

spare no means to ruin the *mangeur de lard* or pork eater, as those in infancy in the trade were roughly called. But a blessed guardian, who, with shame I say it, I knew not; and he it was who told me that swilling hot stuff, and gambling night and day with cards, was not right. I had not seen a book of any kind since I left my dear Cornwall in March.

Lady Bartram had kindly taken control of the *cuisine* department, and separated me from her own family, for which I rejoiced. I could not, however, get used to the marks left on my floor by the papooses. The long winter from November until spring, had to be worn out; and I did my share of rambling with my gun, shooting paroquets, picking and eating pecans, and breaking through the ice with narrow escapes.

My interpreter being an old hand at intrigue and trickery, and naturally suspicious, became aware, by frequently visiting my neighbors, of their vile plots against me, and enabled me to thwart their designs. The Indians returned from their hunt, paid about twenty-five per cent on their debts, and commenced trade. When this was over, my friends (the traders) sent thirty or forty Indians, half drunk, with a worthless bear-skin, and demanded from me a keg of rum—a gallon—therefor; and, on my refusal, they threatened to break the shop door, and take it. I stepped into my room, took from under my pillow a brace of brass pistols, and came back to the kitchen, only a minute's walk. I desired the interpreter to say, that the first man who strikes the door will be shot. In the bustle to clear out, the fellows took a loaf from the bake-kettle, and another took a brand from the fire, and stuck it into the straw, with which the building was covered. On hearing of it, I rushed out, and fired after them; but they fortunately had made good time, and were out of reach.

The trade being over, I quietly packed my furs, baled my goods, and got ready, without my neighbors knowing my object. By daylight canoes and cargo were at the landing place. While the boats were being loaded, Mrs. Bartram prepared breakfast, and I had made up my mind never again to winter near to people worse than savages. I set fire to my house, and embarked, having ordered an extra rowing place, where, if necessary, I could pull an oar, and keep ahead of my *friends*.