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-AND-
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M. M. PIPER
PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1910.

The historical incident of Bloody
Creek is reproduced this week in story
form from a volume of sketches by
Grace Dean McLeod, one of Nova
Scotia's talented daughters. The battle
took place on the spot now occupied by
Edward Rice's farm, a short distance
below Carleton's Corner. The farm is
crossed by the old French road and
abandoned of the old bridge may be
seen a little to the south of the bridge
now crossing the creek. A number of
the old French cellars may also be seen
on and around this farm, and the house
occupied by Mr. Rice was built by his
grandfather, the late John Rice, upon
one of these cellar excavations.

Upon this farm is also a large rock
which bears curious carvings and is
supposed by many to indicate the
location of buried treasures. Holes have
been dug upon the farm by treasure-
seekers until the owners were compelled
to forbid trespass. It is related that
some years ago a Frenchman came to
the farm and asked the privilege of
digging in a certain spot, which he said
had been indicated to him in a dream
three successive nights. He was given
permission to dig but no treasure re-
warded his labors.

If the government carry out their
commendable intention of marking his-
torical sites no doubt the old battle-
ground at Bloody Creek will be among
the number.

H. Price Webber and his Boston
Comedy Company will fill an en-
gagement here shortly and will pre-
sent a new play, "The Honey-
moon" of which a Maine paper
says—"H. Price Webber opened to a
well-filled house on Thursday night
and his company gave a very good
performance of the standard comedy
of "The Honeymoon" which proved
to be a genuine pleasure to the au-
dience. Edwina Grey looked and acted
her character to the life and also the
company gave adequate assistance
Mr. Webber, as the make believe
Duke, being particularly funny."



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THE STORY OF BLOODY CREEK

(Continued from page 1.)

midnight, eighty picked men of the
garrison will march up the river to
the Creek, burn down your mill and
the houses of your people settled
near it, and take every man, woman
and child prisoner. Something
must be done, and at once."

"Nothing can be done," replied the
young men, "there is no spirit left,
the people will submit to this as they
have to other things. Except we
two, all are determined to obey
the order; there is no leader to
urge them, and the men are all
such as need to be led." The woman
was standing in the doorway,
behind the young men, tall, pale and
calm as stone.

"If it is a leader they lack, lead
them!" she said. "The Ladies
blood in your veins, your father,
their prisoner, your sister, their victim,
is not that enough to incite
you?—That man must be killed; if
you do not do it I will!"

"What does she mean," asked the
stranger.

"It is a long story," said Pierre,
"and I have not the heart to tell
it all. My only sister lies up there
in that burying ground. She died
because she believed the lying words
of an English officer, who told her
he loved her. She died in May, and
since then my mother has been as
you see her. Every day she goes
up there to watch for Father Just-
inian. She says he is coming, and if
we hold out till he comes the Eng-
lish tyrants will be killed. I have
thought so too, but the priest can-
not now get here in time to save us."

"There are twenty-four hours of
time left," said the stranger. "I
came here to tell you the message.
If the priest comes in that time he
will have bloody work on hand. I
am going to the Indians up the
river. They may like to know what
I have told you."

"You!" cried both the men. "What
can you do? How can you go there
unarmed? The Indians do not like to
see men in your garb. We will go
too. They know us."

"Stay where you are," said the
man, "and in some way get half a
dozen of your people to follow you.
The English will send all their
strong men on the march; they must
be caught and killed, the Fort
will then be easy to capture. But
the killing must be done by
the Indians, and on the
shores of the Creek. They will do
the fighting with half a dozen
Frenchmen to lead them on and these
French leaders you must in some
way get. A little earlier than this
tomorrow I will meet you here."

He disappeared a few moments in a
clump of trees. When he emerged a
gain on the path he carried on his
shoulders a bundle, and walking rap-
idly he disappeared in the dark
woods to the South.

When dawn rimmed the hills behind
the encampment at the head of the
Creek, the Indians were already up,
and moving about from camp to
camp. Word had come from Cahilla
the "warrior-priest" at Placenta for
them to repair to the head of the
Bay, to assist and encourage the
French to resist an unexpected at-
tack of the English troops on the
settlements. As they went about
their camps, busying themselves in
the preparations for departure,
Father Justinian suddenly appeared
in their midst.

He had changed in the six months
imprisonment. He was weary and in
want of food, and while he rested
and ate he told them of his escape
from prison. Then quickly following
upon this he told them the English
soldiers were to march to the mouth
of the Creek that night, and at
daylight attack not only the settler
but their own encampment as well.

The Indian blood was fired; and
stimulated by the presence of their
spiritual leader, they were hot for as-
sault. All the morning the priest re-
mained with them. Upon the soft
ground he drew the plan of attack,
showed them how they must march
down the Creek to within half a
mile of its mouth, where the banks
on either side were high and precipitous. There among the dense
woods they must secrete themselves
to await the arrival of the English
soldiers, who would march direct up
the dark road to the Creek.

On a sheet of bark he drew a
similar plan, and dispatched a run-
ner, to the encampment up the val-
ley, with orders for the Indians
there to lose no time in coming to
their aid. When he had fully ex-
plained to them the plan of attack,
he told them he must leave and go
to the settlers at Port Royal to
incite them to join in the fighting.
It was not far from mid-day when
he started away from the encamp-
ment.

True to his word the stranger
was back to the house on the slope
as early as sunset rays tipped the
hills across the river.

No one seemed to be about the
place. He sat down upon the door-
stone to rest. Suddenly the tall woman
came down the path from the
hillside and approached him.

For several minutes she did not
answer his inquiry for the young
men. At last she said "They have
not been here since morning. They
are in the dungeons at the Fort.
They were taken as they started to
raise volunteers to help the Indians!"

She turned and went into the
house. The stranger followed her. He
was hungry, and she gave him food
and told him that the young men
believed him to be a spy from the
garrison, the people, generally, be-
lieved the same and would kill him
at sight. Then she became statue-
like and would not utter another
word.

"I am rested," said the man, at
length, "and I am going up the
river again to the Indians. This
night must be a bloody blow at Eng-
lish tyranny."

As he hurried along the dim path-
way, he heard a footstep behind,
and the woman came up beside him.
Over her face was the strange, pas-
sive look, and in her hand a long
asked French rapier.

"That man will lead the soldiers,"
she said, "he must be killed; if no
one else does it I must!" and
passed on ahead.

The man quickened his steps to keep
up with her rapid pace.

The day before there came into
Port a stranger. He seemed to
know the country round about Port
Royal well, and described the Creek
up the river and the bridge across
it and the lay of the land in the
neighborhood.

But when the soldiers marched out
of the Fort at midnight, this
strange volunteer was not with
them. His line of march, however,
was confidently followed by the
commander to the designated place
of attack.

Before dawn they reached the brow
of the hill that backed the west
side of the Creek. Down the hill
they marched to the bottom of the
Valley, and on to the bridge ac-
cross the Creek. "On the other side
we will rest," said the Captain,
as he led the way.

Most of them rested before the
other bank was gained. For without
warning cry a score of savages burst
from the thick woods and rained
down the steep incline behind them.
Another score came down the out-
er bank and on to the bridge; and
paced in that narrow defile, with
the rushing water on either hand,
and beneath them the savage butch-
ery began.

Cries of pain, and dying groans
mingled with wild war-whoops, and
the crimson blood of Old England
and New flowed into the clear wa-
ters of the Creek.

Leading the Redskins, regardless
of flying bullets, was a tall man in
the garb of a way-farer. Armed
with a long, straight blade, this
man seemed to head every onslaught
upon the straggled soldiers.

Aloof from the fight, on the east
side of the Creek, clad in priestly
robes of gray serge, stood a tall
form, waving on with silent hand
the death-dealing savages, who cley-
ed every sacred thing, gesture with
wild yells of condense.

It was quick and bloody work. In
less than twenty minutes most of
the Englishmen were bleeding, dead
or dying, for the murderous tom-
hawk left no wounded victims, and
the savages took no prisoners, ex-
cept such as seemed to promise a
ransom.

The Major of the company, a
young handsome man, had been taken
prisoner, and as the Indians were
binding his arms, the tall, robed
figure cried "That man must be
killed!"

The savage captors hesitated; he
would bring a handsome ransom. A-
gain the order rang out, clear and
calm, "That man must be killed; if
you do not do it, I will!"
Still no hatchet was raised to exe-
cute the solemn order.

The gray-robed figure hurried for-
ward, seized a tomahawk, and dash-
ing it into the head of the pris-
oner, fell prostrate on the ground as
if dead, instead of dealing a blow.
At this instant the tall man who
had led the Indians came up to the
group. The dying Major cast an in-
quiring glance upon him. "It is the
New England soldier!" he muttered,
"He led us into this cursed trap!"
The tall man spoke in French to
the gray-gowned figure reverently up-
held by the Indians.

The blood came to the pale face,
and the eyes opened and gazed a-
round as if in search of some ob-
ject. At last they fell upon the
form of the dead Major. Then the
lips parted and clear and calm
came the words: "Holy Father, he
is dead, I killed him," and flinging
back the gray robe, the tall form
of the insane French woman stood
among the bewildered savages and
French.

There was wild excitement for a
moment. Then the strange leader
took the garments from the ground
and put them upon himself, and
spoke to them by name, and they
saw that it was Father Justinian
who had led the bloody fight.

It was soon explained. He had
escaped his captors in Boston, and,
dressed in disguise as a New Eng-
land soldier, had easily made his
entrance to the Fort at Port Royal.

So coming to the only place on
the march at Bloody Creek, where
they could be successfully attacked.

He had daringly carried his sacred
habilliments with him, in a bundle,
and before he arrived at the Indian
encampment, had put them on, and
the proposal and gave him her
sword.

Father Justinian, though openly
charged with the instigation of the
attack, managed to escape punish-
ment, and for many years remained
in the Province, encouraging his
people to disobedience of the English
rule, and inciting the Indians to
frequent depredations. But never
afterwards in the history of the
country was there chronicled so
deadly and daring a massacre as
that at Bloody Creek.

Forty rods above the bridge that
now spans the Creek, the stringers
and abutments of that old French
bridge can still be traced.

The banks are cleared and cultiva-
ted, and on either side and above
and below stretch green fertile
meadows. Up from the meadows
slope the wooded ranges. Only in
the name that yet clings to its
dashing waters is there trace of
that bloody fray.—From stories of the
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