

were sitting, who would fain have had a full view of me. I endeavored to hide myself behind the hangings, for I was much ashamed; thinking how I had once worn clothes, and of my living with people who could rig as well as the best of them. My master asked me whether I chose to be sold to the people of the man of war, or to the inhabitants of the country. I replied, with tears, that I should be glad if he would sell me to the English from whom I was taken; but that if I must be sold to the French, I wished to be sold to the lowest inhabitants on the river, or those nearest to the sea, who were about twenty-five leagues from the mouth of the river; for I thought that, if I were sold to the gentlemen in the ship, I should never return to the English. This was the first time I had seen the sea during my captivity, and the first time I had tasted salt or bread.

My master presently went on shore, and a few days after all the Indians went up the river. When we came to a house which I had spoken to my master about, he went on shore with me, and tarried all night. The master of the house spoke kindly to me in Indian, for I could not then speak one word of French. Madam also looked pleasant on me, and gave me some bread. The next day I was sent six leagues further up the river to another French house.* My master and the friar tarried with Monsieur Dechouffour,† the gentleman who had entertained us the night before. Not long after, father Simon came and said, "Now you are one of us, for you are sold to that gentleman by whom you were entertained the other night." I replied, "Sold!—to a Frenchman." I could say no more, went into the woods alone, and wept till I could scarce see or stand. The word *sold*, and that to a people of that persuasion which my dear mother so much detested, and in her last words manifested so great fears of my falling into. These thoughts almost broke my heart.

When I had thus given vent to my grief I wiped my eyes, endeavoring to conceal its effects, but father Simon, perceiving my eyes swollen, called me aside, and bidding me not to grieve, for the gentleman, he said, to whom I was-sold, was of a good humor; that he had formerly bought two captives, both of whom had been sent to Boston. This, in some measure, revived me; but he added he did not suppose I would ever wish to go to the English, for the French religion was so much better. He said, also, he should pass that way in about ten days, and if I did not like to live with the French better than with the Indians he would buy me again. On the day following, father Simon and my Indian master went up the river, six and thirty leagues, to their chief village, and I went down the river six leagues with two Frenchmen to my new master. He kindly received me, and in a few days madam made me an osnaburg shirt and French cap, and a coat out of one of my master's old coats. Then I threw away my greasy blanket and Indian flap, and looked

* This last French house spoken of by Gyles was doubtless that of Mathieu d'Amours de Freneuse who lived on the east side of the St. John, opposite the mouth of the Oromocto River. His wife was named Louise Guyon; she was a sister of the wife of Louis d'Amours who was afterwards so kind to Gyles. Mathieu d'Amours died from exposure after the siege of Fort Nashwaak. His wife afterwards removed to Port Royal, where she caused some scandal by an intrigue with the commandant Bonaventure, which was the means of filling the despatches to the French Minister with references to her conduct. Finally in July 1708, agreeably to orders from France, Madam de Freneuse was sent to Quebec, where both her own and her husband's families belonged.

† Louis d'Amours de Chaufour was the oldest of the four brothers who resided in Acadie and who have been already mentioned in a former note. He was born in 1654 and lived on the St. John River at the mouth of the Jemseg from 1684 to 1700. His wife's name was Marguerite Guyon. She was a sister of Madam de Freneuse. The Guyons were from the Province of Quebec. Both Louis d'Amours and his wife seem to have been very kind to Gyles, and his liberation without any ransom was certainly a generous action. In 1705, Louis d'Amours was a prisoner in Boston and had been for nearly two years. After this we lose sight of him. It is likely that all the family finally returned to Quebec.