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NINE YEARS A CAPTIVE,

OR

JOHN GYLES'

EXPERIENCE AMONG THE

MALICITE INDIANS,

From 1689 to 1698,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND HISTORICAL NOTES

BY

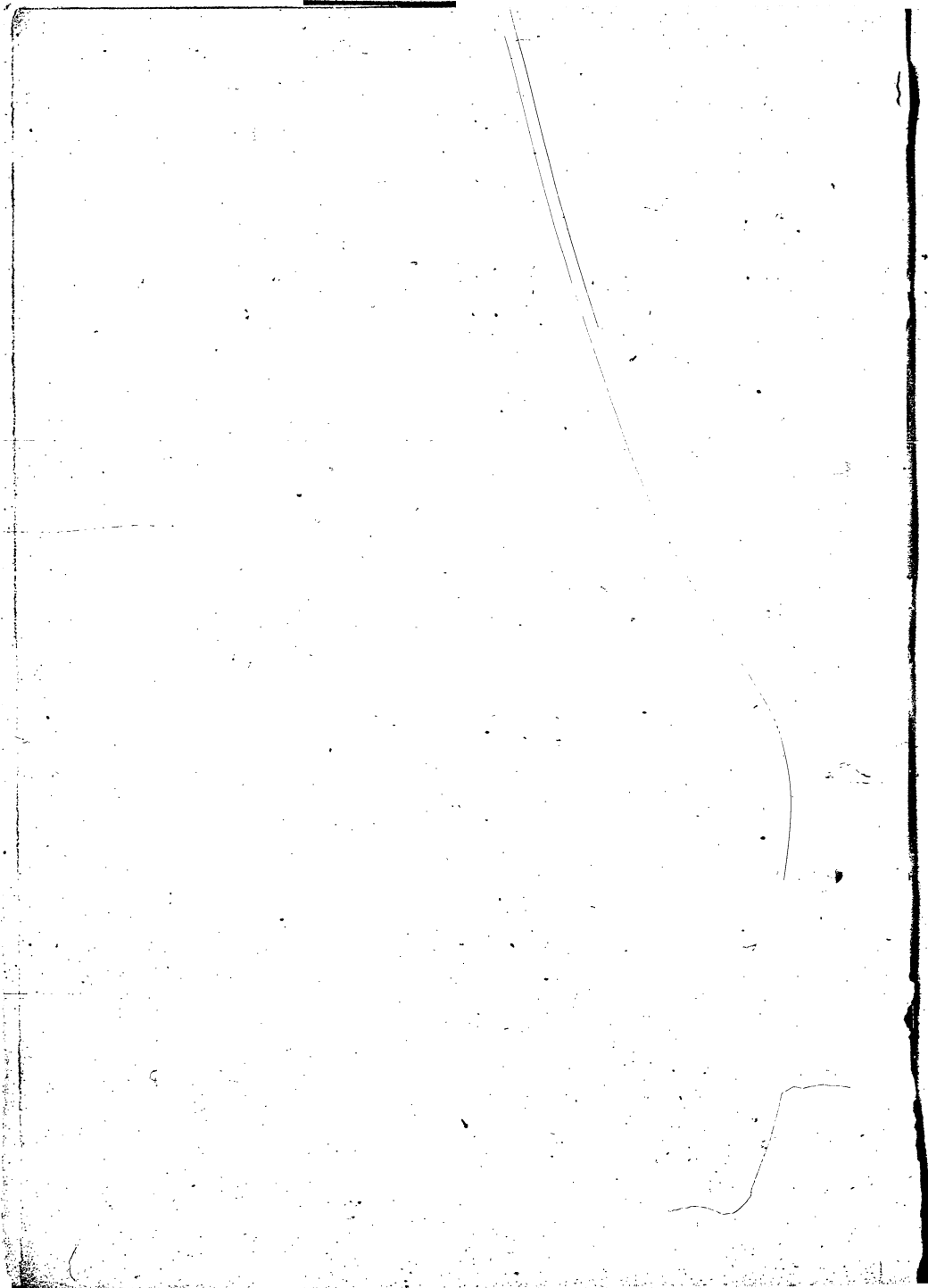
JAMES HANNAY.

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Some Home Pamphlets



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INTRODUCTION.

The following narrative of the captivity of John Gyles among the Indians of the St. John River, independently of its interest as a tale of human suffering and endurance, is of great value as a means of illustrating the manners and customs of the Indian tribes of Acadie. It is this consideration which is mainly the cause of its republication now, for it is the only authentic narrative that is known to exist of any lengthened residence among the savage tribes of Acadie during the seventeenth century, the period of their greatest power and greatest activity. Without it we might form a tolerable conjecture of the mode of life of the aborigines of our country, but the narrative of Gyles, in its simple and truthful quaintness, introduces us to those barbarous people as they actually were, tells us how they lived, what privations they endured, shows us, in short, the Indian stripped of his paint and feathers and without those romantic surroundings amid which writers of poetry and some historians have delighted to depict him. By the light of such a narrative, we are able to perceive how wretched was the lot of an Acadian Indian, even during the period when his very name carried terror to the hearts of the settlers of New Hampshire and Maine. Modern civilization may have degraded him in some respects, but it has elevated him in others. It has rescued him from the danger of starvation to which in his pristine state he was constantly exposed, and also from the cruel necessity of abandoning the aged and feeble of his kindred to perish, when unable longer to supply their own wants or endure the constant journeys necessitated by the nature of their nomad life.

A vast deal of nonsense has been written about the North American Indians, and perhaps on no point have the writers who conceive their vague fancies to be solemn facts, exhausted their rhetoric to a greater extent than in regard to the supposed inevitable doom of the Red Man, which they conceive to be his utter extinction. If, as appears to be the belief in some of the Western United States, the proper thing to do with every Indian is to shoot him, then of course the extinction of the race would seem to be inevitable, but fortunately this simple policy is not likely to be universally adopted. There is no

reason whatever why the Indians of this continent should perish from the face of the earth, unless it is to be found in the lawless brutality, treachery and bad faith of white men. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, thanks to a policy of justice which protects men from murder and violence, no matter what their color, the Indians are increasing in numbers. I am firmly convinced, after a pretty thorough investigation of every available original authority, that there are more Indians in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia now than there ever were during any part of either the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. It is doubtful if both the Malicites and Micmacs together ever could have brought 800 warriors into the field during the historical period. In point of fact, that number of warriors never was assembled together in Acadie at any one time. When Membertou, the Micmac, in 1607 collected all his forces to attack the Armouchouois at Chouakoet, (Saco) his whole force amounted to only 400 men, and there were never more than 300 Malicites engaged in any of the numerous raids they made on the English settlements. Even the Iroquois or five nations, which included the Mohawks, the most formidable Indian Confederacy in North America, never numbered more than 2,500 warriors.

The Indians of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, two provinces which formed a part of the ancient French Province of Acadie, all belonged to the great Algonquin family or nation, but were divided into two tribes. The Souriquois or Micmacs occupied the whole of the peninsula of Nova Scotia and the Gulf Shore of New Brunswick as far North as Gaspé. The Etchemins or Malicites possessed the whole of the line of the St. John River and inland as far as Rivière du Loup, and along the sea shore westward to the Penobscot. The people now known as the Penobscot Indians, the Passamaquoddy Indians, the Abenakis of the Province of Quebec and the Indians now living on the St. John River are all Etchemins or Malicites and regard themselves as one people. The Malicites were a warlike race, as subtle and savage as any tribe on the continent, and lying, as they did, on the flank of the New England settlements, which they constantly attacked, their destruction was a consummation devoutly prayed for but never accomplished by the descendants of the Pilgrim fathers. Even the laurels which Capt. Church had gained in King Philip's war withered when he came to Acadie, and his triumphs were restricted to the burning of the dwellings and barns of the inoffensive French *habitants* of Chignecto and Minas. The Micmacs of Acadie

were usually the allies of the Malicites and frequently sent warriors to take part in their expeditions against Maine.

The Indian war, in the course of which John Gyles was taken, was the second great Indian war in which the people of Eastern New-England took part. It is known in history as King William's war, from the English monarch in whose reign it took place, as the first Indian war is known as King Philip's war from the name of the Indian Sagamore who banded his countrymen against the whites. King William's war was commenced in 1688 and lasted ten years. It was a ruinous contest. All the Indian tribes eastward of the Merrimack, including the Micmacs, took part in it. Every town and settlement in Maine except Wells, York, Kittery and the Isle of Shoals was over-run. A thousand white people were killed or taken prisoners and an untold number of domestic animals destroyed. Like nearly every other war, which the Indians have waged against the Whites, the latter were responsible for its origin. Several causes, some remote and some immediate, combined to invest this contest with a more than ordinary degree of ferocity. One of the former illustrates in a remarkable manner that long remembrance of an injury which is characteristic of savages. In 1676, towards the close of King Philip's war, Major Waldron, the Commander of the Militia, at Dover, had made a peace with 400 of the Eastern Indians and they were encamped quietly near his house, and regarded him as their friend and father. Two companies of troops, under Captains Sill and Hawthorne, soon afterwards arrived at Dover and they together with Major Waldron contrived a treacherous scheme to make the Indians prisoners. Waldron proposed to the Indians to have a review and a sham fight after the English mode; and summoning his own men, they in conjunction with the two companies formed one party, and the Indians another. After manœuvring for some time Major Waldron induced the Indians to fire the first volley, and the instant this was done they were surrounded by the soldiers and the whole 400 of them made prisoners. About half of them were afterwards set at liberty, but more than 200 Indians who had taken part in the war were sent to Boston, where a number of them were hanged and the remainder sold into slavery. This despicable act of treachery the Indians never forgot or forgave. It was a base deed which in after years brought its own punishment. The Indians learned the lesson and improved upon it. Thirteen years later Major Waldron was slain by the Indians, under circumstances which involved a breach of faith and

of the laws of hospitality equal to his own, and, after the lapse of nearly ninety years, the Ottawas captured Machilmackinac by a device exactly modeled on Waldron's exploit; thus the evil seed sown by him bore its legitimate fruit.

The war was, however, precipitated by another needless outrage the infamy of which belongs to Andross the Governor of New England. In 1667 the Baron de St. Castine, who had been an officer in the Carignan Regiment in Canada, settled on a point of land on the eastern bank of the Penobscot River, near the town which now bears his name. He married a daughter of the Malicite Sagamore Madockawando and built a trading house where he did a large and profitable business with the Indians, among whom he was regarded with a degree of reverence that almost amounted to worship. It would have been prudent to have kept on good terms with such a man, but Andross, in April, 1688, thought proper to land with a party of men from the *Rose* frigate and rob Castine's house and fort, an act which so provoked the latter that he very soon gave the people of New England cause to curse the folly of their Governor. In a short time, mainly owing to his influence, the tribes of Acadie and Eastern Maine were allied and in arms against the English and the war commenced, one episode of which is described in the narrative in the following pages. I have given it in the exact language of the writer, but have added such notes as appeared to be necessary to the proper understanding of the interesting story of Mr. Gyles.



MEMOIRS

OF ODD ADVENTURES, STRANGE DELIVERANCES, ETC., IN THE CAPTIVITY OF JOHN GYLES, ESQ., COMMANDER OF THE GARRISON ON ST. GEORGE RIVER, IN THE DISTRICT OF MAINE. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.*

INTRODUCTION.—These private memoirs were collected from my minutes, at the earnest request of my second consort, for the use of our family, that we might have a memento ever ready at hand, to excite in ourselves gratitude and thankfulness to God; and in our offspring a due sense of their dependence on the Sovereign of the universe, from the precariousness and vicissitudes of all sublunary enjoyments. In this state, and for this end, they have laid by me for some years. They at length falling into the hands of some, for whose judgement I had a value, I was pressed for a copy for the public. Others, desiring of me to extract particulars from them, which the multiplicity and urgency of my affairs would not admit, I have now determined to suffer their publication. I have not made scarce any addition to this manual, except in the chapter of *creatures*, which I was urged to make much larger. I might have greatly enlarged it, but I feared it would grow beyond its proportion. I have been likewise advised to give a particular account of my father, which I am not very fond of, having no dependence on the virtues or honors of my ancestors to recommend me to the favor of God or men; nevertheless; because some think it is a respect due to the memory of my parents, whose name I was obliged to mention in the following story, and a satisfaction which their posterity might justly expect from me, I shall give some account of him, though as brief as possible.

The flourishing state of New England, before the unhappy eastern wars, drew my father hither, whose first settlement was on Kennebeck River, at a place called Merrymeeting Bay, where he dwelt for some years; until, on the death of my grand parents, he, with his family, returned to England, to settle his affairs. This done, he came over with the design to have returned to his farm; but on his arrival at Boston, the eastern Indians had begun their hostilities. He therefore begun a settlement on Long Island. The air of that place not so well agreeing with his constitution, and the Indians having become peaceable, he again proposed to resettle his lands in Merrymeeting Bay; but finding that place deserted, and that Plantations were going on at Pemmaquid, he purchased several tracts of land of the inhabitants there. Upon his highness the Duke of York resuming a claim to those parts, my father took out patents under that claim; and when Pemmaquid† was set off

* The name of Capt. John Gyles will not be found in Allen's American Biography or any similar work, where the names and memories of so many buckram Colonels and Captains are preserved. Yet his record was an honorable one. He was living at Roxbury, Mass., in the year 1753, and was then 73 years of age. He must therefore have been 9 years old at the time of his capture and 18 at the time of his liberation. Some of his public services are stated at the end of this narrative. And that they were of great value to the government his constant employment would seem to indicate. The narrative of his Captivity was first published in Boston in 1736.

† Pemmaquid which was once an important settlement, is on the coast midway between the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers. Its outer harbor is large and safe and about five miles within it is Fort Point which is at the entrance of an inner harbor capable of containing ten ships of the line. There is there a natural quay or wharf where a ship of large burthen may lie afloat at all times of the tide. The fort of Pemmaquid was close to this natural wharf.

by the name of the county of Cornwall, in the province of New York, he was commissioned chief justice of the same by Gov. Duncan [Dongan.] He was a strict sabbatarian, and met with considerable difficulty in the discharge of his office, from the immoralities of a people who had long lived lawless. He laid out no inconsiderable income, which he had annually from England, on the place, and at last lost his life there, as will hereafter be related.

I am not insensible of the truth of an assertion of Sir Roger L'Estrange, that "Books and dishes have this common fate: no one of either ever pleased all tastes." And I am fully of his opinion in this: "It is as little to be wished for as expected; for a universal applause is, at least, two-thirds of a scandal." To conclude with Sir Roger, "Though I made this composition principally for my family, yet, if any man has a mind to take part with me; he has free leave, and is welcome;" but let him carry this consideration along with him, "that he is a very unmannerly guest who forces himself upon another man's table, and then quarrels with his dinner."

CHAPTER I.

CONTAINING THE OCCURRENCES OF THE FIRST YEAR.

On the second day of August, 1689, in the morning, my honored father, THOMAS GYLES, ESQ., went with some laborers, my two elder brothers and myself, to one of his farms, which laid upon the river about three miles above Fort Charles,* adjoining Pemmaquid Falls, there to gather in his English harvest, and we labored securely till noon. After we had dined, our people went to their labor, some in one field to their English hay, the others to another field of English corn. My father, the youngest of my two brothers, and myself, tarried near the farm-house in which we had dined till about one of the clock; at which time we heard the report of several great guns at the fort. Upon which my father said he hoped it was a signal of good news, and that the great council had sent back the soldiers, to cover the inhabitants; (for on report of the revolution they had deserted.) But to our great surprise, about thirty or forty Indians, at that moment, discharged a volley of shot at us, from behind a rising ground, near our barn. The yelling of the Indians, the whistling of their shot, and the voice of my father, whom I heard cry out, "What now! what now!" so terrified me, (though he seemed to be handling a gun,) that I endeavored to make my escape. My brother ran one way and I another, and looking over my shoulder, I saw a stout fellow, painted, pursuing me with a gun, and a cutlass glittering in his hand, which I expected every moment in my brains. I soon fell down, and the Indian seized me by the left hand. He offered me no abuse, but tied my arms, then lifted me up, and pointed to the place where the people were at work about the hay, and led me that way. As we went, we crossed where my father was, who looked very pale and bloody, and walked very slowly. When we came to the place, I saw two men shot down on the flats, and one or two more knocked on their heads with hatchets, crying out, "O Lord," &c. There the

* In a note appended to the original narrative, our author says, "Fort Charles stood on the spot where Fort Frederick was, not long since, founded by Colonel Dunbar. The township adjoining thereto was called Jamestown in honor of the Duke of York. In this town, within a quarter of a mile of the fort, was my father's dwelling house from which he went out that unhappy morning." I may add that Fort Charles was a redoubt with two guns aloft, and an outwork about nine feet high, with two bastions in the opposite angles, in each of which were two cannon, and another at the gateway. It was built in 1677, but the Pemmaquid settlement was older than Boston.

Indians brought two captives, one a man, and my brother James, who, with me, had endeavored to escape by running from the house, when we were first attacked. This brother was about fourteen years of age. My oldest brother, whose name was Thomas, wonderfully escaped by land to the Barbican, a point of land on the west side of the river, opposite the fort, where several fishing vessels lay. He got on board one of them and sailed that night.

After doing what mischief they could, they sat down, and made us sit with them. After some time we arose, and the Indians pointed for us to go eastward. We marched about a quarter of a mile, and then made a halt. Here they brought my father to us. They made proposals to him, by old Moxus, who told him that those were strange Indians who shot him, and that he was sorry for it.* My father replied that he was a dying man, and wanted no favor of them, but to pray with his children. This being granted him, he recommended us to the protection and blessing of God Almighty; then gave us the best advice, and took his leave for this life, hoping in God that we should meet in a better. He parted with a cheerful voice, but looked very pale, by reason of his great loss of blood, which now gushed out of his shoes. The Indians led him aside!—I heard the blows of the hatchet, but neither shriek nor groan! I afterwards heard that he had five or seven shot-holes through his waistcoat or jacket; and that he was covered with some boughs.†

The Indians led us, their captives, on the east side of the river, towards the fort, and when we came within a mile and a-half of the fort and town, and could see the fort, we saw firing and smoke on all sides. Here we made a short stop, and then moved within or near the distance of three quarters of a mile from the fort, into a thick swamp. There I saw my mother and my two little sisters, and many other captives who were taken from the town. My mother asked me about my father. I told her he was killed, but could say no more for grief. She burst into tears, and the Indians moved me a little farther off, and seized me with cords to a tree.

The Indians came to New Harbor, and sent spies several days to observe how and where the people were employed, &c., who found the men were generally at work at noon, and left about their houses women and children. Therefore the Indians divided themselves into several parties; some ambushing the way between the fort and the houses, as likewise between them and the distant fields; and then alarming the farthest off first, they killed and took the people, as they moved towards the town and fort, at their pleasure, and very few escaped to it. Mr. Pateshall was taken and killed, as he lay with his sloop near the Barbican.

On the first stir about the fort, my youngest brother was at play near it, and running in, was by God's goodness thus preserved. Captain Weems, with great courage and resolution, defended the weak old fort two days; when, being much wounded, and the best of his men killed, he beat for a parley, which eventuated in these conditions:

1. That they, the Indians, should give him Mr. Pateshall's sloop. 2. That they should not molest him in carrying off the few people that had got

* Moxus was a Chief of the Canibas who lived on the Kennebec River and therefore may have been quite sincere in his expressions of regret, for it was true that they were strange Indians who shot the elder Gyles, most of the attacking party being from the St. John River. The whole party according to Charlevoix, numbered one hundred.

† It was a common custom of the Indians to kill their prisoners who were unable to keep up with them in their long marches.

into the fort, and three captives that they had taken. 3. That the English should carry off in their hands what they could from the fort.*

On these conditions the fort was surrendered, and Captain Weems went off; and soon after, the Indians set on fire the fort and houses, which made a terrible blast, and was a melancholy sight to us poor captives, who were sad spectators!

After the Indians had thus laid waste Pemmaquid, they moved us to New Harbor, about two miles east of Pemmaquid, a cove much frequented by fishermen. At this place, there were, before the war, twelve houses. These the inhabitants deserted as soon as the rumor of war reached the place. When we turned our backs on the town, my heart was ready to break. I saw my mother. She spoke to me, but I could not answer her. That night we tarried at New Harbor, and the next day went in their canoes for Penobscot. About noon, the canoe in which my mother was, and that in which I was, came side by side, whether accidentally or by my mother's desire I cannot say. She asked me how I did. I think I said "pretty well," but my heart was so full of grief I scarcely knew whether audible to her. Then she said, "O my child! how joyful and pleasant it would be, if we were going to old England, to see your uncle Chalker, and other friends there. Poor babe, we are going into the wilderness, the Lord knows where." Then bursting into tears, the canoes parted. That night following, the Indians with their captives lodged on an island.

A few days after, we arrived at Penobscot fort, where I again saw my mother, my brother and sisters, and many other captives. I think we tarried here eight days. In that time, the Jesuit of the place had a great mind to buy me. My Indian master made a visit to the Jesuit, and carried me with him. And here I will note, that the Indian who takes a captive is accounted his master, and has a perfect right to him, until he gives or sells him to another. I saw the Jesuit show my master pieces of gold, and understood afterwards that he was tendering them for my ransom. He gave me a biscuit, which I put into my pocket, and not daring to eat it, buried it under a log, fearing he had put something into it to make me love him. Being very young, and having heard much of the Papists torturing the Protestants, caused me to act thus; and I hated the sight of a Jesuit. When my mother heard the talk of my being sold to a Jesuit, she said to me, "Oh, my dear child, if it were God's will, I had rather follow you to your grave, or never see you more in this world, than you should be sold to a Jesuit; for a Jesuit will ruin you, body and soul."† It pleased God to grant her request, for she never saw me more. Yet she and my two little sisters were, after several years' captivity redeemed, but she died before I returned. My brother who was taken with me, was, after several years' captivity, most barbarously tortured to death, by the Indians.

My Indian Master carried me up Penobscot River, to a village called *Madawamkee*, which stands on a point of land between the main river and a branch which heads to the east of it.‡ At home I had ever seen strangers

* These conditions are said to have been violated. The lives of Weems and six of his garrison were spared, the others seven or eight in number, were killed. This circumstance seems to have escaped the notice of Gyles.

† The name of this Jesuit was M. Thury. He was at the head of the Mission among the Indians on the Penobscot. It is pleasing to note that the influence of the Missionaries among the Indians was almost always exercised on the side of humanity. Thury, however, was with the Indians when they attacked Pemmaquid.

‡ It is almost needless to remark that this is the river now known as the Mattawamkeag; near its junction with the Penobscot, there is now a station of the E. & N. A. Railway.

treated with the utmost civility, and being a stranger. I expected some kind treatment here; but I soon found myself deceived, for I presently saw a number of squaws, who had got together in a circle, dancing and yelling. An old grim looking one took me by the hand, and leading me into the ring, some seized me by my hair, and others by my hands and feet, like so many furies; but my master presently laying down a pledge, they released me.

A captive among the Indians is exposed to all manner of abuses, and to the extremest tortures, unless their master, or some of their master's relations, lay down a ransom; such as a bag of corn, a blanket, or the like, which redeems them from their cruelty for that dance. The next day we went up that eastern branch of Penobscot River many leagues; carried overland to a large pond, and from one pond to another, till in a few days, we went down a river, called Medoctack, which vents itself into St. John's River. But before we came to the mouth of this river, we passed over a long carrying place, to Medoctack fort, which stands on a bank of St. John's River.* My master went before, and left me with an old Indian, and two or three squaws. The old man often said, (which was all the English he could speak,) "By and by come to a great town and fort." I now comforted myself in thinking how finely I should be refreshed when I came to this great town.†

After some miles' travel we came in sight of a large cornfield, and soon after of the fort, to my great surprise. Two or three squaws met us, took off my pack, and led me to a large hut or wigwam, where thirty or forty Indians were dancing and yelling round five or six poor captives, who had been taken some months before from Quochech, at the time Major Waldron was so barbariously butchered by them.‡ And before proceeding with my narrative I will give a short account of that action.

Major Waldron's garrison was taken on the night of the 27th of June, 1689. I have heard the Indians say at a feast that as there was a truce for some days, they contrived to send in two squaws to take notice of the numbers, lodgings and other circumstances of the people in his garrison, and if they could obtain leave to lodge there, to open the gates and whistle. (They said the gates had no locks, but were fastened with pins, and that they kept no watch.) The Squaws had a favorable season to prosecute their projection, for it was dull weather when they came to beg leave to lodge in the garrison. They told the Major that a great number of Indians were not far from thence, with a considerable quantity of beaver, who would be there to trade with him the next day. Some of the people were very much against their lodging in the garrison, but the major said, "Let the poor creatures lodge by the fire." The Squaw's went into every apartment, and observing the numbers in each, when all the people were asleep, arose and opened the gates, gave the signal, and the other Indians came to them; and having received an account of the state of the garrison, they divided according to the number of people in each apartment, and soon took and killed them all. The major lodged within an inner room, and when the Indians broke in upon him, he cried out, "What now! what now!" and jumping out of his bed with

* The reader will have no difficulty in tracing the route of Gyles and his captors on this occasion. They went up the Mattawamkeag, carried across the land to the largest of the Chepuncticook lakes, known as Grand Lake, from it they portaged to North Lake and from thence into First Eel Lake, from which they easily reached Eel River, which is the stream Gyles calls the Medoctack. The fort stood on the western bank of the St. John about four miles above the mouth of Eel River.

† Cadillac writing in 1693 says of the Malicites: "They are well shaped and tolerably warlike. They attend to the cultivation of the soil, and grow the most beautiful Indian Corn. Their fort is at Medoctek."

‡ The modern spelling of this word is Cochech. The place where this butchery took place is in New Hampshire, and it is now called Dover. The river, however, still retains its Indian name.

only his shirt on, seized his sword and drove them before him through two or three doors; but for some reason, turning about towards the apartment he had just left, an Indian came up behind him, knocked him on the head with his hatchet, which stunned him, and he fell. They now seized upon him, dragged him out, and setting him upon a long table in his hall, bid him "judge Indians again." Then they cut and stabbed him, and he cried out, "O, Lord! O, Lord!" They bid him order his book of accounts to be brought, and to cross out all the Indians' debts, (he having traded much with them.) After they had tortured him to death, they burned the garrison and drew off. This narration I had from their own mouths at a general meeting, and have reason to think it true.* But to return to my narrative.

I was whirled in among this circle of Indians, and we prisoners looked on each other with a sorrowful countenance. Presently one of them was seized by each hand and foot, by four Indians, who, swinging him up, let his back fall on the ground with full force. This they repeated, till they had danced, as they called it, round the whole wigwam, which was thirty or forty feet in length. But when they torture a boy they take him up between two. This is one of their customs of torturing captives. Another is to take up a person by the middle, with his head downwards, and jolt him round till one would think his bowels would shake out of his mouth. Sometimes they will take a captive by the hair of the head, and stooping him forward, strike him on the back and shoulders till the blood gushes out of his mouth and nose. Sometimes an old shrivelled Squaw will take up a shovel of hot embers and throw them into a captive's bosom. If he cry out, the Indians will laugh and shout, and say, "What a brave action our old grandmother has done." Sometimes they torture them with whips, &c.

The Indians looked on me with a fierce countenance, as much as to say, it will be your turn next. They champed cornstalks, which they threw into my hat, as I held it in my hand. I smiled on them, though my heart ached. I looked on one, and another, but could not perceive that any eye pitied me. Presently came a Squaw and a little girl, and laid down a bag of corn in the ring. The little girl took me by the hand, making signs for me to go out of the circle with them. Not knowing their custom, I supposed they designed to kill me, and refused to go. Then a grave Indian came and gave me a short pipe, and said in English, "Smoke it;" then he took me by the hand and led me out. My heart ached, thinking myself near my end. But he carried me to a French hut, about a mile from the Indian fort. The Frenchman was not at home, but his wife, who was a Squaw, had some discourse with my Indian friend, which I did not understand. We tarried about two hours, then returned to the Indian village, where they gave me some victuals. Not long after this I saw one of my fellow-captives, who gave me a melancholy account of their sufferings after I left them.

After some weeks had passed, we left this village and went up St. Johns river about ten miles, to a branch called *Medockseneecasis*, where there was one wigwam.† At our arrival an old squaw saluted me with a yell, taking me by the hair and one hand, but I was so rude as to break her hold and

* The details of this affair as given by Gyles entirely agree with the narratives of the survivors collected by Belknap and other authors. In the Introduction I have stated the cause of this act of vengeance on the part of the Indians. Twenty-three people were killed and twenty-nine carried into captivity, some of whom never returned. But even this affair brutal as it was, was not entirely destitute of a redeeming feature. When Waldron treacherously captured the four hundred Indians in 1676, a young Indian broke away from the rest and was concealed by Mrs. Elizabeth Heard. This charitable act was the means of saving her and her family from injury at the Dover massacre of 1689.

† This river was the Meduxnekeag and the place referred to is the site of the present town of Woodstock.

free myself. She gave me a filthy grin, and the Indians set up a laugh, and so it passed over. Here we lived on fish, wild grapes, roots, &c., which was hard living to me.

When the winter came on we went up the river, till the ice came down, running thick in the river, when according to the Indian custom, we laid up our canoes till spring. Then we travelled sometimes on the ice, and sometimes on the land, till we came to a river that was open, but not fordable, where we made a raft, and passed over, bag and baggage. I met with no abuse from them in this winter's hunting, though I was put to great hardships in carrying burdens and for want of food. But they underwent the same difficulty, and would often encourage me, by saying, in broken English, "*By and by great deal moose.*" Yet they could not answer any question I asked them. And knowing little of their customs and way of life, I thought it tedious to be constantly moving from place to place, though it might be in some respects an advantage; for it ran still in my mind that we were travelling to some settlement; and when my burden was over-heavy, and the Indians left me behind, and the still evening coming on. I fancied I could see through the bushes, and hear the people of some great town; which hope, though some support to me in the day, yet I found not the town at night.*

Thus we were hunting three hundred miles from the sea, and knew no man within fifty or sixty miles of us. We were eight or ten in number, and had but two guns, on which we wholly depended for food. If any disaster had happened, we must have all perished. Sometimes we had no manner of sustenance for three or four days; but God wonderfully provides for all creatures. In one of these fasts, God's providence was remarkable. Our two Indian men, who had guns, in hunting started a moose, but there being a shallow crusted snow on the ground, and the moose discovering them, ran with great force into a swamp. The Indians went round the swamp, and finding no track, returned at night to the wigwam, and told what had happened. The next morning they followed him on the track, and soon found him lying on the snow. He had, in crossing the roots of a large tree, that had been blown down, broken through the ice made over the water in the hole occasioned by the roots of the tree taking up the ground, and hitched one of his hind legs among the roots, so fast that by striving to get it out he pulled his thigh bone out of its socket at the hip; and thus extraordinarily were we provided for in our great strait. Sometimes they would take a bear, which go into dens in the fall of the year, without any sort of food, and lie there four or five months without food, never going out till spring; in which time they neither loose nor gain in flesh. If they went into their dens fat they came out so, and if they went in lean they came out lean. I have seen some which have come out with four whelps, and both very fat, and then we feasted. An old squaw and a captive, if any present, must stand without the wigwam, shaking their hands and bodies as in a dance, and singing, "*WEGAGE OH NELO WOH.*" which in English is, "*Fat is my eating.*" This is to signify their thankfulness in feasting times. When the supply was spent we fasted till further success.†

* There is something inexpressibly pathetic in this part of Gyles' narrative. The reader will remember that he was a mere child not ten years old, ill fed and scantily clad, when he had to bear his burthen through the forest after his Indian Master.

† The reader will notice in this paragraph the most conclusive of reasons why the Indians of this part of North America never could have been numerous. They had in the beginning of winter to break up into small parties for the better pursuit of game for means of sustenance, and often were subjected to dreadful suffering from want. No people following their mode of life and constantly at war could ever become very numerous.

The way they preserve meat is by taking the flesh from the bones and drying it in smoke, by which it is kept sound months or years without salt. We moved still further up the country after moose when our store was out, so that by spring we had got to the northward of the Lady mountains, When the spring came and the rivers broke up, we moved back to the head of St. John's river, and there made canoes of moose hides, sewing three or four together and pitching the seams with balsam mixed with charcoal. Then we went down the river to a place called Madawescook.* There an old man lived and kept a sort of trading house, where we tarried several days; then we went further down the river till we came to the greatest falls in these parts, called Checanekepeag, where we carried a little way over the land, and putting off our canoes we went down-stream still. And as we passed down by the mouths of any large branches, we saw Indians; but when any dance was proposed, I was bought off. At length we arrived at the place were, we left our birch canoes in the fall, and putting our baggage into them, went down to the fort.

There we planted corn, and after planting went a fishing, and to look for and dig roots, till the corn was fit to weed. After weeding we took a second tour on the same errand, then returned to hill our corn. After hilling we went some distance from the fort and field. up the river, to take salmon and other fish, which we dried for food, where we continued till corn was filled with milk; some of it we dried then, the other as it ripened. To dry 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 would 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 already described, we put some into Indian barns, that is, into holes in the ground, lined and covered with bark, and then with dirt. The rest we carried up the river upon our next winter's hunting. Thus God wonderfully favored me, and carried me through the first year of my captivity.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE ABUSIVE AND BARBAROUS TREATMENT WHICH SEVERAL CAPTIVES MET WITH FROM THE INDIANS.

When any great number of Indians met, or when any captives had been lately taken, or when any captives desert and are retaken, they have a dance, and torture the unhappy people who have fallen into their hands. My unfortunate brother, who was taken with me, after about three years' captivity, deserted with another Englishman, who had been taken from Casco Bay, and was retaken by the Indians at New Harbor, and carried back to Penobscot fort. Here they were both tortured at a stake by fire, some time; then their noses and ears were cut off, and they made to eat them. After this they were burnt to death at the stake; the Indians at the same time declaring that they would serve all

* This river was the Madawaska, and the falls mentioned in the next sentence the Grand Falls of the River St. John. The "Lady Mountains" were no doubt the mountains of Notre Dame, near the Saint Lawrence.

† This recipe for preserving corn might be worthy the attention of housewives even at the present day. The mode of storing corn described by Gyles was practised by all the Indians of the Eastern Coast of North America. When the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth in 1620 they found some of these Indian cellars filled with corn and appropriated their contents. They paid the Indians for the corn the following year.

deserters in the same manner. Thus they divert themselves in their dances.

On the second spring of my captivity, my Indian master and his squaw went to Canada, but sent me down the river with several Indians to the fort, to plant corn. The day before we came to the planting ground, we met two young Indian men, who seemed to be in great haste. After they had passed us, I understood they were going with an express to Canada, and that there was an English vessel at the mouth of the river. I not being perfect in their language, nor knowing that English vessels traded with them in time of war, supposed a peace was concluded on, and that the captives would be released; I was so transported with this fancy, that I slept but little if any that night. Early the next morning we came to the village, where my ecstacy ended; for I had no sooner landed, but three or four Indians dragged me to the great wigwam, where they were yelling and dancing round James Alexander, a Jersey man, who was taken from Falmouth, in Casco Bay.* This was occasioned by two families of Cape Sable Indians, who, having lost some friends by a number of English fishermen, came some hundreds of miles to revenge themselves on poor captives. They soon came to me, and tossed me about till I was almost breathless, and then threw me into the ring to my fellow-captive; and taking him out, repeated their barbarities on him. Then I was hauled out again by three Indians, who seized me by the hair of the head; and bending me down by my hair, one beat me on the back and shoulders so long that my breath was almost beat out of my body. Then others put a *tomhake* [tomahawk] into my hands, and ordered me get up sing and dance Indian, which I performed with the greatest reluctance, and while in the act, seemed determined to purchase my death, by killing two or three of those monsters of cruelty, thinking it impossible to survive the bloody treatment; but it was impressed on my mind that it was not in their power to take away my life, so I desisted.

Then those Cape Sable Indians came to me again like bears bereaved of their whelps, saying, "Shall we, who have lost relations by the English, suffer an English voice to be heard among us?" &c. Then they beat me again with the axe. Now I repented that I had not sent two or three of them out of the world before me, for I thought I had much rather die than suffer any longer. They left me the second time, and the other Indians put the tomhake into my hands again, and compelled me to sing. Then I seemed more resolute than before to destroy some of them; but a strange and strong impulse that I should return to my own place and people, suppressed it, as often as such a motion rose in my breast. Not one of them showed the least compassion, but I saw the tears run down plentifully on the cheeks of a Frenchman who sat behind, though it did not alleviate the tortures poor James and I were forced to endure for the most part of this tedious day: for they were continued till the evening, and were the most severe that ever I met with in the whole six years that I was a captive with the Indians.

After they had thus inhumanly abused us, two Indians took us up and threw us out of the wigwam, and we crawled away on our hands and feet, and were scarce able to walk for several days. Some time after they again concluded on a merry dance, when I was at some distance from the wigwam dressing leather, and an Indian was so kind as to tell me that they had got James Alexander, and were in search for me. My Indian master and his

* This place was taken by the Indians May 20th. 1690. more than 100 prisoners were taken there, and the number killed was very large. About 300 Indians mainly from Acadie, though some were from Quebec, were engaged in this enterprise.

squaw bid me run for my life into a swamp and hide, and not to discover myself unless they both came to me; for then I might be assured the dance was over. I was now master of their language, and a word or a wink was enough to excite me to take care of one. I ran to the swamp and hid in the thickest place I could find. I heard hallooing and whooping all around me; sometimes some passed very near me, and I could hear some threaten and others flatter me, but I was not disposed to dance. If they had come upon me, I had resolved to show them a pair of heels, and they must have had good luck to have caught me. I heard no more of them till about evening, for I think I slept, when they came again, calling, "Chon! Chon!" but John would not trust them. After they were gone, my master and his squaw came where they told me to hide, but could not find me; and, when I heard them say, with some concern, they believed the other Indians had frightened me into the woods, and that I was lost, I came out, and they seemed well pleased. They told me James had had a bad day of it; that as soon as he was released he ran away into the woods, and they believed he was gone to the Mohawks. James soon returned, and gave a melancholy account of his sufferings, and the Indian's fright concerning the Mohawks passed over.* They often had terrible apprehensions of the incursions of those Indians. They called also *Maquas*, a most ambitious, haughty and blood-thirsty people, from whom the other Indians take their measures and manners, and their modes and changes of dress, &c. One very hot season, a great number gathered together at the village, and being a very drouthy [thirsty] people, they kept James and myself night and day fetching water from a cold spring, that ran out of a rocky hill about three quarters of a mile from the fort. In going thither, we crossed a large interval cornfield, and then a descent to lower interval, before we ascended the hill to the spring. James being almost dead, as well as I, with this continual fatigue, contrived to frighten the Indians. He told me of his plan, but conjured me to secrecy, yet he said he knew I could keep council. The next dark night, James, going for water, set his kettle down on the descent to the lowest interval, and running back to the fort, puffing and blowing as though in the utmost surprise, told his master that he saw something near the spring that looked like Mohawks, (which were only stumps.) His master being a most courageous warrior, went with him to make discovery. When they came to the brow of the hill, James pointed to the stumps, withal touching his kettle with his toe, gave it a motion down the hill; at every turn its bail clattered, which caused James and his master to see a Mohawk in every

* The Mohawks were one of the nations of the Iroquois League, or five nations as they were sometimes called. They dwelt in the State of New York and at the period of Gyles' captivity were at the very height of their power. Yet the best estimates show that all the natives of the league never could muster more than 2,500 warriors. The Mohawks alone probably never numbered more than 800 men. Yet they were a terror to the Indian nations for hundreds of miles around. It seems incredible that the Micmac in distant Acadie should be in terror of the Mohawk in New York, yet such was the case. The secret of their superiority is not easy to understand. The Malicites, and indeed all the Algonquin tribes, were incomparably better hunters and canoe men, and the Iroquois were far from being a purely bred race, for they adopted the prisoners taken in war in large numbers, so that in the course of time the original stock was overshadowed to a large extent. Moral power and prestige, no doubt, had much to do with the awe which they inspired and thus one victory begot further triumphs. The league which bound the five nations together also gave them a unity and political influence which other peoples lacked. They had a tradition that they were once weak, divided and scattered, and that they were rescued from this condition by the counsels of a Superior Being who visited them. When Cartier visited the site of Quebec and Montreal in 1535 he found them occupied by tribes of Indians, but when Champlain ascended the St. Lawrence, 70 years later, they had all disappeared. It is conjectured by some that these people were Iroquois and that the Algonquins afterwards drove them westward into the State of New York. This conjecture derives plausibility from the fact that Canada, which signifies a town, and which is contained in the vocabulary of words which Cartier collected at Quebec, is a Mohawk word.

stump, and they lost no time in "turning tail to," and he was the best fellow who could run the fastest. This alarmed all the Indians in the village. They were about thirty or forty in number, and they packed off, bag and baggage, some up the river and others down, and did not return under fifteen days; and then the heat of the weather being finally over, our hard service was abated for this season. I never heard that the Indians understood the occasion of their fright; but James and I had many a private laugh about it.

But my most intimate and dear companion was one John Evans, a young man taken from Quochecho. We, as often as we could, met together, and made known our grievances to each other, which seemed to ease our minds; but as soon as it was known by the Indians, we were strictly examined apart, and falsely accused of contriving to desert. We were too far from the sea to have any thought of that, and finding our stories agreed, did not punish us. An English captive girl about this time, who was taken by Medocawando, would often falsely accuse us of plotting to desert; but we made the truth so plainly appear, that she was checked and we were released. But the third winter of my captivity, John Evans went into the country, and the Indians imposed a heavy burden on him, while he was extremely weak from long fasting; and as he was going off the upland over a place of ice, which was very hollow, he broke through, fell down, and cut his knee very much. Notwithstanding, he travelled for some time, but the wind and cold were so forcible, that they soon overcame him, and he sat or fell down, and all the Indians passed by him. Some of them went back the next day after him, or his pack, and found him, with a dog in his arms, both frozen to death. Thus all of my fellow-captives were dispersed and dead, but through infinite and unmerited goodness I was supported under and carried through all difficulties.

CHAPTER III.

OF FURTHER DIFFICULTIES AND DELIVERANCES.

One winter, as we were moving from place to place, our hunters killed some moose. One lying some miles from our wigwams, a young Indian and myself were ordered to fetch part of it. We set out in the morning, when the weather was promising, but it proved a very cold, cloudy day. It was late in the evening before we arrived at the place where the moose lay, so that we had no time to provide materials for a fire or shelter. At the same time came on a storm of snow, very thick, which continued until the next morning. We made a small fire with what little rubbish we could find around us. The fire, with the warmth of our bodies, melted the snow upon us as fast as it fell; and so our clothes were filled with water. However, early in the morning we took our loads of moose flesh, and set out to return to our wigwams. We had not travelled far before my moose-skin coat (which was the only garment I had on my back, and the hair chiefly worn off) was frozen stiff round my knees, like a hoop, as were my snow-shoes and shoe-clouts to my feet. Thus I marched the whole day without fire or food. At first I was in great pain, then my flesh became numb, and at times I felt extremely sick, and thought I could not travel one foot farther; but I wonderfully revived again.

After long travelling I felt very drowsy, and had thoughts of sitting down, which had I done, without doubt I had fallen on my final sleep, as my dear companion, Evans, had done before. My Indian companion, being better clothed, had left me long before. Again my spirits revived as much as if I

had received the richest cordial. Some hours after sunset I reached the wigwam, and crawling in with my snow-shoes on, the Indians cried out, "The captive is frozen to death!" They took off my pack, and the place where that lay against my back was the only one that was not frozen. They cut off my shoes, and stripped off the clouts from my feet, which were as void of feeling as any frozen flesh could be. I had not sat long by the fire before the blood began to circulate, and my feet to my ankles turned black, and swelled with bloody blisters, and were inexpressibly painful. The Indians said one to another, "His feet will rot, and he will die." Yet I slept well at night. Soon after, the skin came off my feet from my ankles, whole, like a shoe, leaving my toes naked, without a nail, and the ends of my great toe bones bare, which, in a little time, turned black, so that I was obliged to cut the first joint off with my knife. The Indians gave me rags to bind up my feet, and advised me to apply fir-balsam, but withal added that they believed it was not worth while to use means, for I should certainly die. But, by the use of my elbows, and a stick in each hand, I shoved myself along as I sat upon the ground over the snow from one tree to another, till I got some balsam. This I burned in a clam-shell till it was of a consistence like salve, which I applied to my feet and ankles, and, by the divine blessing, within a week I could go about upon my heels with my staff. And through God's goodness, we had provisions enough, so that we did not remove under ten or fifteen days. Then the Indians made two little hoops, something in the form of a snow-shoe, and sewing them to my feet, I was able to follow them in their tracks, on my heels, from place to place, though sometimes half leg deep in snow and water, which gave me the most acute pain imaginable; but I must walk or die. Yet within a year my feet were entirely well; and the nails came on my great toes, so that a very critical eye could scarcely perceive any part missing, or that they had been frozen at all.*

In a time of great scarcity of provisions, the Indians chased a large moose into the river, and killed him. They brought the flesh to the village, and raised it on a scaffold, in a large wigwam, in order to make a feast. I was very officious in supplying them with wood and water, which pleased them so well that they now and then gave me a piece of flesh half boiled or roasted, which I ate with eagerness, and I doubt not with due thankfulness to the divine Being who so extraordinarily fed me. At length the scaffold bearing the moose meat broke, and I being under it, a large piece fell, and knocked me on the head. The Indians said I lay stunned a considerable time. The first I was sensible of was a murmuring noise in my ears, then my sight gradually returned, with an extreme pain in my hand, which was very much bruised; and it was long before I recovered, the weather being very hot.

I was once fishing with an Indian for sturgeon, and the Indian darting one, his feet slipped, and he turned the canoe bottom upward, with me under it. I held fast to the cross-bar, as I could not swim, with my face to the bottom of the canoe; but turning myself, I brought my breast to bear on the cross-bar, expecting every minute the Indian to tow me to the bank. But "he had

* Surgeons differ as to whether human flesh which is frozen can be restored. This was illustrated in the celebrated case of Key vs. Thomson, recently before our Courts, where one set of doctors maintained that portions of the human body which had been frozen could be restored, while another set maintained that they could not. Gyles' experience would at first sight appear to favor the former view, but the freezing in his case might after all have been superficial. The restoration of the nails certainly was a curious circumstance. But his recovery seems to have been directly contrary to the opinion of the Indians whose experience in such matters must have been wide, and therefore the case of Gyles must be regarded as a remarkable and exceptional one.

other fish to fry." Thus I continued a quarter of an hour, [though] without want of breath, till the current drove me on a rocky point where I could reach bottom. There I stopped, and turned up my canoe. On looking about for the Indian, I saw him half a mile off up the river. On going to him, I asked him why he had not towed me to the bank, seeing he knew I could not swim. He said he knew I was under the canoe, for there were no bubbles any where to be seen, and that I should drive on the point. So while he was taking care of his fine sturgeon, which was eight or ten feet in length, I was left to sink or swim.

Once, as we were fishing for salmon at a fall of about fifteen feet of water, I came near being drowned in a deep hole at the foot of the fall. The Indians went into the water to wash themselves, and asked me to go with them. I told them I could not swim, but they insisted, and so I went in. They ordered me to dive across the deepest place, and if I fell short of the other side they said they would help me. But, instead of diving across the narrowest part, I was crawling on the bottom into the deepest place. They not seeing me rise, and knowing whereabouts I was by the bubbling of the water, a young girl dived down, and brought me up by the hair, otherwise I had perished in the water. Though the Indians, both male and female, go into the water together, they have each of them such a covering on that not the least indecency can be observed, and neither chastity nor modesty is violated.*

While at the Indian village, I had been cutting wood and binding it up with an Indian rope, in order to carry it to the wigwam, a stout, ill-natured young fellow, about twenty years of age, threw me backward, sat on my breast, pulled out his knife, and said he would kill me, for he had never yet killed one of the English. I told him he might go to war, and that would be more manly than to kill a poor captive who was doing their drudgery for them. Notwithstanding all I could say, he began to cut and stab me on my breast. I seized him by the hair, and tumbling him off of me, followed him with my fists and knee with such application that he soon cried "Enough." But when I saw the blood run from my bosom, and felt the smart of the wounds he had given me, I let him again, and bid him get up, and not lie there like a dog; told him of his former abuses offered to me, and other poor captives, and that if ever he offered the like to me again, I would pay him double. I sent him before me, and taking up my burden of wood, came to the Indians, and told them the whole truth, and they commended me. And

* The modesty of all the Algonquin tribes of Indians was proverbial, and it is a remarkable circumstance that there is no instance on record of the slightest rudeness ever having been shewn to the person of a female captive by any tribe of the Algonquin nation. It is a fact that should be remembered to their credit, even by those who most abhor their bloodthirstiness and cruelty. The Prairie Indians of the United States have no such honorable reputation, and those who read of the storming and sack of cities by modern armies may pause to ask "which of the civilized peoples have proved themselves equal to the poor Algonquins in virtue?" Not the Anglo-Saxon race certainly, which has been so eager to drive the Algonquins from the face of the earth. Read what the greatest of all Military Historians, Napier, says in his history of the Peninsular War of the conduct of the British Army after the storming of San Sebastian. "This storm seemed to be the signal of hell for the perpetration of villainy which would have shamed the most ferocious barbarians of antiquity. At Ciudad Rodrigo intoxication and plunder had been the principal object; at Badajoz lust and murder were joined to rapine and drunkenness; but at San Sebastian, the direst, the most revolting cruelty was added to the catalogue of crimes. One atrocity, of which a girl of seventeen was the victim, staggers the mind by its enormous, incredible, indescribable barbarity. Some order was at first maintained, but the resolution of the troops to throw off discipline was quickly made manifest. A British staff-officer was pursued with a volley of small arms; and escaped with difficulty from men who mistook him for the provost-marshal of the fifth division; a Portuguese adjutant, who endeavored to prevent some atrocity, was put to death in the market-place, not from sudden violence from a single ruffian, but deliberately by a number of English soldiers. Many officers exerted themselves to preserve order, many men were well conducted, but the rapine and violence commenced by villains soon spread, the camp-followers crowded into the place, and the disorder continued until the flames following the steps of the plunderer put an end to his ferocity by destroying the whole town."

I do not remember that ever he offered me the least abuse afterwards, though he was big enough to have despatched two of me.

CHAPTER IV.

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS OF PROVIDENCE IN THE DEATHS OF SEVERAL BARBAROUS INDIANS.

The priest of this river was of the order of St. Francis, a gentleman of a humane, generous disposition.* In his sermons he most severely reprehended the Indians for their barbarities to captives. He would often tell them that, excepting their errors in religion, the English were a better people than themselves, and that God would remarkably punish such cruel wretches, and had begun to execute his vengeance upon such already. He gave an account of the retaliations of Providence upon those Cape Sable Indians above mentioned; one of whom got a splinter into his foot, which festered and rotted his flesh till it killed him. Another run a fish-bone into her hand or arm, and she rotted to death, notwithstanding all means that were used to prevent it. In some such manner they all died, so that not one of those two families lived to return home. † Were it not for these remarks of the priest, I had not, perhaps, have noticed these providences.

There was an old Squaw who ever endeavored to outdo all others in cruelty to captives. Wherever she came into a wigwam, where any poor, naked, starved captives were sitting near the fire, if they were grown persons, she would stealthily take up a shovel of hot coals, and throw them into their bosoms. ‡ If they were young persons, she would seize them by the hand or leg, drag them through the fires, &c. The Indians with whom she lived, according to their custom, left their village in the fall of the year, and dis-



Father Simon appears to have been a man of much activity and enterprise as well as religious zeal. His principal mission station was at Augpaque (Au-pa-ha, head of the tide) on the west bank of the St. John River opposite Savage Island; six miles above Fredericton. Father Simon took part in most of the expeditions against the English Settlements in King William's War. He brought 36 warriors from his mission to aid in the defence of Fort Nashwaak in 1696 and he appears to have died two or three years later, as in Dec. 1698 Governor Villebon writes that "Father Simon is sick at Jemseg" and his name does not occur again in the annals of the time. Father-Thury, who had been priest of Penobscot, the Jesuit who wished to ransom Gyles from his Indian Captors died in 1699. In 1859 a heavy gold ring was

found among the ruins of Fort Nashwaak, which from the character of its design, seems to have been the property of an ecclesiastic. As Fort Nashwaak was only occupied for about seven years, and as Father Simon was almost the only priest who visited it, it is not unreasonable to conjecture that this ring belonged to him. The annexed fac simile of its design will give the reader an accurate idea of its appearance. It was originally cut for Stewart's Quarterly to illustrate a paper by the writer on Fort Nashwaak.

† The belief in Special Providences was one of the features of the Puritan Creed, and, as it was a belief extremely flattering to human vanity, it survived in Massachusetts long after much of the real Puritanism of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers had disappeared. In Governor Winthrop's history and other Puritan writers of his age innumerable instances are quoted of God's regard to them, his chosen people. But nowhere is this feature of their creed more happily expressed than in a noble passage in Macaulay's Essay on Milton, a portion of which we quote:—"On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanness of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest—who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

‡ All writers on Indian manners and customs admit that the women exceeded the men in cruelty to captives. It is perhaps owing to this fact that the women were not always spared in Indian warfare.

persed themselves for hunting. After the first or second removal, they all strangely forgot that old squaw and her grandson, about twelve years of age. They were found dead in the place where they were left some months afterwards, and no farther notice was taken of them by their friends. Of this the priest made special remark, forasmuch as it is a thing very uncommon for them to neglect either their old or young people.

In the latter part of summer, or beginning of autumn, the Indians were frequently frightened by the appearance of strange Indians, passing up and down this river in canoes, and about that time the next year died more than one hundred persons, old and young; all, or most of those who saw those strange Indians. The priest said it was a sort of plague. A person seer ing in perfect health would bleed at the mouth and nose, turn blue in spots, and die in two or three hours.* It was very tedious to me to remove from place to place this cold season. The Indians applied red ochre to my sores. [which had been occasioned by the affray before mentioned,] which by God's blessing cured me. This sickness being at the worst as winter came on, the Indians all scattered; and the blow was so great to them, that they did not settle or plant at their village while I was on the river, [St. John,] and I know not whether they have to this day. Before they thus deserted the village, when they came in from hunting, they would be drunk and fight for several days and nights together, till they had spent most of their skins in wine and brandy, which was brought to the village by a Frenchman called Monsieur *Sigenioncour*. †

* There have been several similar visitations of pestilence among the Indians during the historic period. For three or four years previous to the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620 a deadly malady raged along the seaboard from Penobscot to Narraganset Bay. Some tribes were nearly destroyed. The Massachusetts were reduced from three thousand to three hundred fighting men, and miles of coast which had been populous were left without a single inhabitant. The pestilence mentioned by Gyles is mentioned in Governor Villebon's Journal and it appears to have swept over both Maine and New Brunswick in 1693 and 1694. The Chief of the St. John River died of it. It is impossible, of course, at this distance of time, to tell the exact nature of this malady, but the symptoms recorded by Gyles are somewhat similar to those of the plague which prevails in Egypt. In Baker's *Albert N'Yanza* p. 333, it is stated that the most fatal symptom is violent bleeding at the nose, and that those thus taken are never known to recover.

† The proper name of this person was Rene' d'Amours, Sieur de Clignacourt, one of four brothers who came from Quebec to settle on the river St. John, about the year 1684. The d'Amours were originally from Bretagne. Mathieu the father was appointed one of the Councillors of the Province of Quebec in 1663. The sons Rene', Louis, Mathieu, and Bernard as soon as they grew up took to the woods and became *Courenurs de bois* or outlaws in the bush, a sort of cross between a trader and a bandit peculiar to Canada, the result of the poverty of the nobles and gentry, and the meddling character of the government and of the priests. To quote the language of Parkman "The Old Regime in Canada," p. 309, "All that was most active and vigorous in the Colony took to the woods and escaped from the control of Intendants, councils and priests, to the savage freedom of the wilderness. Not only were the possible profits great, but in the pursuit of them, there was a fascinating element of adventure and danger." The d'Amours were at one time arrested for their illegal trading but seem to have regained the favor of the government for in 1684 they received large grants of land. Rene' had a grant of the territory on the River St. John from Medoctec to the *Longue Saute*, two leagues in depth on each side of the river. Louis had a grant of the River Richibucto, one League of land on the South West side and as far as three leagues beyond the river Chibuctouche, on the other side, with the isles adjacent. Mathieu had a grant of the land along the River St. John between Gemesic and Nachouae, two leagues deep on each side of the river. In 1695, Bernard received a grant of the river Kanibecache. In reciting these grants I have followed the ancient mode of spelling but the reader will easily recognize the places named. For some reason the d'Amours fell under the displeasure of Governor Villebon, for writing of them in 1695, he says, "They are four in number, living on the St. John river. They are given up to licentiousness and independence, for ten or twelve years they have been here. They are disobedient and seditious and require to be watched." In another memoir it is stated of the d'Amours that though they have the best grants of land in the finest parts of the country they have hardly a place to lodge in. They carry on no tillage, keep no cattle but live in trading with the Indians and debauch among them making large profits, thereby but injuring the public good. In 1696 Villebon again writes "I have no more reason my lord to be satisfied with the Sieurs d'Amour than I previously had. The one that has come from France has not pleased me more than the other two. Their minds are wholly spoiled by long licentiousness and the manners they have acquired among the Indians; and they must be watched closely, as I had the honor to state to you last year." Acadie was so full of cabals that even these positive statements of Villebon must be taken with allowance. Two of the brothers certainly had permanent residences, and not only goods and cattle but wives also. Mathieu, whose title was *Freneuse*, resided on the eastern bank of the St. John opposite the mouth of the Oromocto. Louis, whose title was *Chaufours*, lived at the junction of the *Jemseg* with the St. John. Mathieu d'Amours died of the fatigue and exposure he had to undergo at the siege of fort Nashwaak in 1696. Of Louis d'Amours more will be related further on. Nothing recorded of him by Gyles bears out any of the imputations cast upon him, in common with his brothers, by Villebon.

CHAPTER V.

OF THEIR FAMILIARITY WITH AND FRIGHTS FROM THE DEVIL, ETC.

The Indians are very often surprised with the appearance of ghosts and demons. Sometimes they are encouraged by the devil, for they go to him for success in hunting, &c. I was once hunting with Indians who were not brought over to the Romish Faith, and after several days they proposed to inquire, according to their custom, what success they should have. They accordingly prepared many hot stones, and laying them in a heap, made a small hut covered with skins and mats; then in a dark night two of the powwows went into this hot house with a large vessel of water, which at times they poured on those hot rocks, which raised a thick steam, so that a third Indian was obliged to stand without, and lift up a mat, to give it vent when they were almost suffocated. There was an old squaw who was kind to captives, and never joined with them in their powwowing, to whom I manifested an earnest desire to see their management. She told me that if they knew of my being there they would kill me, and that when she was a girl she had known young persons to be taken away by a hairy man, and therefore she would not advise me to go, lest the hairy man should carry me away. I told her I was not afraid of the hairy man, nor could he hurt me if she would not discover me to the powwows. At length she promised me she would not, but charged me to be careful of myself. I went within three or four feet of the hot house, for it was very dark, and heard strange noises and yellings, such as I never heard before. At times the Indian who tended without would lift up the mat, and a steam would issue which looked like fire. I lay there two or three hours, but saw none of their hairy men, or demons.* And when I found they had finished their ceremony, I went to the wigwam, and told the squaw what had passed. She was glad I had escaped without hurt, and never discovered what I had done. After some time inquiry was made of the powwows what success we were likely to have in our hunting. They said they had very likely signs of success, but no real ones as at other times. A few days after we moved up the river, and had pretty good luck.

One afternoon as I was in a canoe with one of the powwows the dog barked, and presently a moose passed by within a few rods of us, so that the waves he made by wading rolled our canoe. The Indian shot at him, but the moose took very little notice of it, and went into the woods to the southward. The fellow said, "I will try if I can't fetch you back for all your haste." The evening following, we built our two wigwams on a sandy point on the upper end of an island in the river, north-west of the place where the moose went into the woods; and here the Indian powwowed the greatest part of the night following. In the morning we had a fair track of a moose round our wigwams, though we did not see or taste of it. I am of opinion that the devil was permitted to humor those unhappy wretches sometimes, in some things.†

That it may appear how much they were deluded, or under the influences of Satan, read the two stories which were related and believed by the Indians. The first, of a boy who was carried away by a large bird called a

* This account which Gyles gives of the Indian method of invoking the devil is very curious and shows how slight a hold religious feelings had upon the savage mind. All the Indian races are miserably superstitious and stand in the greatest awe of evil spirits. Any sign which they regard as an unfavorable omen will turn them back from the most promising enterprise. No doubt their solitary life in the woods is to a large extent responsible for this trait of Indian character.

† This last touch about the devil being permitted "to humor these unhappy wretches" is exquisite, as a sample of the superstitious belief of two centuries ago.

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Gulloua, who buildeth her nest on a high rock or mountain. A boy was hunting with his bow and arrow at the foot of a rocky mountain, when the gulloua came diving through the air, grasped the boy in her talons, and although he was eight or ten years of age, she soared aloft and laid him in her nest, food for her young. The boy lay still on his face, but observed two of the young birds in the nest with him, having much fish and flesh to feed upon. The old one seeing they would not eat the boy, took him up in her claws and returned him to the place from whence she took him. I have passed near the mountain in a canoe, and the Indians have said, "There is the nest of the great bird that carried away the boy." Indeed there seemed to be a great number of sticks put together like a nest on the top of the mountain. At another time they said, "There is the bird, but he is now as a boy to a giant to what he was in former days." The bird which we saw was a large and speckled one, like an eagle, though somewhat larger.*

When from the mountain tops, with hideous cry
And clattering wings, the hungry harpies fly,
They snatched

And whether gods or birds obscene they were,
Our vows for pardon and for peace prefer,

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

The other notion is, that a young Indian in his hunting was belated, and losing his way, was on a sudden introduced to a large wigwam full of dried eels, which proved to be a beaver's house, in which he lived till the spring of the year, when he was turned out of the house, and being set upon a beaver's dam, went home and related the affair to his friends at large.

CHAPTER VI.

A DESCRIPTION OF SEVERAL CREATURES COMMONLY TAKEN BY THE INDIANS ON ST. JOHNS RIVER.

I. *Of the Beaver.*—The beaver has a very thick, strong neck; his fore teeth, which are two in the upper and two in the under jaw, are concave and sharp like a carpenter's gouge. Their side teeth are like a sheep's, for they chew the cud. Their legs are short, the claws something longer than in other creatures. The nails on the toes of their hind feet are flat like an ape's but joined together by a membrane, as those of the water-fowl, their tails broad and flat like the broad end of a paddle. Near their tails they have four bottles, two of which contain oil, the others gum; the necks of these meet in one common orifice. The latter of these bottles contain the proper castorum, and not the testicles, as some have fancied, for they are distinct and separate from them, in the males only; whereas the castorum and oil bottles are common to male and female. With this oil and gum they preen themselves, so that when they come out of the water it runs off of them, as it does from a fowl. They have four teats, which are on their breasts, so that they hug up their young and suckle them, as women do their infants. They have generally two, and sometimes four in a litter. I have seen seven or five in the matrix, but the Indians think it a strange thing to find so many in a litter; and they assert that when it so happens, the dam kills all but four.

* The belief in the existence of birds of enormous size was common among all uncivilized people in the old world, and the reader may see in this an illustration of the universality of traditions, and a proof of the Eastern origin of our aborigines. The fabled Roc of the Arabian Nights finds its counterpart in the traditions of the West.

They are the most laborious creatures that I have met with. I have known them to build dams across a river, thirty or forty perches wide; with wood and mud, so as to flow many acres of land. In the deepest part of a pond so raised, they build their houses, round, in the figure of an Indian wigwam, eight or ten feet high, and six or eight in diameter on the floor, which is made descending to the water, the parts near the centre about four, and near the circumference between ten and twenty inches above the water. These floors are covered with strippings of wood, like shavings, On these they sleep with their tails in the water; and if the freshets rise, they have the advantage of rising on their floor to the highest part. They feed on the leaves and bark of trees, and pond lily roots. In the fall of the year they lay in their provisions for the approaching winter; cutting down trees great and small. With one end in their mouths they drag their branches near to their house, and sink many cords of it. (They will cut [gnaw] down trees of a fathom in circumference.) They have doors to go down to the wood under the ice. And in case the freshets rise, break down and carry off their store of wood, they often starve. They have a note for conversing, calling and warning each other when at work or feeding; and while they are at labor they keep out a guard, who upon the first approach of an enemy so strikes the water with his tail that he may be heard half a mile. This so alarms the rest that they are all silent, quit their labor, and are to be seen no more for that time. If the male or female die, the survivor seeks a mate, and conducts him or her to their house, and carry on affairs as above.

2. *Of the Wolverine.* [*Gulo Luscus* of L.] The wolverene is a very fierce and mischievous creature, about the bigness of a middling dog; having short legs, broad feet and very sharp claws, and in my opinion may be reckoned a species of cat. They will climb trees and wait for moose and other animals which feed below, and when opportunity presents, jump upon and strike their claws in them so fast that they will hang on them till they have gnawed the main nerve in their neck asunder, which causes their death. I have known many moose killed thus. I was once travelling a little way behind several Indians, and hearing them laugh merrily, when I came up I asked them the cause of their laughter. They showed me the track of a moose, and how a wolverene had climbed a tree, and where he had jumped off upon a moose. It so happened, that after the moose had taken several large leaps, it came under the branch of a tree, which striking the wolverene, broke his hold and tore him off; and by his tracks in the snow it appeared he went off another way, with short steps, as if he had been stunned by the blow that had broken his hold. The Indians imputed the accident to the cunning of the moose, and were wonderfully pleased that it had thus outwitted the mischievous wolverene.

These wolverenes go into wigwams which have been left for a time, scatter the things abroad, and most filthily pollute them with ordure. I have heard the Indians say that this animal has sometimes pulled their guns from under their heads while they were asleep, and left them so defiled. An Indian told me that having left his wigwam with sundry things on the scaffold, among which was a birchen flask containing several pounds of powder, he found at his return, much to his surprise and grief, that a wolverene had visited it, mounted the scaffold, hove down bag and baggage. The powder flask happening to fall into the fire, exploded, blowing up the wolverene, and scattering the wigwam in all directions. At length he found the creature, blind

from the blast, wandering backward and forward, and he had the satisfaction of kicking and beating him about. This in a great measure made up their loss, and then they could contentedly pick up their utensils and rig out their wigwam.

3. *Of the Hedgehog.* [*Histrix Dorsata, or Urchin, Urson?*] Our hedgehog or urchin is about the bigness of a hog of six months old. His back, sides and tail are full of sharp quills, so that if any creature approach him, he will contract himself into a globular form, and when touched by his enemy, his quills are so sharp and loose in the skin they fix in the mouth of the adversary. They will strike with great force with their tails, so that whatever falls under the lash of them are certainly filled with their prickles; but that they shoot their quills, as some assert they do, is a great mistake, as respects the American hedgehog, and I believe as to the African hedgehog or porcupine, also. As to the former, I have taken them at all seasons of the year.

4. *Of the Tortoise.* It is needless to describe the fresh-water tortoise, whose form is so well known in all parts; but their manner of propagating their species is not so universally known. I have observed that sort of tortoise whose shell is about fourteen or sixteen inches wide. In their coition they may be heard half a mile, making a noise like a woman washing her linen with a batting staff. They lay their eggs in the sand, near some deep, still water, about a foot beneath the surface of the sand, with which they are very curious in covering them; so that there is not the least mixture of it amongst them, nor the least rising of sand on the beach where they are deposited. I have often searched for them with the Indians, by thrusting a stick into the sand at random, and brought up some part of an egg clinging to it; when, uncovering the place, we have found near one hundred and fifty in one nest. Both their eggs and flesh are good eating when boiled. I have observed a difference as to the length of time in which they are hatching, which is between twenty and thirty days; some sooner than others. Whether this difference ought to be imputed to the various quality or site of the sand in which they are laid, (as to the degree of cold or heat,) I leave to the conjecture of the virtuosi. As soon as they are hatched, the young tortoises break through the sand and betake themselves to the water, and, as far as I could discover, without any further care or help of the old ones.

CHAPTER VII.

OF THEIR FEASTING. BEFORE THEY GO TO WAR.

When the Indians determine on war, or are entering upon a particular expedition, they kill a number of their dogs, burn off the hair and cut them to pieces, leaving only one dog's head whole. The rest of the flesh they boil, and make a fine feast of it. Then the dog's head that was left whole is scorched, till the nose and lips have shrunk from the teeth, leaving them bare and grinning. This done, they fasten it on a stick, and the Indian who is proposed to be chief in the expedition takes the head into his hand, and sings a warlike song, in which he mentions the town they design to attack, and the principal man in it; threatening that in a few days he will carry that man's head and scalp in his hand, in the same manner. When the chief has finished singing, he so places the dog's head as to grin at him who he supposes will go his second, who, if he accepts, takes the head in his hand and sings; but

if he refuses to go, he turns the teeth to another; and thus from one to another till they have enlisted their company.*

The Indians imagine that dog's flesh makes them bold and courageous. I have seen an Indian split a dog's head with a hatchet, take out the brains hot, and eat them raw with the blood running down his jaws.

When a relation dies. In a still evening, a squaw will walk on the highest land near her abode, and with a loud and mournful voice will exclaim, "O *hawe, hawe, hawe,*" with a long, mournful tone to each *hawe*, for a long time together.† After the mourning season is over, the relations of the deceased make a feast to wipe off tears, and the bereaved may marry freely. If the deceased was a squaw, the relations consult together, and choose a squaw, (doubtless a widow,) and send her to the widower, and if he likes her he takes her to be his wife, if not, he sends her back, and the relations choose and send till they find one that he approves of.

If a young fellow determines to marry, his relations and the Jesuit advise him to a girl. He goes into the wigwam where she is, and looks on her. If he likes her appearance, he tosses a chip or stick into her lap, which she takes, and with a reserved, side look, views the person who sent it; yet handles the chip with admiration, as though she wondered from whence it came. If she

The sacrifice of a Dog was considered the most valuable offering they could make to appease an angry Manitou. As an illustration of this, as well as of some other Indian superstitions, I quote from the narrative of Alexander Henry's Captivity among the Indians in 1763 the following account of what followed his discovery of a rattlesnake on one of their landings while sailing down Lake Huron. Henry was made a prisoner at the capture of Fort Michilimackinac, and his narrative is one of the best written and most interesting tales of suffering ever published;—"I no sooner saw the snake than I hastened to the canoe, in order to procure my gun: but the Indians, observing what I was doing, inquired the occasion, and being informed, begged me to desist. At the same time they followed me to the spot, with their pipes and tobacco-pouches in their hands. On returning, I found the snake still coiled. The Indians, on their part, surrounded it, all addressing it by turns and calling it their *grandfather*; but yet keeping at some distance. During this part of the ceremony they filled their pipes; and each blew it towards the snake, who, as it appeared to me, readily received it with pleasure. In a word, after remaining coiled, and receiving incense for the space of half an hour, it stretched itself along the ground in visible good humor. Its length was between four and five feet. Having remained outstretched for some time, at last it moved slowly away, the Indians following it, and still addressing it by the title of grandfather, beseeching it to take care of their families during their absence, and to be pleased to open the heart of Sir William Johnson, so that he might *show them charity*, and fill their canoe with rum. One of the chiefs added a petition that the snake would take no notice of the insult which had been offered him by the Englishman, who would have put him to death but for the interference of the Indians, to whom it was hoped he would impute no part of the offence. They further requested that he would remain and inhabit their country, and not return among the English, that is, go eastward. After the rattlesnake had gone, I learned that this was the first time that an individual of the species had been seen so far to the northward and westward of the river Des Français: a circumstance moreover, from which my companions were disposed to infer that this *manitou* had come or been sent on purpose to meet them: that his errand had been no other than to stop them on their way; and that consequently it would be most advisable to return to the point of departure. I was so fortunate, however, as to prevail with them to embark; and at six o'clock in the evening we again encamped. Very little was spoken of through the evening, the rattlesnake excepted. Early the next morning we proceeded. We had a serene sky and very little wind, and the Indians therefore determined on steering across the lake to an island which just appeared in the horizon; saving, by this course, a distance of thirty miles, which would be lost in keeping the shore. At nine o'clock, A. M. we had a light breeze astern, to enjoy the benefit of which we hoisted sail. Soon after the wind increased, and the Indians, beginning to be alarmed, frequently called on the rattlesnake to come to their assistance. By degrees the waves grew high; and at eleven o'clock it blew a hurricane, and we expected every moment to be swallowed up. From prayers the Indians now proceeded to sacrifices, both alike offered to the god rattlesnake, or *manitou kubic*. One of the chiefs took a dog, and after tying its fore legs together threw it overboard, at the same time calling on the snake to preserve us from being drowned, and desiring him to satisfy his hunger with the carcass of the dog. The snake was unpropitious, and the wind increased. Another chief sacrificed another dog, with the addition of some tobacco. In the prayer which accompanied these gifts, he besought the snake, as before, not to avenge upon the Indians the insult which he had received from myself, in the conception of a design to put him to death. He assured the snake that I was absolutely an Englishman, and of kin neither to him nor to them. At the conclusion of this speech, an Indian who sat near me observed, that if we were drowned it would be for my fault alone, and that I ought myself to be sacrificed, to appease the angry manito; nor was I without apprehensions that in case of extremity this would be my fate; but, happily for me, the storm at length abated, and we reached the island safely."

† Lescarbot gives an account of the funeral obsequies of Pannoniac, a Micmac chief, who was killed by the Amouchequois in 1607. He was first brought back to St. Croix, where the savages wept and embalmed him. They then took him to Port Royal, where, for eight days, they howled lustily over his remains. Then they went to his hut and burnt it up with its contents, dogs included, so as to save quarreling among his relations as to the property. The body was left in the custody of the parents until spring, when he was bewailed again, and laid in a new grave near Cape Sable, along with pipes, knives, axes, otter-skins and pots.

likes him she throws the chip to him with a modest smile, and then nothing is wanting but a ceremony with the Jesuit to consummate the marriage. But if she dislikes her suitor, she, with a surly countenance, throws the chip aside, and he comes no more there.

If parents have a daughter marriageable they seek a husband for her who is a good hunter. If she has been educated to make *monoödah*, (Indian bags) birch dishes, to lace snow-shoes, make Indian shoes, string wampum belts, sew birch canoes, and boil the kettle, she is esteemed a lady of fine accomplishments. If the man sought out for husband have a gun and ammunition, a canoe, spear, and hatchet, a *monoödah*, a crooked knife, looking glass and paint, a pipe, tobacco, and knot-bowl to toss a kind of dice in, he is accounted a gentleman of a plentiful fortune. Whatever the new-married man procures the first year belongs to his wife's parents. If the young pair have a child within a year and nine months, they are thought to be very forward and libidinous persons.

By their play with dice they lose much time, playing whole days and nights together; sometimes staking their whole effects: though this is accounted a great vice by the old men.

A digression.—There is an old story told among the Indians of a family who had a daughter that was accounted a finished beauty, having been adorned with the precious jewel, an Indian Education. She was so formed by nature, and polished by art, that they could not find for her a suitable consort. At length, while this family were once residing upon the head of Penobscot river, under the White hills, called *Teddon*, this fine creature was missing, and her parents could learn no tidings of her. After much time and pains spent, and tears showered in quest of her, they saw her diverting herself with a beautiful youth, whose hair, like her own, flowed down below his waist, swimming, washing, &c., in the water; but they vanished upon their approach. This beautiful person, whom they imagined to be one of those kind spirits who inhabit the *Teddon*, they looked upon as their son-in-law: and, according to their custom, they called upon him for moose, bear, or whatever creature they desired; and if they did but go to the water-side and signify their desire, the animal would come swimming to them. I have heard an Indian say that he lived by the river, at the foot of the *Teddon*, the top of which he could see through the hole of his wigwam left for the smoke to pass out. He was tempted to travel to it, and accordingly set out on a summer morning, and labored hard in ascending the hill all day, and the top seemed as distant from the place where he lodged at night as from his wigwam, where he began his journey. He now concluded the spirits were there, and never dared to make a second attempt.

I have been credibly informed that several others have failed in like attempts. Once three young men climbed towards its summit three days and a half, at the end of which time they became strangely disordered with delirium, &c., and when their imagination was clear, and they could recollect where they were, they found themselves returned one day's journey. How they came to be thus transported they could not conjecture, unless the genius of the place had conveyed them. These White hills, at the head of Penobscot river, are, by the Indians, said to be much higher than those called *Agiockochook*, above Saco.

But to return to an Indian feast, of which you may request a bill of fare before you go. If you dislike it, stay at home. The ingredients are fish,

flesh, or Indian corn, and beans boiled together; sometimes hasty pudding made of pounded corn, whenever and as often as these are plenty. An Indian boils four or five large kettles full, and sends a messenger to each wigwam door, who exclaims, "*Kuh menscoorebah!*" that is, "I come to conduct you to a feast." The man within demands whether he must take a spoon or a knife in his dish, which he always carries with him. They appoint two or three young men to mess it out, to each man his portion, according to the number of his family at home. This is done with the utmost exactness. When they have done eating, a young fellow stands without the door, and cries aloud, "*Mensecommook*," "come and fetch," immediately each squaw goes to her husband and takes what he has left, which she carries home and eats with her children. For neither married women, nor any youth under twenty, are allowed to be present; but old widow squaws and captive men may sit by the door. The Indian men continue in the wigwam; some relating their warlike exploits, others something comical, others narrating their hunting exploits. The seniors give maxims of prudence and grave counsel to the young men; and though every one's speech be agreeable to the run of his own fancy, yet they confine themselves to rule, and but one speaks at a time. After every man has told his story, one rises up, sings a feast song, and others succeed alternately as the company sees fit.

Necessity is the mother of invention. If an Indian loses his fire, he can presently take two sticks, one harder than the other, (the drier the better,) and in the softest one make a hollow, or socket, in which one end of the hardest stick being inserted, then holding the softest piece firm between the knees, whirls it round like a drill, and fire will kindle in a few minutes.

If they have lost or left their kettle, it is but putting their victuals into a birch dish, leaving a vacancy in the middle, filling it with water, and putting in hot stones alternately; they will thus thoroughly boil the toughest neck of beef.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF MY THREE YEARS CAPTIVITY WITH THE FRENCH.

When about six years of my doleful captivity had passed, my second Indian master died, whose squaw and my first Indian master disputed whose slave I should be. Some malicious persons advised them to end the quarrel by putting a period to my life; but honest father Simon, the priest of the river, told them that it would be a heinous crime, and advised them to sell me to the French. There came annually one or two men of war to supply the fort, which was on the river about 34 leagues from the sea.* The Indians having advice of the arrival of a man of war at the mouth of the river, they, about thirty or forty in number, went on board, for the gentlemen from France made a present to them every year, and set forth the riches and victories of their monarch, &c. At this time they presented the Indians with a bag or two of flour with some prunes, &c ingredients for a feast. I, who was dressed up in an old greasy blanket, without cap, hat, or shirt, (for I had had no shirt for the six years, except the one I had on at the time I was made prisoner,) was invited into the great cabin, where many well-rigged gentlemen

* The fort spoken of here was Fort Nashwaak, which was occupied by Villebon, and was the head quarters of the government of Acadie from 1692 to 1699. It stood on the eastern bank of the St. John, at its junction with the Nashwaak River, nearly opposite Fredericton, and on the northern side of the latter river. It was an ordinary pallsided fort with four bastions, and had eight cannon mounted. Some traces of it are still visible.

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.

as smart as —. And I never more saw the old ~~frar~~, the Indian village, or my Indian master, till about fourteen years after, when I saw my old Indian master at Port Royal, whither I had been sent by the government with a flag of truce for the exchange of prisoners: and again, about twenty four years since, he came from St. John, to fort George, to see me, where I made him very welcome.

My French master held a great trade with the Indians, which suited me very well, I being thorough in the languages of the tribes at Cape Sable and St. John.

I had not lived long with this gentleman before he committed to me the keys of his store, &c. and my whole employment was trading and hunting, in which I acted faithfully for my master, and never, knowingly, wronged him to the value of one farthing.

They spoke to me so much in Indian that it was some time before I was perfect in the French tongue. Monsieur generally had his goods from the men-of-war which came there annually from France.

In the year 1696, two men-of-war came to the mouth of the river. In their way they had captured the Newport, Captain Payson, and brought him with them. They made the Indians some presents, and invited them to join in an expedition to Penmaquid. They accepted it, and soon after arrived there. Capt. Chubb, who commanded that post, delivered it up without much dispute to Monsieur d'Iberville, as I heard the gentleman say, with whom I lived, who was there present.*

Early in the spring I was sent with three Frenchmen to the mouth of the river, for provisions, which came from Port Royal. We carried over land from the river to a large bay, where we were driven on an island by a north-east storm, where we were kept seven days, without any sustenance, for we expected a quick passage, and carried nothing with us. The wind continued boisterous, we could not return back, and the ice prevented our going forward. After seven days the ice broke up and we went forward, though we were so weak that we could scarce hear each other speak. The people at the mouth of the river were surprised to see us alive, and advised us to be cautious and abstemious in eating. By this time I knew as much of fasting as they, and dieted on broth, and recovered very well, as did one of the others; but the other two would not be advised, and I never saw any persons in greater distress, till at length they had action of the bowels, when they recovered.†

A frar, who lived in the family, invited me to confession, but I excused

* Fort William Herry at Penmaquid was the strongest work which the English Colonists had up to that time erected in America. It was on the site of the old fort, at the same place, spoken of in a former note, and situated about twenty rods above high water mark. It was entirely new, having been built in 1692 at the cost of Massachusetts. The fort was a quadrangle 108 feet across, or in compass 747 feet; its walls were of stone, cemented in lime mortar, their height on the south side facing the sea being 22 feet, on the west 18, on the north 10 and on the east 12 feet. The round tower at the South West corner was 29 feet high. Eight feet from the ground, where the walls were six feet thick, there was a tier of 28 port holes. Sixteen cannon were mounted on its walls. It cost £20,000 to build it and took upwards of 2000 cart loads of stone; and, as it was well manned, provisioned, and supplied with military stores, besides being almost surrounded by the tide at high water, it was thought to be impregnable. Captain Chubb was in command of it and he had a garrison of 95 men. Governor Villebon regarded it as a menace to Acadie and resolved to capture and destroy it, if possible. An expedition for that purpose was placed under the command of d'Iberville. It consisted of about 60 Frenchmen, a number of Indians from the St John River, and 130 Penobscot Indians under St. Castine. M. Thury and Father Simon were at the siege. The fort was invested on the 14th August 1696, and surrendered on the following day. The prisoners, agreeably to the terms of the capitulation, were taken to Boston in a vessel belonging to Louis d'Amours, and the fort demolished. The people of New England were greatly enraged at the destruction of their costly fort and at the cowardice of Chubb who surrendered it so easily.

† The island on which Gyles and his companions were driven and so nearly starved to death, was no doubt, either Kennebecasis Island or Long Island in the Kennebecasis, probably the latter.

myself as well as I could at that time. One evening he took me into his apartment in the dark and advised me to confess to him what sins I had committed. I told him I could not remember a thousandth part of them, they were so numerous. Then he bid me remember and relate as many as I could, and he would pardon them; signifying he had a bag to put them in. I told him I did not believe it was in the power of any but God to pardon sin. He asked me whether I had read the Bible. I told him I had, when I was a little boy, but it was so long ago I had forgotten most of it. Then he told me he did not pardon my sins, but when he knew them he prayed to God to pardon them; when, perhaps, I was at my sports and plays. He wished me well and hoped I should be better advised, and said he should call for me in a little time. Thus he dismissed me, nor did he ever call me to confession afterwards.

The gentleman with whom I lived had a fine field of wheat, in which great numbers of black-birds continually collected and made great havoc in it. The French said a Jesuit would come and banish them. He did at length come, and having all things prepared, he took a basin of holy water, a staff with a little brush, and having on his white robe, went into the field of wheat. I asked several prisoners who had lately been taken by privateers, and brought in there, viz. Mr. Woodbury, Cocks [Cox?] and Morgan, whether they would go and see the ceremony. Mr. Woodbury asked me whether I was designed to go, and I told him yes. He then said I was as bad as a papist, and a d—d fool. I told him I believed as little of it as he did, but that I was inclined to see the ceremony, that I might tell it to my friends.

With about thirty following in procession, the Jesuit marched through the field of wheat, a young lad going before him bearing the holy water. Then the Jesuit, dipping his brush into the holy water, sprinkled the field on each side of him; a little bell jingling at the same time, and all singing the words *Ora pro nobis*. At the end of the field they wheeled to the left about, and returned. Thus they passed and repassed the field of wheat, the black-birds all the while rising before them only to light behind. At their return I told a French lad that the friar had done no service, and recommended them to shoot the birds. The lad left me, as I thought, to see what the Jesuit would say to my observation, which turned out to be the case, for he told the lad that the sins of the people were so great that he could not prevail against those birds. The same friar as vainly attempted to banish the musketoes from Signecto,* but the sins of the people there were also too great for him to prevail, but, on the other hand, it seemed that more came, which caused the people to suspect that some had come for the sins of the Jesuit also.

Some time after, Col. Hawthorne attempted the taking of the French fort up this river. We heard of him some time before he came up, by the guard which Governor Villebon had stationed at the river's mouth. Monsieur, my master, had gone to France, and madam, his wife, advised with me. She desired me to nail a paper on the door of her house, which paper read as follows:

"I entreat the general of the English not to burn my house or barn, nor destroy my cattle. I don't suppose that such an army comes here to destroy a few inhabitants, but to take the fort above us. I have shown kindness to the English captives, as we were capacitated, and have bought two.

* This, we need scarcely say, is intended for Chignecto, where there was a large French Settlement.

of the Indians, and sent them to Boston. We have one now with us, and he shall go also when a convenient opportunity presents, and he desires it."

When I had done this, madam said to me, "Little English," [which was the familiar name she used to call me by,] "we have shown you kindness, and now it lies in your power to serve or disserve us, as you know where our goods are hid in the woods, and that monsieur is not home. I could have sent you to the fort and put you under confinement, but my respect to you and your assurance of love to us have disposed me to confide in you, persuaded you will not hurt us or our affairs. And, now, if you will not run away to the English, who are coming up the river, but serve our interest, I will acquaint monsieur of it on his return from France, which will be very pleasing to him: and I now give my word, you shall have liberty to go to Boston on the first opportunity, if you desire it, or any other favor in my power shall not be denied you." I replied:

"Madam, it is contrary to the nature of the English to requite evil for good. I shall endeavor to serve you and your interest. I shall not run to the English, but if I am taken by them I shall willingly go with them, and yet endeavor not to disserve you either in your person or goods."

The place where we lived was called Hagimsack,* twenty-five leagues from the river's mouth, as I have before stated.

We now embarked and went in a large boat and canoe two or three miles up an eastern branch of the river that comes from a large pond, and on the following evening sent down four hands to make discovery. And while they were sitting in the house the English surrounded it and took one of the four. The other three made their escape in the dark and through the English soldiers, and coming to us, gave a surprising account of affairs. Upon this news madam said to me, "Little English, now you can go from us, but I hope you will remember your word." I said, "Madam, be not concerned. I will not leave you in this strait." She said, "I know not what to do with my two poor little babes." I said, "Madam, the sooner we embark and go over the great pond the better." Accordingly we embarked and went over the pond.† The next day we spoke with Indians, who were in a canoe, and they gave us an account that Signecto town was taken and burnt. Soon after we heard the great guns at Gov. Villebon's fort, which the English engaged several days. They killed one man, then drew off down the river: fearing to continue longer, for fear of being frozen in for the winter, which in truth they would have been.

Hearing no report of cannon for several days, I, with two others, went down to our house to make discovery. We found our young lad who was taken by the English when they went up the river. The general had shown himself so honorable; that on reading the note on our door, he ordered it not to be burnt, nor the barn. Our cattle and other things he preserved, except one or two and the poultry for their use.‡ At their return they ordered the

* This, it is scarcely necessary to explain, was the place now called Jemseg. The reader will observe from this how strangely Indian names have been changed in two centuries.

† This "pond" was Grand Lake. The term "pond" is used in some parts of New England to express a large sheet of water, or in the very opposite sense from its proper meaning.

‡ This was a remarkable stretch of clemency on the part of the English commander-in-chief, and it was fortunate for Louis d'Amours and his family that Col. Church had been deprived of the chief command, for he would have shown no such consideration for their property, as his actions both before and afterwards at Passamaquoddy, Minas, and Chignecto show. Some of Church's actions in 1704, when on what he calls his last expedition east, were incredibly barbarous. At Passamaquoddy a good many unresisting French were massacred. At Minas he cut the dykes and destroyed the marsh lands. In short everything in the way of destruction that could be done was done by Church, but when fortresses were to be captured, Church was of no account. He failed to capture Port Royal as he failed to capture Nashuaak.

young lad to be put on shore. Finding things in this posture, we returned and gave madam an account of it.*

The expedition which consisted of 500 men, under the command of Col. Church who had won reputation in King Philip's war, left Boston on the 25th August, 1666, in a number of shallops and light vessels, and followed the coast, calling at Piscataque, Penobscot, and Kennebec. They then sailed for Beaufassin, (Fort Lawrence) at the head of Cumberland Bay, where they landed and committed various depredations, plundering the inhabitants, who fled to the woods. Church's experience in Indian warfare had probably unfitted him for strife of a more civilized character; for there was certainly something piratical in the conduct of this expedition, which appears to have started with no more definite object than to plunder and annoy the enemy. After spending several days at Beaufassin, they again set sail, and on the 29th September arrived off St. John Harbor, landing somewhere in the vicinity of Manayagoniche. Here Church was informed by a French soldier, whom he captured, that 12 cannon were buried in the beach, which were probably part of the armament intended for the fort which was to be erected on the site of Fort la Tour. After taking possession of them, he sailed for the St. Croix, where he was joined by a reinforcement from Boston, consisting of the *Arundel*, the *Province* galley, and a transport, with 200 men on board. Church was here superseded by Colonel Hawthorne, who took the chief command of the expedition—a change which, by spreading dissatisfaction among the leaders, operated injuriously on the result of the enterprise. Villebon, who was constantly on the alert, had early suspected that an attempt would be made to capture Nashwaak, and had sent an ensign, named Chevalier, with 4 men, to the mouth of the river to watch for the approach of the enemy. From a rocky point which overlooks the Bay, they could observe an English brigantine approaching, and soon after the rest of the fleet hove in sight. Some of the troops landed from the vessels with such celerity that Chevalier and his party were attacked, and had to take to the woods; and two days later, when he was returning to the coast, he fell into an ambuscade, and was killed, and two of his men taken by the Indians, who had allied themselves to the English. Intelligence of Chevalier's fate and the approach of the enemy was taken to Villebon, at Nashwaak, by a brother of the latter, M. de Neuville, who had been sent out to reconnoitre. Vigorous preparations were immediately made to resist an attack, which was now certain, and all the available aid in the vicinity at once called in. The garrison numbered 100 soldiers and they were kept constantly employed in strengthening the defences and mounting fresh cannon. On the 12th October, when Neuville arrived at the fort, Villebon despatched a messenger to father Simon, begging him to bring as many of his neophytes as he could influence, to the defence of the Fort. On the 14th Simon arrived at Nashwaak with 36 warriors to join the garrison, who were still constantly employed in throwing up new entrenchments. Neuville was again sent out to reconnoitre, and on the 16th he returned, reporting that he had seen the English in great force a league and a half below Jemseg, and that their approach might be hourly expected. On the 17th the *generale* was beat, and Villebon addressed the garrison, exhorting them to be brave in the defence of their post, and reminding them of the prowess of their nation. To stimulate their courage still further, he assured them that if any of them should be maimed in the contest, his majesty would provide for him while he lived. This address was listened to with much enthusiasm, and at its close the cries of *vive le roy* awakened the echoes of the wide spreading forest, and were borne down the river almost to the English fleet. The same evening Baptiste, the captain of a French privateer, with the brothers Rene' and Mathieu d'Amours, and ten Frenchmen, who lived lower down the river, arrived at the fort. Villebon stationed them with the Indians, to endeavor, if possible, to prevent the landing of the English. Baptiste and Rene' d'Amours were placed in command of this detachment. That night the garrison lay under arms, as from the barking of the dogs, it was evident the enemy was near. Next morning, between 8 and 9 o'clock, an armed sloop rounded the point below the fort, and was immediately followed by two others, all of them being full of armed men. Villebon was attending mass at this time, but on the alarm being given, hastened at once to his post. The vessels approached until they were within half the distance of a cannon shot, when they were fired on from the fort, upon which they made for the shore, and effected a landing on the eastern side of the St. John, behind a point of land on the lower side of the Nashwaak. No attempt was made to oppose their landing, as the River Nashwaak intervened between them and the French. They advanced at once to a point opposite the fort, where the river did not exceed a pistol shot in width, and commenced throwing up earthworks in the form of a demi bastion. In three hours they had two guns mounted and ready to fire, and hoisting the Royal Standard of England, they commenced firing. A third gun of larger size was mounted in the course of the day. The contest was carried on with vigor,—the fire of musketry being heavy, and the guns on both sides well served, La Cote particularly distinguishing himself by the rapidity and precision of his firing from the fort. The Indians on both sides appear to have taken a considerable part in the contest, which was only terminated by the approach of darkness. The English, with singular negligence, had omitted to provide themselves with tents, and were consequently in a great measure at the mercy of the elements. That night was frosty and cold on the low land at the margin of the river, and the fires which they lighted were targets for the enemy's shot, so that they were obliged to extinguish them. In consequence of this, they suffered greatly, and were in poor condition to renew the attack next morning. As soon as day dawned, the fire of musketry from the fort commenced, and about 8 o'clock the English got their guns again into operation. One of them was dismounted by a shot from the fort, and the firing became so severe that the others had to be abandoned in the course of the day. From the vigor with which the defence was conducted, it became evident that the fort could not be taken unless by a regular investment, while the absence of tents and the approach of winter made such an operation impossible. It was therefore decided to abandon the undertaking, and the same evening fires were lighted over a large extent of ground to deceive the French while the troops embarked. Villebon seems to have suspected the design, for he proposed to Baptiste and Rene' d'Amours to cross the river below the fort and annoy the English in their retreat with their Indians, but they declined so uncertain and dangerous a service. When the morning dawned, the English camp was empty, and Neuville was sent to see if they had embarked. He found their vessels (4 in number) three leagues below, and going down the river with a favorable wind. The expedition, according to the French account, lost 80 men from sickness on the voyage back to Boston. Thus ended the siege of Nashwaak. The loss of the French is stated by them to have been one soldier killed, a second losing his legs, and a third being wounded by the bursting of his musket. Mathieu d'Amours, who lived at Freneuse, opposite the mouth of the Oromocto, and who came to assist in the defence of the fort, was so much injured by exposure during the siege that he shortly afterwards died, and the English, on their way down the river, burnt his residence and laid waste his fields. The English loss in the siege was said to be 8 soldiers killed, and 5 officers and 12 soldiers wounded—a number which, considering the exposed position they occupied and the vigor of the French fire, does not appear too large to be worthy of credence.

She acknowledged the many favors which the English had showed her, with gratitude, and treated me with great civility. The next spring monsieur arrived from France in the man-of-war. He thanked me for my care of his affairs, and said he would endeavor to fulfil what madam had promised me.

Accordingly, in the year 1698, peace being proclaimed, a sloop came to the mouth of the river with ransom for one Michael Cooms. I put monsieur in mind of his word, telling him there was now an opportunity for me to go and see the English. He advised me to continue with him; said he would do for me as for his own, &c. I thanked him for his kindness, but rather chose to go to Boston, hoping to find some of my relations yet alive. Then he advised me to go up to the fort and take my leave of the governor, which I did, and he spoke very kindly to me.* Some days after I took my leave of madam, and monsieur went down to the mouth of the river with me to see me safely on board. He asked the master, Mr. Starkee, a Scotchman, whether I must pay for my passage, and if so, he would pay it himself rather than I should have it to pay at my arrival in Boston, but he gave me not a penny. The master told him there was nothing to pay, and that if the owner should make any demand he would pay it himself, rather than a poor prisoner should suffer; for he was glad to see any English person come out of captivity.

On the 13th of June, I took my leave of monsieur, and the sloop came to sail for Boston, where we arrived on the 19th of the same, at night. In the morning after my arrival, a youth came on board and asked many questions relating to my captivity, and at length gave me to understand that he was my little brother, who was at play with some other children at Pemmaquid when I was taken captive, and who escaped into the fort at that perilous time. He told me my elder brother, who made his escape from the farm, when it was taken, and our two little sisters, were alive, but that our mother had been dead some years. Then we went on shore and saw our elder brother.

On the 2nd of August, 1689, I was taken, and on the 19th of June, 1698, I arrived at Boston; so that I was absent eight years, ten months, and seven-teen days. In all which time, though I underwent extreme difficulties, yet I saw much of God's goodness. And may the most powerful and beneficent Being accept of this public testimony of it, and bless my experiences to excite others to confide in His all-sufficiency, through the infinite merits of JESUS CHRIST.

* Governor Villebon has left a good reputation behind him as an able and zealous officer. He was a son of the Baron Bekancourt and had several brothers, all officers in the service of France. Villebon died at the mouth of the River St. John, 5th July, 1700, and was buried somewhere within the site of the present city, but like many other good and great men, no man knows his grave. M. Diereville, who published an account of a voyage to Acadie in 1708, was here when Villebon died. He calls him "*grand homme, tres bien fait et plein d'esprit.*"

APPENDIX

CONTAINING MINUTES OF THE EMPLOYMENTS, PUBLIC STATIONS,
ETC., OF JOHN GYLES, ESQ., COMMANDER OF THE GARRISON ON
ST. GEORGE'S RIVER.

After my return out of captivity, June 28th, 1698, I applied myself to the government for their favor. Soon after I was employed by old father Mitchel, of Malden, to go as his interpreter on trading account to St. John's river.

October 14th, 1698, I was employed by the government, Lieutenant Governor Stoughton commander-in-chief, to go as interpreter, at three pounds per month, with Major Converse and old Capt. Alden to Penobscot to fetch captives. At our return to Boston I was dismissed; but within a few days the governor sent for me to interpret a conference with Bommazeen, and other Indians then in jail.

Some time after I was again put in pay in order to go interpreter with Col. Phillips and Capt. Southack, in the province galley, to Casco Bay, to exchange said Indians [Bommazeen and others] for English captives. In December, 1698, we returned to Boston with several captives which we had liberated, and I was dismissed the service, and desired to attend it in the spring. I pleaded to be kept in pay that I might have wherewith to support myself at school. I went into the country, to Rowley, where boarding was cheap, to practice what little I had attained at school.

March, 1699. With the little of my wages that I could reserve, I paid for my schooling and board, and attended the service upon request, and was again put into pay, and went with Col. Phillips and Maj. Converse in a large brigantine up Kennebeck River for captives, and at our return to Boston the province galley being arrived from New York with my lord Bellemont, and the province truck put on board, I was ordered on board the galley. We cruised on the eastern shore; and in November, 1699, I was put out of pay, though I pleaded to be continued in it, seeing I must attend the service in the spring, and be at considerable expense in the winter for my schooling.

In the spring of 1700, I attended the service, and was under pay again. On August 27th, a fort was ordered to be built at Casco Bay, which was finished on the 6th of October following, and the province truck landed, and I was ordered to reside there as interpreter, with a captain, &c. Not long after, Gov. Dudley sent me a lieutenant's commission, with a memorandum on its back, "No further pay but as interpreter at three pounds per month."

August 10th, 1703. The French and Indians besieged our fort for six days. (Major March was our commander.) On the 16th of the same month, Capt. Southack arrived in the province galley, and in the night following the enemy withdrew.

May 19th, 1704. I received a few lines from his excellency directing me to leave my post, and accompany Col. Church on an expedition round the Bay of Fundy. September following I returned to my post, without any

further wages or encouragement for that service than the beforementioned pay at the garrison.

April, 1706. There was a change of the chief-officer at our garrison. I chose to be dismissed with my old officer, which was granted. The same year his excellency Gov. Dudley presented me with a captain's commission, and ordered Col. Saltonstall to detach fifty effective men to be delivered to me in order for a march. In May, 1707, I entered on an expedition under Col. March, for Port Royal, at the termination of which I was dismissed.

May 12th, 1708, I received orders from his excellency to go to Port Royal with a flag of truce to exchange prisoners, and brought off all. At my return I was dismissed the service.

In 1709, I received a commission, and Col. Noyes had orders to detach forty men, whom he put under me, with orders to join the forces for Canada. At Hull, August 1st 1709, I received orders from his excellency to leave my company with my lieutenants, and go to Port Royal with a flag of truce to exchange prisoners. I went in the sloop Hannah and Ruth, Thomas Waters, master. I had nine French prisoners, which were all that were in our governor's hands. These he ordered me to deliver to Gov. Supercass, "and to let him know that he [Gov. Dudley] expected him to deliver all the English prisoners within his power, within six days, which I was ordered to demand and insist upon, agreeably to his promise last year." I was ordered to observe to him that Gov. Dudley highly resented his breach of promise in not sending them early this spring, according to his parole of honor, by myself, when we had returned him upwards of forty of his people, and had made provision for bringing home ours; and to make particular inquiry after Capt. Myles, and to demand his and his company's release also.

Accordingly, arriving at Port Royal, I was kindly entertained by Gov. Supercass; brought off above one hundred prisoners. Soon after my return our forces were dismissed, and I received no other consideration for my service than pay as captain of my company.

August, 1715. I was desired, and had great promises made me by the proprietors, and received orders from his excellency to build a fort at Pejepscot, [now Brunswick, Me.] Soon after our arrival there the Indians came in the night, and forbid our laying one stone upon another. I told them I came with orders from Governor Dudley to build a fort, and if they disliked it they might acquaint him with it; and that if they came forcibly upon us, they or I should fall on the spot. After such like hot words they left us, and we went on with our building, and finished it, November 25th, 1715, and our carpenters and masons left us. My wages were very small, yet the gentlemen proprietors ordered me only five pounds for my good services, &c.

July 12th, 1722, a number of Indians engaged fort George about two hours, killing one person, and then drew off to killing cattle, &c.

April, 1725, I received orders from his honor Lieut. Gov. Dummer to go ten day's march up Ammiscoggin river, and in my absence the Indians killed two men at our fort. I received no further pay for said service, only the pay of the garrison.

December 12th, 1725, I was dismissed from fort George, and Capt. Woodside received a commission for the command of that place,

December 13th, 1725, I was commissioned for the garrison at St. George river.

September, 1726. I was detained some months from my post, by order of Gov. Dummer, to interpret for the Cape Sable Indians, who were brought in and found guilty. There was no other person in the province that had their language. His honor and the honorable council presented me with ten pounds for this service, which I gratefully received.

Nov. 28th, 1728, I was commissioned for the peace.

I have had the honor to serve this province under eight commanders in chief, governors, and lieutenant governors, from the year 1698 to the year 1736; and how much longer my services may continue I submit to the Governor of the world, who overrules every circumstance of life, which relates to our happiness and usefulness, as in infinite wisdom He sees meet.

Be calm, my Delius, and serene,
However fortune change the scene.
In thy most dejected state,
Sink not underneath the weight;
Nor yet when happy days begin,
And the full tide comes rolling in,
Let not a fierce unruly joy
The settled quiet of thy mind destroy.
However fortune change the scene,
Be calm, my Delius, and serene.—HORACE.

