

EARLY DAYS OF WOODSTOCK.

W. O. RAYMOND.

No. 6.

In the year 1744 war was declared between England and France, and the Indians of the St. John river, who had been for some time fairly quiet, took the war path again with great alacrity. The war that ensued is known as "King George's," or the "Five Years War." The Malisects did not, as in former times, assemble at Medoctec to proceed against the settlements of New England, but united with their French allies in the stirring events that centered around Annapolis, Beausjour and Louisburg. The course of events in Acadia was upon the whole very favorable to the English. The Indians were repulsed in their attack upon Annapolis, and the capture of Louisburg by Sir Wm. Pepperell, a little later, still further dampened their ardor. The leader of the Indians was Marin, a French officer from Quebec. It was under this commander that a party of 600 French and Indians attacked the fort at Annapolis Royal. Although they failed to capture the fort, which was gallantly defended by Paul Mascarene, they succeeded in taking a couple of Boston schooners, and carried their crews up the St. John river as prisoners. The lamentable experience of these prisoners at Aukpaque and Medoctec has been already related in the former series of articles in this paper, but it may be again touched upon, to show the kind of neighbours our ancestors had when they settled at Woodstock. The prisoners were first taken to the head of the Bay of Fundy, whence they proceeded by way of the Peticoctiac and Washademoak rivers to the St. John. On their way across the country they met the Jesuit missionary Germain, who had succeeded Danielou on the River St. John. He assured Capt. Pote that he was in the hands of a Christian nation, and that his captivity might prove very beneficial both to his body and soul. Pote says, "I was obliged to concur with his sentiments for fear of displeasing my masters."

While he did not receive any gross abuse from his Indian masters, Pote did not relish their company. On one occasion, there being good paddling, the Indians became exceedingly merry, singing and whooping; they asked him to whoop as they did and when he told them he could not they constrained him to sing. On another occasion they caught some small fish, which Pote made an attempt to clean, but the Indians soon snatched them out of his hands and boiled them, "slime and blood and all together." "This," said Pote, put me in mind of the old proverb—God sent meat and the Devil cooks." Arrived at Aukpaque the squaws promptly took the prisoners in hand, and, as Pote describes it, "One squaw on each side a prisoner they led us up to their village and placed themselves in a large circle round us. After they got all prepared for their dance, they made us sit down in a small circle about 18 inches asunder and began their frolick, dancing round us and striking us in the face with English scalps that caused the blood to issue from our mouths and noses in a very great and plentiful manner, and tangled their hands in our hair and knocked our heads together with all their strength and vehemence, and when they were tired of this exercise, they would take us by the hair and some by the ears, and standing behind us oblige us to keep our necks strong so as to bear their weight hanging by our hair and ears. In this manner they thumped us in the back and sides with their knees and feet, and twitched our hair and ears to such a degree that I am incapable to express it, and the others that was dancing round if they saw any man falter, and did not hold up his neck, they dashed the scalps in our faces with such violence that every man endeavored to bear them hanging by their hair in this manner, rather than to have a double punishment. After they had finished their frolick, that lasted about two hours and a half, we was carried to one of their camps."

The Indians evidently retained the customs of their ancestors, as regards their cruelty to prisoners of war, and Pote's experience at Aukpaque was not unlike that of John Gyles at Medoctec nearly sixty years before. Indeed on this occasion Capt. Pote and his companions were fortunate in escaping with their lives, for the savages held a council to decide whether or not the captives should be put to death. The St. John river Indians claimed that this should be done to revenge the loss of several of their tribe, who had been killed at Annapolis.

"Our masters," says Pote, "being very desirous to save us alive, used all the arguments in their power for that purpose, but could not prevail, for they insisted on satisfaction." At length, however, they succeeded in purchasing their ransom by parting with some of their most valuable goods.

Leaving Aukpaque the party proceeded up the river. Their progress was now slow on account of the swift current. They encamped the next evening, Pote says, "with very hungry bellies." An Indian showed him a root that they often used for food when

other provisions failed. The next day they encountered the Meduetic rapids, an obstacle which afterwards became notorious with the early settlers at Woodstock as a cause of difficulty in getting their supplies up the river. Here the party was obliged to land and carry their baggage, which included plunder taken from the schooners, over clefts of rocks, fallen trees and other obstacles. On the second morning after leaving Aukpaque they drew nigh Medoctec, having spent the previous night on Brown's Island. They passed several places where the Indians had planted corn, beans, etc., and on their arrival at the village met with a very warm reception, which we will leave Mr. Pote to describe:—

"As soon as the squaws saw us coming in sight of their village, and heard the whoops, which signified the number of prisoners, all the squaws prepared themselves with large rods of briars and nettles, etc., and met us at landing, singing and dancing and yelling, and making such a hellish noise, that I expected we should meet with a worse reception at this place than we had at the other. I was very careful to observe my master's instructions that he had given me the day before to keep close by him, and warned the rest to do likewise."

The squaws advanced towards Pote, but his Iddian master said something to them in a very harsh manner that caused them to relinquish their purpose. However, they succeeded in getting hold of another prisoner, who fared ill at their hands. "They gathered round him and caught him by the hair, as many as could get hold of him, and hauled him down to the ground, the rest with rods dancing round him, and wipped him over the head and legs to such a degree that I thought they would have killed him on the spot, or hauled him in the water and drowned him. They was so eager to have a stroak at him, each of them, that they hauled him some one way and some another: sometimes down towards the water by the hair of the head as fast as they could run, then the other party would have the better and run with him another way. My master spoke to the other Indians and told them to take the fellow out of their hands, for he believed they would certainly murder him in a very short time."

They remained the next day at Medoctec and Capt. Pote did not escape without some attention on the part of the "sauvageses," although his experience was mild in comparison with that at Aukpaque.

"I observed," he says, "the squaws could not content themselves without having their dance. They continued teasing my master to such a degree to have the liberty to dance round me that he consented they might if they would promise not to abuse me. They desired none of the rest but me was all they aimed at, for what reason I cannot tell. When my masters had given them liberty there came into the camp two large strong squaws, and I was setting by one of my masters, they caught hold of my arms with all their strength and said something to me in Indian, that I suppose was to tell me to come out of the camp, and hauled me off my seat. I struggled with them and cleared myself of their hold and set down by my master. They came upon me again very vigorously, and as I was striving with them my master ordered me to go, and told me they would not hurt me. At this I was obliged to surrender and went with them. They led me out of the camp, dancing and singing after their manner, and carried me to one of their camps, where there was a company of them gathered. They made me sit down on a Bear's skin in the middle of one of their camps and gave me a pipe and Tobacco, and danced round me till the sweat trickled down their faces very plentifully. I seeing one squaw that was very Big, dancing and foaming at the mouth and sweating to such a degree that I could not forbear smiling, which one of the old squaws saw and gave me two or three twitches by the hair, otherwise I escaped without any punishment from them at this time."

While he was at Medoctec, one of the chiefs desired Capt. Pote to read a contract, or treaty, made by the tribe about fourteen years previously with the Governor of Nova Scotia. He also had an interview with one Bonus Castine, a descendant of the celebrated Baron St. Castine who lived at the mouth of the Penobscot river and had married a daughter of the Indian chief Madocawando. Castine proved to be unfriendly to Pote and advised the Huron Captain, his master, to put him to death. He was fortunate in being able to leave Medoctec alive. In due time he reached Quebec where he remained three years in captivity. The journal of his adventures was discovered at Geneva in Switzerland some few years since and has lately been published in New York.

The Cause of Streaked Butter.
The New York Agricultural Experiment Station have come to the conclusion that the mottles or streaks in some butter is due to the presence of buttermilk after the salt has been added, and not to the old accepted notion that it is due to working in the salt imperfectly. The fact that when butter was not salted there were no mottles, has promoted the above erroneous conclusion. It is

true that when butter is not salted there will never be any streaks in that butter, even if there is an excess of buttermilk present in the butter after being washed; but should salt be added to the butter containing the buttermilk after being worked, there will surely be streaks in that butter, and no amount of extra working will take those streaks out of the butter, as has been the accepted idea heretofore. If the buttermilk is all washed out of the butter, and any amount of salt added afterwards and not worked in evenly, there will not be any streaks in that butter. This goes to show that the salt is not the direct cause of the mottles in the butter, although it has an indirect effect on them. It has been proved by experiments that the proteids contained in the buttermilk get hardened in the presence of salt, and more or less of this hardened proteid sticks together and appears as white streaks. Now, when the butter contains some buttermilk after being salted, the proteids in it will get hardened when the salt is added, and consequently will cause mottles to appear in that butter. It therefore follows that if the buttermilk is all washed out of the butter before adding any salt to it, there is no possible chance for any streaks to appear. In order to wash the butter perfectly, the granules of butter should not be larger than the size of wheat grains just before washing. If they are much larger than that, it will be almost impossible to get all the buttermilk out. The wash water should be below 50 degrees. A cold temperature hardens the small particles of butter, and the buttermilk is then very easily excluded; but if the granules are large, it will be a hard job to make unmottled butter, even though a cold water is used for washing it.

I had considerable trouble in making unmottled butter until I followed the above directions, but had no trouble whatever after that.—J. Ratner in Country Gentleman.

The Story of a Song.

A song of national circulation, "In the Sweet By and By," written by S. Fillmore Bennett of Elkhorn, Wisconsin, had its birth in a country store. Mr. Bennett told the story, which is given in "Wisconsin in Three Centuries," as follows:

It was about time for closing business in the evening when J. P. Webster, whose melodies have made Wisconsin famous, came into the store, feeling somewhat depressed.

I said to Webster, "What is the matter now?"

He replied, "It is no matter; it will be all right by and by."

The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunshine, and I replied, "The sweet by and by. Why would not that make a good hymn?"

"Maybe it would," he said indifferently.

I then turned to my desk and penned the hymn as fast as I could write. I handed it to Mr. Webster. As he read it his eyes kindled and his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to the desk, he began writing the notes instantly.

In a few moments he requested Mr. Bright to hand him his violin, and he played with little hesitation the beautiful melody from the notes. A few moments later he had jotted down the notes for the different parts and the chorus.

I do not think it was more than thirty minutes from the time I took my pencil to write the words before the hymn and the notes had all been completed, and four of us were singing it exactly as it appeared in the "Signet Ring" a few days later, and as it has been sung the world over ever since.



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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor in Council for a Charter of Incorporation by Letters Patent under the provision of the Joint Stock Companies Act 1883, for "The Mutual Telephone Company Limited," empowering the said Company to operate a Telephone System in the Counties of Victoria, Carleton, York, Sunbury and Queens.

H. L. ROSS,
For Applicants.
Dated at Woodstock this 18th day of Sept. 1906. 4i. Sept. 19.

Revisors Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Electoral Lists for the coming year are now open for inspection at the stores of George F. Smith, Wellington Ward, C. A. McKeen, King's Ward, and H. G. Noble, Queen's Ward. The revisors will meet for the final revision on Thursday, October 25th, of which all persons are hereby notified. All names to be added or removed must be furnished the revisors on or before that date.

JOSEPH FEWER, Chairman,
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