

The Passamaquoddy

THOUGH MUCH MIGHT be said here about the Passamaquoddy people, a branch of the Wabanaki Confederacy which straddles the Maine and New Brunswick border, this section focuses on the venerable and colorful life of Chief John Nicholas, former chief of the Passamaquoddy, and also on the dramatic account of the death of Michael McMonagle, local foundryman, who drowned on a canoe trip to Eastport in the company of Passamaquoddy guides, who were charged with murder on what proved to be bogus testimony and were later released. One of the native guides was the famed Indian runner, Lola ∞.

Beacon

July 24, 1890

A Hooped Seal

John Nicholas, one of the Indians living at the Point, was out porpoise shooting the other day, and when in the neighborhood of Wilson's Beach was fortunate enough to draw a bead on an immense seal. When John secured his prize, he was astonished to find a hoop around the seal's neck. The animal had evidently been wearing this peculiar necklace for a long time, as the hide beneath it was completely worn away, and it was embedded deep into the flesh.

Beacon

Aug. 14, 1890

Picnic Day

The town picnic on Thursday last was a grand success. It would have been impossible for it to have been otherwise with the splendid weather that was provided. The town donned its holiday dress for the occasion, and everybody set out to have a good time. A goodly number of people adjourned to the grove in the morning, but the great majority waited until the afternoon. Possibly five hundred people were gathered on the picnic grounds at 4 o'clock. There was no lack of amusements. The St. Andrews brass band discoursed its sweetest music; there were footraces, wheelbarrow races, barrel races,

a greasy pole, and last, but by no means least, dancing. This latter amusement did not begin until the shadows were creeping through the tall trees which canopied the platform, but if there was delay in starting it was more than compensated for before the program was ended.

The footraces were well contested. In the three-mile contest Lola, who has run in over four hundred races, competed with another Indian named Horace and a lad named Hickey. Lola's long, swinging stride soon carried him ahead of his rivals, but they kept after him, and made a good race to the finish. Lola came in a lap ahead of Horace with Hickey a step or two behind. The entries in the 100 yard race for boys were Hickey, who had competed in the three-mile race, Stickney, and a young Indian. Hickey won, Stickney second. In the one-hundred yard dash for men, the competitors were Lola, John Lawson of Canterbury, Ryan of St. Stephen, and a young man named Jack of Boston. Jack won easily, greatly to the surprise of the spectators. The St. Stephen man fell, and Lola and Lawson tied for second place. They ran a second heat, but with no different result. Lawson, who was considerably handicapped by heavy clothing, returned to run a third race, and the prize was given to Lola. The barrel race was won by Douglas C. Rollins, and the wheelbarrow race by George Stewart.

An excursion party came down from St. Stephen, bringing with them the St. Stephen band. They remained for several hours, and enjoyed themselves heartily.

On the whole, everybody was pleased with the day's enjoyment. It is satisfactory to know that it was a financial success as well.

Beacon

Jan. 5, 1893

John Nicholas, patriarch of the Indian camp at Indian Point, St. Andrews, thinks Mr. Beverly, of Saint John, a "very bad injun'." John took a bundle of fancy baskets to St. John at Christmas time to sell, and was doing a nice trade, when he says Mr. Beverly told the police authorities he was an "Eastport injun'," and he was bounced out of the market. A licence fee of \$20 was demanded from him, but instead of paying it John visited his friend, Sir Leonard Tilley



who promptly vouched for him as a Canadian thoroughbred. He succeeded in getting restored to his former status in the city market, but he lost a good day's sale. His loss was Mr. Beverley's gain, and that's what makes the latter such a "bad injun' in John's eyes.

**Chief John
Nicholas.
Charlotte
County
Archives.
p221.45**

Beacon

Aug. 1, 1895

Two pelts decorate the hunting lodge of John Nicholas of Indian Point. One belongs to a mink and the other was the property of a skunk until Monday morning last. John discovered the two in deadly combat just behind his camp that morning, and as they were both pretty well used up when he caught sight of them, he let them hammer away while he smoked. At last they

fell down exhausted and were unable to fight any more. Then John stepped into the ring and stripped off their mutilated coats. He now exhibits them as trophies of war.

Beacon

Sept. 24, 1896

Was it Murder?

**Michael McMonagle Meets Death in St. Croix River
Indians Say He was Drowned While Trying to Rescue One of
Them - Others Declare Indians Murdered Him for his Money -
Indians Arrested**

It was a sad day in St. Andrews on Thursday when news reached town that Michael McMonagle, foundryman, had been drowned the night before from a canoe trip in the St. Croix. The story of the tragedy, as told to the *Beacon* by Lola, one of the Indians who was in the ill-fated canoe, is as follows:

During Wednesday afternoon, the deceased visited the Indian camp and persuaded three of the Indians to start for Eastport with him. The names of the three were Lola, the celebrated Indian runner, John Stevens and Wallace Nicholas, all strapping young men. They set sail about 4 o'clock and ran across to the American shore without any mishap. They then took to the paddles, Stevens paddling in the bow and Nicholas in the stern of the canoe. Off Frost Cove, and about three hundred yards from the shore, Nicholas split his paddle and plunged headlong overboard. As he came up alongside, McMonagle seized him by the breast of his shirt, and against the protests of the others, attempted to drag him in to the craft. The usual result followed - the canoe upset and all four men were struggling in the water. It was now dusk so that the accident was not visible from the shore. Stevens, one of the Indians, says that he dove twice after McMonagle and brought him to the surface and urged him to hold on to the canoe until help would come from the shore. When he went down a third time, the Indian made another dive, going down fifteen feet or more. He could see nothing of his companion, and when he returned to the surface he was himself almost exhausted. The Indians had been in the water but a short time when a boat from the shore, manned by two men named Pottle and another named Robson, put off to the rescue. They took them and their canoe ashore,

but nothing could be seen of poor McMonagle - who thus lost his life while engaged in the noble task of endeavouring to rescue a fellow-being. The deceased was a young man of about forty years of age and was unmarried. For about ten years he has been proprietor of the St. Andrews stove foundry. He was a very useful man in his business, just in all his dealings, and had many estimable traits in his character. His aged mother, his two sisters and brother have the entire sympathy of the community in their terrible bereavement. The deceased was a member of the St. Andrews Foresters Courts.

In consequence of reports which came from the neighborhood of the drowning accident to the effect that the men in the canoe had been seen quarrelling just before the craft was capsized and that one of them had struck another occupant of the canoe with his paddle, Attorney-General Mitchell wired an order to Sheriff Stuart on Friday to have the three Indians arrested on suspicion of murder, pending an investigation. When the telegram came the Indians were being examined by a commission from the Forester body in which Order the deceased held a policy of insurance for \$1,000. They told the Foresters practically the same story as told to the *Beacon* the day previous.

Deputy Sheriff Chase made the arrest about six o'clock Friday afternoon. The Indians were a little surprised but showed no evidence of fear. A report that John Stevens had struck Wallace Nicholas on the arm with his paddle and knocked him overboard led to Sheriff Stuart sending for Dr. Wade to make an examination of the Indian's arm. He found one of the arms a little swollen, but this swelling, the Indian declared, was caused by his falling upon the beach. A St. Stephen despatch to the *Telegraph* on Friday said: "The report of the drowning of Mr. McMonagle near Gleason's Point, Maine, proves to be a murder case. Mr. McMonagle had some \$80 in his pocket. The Indians who were taking him across from St. Andrews to Pleasant Point knew this and demanded it. They were refused and one of them struck McMonagle over the head several times and threw him overboard, striking him again and sinking him. This was listened to by three Calais men who were drifting nearby in the

yacht *Ferry Point*. These men were Thomas Mahar, Freeman Cox and Dennis Harrington, who claim it made their blood run cold to hear the cries for mercy.”

There are few in St. Andrews who give any credence to this story. In the first place no person knows how much money Mr. McMonagle had on his person. None of his family knows, and his business associate is alike ignorant on the point. Secondly, the men who have circulated the story do not bear the very best reputation themselves. Harrington will be remembered as a individual who spent six months in St. Andrews Jail for perjury. Mahar bears an unenviable notoriety in connection with Scott Act matters. Cox's reputation is not of the best either. Any story that such men tell must be accepted with a very large grain of salt. When the Indians were asked if they had seen anything of this Calais sloop they said that they had seen one half a mile away, but it was utterly impossible for its occupants to have heard anything from the canoe.

Indians Taken to Calais

On Monday morning, Sheriff Foster, accompanied by Attorney McKusick, came down from Calais to take over the three Indians. They had not taken the precaution to arm themselves with a warrant or some other authority so that the Jailer did not feel justified in letting the prisoners out of his keeping until a telegraphic permit had been received from the Attorney-General. In conversation with the *Beacon*, Sheriff Foster stated that the chief testimony against the Indians came from Mahar, Cox and Harrington, and as their reputation is shady not very much credence is placed in it. The Sheriff says that a great many reports are in circulation, and it will be difficult to arrive at the true facts until an investigation is held. Another Indian named Sebattis Tomah, who is supposed to have been in town with the St. Andrews Indians, was arrested on Friday at Peter Dana's Point, but Sheriff Foster thinks from the statements he had received since his arrest that the Indian will be able to disprove any connection with the case. The three Indians from St. Andrews went up river in the *Standish* on Monday afternoon. So eager were they to go that, fearing they would miss the boat, they ran away from the constable who was accompanying them, reaching the

steamer nearly one hundred yards ahead of them. The Indians have been committed for trial, though the evidence against them is of a very flimsy character. Every effort has been made to find the body of deceased but in vain.

Beacon

October 1, 1896

Body Not yet Found

Lola and His Companions Awaiting Trial in Machias Jail

Though every effort has been made to bring to the surface the body of poor Michael McMonagle, the river waters have so far refused to give up their dead. The Indians Lola, Nicholas, and Stevens, who are held on suspicion of having foully dealt with the unfortunate man, are now locked up in Machias Jail awaiting their trial, which will come off this month. The evidence of the witnesses at the preliminary investigation was very conflicting. The chief witnesses against the Indians were Freeman Cox and Dennis Harrington, two Calais toughs. They swore they saw the canoe containing the Indians and McMonagle off Lewis' Cove, and heard them arguing. Fog coming up, they did not see the canoe again until about seven o'clock, when they saw that McMonagle and an Indian were disputing. McMonagle told the Indians to land him at St. Andrews or it would be worse for him. The Indian threatened to kill McMonagle, and after hot words on both sides repeatedly struck him with a paddle in spite of his appeals for mercy. McMonagle, in an unconscious condition, was thrown overboard but, revived by the water, loudly shouted for assistance. He was again struck by the Indian and soon afterwards sank. This yarn was not swallowed very readily by the Court, more particularly as it was shown that there was no fog that night and also that Cox and Harrington had been drinking quite heavily during that day. The story told by the witnesses from Perry was exactly the reverse. They saw the canoe containing the Indians and McMonagle upset by the breaking of the paddle. They put off in a boat and when they reached the spot were informed that McMonagle had sunk, the Indians expressing deep regret at his death. After consuming the entire day, Judge Rounds and R. J. McGarrigle, Counsel for the Indians, waived further examination, and they were sent up for trial.

The Indians are in excellent spirits and their friends are confident that at the trial their innocence will be clearly brought out. The Department of Indian Affairs has offered to place counsel at their disposal.

Beacon

Oct. 8, 1896

The Dead Rises. Body of Michael McMonagle Washes Ashore on Maine Beach. Autopsy Discloses No Evidence of Foul Play. Money Found Intact in his Pocket. Body Badly Decomposed. Brought to St. Andrews for Burial.

On Monday, nineteen days had elapsed since the fateful day when Michael McMonagle, foundryman, of St. Andrews, lost his life in the St. Croix River. His friends had despaired of ever recovering his body, but on Monday night their despair gave place to other feelings when a telegram signed by Gove and Sons, of Perry, Maine, arrived, containing the information that a body answering the description of the deceased had been washed ashore on the Maine shore of the St. Croix a short distance from where their accident is supposed to have occurred. Bright and early on Tuesday morning a number of friends of the late Mr. McMonagle set sail in a large sloop for Perry, expecting to be able to identify and bring back the body the same day. Amongst those who went over were Henry Quinn, George Langmaid, Wheeler Mallock, Thomas Rooney, Thomas Howe, Her. Ross, Charles Judge and William Shaw. A *Beacon* representative accompanied them.

On visiting Frost Cove, it was learned that the body had been discovered about 4 o'clock Monday afternoon by a son of Jason A. Robson, who was down on the beach hauling rockweed. He promptly circulated the news of the discovery and willing hands soon lifted the body up to a safe place on the beach. Acting under advice of the authorities, the body just as it was found was placed upon a wagon and conveyed to Perry, Maine, where it was placed in the hearse house, under the care of Mr. J. F. Gove, one of the select-men of the Parish.

The St. Andrews men turned their boat's head toward Perry, reaching it about 11 o'clock. They found the body still immured in the hearse house, awaiting the result of an autopsy that Dr. Horace

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The St. Andrews Foundry was begun by two Scottish brothers, John and Alexander Watson, in 1852. Michael McMonagle was the last owner. After his death the building was moved to Indian Point to be used as a clam factory. In 1936 Capt. Nelson Clarke opened the property as an addition to Seaside Inn.

Johan, of Eastport, and Dr. Holland, of Calais, had been ordered to make. It was nearly noon when physicians entered up their task. Before beginning, the St. Andrews friends of the deceased were permitted to view the body. Though every vestige of flesh had been stripped off the head, they had not the slightest difficulty in identifying the body by the clothing that was upon it.

After the body had thus been viewed, the doors were closed and the autopsy was begun, the *Beacon* representative being the only person permitted to be present with the physicians. The body was clothed in dark blue serge pants and vest, a pair of No. 7 brown canvas shoes, a light cotton shirt with a small, figured spot in it,

and the usual underclothing. A careful examination was made of the clothing. The vest was almost completely deprived of its buttons, having evidently been worn away by the action of the gravel on the beach. The pockets of the vest were empty. It was stated by some of his friends that he usually carried a wallet in an inside pocket of his vest, but there was no inside pocket in the vest he had on. In the right hand pants pocket a \$10 Bank of Nova Scotia bill and a \$10 U. S. silver certificate were found, also a 5 cent Canadian piece, and some fragments of paper, which upon being pieced together, turned out to be receipt given by T. R. Wren to Michael McMonagle for \$2.72 Forester dues for June and July. In the left hand pocket there was a copper cent and in the hip pocket a large white handkerchief, and a fragment of a second handkerchief, with a broad red-striped border upon it. A pearl collar button was found in his shirt and a pearl cuff button similar in design in the cuff of one of his shirt sleeves.

An examination of the body itself showed that the exposed parts were in pretty had shape, while that part of the trunk that was covered with clothing was fairly well preserved. A most critical examination was made of the skull externally and internally and not the slightest evidence was discoverable of any violence prior to death. On this point both physicians were very positive. An external and internal examination of the body was also made and there was no evidence found of any wound or puncture or violence upon it or of any condition that would lead to the belief that the man had come to his death by any other means than by drowning.

At the close of the autopsy, the medical examiner swathed the body in cotton and the door of the death chamber was closed pending the arrival of Sheriff Foster, who wired to Perry that he was on his way thither from Machias, where court for the trial of the alleged Indian murderers was being held. It was nearly five o'clock Tuesday afternoon when the Sheriff reached the scene. He decided to hand over the body to the deceased's friends, and Henry Quinn accompanied him back to Machias to give evidence respecting it.

About 9:30 Tuesday night, the boat containing the body reached St. Andrews. The remains were taken in charge by a committee of the Forester Court and conveyed to undertaker Rigby's establishment, where they were coffined, after which they were taken to his late

home. The funeral on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock was held under the auspices of the Forester body. There was a large attendance of Foresters in regalia and a large concourse of friends. The Forester burial service was repeated at the grave.

Beacon

Oct. 15, 1896

The McMonagle Case. The Three Indians Dismissed for Lack of Evidence

The three Indians, Lola, Stevens and Nicholas, who were with Michael McMonagle when he met his fate in the St. Croix river several weeks ago, and who were arrested by the Maine authorities on a charge of murder in that connection, were put upon trial at Machias, Maine, last week, but the evidence against them was not sufficiently strong to support the charge and on Thursday they were dismissed by Judge Strout. Lola is at present at Pleasant Point very ill.

Beacon

Oct. 14, 1897

Lola Again a Prisoner

This Time He is Charged with Assaulting a Young Indian Woman

Lola, the Indian who was in the canoe with the late Michael McMonagle, of St. Andrews, when the latter met his fate about a year ago, and who was supposed by many to have been instrumental in his death, has evidently forgotten the temperance lesson which that regrettable incident taught him.

After getting clear of the courts in the McMonagle matter, Lola never returned to St. Andrews, but took up his home at Pleasant Point, Maine, where he has since remained. Little has been heard here of his doings since then, but it would seem from the accompanying despatch that he has not been living the life that a good Indian should:

"Eastport, Oct. 6. Numerous Indians from Pleasant Point Village, Perry, were here all day Tuesday. T. Lola, their recently appointed deputy Sheriff, had been arrested early in the day by Indian policeman Joe D. Socabasion for assaulting the young wife of Governor Joe L.

Dana at her home Friday evening, during the temporary absence of her husband. Mrs. Dana was much frightened at the Sheriff, who entered her house, intoxicated, and not until the next day did she tell of the intrusion. The officer at the Point was notified and a warrant was secured for the arrest of Lola. He fled to this city and was not located by Socabasion until Tuesday, when he was locked up. He was arraigned late at police headquarters before trial Justice J. H. McFaul. Lola pleaded guilty to the assault and was fined \$10 and costs, which he paid. Lola is known as the swiftest long-distance runner in eastern Maine and is a fairly well educated young man, with wife and children living at the village.

Beacon

May 9, 1901

Indians' Narrow Escape. Canoe Capsizes in the Angry Sea. Two Men Battle Bravely for Life

John Nicholas, the genial old chief of the Indian camp at St. Andrews, and his son William, had a desperate battle for life in the angry seas off the entrance of Letete Passage, on Sunday last.

The Monday before, John and his son in one canoe and the Horaces in another, set out from St. Andrews to hunt seals and porpoises in the Bay. They went up as far as Lepreaux, but having poor luck decided to come home on Sunday. Soon after leaving Point Lepreaux, the wind came out from the eastward and blew a perfect gale, with showers of rain. Nicholas saw schooner craft heading for the harbors and he concluded that there was going to be a bad storm. A big three-master ran into Beaver Harbor for shelter, but the Indian felt so secure in his little canoe that he pressed on towards home. With a full spread of canvas on and the sheet made fast to one of the thwarts, the canoe skimmed over the seas like a bird. Two hours from Point Lepreaux the little craft was off Green Point, Letete entrance. By this time the seas were running like racehorses, so that even the stout-hearted Indian quailed as he glanced around on the great waves. Light-keeper Helms also saw the predicament the men were in and, fearing disaster, made ready to hasten to the rescue if the need should arise.

When about mid-way between White Horse and Green Point the canoe ran under in the boiling sea and when she arose she was bottom up and the two Indians were fighting for their lives in the surf. The younger Indian could not swim a stroke, but the father was a good swimmer and never lost his head. He helped his son on the upturned craft, while with the tips of his fingers he worked around the canoe until he got hold of the end, where he could support himself without endangering his companion. The mast and sail projecting straight downward also helped to keep the upturned canoe steady.

The Horaces in the second canoe, who were following after, saw the accident and ran for the drowning men. After some manoeuvring, both were picked up. The addition of the two men to the already heavily laden canoe brought her gunwales almost to the water's edge.

Though a boat could scarcely live in the sea that was running, the light-keeper, George Helms, and his assistant, Sidney Dines, bravely pushed off to the rescue. They reached the upturned craft just as the two Indians had clambered into the other canoe. The Indians wanted to try to save some of the floating wreckage but, fearing they would forfeit the lives of all four in the attempt, Helms told them to go ashore and he would try to save the canoe for them. The boatmen succeeded in making fast to the canoe, and after a desperate pull, towed it ashore. Meanwhile, the four Indians, with their canoe almost full of water, had also effected a safe landing.

Nicholas says that in forty years' experience with canoeing in the Bay of Fundy and around the Penobscot he was never out in such a storm and never had such a close call for his life. He was in the water over half an hour before he was rescued. He lost his gun, 600 cartridges, his tent, camp outfit and everything else that was in the canoe. He says \$60 would not pay for the loss he sustained. He says that but for Mr. Helms and his assistant they might all have been drowned.

Beacon**May 4, 1913****Drowned at Princeton. Mrs. Hannah Lola the Victim on Way to St. Andrews**

A tragedy occurred on Sunday night near Princeton, Maine, by which Mrs. Hannah Lola, widow of Lola, the once celebrated Indian runner, lost her life. She was being taken in a canoe from the Indian reservation to Princeton in order to catch Monday's train for St. Andrews when the canoe was upset in some rough water not far from the shore. Sabbatis, the Indian who was paddling the canoe, swam ashore, while Mrs. Lola sank and was drowned. The body was recovered on Monday morning. The drowned woman was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Nicholas, of Indian Point. She is survived by two sons and two daughters. Much sympathy is felt for the family. Mr. Nicholas left for the scene of the tragedy on Monday night.

Beacon**Jan 11, 1912****Recent Deaths****Henry Osburn**

London, Jan. 4

"Henry Osburn, a railway manager, formerly of St. Andrews, New Brunswick, died today."

The above, taken from the *Montreal Herald*, was the first intimation that the people of St. Andrews received of the death of a man who was once a prominent figure in this town, and who is still kindly remembered by many friends. Mr. Osburn, who was an Englishman by birth, came to New Brunswick about the year 1860 to assume the management of the N. B. and C. Railway, succeeding Mr. Julius Thompson. He remained in control here until the management of the New Brunswick Railway was taken over by Mr. F. W. Cram, his place of residence, with the exception of a year or two at St. Stephen, being the present Inn, belonging to the C. P. R. He married a daughter of the late George D. Street, a prominent barrister, and a large family was born to them. His widow, two sons and two daughters now survive. Mr. Osburn returned to England

to make his home about the year 1888. He has paid one visit here since. The deceased was 82 years old. He was a large stockholder of the New Brunswick Railway and a president and director of the Company for many years. He was a great lover of the forest and was a keen sportsman. Only a few weeks ago, he wrote to John Nicholas, who has been his Indian guide on many a hunting excursion, that he had given away his guns and fishing tackle as he felt he would never use them again. He did not forget to send his usual Christmas remembrance to Chief Nicholas and family, a practice which he had been keeping up for 33 years without a break.

St. Croix Courier

July 8, 1926

Picturesque Old Indian Gone to Happy Hunting Ground. A Life that was Closely Associated with Charlotte's Shiretown

A picturesque and interesting figure in the life and community of the Shiretown of Charlotte disappeared on Sunday, July 4th, when John Nicholas passed over to the Great Beyond. John associated himself with the Passamaquoddy Tribe of Indians, who have maintained a large Indian village or reserve at Pleasant Point, near Eastport, Maine. But John was not an Indian of full blood, although he talked their language and possessed many of the characteristics of the tribe. He was born in or near Fredericton, his exact age not being known, although he claimed, himself, that he was 105 years old this year, and those living, whose memories can reach back most remotely into the past, have no doubt but that he had actually passed the century mark at the time of his demise.

To discuss events that occurred a century ago can scarcely be considered slander and may not furnish fresh food for gossip or scandal. It may not be among the "Indian Legends" that received attention from the gifted pen of Pauline Johnson, but there has been a common belief, handed down through many generations now, that John, the Indian, was the son of an English officer who was stationed in Fredericton in the early part of the 19th century. John was fond of the company of white men, and was well able to match his wits with some of the best of them. One of his pet slogans was: "White Man just as good as Indian, if he behaves himself."

For three quarters of a century this interesting citizen maintained a camp or wigwam on what was known as "Indian Point Park," below the C. P. R. depot, and closely adjoining the magnificent home of the late Henry Osburn, while he was manager of the New Brunswick and Canada Railroad Company. The land was originally granted to the Justices of the Peace for Charlotte County in trust, for the use and benefit of the inhabitants of the town of St. Andrews, and many attempts were threatened to dispossess this inoffensive Indian, but through the friendly intervention and influence of the late Henry Osburn, no definite action in that connection was ever taken. John and Mr. Osburn were real pals during the shooting and fishing seasons, and John always took the liberty of calling each member of the Osburn family by their first name when addressing them personally.

John married a young Indian woman from St. George, and to their marriage 12 children were born, four of whom are still living, and there are numerous grandchildren. The Osburn family always saw to it that the young and growing Indians were well cared for and devoted much time to them in the elementary rudiments of an English education. After the family removed to London, England, to reside, while Mr. Osburn lived, and since his death his family never failed to remember John and his family very generously at the Christmas season.

John was a very safe and faithful guide for sportsmen, and many of the most distinguished guests who have visited St. Andrews for the past 50 years have found in John a valued and loyal friend in the woods and upon the lakes and streams.

The aged Indian was a very interesting conversationalist, and his thrilling tales of the long ago lost none of their savour because they oftentimes verged on the side of romance, especially when his auditors were too much his junior to be able to prove an alibi.

William Nicholas, the youngest son of John, fought with much distinction in the Great War and was killed in a railway accident after he returned home. John was very skilled and very fearless in handling a canoe and many times, even within the past few years, at his great age, has he paddled himself across the Passamaquoddy Bay in his birch canoe to Pleasant Point in the most severe storms and

gales of wind. He maintained his faculties and his physical strength to a wonderful degree and was at work near the Digdeguash River, procuring a supply of ash for basketwork on July 2nd, when he fell from a high bank and sustained injuries from which he died in Calais Hospital on the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence by that country beneath whose soil he sleeps at Pleasant Point, where other members of his family also lie.

St. Croix Courier

July 12, 1923

Friday July 8 proclaimed public holiday to celebrate visit of Lord Byng of Vimy, Governor General of Canada. Before his departure, "Lord Byng chatted for some time with old John Nicholas, an Indian guide."

St. Croix Courier

August 17, 1944

"Shiretown Items"

Charlie

The many friends here of Motosuku Akagi, more familiarly known here as "Charlie the Jap" or "Motorcycle Charlie" have learned with regret of his serious accident at Camp Utopia in which he was badly burned about the face and neck. He was using a blow torch and some gasoline near at hand caught fire. In trying to extinguish the blaze Charlie's clothing caught and before the flame could be smothered by those who rushed to his assistance he became badly burned. Charlie is Canadian born and is one of the few good Japs. He had lived in St. Andrews for quite a number of years previous to the war, working as a motor mechanic at which trade he has few if any superiors, and joined up at the beginning of the war. He spent a year at Camp Sussex and then went overseas where he stayed until about a year ago. Since that time, he has been in service at Camp Utopia. He married a local girl, Mona Homan, and has two children. Mrs. Akagi is the granddaughter of the well-known and well-remembered Passamaquoddy Indian, John Nicholas - hunter, trapper, guide and romancer.