

ENGLISH CAPTIVES AT THE MEDUCTIC FORT.

How Quochecho was Taken.—Tribulations Endured by the Captives.—Gyles' Fight With the Young Indian.

(No. 9.)

The second spring of John Gyles' captivity his Indian master, before returning from his winter's hunting, proceeded to Quebec, sending his young captive back with the party to assist in planting corn at the Meductic village.

Other captives taken in King William's war were from time to time brought to the Meductic fort, and their presence afforded some companionship to our little exile. In his narrative he especially mentions James Alexander, John Evans and a young English girl. James Alexander was made prisoner May 20th, 1690, at the taking of Falmouth (now Portland) by a band of 300 Indians, chiefly from Acadia, including a number from the St. John river. More than one hundred whites were made prisoners on that occasion, and the number killed was very large. John Evans was one of the captives secured at the taking of Quochecho, to which further reference will be made presently. The English girl was taken in one of the excursions of the celebrated Penobscot chief, Madocawando.

It was customary for the Indians at their great feasts to rehearse in turn their most notable exploits in war or hunting. On one of these occasions Gyles heard one of the chiefs relate the following account of the capture of Major Waldron's garrison at Quochecho by the Malisets on the night of June 27th, 1689:

Taking advantage of a truce that had been declared the Indians contrived to send repeatedly two of their women to observe the numbers, place of lodging and other circumstances of the people in the garrison. Major Waldron, the commander, at that time carried on a large trade with the savages. The Indian women told him that a large number of Indians were not far from thence with a considerable quantity of beaver skins, and would be there to trade the next day. They asked leave to remain in the garrison for the night. To this some of the men objected, but the major said, "let the poor creatures lodge by the fire."

It would appear that the garrison manifested culpable carelessness: the gates of the stockade had no locks, but were merely fastened with pins on the inside and no watch was kept. Taking advantage of this state of affairs the squaws went into every apartment, carefully observing the numbers in each. When all the people were asleep they arose and opened the gates, gave the signal (a low whistle) and the Indians came to them. Having received an account of the state of the garrison, they divided according to the number of the people in each apartment, and soon took or 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 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 Indian debts. After they had tortured him to death they burned the garrison and drew off. The attacking party included many Indians from the St. John river and five or six of the unfortunate captives taken by them were brought to the Meductic village, among whom, as just mentioned, was John Evans. This young lad became Gyles' most intimate and dear companion, but their intercourse was interfered with by the Indians who suspected them of plotting to desert. Strange to say it was the captive English girl who imperilled the safety of the lads by falsely accusing them of so conspiring, but, says Gyles, "We made the truth so plainly to appear that she was checked and we were released."

During the absence of his Indian master and his squaw Gyles had one very lamentable piece of experience. On his return to the Meductic Fort three or four Indians dragged him to the great wigwam where he found them yelling and dancing round poor James Alexander. It appeared that a couple of families of Micmac Indians from Cape Sable having lost some friends who were killed by English fishermen near Yarmouth had come some hundreds of miles to revenge themselves on any poor captives they could find. Gyles says they rushed upon him 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?" He and Alexander were alternately beaten in the most brutal manner, the Indians seizing them by the hair of the head, bending them forward and beating them on the back and shoulders until they were well nigh breath-

less. "Then," says Gyles, "they put a tomahawk (tomahawk) into my hands and ordered me to get up and sing and dance Indian, which I performed with the greatest reluctance, and while in the act had almost 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 * * *. "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. The tortures were continued till evening and were the most severe that ever I met with in the whole six years that I was a captive. After they had 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."

As time passed on Gyles began to become proficient in the Indian language, and a better acquaintance with their habits enabled him to avoid a repetition of his last experience. A word or a wink was sufficient to excite him to take care of himself and there was usually some friendly Indian to give the warning. A hint of this kind was once given him when he was engaged in dressing skins at some distance from the wigwam. He took counsel with his Indian master and his squaw who he says, "bid me run for my life into a swamp and hide and not discover myself unless they both came for me; for then I might be assured the dance was over. I ran into 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 in the swamp they must have had good luck to have caught me. About evening they came again calling "Chon! Chon!" but John would not trust them. After they were gone, my master and his squaw came 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 Alexander had had a bad day of it."

The hardships and privations to which the unfortunate captives were exposed often proved fatal to them before they effected their escape or were ransomed. Gyles' boon companion John Evans was one of the victims the following winter. The Indians imposed a heavy burden on him when he was extremely weak from very long fasting, and as he was journeying he had the misfortune to break through the ice in a place which was hollow cutting his knee very badly. "Notwithstanding," says Gyles, "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."

One more instance which happened a few years later may be given of the trials to which captives were exposed. This Gyles relates in the following words:—"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 at 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 he ever 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 I do not remember that ever he offered me the least abuse afterwards though he was big enough to have dispatched two of me."

W. O. RAYMOND.

Rights of Bicycle Riders.

The Supreme Court of Minnesota has recognized the bicycle as entitled to equal rights in the public highway with the horse and wagon. The case before it arose on a suit of damages brought against a bicyclist by a man whose horse had been frightened by the wheel, and who had been injured in the runaway. The court dismissed his suit and proceeds to say that the bicycle cannot be banished from the public highway simply because it is not an ancient vehicle and was not used in the Garden of Eden. This is in line with the decisions of other courts on the general subject.

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Strong testimony is pouring in every day in favor of Paine's Celery Compound. A letter has just come from Mrs. E. Rankin, of Courtright, Lambton Co., Ont., from it we give the following extracts:—

"With great pleasure I beg to inform you of the good I have received from the use of Paine's Celery Compound. For a number of years I have been in very poor health owing to various causes, and lately I was advised to try your medicine. I used three bottles, and have received a world of good. My severe headaches are completely banished, and heart disease, from which I suffered for thirty years, has almost disappeared, and altogether I am vastly improved. I am fully convinced that Paine's Celery Compound is all it is recommended to be."

How He Got His Pension.

John M. Taylor, a blind man, 60 years old, whose home in Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee nation, confessed in the federal court in Arkansas, last week that during the past 12 years he had defrauded the government out of over \$17,000. Twelve years ago he presented himself before the examining board at Vanburen, and approaching Dr. Dibrell, asked if he remembered him. The doctor decided that he knew him, and in answer to a second question told the doctor that he had treated him for a gunshot wound. Taylor got from the doctor a certificate to that effect, and upon the strength of this and other testimony, trumped up, succeeded in getting several thousand dollars in back pension, and for 12 years has been drawing \$72 per month. He claimed that his blindness was caused by injuries received in the war.

A secret service investigation resulted in his arrest, and at first he stoutly protested his innocence. The trial was started when Taylor's attorneys informed the court that their client was ready to plead guilty. Taylor then made a clean breast of the whole affair, and said he felt better than he had for 20 years. He transferred all his property before the exposure, but steps will be taken by the government to recover it. He claims that a man named Thomas S. Scott, long since dead, concocted the scheme.

A Marvel of Intelligence.

The proud mother had come to pay her first visit, accompanied by the infant heir and his nurse.

"I don't wish to appear in any way partial," said she, "but, really, for a child of sixteen months, I consider Algernon a marvel of intelligence. He understands every word that is said, and joins in the conversation with a sagacity that almost alarms me at times. Speak to the lady, Algernon."

"Boo-boo," said Algernon.

"Listen to that," cried the delighted mother. "He means, 'How do you do?' Isn't it wonderful? Now, Algernon, ask the lady to play for you. He adores the piano. Now, Algie, dear" (very coaxingly).

"Boo-boo," said Algernon.

"He means 'music' by that. Isn't he too smart for anything? Now, love, tell the lady mamma's name."

"Boo-boo," said Algernon.

"That's right, 'Boo-boo—Louise.' My name's Louise, you know. Bless his little darling heart. Isn't he a wonder?"—Philadelphia Item.

"This strangely appropriate that when a Miss becomes a Mrs. it is merely a question of changing is to r.—Life.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

DEPARTURES.

6.15 A. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Presque Isle and points North.
11.32 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: For Houlton, McAdam Junction, St. Stephen, Fredericton, St. John, Vanceboro, Bangor, Boston, &c.
12.30 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Fredericton, &c., via Gibson Branch.
1.05 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: For Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.
2.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Vanceboro, Montreal, etc.
8.00 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Houlton, McAdam Junction, St. Stephen, St. John, Bangor, Boston, &c.

ARRIVALS.

6.15 A. M.—MIXED—Except Monday, from St. John, St. Stephen, Vanceboro, Bangor, etc.
10.56 A. M.—MIXED—Week days: From Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
11.00 A. M.—From McAdam Junction, etc.
11.32 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: From Presque Isle, etc.
1.05 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: From St. John, St. Stephen, Bangor, Montreal, etc.
7.45 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: From Edmundston, Presque Isle, etc.

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