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FROM

*The Editor*

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A NARRATIVE  
of  
AN EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE  
OUT OF THE HANDS OF THE INDIANS,  
in the  
GULPH OF ST. LAWRENCE.

BY GAMALIEL SMETHURST.

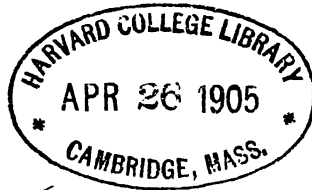
LONDON:—MDCCLXXIV.

Reprinted and Edited by W. F. GANONG.

*(From the Collections of the New Brunswick Historical  
Society, Volume 2, 1905.)*

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Can 19.07.74.3



The Editor.

# HISTORICAL-GEOGRAPHICAL DOCUMENTS

RELATING TO

## NEW BRUNSWICK.

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Edited by W. F. GANONG.

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(Continued from Page 188 of this Volume.)

In the note prefacing the present series of documents, I stated that it is to include unpublished papers important as original sources of information upon the geographical phrases of New Brunswick history. The work which follows is not, it is true, unpublished; but it is otherwise so completely within the scope of the series, and is withal so very rare, that it seems appropriate to present it here.

3. Gamaliel Smethurst's Narrative of his Journey from Nepisiguit to Fort Cumberland in 1761.

The following important Narrative was first printed in London in 1774, and is now reprinted for the first time. Copies of the original seem to be very rare. The only copies known to me in American Libraries are in the Congressional, Harvard College, Boston Public, and John Carter Brown Libraries, while even that treasure-house of Americana, the Lenox Library, lacks it. It is a small quarto volume, of which the Title-page is reprinted below, and it includes not only the present narrative, occupying 26 pages, but additional matter relating to Prince Edward Island and other subjects, making 48 pages in all. The latter part, while of much interest, hardly belongs within the limits of the present papers and hence will be simply described synoptically. The copy I have followed is that of the Harvard College Library, for the use of which I am indebted to the courtesy of the Librarian, Mr. W. C. Lane. Every care has been used to secure an exact transcript of the original, and it is, I believe, exactly reproduced with the exception of the replacement of the antique long s by the modern form, and the omission of the catchword at the bottom

of each page. My friend, Mr. Victor H. Paltsits of the Lenox Library, to whom I am indebted for much valued assistance in connection with the present study, has called my attention to a very interesting contemporary reference to the book. The Monthly Review for March 1775 (page 281), gives its title, with the original price as 1s 6d, and the following comment;—"We find nothing very extraordinary or providential in either of the Author's escapes.—His difficulties, however severe they may have felt to himself, appear to have been such as usually attend travelling and navigating in a northern climate during the winter.—His plan for reconciling the differences, &c. is favourable to the claims of America, but not likely to be adopted." These strictures are not unjust from the reviewer's point of view, for the title is a somewhat exaggerated statement of the contents of the work; its value to us is such as was never contemplated by either author or reviewer. As to its price of 1s 6d, it is interesting to note that a copy brought \$8.00 at a sale in 1878. So greatly have such works increased in value since then, however, and so intense is the rivalry of wealthy libraries and collectors for the possession of such rare Americana, that a copy would unquestionably bring a very much higher price were it to come into the market to-day. A second edition of 1775 is mentioned in a catalogue of the John Carter Brown Library (at Providence, R. I.), but I am informed by the present librarian, Mr. George Parker Winship, that this statement rests upon a clerical error and no such edition is in that library. Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors" gives the date of the work as 1775, but this also is apparently an error.

Of the author, Gamaliel Smethurst, we know but little. The Narrative appears to show that he was an Englishman who came to Marblehead, Massachusetts, and fitted out a trading vessel, in which, under a license from the Governor of Quebec, he went to trade with the French and Indians in Bay Chaleur. The narrative shows that in October 1761, he was, through the cowardice of the captain, abandoned at Nepisiguit (now Bathurst Harbor) by his own vessel, and made his way thence to Fort Cumberland, requiring over six weeks for the journey which today can be accomplished within as many hours. Later he went to Halifax and thence to Marblehead, but he appears to have returned to Nova Scotia soon after. In 1763 (Nov. 22), as the records of the Crown Land Office at Fredericton show, he obtained a grant in the Township of Cumberland, no doubt at Baie Verte, where his "settlement," mentioned in the narrative, was situated. In 1765 he was elected to represent Cumberland County in the Leg-

islature of Nova Scotia (Murdoch, Nova Scotia, II, 455), and the title-page of his book shows that he held also the offices of Comptroller of Customs and Deputy Surveyor of Woods. A few years later he went to London and returned no more to Nova Scotia, (Trueman, The Chignecto Isthmus, 34). So much, and no more, do we know certainly of the author of this book. But no doubt he is the same Gamaliel Smethurst who earlier was author of certain publications in England. Thus the Gentleman's Magazine for 1748 (XVIII, 296) contains a letter signed Ga. Smethurst, dated Manchester, July 14, 1748, giving a brief account of a mechanical adding device, and there is another on the same subject in the same volume, page 454. This device is described more fully in the Philosophical Transactions for 1749 (pp. 22, 23) under the title "An Account of a new invented arithmetical Instrument called a Shwan-pan, or Chinese Accompt-Table; by Gamaliel Smethurst," and the editor adds a note to this effect;—"The Inventor produced one of these instruments before the Society, and work'd several questions in Arithmetick upon it. It much resembles the Abacus of the Ancients." Smethurst closes his article with these words:—"It may be a very pretty lure to lead young people to apply their minds to numbers,"—which shows that he was not a teacher and was an optimist. In the meantime he had issued another publication, which, according to the British Museum Catalogue, was entitled;—"Tables of Time, whereby the day of the month either new or old style; day of the week; rising of the sun. . . . .moveable feasts. . . . .eclipses &c. may be found for any time past, or to come, without the help of Astronomical Tables, etc. Manchester, [1749]. 12°" Smethurst's book shows that he was a well-educated, observant and sensible man. His references to classical and scientific matters suggest that he may have been university trained, but his name does not appear upon the rolls of either Oxford or Cambridge Universities. He appears to have lived in Manchester, but inquiries which Mr. Paltsits has had made there have yielded no information about him. Would that we knew more of him!

For New Brunswick students the Narrative has three values. First, giving as it does a vivid picture of the condition of our North Shore at the close of the Acadian Period, the state of its scattered and perturbed settlement, the attitude of French and Indians towards the Government, the method and the hardships of travel in that country, it will help our future historian to make his pictures of that time and place more realistic and more complete. Second, it contains many welcome references



to contemporary persons, places and events, not elsewhere preserved. Third, its interest as a true tale of adventure places it among the precious classics of New Brunswick literature, in the same class with the narratives of Cartier, Champlain, Denys and LeClercq, writings which can be read with pleasure by all those who agree with Smethurst himself in "preferring simple truths before the embellishments and colourings of the best writers."

It is of interest to note that another nearly contemporary [1769], though very brief, narrative of a journey along Smethurst's route is preserved. It is in Murdoch's Nova Scotia, II, 495.

A  
NARRATIVE  
OF AN  
EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE  
OUT OF THE  
HANDS OF THE INDIANS,  
IN THE  
GULPH OF ST. LAWRENCE;

INTERSPERSED

With a Description of the Coast, and Remarks on the Customs and Manners  
of the Savages there:

ALSO,

A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE after a SHIPWRECK, in coming from  
the Island St. JOHN, in said Gulph; with an Account of the Fisheries  
round that Island.

LIKEWISE,

A PLAN for reconciling the Differences between Great Britain and her  
Colonies.

---

By GAMALIEL SMETHURST,

Late Member of the Assembly for the County of Cumberland, in the Province of Nova-Scotia, Comptroller of  
his Majesty's Customs for said Province, Deputy-Surveyor of the Woods, &c.

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—“The poor Beetle that we tread upon,  
“In corp’ral sufferance, finds a pang as great  
“As when a giant dies.”

SHAKESPEARE.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;

And Sold by J. BSW, No. 28. Paternoster-Row, and A. GRANT, No. 5,  
Bridges-Street, Covent Garden.

M, DCC, LXXIV.

## INTRODUCTION.

**A**FTER the taking of Canada<sup>1</sup>, the government of Nova-Scotia wanted the trade of the Bay of Chaleurs to be turned into their channel, while the government of Quebec strove to keep it in their hands. There was a number of Acadians settled in the bay, who had taken a great many of our vessels with their privateers, but had now made their submission to the English.<sup>2</sup>

I GOT a licence from General Murray, governor of Quebec, to go trade with them, and to make an establishment if I thought proper. I found the place and people convenient for a cod fishery, and had employed them sometime in that branch. They had loaded a vessel for me, of about an hundred and twenty tons, with dry fish, oil, &c. which was ready to sail, when government thought proper suddenly to remove the inhabitants.<sup>3</sup> This manoeuvre was a very great loss to me—they had engaged to deliver me the year after, five thousand quintals of fish, and four thousand weight of beaver, &c. I was obliged to leave the supplies of salt, &c. which I must have advanced to them [VI]<sup>4</sup> against the spring fishery, upon the beach, (as my vessel was full)—this was destroyed in the winter. I am afraid this step originated from selfish motives, not the consideration of the public good; for I read a letter from Captain M'Kenzie, commanding officer of Fort Cumberland, to Jean Baptist,<sup>5</sup> a principal person there, offering supplies of all kinds, such as powder, shot,

1. In the previous year, 1760. The competition for the trade of Bay Chaleur, here mentioned, is not referred to in any of our historical works, so far as I can find.

2. The Acadians, it will be remembered, had been practically outlaws in Nova Scotia (then including New Brunswick), ever since the Expulsion in 1755. The English repeatedly tried to drive them from the Province, while they, on their part, attacked English vessels with their privateers, and, in conjunction with the Indians, made forays against the English settlements. In 1760 the Acadians from the Miramichi southward had made their submission to the English at Fort Cumberland, while those from Restigouche (including no doubt those of Nepisiguit), were expected soon to do likewise (Murdoch, Nova Scotia, II, 396) and actually did so, as Smethurst's statement shows.

3. As described in the opening paragraph of the Narrative following. The question now arises,—why were they

removed after making their submission? The answer is given in a letter from Jonathan Belcher, President of the Council of Nova Scotia, to the Secretary of State (abstract in Report on Canadian Archives, 1894, 229; also in Murdoch, Nova Scotia, II, 408), in which he states that "a considerable body of Acad'ans had withdrawn from allegiance and retired North to the Gulph of St. Lawrence. These people had taken up arms and by means of small vessels are infesting the navigation of the river and committing depredations on His Majesty's subjects."

It is possible that the inhabitants of Nepisiguit and vicinity were not the guilty ones, but had to suffer for them, as so often is the case in operations of war.

4. The numbers in brackets scattered through the following pages are those expressing the pagination in the original text. The first numbered page begins here.

5. The same person, no doubt, mentioned in the Narrative under Nov. 5.

blankets, provisions, &c. and that they *should not be disturbed*, provided they would bring their beaver to Fort Cumberland.<sup>1</sup> These people would have been very useful, and I would have made it their interest to have been very good subjects, had Government though proper to let them remain in the Bay of Chaleurs.

This bay is situated on the west side the gulph, before you enter the great river St. Lawrence—The north side of this bay is formed by the islands Bonaventure and Percé; the south side by the island and Point Miscou—This is low flat land, and continues so all the way up the bay—Some vessels have mistaken the Bay of Chaleurs for the river St. Lawrence; but the difference is very great—This bay is only seven leagues over, and the land on the south side exceeding low, and shoal water—A league or more from the shore, you have not above five fathoms water—On the contrary, the river St. Lawrence is fifteen leagues over, the south side exceeding high land and very deep water.

To this great river St. Lawrence, I ascribe the forming of those vast banks off Newfoundland—The current is so strong in the river and gulph, that the sand cannot settle, but to the leeward of islands; or where there is an eddy, which prevents it from stopping in any quantities, till the water has passed the [VII] streights of Bellisle, one way, and island of Briton and gut of Canso, on the other. If one considers the vast extent of shore the lakes of this river washes, it must bring down more sand than any other river in the world, which causes the lips of the mouths of this surprising river to be proportionably large.<sup>2</sup> So the Bahama banks, I apprehend, are formed by the sand brought along with the gulph stream, lodging in the eddies back of the island of Cuba.

The following remarks were taken down every night in short hand, which was my constant practice when I was upon any expedition—I chuse to deliver my journal just as I then wrote it, and leave every reader to make his own remarks; preferring simple truths before the embellishments and colourings of the best writers—The judicious will see that this piece is intended as a *sketch*, (to speak in the style of the artists) a *drawing* only—as such it is offered.

1. Apparently he means to imply that the Acadians were removed from Bay Chaleur because they were trading with Quebec rather than with Nova Scotia. This, however, is wholly unlikely; for not only would it be a very illogical cure for such a difficulty, but no government would remove these people simply for such a dog-in-the-manger reason. The real reason was very likely that given by Belcher,—viz., they had

not ceased privateering.

2. This theory, though showing good observation and reflection by its author, is erroneous; the great banks are now believed to have a glacial origin, supplemented, in the case of the Newfoundland Banks, by material continually brought to them by icebergs from the Greenland glaciers. The currents of the St. Lawrence are by no means so strong as he implies.

# A NARRATIVE, &c.

## JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, October 29, 1761.

**L** EFT Nipisiquid, in the Bay of Chaleurs. Capt. M'Kenzie, with about fifty Highlanders, had just arrived to remove the people: he took them all unexpectedly; they were very unwilling to be removed. He took about one hundred and eighty persons, with all their vessels, to the number of eleven sloops and shallops.<sup>1</sup> We came out with them in the evening: it was calm, and we were obliged to tow—Got out of the channel. By the obstinacy and confusion of the captain of my brigantine, though I had a French pilot on board, who told us we were too much to the northward, got upon a bank. As it was top of spring-tides,<sup>2</sup> our captain said we should never get off: he seemed frightened out of his senses—Parted with our pilot—He must go with the rest of the French.

FRIDAY, October 30.

**I** N the morning I went ashore in the boat—took my papers and trunks along with me—went to find a lighter in order to unload the vessel so much as to lighten her to float—found one—staid to keep her afloat when the tide should come in—sent the men on board for fear they should be wanted, (the night's tide had been a very low one). Towards noon it began to blow fresh (10) at north-west. About two o'clock saw the brig was got off, but no boat came for me: she tacked all the afternoon, as if



1. They were removed for reasons stated in a footnote to the Introduction. A letter from Jonathan Belcher, President of the Council of Nova Scotia, to the Secretary of State (abstract in Report on Canadian Archives for 1894, 229; also, Murdoch, Nova Scotia, II, 408), states that Capt. Roderick MacKenzie surprised the Acadians, took 787 prisoners, and brought off 335. This number includes, of course, those taken from Shippegan and elsewhere (see later under Nov. 6.)

2. Probably upon the shoal, dry at the lowest tides, indicated upon the accompanying modern map of Nipisiquid.

to get to windward and come to, but in the evening she bore away.<sup>1</sup> For what reason they did not come ashore for me, cannot account—suppose some accident happened. I was left in a very disagreeable situation. What few French staid behind, were on the other side the bay, and are irritated to the last degree against the English, for the step they have taken to remove their friends from their habitations at this season of the year, and the savages are no friends at all to the English. I was on the south side the harbour<sup>2</sup>—There came a canoe with Indians in the evening—looked about them and walked off. I durst not appear, not knowing what disposition they were in. I staid all night in one of their hovels—durst not make a fire for fear of discovery.

#### SATURDAY, October 31.

LOOKED impatiently all day—no vessel appeared in sight—The wind northwest, brisk breeze, but did not blow over-hard—Killed a few ortolans,<sup>3</sup> and dressed them—Some of the inhabitants came searching for little things amongst the rubbish—one of them promised to take me off in the evening to the habitations of the French on the other side the bay, but did not—Lodged very uncomfortably—slept little—made no fire at night.

#### SUNDAY, November 1.

WAS not without hopes of seeing the brig—she may have put into Port Daniel, and waiting an opportunity of coming up. Mr. Charles Dugas,<sup>4</sup> who is very sick, sent for me—I went to his house—In the evening came back for my trunks—Some persons had attempted to open them both, but had not forced the locks.

#### MONDAY, November 2.

MADE an agreement with Capt. Andrews, an Indian, to take me down to Caraquet, in a canoe. In the afternoon came in Mr. Dugas' brother

1. The reason why he was abandoned by the captain of his own vessel is given in part in the Narrative under December 6, and in part in another passage at the end of the Narrative. It was, in brief, because of the captain's fear of the Indians, which explains also why he "seemed frightened out of his senses" when the vessel grounded on the bank in the harbor.

2. No doubt on the site of the present town of Bathurst while the French "on the other side the bay," were around the mouth of the Tetagouche (and perhaps at the present Youghall), places noted on the accompanying map,

and known (from old plans in the Crown Land Office) to have been early occupied by the Acadians.

3. The Ortolan of Europe is unknown in America, but a bird which resembles it is our snow-hunting (*Plectrophenax nivalis*), and it was doubtless this which Smethurst killed. Cooney, in his work on New Brunswick and Gaspé, page 248, speaks of the Ortolan as occurring in New Brunswick and resembling the Snow-bird, i. e., the Junco.

4. An Acadian, ancestor of those of this name at Caraquet. (P. P. Gaudet, letter).

from Ristigouch—they behave very civilly to me. Mr. Dugas' brother intends to (11) go to Fort-Cumberland when the frost sets in, but I am in hopes of reaching it before that time; at least to hear of the brig along shore, if I can get a conveyance—The Indian Andrews refuses to go.

#### TUESDAY, November 3.

THERE came a skiff in here from Port Daniel—the people saw nothing of the brig, which convinces me she is gone out of the bay—Agreed with the people of the skiff to take me down to Caraquet, twelve leagues—gave them fifty-six livres.<sup>1</sup>

#### WEDNESDAY, November 4.

TOWARDS noon, set out from Nipisiquid, in company with three Frenchmen; they all look like run-aways, who dare not go to their own country—they belong to Old France—I find they have not made their submission to the English government.<sup>2</sup> The wind was too much to the northward, as the master said, to proceed—We only went over the bay to the deserted huts—they staid to pick up what they could find—they stole about a bushel of salt from one family who had not removed all their things over the bay—this confirms me in opinion that they are rogues. Captain M'Kenzie had not taken all the Acadians—there were some women lying in, so he must leave some to take care of them; others were sick, and could not be removed.<sup>3</sup> Those who remained had gone over

1. The livre was an old French coin superseded by the franc, and of slightly less value: hence somewhat under 20 cents of our money.

2. It is quite possible that these three men from old France were sailors from the French war-vessel, the *St. Simon*, which, in 1760, was driven into *St. Simon's Inlet* by the English and sunk there. The place where she sank is said locally to have been off *Birch Point* (see a later map), while her crew is said to have spent the following winter at a camping-place well-known locally just to the westward of the point. I visited these places myself in September 1904. According to a local tradition of the English, (denied by some Acadians with whom I talked) the sailors of this ship later married Indian women and became the founders of Lower *Caraquet*. [It is a curious circumstance that the English government should have given definite encouragement to intermarriages with the Indians. Section 24 of the Royal Instructions to *Richard Phillips* as Governor of Nova Scotia, given at Kensington the 1st July, 1729, reads as follows:

"And as a further mark of His Majesty's good will to the said Indian nations, you shall give all possible encouragement to intermarriages between His Majesty's British subjects and them, for which purpose you are to declare in His Majesty's name that he will bestow on every white man, being one of his said subjects who shall marry an Indian woman, native and inhabitant of Nova Scotia, a free gift of the sum of ten pounds sterling and fifty acres of land free of quit rent for the space of twenty years, and the like on any white woman, being his Majesty's subject, who shall marry an Indian man, native and inhabitant of Nova Scotia, as aforesaid."—W. O. R.]

3. It is very likely that some at least of these Acadians remained at *Nepisiquid* from this time down to 1778, when we know positively that the permanent occupation of the locality by the Acadians had commenced. In this case the Acadian settlement here is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, of the continuously occupied settlements of New Brunswick.

the bay into the woods, for the sake of fire during the winter. The Acadians make themselves a winter house in two or three days—They cut down a number of pine trees, suitable to the occasion—square them, and place them one upon another, fastening them with trunnels, and fill the crevices with moss; the chimney they secure with clay—they cover their houses with slabs and bark—they are very good broad axe men.

#### THURSDAY, November 5.

As we sailed all night, got down to Caraquet,<sup>1</sup> twelve leagues, by morning. It was a very cold disagreeable night. Old Saint Jean condoled with me upon the occasion, but would not buy any thing I had, to raise a little money; unless (12) I would sell them for a quarter their value—Sold him nine shirts, and some silver lace for a trifle. This man is a native of Old France—married an Indian, and has lived here near fifty years.<sup>2</sup> His son, who is half Indian, called Jean Baptist, has married an Indian also. I have traded considerably with him—got him to procure two Indians to go with me to Fort Cumberland in a canoe—He did so, and we agreed for 140 livres, (provided we could get the consent of their tribe)—I thought, if possible to get to Mirimichi, (the last French settlement); if not, to Fort Cumberland before the frosts sets in—Left my large trunk with Jean Baptist.

#### FRIDAY, November 6.

PUT myself into the hands of the Indians. There was an old Indian Squaw, with one eye, and her two great sons: they were of the Pookmoosh tribe of Mickmacks—We embarked in a canoe—set our blanket-sail about

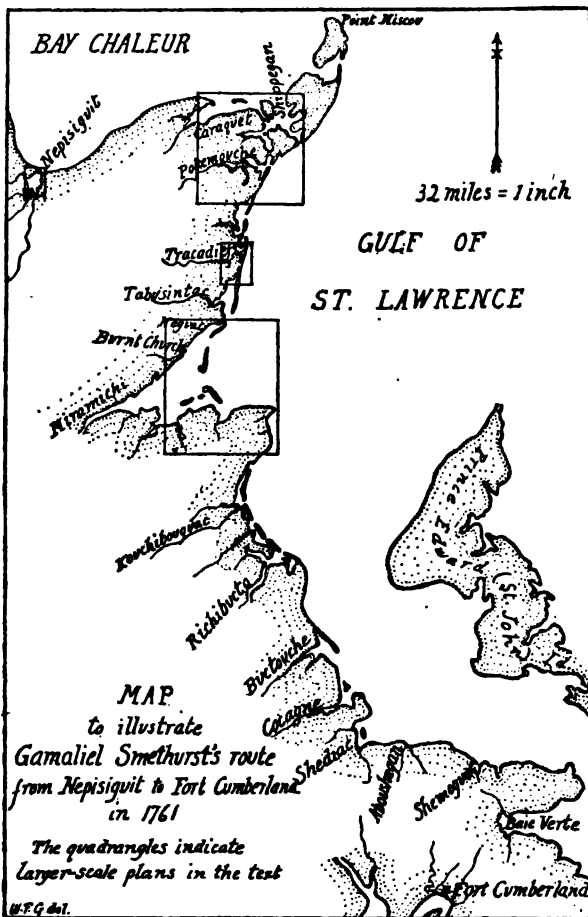
1. Caraquet is now the name of a settlement several miles long, and there is nothing in the narrative, and nothing known at Caraquet (as I have found by inquiry on the spot), to locate the place where Smethurst landed, and where, apparently, Old Jean lived. The nature of the coast here, however, consisting as it does largely of cliffs with only occasional good landings, limits the possible place to one of two or three localities, of which the most probable by far is at Chenards Brook, just to the eastward of Brideau Point, on or near the present site of the extensive trading establishment of Robin Collas & Co. This is the best natural site for a settlement on this coast, and it would also fit best with the distance from Nepisiguit (12 leagues) and especially with the distance from Shippegan, (3 leagues) later mentioned. It is very

unlikely that it was farther west, for the first available site is too far within Caraquet Harbor; it may have been at the brook farther east, directly south of the island, though the distance thence to Shippegan is rather too short. So the probabilities favor the Chenards Brook site, marked with a cross on one of the accompanying maps.

2. It would indeed be interesting to know more of this man, of whom no other record appears to have been preserved. The fact that he had lived at or near Caraquet for fifty years suggests the probability that French settlers in small numbers lingered on these coasts from the time of Esnault and de Fronsac down to the time when, about 1750 and onwards, they were joined by Acadians from Nova Scotia and Canadians from Quebec.



eleven o'clock—reached Chipagon<sup>1</sup> in the afternoon—this is three leagues from Caraquez—staid here all night. Captain M'Kenzie had been here, and taken some of the inhabitants—there remains about six families—lay in one of their huts.

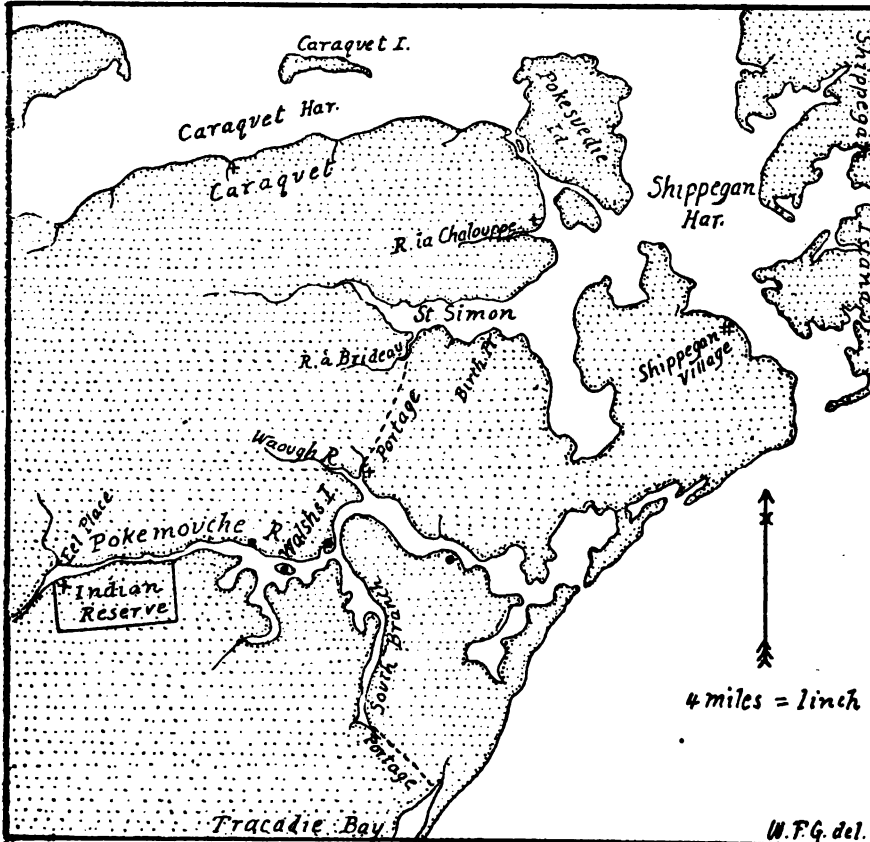


1. There is nothing in the narrative to locate Chipagon exactly, but we can fix it with some probability. It could not have been on the site of the modern Shippegan village, for the distance from Caraquez, even giving that place its most easterly location possible, is far too great; and moreover its re-

lations to the later "portage" are inconsistent. Since their destination was Pokemouche, they would of course come through the little pass (navigable for canoes) west of Poksuedie Island. Three leagues from Caraquez would bring them about to the junction of this pass with St. Simon's inlet, in the

SATURDAY, November 7.

TO day the wind being contrary, the savages would not proceed—the land continues very low, fit for improvements—Chipagon is a good harbour for fishermen, well secured.



vicinity of Ruisseau la Chaloupe. On visiting this locality in September last I was shown a number of old cellars, antedating the present settlement, on the farm of Mr. Barney Sewell just north of Ruisseau la Chaloupe, as shown upon the map. Mr. Sewell also told me that some traces of settlement were to be seen on the point south of that stream. Since this place is not

far from the proper distance from the probable portage they took to Pokemouche, I think it most probable that the settlement of Chipagon was here or in this immediate vicinity. Smethurst does not necessarily mean to apply the name to the settlement itself; he probably meant he had reached Shippegan waters.

## SUNDAY, November 8.

AFTER dinner we set off from Chipagon, three miles from thence—came to a portage<sup>1</sup>—we are now got into the bay of the gulph of St. Lawrence. There is a passage at Chipagon for small craft, that do not draw above five or six feet of water.<sup>2</sup> Most of the French shallops, with Captain M'Kenzie, went this way. One of the Indians carried the bark canoe, the other carried the blankets, guns, and paddles, while the squaw carried the kettle to cook in, with birch bark, and other small things. After we had walked a league further, we pitched our tent for all night—Lay upon our mother's lap (the earth)—I was under some ap-(13)prehensions at first, as I had never travelled with Indians before; however, I behaved as if I was not the least afraid—The place we lay at, is six miles from Chipagon.<sup>3</sup>

## MONDAY, November 9.

ALL this part of the country very low marshy land, full of inlets, where are salt marshes, and abundance of lakes, with vast quantities of wild fowl.<sup>4</sup> Our Indians did not stop to kill any. About noon, arrived at Pookmoosh<sup>5</sup>—here are five or six large cabins of Indians—Their chief

1. This portage was, I believe, from Riviere à Brideau on St. Simon's Inlet (always called locally, St. Simon) to a branch of the Waough (or Waugh) River as shown by the map. Although I was not able to ascertain, by inquiry there, that there was an Indian portage between these waters, I did find that this route was known to the residents as "Pokemouche Portage." Moreover, it is the only probable portage between St. Simon or Shippegan waters and Pokemouche long enough for the "league" required by Smethurst's narrative. It is further about the proper distance from Chipagon and Caraquet, and fits perfectly with the narrative in other particulars. Another probable portage between these waters is from the South arm of St. Simons Inlet into Pokemouche Bay, but this is directly over an open peat bog and not much over a mile in length.

2. The description is accurate, as the Charts testify. Smethurst's reference here to getting into the bay of the gulph of St. Lawrence signifies, of course, that they had turned the corner, so to speak, from Bay Chaleur into Gulf of St. Lawrence waters.

3. Apparently at the Pokemouche end of the Portage, as indicated by the cross on the map.

4. The description of this country is accurate, except that he omits to mention the gently rolling country behind

the low margin, making the region, now that it is cleared, much more attractive than its original condition would have implied.

5. There is nothing to fix the location of this Indian village which may have been either one of several known upon the Pokemouche. There was one of considerable importance, known locally, at Lower Pokemouche, the site of which is occupied by the present church (at the dot on the map), but this was too near the Portage for the half a day's journey they apparently took. Another is known locally on Walsh's Island, farther up the river; and a mile farther up, on the north side, is an Indian burial ground, no doubt formerly associated with a settlement. A plan of 1804 in the Crown Land Office shows "Indians" at the point just north of the river at Upper Pokemouche. Again, much farther up the river on the south side is at present an Indian reserve, now unoccupied; since these reserves were usually made to cover favorite camping grounds of the Indians, and since this is known (from plans in the Crown Land Office) to have been made to cover a great eel-fishery of theirs, it is very likely an important village formerly stood here. Considering the distance of the village from the portage it would seem very likely that here was the village to which Smethurst was taken.

called a council upon my coming amongst them—they had just signed a treaty with the English,<sup>1</sup> which I knew; but they said the English had deceived them, by telling them it was peace, whereas the French tell them it is war still. They said the English were a very cunning people, for I had been pretending to trade with the French at Nipisiquid, and had collected them together, and the English came with a net and caught them all. They enquired how I was armed, (my sword happened luckily to be broke the day before with a fall, and my fusee was only a fowling piece;) I had a pistol in my pocket, which I did not let them see, for fear of fresh grounds of suspicion. In answer to what they said, I told them it was war still with the French but peace with the Indians; that the people I had been trading with, had made their submission, and were English subjects. I made the squaw of the chief a present of some trifles such as ribbons, &c. This I believe, was as strong an argument as any I used, to procure me an order that the young men should go forward with me on the morrow; though, had they thought I had been any ways concerned with Captain M'Kenzie in removing the French, they would have cut me to pieces; but this point I had taken care that Jean Baptist cleared up to the two Indians and the squaw, before we left Caraqueet. I lodged in a wigwam—ten or a dozen men, women and children all together round a fire—lay upon branches of spruce, and covered with blankets—the fire in the middle of the wigwam—There is a hole at top which lets out the smoak—this a very large cabin—it would hold twenty people—it was hung round with fish, cut into shreds—they preserve their fish, (14) their geese, and their game, in that manner without salt—they take the bones out, and cut the flesh very thin; then dry it in the smoak for their winter's provision—The name of the chief is Aikon Aushabuc.\*<sup>2</sup> Such were our boasted ancestors, the Britons, when Julius Caesar first landed upon our Island.

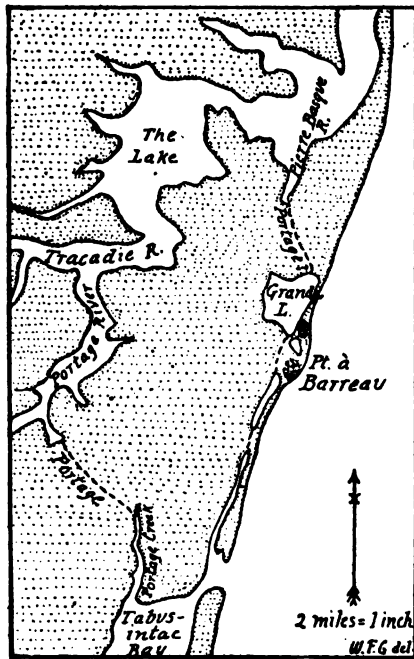
\* As I did not understand Indian they appointed an Interpreter, who spoke broken French; besides, a person in such a situation as I was then in, is very quick of apprehension; a look or a gesture is often sufficient intimation of their thoughts. They were very shrewd in their remarks, and significant in their signs. When they wanted to inform me that the French and them were in one interest, they said they were so, (pointing the same way with the forefingers of their right and left hands, and holding them parallel); and when, that the English and Indians were in opposite interests, this they described by crossing their forefingers. Their chief made almost a circle with his forefinger and thumb, and pointing at the end of his forefinger, said there was Quebec, the middle joint of his finger was Montreal, the joint next the hand was New-York, the joint of the thumb next the hand was Boston, the middle joint of the thumb was Halifax, the interval betwixt his finger and thumb was Pookmoosh, so that the Indians would soon be surrounded, which he signified by closing his finger and thumb.

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1 Apparently some time in 1760 | given, "Etlenne Abchabo, of Poho-  
(Murdoch, Nova Scotia, II, 396.) | moosh." (Fisher's Sketches of New  
2. In a list of Indian Chiefs, inhabit- | Brunswick, 100; Cooney, Northern New  
ing Acadia, in that year, this name is | Brunswick and Gasp 37.)

TUESDAY, November 10.

ABOUT noon my guides came fresh painted, and we parted from Pookmoosh; and glad I was to get rid of a people who had such absolute power in their own hands, and bore such an enmity to the English. It was a fine day, and we coasted this afternoon thirty miles upon these inland salt lakes. This country is so full of the finest conveniencies possible for canoes, that it must blow a perfect storm to disturb them; and the water not above two or three feet deep<sup>1</sup>—Came to a portage<sup>2</sup>—lay upon a plain beach, on the cold ground to-night; it snowed very much.



1. His description of the great series of lagoons and salt-water rivers in this region is perfectly correct. The context shows that in this day's travel they must have passed through Tracadie Bay, and in order to reach it, they must have crossed one more portage not mentioned by Smethurst. I have no question that this portage ran from the southern extremity of the South Branch of Pokemouche to the head of Tracadie Bay, a distance of about one mile and a half over gently rising ground. I have

found there is some local tradition of a portage through here, and the arrangement of the waters makes it reasonably certain. The only other route he could have taken would have been down the Pokemouche to the sea and along the coast, but his reference to inland waters shows he did not go by that route.

2. As the context shows, this portage was between Tracadie and Tabusintac waters. Now there are apparently three routes between those waters, all of which I have to some extent examined. First, there is the route on the sea, along shore, followed no doubt in fine weather. Second, there is the route up Tracadie, through "the Lake" to Portage River and thence by a short portage to a creek (Portage Creek of old plans) emptying into Tracadie Bay. It was evidently by this route that Bishop Plessis travelled in 1811 as shown by his Journal (in *Le Foyer Canadien*, III, 1865, 169). The third is through the remarkable chain of fresh-water ponds just inside the beach, extending in a line from the head of Pierre Basque River to the head of Tabusintac Bay, as shown by the accompanying map. No portage from Pierre Basque River to Grand Lake appears to be known locally, but such would seem to have been Smethurst's "portage" through his reference to camping on the "plain beach" at a place afterwards overflowed (marked by a star on the map), might imply that he came along the sea-coast to the beach at Grand Lake. But his description of their doings at this place is wholly consistent with the character and surroundings of Grand Lake.

## WEDNESDAY, November 11.

THIS proved a very rainy boisterous day—a great storm at east—lay by all day—was very wet, and very uncomfortable—my bread all gone; and I had nothing to live upon, but some fish smoaked in the manner just mentioned—no salt—no liquor of any kind, but water. I durst not carry any strong liquor with me, for the Indians would not have stirred till they had drank all out; and they do things in their liquor they would not do when sober.

## (15) THURSDAY, November 12.

THE storm continues, which has drove all the game away—Killed two or three sea-gulls, these I broiled and eat without any sauce, but a good appetite—We removed from off the beach over the lake.<sup>1</sup>

## FRIDAY, November 13.

BLOWS as hard as ever, or rather more severe—could not stir out—very wet and cold, especially at nights.

## SATURDAY, November 14.

THE storm does not abate. There came to us two canoes, with six Indians in them—one a very surly fellow, was prompting my guides to mischief—continually talking against the English—said they wanted the land from the Indians, and that I came to see how they might conveniently be attacked. I thought it best to put a good face upon the matter; not to seem afraid, or lose any of my importance. I told them, it was true my life was in their power; but if any accident happened to me, the English would destroy their whole tribe.

## SUNDAY, November 15.

THE storm increases. The neck of land where we had lodged, that parts the land from the sea, was overflowed, which raised the lake, and set our things a swimming.<sup>2</sup> We removed further up into the woods. I have not had dry cloaths since Tuesday night—Endeavoured to keep up the spirits of the Indians, who, I found, were for returning to Pookmoosh the first opportunity; and as we were only five or six leagues from a French settlement, wanted much to get out of the hands of the Indians—Promised them the whole wages to carry me to Merrimichi.

1. They were encamped upon the narrow part of the beach between the lake and the sea. When they removed over the lake, they apparently went to the woods on the side away from the sea, although it is possible they simply moved along to the grove which still stands between the lake and the sea

farther to the south, as shown by the map.

2. There is still a low place in the beach here which looks as if it might overflow at the highest tides. In summer the level of this shallow fresh-water lake falls considerably below high-tide level. Its shores are very firm sand, and convenient for camping.

## MONDAY, November 16.

THE storm was still violent; and what was worse, our provisions are expended, except the skin of one fish: nor had the Indians who came to us any thing left. We might justly be said to "eat to live, and not live to eat;" yet a small piece of the fat of the fish, without any dressing, keeps me from being (16) excessive hungry, which I attribute to my not using any salt so long; so had not anything to irritate the coats of my stomach—I perceive myself growing very weak.

## TUESDAY, November 17.

THE storm still continues—have not seen sun, moon, or stars, this seven days—Took a resolution all of us to remove to an Indian camp, about six miles from hence, up the country; but such a road sure never was travelled before—mid-leg deep in water—sometimes crossed brooks up to the middle; some fallen trees and thick underwood made it as bad as possible. I was prodigiously fatigued, as were two of the Indians—we were four hours in getting there. Upon our arrival we found the Indians had deserted their wigwams; but there was a good covered cabin.<sup>1</sup> In another hut we found some fish and dried geese: I took two of the geese, and paid five shillings sterling to one of the savages, who said he knew the person they belonged to. I did this, that the savages might entertain a good opinion of their new allies the English. The savages took fish without ceremony, as their custom is to go into huts, and help themselves to any thing they can find—to eat and drink, without saying one word—Made a large fire, and expect to lie dry to-night, which I have not done these eight nights past.

## WEDNESDAY, November 18.

LAST night proved a cold dry night—the weather moderate—went back the way we came to our canoe, where we had left our baggage—arrived there about twelve o'clock; and wet as I was, immediately embarked, and with a fair wind reached Merrimichi<sup>2</sup> about six o'clock. I was obliged to be carried out of the canoe into a hut, to warm and dry myself; for I had almost lost the use of my limbs with sitting steady in a bark canoe six hours, wet up to the middle.

1. The context shows that this could only have been somewhere on the south side of the Tracadie River above Portage River, which they must have crossed. Dr. A. C. Smith, of Tracadie, who has made a special study of such matters in that region, tells me the Indian camping places were very numerous in this vicinity; it is hence prob-

ably not possible to locate the particular one here in question.

2. The distances, especially that from Miramichi to Burnt Church later mentioned, would locate this place at or near the present village of Neguac, as shown on the map. They passed, of course, through Tabusintac Bay.

## THURSDAY, November 19.

LODGED last night in a poor Frenchman's hut—lay upon the floor all night by the fire—he had no bed but one in the same room, and that his family lay (17) in—rested very comfortably. About midnight a young man came to me from his father, with offers of service; his name is Brusar, but they generally called him Beausoleil;<sup>1</sup> he brought me a bottle of rum and some flour—was extremely kind to me. In the morning the old man came himself—brought me pork, and other necessaries. He is the most considerable person here—had been a great partizan—was one of the French neutrals who were removed to Carolina—made his escape by land to Mississippi, and travelled 1400 leagues to recover his native country. These people have been great enemies to the English; however, I shall never forget the great obligations I owe to Brusar, for his present kindness to me. He told me of a vessel about three leagues from this place, belonging to Nipisiquid, that had stopt during the late bad weather, and he was very certain she was not gone. This news was extremely agreeable to me. I sold Brusar several things—some muslin neckcloths, more of my shirts, with some gold lace, in order to pay the savages, according to my promise. I paid them the whole money, as if they had carried me to Fort Cumberland, although we are not above half way. The Frenchmen endeavoured to prevent me paying them so much—said, They extorted the promise from me in the late bad weather, for fear of their returning back to Pookmoosh: so it was prudent at that time to encourage them with a prospect of a large reward, which I had no occasion now to comply with—I considered, however, as the English had but very lately made a treaty with them, I would convince them they regarded their words: For the Indians never consider individuals; if any person does them an injury, or favour, they charge the whole nation with it. This should be a standing

1. Brossard dit Beausoleil, an honored name in Acadian history! There were at least two men of this name prominent in Acadia during the troubles from 1750 to 1763. One of them was Alexandre and the other was Joseph, the latter rather the more prominent of the two, but unfortunately there is nothing in Smethurst's narrative to show which of the two it was who showed so much kindness to him. But Smethurst was by no means the first Englishman one or the other of them had befriended. Thus when the Indians captured the English officer Hay in 1755 near Fort Cumberland and wished to put him to death, they were prevented by Beausoleil. Again, much earlier, in 1745, when one of them was living on the Petitcodiac, and Captain

William Pote was taken past his house as an Indian captive, he treated him thus, as Pote himself describes:—"Stopped at a mans house, named bon Solleil, this man Treated me, with much Cevility, and Gave me some Victuals & a Dram, and some Tabacoe" (Journal of Captain William Pote. Edited by Victor H. Paltsits, New York, 1896, page 52). The Brossards suffered severely by the Expulsion, and that one of them could after this have been so kind to Smethurst, shows that he was a man of large soul. It is a pleasure to us to note that these records of their kind deeds, which we may well believe were not solitary instances, have been preserved. Beausoleil was, according to local tradition, one of the first settlers at Riviere de Cache.



caution to our Indian traders, to deal honestly with them, otherwise they may bring on a public calamity.

FRIDAY, November 20.

Mr. Brusar procured me a large log canoe, with three men, to go in search of the vessel. This country is all low land—very full of islands and creeks—water carriage throughout; lurking places for Indians—Unless we can civilize them, they will retard the settlement of this part of the world greatly. The (18) Frenchman where I lodged, and most of the village, set off this morning for Point Miscou, to hunt sea-cows<sup>1</sup> for their oil, which they make use of in winter instead of butter.—About noon proceeded with the Frenchmen in the log canoe, and in three hours reached a creek where we found four shallops, or skiffs, with several families<sup>2</sup>—I believe they intend to winter here—they had the good luck to avoid the late bad weather. The chief of the Indians came to me—shewed his treaty with the Governor of Halifax, and said he would conduct me to Fort Cumberland. There had been a vessel wreck'd here in the late violent storm—what she is, don't know at present—there is one man saved, who I intend to go see—My brig must have got further than this, if she went off the coast. This river of Merrimichi runs up the country a great way—almost meets the river St. John, which falls into the bay of Fundy.

1. The sea-cow was the walrus, formerly very abundant on Miscou, but long extinct in this region. Smethurst saw one swimming in Shediac Harbor as noted later under December 9th. Its former occurrence in New Brunswick is discussed in the Bulletin of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, No. XXII, 240, and an account of the Sea-cow fishery in Prince Edward Island, by A. B. Warburton, is in *Acadensis*, III, 116-119.

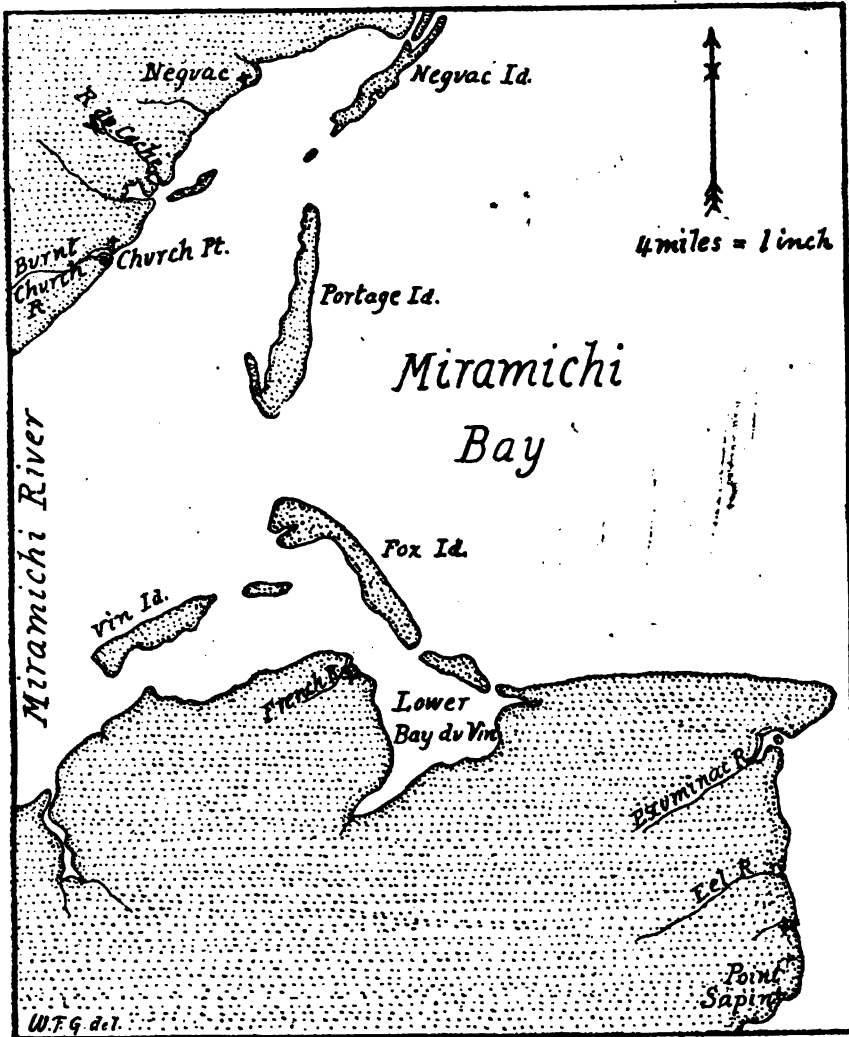
2. This creek would appear from the context to have been Burnt Church River, for on the south side of it was a large Indian Settlement, evidently that at Church Point, the most important Indian settlement in all this region. The families who were to winter here very likely settled in the vicinity, most probably at Riviere de Cache, and perhaps we have here the origin of that early and important French settlement. It all agrees very well with the local tradition sent me by a vaulted correspondent, Mr. D. Lewis of Escuminac, as to the origin of Riviere de Cache and

the Lower Bay du Vin French settlements, which is as follows:

“After the expulsion of the Acadians some few who had taken the oath of allegiance to the King sent four men to the Miramichi to spy out the land for settlement. This action was taken on the report of those who had left the Miramichi at the time of the conquest. These men chose Rivier de Cache as a suitable place. The next spring six or seven families left Bay Verte in a boat for the Miramichi. They arrived in the outer Bay about the first of June, and, coming on to blow from the North, they ran the boat into the Gully between Huckleberry Island and the Escuminac Shore and sailed around the lower Bay du Vin Bay to where Hardwicke Village now stands, and waited for a favorable wind to take them to Rivier de Cache. While waiting, two families, a Muzeroll and a Robichaud, decided to remain at French River. These two families were the first to settle in Hardwicke after the Conquest.”

SATURDAY, November 21.

LODGED very comfortably last night with Amand Bugeaux, his family, and Nicholas Gautier<sup>1</sup>—In the night the wind had been strong



1. Bugeaux (also Bugeaud, now written Bugold), and Gautier were both Acadians who lived earlier at North

East River, P. E. I., as I am informed by M. Gaudet.

at N. W.—We removed to the south side of the creek,<sup>1</sup> to two deserted houses; better than those on the north side—the Indians here are about fifty fighting men—they are the Merrimichi tribe of Mickmacs.

SUNDAY, November 22.

THIS being a calm day; there came a skiff from the island<sup>2</sup> where the vessel was wrecked. She proves to be the Hulton, Capt. Benjamin Hallowell, belonging to Mr. John Hill of Hull, but freighted from London to Quebec, with twelve hundred barrels of flour, eighty puncheons of English brandy, twenty-three bales of goods, and nineteen barrels of hardware. The brandy, and a good deal of the flour was going to Byrn and Brymer of Quebec. There were twelve hands on board—only one saved—he was the mate, a young man from Hull—his name James Pratchell. When he got on shore, he was taken care of by the French from Nipisiquid, who, happily for him, had stopped here.

(19) MONDAY, November 23.

HAD a design of going to see the situation of the wreck, but the wind blows too hard.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER, 24.

INTENDED to go to see the wreck to-day, but was stopt by the Indians—they told me their chief would come and talk with me, and call a council—they have found a good deal of the brandy, for they are all of them continually drunk—I am afraid of mischief—They did not call a council to-day.

WEDNESDAY, November, 25.

WAS got into a little schooner to go to the island, to see the situation of the wreck, when I was called back by the chief, and other Indians. There was likewise the chief of St. John's Indians here—The vessel being cast away, had collected the Indians from all quarters—they called a council—they told me they would endeavour to save all the effects they could out of the vessel, and make a fair declaration of what they saved—

1. That is, they removed to the Indian Village or near it, on the south side of this River. This point, (Church, or Burnt Church, Point,) has been from early times down to the present the site of the most important Indian settlement by far in all this region. One has only to visit the locality to understand the reasons. It is not only in a good position geographically, at the junction of the great routes of Indian travel along the north shore and the

Miramichi, but it is in a region conspicuously rich in game and fish. Further the point itself is of commanding and beautiful situation, with good landing beaches, and moreover is the only elevated land for a considerable distance up and down the coast.

2. There is nothing to show on what island the wreck occurred, but from the apparent ease with which the place could be reached it would appear to have been on Portage Island.

that the French should do the same. The chief likewise told me he would send four men to Fort Cumberland with me and the young man who was saved out of the vessel—I found some good effects from my behaviour to the Indians who brought me along; for they were here, and had told how honourably I had dealt with them—The name of the Indian chief here is Louis Francois,<sup>1</sup> the name of the chief of St. John's tribe is Louis Lamoureux<sup>2</sup>—they had large silver medals of the French king, hanging to ribbons round their necks. In the afternoon, went with the French to the island where the wreck was—they had rolled about two hundred barrels of flour from off the beach, to a place of safety; and there were about one hundred more good upon the beach—I did not discover any brandy, or bales of goods, but believe the French and Indians had hid a large quantity—They brought off fifteen barrels of flour—got back about nine at night.

THURSDAY, November, 26.

PICKED up yesterday bundles of English newspapers for twelve months past, with which I am highly entertained—find some of my acquaintance mar-(20)ried, others dead—some fortunate, others bankrupts—it is great amusement for me, as my mind has fasted so long from any food of this kind.<sup>3</sup>

FRIDAY, November 27.

CONTINUE still drying and examining the newspapers—the Indians have fixed our departure for to-morrow—The French are very much afraid of the Indians, now they have strong liquor.

SATURDAY, November 28.

THIS morning proved very stormy—the Indians do not go—In the afternoon I was ordered to a council in one of their wigwhams\*—the council consisted of a dozen—they were all drunk, except the chief and another—they were a long time, before they would permit me to go—They would detain me till the frost sets in, and go by land, for fear of accidents

\* Three or four drunken Indians, with loaded muskets, came, and taking hold of both my arms, a third Indian staggering before me, saying, "La me-me chofe comme gouverneur Halifax;" by which I must understand him to be as great a man as the Governor of Halifax: When we arrived at the wigwham, the drunken governor of Halifax, pointing to the chief, said in English, "All one, King George."

1 Louis Francis in the List of 1760 mentioned in the earlier foot note under November 9.

2. Apparently the St. John's tribe is that of St. Johns Island, not River St. John. In the lists mentioned in the footnote under November 9, the chief of Isle St. John is given as Baptist La Morue (Sketches of New Brunswick) or Lamorne (Cooney). The former is

evidently the same word as Lamoureux and perhaps the difference in the first name is an error of Smethurst's, or unthinking repetition of the Louis of the preceding name.

3. This feeling must be known to everyone, who, accustomed to much reading, finds himself for sometime deprived of it, as in long trips into the woods, etc.

—they said they were masters there; and if they had a mind to keep me three or four months, I must stay. I urged my necessity—pleaded hard for them to permit two of the Frenchmen to go with me, instead of Indians, as I could converse better with them: after long debating, they allowed me to set off in the morning with two Frenchmen.

SUNDAY, November 29.

A GREAT deal of snow had fallen in the night, and we did not set out—the day proved a mild thawing day—the Indians all met together to worship—they are rigid ceremonious Papists—great bigots—know little of the grounds of their religion; but it is pompous, and that is enough.<sup>1</sup> To show their zeal, where the Frenchmen crossed themselves once, the Indians would do it twice; but their religious zeal is at this time pretty much heated with brandy—their priests must have taken a great deal of pains with them—they sing very well.<sup>2</sup> (21) The Canadians will have it in their power to play off the Indians at any time against our back settlements, by encouraging this religious bigotry; indeed it gains ground in Canada.

MONDAY, November 30.

ABOUT ten o'clock we set out in a bark canoe, which I had bought of the savages—there were Nicholas Gautier, Joseph Rishar,<sup>3</sup> and myself—The young man who was mate of the vessel, is not in a condition to travel—his legs and feet are very much swoln—he proposes to stay till the Indians will let some other Frenchmen go—I left him thirty-two pounds of beaver, and a beaver coat, to dispose of for a supply for him—We got about three leagues<sup>4</sup>—the wind was pretty high, and very cold at north-west.

TUESDAY, December 1.

SET out early this morning—the sea was pretty rough, but we were in hopes of its becoming more moderate—the wind was west-north-west

1. This settlement at Church Point had been the seat of an Indian mission from early times. Thus it was apparently visited as a mission by Father LeClercq in 1677, as narrated in his *Nouvelle Relation de la Gaspésie*, Paris, 1691, (in translation in Hay's *Canadian History Readings*, 271). It was here without doubt that Richard Denys de Fronsac, in the name of his father, Nicolas Denys, Governor and Proprietor of all these coasts, gave to the church three arpents of land for a mission in 1685. It was visited soon after by Bishop St. Vallier of Quebec, as the

latter describes in his *Estat Present de L'Eglise*, Paris, 1688 (Quebec Reprint of 1856, page 32.)

2. There is other mention of the excellent singing of the Indians. See the *Jesuit Relations*, (Thwaites edition). XXVIII, 83 and XXX, 141.

3. Of course Richard, a common Acadian name.

4. Apparently, from the distance, to some place at or near the Lower Bay du Vin (or French Bay), very likely in the vicinity of French River.

—Came to a bay<sup>1</sup>, where we dined—I was very wet, with the sea washing into the canoe; for we now keep upon the main ocean—Crossed the bay, where I landed, and walked along the beach;<sup>2</sup> for the canoe was too deep loaded—Had not gone above two miles, when I came to a rivulet<sup>3</sup>—the canoe could not come ashore, the surf was so great—I was obliged to wade over—it took me up to the breast—Carried my beaver coat upon my head, and my memorandum-book in my mouth—thought of Julius Caesar—When I got over, ran along the beach to keep myself warm—Did not proceed above a mile till we found a convenient place for the canoe to land—here the Frenchmen came ashore—We were obliged to stay all night in a very low wet swamp<sup>4</sup>—the wind north—snows very much.

WEDNESDAY, December 2.

Lay very uncomfortably last night—left our canoe, and went to look for a better lodging place—Walked six miles before we could find a wood,<sup>5</sup> it is such low, marshy land—snows hard—wind north—found out at last a convenient place.

(22) THURSDAY, December 3.

LAY better last night than the night before, though I find the want of a blanket—a beaver coat is very well while it continues dry, but once wet, it is intolerable—This morning Rishar and Gautier went to the canoe to fetch supplies, and see how the surf was—returned in three hours with some bisket and pork, but it continues to snow worse than yesterday, with the wind strong at south-west—Abundance of broken claws of lobsters, with other shell-fish, were thrown upon the beach in the late stormy weather—the snow incommodes us in our tent very much—the wind has changed—it was with much persuasion I could get the French-

1. Apparently, from the context, especially the mention of the "main ocean," this was Escuminac River (see the map), at the mouth of which the large-scale maps show a considerable inlet from the sea.

2. All along this coast, and indeed all the way to Bay Chaleur, are very fine beaches of firm sand, making the best kind of route for one on foot.

3. If the preceding identification is correct this would be the Eel River of our maps.

4. This landing place a mile south of Eel River would be at the mouth of the little nameless rivulet shown on the maps.

5. As an expression under Dec. 4 ("the Frenchman went for the canoe") implies, they walked along the beach to find the wood, which was, therefore, very likely the grove of firs at Point Sapin which gave that point its name. It is true the distance given by Smethurst is considerably too great, but the circumstances under which they travelled to the grove were such as to make them exaggerate distances, and moreover it could not have been so great as Smethurst states, because the two Frenchmen went to the canoe and back the next day in three hours. The location of the wood at Point Sapin is strongly confirmed by the distance to Kouchibouguac (fifteen miles), later given (under Dec. 4.)

men to stay all day, to see what kind of weather it would be—their patience is wore put—they are determined to return.

FRIDAY, December 4.

THIS morning the Frenchmen went for the canoe—it proved a calm morning—proceeded on our way—I walked upon the beach—When we came to a bay or a river, they took me into the canoe, and ferried me over—Came this day five leagues—we are now fifteen leagues from Merimichi, at a river called by the Indians Chishibouwack,<sup>1</sup> not above six feet deep—they say it runs a good way up the country—Still continues low good land, very improveable; this will certainly be the granary of North America, when it comes to be well peopled—There have been Indians here, but they are gone up the country—their wigwams are still standing.

SATURDAY, December 5.

THE night proved very calm; but at six o'clock in the morning the wind began to blow at north-east; soon after, it snowed, and continued so very violently all day—Left our canoe, and went up the creek about a mile; crossed a small river<sup>2</sup> upon the ice, to a deserted house of the French—we found the Indians had been here, but they were gone up the river a hunting—We found the head of a dog smoaked whole, the hair singed off, but the teeth and tongue standing—The Indians, when they make a great feast, kill two or three dogs, which they hold as a high treat—at such times they have a grand dance.

(23) SUNDAY, December 6.

THE Frenchmen tell me, that Captain M'Kenzie went from Nipisiquid in good time; for that the chief of the Nipisiquid Indians was gone up to Joseph Glaud, the chief of the Ristigouch Indians, to persuade him to come down with his Indians; and if Captain M'Kenzie had staid five days longer, no Frenchman would have been removed, for that the Indians would have engaged our troops. This story, however improbable, I understand had been propagated on board my brig—I had found something had

1. Now called Kouchibouguac; it is about 15 miles from Point Sapin.

2. No map that I can find shows any branch of the Kouchibouguac near its mouth of a sufficient size to fit Smethurst's account of this river; hence, I infer, that the creek they ascended for a mile and the small river they crossed were both of them the Kouchibouguac, though an inspection of the country itself might lead to a different conclusion. The fact that on December 7

Smethurst could not continue his journey until the Frenchmen had brought the canoe to enable him to cross the river would imply that they had camped on Dec. 4 on the south side of the mouth of the Kouchibouguac, and that the "house of the French" was on the north side. This mention of the French house, by the way, is evidence that French settlers were more widely scattered in this region than we are accustomed to suppose.

frightened the Captain out of his senses, but did not understand what it was before—This morning pleasant, the wind had changed to the south, but the sea was too great to proceed—about ten o'clock, the wind came strong at south-west—it blows a perfect hurricane; and what added to our distress, when we went to pass to our canoe the way we had come, we found the ice was thawed, so that we could not pass the river—We went two miles up the river, but could not get over—returned to our hut—Gautier killed an Indian dog, which was loitering about the hut, in case we could not get to our provision, that it might be a reserve—I put the dried head of the dog in my pocket, in case of extremity—fasted all day—Could not help thinking of that line of Dr. Young "Poor pensioners on "the bounties of an hour.

#### MONDAY, December 7.

THIS morning the Frenchmen tried to get over the ice, but it broke in with them—then they made a raft, and got over nearer the sea—About ten o'clock they came with the canoe; and as soon as I had eat, or rather devoured, a salt pork pasty, which the Frenchwomen had made me for my travelling store, we set off, and the day proved a very fine one—I walked all the way, unless when we came to rivers, deep bays, or rocks—Four leagues from where we set off,<sup>1</sup> came to a river, called by the French and Indians Rishibucto—runs twenty leagues up the country—it is a pretty deep river—Went about two leagues further—here we encamped.<sup>2</sup>

#### (24) TUESDAY, December 8.

THE island of St. John<sup>3</sup> appears here very plain—it is about four leagues from hence—a fine low island—the Frenchmen tell me it is near fifty leagues long, and fifteen broad—Six leagues from where we lodged, we came to a river called Bucktough<sup>4</sup>—a league further, another large river, called Cockyne<sup>5</sup>—We travelled ten leagues to-day<sup>6</sup>—the country continues flat—the trees are chiefly pine, red oak, birch, beech—this last wood burns exceeding well.

#### WEDNESDAY, December 9.

THIS proved a fine morning—When we had got two leagues, came to a large river, called Chedaick<sup>7</sup>—a large bay and an island make two entrances—this is the last large river we have to cross—we found it full

1. His distances are, as a rule, remarkably accurate.

2. Evidently somewhere on the coast north of Richibucto Head.

3. Prince Edward Island; the name was officially changed in 1798. Smethurst became well acquainted with it later.

4. Now Buctouche.

5. Now Cocagne; it was thus named by Nicolas Denys prior to 1672.

6. Bringing him evidently to camp about half way between Cocagne Head and Shediac Point.

7. Now Shediac; the description is accurate.



of loose ice, which made it exceedingly difficult to get over—There were two rivers of smaller note, which I could not learn the names of<sup>1</sup>—A sea-cow<sup>2</sup> lifted its head out of the water, and came swimming after the canoe—the Frenchmen soon shot it—it had 2 large teeth out of water in the upper jaw pointing downwards—these serve for defence, to climb rocks with, &c.—A full grown sea-cow will make two barrels of oil in autumn, when they are fattest—they are easily killed with a ball—very unwieldy—much like Anson's sea-lions<sup>3</sup>—I believe of the same species—this was larger than an ox—The French use the oil of these creatures to their meat—it is to me as rank as seal oil—The most noted places for their present resort, are the islands of Magdelines; and Point Miscou; but the sea-cows wild fowl, Indians, and beaver, will leave us as we settle in the country, and go to places less frequented—Came this day about nine leagues<sup>4</sup>—I walked all the way, excepting crossing the rivers, &c.

#### THURSDAY, December 10.

LAST night frosty—the moon shone very bright when we went to sleep; but when we awoke this morning, it was a violent storm at east—Staid in the cabin all day.

#### FRIDAY, December 11.

THIS morning, though the wind was pretty high, set off in our canoe—(25) passed one small river,<sup>5</sup> that runs to the southward—about four leagues from the place we lodged, came to another small river<sup>6</sup>—here we left our canoe, and set out with our baggage to cross the country<sup>7</sup>—they call it ten miles to Bay Verte by land—Going up the river, the ice broke in with the two Frenchmen—they had been obliged to leave their keg of brandy, and had hugged it so close at parting, that they were a little light-headed—Returned back to our canoe, in order to lodge there all night.

1. Evidently Bateman's Brook and the Scadouc of our maps.

2. The walrus. See earlier note under November 20. This is the sole reference known to me in all our literature to an actual observation of a living walrus in New Brunswick waters, and very interesting it is.

3. He refers to the sea-elephant, formerly known scientifically as *Morunga Ansonii*, a huge seal of the Southern hemisphere. Later in this work, in the second part (page 32) he speaks again of the resemblance to Anson's sea-lions, which he says have a snout, thus confirming their identity as the sea-elephant. Yet another re-

ference to the sea-cow is on page 38.

4. Apparently to the vicinity of Aboushagan; as the entry under Dec. 10 shows, they lodged in some (Frenchman's?) cabin.

5. Apparently the Tedish.

6. Apparently the Shemogue; possibly Little Shemogue.

7. No doubt a portage path (evidently, however, little used) cutting off the long canoe voyage around Cape Tormentine. This is mentioned as a regular portage route in an early document. (Parkman Mss., New France, I., 265, in the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.)

## SATURDAY, December 12.

SET out this morning before day—went up a creek about a mile, and then took to the woods—There had fallen about a foot deep of snow, and it was froze over at top, so as to make it bear sometimes, and break in at others, with a prodigious number of fallen trees and brooks to cross, with broken wood and thick underbrush, made it almost impassable; these, with about twenty weight of baggage, and a heavy beaver coat I had to carry, made it too much for me—the Frenchmen were much heavier loaded—Sometimes we were obliged to creep on our hands and knees, under fallen trees, to climb over others; branches and stumps running into my legs and face, made it bad beyond description.—I thought I was very unfit to travel; to creep, my temper will not allow me, and to climb does not seem my talent, but to walk upright is my great desire; yet with that method, here, as in the great wood of worldly affairs, you cannot get forward—if you would advance, you must sometimes stoop, sometimes ambitiously climb, sometimes dirty yourself in nasty ways; but at all events, drive thro' thick and thin. Thus moralizing, and stumbling on, push'd forward, with hopes of soon getting out of my difficulties; very often falling, and sometimes fainting, I arrived at Bay Verte, about an hour after sun-set, almost fatigued to death—it would not have been possible for me to have gone half-a-mile farther—Found here some of the French vessels which Captain M'Kenzie had brought off with him, and a party of Highlanders, under a serjeant's command. The fort here is destroyed,<sup>1</sup> and the inhabitants removed—there has been a very pretty village here—the French had a commu-(26)nication from this place with the island St. John, Louisbourg, &c.—Lay all night in the block-house, or rather guard-house the English are building.<sup>2</sup>

## SUNDAY, December 13.

WAS very thankful to the almighty Disposer of events, for leading me to a place of safety, and giving me strength and resolution to undergo the different trials I have been exercised with for these six weeks past—Set out to go to Fort Cumberland, called by the French Chignecto—this isthmus is fifteen miles across—pretty good road<sup>3</sup>—Got a soldier to carry my baggage—reached it about sun-set—Fort Cumberland is situated at the top of the bay of Fundy, to the westward—there are two companies of soldiers

1. Of course Fort Gaspereau of the French, taken and named Fort Monckton by the English in 1755, and demolished in 1756. Its site and its ruins are well-known locally.

2 I am unable to explain the situation of this guard-house, or to cite any reference to it in the early records.

3. The only road in all the present New Brunswick at that time and for some time after. It was built by the French prior to 1755. It is now largely abandoned, but its position is known locally, and is represented on a map in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, V., 1899, Section II., p. 283.

here; one of Highlanders, another of Rangers—Captain M'Kenzie, of the Highlanders, is gone to Halifax—the commanding officer of the Rangers is Captain Danks<sup>1</sup>—To my great disappointment a vessel had sailed for Boston about a week before, and the bay is now frozen up, which will occasion my stay here some time—So far the journal.

Here ends the first part of Smethurst's book. The second part is of much less interest, particularly to New Brunswick readers; and accordingly I shall here give only a summary of it with an occasional passage of particular interest. It begins thus:—

(27) A Providential ESCAPE after a SHIPWRECK, in coming from the Island of ST. JOHN, in the Gulph of ST. LAWRENCE; with an ACCOUNT of the FISHERIES round that Island.

I STAID at Cumberland till the winter was so fixed, as to go to Halifax on snowshoes—this is above an hundred miles—from thence I got a passage to New England—When I came to Marblehead, I found the brig had got safe there—the master, in his protest, swears that the wind was so high, a boat could not live; when the real truth was, he had been so frightened with the French account of the Indians, that to save himself, he left me to be sacrificed—Some masters of vessels make very free with the wind, when they have occasion to protest.

He then mentions his attempts to establish a fishery in the Island of St. John (Prince Edward Island), including his erection of two store-houses at St. Peters, and the bringing of a crew from Marblehead, in Massachusetts, "to cause an emulation." He then describes somewhat fully the advantages of the island for the fisheries and the most profitable way of exploiting them. Then (on page 29) he begins a journal, with the date Monday, December 5, 1763, descriptive of his shipwreck when proceeding in a small schooner from Fort Amherst in the island to

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Afterwards settled at Bale Verte. | of this series (these Collections, II.,  
He is mentioned in an earlier document | 165.)

"my settlement at Bay Verte." The narrative has much interest as a tale of adventure, but no great historical or geographical value. Starting from the island with a crew of six, in addition to himself, they were caught in a hurricane and ran ashore near Pictou. All got ashore safely, and with ample provisions. Then, with the exception of two who remained to winter here, they started along shore towards Bay Verte. Their hardships and adventures are narrated at length, and there is an occasional item of other interest, as their mention of sea-cows (walruses) they saw. They reached Bay Verte in safety on January 6th. In the spring he sent for the men at the wreck and found them well. This Journal occupies pages 29 to 39. He then gives (page 40) "some account of the country in general" as follows:—

FROM the Bay of Chaleurs to the Bay of Fundy, there is a quantity of fine level land, which, when cultivated, will produce any sort of grain which grows in England—the soil is a red loam and deep—There are low lands, with white pine trees—where they grow it will be fit for meadows in general—the marshes, or salt water meadows, are not so good on the gulph of St. Lawrence's side as they are on Bay of Fundy—the marshes there are the very Egypt of North America—they are a mere bed of marl, and are so strong and deep they will never be worn out—for the present I would not advise the inhabitants to raise grain upon them—it requires more trouble and expense to subdue the grass roots and reeds, than the present condition of the inhabitants can bear—it therefore would be more eligible to keep them entirely in meadows; this will enable them to breed and fatten cattle, to make what butter and cheese they pleased. If they buy their bread for the present, the other articles will find them with that and everything else—Should they attempt to raise grain, let them try up-land, manured with marsh mud; though indeed their being able to obtain such a number of cattle, will procure them dung enough; and as their meadows will never want any, they may put it all on their up-land. This part of the country wants nothing but men and money, to make it the most flourishing spot in America, or perhaps on the globe.<sup>1</sup>

After some further remarks upon the soil, etc. of North America, he describes his efforts to prevent the illegal destruction of white pine timber at Three Rivers. Then (on page 43) he adds:—

I will conclude this narrative with my free thought upon the present situation of affairs in North America; being an Englishman, on the one hand, and having some knowledge of the people there, from my long resi-

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1. A very detailed account of these marshes, in some respects confirming Smethurst's opinions, is in the Botanical Gazette (Chicago), XXXVI., 161.

dence amongst them on the other, gives me a pretense to impartiality; neither side must expect to be favoured; and if I should be so happy as to point out a way for reconciliation, it will be doing my country and North America essential service.

His plan is that the Government shall give up all internal taxation of the Colonies, but place instead a tax on all American shipping to be applied to the support of the navy, which tax would not, he thinks, be offensive to the Americans but would constitute an acknowledgement of the jurisdiction of Great Britain. As an alternative he proposes, that a "congress" of the Colonies shall meet, "in order to settle their respective quotas of a modus to be offered to government in lieu of all future internal taxes" the modus to be readjusted every seven years, the proceeds to be applied to the navy, and each province being left to raise its quota in its own way. He then offers some comments upon the Quebec Act, which he considers will result in a religious war unless repealed. He concludes his book with an account of a great imposition practiced upon the Indians by some French traders who played successfully upon their devotion to the Roman Catholic church. It begins thus:—

In the summer of 1765, the Indians collected themselves together at the river St. John, in the Bay of Fundy, and came up in a body to Fort Cumberland, in order to pass over to Bay Verte, to the great terror of the English settlers in those parts. They gave out there was a French fleet arrived in an harbour in the gulph of St. Lawrence; and they made use of threatening language. I offered my service to Capt. Blundell Dalton, then commanding officer of Fort Cumberland, to go with an officer and a party of soldiers, to examine into the truth of this story. Accordingly I went with Lieutenant Handfield, and some soldiers, and searched the coast; but found not the least sign of any fleet. We came back, and quieted the minds of the inhabitants; for which service I received the thanks of governor Wilmot; but it was not till long after, that I knew the occasion of this meeting, which was on the following account.<sup>1</sup>

1. There are some very interesting contemporary references to this movement of the Indians, the causes of which Smethurst here makes plain. Thus in a letter of Nov. 25, 1765, written by James Simonds at St. John to Messrs. Hazen and Jarvis in Newburyport, it is said,—“The Indians was so late in their Voyage after the French that they made but little fall hunts. They will be better in the Spring on that acct.” Again Michael Franklin writing July 22, 1765, from Halifax to

Beamsley Glasier then on the St. John River, says,—“It is thought here that the affair of the Indians will blow over, & as to the French ships, no person believes a syllable of it as the whole coast is lined with our Fishermen from whom we must have had Intilligence.” Some reference to the matter, and its subsequent settlement through a visit of the Indian Chiefs to Halifax, is also in Fisher's Sketches of New Brunswick, p. 103.

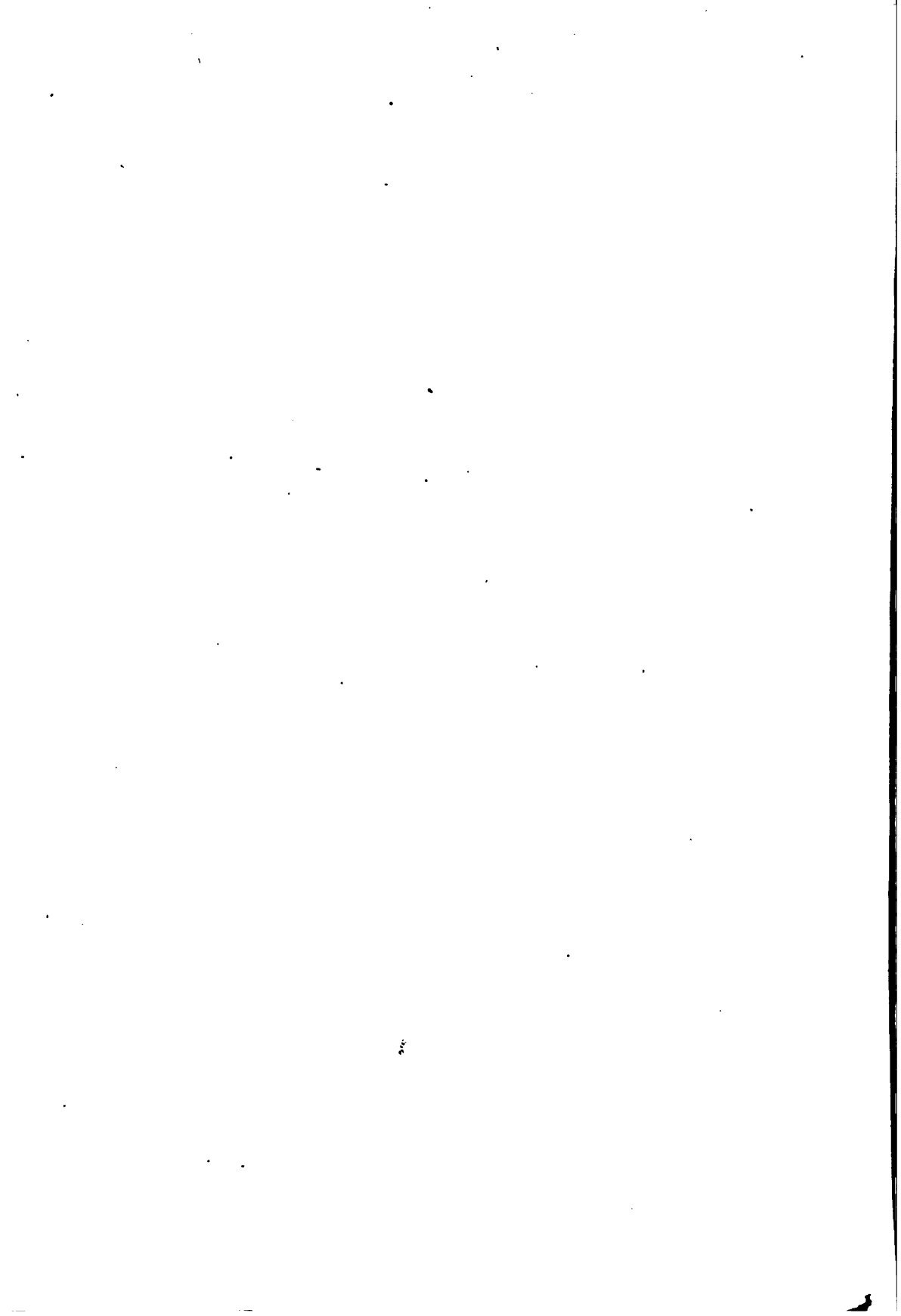
SOMETIME before, there had been a French smuggling vessel upon the coast, on board of which was an artful priest\* who had told the Indians that the Pope had received a letter from Jesus Christ; copies of which his Holiness had been so good as to send to them by him, for which they must pay him thirty pounds of beaver (worth about seven pounds sterling) for each copy; and if they would follow the orders in that letter, a French fleet would come at such a time, and drive the English from their country: in expectation of meeting this fleet the Indians were collected. The conditions in the letter were, "that the Indians should refrain, such a limited time, from drinking rum or cyder, (the strong liquors the English could furnish with them); they had liberty to drink claret or brandy (what the smuggler was loaded with); and that they should not let the English read one of these letters." I saw one of them hanging to a ribbon, round the neck of a chief, guarded with eight or ten folds of bark—the Indian would have parted with his life as soon as with this paper.

Then follows a very interesting account of a discussion of these matters which Smethurst held with a French apologist for them; and with this the book ends.

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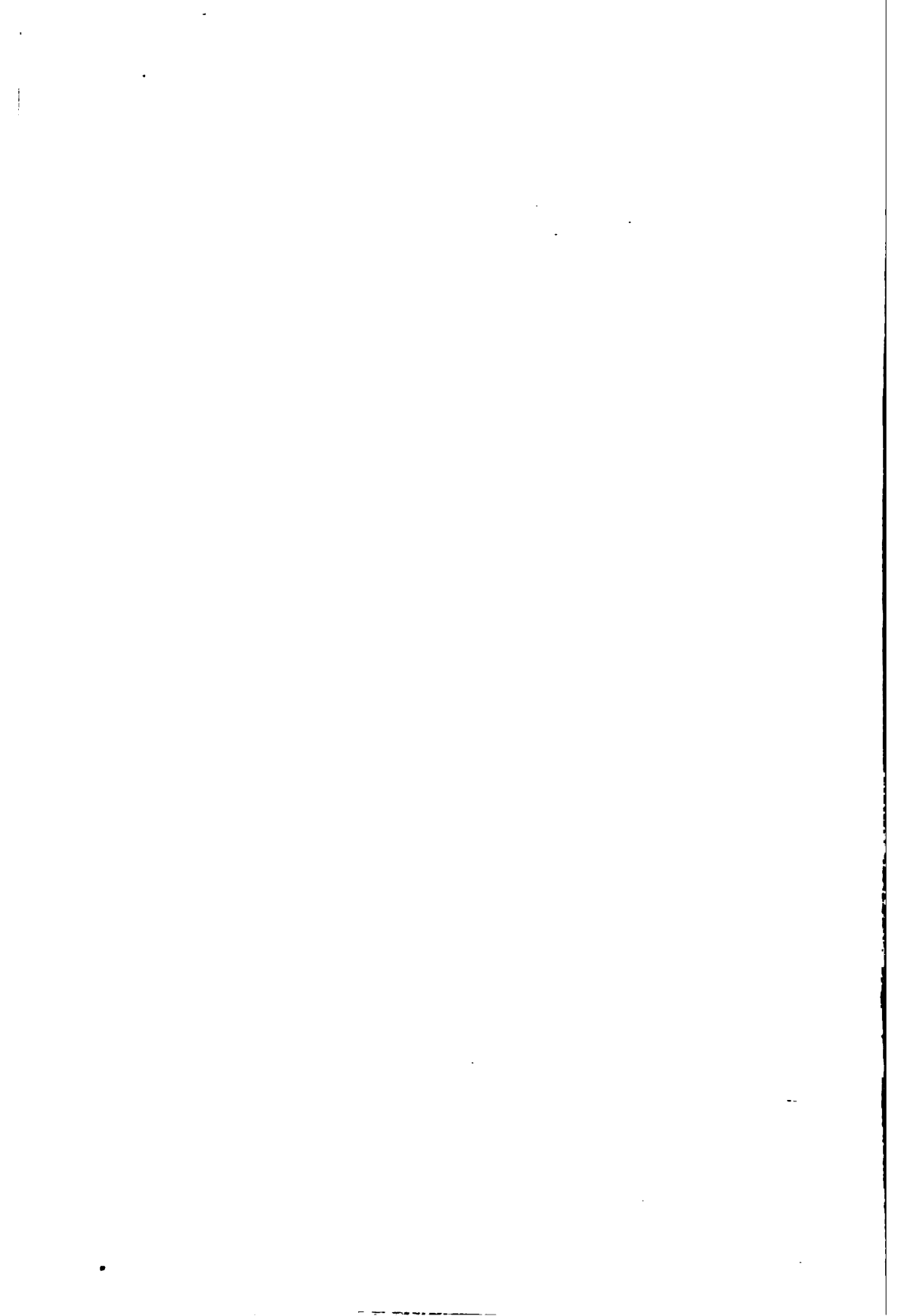
\* The reader will have noticed evidence, more than once in the course of Smethurst's narrative, that the author possessed some prejudice against the Roman Catholics, and this fact should put us upon our guard in reading the passage above. It is wholly unlikely that any genuine priest of that church would have been guilty of such imposture as is here described; and if a

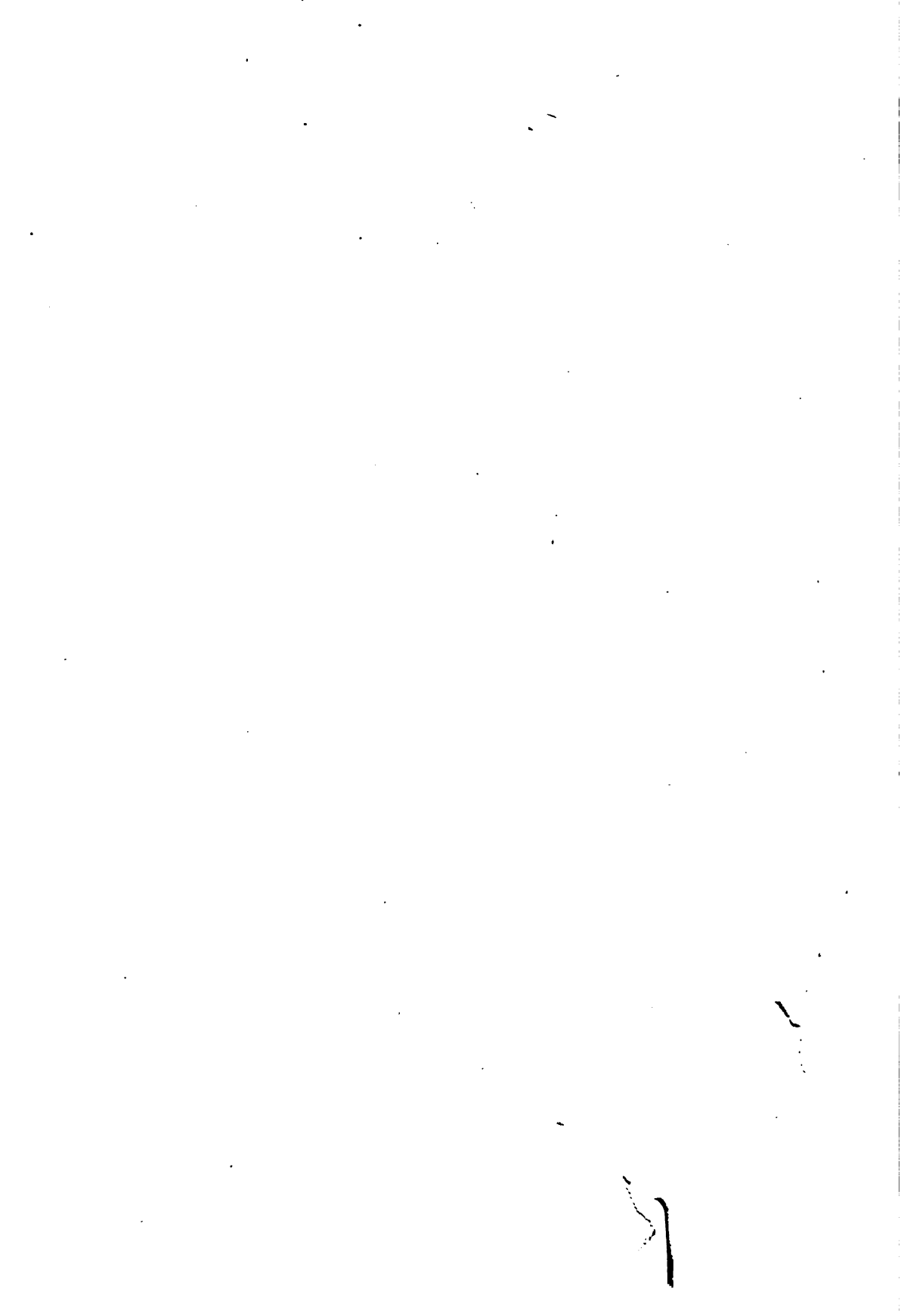
priest was concerned in it at all it must have been one of those unfrocked degenerates such as, unfortunately, every religious denomination has occasionally to acknowledge. The probabilities are very great, however, that it was the work of some unscrupulous impostor masquerading as a priest,—the natural disguise for him to assume under the circumstances.

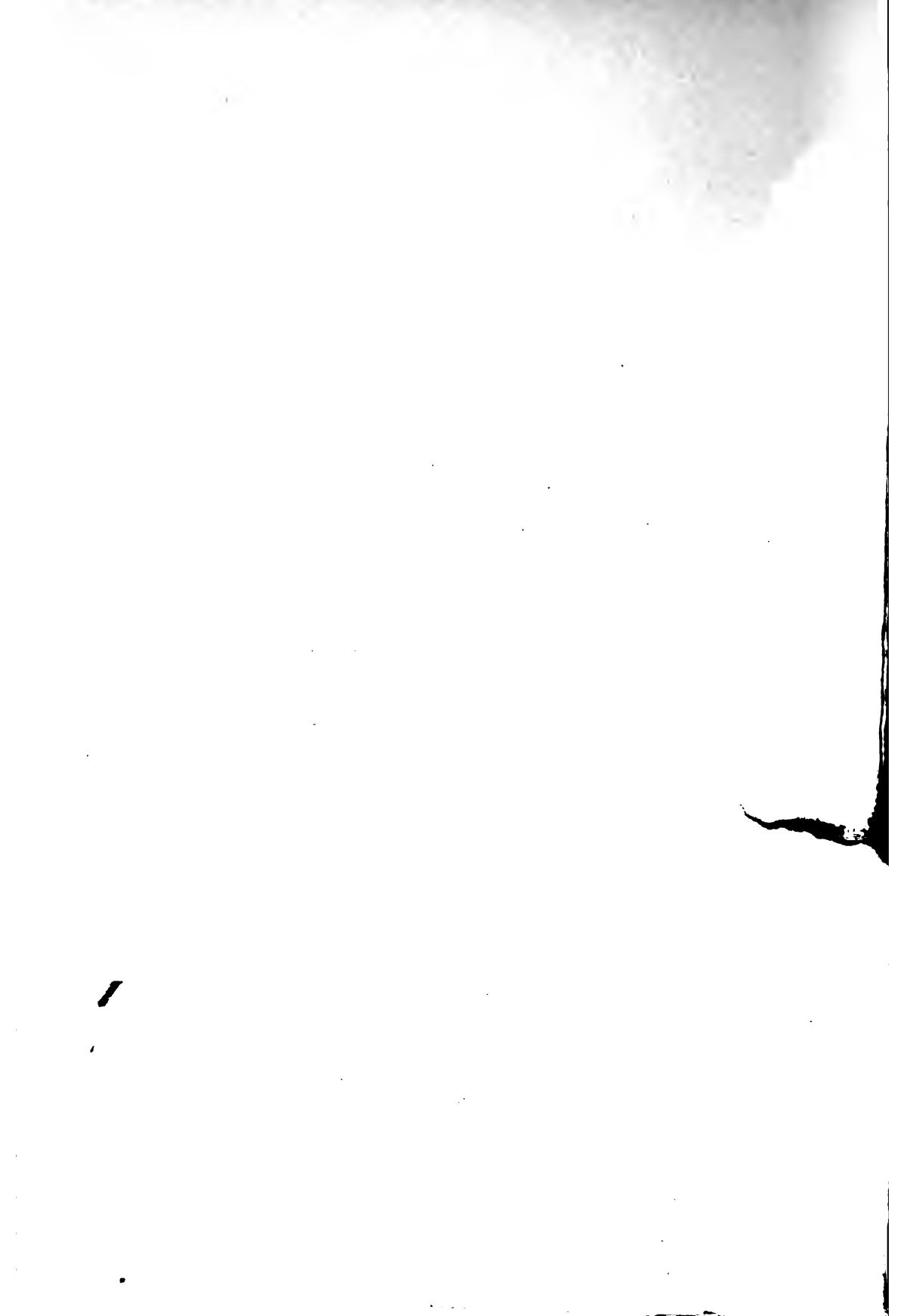












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