

such malicious and slandering reports, when the whole matter was cleared up to be false by two sworn witnesses. I then left it to his option, either to sign a paper I made out for that purpose, acknowledging himself a lying, slandering villain, asking pardon in a humble, public manner; or run the risk of what would follow. Of the two he preferred the former, which saved me the trouble of anointing his back with the oil of hickory.

Capt. B.'s [Bulger's] voyage to La Baye has been a matter of discussion here amongst the learned, but no one yet has been able to surmise its real object. Even the Indians give their opinion, and some of them had the presumption to tell me to my face, that two of our chiefs ran away for fear of the Americans. By a proclamation issued some time ago, all the inhabitants of this place are requested to deliver one fourth part of all the wheat in their possession into the king's store. This appears to be a hard task for these poor, distressed people, as these orders were given out after they laid by what they could spare for seed, and the wretched remainder hardly sufficient to keep soul and body together till next harvest, which puts it out of the power of many of them to sow anything. I believe had they the means of doing it, they would all abandon the place. Hard times—two ruffles and no shirt—plenty of land and no wheat. But necessity knows no law; it is the fortune of war, and it is useless to complain.

Here we are, posted since last Fall, without news from any quarter, and destitute of provisions, sociability, harmony or good understanding. Not even a glass of grog, nor a pipe of tobacco, to pass away the time, and if a brief period don't bring a change for the better, I much dread the United Irishmen's wish will befall this place, which God forbid it should—a bad Winter, a worse Spring, a bloody Summer, and no king. Owing to scarcity of provisions here, a gloom appears on every countenance; and if ever I take an idea to resign, I mean to recommend Mr. Hurtibis to supply my place, as I think him the properest person in the time of famine, as he has no teeth. But Mr. Myeren might well spare him one of his fore tusks, which, if cut in rea-