

*Earliest Route of Travel between Canada and Acadia. Olden-time
Celebrities Who Used it.*

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In prehistoric days the River St. John and its tributaries furnished important links in the line of travel for the native races of Canada and Acadia, both in peace and war. When the first European explorers visited Acadia there were three well-known Indian villages, or towns, on the River St. John, viz., Ekpahawk (or Aukpaque) at the "head of the tide," a few miles above Fredericton; Medoctec, on the Middle St. John, eight miles below Woodstock; and Madoueska, at or near Edmundston on the Upper St. John. The pioneer white settlers, soon after their arrival in the country, learned from the aborigines their traditions of bloody conflicts in prehistoric days between the native tribes of Acadia and their hereditary foes, the Iroquois. A traditional incident in this warfare is related in the lately published *Histoire du Madawaska*, which is here quoted in translation.¹

"The Madawaska tribe of Malacites occupied the valley of the Saint John from the Grand Falls as far up as Seven Islands, including the region of Lake Témiscouata. Their chief village, from time immemorial, was at the mouth of the river Madawaska. This Indian town was fortified by a strong palisade firmly planted in the earth, which constituted an enclosure almost impregnable to an enemy from without. The Indians of the Lower St. John and those of Penobscot and Kennebec also sometimes sought refuge in this redoubt on the occasion of any great incursion of the enemies of their tribe.

"Although far removed from their inveterate foes, the Iroquois, the latter on various occasions came to engage them in bloody conflict. Indian tradition tells of two great incursions on the part of the Mohawks, who burned their fort and massacred a great portion of the occupants. The most remarkable of these war raids was that of a party of two hundred Mohawks from Upper Canada, who came to exterminate the Malacites.

"The Iroquois reached the River St. John by way of the little river Etchemin. When they arrived at the village of the Madawaska

¹See *Histoire du Madawaska*, by l'Abbé Thomas Albert, p. 12.

tribe, the brave Pemmyhaouet, grand sachem of the Malacites, with a hundred of his warriors, immediately prepared to defend the fort. The contest which ensued was one of the most memorable of which there is mention in the Indian legends. The brave Pemmyhaouet fell and his son was mortally wounded. In proportion as the defenders fell under the arrows and tomahawks of the assailants, their wives and daughters took their places. It was only after an engagement of several days that the brave defenders, overpowered by the arrows and spears of the foe, were forced to abandon the place.

“The ferocious Mohawks found in the ruined fort, crouched in a retired corner, two women, who demanded death as a deliverance: they were Necomah, the wife of the old chief, and Malobiannah, the betrothed of the son of Pemmyhaouet. The son of the sachem had succumbed to his wounds and the two women had braved the fury of the Mohawks to give burial to those they loved.

“The Iroquois, flushed with their success, resolved to pursue their ravages as far as the lower valley of the river, but they were not familiar with the navigation. They accordingly laid hold of the two captives and carried them along as guides of their expedition.

“When night had fallen the bark canoes were tied together, the river being here very tranquil, and left to the guidance of the young Malobiannah . . . Necomah, the wife of the old chief being already dead of grief.

“Malobiannah, weeping for her lover, weeping for the misfortunes of her people, but concealing in her heart the thought of revenge, resolved to sacrifice her life to avenge those whom she loved and at the same time to save her brothers of Medoctec and of Ekpa-hawk, the villages below, from the disaster that awaited them by directing the frail barks of the enemy over the murderous falls.²

“At some distance from the Gulf some of the Mohawk braves, worn out with fatigue, were in a profound slumber. Aroused by the roaring of the falls they asked their guide the cause of the strange rumbling noise that they heard. ‘It is a fall at the mouth of a river that joins the Walloostook³ here,’ calmly replied the young Malacite. Meanwhile the flotilla was already sweeping rapidly on toward the abyss, but the Mohawks, reassured by the *sang-froid* of the captive, lay down again to sleep. It was now but a few hundred yards to the Gulf, and a current deep and strong—the current of death—bore them onward to the brink of the precipice. Realizing too late their imminent peril they sprang from their canoes. Hurling their male-

²The height of the Falls is 74 feet perpendicular.

³Indian name of the St. John river.

dictions at the maiden they disappeared in the foaming cataract, hearing still the cry of triumph of the heroic daughter of the vanquished tribe, in which she mingled the names of her betrothed and the nation she had avenged.

"The Malacite heroine's praise has been sung in verse in the languages of the Abenaki, the French and the English. But what a rich theme is here for the future writer of romance in Madawaska.

"Greek history, so prolific of deeds of chivalry of every kind, affords nothing more heroic or more sublime than the sacrifice—unpretentious and to-day so little regarded—of this obscure daughter of the forest."

The first white settlers of the River St. John found that the native Indians entertained a superstitious dread of "the gray wolves of Canada," as they termed the Mohawks. They had many legends to relate of their conflicts with these implacable foes. Indian mothers were wont to tell the disobedient little pappoose, "If you are not good the Mohawks will come and get you." Even within the period of the writer's own recollection the word *Mohawk* suddenly uttered was sufficient to startle a St. John river Indian. The late Edward Jack, C.E., who made quite a study of Indian habits and wrote much concerning them, once asked an Indian child: "What is a Mohawk?" The child replied very seriously: "A Mohawk is a bad Indian who kills people and eats them."

Another curious incident serves to illustrate the superstitious dread entertained of the Mohawks by the Malacites.

Frederick Dibblee, a Connecticut Loyalist and a graduate of Columbia College, was appointed by the New England Company in 1787 a missionary-teacher to the Indians of Medoctec. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sent out to him from England a quantity of Indian prayer books, "prepared by the late excellent Colonel Claus." These books, unfortunately, were in the Mohawk dialect and Parson Dibblee could make no use of them. He says in a letter to the S.P.G.: "That the Indians of the River St. John have the utmost dread and hatred for the Mohawks, by whom formerly they were almost extirpated, and whose language they are more ignorant of than they are of the English tongue. He could not persuade two or three of his Indian scholars to take any of the prayer books, they being fearful that it would bring on a quarrel with the Mohawks upon finding their books in their possession. He, therefore, not knowing what else to do, gave them to the poor of his parish."

Passing now from the period of legendary days to that of recorded time, it may be observed that, in prehistoric days, the Madawaska

River, Lake Témiscouata, and the River St. Francis were undoubtedly very important links in the route of communication between the Indian tribes of Canada and those of Acadia. Early French explorers and adventurers soon became familiar with the route.

In Champlain's map of 1612 we find crude indications of Lake Témiscouata, but the contour of the lake and the course of the River Madawaska are better displayed in the map of Laet in 1629. The name "Madoueska" does not appear until the Franquelin map of 1686. Meanwhile the word had found a place in the grant of the Seigniorship of Madoueska in 1683 to Antoine and Marguerite Aubert, children of the Sieur de Chesnaye of Quebec. The present boundary between New Brunswick and Quebec follows the southern boundary of this ancient seigniorship.

The Franquelin map, just mentioned, was designed to illustrate the tour of the Intendant Mon. de Meulles in Acadia in 1686. The map shows clearly the portage to rivière du Loup and shows Lake Témiscouata. Monseigneur de Saint-Vallier, the second bishop of Quebec, made a tour in Acadia in 1686, the incidents of which are related in his book published two years later in Paris, under the title, *Estat présent de l'Eglise et de la Colonie Francoise dans la Nouvelle France*.

Church and State were thus represented in the persons of de Meulles and Saint-Vallier, the first Quebec tourists in Acadia. This was not a matter of accident but of design, as we shall see. Mgr. de St. Vallier, finding that the River St. Francis (which enters the St. John 35 miles above the Madawaska) has its source in a lake only 12 miles from the St. Lawrence, decided to travel by this route. He describes in entertaining fashion his trip down this very lively stream, which now forms a part of the international boundary. The St. Francis may be described as a series of beautiful lakes and ponds linked together by very lively waterways. One of the lakes has a depth of 150 feet. Another of nearly equal depth bears the name Woolastookpectaagomic—a nice little word of twenty-one letters not yet recognized by the Geographical Board of Canada. The two lakes just mentioned are exceeded in depth by Lake Témiscouata (250 ft.), which is the deepest of the St. John river system. Mgr. St. Vallier tells us in his narrative, under date May 16, 1686: "On the second day of our navigation down the river Saint-Jean, we for the first time came across a cabin of Christian Indians, of Sillery, who in their hunting had encamped at the mouth of a river which they call Madouesca and which we named Saint-François de Sales. It is impossible to tell how overjoyed these poor Christians were to see us, and how

rejoiced we were to find them. . . . They made us a present of part of their provisions at a time when ours failed us. The same day we found others in much larger numbers in three cabins, who entertained us in like manner, and who asked us earnestly to send a missionary to teach them."

A little farther on in his book Mgr. St. Vallier gives the first description of the Grand Falls of the River St. John that has appeared in print. This we also quote in translation: "The sixteenth of May [1686] we arrived at the place called *le grand Saull Saint-Jean-Baptiste*, where the river falls from a height over lofty rocks into an abyss, making a wonderful cascade, the rising mist hides the water from sight, and the uproar of the falls warns from afar the navigators descending the river in their canoes."

Mon. de Meulles, the intendant, while on this tour visited all the new settlements in Acadia and caused a census to be taken, including the name and residence of every French settler, with other information. The total French population of Acadia was then only 915 souls, including the garrison of Port Royal. There were at this time only five or six French families living on the St. John river.

Bishop St. Vallier again writes in his journal: "The 18th [May, 1686] we slept at Medocteck, the first fort in Acadia, where I greatly cheered a hundred savages during my visit. I told them I came on purpose to establish a mission in the place for their benefit. It is to be wished that the French who live along this route were so exemplary in their habits as to draw these poor savages to Christianity; but we must hope that with time the reformation of the former will lead to the conversion of the latter."

The Marquis de Denonville, governor at Quebec, in his letter to the French minister announcing the safe return of the Bishop, after a most fatiguing journey, says: "He will give you an account of the numerous disorders committed by the miserable outlaws [the *coureurs de bois*] who for a long while have lived like the Indians without doing anything at all towards the tilling of the soil."

The authorities at Quebec had already shown an interest in affairs on the River St. John, where Pierre de Joibert, seigneur de Soulanges, served as commander under Count Frontenac. The sieur de Soulanges was a native of the little town of Soulanges, in the old French province of Champagne, who, in recognition of "good and praiseworthy service to the King, both in Old and New France," was granted three valuable seigniories on the St. John, including in all more than a hundred square miles—the value of which at the present day would be difficult to estimate. One seigniory, at the

mouth of the river, includes in its bounds the present city of St. John and its suburbs. Another, the seigniory at Nachouac, includes within its limits the sites of Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, and the neighbouring towns of Marysville and North and South Devon. The third seigniory, "Fort Gemsek," (midway between St. John and Fredericton, at the mouth of the Jemseg river) was the residence of the *Sieur de Soulanges*, and for ten years the headquarters of French authority in Acadia. Here in 1673 was born Louise Elizabeth de Joibert, daughter of *Soulanges*, who, at the early age of seventeen years, became the wife of the *Marquis de Vaudreuil*, Governor General of Canada. She was baptized at Jemseg (probably by the *Recollet* missionary, *Claude Moireau*), and *Count Frontenac* was, by proxy, her godfather. Later she was educated at the convent of the *Ursulines* in Quebec. As *Marquise de Vaudreuil* she is described as a beautiful and clever woman, of rare sagacity and exquisite modesty and possessed of all the graces needed to shine in the most exalted circles. She was the mother of 12 children. Her husband was for twenty-two years Governor General at Quebec, and her son, the second *Marquis de Vaudreuil*, was the last Governor General of New France at the time of the conquest in 1759.

In the year 1674 a Dutch buccaneer named *Aernouts* pillaged and dismantled Fort Jemsek and carried off the commander. *Frontenac* at once sent a party in canoes to the River St. John to ascertain the state of affairs and to bring to Quebec the wife of the *Sieur de Soulanges* and her child, his god-daughter. The journey of the mother and her infant from Jemsek to Quebec, 400 miles, in an Indian bark canoe two centuries and a half ago is an incident unique in the recorded wilderness journeys of the time. The mother before her marriage was *Marie Françoise*, the daughter of *Chartier de Lotbenière*, attorney general of Quebec. The daughter, as *Marquise de Vaudreuil*, visited France in 1708 in a ship which was captured by the English, who, however, treated her with distinction and allowed her to proceed to her destination. She attracted much attention at the Court of Versailles and became a favourite both of Louis XIV and of *Madame de Maintenon*. The *Marquise* survived her husband and died in Paris in June, 1740. A romantic story truly is that of the little Louise Elizabeth Joibert, whose infant slumbers were disturbed by the rude Dutchmen at Fort Gemsek in the summer of 1674.

The first known representative of the English race to become acquainted with the route to Canada, so far as we know, was a lad, John Gyles by name, who was captured by St. John River Indians at Pemaquid, on the coast of Maine in 1689 and brought by his

Indian master to the Medoctec village where he remained six years a captive.

It was the custom of the Indians at the beginning of winter to break up into small hunting parties, and Gyles' description of his first winter's experience will serve to indicate the privations endured by the savages and the nature of travelling through the woods in the winter season.

"When the winter came on," he writes, "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 land, till we came to a river that was open but not fordable, when 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, 'By and by great deal moose.' Yet they could not answer any question I asked them; and knowing very little of their customs and ways of life, I thought it tedious to be constantly moving from place to place, yet it might be in some respects an advantage, for it ran 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 came on, I fancied I could see through the bushes and hear the people of some great town, which might be some support to me by day, though I found not the town at night."

As Dr. Hannay observes, there is something inexpressively pathetic in this part of John Gyles' story. He was only a half-grown boy, ill-fed and scantily clad, when he had thus to bear his burden in mid-winter through the forest after his Indian master. The narrative continues:

"Thus we were hunting 300 miles from the sea and knew no man within 50 or 60 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 all have perished. Sometimes we had no manner of sustenance for three or four days. . . . We moved still further up the country after the moose, so that by the spring we had got to the northward of the Lady Mountains (the mountains of Notre Dame overlooking the St. Lawrence).

"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

Madawescok. 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, which they call Checanekepeag³ (the Grand Falls), where we carried a little way overland, and putting off our canoes again we went down stream still, and as we passed the mouths of any large branches we saw Indians. At length we arrived at the place where we left our canoes in the fall, and putting our baggage in them went down to the Medoctec Fort.’’

Gyles remained six years with the Indians. Then through the kindness of the Recollet missionary, Father Simon, he was taken into the family of Louis d'Amours, sieur de Chauffours, who lived at Fort Jemsek, where he continued three years, experiencing very kindly treatment, of which he writes gratefully in his narrative. He was then restored to his friends in New England who welcomed him, after his nine years' captivity, almost as one risen from the dead.

Next in order among the old time voyageurs we must place the French explorer, Lamothe Cadiallac, the founder of Detroit, who ascended the River St. John in 1692 and reported that 40 leagues above the Medoctec village he found another fort to which the Malacites were wont to retire when they feared some great calamity was impending. Cadiallac writes entertainingly and with enthusiasm of the noble river, which he ascended nearly 150 leagues in a birch canoe. He speaks of it as a well-known route of communication between the people of Acadia and those of Quebec. The Indians had used the route from time immemorial, both in war and peace, and the French followed their example as, at a later period, did the English.

The St. John River country may be considered as a "disputed territory" from the moment when the treaty of Utrecht was signed in 1713 until the capture of Quebec by Wolfe's army in 1759. The missionaries of this region, de l'Isle-Dieu, Germain, and le Loutre, not unnaturally were desirous of seeing French supremacy restored in Acadia, and Father Germain, the missionary to the Indians on the St. John, encouraged the Malacites in their hostility to the English. He proceeded to Quebec in 1743, returning with a supply of powder, lead and ball, for the Indian warriors at Ekpahawk, whom he accompanied in their mid-winter raid on Colonel Noble's post at Grand Pré. This raid, from the French point of view, was one of the most brilliant exploits in the annals of Acadia, and, what is better, the victors behaved with humanity to the vanquished.

Commissioners were now appointed by the contending parties to determine the limits of Acadia. They spent four years in fruitless

³The name signifies "a destroying giant."

discussion. The missionaries le Loutre and de l'Isle^m Dieu furnished the information which here follows for the use of the French Commissioners:

“It is very easy to maintain communication with Quebec, winter and summer, by the River St. John, and the route is convenient for detachments of troops needed either for attack or defence. The stations along the route from Quebec to Beauséjour, at the head of the Bay of Fundy, are as follows:

From Quebec to rivière du Loup.

From rivière du Loup by a portage of 18 leagues to Lake Témiscouata.

From Lake Témiscouata to Madoechka.

From Madoechka to the Grand Falls.

From the Grand Falls to Medoctek.

From Medoctek to Ecouba (Ekpahawk), post of the Indians of the missionary, Father Germain.

From Ecouba to Jemsec.

From Jemsec—leaving the River St. John and traversing Washademoak Lake, ascending by the river of the same name, thence by a portage of 6 leagues to the River Petkoudiak.

From Petkoudiak to Memeramcouk and by a portage of 3 leagues to Nechkak (Westcock).

From Nechkak to Beauséjour.

“By this route troops commanded by the Sieurs Marin and Montesson arrived at Beauséjour in less than a month from the time of their departure from Quebec, the distance being about 500 miles.”

Early in 1745 the Sieur Marin appeared before the town of Port Royal (then in possession of the English) with a party of 600 French and Indians—among the latter were many from the River St. John and some Hurons from Canada. They captured two Boston schooners, one of which, the “Montague,” had as master, William Pote, of Falmouth, Maine. Captain Pote and some others were taken by the Huron Indians to Quebec, where Pote remained three years a prisoner. During his captivity he contrived to keep a journal in which he records his capture and subsequent adventures. The journal was concealed by one of the female prisoners and afterwards restored to the captain. It passed through many hands and was discovered at Geneva, in Switzerland, in 1890, and published a few years since by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, in a sumptuous edition. Pote's narrative is exceedingly interesting, but our references to it must necessarily be brief.

Some of the prisoners were taken up the River St. John in the captured schooner to Ekpahawk, the others proceeded overland. Pote was among the latter. He and his fellows were taken up the Petitcodiac river in a small schooner until they arrived at the portage to the Washademoak, which they crossed and encamped. Soon afterwards the Abbé Germain arrived from the River St. John. Pote says: "The Priest asked ye Capt. of ye Indians who I was, and when he understood I was a prisoner, he asked me if I could speak French. I told him a little. . . . He told me to content myself in the condition that I was then in, for I was in ye hands of a Christian nation and it might prove very beneficial both to my body and soul. I was obliged to concur with his sentiments for fear of displeasing my masters."

Having made seven canoes of elm and ash bark the party proceeded down the Washademoak to the St. John and up the latter to the Indian village of Ekpahawk. On their way they caught some small fish which Pote tried to clean, but the Indians snatched them from him and boiled them, "slime and blood and all together." "This," said Pote, "put me in mind of ye old proverb, God sent meat and the Devil cooks." On another occasion, being overtaken by a violent thunderstorm, they were obliged to take shelter under the upturned canoes. Pote writes in his journal: "At this time it thundered exceedingly and ye Indians asked me if there was not people in my country sometimes destroyed by ye thunder and lightning. Yes, I told them, I had known several instances of that nature. They told me that never anything happened to the Indians of harm neither by thunder nor lightning, and they said it was a judgment on ye English and French for inroaching on their liberties in America." On his arrival at Ekpahawk, on the evening of the 6th July, Pote found that his schooner "Montague" had arrived some days before with the other prisoners. The newcomers received an unexpected reception, which we shall allow Capt. Pote to describe in his own words: "At this place the Squaws came down to the edge of ye river, dancing and behaving in the most brutish manner, and taking us prisoners by ye arms, one Squaw on each side of a prisoner, they led us up to their village and placed themselves in a large circle round us. After they had got all prepared for their dance they made us set down in a small circle, about 18 inches asunder, and began their frolick, dancing round us and striking of us in ye face with English scalps that caused ye 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 was tired of this exercise they would take us by the hair and some by ye 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 ye 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 ye others that was dancing round, if they saw any man falter and did not hold up his neck, they dached ye scalps in our faces with such violence that every man endeavoured 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 where we saw some of the prisoners that came in the “Montague.” At this place we encamped that night with hungry belles.”

Unpleasant as was their experience, Pote and his fellows were lucky to escape with their lives. The previous year Capt. Gorham had brought to Annapolis Royal some Indian rangers, probably Mohawks, as allies of the English. These Indian rangers had killed some of the Malacites, and the tribe at Ekpahawk proposed to retaliate by putting the prisoners to death. A council was held and the St. John's Indians almost gained their point. The Hurons, however, being very desirous to save the lives of their captives, whom they probably wished to hold for ransom, prevailed on the Malacites to accept a considerable quantity of their spoils and spare the lives of the prisoners.

Their unhappy experience at Ekpahawk caused the captives to feel no regret when the Hurons took their departure up the river two days later. They had now come to the beginning of the swift water and their progress was more laborious. At the Meductic Rapids they were obliged to land and carry their baggage over clefts of rocks, fallen trees and other obstacles. Pote was informed that they would ere long arrive at the Indian village of Medoctec. He asked if they would be treated there as they had been at the last village. This question led to an immediate consultation of the Hurons. “I observed,” writes Pote, “that they looked with a very serious countenance on me.” He seized the opportunity to address them in French to the following effect:

“Gentlemen, you are all very sensible of the ill usage we met at the other village. which, I believe, was contrary to your inclination or permission, and as you call yourselves Christians and men of honour, I hope you'll use your prisoners accordingly, for I think it is contrary

to the nature of a Christian to abuse men in the manner we was at the other village. There is no Christian nation that suffers their prisoners to be abused, after they have given them quarter, in the manner we have been."

Pote says that the Indians looked very serious and approved of what he said. They talked among themselves in Indian and his master told him that when they arrived at the village he must take care to keep close by him. Pote says: "I was very careful to observe my master's instructions and warned ye rest to do likewise." Their reception was not reassuring. We will again allow Captain Pote to tell the story in his own words:

"Tuesday, June 10. We arrive to ye Indian village of Medocatic about noon. As soon as the Squaws saw us coming in sight, and heard the cohoops, which signified ye number of prisoners, all ye Squaws prepared themselves with large rods of briars and nettles, etc., and met us at their 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."

The first canoe that landed was that of the captain of the Hurons, who had in his canoe but one prisoner, an Indian of Captain Gorham's company. He was not careful to keep by his master and in consequence: "The Squaws gathered round him and caught him by the hair, as many as could get hold of him, and halled him down to ye ground, ye rest with rods danced round him and wipted him over ye head and legs to such a degree that I thought they would have killed him on ye spot, or halled him in ye water and drowned him. They was so eager to have a stroak at him, each of them, that they halled him some one way and some another. Sometimes towards ye watter by ye hair of ye head as fast as they could run, then ye other party would have ye better and run with him another way. My master spoke to the Indians and told them to take the fellow out of their hands, for he believed they would certainly murther him in a very short time."

The Squaws advanced towards Pote, but his master spoke something to them in Indian in a very harsh manner that caused them to relinquish their purpose. The prisoners and their Indian masters were conducted to the camp of the captain of the village who, at their request, sent to relieve the unfortunate Mohawk from the abuse of the Squaws, and he was brought to them more dead than alive.

Pote himself did not entirely escape attention at the hands of *les sawagesses de Medoctec* as we learn from his journal:

“Thursday, June 11. This day we remained in the Indian village called Medocatike. I observed the Squaws could not by any means content themselves without having their dance. They continued teasing my master to such a degree to have ye 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, for what reason I cannot tell. When my master had given them liberty there came into the camp two large, strong Squaws. They caught hold of my arms with all their strength, and said something in Indian that I supposed was to tell me to come with them and halled 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 verely vigorously, and as I was striving 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 took me to one of their camps where there was a company of them gathered for their dance. They made me sit down on a Bear’s skin in the middle of the camp and gave me a pipe and tobaccoe and danced round me till the sweat trickled down their faces.”

The appearance of one Squaw struck the Captain as so absurd that he could not forbear smiling, which gave offence to one of the old Squaws, who gave him two or three twitches by the hair, otherwise he escaped punishment. The following morning the Hurons began to make preparations for their journey and Pote says: “At about eight of ye clock we took our departure from Medockaticke for Canedy” and in due time the party arrived at Quebec.

They suffered at times from lack of food, though fish were abundant and on one occasion they caught in a weir that the Indians built in a small cove (a little below the mouth of the Tobique river) fifty-four salmon in a few hours. From Grand Falls they proceeded to “Little Falls,” at the mouth of the Madawaska, and up that river to Lake Témiscouata; thence by way of the Tuladi stream to the St. Lawrence and up that river to Quebec.

In 1750 the Marquis de la Jouquière expended a considerable sum of money making a road from the St. Lawrence to the Upper St. John, via Rivière du Loup and Lake Témiscouata. This road, he informs the French Minister, will be very useful for forwarding the supplies stopped by the English blockade at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and maintaining communication with Acadia. By this route war parties of French and Indians, under Boishébert and other commanders, passed from Canada to Acadia, and messages were often sent from Quebec to Beauséjour and Louisburg. It is said that with

the water at flood the Indians were able to deliver messages from the Governor at Quebec to the commander at the mouth of the St. John in five days, a distance of 430 miles. That this was quite possible is shown by the fact that not many years ago the Messrs. Straton, of Fredericton, paddled in a bark canoe from the Grand Falls to Fredericton, 133 miles, in 14 hours and 46 minutes, the river being then at freshet height.

Among the early voyageurs who have left interesting accounts of their journey over this route we may mention Joseph Nicholas Gauthier, of Port Lajoie (Charlottetown, P.E.I.), who made the journey from Shédiac to Quebec in the winter of 1756. From Medoc-tec he proceeded to the Grand Falls, partly on the ice and partly on land, hindered in his progress by the fact that the river had overflowed its banks and in places was not frozen. This distance of eighty miles took eleven days on account of the wretched state of travel. At the Grand Falls he found a French post furnished with provisions for travellers. Gauthier says that here they made a portage of half a league and resumed their journey above the falls. The distance of 36 miles to Little Falls occupied the next three days. He then ascended the river "Madouesca" on the ice ten leagues to a lake bearing the name of the river, but now called Lake Témiscouata. He journeyed four leagues on the lake and went ashore at the *grand portage* on the west side of the lake, where there was another French post established for the refreshment of travellers. From thence he proceeded via Rivière du Cap to l'Original, which empties into the St. Lawrence. This journey, which can now be made, from Charlottetown to Quebec, with all the ease and luxury of modern travelling, in less than 24 hours, occupied *le Capitaine* Gauthier a month, and was extremely arduous and even perilous.

The story of the old post-route to Quebec in the English regime introduces some very interesting characters, but must be reserved for a supplementary paper.