

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN N. B., APRIL 1, 1905.

# THE MALISEETS ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER IN THE DAYS OF OLD.

Life of the Indians Described, and Many Interesting Facts of History Recorded in Part 2 of Rev. W. O. Raymond's Series of Articles—The Indian Method of Hunting.

Chapter 1.  
The Maliseets (Continued).  
By the Rev. W. O. Raymond.

The situation of the Maliseets on the River St. John was not without its advantages. They were not a living as a tribe of savages in Canada. Remote from the path of the fur trader they hunted in safety. Their forests were filled with game, the rivers teemed with fish and the lakes with water fowl; the sea shore was easy of access, the intervals and islands were naturally adapted to the cultivation of Indian corn, wild grapes grew luxuriantly along the river banks, there were berries in the woods and the saguam (or Indian potato) was abundant. Communication with all parts of the surrounding country was easily had by means of the short portages that separated the sources of intersecting rivers and with his light bark canoe the Indian could travel in any direction his necessity or his caprice might dictate.

**Maliseet and Maliseet Manners.**  
The characteristics of the Indians of Acadia, whether Micmacs or Maliseets, were in the main identical; usually they were closely allied and not infrequently intermarried. Their manners and habits have been described with much fidelity by Champlain, Lesarbot, Denys and other early explorers. Equally accurate and interesting is the graphic description of the savages contained in the narrative of the Jesuit missionary Pierre Biard, who came to America in 1611 and during his sojourn visited the St. John River and places adjacent making Port Royal his headquarters. His narrative, "A Relation of New France, of its Lands, Nature of the Country and of its Inhabitants," was printed at Lyons in 1616. A few extracts, taken from the splendid edition of the Jesuit Relations recently published at Cleveland, will suffice to show that Pierre Biard was not only an intelligent observer but that he handled the pen of a ready writer. "I have said before," he observes, "that the whole country is simply an interminable forest; for there are no open spaces except upon the margin of the sea, lakes and rivers. In several places we found the grape and wild vines which ripened in their season. It was not always the best ground where we found them, being full of sand and gravel like that of Bourdeaux. There are a great many of these grapes at St. John River in 40 degrees of latitude, where also are to be seen many walnuts (or butternuts), and hazel trees."

**Wild Grapes on the St. John River.**  
This quotation will show how exact and conscientious the old French missionary was in his narration. Beaulieu Murdock in his History of Nova Scotia (Vol. 1, p. 31) ventures the observation, "It may perhaps be doubted if the French account about grapes is accurate, as they mention them to have been growing on the banks of the Saint John, where, if wild grapes exist, they must be rare." But Biard is right and Murdock is wrong. Wild grapes naturally grow in great abundance on the islands and intervals of the River St. John and, in spite of the interference of the farmers, are still to be found as far north at least as Woodstock. Biard visited the St. John River in October, 1611, and stayed a day or two at a small trading post on an island near Point. One of the Maliseets in that vicinity the early English settlers afterwards called "Isle of Vines," from the circumstance that wild grapes grew there in great profusion.

We quote next Father Biard's description of the Indian method of encampment: "Arrived at a certain place, the first thing they do is to build a fire and arrange their camp, which they will have finished in an hour or two; often in half an hour. The women go into the woods and bring back some poles which are stuck into the ground in a circle around the fire and at the top are interlaced in the form of a pyramid, so that they put together directly over the fire, for there is the chimney. Upon the poles they throw some skins, matting or bark. At the foot of the poles under the skins they put their baggage. All the space around the fire is strewn with soft boughs of the fire tree so they will not feel the dampness of the ground; over these boughs are thrown some mats or seal skins as soft as velvet; upon these they stretch themselves around the fire with their heads resting upon their baggage; and, what no one would believe, they are very warm in there around that little fire, even in the greatest rigors of the winter. They do not camp except near some good water, and in an attractive location."

**Relics at Old Camp Ground.**  
The aborigines of Acadia when the country became known to Europeans, no doubt lived as their ancestors had lived from time immemorial. A glimpse of the life of the Indian in prehistoric times is afforded us in the archaeological remains of the period. These are to be found at such places as Beaubien, in Charlotte county, at Grand Lake in Queens county, and at various points along the St. John river. Dr. L. W. Bailey, Dr. Geo. F. Matthews, Dr. W. F. Ganong, James Neeson and others have given considerable attention to these relics and they are studied also to some extent by their predecessors in the field of science, Dr. Robt. Dr. Osceus and Moses H. Perley. The relics most commonly brought to light include stone implements, such as axes, hammers, arrow heads, lance and spear heads, gouges and chisels, cells or wedges, corn crushers, and pipes; also bone implements such as needles, fish hooks and harpoons, with specimens of rude pottery.

When Champlain first visited our shores the Maliseets had nothing better than stone axes to use in clearing their lands. It is to their credit that after burning the brush and trunk, planted their corn among the stumps and in the course of time took out the roots. In cultivating the soil they used an implement of very hard wood, shaped like a spade, and their method of raising corn, as described by Champlain, was exactly the same as that of our farmers today. The corn fields at the old Medocet Fort were cultivated by the Indians many years before the coming of the whites. Cadillac, writing in 1685, says: "The Maliseets are well shaped and tolerably warlike; they are fond of the cultivation of the soil and grow the most beautiful Indian corn; their fort is at Medocetick." Many other choice spots along the St. John river were tilled in very early times, including, probably, the site of the old Government House at Fredericton, where there was an Indian encampment long before the place was dreamed of as the site of the seat of government of the province.

**An Indian Johnny-cake.**  
Lesarbot, the historian, who wrote in 1610, tells us that the Indians were accustomed to pound their corn in a mortar (probably of wood) in order to reduce it to meal. Of this they afterwards made a paste, which was baked between two stones heated at the fire. Frequently the corn was roasted on the ear. Yet another method is thus described by the English captive, John Gyles, who lived as a captive with the St. John River Indians in 1689: "To dry the corn when in the milk, they gather it in large kettles and boil it on the ears till it is pretty hard, then shell it from the cob with clam shells and dry it on bark in the sun. When it is thoroughly dry a kernel is no bigger than a pea, and will keep years; and when it is boiled again it swells as large as when on the ear and tastes incomparably sweeter than other corn. When we had gathered our corn and dried it in the way described, we put some of it into Indian barks, that is into holes in the ground lined and covered with bark and then with earth. The rest we carried up the river upon our next winter's hunting."

The Indians were a very improvident race, and in this respect the Maliseets were little better than the Micmacs, of whom Pierre Biard writes: "They care little about the future and are not urged on to work except by present necessity. As long as they have anything they are always celebrating feasts and eating songs and dances and speeches. If they are in need of them you certainly need not expect anything else. Nevertheless if they are by themselves and where they may safely listen to their wives, for women are everywhere the best managers, they will sometimes make storehouses for the winter where they will keep smoked meat, roots, shelled acorns, peas, beans, etc."

**Indian Mode of Hunting.**  
Although the Indians living on the St. John paid some attention to the cultivation of the soil there can be no doubt that hunting and fishing were always their chief means of support. In Champlain's day the implements of the chase were very primitive. Yet they were able to hunt the largest game by taking advantage of the deep snow and making use of their snowshoes. Champlain says: "They search for the track of animals, which, having found, they follow until they get sight of the creature, when they shoot at it with their bows or kill it by means of darts attached to the end of a short pole. Then the women and children come up, erect a hut and they give themselves to feasting. Afterwards they proceed in search of other animals and thus they pass the winter. This is the mode of life of these people, which seems to me a very miserable one."

There can be little doubt that wild game was vastly more abundant in this country, when it was discovered by Europeans, than it is today. In the days of La Tour and Charnais as many as three thousand moose skins were collected on the St. John in a single year, and smaller game was even more abundant. Wild fowl ranged the coasts and marshes and frequented the rivers in incredible numbers. Biard says that at certain seasons they were so abundant on the islands that by the skillful use of a club right and left they could bring down birds as big as a duck with every blow. Denys speaks of immense flocks of wild geese. But the Indians' food supply was not limited to these. The rivers abounded with salmon and other fish. Turtles were common along the banks of the river, and their eggs, which they lay in the sand were esteemed a great delicacy. As for the musquash it is regarded as the "Indian's turkey."

(To be Continued.)

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## WINIFRED JOHNSON WRITES OF CHAMBERLAIN'S AFRICAN TOUR.

The Colonial Secretary Has an Experience of Trekking—Native Chiefs Present Addresses—He Promptly Snubs Dutchman Who Seeks to Obstruct by Legal Quibbles—Mafeking Made Great Preparations for the Distinguished Visitor.

Zeerust, Transvaal, Feb. 12.—Just now, no doubt, you are all reading with interest the cable reports of the visit of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain to South Africa. Owing to the difference of time, you are reading the speeches a few hours before they are delivered, while as for us poor sinners who are in South Africa, it is by the merest chance we read the speeches at all—until we get The Telegraph from home.

Now, if you'd like to know how Chamberlain's visit affected us, I will tell you. Of course, we knew he was coming, and we heard the most extravagant reports of the state he was traveling in, with a personal suite of nearly 200. Lord Milner's body guard for escort, with B. P. thrown in, and a lot more stuff like that; but where he was coming from, or what town he was going to, nobody seemed to know. Then, on the 8th of January, Miss McLeod arrived at my retreat, commonly known as

never thought when he spoke to us at Miss Balfour's, in Downing street, that he would ever set foot in one of our schools in South Africa. The governor of the Transvaal, Baden-Powell, Mrs. Chamberlain and a lot of more notable people were there. The Dutch children made the little corrugated iron school ring with patriotic English songs. They do love to sing about everything else—God Save the King. At Mafeking great were the preparations. As he told them in his speech Chamberlain entered Cape Colony "through the gates of Mafeking, the name of which has earned a niche in our imperial history from which nothing can ever displace it." Of course he said a great deal about the wonderful siege of seven months, about the defenceless position on the open veldt, the improvised forts and trenches, cannon and ammunition; he admired the fertility of invention which produced delicacies like savoring porridge, and excellent

native labor. Kaffirs will not work steadily. In four months they earn enough to keep them the rest of the year, so they return to the staid and recline under their own fig tree and no promise of gold will move them out of it. The average hustling Yankee ought to come over here and learn the art of living from the Kaffirs. They are so useful.

Chamberlain has not touched to the Dutch. The first presentation of grievances occurred at Bloemfontein, where a Dutchman offered a lot of legal quibbles which were disposed of in short order and the man told that the colonial secretary came to discuss facts, not philosophies or private grievances. In fact the Dutchman was most properly snubbed.

On the other hand the escort of S. A. C. was complimented handsomely. During the war they had met with no defeats and had performed one of the record rides, now they represented to these Dutchmen what an English gentleman should be and they were fulfilling their mission of pacifying the country.

Chamberlain is performing successfully a duty that must be tiresome enough, when added to the bore of speech making, is the trekking in the hottest weather over 120 miles of high veldt. When he gets back to England he ought to know considerably more than he did about South African life. It has to be seen to be understood.

WINIFRED JOHNSON.

## MADAWASKA OBJECTS TO GOVERNMENT CONDEMNING WINDING LEDGES DAM.

(Continued from page 2.)

Mr. Hazen said no good purpose was being served by this delay. He was surprised to hear the attorney general admit that he had made a mistake.

Mr. Tweeddale said that while he believed the lack of the opposition was sincere in all he said, yet he felt it was

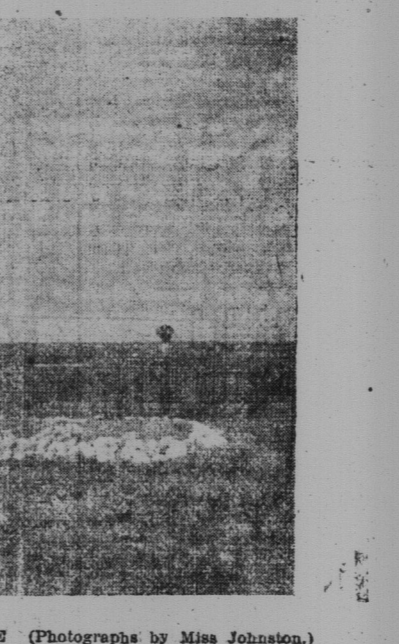
LARGEST SHELTER ON TOP OF A KOPE, NEAR MISS JOHNSON'S DISTRICT.

"The Kloof," from Mafeking. She reported that it was with the utmost difficulty she had been able to get over. A private cart to come the 50 miles would have cost a small fortune, but the ever-obliging repatriation provided her with a Cape cart and four mules, with orders to be back in Mafeking at the earliest possible moment. Chamberlain was expected up by rail from Kimberley, and every repatriation wagon, Cape cart, mule, ox and donkey was being concentrated in Mafeking in order to convey him and his baggage over to Klerksdorp. In the general excitement a score or more, 50 I think it was reported, of the choicest mules wandered into the Moloepo in a thunder storm and were drowned, along with a few Kaffirs, so that complicated matters still further.

On the 14th January, two of the S. A. C. men, on whom we most depended for our letters from home, and also for the only English conversation we ever enjoy in the Kloof, were ordered to Zeerust to form part of the escort, and only one man was left on the post. Now that may seem a matter of small importance to you, but to us it meant death. When every time you go down to the Kloof you see a couple you know and can talk to, our whole resources were two men, and they were taken away for an indefinite period. In vain we tried to hire a cart from three different Dutchmen, we couldn't get further from our own door step than our feet would carry us, and the weather was hot.

Two days later one of the men came back, having been in the saddle 52 hours, with only two or three hours' sleep each night. The other was three weeks away, two weeks waiting and one week on escort duty.

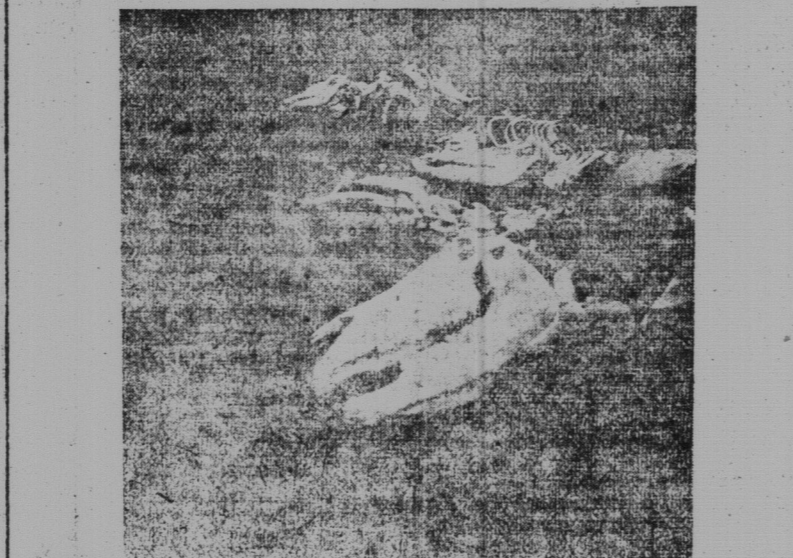
Zeerust expected a visit from the colonial secretary, and all the burghers were summoned there to meet him. Then they were sent word to come at a later date, and finally Zeerust was found to be too far out of the way, and they went to Otterlooop. Of course there was racing and shooting, until quarters to Otterlooop. Chamberlain trooked 60 miles from



GRAVES OF HIGHLAND BRIGADE (Photographs by Miss Johnston.)

promptly suppressed it and never forgave B. P. Equal to the Connel stamp.

Mafeking gave Chamberlain a characteristic reception. A furious dust storm was raging during his speech, which turned to a thunder storm, so the ladies had to run away to save their best frocks, and the garden party didn't come off. That must



SKELETONS OF HORSES KILLED IN DORR LAAGER BY SHELLS FROM MODDER RIVER.

Klerksdorp, the end of the railway, to Lichtenburg, in two days, from Licht-nburg to Otterlooop, 36 miles between lunch and dinner. He had a horse wagon and light-fine mules, with relay along the road. The burghers expected him at 4. They waited until 6, and then set off for home. At 7 he arrived, so the meeting was postponed until next morning.

At Otterlooop there were accommodations for about a dozen people and no more, so the Zeerust people had to return home doubly disappointed at not seeing Chamberlain. Next morning, of course, the attendance was much smaller. Chamberlain's speech was spoiled by being interrupted every two sentences by a translator, but the burghers applauded him as much, or more, than the English.

Miss McLeod, who had been whisked back to Otterlooop on the 18th by another repatriation cart, in a far greater hurry than the first, was honored by having the colonial secretary visit her school. We

only just to defer action on the resolution until those opposed to it had a chance of being heard.

Hon. Mr. Pugsley said he was glad to observe that there was a desire on all sides of the house to deal deliberately with the matter.

The motion to refer the matter to a committee was carried unanimously and the speaker named as the committee Hon. Mr. Tweedie, Hon. Mr. Pugsley, Mr. Osman, Mr. Hazen, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Allen and Mr. Flemming.

Replying to Mr. Flemming, Hon. Mr. Pugsley said he was not in a position to say when the auditor general's report would be laid on the table but probably in the course of a few days.

Hon. Mr. Pugsley said that under the new laws private bills must be presented within ten days after the opening of the session, otherwise the payment of double fees would be enforced.

Adjourned until Monday.

## St. Joseph University News.

St. Joseph, March 27.—Our president, Rev. A. Roy, C. S. C., returned this forenoon from Chatham, where he attended the funeral of Bishop Rogers.

The news that Frank J. Sweeney, M. P., had become a member of the New Brunswick executive was received with general gratification in college circles.

There is a vacancy just now in the board of St. Patrick's Literary and Dramatic Society, owing to the withdrawal from St. Joseph's of L. P. Bradley, of St. John, late vice-president of that organization. The vacancy in the student ranks has already been filled by the entrance, yesterday, of Philip Garland, of Boston.

The action of the Combes government in France, in the matter of dealing with the congregations, possesses more than ordinary interest for the Holy Cross nuns who conduct our university. The mother-house of their congregation is in Paris, and as Holy Cross is among the non-authorized congregations, the French fathers and brothers of the order will come in large numbers to the United States and Canada. Probably 40 or 50 of them, principally teaching brothers, will arrive in Canada within a month or two, and while the majority of these will be received in Quebec houses of the order, some will very likely find their way to St. Joseph's, where it goes without saying they will be warmly welcomed.

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King Charles I. being greatly pleased with the good lot of heart set before him declared it "wonder enough to be knighted." It has ever since been called Sir Loin.

## THE TELEGRAPH'S PULPIT.

"Watchers Before the Cross," the Theme on Which Rev. B. N. Nobles Speaks Today to Our Readers.

Mat. 27:36—"And sitting down they watched him there."

It was many centuries ago in the year of Rome 780. The place was a skull shaped knoll outside the walls of Jerusalem and the time not long after 9 o'clock on a Friday, or as some say, a Thursday morning in April. Late on the previous evening Jesus the prophet from Galilee had been arrested and without waiting for the morning his captors had hurried Him away to the palace of the high priest, where a special meeting of the sanhedrin was speedily called. Here a mock trial was given Him and having condemned Him to death they forthwith and while it was yet early, hastened to the Roman Prefectum that they might obtain from Pilate confirmation of their judgment and have him pass sentence of death by crucifixion, for it was not lawful that Jews should crucify. After considerable delay during which Pilate sought by persuasion and argument and strategy to secure the captive's release, he finally passed Him over to his soldiers to scourge Him in hope of thus pacifying His accusers. But finding all of no avail and fearing for himself he delivered Jesus to their hand, whom when they had received they led Him away to Calvary where they crucified Him. "And sitting down they watched Him there"—panic-stricken, heart-broken disciples; skeptical, unbelieving, scornful Romans; heartless, hypocritical Pharisees and fickle populace who one day could shout, "Hosanna, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord" and next cry, "Crucify Him." Beside these watchers let us take our place this morning and watch our suffering Lord hanging for six long hours upon the cross, mocked by cruel men and pierced by their sin until in triumph He cries, "It is finished," and dies. Sitting thus among this motley crowd before the cross of Jesus what should we see? Among other things we should see the exceeding sinfulness of sin and its appalling ravages in human life. We think of our first parents driven forth from the Eden of innocence and the fellowship of Deity withdrawn, and we know it was sin that did it. We stand by the bleeding form of Abel and we know it was sin in Cain's heart that inspired the fatal stroke. We behold the heavens pouring forth the rain and the fountains of the deep in mighty upheaval until in the swelling, surging waters the habitable parts of the earth are flooded and the antediluvian world has perished, and the heart-rending scene tells the story of sin and its penalty. We see the smoke rising from the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah and it speaks of sin working in these cities of the plain until God's judgments in earthquakes, fire and volcanic eruption swept them from the land of the living. We contemplate the social, industrial and moral conditions of our country—the rich living in their opulence and the poor in their pinury; the church of Christ comfortable in fine chapels and magnificent cathedrals, while the masses are outside on street and pleasure ground; employers and employes in fierce conflict because of the unfair division of the profits accruing from the partnership of labor and capital; defenceless wives and innocent children suffering privations while worthless husbands waste their earnings in saloon and brothel; men and women dethroned, shackled, defiled, grovelling, lost—we behold all this and it speaks of the exceeding sinfulness and fearful ravages of sin in human life and character. But most of all does the cross of Christ declare the sin of men for here the vile thing lays hold of Deity incarnate and with bloody hands and hard heart puts to death the faultless Son of God. Do you mark Him, my brothers, on yonder cross? Do you see the thorn crown on His forehead, the bloodstains on His face? Do you see those wounds upon His back made by cruel Roman scourge? Do you see those pierced hands and feet? Do you mark the pale face and those sad sunken eyes? Do you hear the rabble mocking? "If Thou be the Christ save Thyself and come down from the cross." "He saved others, Himself He cannot save"—"Hail King of the Jews." Do you see? Do you hear? Then learn from all the exceeding sinfulness of sin and its awful ravages in human life—for sin hath wrought and ravaged, ravaged and wrought until at last upon the cross it hath nailed the Son of God.

Watching Jesus upon the cross we should see moreover an illustration of the amazing love and unswerving rightness of the Divine nature. Why did our Lord submit to such treatment and suffer such a death when He had power to smite His tormentors and stay the hand of death. Why? Ah, that has been the question of the centuries and various and at variance have been the answers given. But the only answer that satisfies my mind and heart is, that it was the unmeasured love of God for men that inspired the sacrifice and the unswerving rightness of His nature that required it. With abounding love overflowing from the heart of the Father unto all the sons of men He could not rest satisfied with anything left undone that might secure to them salvation from sin—its power, punishment, defilement. Could an earthly father with true parental instincts be content while he refrained from any effort or efforts which might secure the reform and return of his wayward sons and daughters, even though the effort involved sorrow, suffering and sacrifice to himself? And can you think the great Father above could look upon the race of men—His own children—wayward, sinful, rebellious, defiled yet loved with an all consuming, everlasting love, and rest satisfied until the utmost had been done for their redemption? Surely not. And so the love of God for the world of men inspired the sacrifice which He made in the person of His Son Jesus the Christ.

But not only did love inspire the sacrifice, justice—His sense of rightness required that the sacrifice be made. You can conceive parental love in its anxiety for the salvation of a child from sin or danger or suffering prompting the parent to other than the right in hope of realizing his desire. Love's work, however, should never go beyond the sphere of what is right. But to that limit justice—the sense of right in man and God—requires that it shall go. So it was with our Heavenly Father. It was because the love of His heart cried out for the right thing when it asked that nothing should be left undone which might insure salvation to men, that Jesus came and wrought even unto death. The justice of God—the sense of rightness in His nature as Father of the justifying human family declared it was only right that love should make its effort. So inspired by the love of His heart and required by the rightness of His nature, God came in the person of Jesus Christ to reconcile, if possible, the world unto Himself. Nor did Jesus turn aside, though in His work of reconciliation—manifesting God's love and righteousness and Saviourhood—He had in the course of events to suffer on the cross at the hands of sinful men. Thitherwards He went in all the fullness of His love bearing the sins of men—not their punishment—bearing the sins of men upon His great heart in death as before He had borne them in His life. So, my brothers, as we look upon Jesus on the cross let us be reminded that it was on account of sin in human life and conduct that He suffered and that it was in obedience to the dictates of His love and justice that He endured unto death in hope of reconciling men unto God and saving them from their sins.

I have spoken of what we should see at the cross—What should we find? Let me recall as well as I can a quantity told experience I once read. It was something like this: For days and weeks I sought to work within myself repentance unto salvation. Filled with disappointment at my failure I walked abroad and stayed not in my course until I reached the bare and rugged mound called Calvary. Here suffering upon the cross I saw Jesus, who spoke and said, "I give My life for thee." Then was I moved to tears and sorrow filled my heart, when a hand was gently laid upon my arm and looking up I saw repentance in angel form, and when I told her I had long sought her she replied, "You will always find me at the cross." Later I sought for pardon but finding it not, again I ventured forth and going forward came at last to Calvary where some days before my feet had stood. Again I saw the Saviour and as He said "I give my life for thee," my eyes wet with tears while I confessed mine unworthiness and my sins. Then I felt the gentle pressure of a hand and looking up I saw forgiveness in angel form, and when I said "I have been seeking thee for forgiveness," she replied, "You will always find me at the cross." Then did peace fill my soul and returning I rejoiced with joy unspeakable. Later, however, I found my soul revolting from the service of the Christian life which I was finding irksome. In vain

(Continued on page 7.)