He was universally respected by the Indians under his supervision, and received from them many tokens of their affectionate regard. He was in every sense a good man. His death occurred at Port Hope, on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, February 16th, 1875, in the ninety-sixth year of his age, leaving two daughters and a son—the latter, Rev. G. A. Anderson, of Penetanguishine, Ontario.

L. C. D.

About the beginning of March, 1800, I left Cornwall for Montreal to join my bourgeois, Robert McKinzie, who, by the by, was bred a tailor, but had made a pile of money by the Indian trade which, as a matter of course, enabled him to take rank among the "Big Wigs" of society. I was nearly a month too early for the canoe start to commence. I had, therefore, in the meantime, to live an idle, lonely life at a boarding-house. My boss was, however, fully employed laying in his goods, engaging men, canoes, etc.