

FROM PEMAQUID TO MEDUCTIC.

The St. John River Indians at the Capture of Fort Charles.—John Gyles Brought a Captive to the Meductic Village.

(No. 6.)

The St. John river Indians concerned in the taking of Fort Charles at Pemaquid* had come down the Mattawamkeag to the main Penobscot river descending the latter to the sea, and then proceeding westward along the Atlantic coast to New Harbor about two miles east of Pemaquid where having been joined by other Indians from Penobscot and Kennebec, they lay several days in hiding whilst their scouts obtained full information of the state of the town and fort. In consequence of this information they were enabled to surprise the garrison and to destroy both town and fort. We shall now proceed to quote from Gyles' narrative. "On the 2nd day of August, 1689, my honored father, Thomas Gyles, went with some laborers, my two elder brothers and myself, to one of his farms on the river about three miles above Fort Charles 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 the English hay, the others to another field of English corn. My father, the youngest of my 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 soldiers had been sent to cover the inhabitants. But to our great surprise about 30 or 40 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 I 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, etc.' * * * 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." The Indians found that the elder Gyles was so severely wounded he was unable to keep up with the others and they accordingly informed him that he must die. The narrative continues:

"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 land. 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 hatchets, but neither shriek nor groan! I heard afterwards that he had five or seven shot holes through his waistcoat, 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 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 of grief. She burst into tears and the Indians moved me a little further off and bound me with cords to a tree." * * * "After the Indians had laid waste Pemaquid they moved us to New Harbor, about two miles east of Pemaquid, a cove much frequented by fishermen. 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 the canoes for Penobscot. * * * A few days after, we arrived at Penobscot fort, where I again saw my mother, my brother and sister 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. 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

*Pemaquid was on the coast, midway between the mouths of the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers.

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 but not daring to eat it buried it under a log." * * * "My Indian master carried me up Penobscot River to a village called *Madawamkeag*, which stands on a point of land between the main river and a branch which leads to the east of it. Here I 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 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 (*Mattawamkeag*) many leagues; carried over land to a large pond (*Grand Lake*) and from one pond to another (*North Lake to Eel Lake*) till in a few days we went down a river called *Medoctack* which vents itself into St. John's river. 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 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 corn field, and soon after to the Fort to my great surprise."

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He (hesitatingly)—I guess I'd better go now.
She (radiantly)—Oh, how smart you are; you guessed it the first time.

Mrs. Sarah Grand, the author of "The Heavenly Twins," is the richer by some \$5,000 for having written that book.

Mr. Bayard Interviewed.

Hon. Thos. F. Bayard, ambassador from the United States to England, is visiting his native country. In an interview he said:—

In England, the questions that take the most space in the papers at present are bimetalism and the government of the English colonies in India. In the matter of bimetalism, there is a large amount of interest taken, and an inclination on the part of leading men to make it a subject for thorough study and consideration. As to what part silver will play in our own political future, Mr. Bayard was not prepared to give an opinion.

So far as England's trade policy is concerned, Mr. Bayard has heard of no serious suggestions of any tariff changes nor anything to indicate any evidence of much interest in "fair trade."

The possible future annexation of Canada to the United States is something in which there is almost no interest in London. It is not believed there that there is any real sentiment in favor of annexation among the Canadians, nor that there will be any as long as the present trade connections continue between the mother country and Canada. What effect closer and more intimate trade connections between Canada and the United States would have in favor of annexation is something for the future to decide.

The XIX Century's End.

The exact termination of the nineteenth and the commencement of the twentieth century is a question which has been exciting considerable discussion in Paris. Even such scientific men as Camille Flammarion and Dr. Bertillon had, not long ago, a sharp correspondence on the subject. One party maintains that the nineteenth century will end with its hundredth year, that is, at the end of 1899. The opposing party holds that, however this may be, the twentieth century cannot possibly begin until January 1, 1901, just as the second decade of figures in nomenclature begins with 11, while ten closes the first. The doubtful element is, therefore, the year 1900, which, according to one party, belongs to the nineteenth century, and, according to the other, to the twentieth. As a result of the controversy, it is now proposed in Paris that the government shall fix the *fin de siecle* by official decision.

Mrs. Julius Caesar

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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, &c.
8.00 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Houlton, McAdam Junction, St. Stephen, St. John, Bangor, Boston, &c.

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6.15 A. M.—MIXED—Except Monday, from St. John, St. Stephen, Vanceboro, Bangor, &c.
10.56 A. M.—MIXED—Week days: From Fredericton, &c., via Gibson Branch.
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11.32 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: From Presque Isle, &c.
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