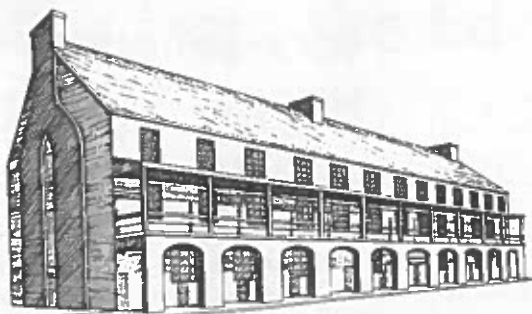




The Officers' Quarterly

A PUBLICATION OF THE YORK-SUNBURY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

Volume 11, Number 2

Spring 1995

In This Issue:

Families Who Made A Difference





The Officers' Quarterly

Volume 11, Number 2 Spring 1995

This is the official publication of the York-Sunbury Historical Society, Inc., Officers' Square, Queen Street, P.O. Box 1312, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada, E3B 5C8. Telephone: (506) 455-6041.

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The York-Sunbury Historical Society, Inc. is a non-profit organization founded in 1932 and incorporated in 1934, with the aim "to gather and preserve objects and traditions of historical interest in the region of central New Brunswick, and to read and publish papers dealing with the same."

Individual memberships are \$20 per year and \$35 for two years (which includes *The Officers' Quarterly*). A life membership is \$200. Corporations, individuals, and organizations may also become sustaining members.

Editor: Ted Jones

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York-Sunbury Historical Society

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With extended hours for
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Sunday 12:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.

FRONT COVER:

Herbert Clifford Creed (far left), his daughter Vega, his three sons, Henry (standing), Clifford, and Frank, and his wife Jessie. See story page 15. This photograph and all illustrations with the feature article are courtesy of Mrs. Enid (Creed) Beattie.

Spring, 1831

An ice freshet broke over the edge of town and carried away BECKWITH HALL, Fredericton's first public meeting place, built by Nehemiah Beckwith on the bank of the St. John River at the end of Westmorland Street.

Letter from the Editor... Ted Jones

In the midst of preparations for the Municipal Elections this Spring, *The Officers' Quarterly*, on behalf of the York-Sunbury Historical Society, extends congratulations to Fredericton upon the commemoration of its 210th anniversary as the seat of the Provincial Government. On 25 April 1785, Fredericton became the capital of New Brunswick, the Parish of Fredericton being defined on May 18th of that year. This occurred during the reign of King George III of the House of Brunswick, the little town on the Saint John River being named in honour of his second son, Frederick, who was also the Duke of York, after which York County received its name. The five main streets in the town, all running parallel to the River, were derived from the Royal Family as well: King, George, Queen, Charlotte, with Brunswick in the middle.

Further congratulations are in order in relation to 24 April 1845, one hundred and fifty years ago, when Fredericton was made a City by Letters Patent issued by Queen Victoria, in order for the town to be a proper site for a cathedral. John Medley was appointed Lord Bishop over the diocese of the Province of New Brunswick and his seat was to be Fredericton. The royal command was signed by the Queen and the document was stored in the vault of Christ Church Cathedral for many years. Today, it is well preserved in the Provincial Archives, where I recently had the distinct pleasure of examining its old English script and its antiquated wax seal. Thus, the Church of England in New Brunswick also cel-

brates its sesquicentennial this Spring

Although Fredericton became a City for ecclesiastical purposes in the Spring of 1845, it remained unincorporated for civil purposes until 1848, when the first City Council was elected under the Act of Incorporation.



Fredericton City Hall, 1877

ration. This Act divided the City into five wards and ordered that a mayor and five councillors be elected. However, ten councillors were selected instead and one was chosen to be the Mayor. The first Mayor was John Simpson, Editor of *The Royal Gazette* at that time; the 33rd Mayor was W. G. Clark, the first president of the York-Sunbury Historical Society. In future issues of *The Quarterly*, there will be brief biographies on Fredericton Mayors with a photograph of each. We welcome anyone who wishes to assist with this research project.

It is interesting to note that the construction for the current City Hall in Fredericton began in the Spring of 1875. Today, it is the oldest municipal hall in Atlantic Canada still used for civic administration. Originally,

the municipal offices and council chambers occupied the first storey and a public hall known as the Opera House dominated the upper floor. The basement was used as a market prior to 1951, a function rarely combined with municipal halls by the late 19th century. On Heritage Day, 18 February 1991, the City Hall in Fredericton became a National Historic Site. For an additional glimpse back into history, take particular notice of the two photographs on the back cover of this issue. 3

THE MAYORS OF FREDERICTON

John Simpson	1849-1850
Sir John C. Allen	1851-1854
William H. Needham	1855-1858
James S. Beek	1859-1861
William H. Needham	1862-1863
John A. Beckwith	1864
William H. Needham	1865
John A. Beckwith	1866
William H. Needham	1867-1868
George F. Gregory	1869-1873
Edward L. Wetmore	1874-1876
George E. Fenety	1877
George F. Gregory	1878-1880
G. Fred Fisher	1881-1883
George E. Fenety	1884-1887
Sir Douglas Hazen	1888
T. Carleton Allen	1889-1891
Harry Beckwith	1892-1894
Wesley VanWart	1895-1897
W. Turney Whitehead	1898
Harry Beckwith	1899-1900
William C. Crocket	1901-1902
John Palmer	1903-1904
George J. McNally	1905-1906
Harry F. McLeod	1907
C. Fred Chestnut	1908-1909
Charles H. Thomas	1910-1911
W. S. Hooper	1912-1913
Moses Mitchell	1914-1917
R. B. Hanson	1918-1919
J. A. Reid	1920-1923
R. L. Phillips	1924-1925
W. G. Clark	1926-1935
G. Willard Kitchen	1936-1937
C. Hedley Forbes	1938-1940
Ray T. Forbes	1941-1948
H. S. Wright	1949-1956
William T. Walker	1957-1969
J. W. Bird	1969-1974
E. C. Wilkins	1974-1986
Brad Woodside	1986-

Curator's Corner ... by Kelly McKay

Before I begin this Spring column of the Curator's Corner, I want to take a moment to say goodbye. Six years after joining the staff of the York-Sunbury Museum, I am leaving to take a position with the office of the Association Museums New Brunswick. The AMNB, familiar to some readers, I'm sure, is an organization dedicated to the improvement and training of those working in New Brunswick's heritage community. So, although I am no longer working in a museum, I am working within the field and believe my years with the York-Sunbury Historical Society will prove to be invaluable.

It would be impossible to express my thanks and appreciation to all of the people with whom I have dealt in the past years. I have met, and worked with, so many learned and interesting individuals and groups that I feel truly blessed. Although my years at the Museum may have begun as a job, it grew into a passionate love of history and artifacts which I am sure will continue throughout my life. My special thanks to the Executive and the Board of Directors (past and present) who have shown trust and confidence in my judgment and opinions over the years.

Readers may recall that the last Curator's Corner talked about popular Winter activities in Fredericton prior to the late 1800s. With this edition, I felt that it would be timely, and

welcome, to address some of the Spring and Summer activities which kept youths busy during the warmer months in Fredericton. Now to "dive" into more games played before 1895, as recorded in the old accession register:

"In the evenings in the summer the boys spent a great deal of their time at different kinds of games. *Marbles* was a Spring game played first, about the second week in April, when sheltered spots of dry ground afforded a place to play. *Hide and Seek* and *I Spy* were also played in the Spring, about the same as they are now.

"*Hoist Your Sails*, commonly called *H'ist Yer Sails* was played by any number of boys. One boy was it and remained at the goal with his eyes covered until he counted to a hundred or more, giving the other players a chance to hide. Then he shouted, 'I'm coming,' and started away to hunt the hidden ones. If he caught one, the one caught would shout, 'H'ist Yer Sails,' whereupon all would run for goal. If any boy who was hiding had a chance to run for goal without being caught, he would shout, 'H'ist Yer Sails.' All those caught had to be it until they were caught. Then the game was started all over again with the first boy caught being it.

"Public bathing beaches were established in Fredericton about 1910 and mixed bathing was allowed from

the time of their establishment. Prior to that time, bathing for girls was frowned upon as a pastime, both bold and unladylike. Nearly all the young people of Fredericton can swim now. Up until lately, the Breast Stroke was used, but a few years ago the Australian Crawl was introduced. It is faster than the Breast Stroke. In years gone by, when bathing was only indulged in by males, there were only three bathing places in Fredericton. The most important was the 'Gully,' being the strip of shore immediately back of the 'Children's Home.' Just below the 'Gully,' there was a big rock on the shore and that bathing place was named after it, being called the 'Big Rock.' Boys and men who lived downtown bathed in the river at 'The Flats.' Swimming was allowed off of the wharves after darkness had fallen — when bathing suits were not used at all.

"Many of the smaller boys went in swimming in the 'Swimming Pond.' This pond was made by placing sods in the form of a dam in the brook back of the shoe factories at a spot just below where the brook leaves Westmorland Street. The water was less than two feet deep and very muddy; nevertheless, many young boys learned to swim there, the writer of this accession entry, among others. Up until the building of the Hartt Boot & Shoe Factory in 1899, there were no houses on the west side of York Street, south of Saunders Street, and Westmorland Street was not opened beyond Aberdeen Street — so bathing suits were not needed!" 3

The Officers' Quarterly hopes that Kelly McKay will return periodically and open York-Sunbury's old accession register to reveal more interesting stories from the past. We wish her well in her new position with the AMNB. In the meantime, we welcome Bruce Lynch as the Assistant Curator and look forward to his contributions to *The Quarterly*. Bruce graduated from Fundy High School in St. George, New Brunswick, where he was News Editor for *The Fundy Mariner*. He moved to Fredericton in 1987 and, in June of 1989, he and wife, Patricia, became the first

couple to be married in Wilmot Park! This Spring he graduates from St. Thomas University with a BA (double major, English & History, the latter with a concentration on Canadian and Atlantic studies) and continual recognition as an Outstanding Scholar on the Dean's List. Since joining the Museum staff in 1992, he has been Publicity Officer and Assistant Administrator. He was also largely responsible for the splendid 1994 exhibit "Olde Frederick's Town."

We also welcome Lynn Frizzell, the Museum's new Administrator & Program Officer, who was born in Ontario but who

grew up in Newfoundland. She was educated at Bishop's College High School in St. John's and then at Memorial University, winning scholarships along the way, completing a BSc in Psychology (First Class Honours) and MSc in Behavioural Neuroscience. She also has certificates in Electronics, Sign Language, and Fitness Instruction, and work experience in teaching and research. Early this year, she joined the Museum staff as a volunteer, working extensively with the Dr. Everett Chalmers Collection. She and her husband, Bob Antle, were married in April, 1991.

Announcement

Her Honour, the Honourable Margaret Norrie McCain, has graciously accepted an invitation to become the Patroness of the York-Sunbury Historical Society.

The Officers' Quarterly welcomes Mrs. McCain to this position and looks forward to the association with her during her term in Office. A Special Guest Editorial by Mrs. McCain appeared in the Fall 1994 issue of *The Quarterly*. On Heritage Day, 20 February 1995, she hosted a Luncheon at 238 Waterloo Row, the Official Residence of New Brunswick's Lieutenant Governor. Several members from the Society were present and heard her interesting talk on the preservation of historic buildings.

The Quarterly plans to interview Mrs. McCain in the near future to hear more about the role of the Lieutenant Governor. In the meantime, we are pleased to present the following biography:

Margaret Norrie McCain was born on 1 October 1934 in northern Quebec. Her father was a prominent mining engineer in the early days of the Quebec gold-mining industry and her mother was Senator Margaret Norrie of Truro, Nova Scotia.

Mrs. McCain received her early education in public and private schools in Quebec, Nova Scotia, and Ontario. She received a Bachelor of Arts degree with honors in history from Mount Allison University and a Bachelor of Social Work from the University of Toronto. In 1993, she was presented with an Honorary Doctor of Laws degree from the University of New Brunswick; in 1994, she was invested in the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. (In 1934, the first patroness of the Society, the Countess of Ashburnham, was invested in the same Order.)

Since 1955, she has been married to entrepreneur Wallace F. McCain of Florenceville, New Brunswick. They have four children and eight grandchildren.

Throughout her career, Mrs. McCain has been active in organizations which promote education, music, and the arts. She was a member of the Mount Allison University board of regents from 1974-94 and has served as chancellor of that university since 1986. She is a founding member of the Muriel McQueen Fergusson Foundation and chairs the organization's endowment campaign for Family Violence Research.

Mrs. McCain is a current member of the board of directors for the National Ballet School of Canada, the Canadiana Fund of the National Capital Commission, and the Canadian Battle of Normandy Foundation, and a former member of the Young Naturalist Foundation. She has also been active in a number of community organizations in the counties of Carleton and Victoria.

On 28 April 1994, Mrs. Margaret Norrie McCain was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of



Courtesy: the Office of the Lt. Gov.

*The Honourable Margaret Norrie McCain
Lieutenant-Governor
Province of New Brunswick*

New Brunswick. On 21 June 1994, she was sworn in, becoming the 27th person – and the first female – to hold this position since Confederation! ❧

York-Sunbury Historical Society MONTHLY PROGRAMS 1995

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| FEBRUARY 23 | NEW BRUNSWICK MUSEUM'S EXPANSION
At the National Exhibition Centre, Director & Historian Dr. Frank Milligan gave an overview of the new history, natural science, and art galleries that will occupy space in Saint John's Market Square complex. |
| MARCH 23 | THE COLONIAL CONNECTION
At the Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Director Ian Lumsden provided a unique tour & talk on Lord Beaverbrook's Anglo-Canadian collection of paintings. |
| APRIL 20 | THE DUTCH OF NEW BRUNSWICK
At the Museum in Officers' Square, several guest participants gave autobiographical accounts, including memories of the Liberation of Holland. |
| MAY 27 | AFTERNOON EXCURSION
At the Patterson Historical Settlement (Hoyt Station) and the Currie House (Fredericton Junction), there will be guided tours and a picnic. |
| JUNE 18 | SUMMER RECEPTION
At the old Officers' Quarters in the Military Compound, there will be the opening of the new exhibits and the presentation of the Award of Distinction. |

Books from the Barracks ... by David Whalen

A Big Book on a Bantam Budget: A First-Person Narrative

Just One Interloper after Another

"An Unabridged, Unofficial,
Unauthorized History
of the Labrador Straits"

Researched and Compiled by
David J. Whalen

Published by The Labrador Straits
Historical Development
Corporation, 1990

160 pages, illustrations.

It really wasn't supposed to be a book; I've always maintained it was an accident that *Just One Interloper after Another* wound up as one! In 1988 I was hired on a short-term contract by The Labrador Straits Historical Development Corporation (LSHDC), to engage in historical research in southeastern Labrador, manage the office, write proposals for funding, and create a number of brochures on specific historical topics.

We began the book with the idea of producing several pamphlets dealing with local history and these were to be targeted at tourists who frequent the region in the summer. In actual fact, we did produce three of these. However, the more research that was completed, the more I realized we actually had material for a book, one containing much new historical data that might never be known if we did not publish with a more aspiring vision.

It took some time to convince my Board of Directors that we could do this. I pleaded that it was feasible, that we could finance it, that it was imperative that all of this new information about the region's cultural heritage become known. With

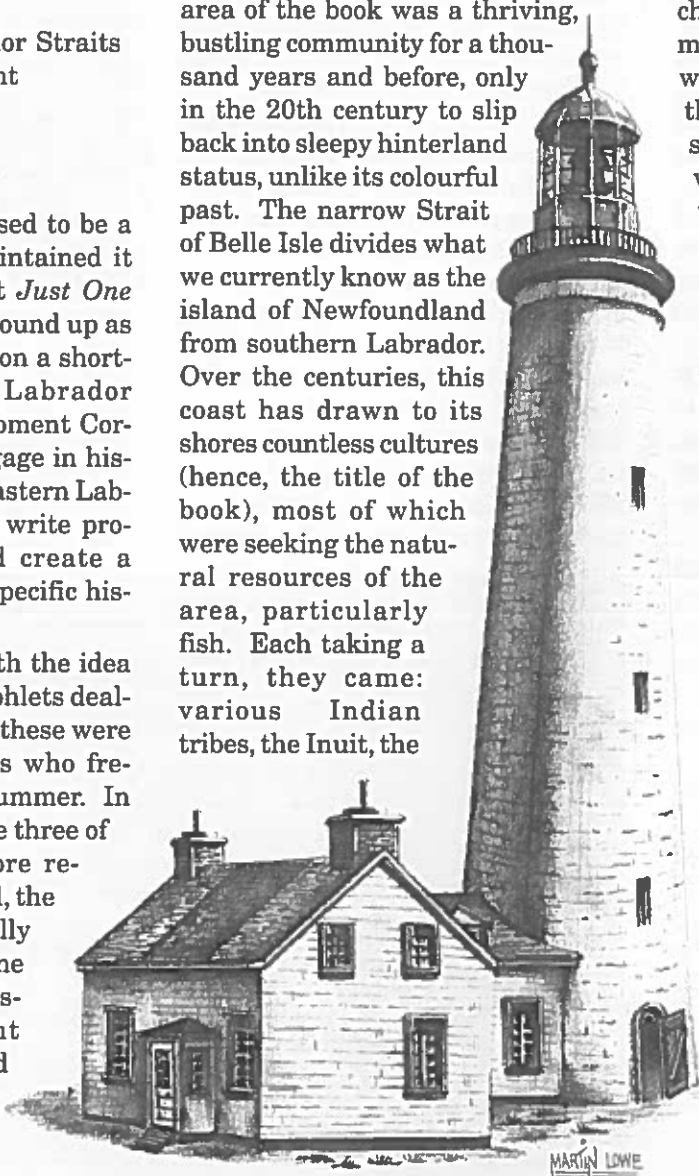
some hesitation, they eventually took a chance. From then on, they supported the writing of *Interloper* wholeheartedly.

Focused on the Labrador side of the Strait of Belle Isle, the subject area of the book was a thriving, bustling community for a thousand years and before, only in the 20th century to slip back into sleepy hinterland status, unlike its colourful past. The narrow Strait of Belle Isle divides what we currently know as the island of Newfoundland from southern Labrador. Over the centuries, this coast has drawn to its shores countless cultures (hence, the title of the book), most of which were seeking the natural resources of the area, particularly fish. Each taking a turn, they came: various Indian tribes, the Inuit, the

All were seeking their fortune and all were drawn, especially to the cod of southern Labrador (of which in the last three years there has been none!).

How I originally found myself living in Labrador has more to do with chance than anything else. On a summer vacation to Newfoundland, my wife and I instantly fell in love with the rustic, off-the-beaten-track rural settlements, with the seacoast, the wharves, the warmth of the people, the wildness of the place and, most of all, with the sea. The following Spring, my wife applied for a teaching position to every school board in Newfoundland and Labrador which bordered on the ocean. One hired her (by phone, no less), I bought a truck, and we "pointed her" towards northern adventure. Thus, *Interloper* came about subsequent to my having resided in southern Labrador for four years. Prior to that, I had published a community newspaper, edited an historical magazine, and written a major tourism publication.

Initially, I was paid a small salary while working on *Interloper* as, some might say, a "hired gun" for the local historical development corporation. This non-profit group was established to promote the resources in the region and to develop the tourism opportunities. The LSHDC engages in its historical pursuits in a small, rural, very isolated region of southern Labrador, the total population in six or seven villages amounting to only 2,500 people, the largest village having fewer than 1,000 inhabitants. These residents are scattered along about 60 miles of road in what can kindly be described as "an economically depressed area of the country." Looking back, I clearly recall



The Point Amour Lighthouse

Spanish Basques, the French, the English, fishermen from the islands of Jersey and Guernsey in the English Channel, New Englanders, Maritimers, and Newfoundlanders.

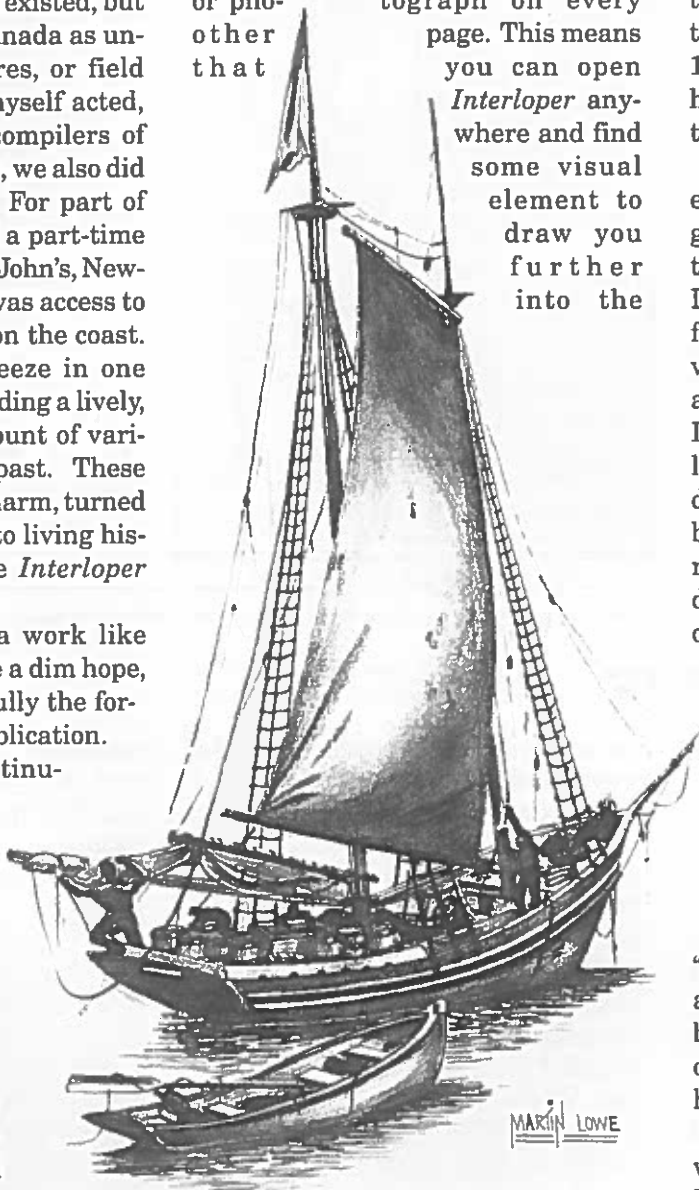
studying about the Strait of Belle Isle region in Junior High School. Of course, at that point, I never imagined how, in later life, I would have a small part to play in expanding upon the historical knowledge base of this very locale.

A good deal of the research needed to write this book already existed, but was scattered all over Canada as unpublished theses, lectures, or field notes. Volunteers and myself acted, in many instances, as compilers of this data and, in addition, we also did some original research. For part of the project, we even had a part-time researcher working in St. John's, Newfoundland, where there was access to documents unavailable on the coast. We did manage to squeeze in one chapter of oral history, adding a lively, personal, first-hand account of various incidents from the past. These tales, told with wit and charm, turned everyday experiences into living history and possibly made *Interloper* more readable.

Anyone publishing a work like this, where fat profits are a dim hope, is wise to consider carefully the format of the intended publication. Money matters are continually at the forefront of decision-making by small independent publishers. Having had a newspaper background, I was acquainted with a few cost-cutting strategies and, from beginning to end, we fought to get the best value from extremely limited financial resources. One of the things we did was print *Interloper* on a "web" press, as opposed to the more common "sheet fed" press. The web is typically used to print newspapers and, for longer press runs, will usually be found to be much more economical. And we were not forced to use newsprint, some newspaper publishers even car-

rying a nice white paper.

We decided early that we did not want a dry, uninteresting tome, but rather a vibrant account of a very active, absorbing region. Especially, we wanted visual impact and, to achieve this, we committed ourselves to placing at least one illustration or photograph on every page. This means you can open *Interloper* anywhere and find some visual element to draw you further into the



Labrador Fishing Schooner with punt

work. We were "blessed" when it came to artwork. A talented Labradorian, Martin Lowe of Pinware, was known to have immense ability, though little formal art training. He was prevailed upon to render a series of 28 drawings and, best of all, he was willing to work for what could only be de-

scribed as a pittance. I took a few of the photographs myself — some informal portraits of our storytellers and others of artifacts connected to an earlier era. Historical photos we begged and borrowed from numerous sources: universities, government departments, provincial archives, historical magazines, and private collections. In the end, we published over 120 graphic elements which truly help supplement and embellish the text.

The "seed money" from the Federal Government make-work program ran out when we were about one third of the way through the project. It took 18 months of full-time work from beginning to end, so I was involved the last year without adding anything to my personal exchequer. During the first half of the project, I lived "on site" in southern Labrador doing the initial research, my office being the tiny kitchenette of my motel room. Living in the North presented different cultural challenges for the outsider: I faced isolation in a rural fishing community of 550 souls who had no road connection to the outside world for five or six months of each year. It is indeed a different culture; they speak more or less the same language but, after that, you are really in another country. Even today, Labradorians sometimes refer to leaving Labrador as "going to Canada." Of course, the actual "ownership" of Labrador has been a contentious issue for hundreds of years, Quebec and Newfoundland having mutual claims to the territory.

We knew the absolute top dollar we could spend was \$10,000, but the LSHDC felt that it wanted 10,000 copies. Unfortunately, the best initial price we received was close to \$20,000; finally, in desperation, we concluded that we could live with a reduced number of copies. A printing company in Kentville, Nova Scotia renegotiated with us and we found a middle ground, the printer agreeing to produce 5,000 copies, swearing that

he would bring the final bill in at less than \$10,000 and he did! This reduction turned out to be a wise decision as 10,000 copies would have been too many in spite of the marketing of the book over the years to tourists. Thus, the cost of printing each copy of *Interloper* was exactly \$2.

When the book was officially released in Red Bay, Labrador, the first copy was presented to Premier Clyde Wells. Within the first month, an average of one copy had been sold to every household in the Straits alone, an area not especially renowned for its educational leanings. Today the book is often used in the public school system of Newfoundland and Labrador because it so reflects the fishing culture that was typical during the 18th and 19th centuries. Since publication, the Straits have continued to show leadership by further tangible efforts to preserve its historical past. A new Interpretation Centre related to the 16th-century Spanish

Basque whaling fleet has been built in Red Bay; the Point Amour Light-



Labrador woman hooking a rug

house (circa 1855) has been completely restored; a church in L'Anse au Clair has been renovated and is now used as a tourism centre. A steady increase in tourism (and hence employment opportunities) continues yearly, most of it generated by "history buffs" who answer "the lure of Labrador" like so many before them.

Partly as a result of the work by the Labrador Straits Historical Development Corporation in producing *Just one Interloper after Another*, the Canadian Parks Service bestowed upon the LSHDC its Canadian Parks Service Heritage Award, a distinction representing "the greatest recognition the government of Canada can give to publicly honour people whose efforts help Canadians to appreciate, enjoy, and protect our heritage." ❧

(David Whalen now lives in Fredericton, where he was raised and educated.)

Artwork by Martin Lowe of Pinware, Labrador

Flashback News

Society member *Dr. Murray Young* has drawn our attention to the following item in *The Fredericton Evening Capital* newspaper for Tuesday, 21 April 1885:

The Freshet of 1830

A group of men were standing on the short pier of the bridge, at the end of Carleton Street, last evening, after tea, enjoying the pleasant air and commenting upon the freshet, at what rate the water was rising and when the ice would move. Some said the ice would move before Saturday, others took more time and others less. Among the group was an elderly gentleman, who still has a vivid recollection of the past — the days of his youth. "Fifty-five years ago," said he, "Fredericton was not much of a city. Outside of Queen Street there were but a few scattering houses. I remember well the freshet of 1830. That was an exciting time. It occurred about the

1st of May. One Saturday night the ice started and jammed at the short ferry, running between Tattletown [Barker's Point] and Shore Street. By morning the water was coming into the lower flats all along Queen Street, and people went around that day in boats, canoes, and catamarans. The river continued to rise until near evening. When the jam broke, it sounded like the roar of distant cannon. When the water went down, it left banks of ice piled many feet in height on each shore. At Macklin's Point [South Devon], below the Gibson Tannery, there was a pile as high as Christ Church steeple (the church that stood where the Cathedral now stands, and the only one then with a spire in town). That pile remained there nearly all summer. That was the most humorous freshet I ever saw. Why, for two days afterward, it was no uncommon sight to see buildings floating down river. I

remember one barn that went past with the roosters crowing on the roof and the sheep bleating and calves bellowing from the windows. There," said he, pointing to the military grounds just beyond where we stood, "the ice lay till the last of June."

Then the freshet story of 1839 was related. This was the time the house of David Scott, which stood near where Estey's Mill now stands, was carried away. It is said that the ice imbedded itself so forcibly in the sawdust that people supplied their water-pitchers from the source all summer. All one had to do was to go and brush the sawdust from the ice.

(*The Fredericton Evening Capital* was published every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evening from 1880 to 1889, the price being two cents per copy. The publisher was H.A. Cropley and the place of publication was the corner of Queen & Regent Streets.)

Poetry Pavilion *(The original Officers' Quarters was called the Pavilion)*

Love of the New Brunswick countryside and its animal life are reflected in these poems contributed by HEATHER BROWNE PRINCE of Oromocto (Sunbury County, New Brunswick). Her first book of poems, *Knowledge in the Hands* (1994, Goose Lane Editions), also reflects the spiritual beauty of New Brunswick. The Sicilian donkeys of which she writes for this issue can be seen at the Cherry Brook Zoo in Saint John. "They just had to have a story told about them," she says. "Every animal has so much to tell."

The Officers' Quarterly is proud to publish for the first time "A Donkey," "Without," "Brother Field," and "In Leaves." The poem "Swallowtail Light, Grand Manan Island" was first published in *The Antigonish Review* (Autumn 1993).

Brother Field

The dog is teacher enough. Or fields
for that matter. On a summer's day

a dog's halted panting signals us
to look up. A driven rain fells

the fields in front of our eyes.
"A moment ago the wheat was tall.

Now it fans the ground." We speak
as children, with awe in our eyes.

So quick our change of bearing.
A beautiful child grows old.

The old become children.
I note the wind when it stops;

the coming of night is the dog's doorstep
yawning, his eyes white. The field

runs down to the river expectantly.
Posts and rails taming it; reducing

a bull's breath to that of a choir boy's.
In our corner the held and the outbreath.

All things around us recording; all
things eliminating our purpose fully.

Without

He will tell you that
a sky with horse tails is one to watch,
and a dog's halted panting signals a change.

My father won't look up, playing checkers
when he's telling shyly what he knows.
He'll let you crown, takes no bets on the game

he let me win when I was small.
Now I recognize his grace of giving.
Outside a wind followed by swift rain.

The heat proclaimed its coming, he says.
After the rain, the sun bright as a child
in a new dress in an old kitchen entertaining.

The chimes caught in crossbreezes talk,
and after a little, stop. Much later we
fold up the board, rub our faces, declare

we're beat out. I ready myself to go. So it goes.
My car leaps to life; its roar under the hood

a good sign. His yard light turned on early
by the back step. A signal to prepare for the dark.

Swallowtail Light, Grand Manan Island

The guy wires hold the Light at Swallowtail.
The guy wires draw down the Light to the Rock
so the gales off Swallowtail do not take
the House and the Light in the night.

The guy wires run long from the House
turned and spliced in the dead-eyes.
Each granite block spaced at equal lengths
from the white walls on Swallowtail rock.

From the sea the sailing voices of men
From the sea their voices embowelled
in the belly of the Light.
"Do you read me, Swallowtail Light?"

Their voices ragged, their voices shoring:
in the night there is only the record
of voices nearing: "Do you read me?"

And between the Rock and the rocking voices
of men, a minke whale lifts, breaches
setting ten tons free.

A Donkey

The zoo sign says one such as these two
Sicilian donkeys carried Mary into Bethlehem.

It doesn't say one was changed when her hand
rubbed its back; that its coat turned
darker along the spine when she got up;

doesn't say she travelled far, and tired out,
wrapped her arms around the sturdy neck
of one like these, marking it on either side.

Yet, the Sicilian donkey bears a cross
on its body. Possibly even then
its ears turned back, attentive priests,

in order to catch what was said as
she pressed forward laying her fears
against one shaggy head.

We turn away, graze one another's coat
at the fence. We fix our scarves, crossing them
at our throats. Say: Imagine; one such as these.

In leaves

I've not seen the blue
you speak of nor again
surprising in the final opening
of red roses.

It is a mystery.
I have not been let in.

Perhaps it's because
I throw out flowers
before they expire. I say early
good-byes.

... unless you speak of
that hungering red at the fall
of a summer's day in flower beds.
Is its mouth the blue one
you speak of in your poems?
In the yards I've only pointed toward
that luster and said, Oh God—
my hand snatched back
so I may seal my lips
to its shouting face. At dark I turn

your pages. Your colours wheel,
and bleed through. ¶



Photo: Heather Browne Prince

John Moffitt (1791-1859)

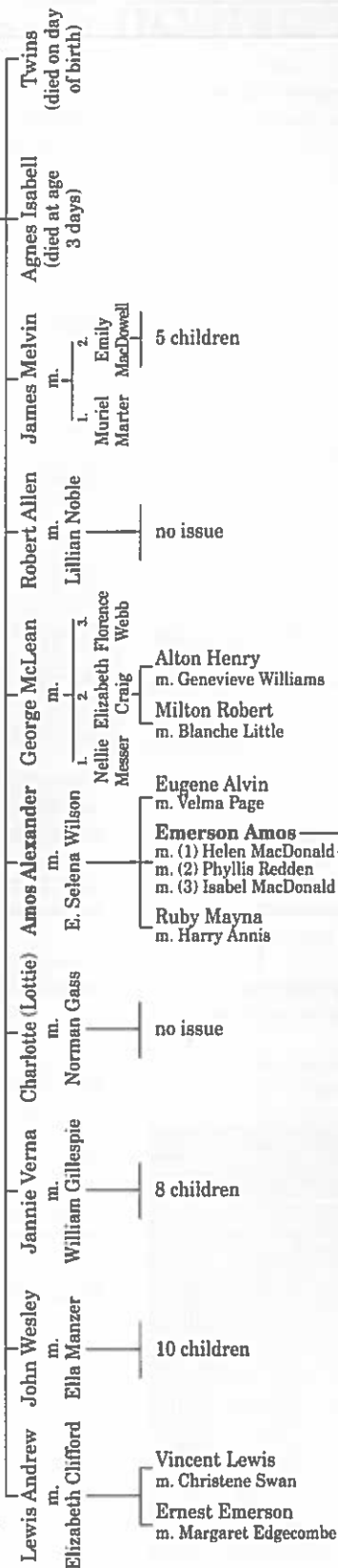
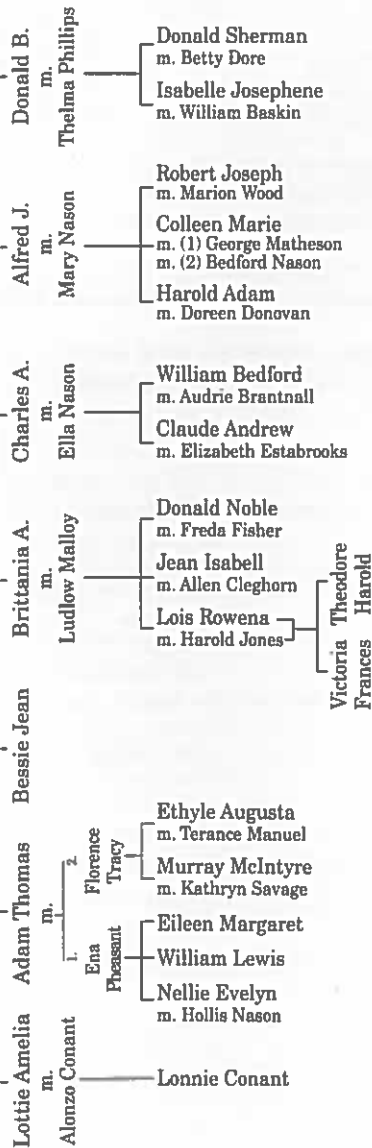
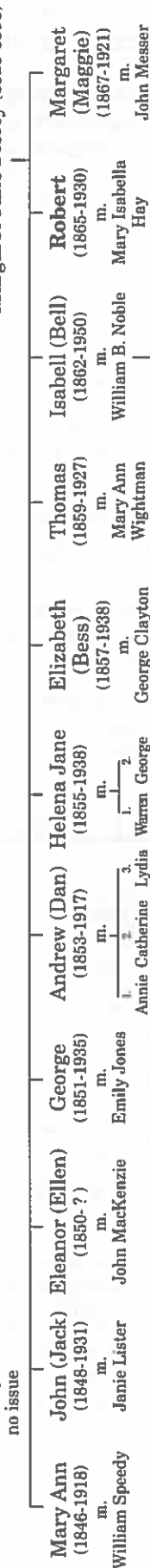
m.
Ellen (Nellie) Davidson (1792-1879)

Andrew Moffitt (1823-1891)

m.
Margaret Jane Piercy (1826-1898)

Agnes Moffitt (1815-1886)

m.
Matthew Piercy (1814-1889)



Credit: Anita Jones
Sarah Ingersoll

The Moffitt Family

Note: This is a simplified
genealogy and does
not include all the
Moffitt descendants.

The Officers' Bookcase ... Review by Anita Jones

They Hoped for Better Things

The Moffitts of Harvey Settlement, New Brunswick, 1791-1991

By Emerson Moffitt
Halifax, Nova Scotia
Privately published, 1991
132 pages, illustrations.

This detailed genealogy provides a wealth of information about the family that founded Harvey Settlement almost 160 years ago and about the many descendants who helped the community thrive. Besides names and dates, the reader also learns about the origins of the "Moffat" clan, the conditions prompting emigration from Scotland to Canada, and details about lifestyles in nineteenth-century New Brunswick. Excerpts from the 1851 and 1861 census records give a further glimpse into the growing prosperity of Harvey Settlement.

The ancestors of the Moffat family were Vikings who came to Scotland from Norway in the tenth century. It is believed that the name evolved most dramatically in spelling over about 300 years (from "de Monte" to "de Montealt" to "Movat" to "Moffat"). The family gave its name to the town of Moffat in southwestern Scotland, close enough to the English border that many inhabitants were involved in border fighting, some receiving land grants as rewards for loyalty in battle.

In 1672, the Moffat clan chief was displaced by the rival Johnstone clan, and the Moffats remained "headless" for some 300 years. Family feuds and religious strife, the latter leading to the English Civil Wars, added to the political unrest along the border. Emigration became more attractive to people affected by the fighting and

persecution. The Moffat clan moved to many parts of the world, and members were involved in a variety of professional positions, including ambassadors, diplomats, clergymen, and engineers. David Moffat built the longest railway tunnel in the United States, west of Denver; John "Tar" McAdam, another Moffat descendant, first built paved "McAdamized" roads. Agnes (Moffitt) and Matthew

the oral versions that they heard. The proximity of Moffat to the Tweed River no doubt explains the naming of Tweedside, near Harvey.

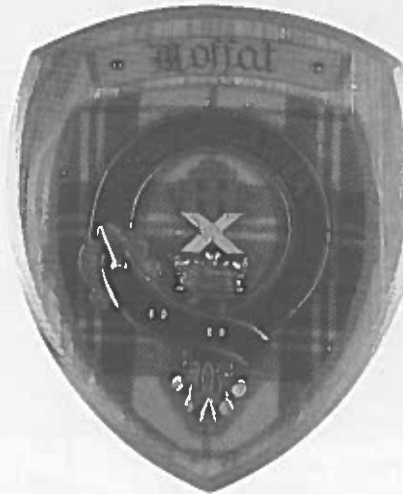
For the purpose of Emerson Moffitt's book, John and Nellie Moffitt are considered the "first" generation. Succeeding generations are labelled by superscripts from 2 to 8. For the most part, family statistics are grouped according to the birth order of the third generation of Moffitts living in New Brunswick. Descendants in each succeeding generation are listed as the parents' names appear. In some cases, as many as four generations are listed on a given page, with the superscripts to help keep the information clear. Use of a different size or type of print to identify particular generations would add further clarity in any future editions of the book, as would the addition of several visual family trees (such as the one I made to accompany this review, at which time I discovered that my husband is a second cousin once removed to Emerson Moffitt).

For readers interested in particular branches of the Moffitt family tree, the page-by-page text provides an abundance of facts. Interspersed among the names and dates are many interesting details

about occupations, unusual events, and unique family situations. For readers who are searching for particular names, the author has included very helpful indexes. Illustrations, including maps of Scotland and Harvey Settlement, as well as many family snapshots and photographs, add to the visual presentation; captions provide a touch of humour and nostalgia. The book's cover, with the Moffat crest, tartan, and shield, is

... continued on page 27

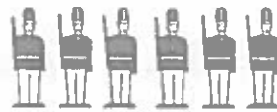
THE MOFFITTS of Harvey Settlement New Brunswick 1791-1991



by one of them — EMERSON MOFFITT

Piercy arrived in New Brunswick as newlyweds in 1837 and started Harvey Settlement (named in honour of Governor John Harvey) in 1838. They were joined in 1842 by Agnes's parents, John and Nellie Moffitt, who came from Lanton (55 miles from Moffat), in Northumberland, England. It is interesting to note that these clan members used the spelling "Moffitt," one of several variations in a time when few people could read or write and record-keepers relied on

Garrison Ghosts



What was happening 60 years ago in the Spring of 1935? According to the press of the day, there was tragedy and victory around the world: Lawrence of Arabia, the guerilla fighter, poet and author, legendary hero to the world, and the man who wrestled Arabia from the Turks during the Great War, died as the result of a motorcycle accident in England; Dr. Albert Einstein, long known as Germany's outstanding scientist until the Nazis came to power, was honoured as an outstanding scientist of the United States; John Buchan, the distinguished author and parliamentarian, who chose the peerage title of Lord Tweedsmuir, was named to succeed the Earl of Bessborough as the 15th Governor General of Canada.

And, in Fredericton, New Brunswick, members of the York-Sunbury Historical Society were preparing for a Commonwealth milestone: the anniversary of the "glorious" 25-year reign of King George V, whose accession to the throne occurred on 6 May 1910. A number of New Brunswickers were recipients of Silver Medals presented at various Jubilee celebrations; among them were the following members of the Society at the time: Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Clark, Dr. G. C. VanWart, the Countess of Ashburnham, Mrs. T. C. Barker, Mrs. D. J. Shea, Miss Jane Strong. Another Society member, Mr. R. P. Gorham, compiled an impressive list of 60 Fredericton milestones which took place during the quarter century of King George's reign. *The Daily Gleaner* published Mr. Gorham's work in a special commemorative issue on May 4th, 1935; *The Officers' Quarterly* plans to reprint the complete list in a future issue.

It was an interesting and challenging time for the York-Sunbury Society, as can be seen by reading the meticulously kept minute books, which are now well preserved in New Brunswick's Provincial Archives:

10 April 1935 — Executive Meeting. A letter from the RCMP asking for machine guns for their Barracks was read. No action was taken. A discussion followed about the pamphlets on the History of Fredericton [published by the Society], and it was thought that the Board of Trade would take



King George V

some, and Mrs. J. B. Maxwell thought we should get some boys to sell them on the May 6th holiday. Mr. C. A. Taylor [curator] said there was a Maliseet Dictionary in the Boston Museum and, if they would pay his expenses, he would go and copy the whole thing, or get a copy of the book printed. A long discussion followed about the celebration on May 6th, at which time Mr. Gorham brought in a program for the Society to follow. A committee was appointed and a suggestion was made that the Devon Indians, the Oromocto Indians, and the French Village Indians be asked to take part in the Parade, prizes to be given for the best native costume.

17 April 1935 — The Regular Monthly Meeting. Mr. Gorham, Chairman of Silver Jubilee Celebration Committee, reported on the pattern for the parade float. All the members were loud in their praise. Mrs. Maxwell read a letter from a Mrs. John Bell, Framingham, Mass., saying she had a picture of the old Parliament Buildings which she would donate to the Society. Mrs. Vaudeback, Millerton, whose grandfather built the old Legislative Building, also wrote. Dr. F. A. Wightman then read a letter from Mr. Ernest Green, Oshawa, Ontario, asking us to get inscriptions from the gravestones in the old Burying Ground as the first major work for our Historical Society. The Ontario Historical Society has done good work along this line and also in cleaning up old burying grounds. A letter was read by Mr. Gorham, asking for information of the old Historical Society formed in Fredericton on April 13th, 1882, when Mr. G. E. Fenety, the President, read a paper on the March of the 104th Regiment. Mrs. Forbes gave a poem, written in 1929 and now re-issued for the King's Silver Jubilee. A paper was then given by Rev. Dr. Wightman, entitled "Our Forgotten Burial Places and Their Historic Value."

8 May 1935 — Executive Meeting. A very hearty thanks was given to all the workers who made the parade float possible, especially the five college girls who took their part on the float: Isabella Smith, Grace Smith, Jane Morton, Gladys Bell, Helene Gorham. The treasurer reported that the grant of \$300 from the Provincial Government towards work on the museum had been received and duly acknowledged. The President, W. W. Hubbard, was asked to get in touch with Mayor W. G. Clark and find out about the future unveiling of the memorial to the 104th Regiment, which is to take place this summer. A long discussion followed about the military uniforms in the museum. Mrs. Maxwell thought to have cellophane bags made so that they could be seen. She also spoke of putting a box at the door for contributions, as

is done in other museums, and also having a register for the names and addresses of visitors. It was said that we should publish the fact that the Museum is open every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon.

15 May 1935 — The Regular Monthly Meeting was held in the Museum, upstairs in the Post Office Building, with a good attendance of members and a number of visitors present. It was decided to join again with the Fredericton Science Club in the holding of the Annual Picnic, which will be on June 3rd at Odells. The research committees were presented as follows: transcribing names in old cemetery (Mrs. J. B. Maxwell & Mrs. Nathan Squires); old buildings, old forts, and sunken ships (W. D. MacKay & C. A. Taylor); old and neglected cemeteries in York & Sunbury Counties (Major Good & Dr. Wightman); old abandoned highways & settlements (Captain Woodbridge); old records, objects, books, diaries, during Indian, French, and English periods (R. P. Gorham & Mrs. W. A. Haines). Sterling Brannen gave a carefully prepared and well-written paper on the 104th Regiment.

17 June 1935 — Executive Meeting of the York and Sunbury Historical Society, Limited. A letter of thanks was ordered sent to Mr. J. H. A. L. Fairweather for the use of the Odell property "Rookwood" for the annual picnic of this Society and the Science Club on June 3rd, the King's Birthday. It was resolved and carried that the Entertainment Committee remain organized until Autumn, with a view of having a Concert at that time. Moved and seconded that a committee composed of Mr. Hubbard (our president), Dr. Wightman, Dr. G. W. Bailey, A. A. Treadwell, D. J. McLeod, Mayor Clark, the Countess of Ashburnham, and Mrs. A. E. Mathewson approach the Dominion Government and ask for a grant of land southeast of the Fredericton Post Office for a lot on which to erect a library and museum. *



Silver Jubilee
King George V

The City of Fredericton

Joins with the Province

In celebrating on May 6th Our Gracious Majesty's Jubilee and invites everybody to visit the City and do honour to our beloved King

Programme May 6

10.00 a. m.—Opening of Activities signalled by blowing of whistles, ringing of bells, etc.
 10.00 a. m.—"Soldiers of the King" at Gaiety Theatre. Schools Parade at 9.45.
 10.30 a. m.—"Soldiers of the King" at Capitol Theatre. Schools Parade at 10.15.
 11.00 a. m.—Royal Salute of 21 Guns by 90th Field Howitzer Battery.

2.00 p. m.—Parade moves off from Smythe Street, via Brunswick, Westmorland and Queen Streets to Parliament Square.
 Judging of Floats from Post Office.
 2.30 p. m.—Arrival of Parade at Parliament Square.

Ceremonies at Parliament Buildings

(Broadcast by Radio CFRE)

Dr. A. S. McFarlane, Chief Superintendent of Education, Chairman.
 3.05 p. m.—Arrival of Colonel the Honourable Murray MacLaren, C.M.G., P.C., M.D.C.M., Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick.
 Inspection of Units.
 "Land of Our Birth"—The Jubilee Chorus.
 Address—The Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.
 Address—The Premier of New Brunswick.
 Address—The Leader of the Opposition.
 "Jerusalem"—The Jubilee Chorus.
 Address—The Archbishop of Fredericton.
 Address—The Mayor of Fredericton.
 Presentation of Medals by His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor.
 "Land of Hope and Glory"—The Jubilee Chorus.
 "GOD SAVE THE KING"
 Parade reforms, proceeding up Queen Street.
 8.30 p. m.—Illumination of Beacon on Devon Shore—The Boy Scouts.
 9.00 p. m.—Display of Fireworks at A. & B. Club.
 9.30 p. m.—Ball at Parliament Buildings in aid of The King George V. Silver Jubilee Cancer Fund in Canada.

W. C. CLARK,
Mayor.

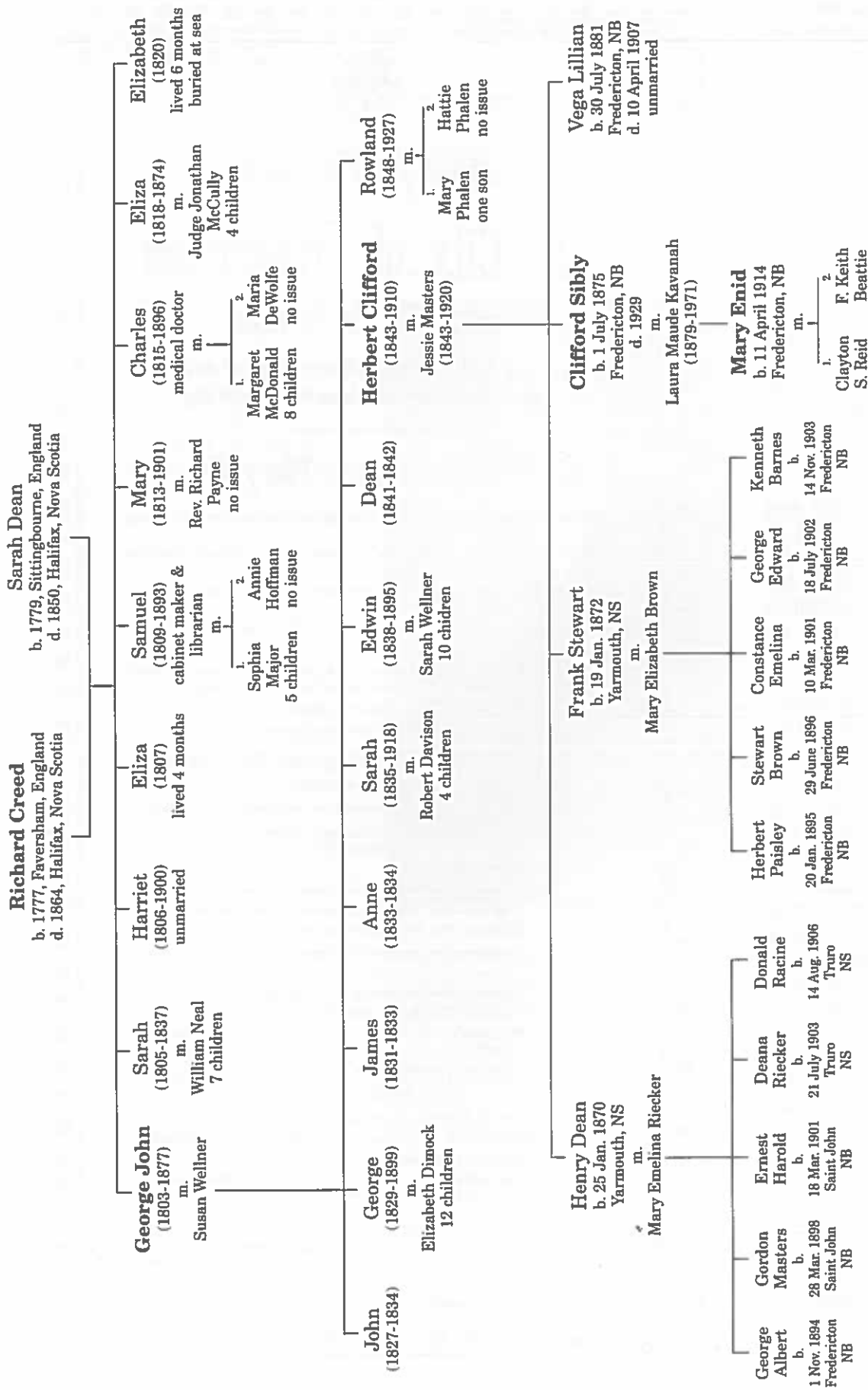
FRED I. HAVILLAND,
Secretary General Committee.

ALDERMAN C. H. FORBES,
Chairman General Committee.

ALDERMAN W. J. MAXWELL,
Chairman Program Committee.

ALDERMAN F. S. MUNDIE,
Chairman Floats Committee.

from The Daily Gleaner, Special Edition, 4 May 1935



Credit: Enid Beattie
Sarah Ingersoll
Ted Jones

The Creed Family

Note: This is a simplified genealogy and does not include all the Creed descendants.

Feature Article ... by Ted Jones

Retracing the Creed Family Tree

In the pleasant parlor of her Fredericton home, 81-year-old Enid (Creed) Beattie identified letters, diaries, photographs, and heirlooms as she related one family story after another, going all the way back to her great-great-grandparents, Richard and Sarah (Dean) Creed, who were born in England in the 1770s and who sailed for Nova Scotia in the summer of 1820, bringing with them six of their nine children. The fourth child, Eliza, had died in 1807 at age four months; the youngest, Elizabeth, died on the passage and was buried at sea; the oldest, George, remained in London with relatives because he was gravely ill. Eventually, he did travel to Canada and became the great-grandfather of Mrs. Beattie, who has in her possession three surviving letters sent from the parents to their convalescing son across the ocean, the original spelling and punctuation being retained throughout the following transcribed excerpt:

Since the Packet in which I [father] forwarded a letter to your Uncle sailed, I have heard of another ship bound to England. I have just time to drop you a few lines, as I have sent your Uncle a full account of the Voyage. You can take a copy before you send it to Faversham. We had a very rough voyage. Continual foul winds until the few last days. We lost the poor babe, as you will see in the Journal, but thank God the rest of us arrived safe. Your Mother was very brave & sick all the way. We often talked about you, and prayed to the Lord to recover & spare your life, that we might have the pleasure of seeing you again. It was truly painful & heartrending to leave you as we did; nothing but the thought of leaving you in the care of a good & affectionate uncle & feeling satisfied you would find in Hayward a good nurse & kind friend could have induced us to leave you. I make no doubt, but

you will do everything in your power to repay them for their attention to you during your illness, always endeavouring to meet their views, striving to please, for upon this your present comforts and future happiness in a great measure depends.... [18 September 1820]

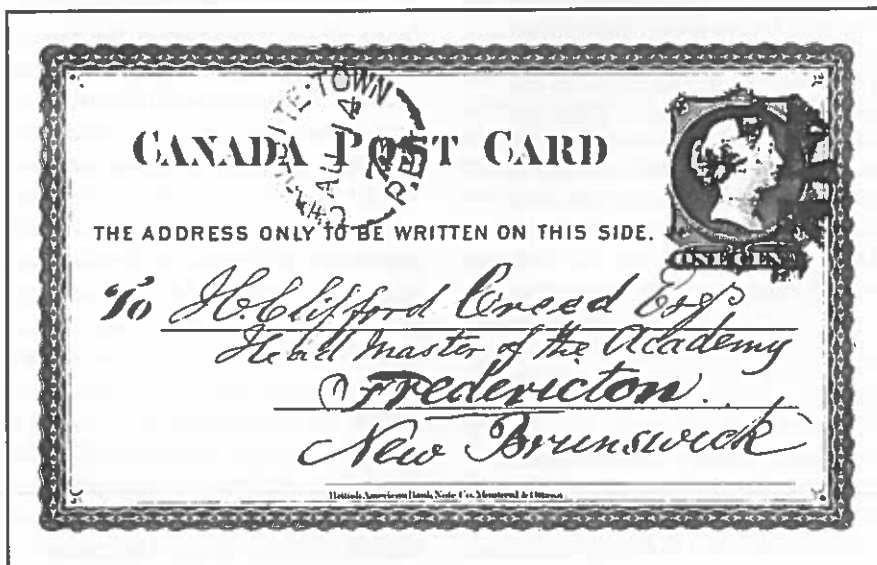
George John Creed was 18 and in restored health when he arrived in Halifax in June of 1822 and, like his father before him, became a Clerk of Works to the Imperial Government in the Royal Engineers Department, remaining in that position in Her Majesty's Service for 36 years, achieving the rank of Major, retiring in 1861, passing away in 1877. He married Susan Wellner and they too had nine children, the eighth being named Herbert Clifford Creed — the grandfather of Mrs. Beattie and the first family member to achieve a higher education by matriculating from Dalhousie College at age 14, studying at Horton Academy and then earning BA and MA degrees from Acadia University, graduating in the highest place with first class honors in Greek and Latin. After several administrative appointments in various schools, he left Nova Scotia to pursue a life-long career in educating others,



Richard Creed and his grandson
Herbert Clifford Creed

becoming one of the best-known teachers in Canada, with over 7000 scholars coming under his instruction.

Over the years, the Creeds were prolific letter writers and diary keepers, their neatly penned legacy having been handed down from generation to generation until the faded and folded pages were received by Mrs. Beattie. She has realized the historical significance of these documents and has made arrangements to have them placed where they can be preserved and appreciated. The York-Sunbury Museum was fortunate to receive a gift of three letters which had been written in the Old Officers'





George John Creed in Halifax, N.S.

Quarters, the same building that now houses the Museum. Addressed to Mr. George Creed, Barrington Street, Halifax, and signed by Armourer Major Thomas Cottrill, 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, Fredericton, these letters were dated January 11th, February 7th, and April 13th, 1831, the last giving a familiar account of Fredericton in the Spring of that year (original composition retained):

I received your kind letter on Monday Night, and I thank you for your kind attention to my last letter. I have scarcely time to write, but I must hasten to give you A description of a most awful occurrence which took place here last Friday, Saturday & Sunday, one which threatened destruction to the whole town of Fredericton. On Friday afternoon the Ice in the great River Saint John Broke up and appeared to move off in its usual manner, but about four O clock it stopped in consequence of the Ice becoming Jammed about three miles below town. On Saturday afternoon it started again and stopped at Night about seven O clock; then the Danger Commenced, the Ice began to Impede the Current of the water and it overflowed the town, distress appeared in every Countenance, the Barracks are Situated on the Bank of the River, and was the first to Suffer, the Street from the

River to the Barracks was Impassible in a few hours, except for Boats and Canoes, at Eleven O clock on Saturday Night I removed my family into the stone Barracks. I had to carry Mrs. Cottrill across the Road, when it was up to my knees in water, the Soldiers where ordered to be in readiness to move off at A moments Notice, the Command Boat was got ready, together with Camp Equipage to take us to the Mountains, the water Continued to rise until About one O clock on Sunday, when the Lord appeared for us and delivered us from our perilous situation, the Ice Broke its way through below, and the water fell from the Streets to the great joy of all.

The Damage which it has done I am afraid is very great, on Sunday Afternoon Houses, and Barns where seen floating down the River, the landing of the lower Collonade in the Barracks was floating about the yard also the Collonade at the Guard House, our Quarters Muster and Men have been busily employed Repairing them, we have not had any Account from the country to hear how they have suffered. Please to Excuse my short letter it is near Post time, and I have not time to write more. Mrs. Cottrill and the Baby have caught cold but I hope they will soon be better, Mrs. C. Joins me in love to Mrs. Creed, Miss Wellner, Father, Mother and all the family, and Accept the same from yours

Not only did George Creed save the Cottrill letters that he received from Fredericton, but he kept the leather-bound journals in which he penned draft copies of his correspondence. One such book is dated 1823-31 and contains 60 long letters for family members in Nova Scotia, for religious associates in Halifax, and for garrison officers in Fredericton. Many of these soldiers were close acquaintances formerly stationed in Halifax, attending the Baptist Church with the Creed family. Besides Thomas Cottrill, there was Armourer Major Woodham Checkers, also of the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade. Here is an excerpt from a letter written to Checkers on December 1st,

1829 (original composition retained):

I had the pleasure of receiving a kind letter from you dated 26 Nov — on Sunday the 29th — and now with pleasure sit down to give you a few lines in return. I had previously heard from Wallace of the 52nd that you had a tedious time on board ship and of your unsettled state after landing, which circumstances I considered to be the reason why I had not heard either from yourself or brother Cottrill before. I am happy to hear that you are at last once more settled, also, that you have met with some kind Christian friends, particularly that you have a room in which you can hold your evening prayer meetings.

Since you left, we have had very wet & stormy weather. several vessels have been wrecked on & near this Coast. A Schooner from Quebec was wrecked at Herring Cove & out of 19 persons on board 13 perished, some belonging to this place, 3 women, wives of Sergeants of the 34th Regiment & 4 children. There have also been several robberies. The Store of E. Collins & Co. was broken open & 2 Iron Chests taken away containing money & valuable papers. It is supposed that 2 of the 96th were concerned in the robbery as they deserted the same night & some of their clothes were found in the house of a person taken up on suspicion. The night following, a soldier of the 36th was caught attempting to rob on board a Schooner. He has been committed to jail. The deserters from the 96th have not been taken yet. . . .

In the autumn of 1872, Herbert Clifford Creed came to New Brunswick to accept the principalship of the English section of the newly formed Fredericton High School (FHS), the Classical section being under the administration of George Robert Parkin, both sections housed in a plain wooden building with a bell tower, located in the 800 block of George Street and situated at the rear of the old Brunswick Street Collegiate School. Each principal was addressed as Headmaster of the Academy and each had a vice-principal, Miss Jane Gregory having been appointed to the

English section, giving her the distinction of being the first female teacher and the first female vice-principal at FHS! At the end of the school term for 1872, *The New Brunswick Reporter & Fredericton Advertiser* carried the headline "The Examination of the Free Schools of This City" and continued with this statement: "The English High School under the superintendence of Mr. Creed and Miss Gregory was examined in the afternoon of December 18th, the course of study embracing all the English branches of the advanced department, including Chemistry of Common Things, Botany, Grecian History, Algebra, Arithmetic, Geography, Geometry, Grammar & Analysis, Reading & Recitations."

In the summer of 1873, Herbert's father sent him the following post card note on August 14th: "I am now at Charlottetown, P.E.I. Left home on Monday for Truro. Left Truro yesterday morning. Got to Pictou about 12. Left directly in the Steamer *Prince of Wales*. Arrived here soon after 5. I am pleasantly located at the residence of Mrs. Wintorbothum, sister of Jane Gregory, a fellow laborer of yours. She was here a short time since and spoke favorably of you I hear. I came here to see the place & attend the 3rd annual Sunday School Convention of the Maritime Provinces. I attended the 1st at St. John, 2nd at New Glasgow. Expect to return to Truro next Tuesday & home on Wednesday . . . Your Affectionate Father."

In December of 1873, after one and one-half years (three terms) at FHS, Herbert Creed was offered a position at the newly formed Provincial Normal School (PNS), the forerunner of Teachers' College, which was housed at that time in the Soldiers' Barracks within the Military Compound at the corner of Queen and Carleton Streets and which had only been in operation since 1870. (The new Normal School was opened in 1877, also within the Military Compound but at the corner of Queen and York Streets, where the Justice Building now stands.) He accepted and

remained on the PNS staff for the next 35 years, retiring in 1909, and, unfortunately, passing away a year later. He was considered a superior instructor, especially in the fields of English Language and Literature. He wrote continuously for the press and various periodicals on educational subjects, the temperance question, and matters relating to Christian doctrine. In 1886, he prepared a series of eight penmanship copy-



Enid Creed
Grade Nine, Fredericton High School

books, prescribed by the New Brunswick Board of Education and published by J. & A. McMillan of Saint John. In 1896, the students of the PNS paid a glowing front-page tribute to Mr. Creed in the February issue of *The Normal Light*; in 1902, his alma mater presented him with a Doctor of Literature degree, *honoris causa*; in 1981, the retired teachers of New Brunswick remembered his accomplishments in the May issue of *Reflections*.

When he came to New Brunswick, Herbert Creed was already married to Jessie Masters and they had two sons, Henry and Frank; another one (Clifford Sibly) and a daughter (Vega Lillian) were born in Fredericton. Henry and Vega attended the PNS, each serving as an Editor of *The Normal Light*; one of Frank's four children, Herbert Paisley Creed, grew up to have his name on the FHS

World War One Honour Roll and his byline on 15 articles of reminiscences which appeared under the title "Old Fredericton" in *The Daily Gleaner* throughout the month of November, 1969. Clifford grew up to become the administrator of the New Brunswick Textbook Branch in the Department of Education and the husband of Laura Maude Kavanah, who was from the city of Saint John. They had one child: Mary Enid Creed, the middle name, chosen from Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, being the one that she would use throughout her life. She too followed in her grandfather's footsteps and became a teacher, starting in rural schools of New Brunswick, continuing in Quebec, and finally coming full circle to finish her career at Fredericton High School.

As Mrs. Beattie examined the family coat of arms, first granted in 1755 to Sir James Creed (British Member of Parliament for Canterbury), she was able to trace her ancestors back 240 years in history, many of them having lived to an advanced age. Today, there must be hundreds of Creed descendants walking around on Canadian soil. However, it was Mrs. Beattie's mother who became the unofficial curator for the Creed heritage, often repeating the family stories, taking good care of the family mementoes, among them a polished miniature cabinet crafted by great-great uncle Samuel Creed, who was also the City Librarian in Halifax for 30 years; a framed oil painting of a knighted British Naval Officer, who was a very good friend of great-grandfather George Creed; a meticulously scripted genealogy by grandfather Herbert Creed. Each generation appears to have had a profound influence on the next and, even in death, many of the Creeds stayed together in large family burial plots, such as the one at South Rawdon, Hants County, Nova Scotia, and the one in the Rural Cemetery, Woodstock Road, Fredericton, New Brunswick, both being a long way from Faversham, Kent County, England, where it all began over two centuries ago. ❧

Recipes from the Pioneer Kitchen ... York-Sunbury Style by Pat Flemming



With the advent of Spring, our thoughts turn to the sport of trout fishing. When I think of fishing for trout, my mind wanders back to the days when, as a child, I went fishing in Murray Brook (Restigouche County) with my brothers. We made our own fishing rods with tree branches and the hooks were safety pins curved enough to hold an angleworm and, believe it or not, we actually caught a few trout.

Brook trout are the only trout native to the Maritimes and, according to scientific classification, are actually char. Today, they are being raised in fish hatcheries to replenish wild stocks. Because trout will survive only in good clean water, other species more tolerant to pollution have been introduced.

The best trout are the ones you catch yourself. It wasn't too long ago that a little brook, two feet wide and two feet deep, would reward a fisherman with 40 trout in a single day! Unfortunately, because of natural predators, acid rain, and over-fishing, the days of finding trout in the stream under the bridge beside the road are gone. Now, one has to follow the stream bank at least a quarter of a mile away from the road to find a good spot. But don't be disheartened — the fish are still there. It's just that the act of getting them is a little more challenging.

After experiencing the thrill of catching some trout, add the thrill of eating them. Trout have tiny scales, so there is no need to scale them. They can even be fried with the heads left on, but I usually cut them off, although I have heard that trout cheeks are tasty morsels.

Forget the wine and herbs. Roll each trout in flour, then place them in a hot buttered frying pan, add salt and pepper, flip them over once. A delicious meal for breakfast, lunch, or supper.

About a month ago, my nephew Peter asked me the question, "What is supper?" I replied that supper was almost always the evening meal in days past. Supper was served in the days when dinner was served at noon and lunch was a sandwich and thermos that students took to school in a paper bag or lunch bucket. Factory workers carried lunch buckets as well, and many still do.

Suppers were popular in our house when I was a child and I can recall my mother, Josephine, planning what we would have for supper each day. Very often, she would make potato scallop, corn scallop, or macaroni and cheese. Of course, there would be a side dish of cold meat and homemade bread. She baked bread almost every other day in an old-fashioned wood stove. One of her all-time favourite supper dishes was this low-cost dish, which was delicious and nutritious:

SCALLOPED TOMATOES

One 28-ounce can tomatoes
1 tsp. sugar
1 tsp. salt
1/3 cup finely chopped onion
1/4 tsp. pepper
3 or 4 slices of bread
1/4 cup butter

Combine the first five ingredients. Lightly toast the three or four slices of bread and then cut them into 1/2 inch cubes. Grease a one and one-half quart casserole dish and alternate the tomato mixture with the toast cubes, leaving enough of the cubes for the top layer. Melt the 1/4 cup of butter and pour over the top of the casserole. Bake at 350°F for 30 minutes. Serves six.

* * * * *

Muffins are great at any time of the day, whether they be served at breakfast, with the evening meal, or as a night-time snack. The following recipe is a wholesome one from *Canada's Centennial Heirloom Recipes (1867-1967)*, a cookbook containing recipes which have been passed down from generation to generation:

PRUNE & CARROT GEMS

3 eggs
1/3 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup molasses
2/3 cup corn oil
1 cup cooked prunes (pitted)
1 cup shredded carrots
2 cups natural bran
1/2 cup wheat germ
2 cups all-purpose flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. salt
1 1/4 cups milk

Beat eggs and brown sugar together. Stir in molasses and oil. Add prunes, carrots, bran, and wheat germ. Sift the flour, baking powder, soda, and salt together and add to the egg mixture alternately with the milk. Grease three dozen medium-size muffin cups and fill 2/3 full with the batter. Sprinkle with Sugar-Nut Topping and bake at 375°F for 15 to 18 minutes. *Sugar-Nut Topping:* Combine 2 tbsp. of soft butter or margarine, 1/3 cup of brown sugar, and 1/2 cup shredded sliced walnuts or pecans. The mixture will be crumbly.

* * * * *

As I write this column, the sap is running and it is the time of year for maple syrup and maple sugar. Thus, I think it is only fitting that I close with a mouthwatering maple recipe:

NEW BRUNSWICK MAPLE MILKSHAKE

1 cup vanilla ice cream
1/2 cup milk
1 to 2 tsp. maple syrup
1 tbsp. strong cold coffee (optional)

Place all ingredients in a blender. Whirl a minute or two until bubbly and frothy. Pour into a tall glass and drink immediately through a straw. Serves one. (It isn't necessary to use a blender; an electric mixer or an old-fashioned egg-beater will do.) ☞

(Society member Pat Flemming is a freelance writer and journalist living in Fredericton. She welcomes "pioneer" recipes for this column.)

Beyond York-Sunbury... by Mark Chandra

A Summer in Fiji

Last summer I was lucky enough to spend four months overseas, volunteering through an organization called Canadian Crossroads International. I have been volunteering with various international development organizations for a number of years, giving talks and organizing seminars. I have always been extremely interested in development and I guess the time came when I felt that I was ready to try it for real.

Originally, I applied to go to Nigeria because, despite my involvement, I had the stereotypical idea that all development work was done in crowded refugee camps in Africa. About two months before I was scheduled to leave, the Canadian Embassy in Nigeria put out a warning that, due to Nigeria's current political situation, Canadians should limit all unnecessary travel to that country. When Crossroads was informed, they pulled all of their volunteers out of Nigeria and placed them elsewhere. I was reassigned to the Fiji Islands in the South Pacific and I remember thinking, "Oh no! I hope this doesn't turn out to be a Club Med summer!" I couldn't have been more wrong; the summer of 1994 turned out to be four of the toughest and most educational months of my life.

I spent the first three months in Fiji as a primary schoolteacher. The children were very willing to learn, but I had to get used to speaking slowly so that they could get over my outrageous accent. I was teaching the equivalent of grades 6, 7, and 8 English, Math and Science at a small village school called Vuda District

School. At first, it was kind of weird, because I realized that I wasn't a teacher's aid or a student-teacher. I was primary schoolteacher proper! It took some time to get used to, but I soon discovered that most primary schoolteachers in Fiji only have a

seas, it was during these voyages on and off the island of Nacula. The island itself had about four small villages on it, and the little health centre where I worked was a two-person operation — three, including me.

It hadn't rained there for about

seven months and so the only source of drinking water was rainwater that had been stagnant in these big iron vats for that long. Often the kids drank the water unboiled and got sick. Because of that, most of my time was spent administering oral rehydration therapy (ORT). It was interesting because, here in Canada, I had given a number of talks on ORT and how UNICEF saves mil-

lions of lives each year with small packets of oral rehydration salts. In Fiji, I actually got to crack those little packages open myself and see their use first-hand. I have always thought that I wanted to become a doctor and work overseas, and now I'm absolutely sure. Please wish me luck!

The culture shock was apparent when I came back to Canada; it took me a solid month to get accustomed to the way of life that we take for granted here. I miss my friends in Fiji very much and now, instead of seeing Canada as my only home, I also see Fiji as one of my homes. Volunteering overseas truly gave me the opportunity to learn about the world and myself. It allowed me to experience a different culture in the best possible way, not as a tourist, but as a working member of the community. ❧

(Mark Chandra lives in Fredericton and attends the University of New Brunswick.)

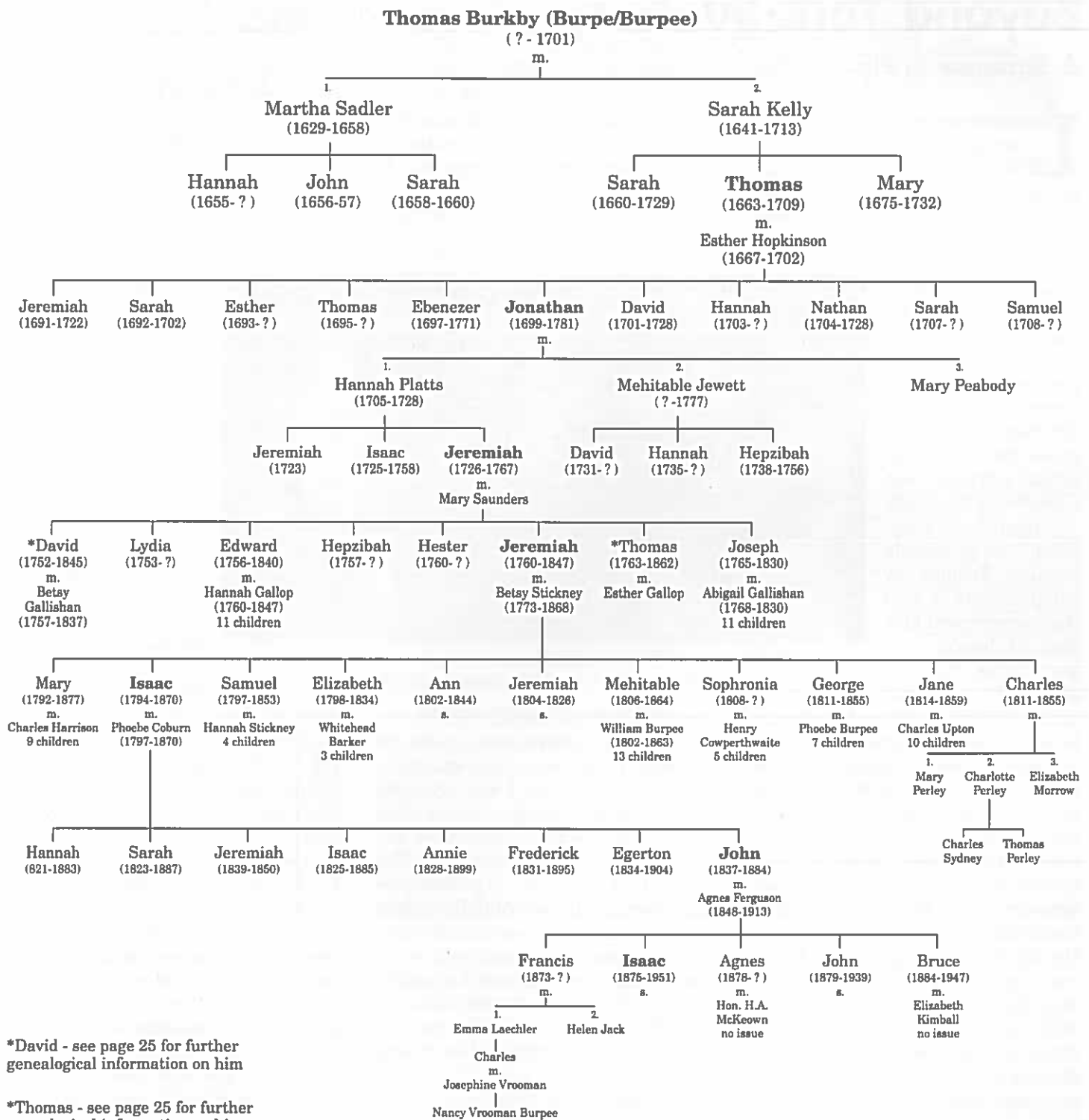


Mark Chandra with "To Canada" Crossroaders from all over the world in Bolton, Ontario, before leaving for Fiji

grade eleven education. So, by virtue of being a third-year university student, I was more than qualified. At times, it felt like I was trying to teach Science using no more than "stone knives and bearskins," so lesson plans took some imagination! The school had no phone, no photocopier and, worst of all, no IBM486DX2/66's!

I was living in a very small house on the school compound, with a fellow teacher named Russie, his cousin, his cousin's son, and seven children from the school. It was crowded, but it was home! The "master bath" was outside and it took some time to get used to showering with about four or five froggies as company! Turning on a tap and getting warm water would have been like magic to the children.

My last month was spent working as a nurse's aid on the remote island of Nacula. Getting out to this placement meant a nine-hour boat ride in a fishing vessel with no life jackets and two-metre waves! If at any point I thought that I was going to die over-



*David - see page 25 for further genealogical information on him

*Thomas - see page 25 for further genealogical information on him

Credit: Patricia Belier
Sarah Ingersoll
Ted Jones

The Burpee Family

Note: This is a simplified genealogy and does not include all the Burpee descendants.

Passing Through ... by Patricia Belier

Sunbury County Descendant Leaves Literary Legacy

The Isaac Burpee Collection comprises a most interesting assemblage of approximately 700 books and 200 pamphlets, all focusing on the history and development of the area known as the Great Pacific Northwest and particularly on the history of the great western migration over the Oregon Trail, which began in 1843, the original Oregon Territory covering all of present British Columbia, Washington State, Oregon, Idaho, and parts of Montana and Wyoming. It may seem a great curiosity that this Collection resides in the Library of the University of New Brunswick but, in fact, it was a gift from one of the University's more interesting and enterprising graduates.

Isaac Burpee was a member of a well-known and well-documented pre-Loyalist family who had their New Brunswick origins in the Maugerville/Sheffield area. According to George B. Blodgett's *Early Settlers of Rowley, Massachusetts* (1933), Jonathan Burpe (a second "e" was added later), whose father and grandfather were both called Thomas Burpe(e), came to Maugerville, in what was then the colony of Nova Scotia, from Rowley about 1763, bringing his second wife and his third son and daughter-in-law, Jeremiah and Mary, leaving behind his five other children and his ten brothers and sisters. He became the first deacon of the Congregational Church in Maugerville and, when he became a widower for the second time, he took Mary Peabody, a Sheffield widow, for his third wife. Jonathan and his son were granted sections of three different lots in what would later become Sunbury County, New Brunswick. Today, several of the original houses of various

Burpee descendants can still be seen along the Trans-Canada Highway, some of these buildings being described by Louise Hill in her book *Maugerville* (1963).

Jeremiah and Mary (Saunders) Burpee brought with them a family

ing members of prominent local family branches, which later included: Richard E. Burpee, the Missionary; Charles S. Burpee, the Senator; Washington Atlee Burpee, owner of a world-famous seed company; Isaac Burpee (1825-1885), the Member of Parliament; Annie Burpee, the wife of David Wark, one of Canada's first senators; Frederick T. C. Burpee, the builder of a successful granite company; Egerton Ryerson Burpee, one of the original directors of the CPR; the Bridges and Mackay families, who were connected to the history of UNB (Dr. Henry Seabury Bridges was Professor of Classics, Dr. Colin B. Mackay was President, and Dr. Hedley Vicars Burpee Bridges was a long-time principal of the Provincial Normal School in Fredericton). Although they were children with a common grade-school education, one by one they left the farm and attained success in business and public life, having drawn an unusual ability from their Maugerville/Sheffield roots. Even those who stayed behind did well, "Squire" David Burpee (1752-1845) being one of them, as he became a popular magistrate and a multiple office holder in Sunbury County.

Richard E. Burpee moved to Fredericton and became a wealthy merchant on Phoenix Square (see sketch on the back cover of this issue). In time, he renounced his materialistic lifestyle and, as a member of Brunswick Street Baptist Church, he became the first Protestant representative in the overseas ministry from Canada, having sailed from Halifax on 25 April 1845. One hundred and fifty years later (22 April 1995), Brunswick Street Baptist Church, where a plaque has already been placed in his memory, honoured



Isaac Burpee
UNB *Encaenia* Photograph, 1896
Courtesy University Archives

of seven children, their eighth and last child, Joseph, being the first Burpee to be born in Sunbury County; however, all of them would be found-

this pioneer missionary and his work in Burma with a dramatic presentation written by Fredericton-born author and historian Esther Clark Wright. (Simply entitled "Richard Burpee," the play was published in her 1973 collection *People & Places of New Brunswick*.) Richard Burpee and his wife, Laleah Johnstone, had two sons: Lewis, who married Alice DeMille, the sister of the Nova Scotia author James DeMille; Thomas, who married Annie Tilley, the daughter of Sir Leonard Tilley. One of their ten grandchildren, Lawrence Johnstone Burpee, became a celebrated writer, historian, and public servant.

"Our" Isaac Burpee was born 21 August 1875 in Saint John and was the sixth generation of his family to live in New Brunswick. He was the great-great-grandson of Jeremiah Burpee and Mary Saunders, the great-grandson of another Jeremiah Burpee and his wife Betsy Stickney, the grandson of another
I s a a c
Burpee

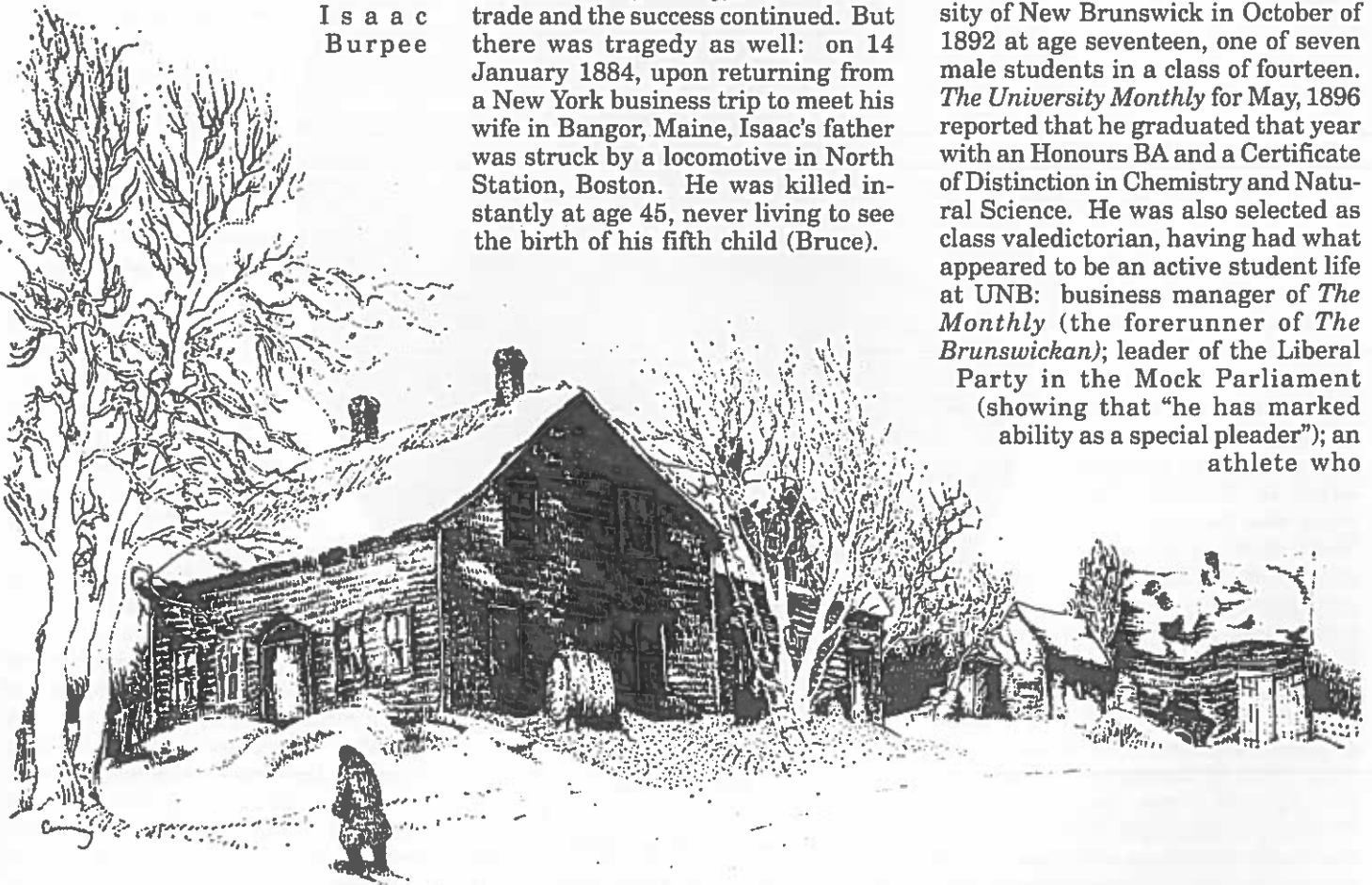
and his wife Phoebe Coburn, and the son of John P. C. Burpee and Agnes Ferguson. He had three brothers (Francis, John, Bruce) and one sister (Agnes), the five of them returning often to Sunbury County to visit their many relatives, Isaac clearly remembering his boyhood Saturdays in winter, hauling a load of hay "up the ice" to the Fredericton Market at City Hall.

In the late 1840s, Isaac's Uncle Isaac and Uncle Frederick had already moved to Saint John to establish a successful hardware business under the title I. & F. BURPEE. When Frederick left to establish his own company, Uncle Egerton Ryerson Burpee filled the vacancy, an early copy of McAlpine's City Directory carrying an advertisement for "I. & E. R. BURPEE — Importers and Dealers with offices and warehouses located at 5, 7, 9, & 11 Dock Street." Isaac's father, John Peabody Coburn Burpee, eventually joined his brothers in the iron, cutlery, and hardware trade and the success continued. But there was tragedy as well: on 14 January 1884, upon returning from a New York business trip to meet his wife in Bangor, Maine, Isaac's father was struck by a locomotive in North Station, Boston. He was killed instantly at age 45, never living to see the birth of his fifth child (Bruce).



*From the Burpee Collection.
There are several books by women,
this one published in 1891.*

Isaac Burpee entered the University of New Brunswick in October of 1892 at age seventeen, one of seven male students in a class of fourteen. *The University Monthly* for May, 1896 reported that he graduated that year with an Honours BA and a Certificate of Distinction in Chemistry and Natural Science. He was also selected as class valedictorian, having had what appeared to be an active student life at UNB: business manager of *The Monthly* (the forerunner of *The Brunswickan*); leader of the Liberal Party in the Mock Parliament (showing that "he has marked ability as a special pleader"); an athlete who



Courtesy: Marion Cumming

The Walter Crawford house in Mauderville was probably built in 1810 and the builder is believed to have been Stephen Burpee, born in 1784, the fifth child of David and Betsy (Gallishan) Burpee.

achieved some success at the graduation sports day during Encaenia week (especially in jumping); and finally, the orator of his class, delivering a 4,000-word valedictory which was highly critical from the outset ("One thing that the class of '96 most earnestly pleads for is that there be more interest taken in the University by her professors. During the last two or three years, we have seen encaenia day and encaenia exercises with but part of the faculty present. It may seem a little thing, but a student cannot help but feel that some interest should be taken by the professors in his graduation. For four years they have been his leaders, and on the day which marks to him an important epoch they are absent.") The entire speech was printed verbatim in *The University Monthly*, May, 1896.

After his graduation, Isaac was involved during the summer of 1896 in airing his political views and meeting with marked success as a campaigner in Queens County, New Brunswick. In the Fall, he returned to Saint John and a business career, probably in the family hardware firm. Douglas How's *The 8th Hussars — A History of the Regiment* indicates that Isaac was also commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the 8th Princess Louise New Brunswick Hussars, a regiment which began as a Loyalist unit in Virginia, known as Saunders' Horse, and was later called the Queen's Rangers.

Sometime in the two-year period following his graduation from UNB, Isaac must have decided to embark on what one chronicler has called, "the last grand adventure," when he went to the Klondike during the Gold Rush of 1898. Was he attracted by William Ogilvie's Toronto publication of that year, *The Klondike: Official Guide*, a copy of which is found in his Collection? Pierre Berton comments in his book *Drifting Home* that "... in the Spring of 1898 everybody was going to the Klondike ... half of New Brunswick seemed to be heading northward. There were 550 men on the train with him [Berton's father, 1892 UNB alumnus Frank Berton] and most of them had never seen a mountain before." Perhaps Isaac Burpee was a part of this group. In his valedictory address, he talked about "putting forth into the wide sea

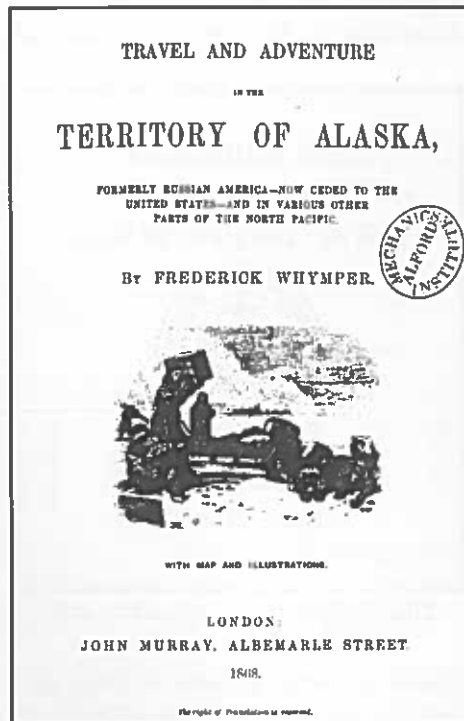
of life." Did he realize at that time just how wide his travels would be from New Brunswick and how his movements would later be reflected in his book-buying and collecting activities?

He remained in the West after moving to Portland, Oregon, where he began a career in engineering and construction, operating the Miami Quarry Company in the 1920s, working on the SP&S Railway (Spokane, Portland & Seattle), building the Celilo Canal on the south bank of the Columbia River. He made a life-long

niece (Nancy V. Burpee) gave her father's copy, bearing his signature (Charles L. Burpee), to the Provincial Archives of New Brunswick.

Negotiations with the UNB Library, regarding his splendid collection of books, originated with Isaac Burpee himself. The Collection was to have gone to his youngest brother in Vancouver, but Bruce died in 1947. In a 1948 letter to UNB Librarian Marjorie Thompson, Isaac Burpee stated: "My personal library here in Portland is supposed to be about as good a private collection as there is in the state of Oregon on the history of Oregon ... [although] it would be quite logical to think that a Western collection should remain in the West ... practically all our libraries are fairly well supplied and it is my thought that quite possibly your library may be practically void of literature of the class referred to ... the collection would be more useful in the East where, if I am not in error, there is quite probably a lack or total shortage of Western History material."

Undoubtedly, Isaac Burpee remembered the UNB Library from his own college days — a solitary room on the third floor of the Old Arts Building — "When I was a student at UNB, the library did not amount to much, nor was it used much." He was soon to discover that, in 1931, Lord Beaverbrook gave to UNB a handsome new library building which, in 1951, along with a new wing named in his honour, became known as the Bonar Law-Bennett Library, in memory of Andrew Bonar Law, the only Canadian-born prime minister of the United Kingdom, and Richard Bedford Bennett, the only New Brunswick-born prime minister of Canada. Here was the ideal depository for the Burpee Collection, the Latin motto over the entrance ironically translating into "Forsake me not, O Lord!" (Today, this building houses New Brunswick's provincial archives.) The UNB *Alumni News* (July, 1950) informed its members of Burpee's donation and printed this statement from the letter that accompanied his gift: "That a taste for reading and study acquired during my four years in the University of New Brunswick continued throughout my business life, and survived it, was to me very fortunate."



From the Burpee Collection. Published in 1868, this book was stamped with MECHANICS INSTITUTE, ALFORD [ENGLAND].

study of the Pacific Northwest, became a Director of the Oregon Historical Society, and was instrumental in the composition and placement of historical markers on Oregon state highways. Apparently, he wrote historical articles on the development of Oregon, but Isaac Burpee's best-known work in the East was *A Short History and Partial Genealogy of the Burpee Family in America* (1950), a project which he shared with his brother John, bound copies being sent to The New Brunswick Museum in Saint John and The University of New Brunswick Library in Fredericton; in 1989, Isaac's grand-

Burpee had visited UNB in May of 1949, at which time his offer was accepted, shipping to be arranged for August of that year, packing, cartage, and transportation to Fredericton, New Brunswick from Portland, Oregon for 1,585 pounds of books amounting to \$202.37! The total value of the Collection at the time of the donation was approximately \$6,000; today, such a collection could easily fetch well over \$25,000! Eight large boxes arrived in September of 1949 and, along with several cartons of periodicals which had been sent by Burpee over the summer, remained packed until the new Beaverbrook Wing of the Library was opened. Once the books arrived safely, the informal and enlightening correspondence between Burpee and Thompson ended, but their entertaining letters are preserved today, along with the entire Burpee Collection, in the Harriet Irving Library, which opened in 1967, a short distance "up the hill" from the Bonar Law-Bennett building.

It is interesting to note that, in 1952 correspondence from the Oregon Historical Society to UNB Librarian Marjorie Thompson, it is clear that the OHS had thought it would be the recipient of Burpee's complete collection, including the Westerniana, rather than that portion bequeathed to them through his will. Subsequently, a request was made by the OHS to provide a list of the Burpee titles received by UNB. All 700 titles were compiled and sent, but they were arranged neither alphabetically nor chronologically. Unfortunately, no copy appears to have been made, so the original title list made two cross-continental trips within a month — with no harm done! Today, this original list is well preserved in the UNB Archives.

Items in the Burpee Collection range from church histories to travel and exploration literature; to adventure stories, sagas of heroism and fictional accounts of life in the early West; to items on transportation history and the natural sciences, including whaling and mining; to books relating to the Klondike, the Hudson's Bay Company, and Canada's Arctic. Burpee purchased facsimiles as well as rare editions, and was still adding to his collection well into the 1940s

when he included a 1948 facsimile edition of Stephen Meek's *The Autobiography of a Mountain Man, 1805-1889*, originally published in 1885, and Holbrook's 1948 *Story of the American Railroads*. Cross-referencing notes regarding his collection in his copies of Soliday's catalogue and Smith's checklist reveal Burpee's studious character and his awareness of the literature and of each book's inherent value. The oldest imprint among the Westerniana materials is a 1774 item entitled *Account of the Northern Archipelago* by Jakob von Staehlin; the most valuable item, according to Burpee, "A history of

tions from the author, and comments such as "very scarce" or "fine copy," frequently offering the investigator a vivid picture of an item's readership. Also, it should be mentioned that some of the books that were included in the Burpee donation came from his sister's home in Ottawa. They were packed and forwarded by Ogilvy's Department Store, whose manager at the time was Lewis Burpee, the youngest brother of Lawrence Johnstone Burpee (who was himself the author of several books on the exploration of Northwest America and whose book *On the Old Athabaska Trail* was in Isaac's collection). L. J. Burpee was a contemporary of Isaac Burpee, having been born two years before him, in 1873, in Halifax; in fact, they were third cousins.

By sending his Collection to eastern Canada, Isaac Burpee came full circle and remained faithful to the concluding comments of his 1896 valedictory address: "And now in closing, as each class has come up here year after year, it has had visions of glories opening out before it. Each student sees spread out before him a glorious career. The wrecks of time do not mar his vision. When we first ascended these hills, we too saw things spread out before us with brightness. Today, we have finished, and the past appears to us with many failures. It has not been to us what we expected. The rosy hue is all gone and we see not but the dread reality of life. What the future has before us, we do not care to see. The past we turn to for guidance. It is a past that bears written on every side 'the University of New Brunswick' and 'the City of Fredericton.' Rest assured then, that in the future, we shall always remember the Alma Mater that has sent us forth and the city in which she stands."

He had already been a life-long supporter of the University of New Brunswick, his annual remittance to the Treasurer of the Alumni Society continuing every year after his graduation until his death. And death came on 21 February 1951 at the Imperial Hotel in Portland, Oregon, where he had lived permanently as a bachelor for the last 35 years of his life. A detailed obituary in *The Oregon Journal* and *The Telegraph-Journal* (Saint

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
NEW BRUNSWICK



Presented by
Isaac Burpee

This bookplate was placed in each book of the Burpee Collection.

China in Latin, printed in Italy under the auspices of Pope Leopold in 1647. Beyond one hinge cracked about half way, the volume is in [exceptionally] good condition. Printing maps and illustrations are practically perfect."

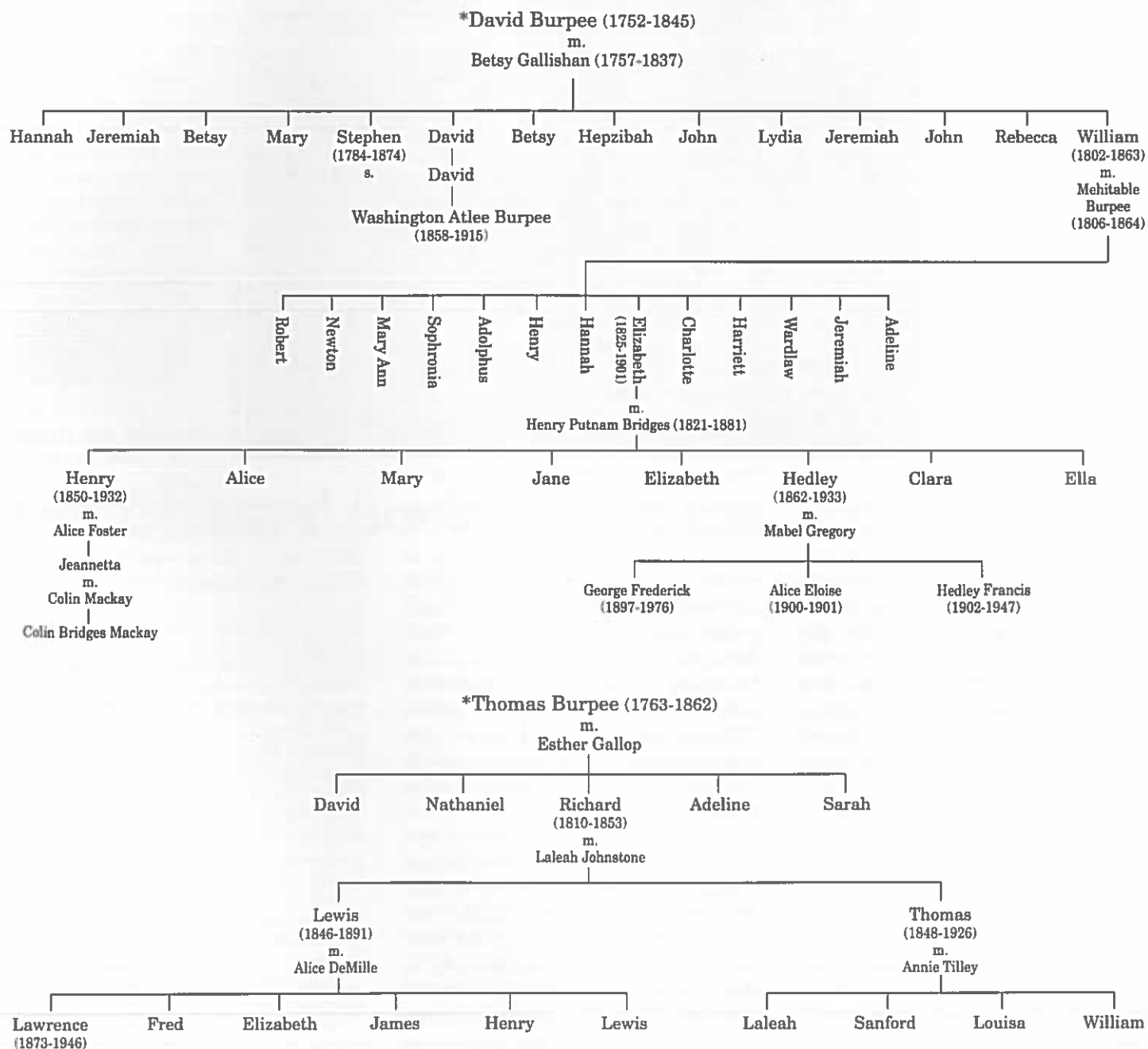
Burpee also had a first edition of Patrick Gass's 1807 *Journal of the Voyages and Travels of the Lewis and Clark Expedition* and a copy of Alexander MacKenzie's 1802 *Voyages from Montreal, on the River St. Laurence, through the Continent of North America, to the frozen and Pacific Oceans: in the years 1789 and 1793*. Many of the historical texts are rich in first-hand pioneer reminiscences, photographs, and genealogical information, especially the handbooks and official county and municipal histories. A number of the books contain names of previous owners and their bookplates, original prices, inscrip-

John), and *The Daily Gleaner* (Fredericton) indicated that he was survived by his brother Francis and his sister Agnes, but the press neglected to mention that Isaac Burpee was also survived by hundreds of Burpee relatives throughout North America, many of them being the descendants of a unique little county in New Brunswick called Sunbury. *

(Patricia Belier was born and raised in Toronto but has lived in Fredericton for the past twelve years, where she is a Collections Development Librarian at the Harriet Irving Library. She is also an amateur genealogist, her own family having roots in Westmorland County, New Brunswick. This article began as a paper which she presented at the Annual Meeting of the Bibliographical Society of Canada, held in Calgary in June of 1994. She wishes to thank those among her colleagues who as-

sisted her with research, especially University Archivist Mary Flagg and Archival Assistant Patti Auld. Readers are welcome to visit the Library on the UNB campus to look at the items comprising the Burpee Collection. Many of the books from the Collection are to be found in the open stack area, largely on the Second Floor in the History Section; just over 100 of the rarer, or more fragile, items, are housed in the Archives and Special Collections Department on the Fifth Floor.)

The two parts of the Burpee Family Tree below are continued from page 20.



The Last Word *with Dr. Ivan Crowell*

Ivan H. Crowell is an Honorary Life Member of the York-Sunbury Historical Society. He was President in 1951 and, in 1991, he was the recipient of the Martha J. Harvey Award of Distinction.

Born 91 years ago in Caledonia, Nova Scotia, he grew up to enjoy a life of learning and accomplishment: Nova Scotia Normal School for a Teacher's Licence, UNB Forestry Department for a BSc, Miami University for graduate studies, Harvard University for a PhD.

He taught Botany at McGill University for ten years, where his hobby was wood-turning, a skill that he passed on to many students so they could earn extra money.

In 1946, he was appointed the Director of Handicrafts for New Brunswick, establishing the Craft School in Fredericton, designing the program, and giving instruction at Alexander College (a branch of UNB which was located on the Fredericton Exhibition grounds following World War Two).

When he retired in 1969, Dr. Crowell set up a small studio at his home on Albert Street and became a Canadian pioneer in pewtersmithing, many artisans from across North America coming to him for instruction in this ancient craft. Considered to be the first pewtersmith in Canada, he even travelled to England to study and work in the pewter factories there.

The Order of Canada and the Queen's Coronation Medal are just two of the many honours that have been bestowed upon Dr. Crowell before he went on to his latest craft — weaving. From wood to pewter to cloth, Dr. Crowell is now recognized as one of Canada's foremost weavers,

working at his loom daily in his Windsor Court apartment. It is an interesting skill to which he credits his excellent health and about which he writes the following:

When Nel Oudemans, a weaver from Holland, joined the Handicraft School staff about 1977, she gave me a few lessons in tapestry weaving. I immediately loved the techniques and

tered in their respective buildings.

My next challenge was the Bicentennial History of Fredericton, all of which were designed by Mrs. Gertrude E. Duffie. These 27 tapestries hang in the Fredericton City Council Chamber and attract some 30,000 viewers per year. At first, they were looked upon solely as historical tapestries, but local art teachers began bringing students to show the excellence of design and color created by Mrs. Duffie. Now, hundreds of school children are bussed to City Hall every year to examine her art and to have details pointed out to them, while Mayor Brad Woodside, when he is available, tells the history of our city to the young viewers. These tapestries are very well hung, protected and cared for, and should last 1000 years or more.

Besides a few single tapestries which I have woven, here is a complete list of the groups of tapestries which I have done:

- Provincial Museum, Saint John — Canadian Legends (12)
- University of New Brunswick — Buildings, Heraldry, Indian Legends (50)
- City Hall, Fredericton — Bicentennial History (27)
- Chalmers Hospital, Fredericton — Logo, Military Buildings, Fairy Tales (15)
- Centre Communautaire, Fredericton — Buildings, French Coat of Arms (12)
- St. Thomas University — History of the Blacks in New Brunswick, Legends (10)
- Sixteen Churches, Fredericton — Ecclesiastical (61)
- New Brunswick Provincial Archives — Coat of Arms, Great Seals (6)
- Children's Literature Collection, UNB — Fairy Tales (18)
- Anglican Church, Rocky Harbour, Newfoundland — Ecclesiastical (12)
- United Church, Truro, Nova Scotia — Ecclesiastical (8)



Dr. Crowell weaving one of his many tapestries.

learned more by practice, reading, and asking questions.

About 1977, I wove a series of twelve tapestries on Indian legends of Canada under a Canada Council grant and gave them to the New Brunswick Provincial Museum in Saint John. When the administrator called to thank me for them, I asked, "What is the best thing I can do with this technique?" He promptly replied, "Weave for public buildings." I have been doing so ever since!

My first challenge was to weave a series of twelve tapestries of the architecture of the University of New Brunswick for its bicentennial. This was promptly followed by the Heraldry of UNB. Both series hang in the Harriet Irving Library. Later, I wove more heraldic tapestries for the university residences and the various departments. These are widely scat-

Courtesy: UNB Office of Development & Public Relations

Photo credit: Clayton Lewis



Photo Credit: Dorothy Scott

One of Dr. Crowell's UNB tapestries, featuring the Brydon-Jack Observatory and the Old Arts Building.

This makes a total of 231 tapestries!

It is possible that few other cities have as many tapestries in so many churches as does Fredericton. Rev. Mark Vahi, who travelled widely in North America and Europe, could not

learn of any church that had as many as his Smythe Street Cathedral – twenty-three, all of which he designed most beautifully. And Rev. Rod Sykes designed several for Wilmot United Church.

I have just finished a series of 18

Fairy Tale tapestries which will hang in the Children's Literature Collection of the Education Resource Centre, Marshall D'Avray Hall, UNB. The designs for them were taken from well-known fairy tales. They are scheduled to be unveiled this Spring. Their weaving is unique in that only two or three colors are used in any of them. Mrs. Duffie and I developed this style based on drawings made by Arthur Rackham about a century ago. He was an English artist who made hundreds of silhouette drawings for fairy tales.

Being planned now is a series of tapestries based on the original fairy tale designs by Michael Mesheau, art instructor at George Street Junior High School, Fredericton. Also, there will be tapestries to do for a new type of fairy tale, based on New Brunswick plants, insects, and leprechauns, all to be designed by Dianne MacDougall, a young artist and storyteller from Oromocto.

Wood, pewter, tapestries. Each has provided me with hours upon hours of creativity and enjoyment. Enough to last a lifetime! ❧

The Officers' Bookcase ... continued from page 11

distinctive; the motto translates as "I hope for better things." The type-writer-size print allows easy reading, although there is occasional crowding where three-column format is used.

The author concludes with numerous interesting observations on the changing lifestyles during the New Brunswick years of the Moffitt clan: statistics on the number of descendants, declines in the number of children per family, length of life spans over the generations, "hazards of life" and causes of death among the Moffitts, and family occupations.

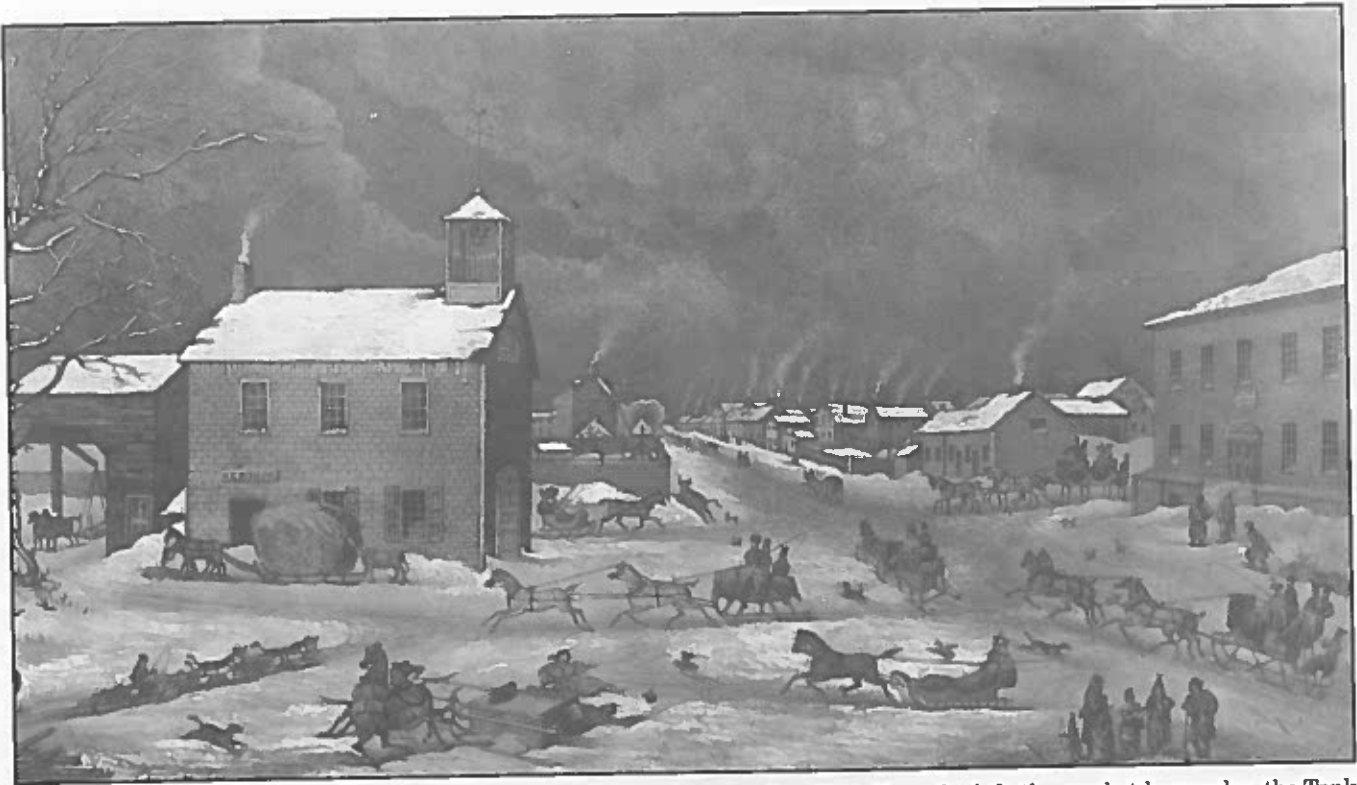
Emerson Moffitt attended McAdam High School and the University of New Brunswick. He gradu-

ated in Medicine from Dalhousie University in 1951, practised for three years, and then took Anaesthesia training at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. He practised cardiac Anaesthesia there and at Dalhousie University, serving as Head of Anaesthesia and Associate Dean of Medicine at the latter institution. He is now thoroughly enjoying retirement.

Emerson Moffitt is to be commended for the tremendous amount of time, thought, and research that went into the preparation of *The Moffitts of Harvey Settlement*. Information from archival and church records on both sides of the Atlantic

has been supplemented by information from family Bibles and albums, reminiscences of senior family members, and assistance from interested and knowledgeable relatives and community residents. Hopefully, readers will respond to the author's invitation to come forward with information to fill in some of the gaps in the story. The book makes a substantial contribution to our knowledge of New Brunswick history and genealogy. ❧

(Anita Jones is a schoolteacher and freelance writer/editor living in Fredericton.)



Phoenix Square, Fredericton, looking down Queen Street on a January day, 1834. From far left: the market hay scales, the Tank House, a military lot (surrounded by high fence) with the Soldiers' Barracks in the background. The Tank House contained a water tank for fighting fires, a Town Committee meeting room, and the general store of R.E. Burpe (whose name is over the door). The Officers' Mess was across the street (surrounded by low fence), the military owning all the lots on this side, eventually trading them for the Officers' Square as we know it today (farther up Queen Street). This sketch was made by one of the three sons of Archibald Campbell (Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick from 1831-1837). — from the George Taylor Collection, PANB



Phoenix Square, Fredericton, looking down Queen Street on Dominion Day, 1897, Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. From far left: the entrance to City Hall, the original Normal School, the Post Office & Customs House (now the John Thurston Clark Memorial Building), the Soldiers' Barracks (above the trees). — from the George Taylor Collection, PANB