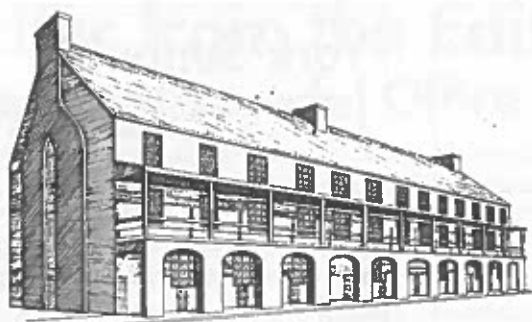




The Officers' Quarterly

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

Volume 12, Number 4

Fall 1996

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Individual memberships are \$20 per year and \$35 for two years (which includes *The Officers' Quarterly*). Student membership is \$10. A life membership is \$200. Corporations, individuals, and organizations may also become sustaining members.

Editor: Ted Jones

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FRONT COVER

New Brunswick's sesquicentennial stamp, issued 16 August 1934 (see story page 17). It was a special double-size pictorial postage in the denomination of two cents. Old rose was the color and the inscription included the dates and the name of the province. The vignette depicted the original seal of NB, which was prepared under the direction and the authority of Queen Victoria. Today, a collector's item!

OOOPS!

We apologize for three errors in the Summer 1996 issue of *The Officers' Quarterly*: page 24, 3rd column, Richard III should be Robert III; page 26, The Last Word, first column, the opening paragraph should end with the word *polity* and not *policy*; on the back cover, the Band Director is Douglas Start and not David. Photographs accompanying the Feature Article are courtesy of Nicolaas de Vries.

Letter from the Editor... Ted Jones

The Most Powerful Office in the Nation

Can you name all the prime ministers of Canada without glancing at the list on the next page? Who was the youngest upon assuming office? Who was the oldest? Who has served the shortest term and who has served the longest? Which two prime ministers held the office while sitting in the Senate? Seven have been knighted; four have been immortalized on Canadian currency. Who won the Nobel Peace Prize — the only time a Canadian has been so honoured? Six of our prime ministers had to be persuaded to accept the leadership; four others were rejected by their own parties. Only one has been a woman, only one has been called "The Chief," and only two have remained unmarried. Not all have been lawyers before going into politics — two were newspaper editors and one was a medical doctor. Three were born in Nova Scotia, but do you know the name of the only prime minister who was born in New Brunswick and who attended the Provincial Normal School at Fredericton? The prime minister who had a summer home in New Brunswick? From the University of New Brunswick, four have received honorary degrees, but two refused this honour. And only one of our 20 prime ministers has visited Fredericton High, the oldest and largest English high school in Canada. Who was this person and why did the historic visit end on a bittersweet note?

* * *

A year ago, in the Fall 1995 issue of *The Quarterly*, I asked our readers if they could name all the premiers of New Brunswick before glancing at the list on the next page. A short biographical quiz was presented and the premiership was discussed in detail. It became a popular column, taking its place beside the lieutenant governors in the Fall 1994 issue, the governors general in the Winter of 1995, and the mayors of Fredericton in the Spring of 1995. That left the prime ministers of Canada, an illusive but challenging group to research and to discover if there

were connections with New Brunswick, especially Fredericton.

John A. Macdonald, our first Conservative prime minister, visited our capital city in 1887, but he was not the center of attention. He stood by and watched as his wife laid the first stone for a railway bridge across the St. John River (see Spring 1996 issue of *The Quarterly*). It was the railway that plagued

Macdonald throughout much of his turbulent career. Today, he would be shocked to see what has happened to the trains and tracks that once joined this country from coast to coast, to see how his burial plot in Kingston, Ontario has been shamefully neglected, and to see that his memory is being kept alive mainly with a portrait on a ten-dollar bill!

Like his predecessor, Alexander Mackenzie (Liberal) was also born in Scotland. He was the only one of the first eight prime ministers to refuse a knighthood — three times! But he did leave his mark: a secret staircase which was built for him from his office on the second floor of the Parliament Buildings into the corner of the Mackenzie Tower (named for him) above the West Block so that he could avoid being bothered — at all times!

John Abbott (Conservative) was a 70-year-old Senator who reluctantly agreed to finish (as caretaker prime minister) Macdonald's term, but old age and ill health caused him to resign after 18 months, making way for Canada's first prime minister from

the Maritime Provinces and the first Roman Catholic. John Thompson (Conservative) was born in Halifax but, two years after taking office, he died suddenly at age 50 in England, while having lunch with Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. The Queen herself arranged a great ceremonial funeral in England before the body was returned to Canada for burial.

Two more Tory leaders were to follow: Mackenzie Bowell, who was forced to resign after two years; Charles Tupper, who was defeated after 69 days. Bowell, who was born in England, was educated in Ontario, becoming a schoolteacher and then



*Richard Bedford Bennett, Canada's 11th Prime Minister, became Viscount Bennett of Mickleham, Calgary, and Hopewell after he moved to England — the only New Brunswick-born member of the British House of Lords.
(Courtesy UNB Archives)*

the owner of his own newspaper, *The Belleville Intelligencer*; Tupper, who was born in Amherst, Nova Scotia, became a doctor and subsequently president of the Canadian Medical Association before succeeding in politics as a premier of his province and as a Father of Confederation. Bowell remained in the Senate until his death in 1917 at age 94; Tupper died in England in 1915 at age 93, the last of the "Fathers of Confederation" to pass away, his body being brought back to Canada for burial.

The first French-Canadian prime minister was Wilfred Laurier who, like Macdonald before him, became a giant in national politics. After the brief leadership of Macdonald's four successors, the Liberals won the election in the summer of 1896. A year later, their popular and handsome young leader was riding in the Royal procession of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, in a carriage directly behind the Queen's, receiving ovations second only to those given the Queen. After an illustrious political career as prime minister, spanning 15 years, this striking gentleman is immortalized today on our five-dollar bill.

Robert Borden was eventually selected for our 100-dollar bill, but not before he led Canada through the struggles of World War I. Although he lacked the charisma of Macdonald and Laurier, he did bring the Conservatives back into power. All the way from the hamlet of Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, where he was born, to a position on the Commonwealth's Imperial War Cabinet, Borden was effective and respected. Unfortunately, ill health forced him to hand over his office to Arthur Meighen (the son of a poor Ontario farmer), who served as prime minister for two brief occasions, earning the ironic description as one of Canada's most gifted yet most unsuccessful politicians.

For a total of 7,829 days (almost 22 years), William Lyon Mackenzie King (Liberal) was in the top office longer than any other Commonwealth prime minister, leading Canada through the Second World War and the controversial conscription issue. A grandson of the great Upper Canadian rebel leader, William Lyon Mackenzie, he was born in Berlin, Ontario (now Kitchener), remaining an eccentric all his life, believing to the end that it was possible to communicate with the spirit world. Today, his stern countenance looks at us from every 50-dollar bill.

The 1930 federal election, fought during the first stage of world economic depression, brought victory to the Conservatives and, to Richard Bedford Bennett, the realization of his boyhood ambition of being Prime Minister of Canada. That boyhood was spent at Hopewell Hill, New Brunswick, where he was born in 1870. When he was sixteen years of age, he left for Fredericton, where he enrolled at the Provincial Normal School (located within the Military Compound, corner of Queen & York Streets), graduating in 1887 with a Second Class Licence, his first teaching post being at Irishtown (near Moncton). In January, 1888, he returned to the PNS for another term, this time being awarded a First Class Licence and the subsequent position of Principal at Douglastown (near Chatham). One of his reports still survives and it concludes with a statement that could easily be applied to administrators today: "I would remark that the school officers are sadly deficient in their duties; during my stay here I have not been favoured by a visit from one of the trustees." Before moving into national politics, Bennett became a lawyer, returning to practise law in Chatham, befriending the seven-

teen-year-old office boy whose name was Max Aitken, later Lord Beaverbrook. They became life-long friends, eventually joining forces in various business ventures. After his election defeat in 1935, Bennett, who had become extremely wealthy from investments and inheritance and who had remained a bachelor, soon retired to an estate in England near that of Beaverbrook. He died in 1947 and chose to be buried in England, the only deceased prime minister not buried in Canada. In 1951, it was Beaverbrook who financed a new wing of the UNB Library, the entire building being named in honour of R. B. Bennett and Andrew Bonar Law (the only Canadian-born prime minister of England). It was at the instigation of Lord Beaverbrook that the Bennett Papers (600,000 items) were deposited at the UNB Library, one of only two collections of prime ministerial papers to be found outside of Ottawa, the other being the John Diefenbaker Papers at the University of Saskatchewan. Today, the Bennett Papers are housed in the archives of the Harriet Irving Library on the UNB Campus, the former Bonar Law-Bennett Building having become the Provincial Archives of New Brunswick. In 1959, Beaverbrook published a personal memoir about his close friend and, in one chapter, he told about the two books on New Brunswick which he had praised and which he had sent to Bennett: *The Miramichi* (1944) and the *The Petitcodiac* (1945), both by the late Esther Clark Wright, a former director of the York-Sunbury Historical Society.

Unlike bachelors King and Bennett, Louis St. Laurent (Liberal) was a family man with a wife and five children — "bon père de famille." John Diefenbaker, the Conservative prime minister who succeeded him, was married twice, his first wife being the subject of a biography entitled *The Other Mrs. Diefenbaker*. After four decades in the House of Commons, "Dief" became known as the legendary Chief, a respectable elder statesman best remembered for his Bill of Rights, accomplished in 1958.

"Mike" Pearson (Liberal), son of a Methodist minister, will best be remembered as Canada's first Nobel Peace Prize winner (1957), after playing a key role in the settlement of the Suez Crisis. Before that he was a leading architect of the United Nations and later, as prime minister, there were two outstanding events during his tenure: the adoption of the new Canadian flag (1965); the celebration of Canada's Centennial (1967). A few years before his death in 1972, he declined, on two occasions, an honorary degree from UNB. Two prime ministers before him had accepted: R. B. Bennett (in absentia) at the 1933 Spring Encaenia; J. G. Diefenbaker (in person) at the 1958 Fall Convocation. Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who succeeded Pearson as leader of the Liberal party, also declined UNB's offer, but the next two prime ministers accepted: Joseph Clark (Conservative), the youngest to become prime minister at age 40 and a largely unknown Canadian, came to Fredericton for Encaenia in 1976; John Turner (Liberal), who held the office for only 79 days and whose family had a summer home near St. Andrews, attended Convocation in 1968.

Of all the prime ministers of Canada, I will remember Trudeau and Mulroney more than any of the others because I turned out to see these two leaders when they made special visits to Fredericton. On 1 June 1981, Trudeau arrived in the afternoon to mark the tenth anniversary of the founding of the

Council of Maritime Premiers. That evening he was to deliver a dinner speech at McConnell Hall on the UNB campus. Before he entered the building, he paused to chat with me and over 200 other schoolteachers who were on hand to quietly demonstrate the current breakdown in salary negotiations with the provincial government. Did we make an impression? Did the Maritime Premiers make an impression? At the end of the evening, a reporter asked Mr. Trudeau for his opinions on the proceedings and received this one reply: "It was an excellent meal of New Brunswick lamb, and the coquille St. Jacques was the best I have ever tasted on either side of the Atlantic." The former prime minister returned to the province this past summer (August 8th) to see his son Sacha graduate as a combat arms officer cadet at CFB Gagetown.

Conservative prime minister Brian Mulroney arrived at FHS on the morning of October 14th, 1992. Accompanied by his wife Mila, who, at the time, was using a cane because she was recuperating from a broken ankle, they stopped at the gymnasium door where I just happened to be standing by myself. We exchanged greetings and then, in my presence, Brian and Mila took a few seconds to decide how they would make their grand entrance. "Do you want to walk on my right or my left," he said. "With this cane I had better follow you," she replied. And off they went into the midst of 2000 grade eleven and twelve stu-

dents from both FHS and Ecole Ste. Anne. For over an hour, we listened to our prime minister defend the Charlottetown Accord before he dropped the hint that the students should have the afternoon off from classes in honour of his visit. This gesture was totally unexpected by authorities but it brought forth a thunderous cheer from the crowd. The downside was that many students had to wait for their buses to come on the usual schedule and that large quantities of cafeteria food prepared for the day would not be needed! Regardless, Brian Mulroney has been the first and only prime minister of Canada to visit Fredericton High School in its 211-year history and can probably be excused for his little protocol indiscretion. (It is the representatives of the Queen who have the privilege of granting public holidays; the prime ministership is a political office and does not symbolize the nation.)

The office of the prime minister has changed a great deal since Confederation and Canada has become a larger and more complex country, as was experienced by Kim Campbell (Conservative), the first female to fill the position (for 120 days in 1993). With so many challenging problems facing Canadians, it will be interesting to see if the current Liberal government, led by Jean Chrétien, our 20th prime minister, will be taking us into the 21st century. *

PRIME MINISTERS OF CANADA

(with dates of administrations)

Rt. Hon. Sir John Alexander Macdonald
July 1, 1867 - November 5, 1873

Hon. Alexander Mackenzie
November 7, 1873 - October 9, 1878

Rt. Hon. Sir John Alexander Macdonald
October 17, 1878 - June 6, 1891

Hon. Sir John Joseph Caldwell Abbott
June 16, 1891 - November 24, 1892

Rt. Hon. Sir John Sparrow David Thompson
December 5, 1892 - December 12, 1894

Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell
December 21, 1894 - April 27, 1896

Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Tupper
May 1, 1896 - July 8, 1896

Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier
July 11, 1896 - October 6, 1911

Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Laird Borden
October 10, 1911 - October 12, 1917
(Conservative Administration)

Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Laird Borden
October 12, 1917 - July 10, 1920
(Unionist Administration)

Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen
July 10, 1920 - December 29, 1921
(Unionist—National Liberal & Conservative)

Rt. Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King
December 29, 1921 - June 28, 1926

Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen
June 29, 1926 - September 25, 1926

Rt. Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King
September 25, 1926 - August 6, 1930

Rt. Hon. Richard Bedford Bennett
August 7, 1930 - October 23, 1935

Rt. Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King
October 23, 1935 - November 15, 1948

Rt. Hon. Louis Stephen St. Laurent
November 15, 1948 - June 21, 1957

Rt. Hon. John George Diefenbaker
June 21, 1957 - April 22, 1963

Rt. Hon. Lester Bowles Pearson
April 22, 1963 - April 20, 1968

Rt. Hon. Pierre Elliott Trudeau
April 20, 1968 - June 4, 1979

Rt. Hon. Charles Joseph Clark
June 4, 1979 - March 3, 1980

Rt. Hon. Pierre Elliott Trudeau
March 3, 1980 - June 30, 1984

Rt. Hon. John Napier Turner
June 30, 1984 - September 17, 1984

Rt. Hon. Martin Brian Mulroney
September 17, 1984 - June 25, 1993

Rt. Hon. Kim Campbell
June 25, 1993 - Nov. 4, 1993

Rt. Hon. Joseph Jacques Jean Chrétien
November 4, 1993 - . . .

Curator's Corner ... by Bruce Lynch

History in Name Only

*"Really . . . it makes me laugh
That you would want my autograph
Why you want it who can guess
For what can be more valueless . . ."*

That modest inscription denies autographs their true value. To those who collect them and to those who write them, autographs present a rare means of preserving history — *straight from the horse's mouth!*

It seems that autograph collecting has been popular since means first became available to record and collect epithets. It might not have been surprising to see *BRUTUS WAS HERE* scratched into a Roman column. More recently, political and celebrity autographs have gained high status, with a vast number of collectors competing for a necessarily limited supply of signatures and handwritten documents.

The documents constitute much more than simple signatures. Enthusiasts are familiar with a complicated language of autographs composed of a series of abbreviations and descriptions. Items collected include cheques, letters, unsigned handwritten manuscripts, notes and calling cards. Political signatures are most important to collectors if signed while the signatory was in office, and there is always value to any rare or unlikely find. Literary works are especially in demand.

The collector soon forms his own network for locating his particular obsession. He builds directories of other collectors and dealers. He learns to scour flea markets and garage sales. Often

looking for something entirely removed from the subject, he locates a gem.

For this column, I have selected a rather humble but significant collection of signatures and notes contained in a delicate green book found in the Museum's Collection. It is over 100 years old but, under layers of acid-free tissue, its embossed and gilded cover still clearly proclaims *AUTOGRAPHS*. I followed its accession number to its documentary file, discovering that the book was donated

talk/You chance to hear in Pokiok/If sometime in a social crowd/Hear me condemned for being proud/Describe to them the trip we took/And I think they'll cross me off the book." We can only imagine the humiliating experience implied by Addie's recollection of the trip, but in an unrefined bit of poetry, we find a glimpse of social history recorded and presented by one who witnessed and participated. We have history recorded as it was made.

Posterity was only one concern of those writing in Jessie's book. Many sought to serve humour as much as history: "Did you ever neath the moonlight / In the springtime's early pride," asks Thomas J. Charles, "Linger on the broad veranda/ With your loved one by your side?/ While your eyes met his in glance/ That their wealth of passion told/Did you ever, let me

ask you/Catch a most infernal cold?"

Jessie's bachelorette status received a great deal of attention, in fact, garnering her caution against marrying only for money while urging her to play hard to get if the right man did come along. As Amy (no last name given) wrote, "Once you give your heart to men/ Feign reluctance if you can/He'll prize the treasure doubly dear/If kept in doubt twixt love and fear." By the same token, it was also hoped that she would not allow such action to keep her single: "May you through life remain the same/Unchanged in all, *except the name*" (E. J. Todd, 1878). Miss Hill seems to have appeased them before too much time had passed. By 1880, friends are writing, "Bless the baby."



by Mrs. Marion Hanson of Fredericton. It belonged to her grandmother Miss Jessie Hill and contains dozens of voices still proclaiming themselves, loud and clear, in the elaborate curves and trailing letters of their names.

Jessie Hill was a resident of Pokiok (York County). She began her collection Christmas Day, 1877, with the good wishes of her mother, and concluded the book in 1887 with good advice from Ada Tibbits: "Behind the cloud the sun still shines." In the intervening years, Miss Hill collected a variety of notes, ranging from simple signatures to poetry to sturdy information. Addie (no last name given) recalls the hazards of local gossip, *circa* 1878: "Pray do not heed the idle

Thus, autograph books become as likely a place to find notes of happy arrivals and sad departures as the family Bible.

Jessie Hill's book might not rival presidents, but it does include some noteworthy personalities from 19th-century Fredericton. Noted carriage-makers, the Edgcombes, are among the tenants in her book. They are guaranteed a place by 21-year-old Albert W., fifth son of John Edgcombe, who founded the company in the 1840s. Edgcombe Carriage-Makers was once the second largest concern of its kind in Canada. Albert W. wished that Jessie's life might be "A rose without a thorn."

Note by note, name by name, Jessie's book creates a compelling picture of her life and times drafted through glimpses of local manners and morals, commerce, and even 19th-century humour. Images extend even beyond her book to other interpretations of local history and geography. A small pencil sketch of Pokiok Falls, for example, recalls a large oil painting on display in the York-Sunbury Museum's First Nations Room. It is a painting done by J. E. Woolford, a member of the 2nd Queen's Royal Regiment of Foot, when Jessie was a child. It is doubtful that the soldier artist and the unknown artist in Miss Hill's book shared acquaintance, but it is certain that they shared a love of the New Brunswick landscape.

The history that has played upon that landscape has been recorded and accounted for in a multitude of ways, and by a multitude of people. None of those methods rival the simple autograph book. None of those people rival Miss Jessie Hill and friends who surrendered their words to history as they eventually surrendered themselves to time. I have said before that history becomes what we choose to record. "Not only is life what we make it," as a friend wrote to Jessie in her book, "So too is the impression of that life which we leave behind." ❧

(On behalf of the York-Sunbury Historical Society, I wish to extend thanks to Mrs. Marion Hanson for donating her grandmother's autograph book to the York-Sunbury Museum. The book is available for supervised showings.)

Letter to the Editor

A Former Student of Mary Grannan Remembers

Do I remember Mary Grannan? Oh my, do I! Anyone who had her for a teacher could never forget her. She was my teacher in first grade (1935). There were sixty-three (63) kids in that class. Now teachers think they're killed if they have fifteen (15). And let me tell you, we *learned*.

We always had spelling just before recess, and those who had some wrong would line up single file (one wrong first and so on). Sometimes the line went up one side, across the back, and down the other side of the room. We then got one strap on the hand for each misspelled word. Pity the poor unfortunates at the back of the line. They didn't get much recess some days. She was a strict disciplinarian, but I loved her.

The Devon Superior School was an eight-room schoolhouse, four up and four down, all the same size, with a cloakroom for each. The rooms took up about three-quarters of the back of the building, with cloakrooms, hallways and two huge staircases at the front. There were good-sized playgrounds back and front. There were no swings, or slides, or gymsets or anything like that. We brought balls, jump ropes, etc. from home, and we played games, — Tag, and Red Rover and the like.

The teachers whom I remember from Devon were of course my own. Mr. Harry Grant was principal when I started, and then Mr. Charles Murray later. Women teachers were not allowed to be married, so I have only maiden names for them: Miss Nellie Blair, Miss Kelsie Gregory, Miss Evelyn Perley, Miss Leah Stickles, Miss Rhona Gulliver.

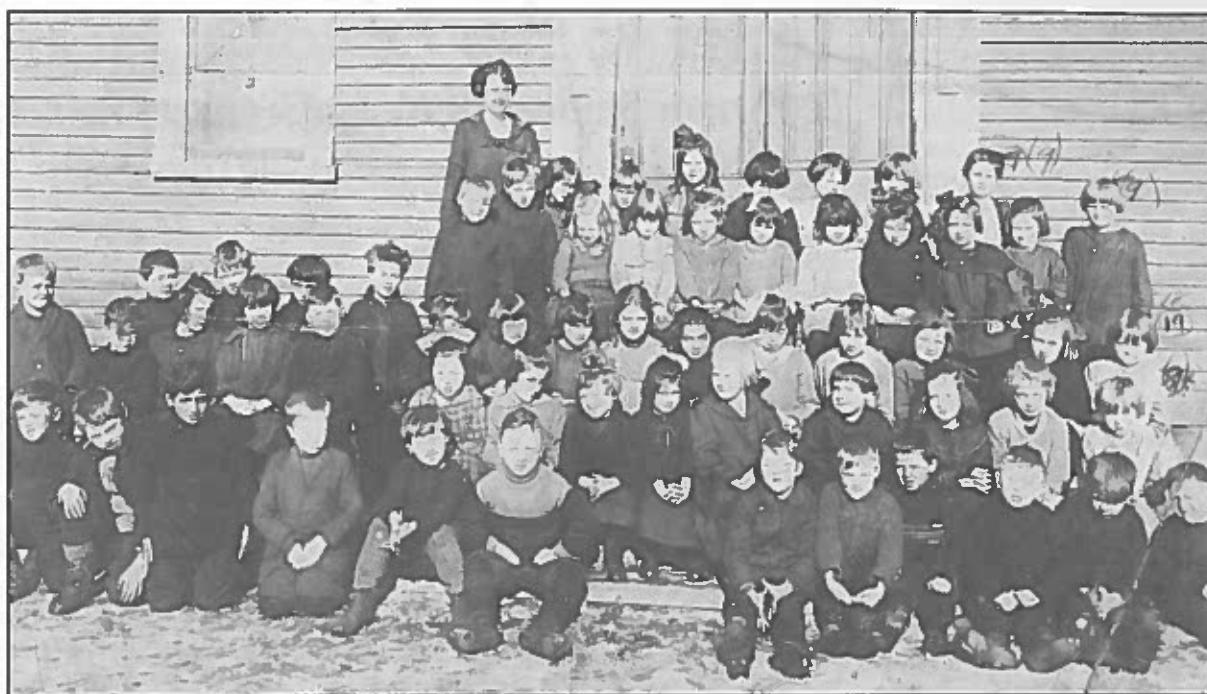
Miss Grannan, even then, had written many original stories which were featured on her Saturday morning radio show on CFNB. I don't think she had her first book published until a while later. I was on her show with her a number of times, as were other children for whom she wrote original material, or we sometimes were the voices of the characters in her stories and plays. It was very exciting to be chosen.

School closing on June 30th was always a big day each year. Each class took part in the program. Miss Grannan and Miss Nellie Blair always combined grades one and two for a big production written by Miss Grannan. We would rehearse for

weeks on Friday afternoons. There were magnificent crepe paper costumes for all. I remember my first-grade play was about a young couple who were trying to decide where to go on their honeymoon. As they looked at each travel brochure, there was an appropriate skit or dance for each country, Highland flings, Irish jigs, etc.

Well, I represented Paris, and I was supposed to be a real VAMP. I didn't even know what a vamp was but Miss Grannan showed me just how it was done. Can you imagine a six-year-old slinking onto the stage wearing, not a crepe paper costume like the rest, but a brown crepe dress of Miss Grannan's which she had cut down for me. They literally sewed it onto me on the day of the performance so it was skin-fitting. A feather boa and a floppy hat completed my costume. Since I was about as thick through as a toothpick, in those days, it must have been a sight for sure. It's too bad they didn't have videos back then, for I'd sure like to see us now. Anyway I "vamped" for all I was worth and made eyes at the groom 'til the bride decided they would just go to Buffalo. Since that was where the groom wanted to go in the first place, everything ended happily with the whole cast singing "Shuffle Off to Buffalo."

This particular play got Eleanor Monteith and me in a bit of trouble one afternoon. Mr. Grant, the principal, had knocked at the door and Miss Grannan stepped out into the hall to talk to him. Well, as kids will, we fidgeted a while, whispered a bit, and Eleanor and I were inspired to get up in the aisle and perform one of the folk dances in the play, all the while singing "Comin' Thru the Rye." It was a big hit with the kids, but not with Miss Grannan. I never saw her so furious. We got strapped in good shape, with each strap on the hands emphasized with, "If you ever embarrass me like that again." I guess we didn't want to take the chance on finding out, for I don't ever remember getting strapped by her again. She was a wonderful teacher. She made our Friday afternoons a delight to which we looked forward with great anticipation. She would start a book which might take all term to finish, and we would eagerly await each new chapter. She fired our imaginations and showed us the world through new eyes.



Grade One, Devon Superior School, 1922. Teacher: Mary Grannan (standing in back row). 68 pupils were in the class; ten were absent when picture was taken. Courtesy Marion (Brewer) Smith, who is the little girl on the far right in the third row and who now lives in Fredericton at 80 years of age.

I was in second grade when I did the specialty act for *The Meddlesome Maid*, the photograph of the curtain call being on the back cover of the Spring 1996 issue of *The Officers' Quarterly*. I was supposed to be Miss Grannan — she was Edna, the maid, in the play — and Greg Rowen played the chauffeur, her boyfriend (one of them at least). However, she did not write the play, but she did write my act, a role which was based on their roles in the play.

I well remember that night (19 March 1936). My mother and father were in the audience. When my father learned that the railroad bridge had gone out with the ice, he left so that he'd be back on the other side of the river for work in the morning. He worked for the CNR. I was not even aware that anything was happening until the play was over and I asked my mother where Papa was.

Mama and I took a taxi home. The water was several inches over the highway bridge already, and they were only allowing one car at a time to cross slowly for fear it would go out too. I remember it seemed to take forever to get across that bridge. Big cakes of ice were slamming into the bridge, and it was just shaking and trembling every inch of the way. If the truth be known, so were we. It was very scary for a seven-year-old.

I rehearsed this part with Miss Grannan at recess, and occasionally I

would forget. Sometimes I would get outdoors and I would remember and go racing back to her room. A time or two she had to send someone out to get me. The last time that happened she said, "I'm through with you. If it doesn't mean anything to you, I'm through." It meant everything to me, but I was too proud and stubborn to tell her so, or to let her see me cry. So I just said I was sorry and we went on with the rehearsal. How I wished in later years that I had told her how I really felt. But recess means a lot, too, when you're seven years old. And she really was through. She never again wrote anything just for me, and my heart was broken.

Miss Grannan also wrote a special piece for Eleanor Monteith. It was called "Bozo" and she was a newsboy, dressed in knickers, an old shirt, a big floppy cap with a peak over one ear, a bag of newspapers almost as big as she was, as she came on stage yelling "EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT!" By and by, she was crying about her dog being lost, at which point, she was so cute and she did it so well. Amateur shows were big in New Brunswick back then. Eleanor and I entered a lot with our Grannan pieces and we each won our share of prizes. Eleanor also recited on the Saturday morning radio show with Miss Grannan.

I got married in October of 1945, the Fall after graduation from FHS, and we

moved to Vermont in May of 1946. We didn't get any TV from Toronto so I never had any access to Miss Grannan's shows. We never corresponded, but whenever we were in Fredericton I'd check to see if she happened to be home, and we would stop for a visit at the little house on Brunswick Street. She always said it amazed her how many of her "children" remembered her. To me the amazing thing was that she remembered so many of us. Oh, I knew that she was a celebrity in New Brunswick, and she was "Just Mary" to all of Canada, but to me she was still Miss Grannan, my first-grade teacher.

Mary Grannan was a remarkable person. If I were the only child whom she influenced so greatly, it would be enough. She made me feel a little bit special when I was just a shy child, and still made me feel just a little bit special years later as we talked in the little house on Brunswick Street.

Sincerely,

Mae (Savage) Nicholson
Montpelier, Vermont ❧

Mae (Savage) Nicholson, Eleanor (Monteith) Stillwell, and Marion (Brewer) Smith, along with many other former students of Mary Grannan, attended the official opening of the Mary Grannan Exhibit this past June at the York-Sunbury Museum.

Books from the Barracks ... by Robert M. Leavitt

In the Spirit of Collaboration: A First Person Narrative

When I was asked by a committee of Native and non-Native educators based at UNB's Micmac-Maliseet Institute to coordinate the development of a high school textbook in Native Studies, I saw an opportunity to help students in the Maritimes understand the perspectives and aspirations of Maliseet and Micmac people today. Until that time, the European side of the region's history, culture, and politics was all that had been accessible to schoolchildren — including Native students, who found little of their own traditions or experience in the curriculum. The situation was beginning to change, with Maliseet and Micmac language classes offered in some schools; yet much remained to be done if students were to learn about the issues significant to the First Nations today.

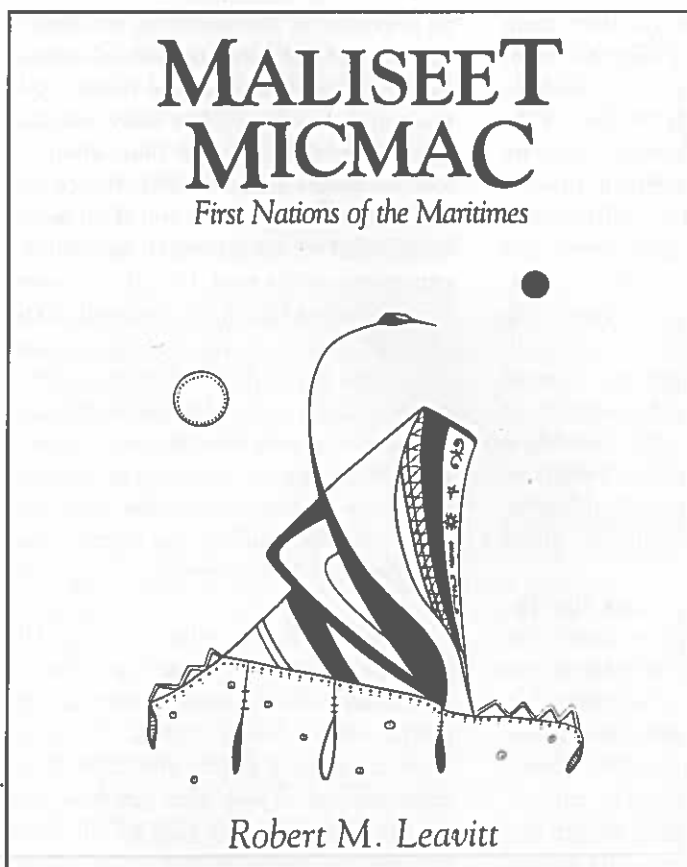
A first step was the creation of a textbook for the use of high school students

and teachers, to be developed in consultation with Native educators and other expert reviewers. It was clear from the beginning that in order to offer something new — and present a truly alternative point of view — the book would have to tell the Native side of the story of Maritimes history, and in so doing bring out the ways in which the Maliseet and Micmac cultures are distinctive today.

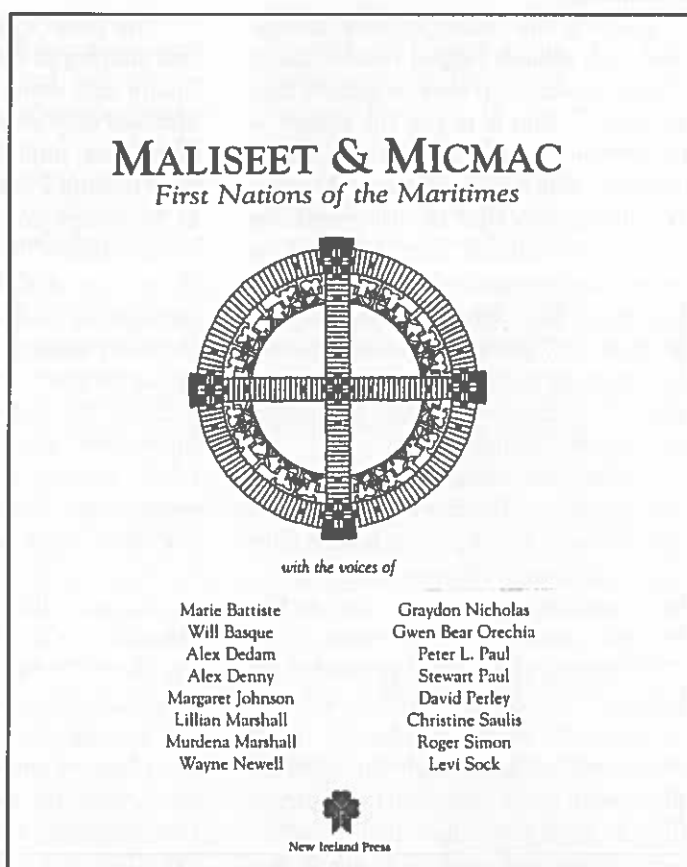
My task was a demanding one, but it gave me the chance to meet with people who knew their own history and culture thoroughly, who could articulate its unique perspectives to others, who gave me their words to include in the book — and who could look over my writing and tell me where I needed to rethink my own outsider's perspectives. I am indebted to their cooperation, sharing and collaboration. They helped me understand their way of looking at the important issues of

today. They were always interested in the background of current events and trends, and how the past influences the present. For example, Will Basque, of Eskasoni, Nova Scotia, the Shieldbearer of the Micmac Grand Council, told me the detailed history of the Council to provide a context for understanding the Micmac Nation's aspirations for self-government and self-determination today.

Of course, my reviewers didn't always agree about the presentation or even the importance of a topic. In critiquing a chapter about ancient times, one reader said, "Why should my children need to know about how their ancestors lived in pre-contact times? You don't see children in Europe studying their stone-age ancestors, do you?" Another, however, said that she felt it essential for everyone to know what life was like in the Maritimes before Europeans arrived, in order to appreciate the magnitude of their impact:



FRONT COVER: painting "Goose on the Water," a limited-edition print by Alan Syliboy.



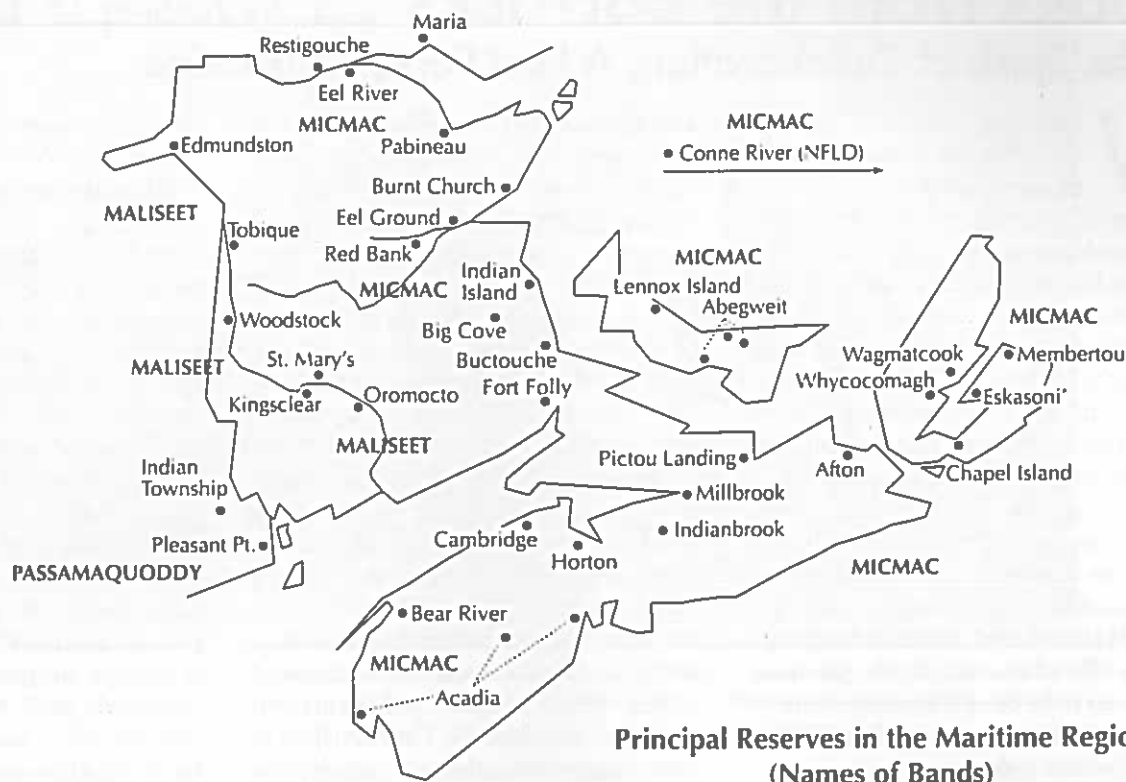
BACK COVER: Medicine Wheel illustration by Luke Simon, plus contributing voices.

"We have to have a clear understanding of the catastrophic nature of the changes that occurred."

In another vein, one reviewer told me that the book should come down squarely "on the side of Native people" in presenting arguments about aboriginal rights and other legal and political issues. Yet the next reader wanted me to "let the facts speak for themselves" — to foster open inquiry and dialogue.

Piloting the course in New Brunswick high schools helped resolve many of these questions. It became evident that the book — that is to say, the course — did provide a forum in which non-Native students could ask questions of their Native classmates that in other settings might have caused hurt feelings, or worse. Teachers noticed this right away. A question like "Why don't you have to pay that tax?" would lead to serious consideration of the historical, social, and economic contexts of rights, privileges, and responsibilities.

At the same time, students could investigate Native Studies topics that they had not been able to pursue before. During one field-test, a Micmac grade 12 student decided to conduct research on Native spirituality by interviewing elders in his community; he then presented his findings to his class. When I spoke with him about the experience, he told me, "I was surprised how much the people I talked with knew about Micmac spirituality. It gave me a new feeling about being Micmac. I used to think it was something I was burdened with; now I know myself better."



The book which has resulted from this sharing of ideas and approaches, of inside and outside points of view, is *Maliseet & Micmac: First Nations of the Maritimes*, published this past year by New Ireland Press, Fredericton. It looks at language and culture, spirituality, ancient times, the arts, land issues, and the nature of Maliseet and Micmac nationhood. In each chapter, Native people from throughout the Maritime region speak in their own words in featured sections taken from the transcripts of interviews I conducted with them. As a result of their input and the extensive rethinking and rewriting which followed, the book went far beyond the initial working drafts.

Running through the book like the strands of a braid are three intertwining ideas. The first is that what Maliseet and Micmac people say — and how they say it — can teach us a great deal about their history and way of life. This theme stems from my own interest in the Native languages of the region, and in storytelling and oral history. The second idea — suggested by a number of the people I consulted — is that of the circle

as a symbol of the enduring wholeness of Native life, the maintenance of balance in the midst of change, and the unity of the mind, the heart, the body, and the spirit. The third idea is that when we look at culture or law or education or any other aspect of Maliseet and Micmac life today, what we see is continuous with the experience of the past. Despite the enormous changes that have occurred in the past 500 years — and even in the past 50 — the First Nations communities remain distinctively Maliseet or Micmac; and these nations have shaped the lives of all Maritimers in one way or another.

A few examples from the book will show how the Maliseet and Micmac contributors share their insights with readers.

Christine Saulis, who teaches at the South Devon School, in Fredericton, talks about the lessons implicit in the stories of elders and friends. "I was always fussy as a child," she says, "I always wanted to look nice. Anyway, this old man used to come visit all the time, and he had more stories to tell about vanity than anyone I've ever known of. ... I don't remember the stories anymore,

but I certainly remember the point of them. Sometimes I think they thought up the stories just for my benefit."

Gwen Bear Orechia, who teaches at the New Brunswick College of Craft and Design, looks at another feature of oral tradition — ways of talking to one another. In particular, she explores the power of the talking circle, in which each person speaks in turn while all others listen. "In the circle, you take responsibility for your own choices. . . . You have a responsibility to be balanced, to have your community balanced You can't say to someone else, 'Let me do it for you.'" The talking circle is also known from accounts of the governmental practices of the past, when the communities named chiefs by consensus. Each council member spoke in turn, after considering his or her decision in silence. This procedure, followed by the members of the Wabanaki Confederacy, was written down by Lewis Mitchell directly from oral tradition, in Maliseet-Passamaquoddy, more than a century ago: "They sat in silence seven days. Every day no one spoke. That was called 'the house is silent.' . . . Next they opened up the house. It was now called 'every one of them talks.' And during that time they began their council."

The talking circle is equally effective today, and children and adults use it in their everyday lives. Gwen Bear Orechia continues: "It was easy for me to conduct

a talking circle at a recent environmental conference, where people had such diverse interests at stake that they needed unification." And at a meeting of Native women — "The talking circle was new to them, but they felt . . . as if they were rediscovers something." Such experiences show us the power of language and the circle, and the connections be-

"I was surprised how much the people I talked with knew about Micmac spirituality.

It gave me a new feeling about being Micmac.

I used to think it was something I was burdened with; now I know myself better."

tween today's communities and the traditions of the past.

This continuity extends beyond the stories of oral tradition and the ways in which people talk with one another, to include people's sense of place — their rightful place in the Maritime region. As Levi Sock, an educator from Big Cove, and currently a member of the interim Provincial Board of Education, says, "Land issues are cultural, not only political." His words are echoed by those of New Brunswick Provincial Court Judge Graydon Nicholas when he says that the *Royal Proclamation* of 1763 did not bestow but "only confirmed the existence

of aboriginal rights, or aboriginal title, which had always been there It recognized that the Indians had a land base and nationhood." Alex Dedam, an advisor to the Chief and Council of the Burnt Church Indian Nation, responds to a familiar question by saying that "we're not here by choice, but because someone said that the reserve would be in this place. Yet we owned all of New Brunswick; we never gave up title to this province. There has never been extinguishment of title for this region."

As if to underscore this point, the late Dr. Peter L. Paul, of Woodstock, a Maliseet elder and historian, reminded me that the Maliseets and Micmacs were related by kinship to the land: "The earth itself was Mother Earth. The thunders were Our Grandfathers. There were some people by the name of Musikisq. They were related to the Sky: the Sky family. Turtle, Koluskap's uncle, represented the lunar year, thirteen moons. There are thirteen plates on his shell." And Koluskap was related to all the Maliseets and Micmacs. ♣

(Robert M. Leavitt is a Professor in the Faculty of Education at UNB, Fredericton, and Director of the Micmac-Maliseet Institute. His current projects include a dictionary of Maliseet-Passamaquoddy, resources for Native language students and teachers, and research in Native education.)

The Officers' Quarterly acknowledges, with regret, the death of **LUCY (ASHWORTH) MCNEILL** who passed away in Fredericton on 1 September 1996 at the age of 90. She was a valuable member of the York-Sunbury Historical Society, being actively involved with the museum, receiving the Martha J. Harvey Award of Distinction in 1984 and an Honorary Life Membership in 1994. In June of this year, she attended the summer opening of the Mary Grannan Exhibit; in December of last year, she attended the Christmas Party and was presented with an Author's Recognition Award for her book *A Cloud of Witnesses* (reviewed in the Winter 1996 issue of *The Quarterly*). On several occasions, at her gracious home on Church Street, I had the pleasure of visiting with Mrs. McNeill. Here, surrounded by history books, rich embroidery, cherished photographs, and family heirlooms, I heard about the earlier years of the Society and the role which she played at that time. She was a wonderful resource person, always willing to search her mind for the facts or the stories. It was truly an honour to have been invited to her last birthday celebration in August of this year. Lucy, we will miss you. Condolences are extended to your family. — *the Editor* ♣

The Officers' Quarterly acknowledges, with regret, the death of **BEVERLEY FRANCIS MACAULAY** who passed away in Fredericton on 6 September 1996 at age 89. He was a member of the York-Sunbury Historical Society and, until recently, attended faithfully the monthly programs. He was born on Grand Manan Island, where his father was a well-known and popular medical doctor who treated, among his many patients, the Pulitzer Prize-winning American author Willa Cather. She summered on the Bay of Fundy island during the 1920s and 30s and, although she remained aloof from the "locals," she considered the Macaulay family close friends. While I was doing my MA thesis on Willa Cather, it was Beverley Macaulay and his brother, Herbert, who assisted me greatly regarding the author's life on Grand Manan, providing me with valuable information and photographs. Thus, it was at UNB that I first met Beverley Macaulay, where he had become the first Business Manager and the first Vice President of Administration. UNB was his alma mater: BSc in Electrical Engineering in 1928; Honorary Doctor of Science in 1974. His door was always open and, as a student, I felt that the attention given to me was sincere. Here was a friendly person. Condolences are extended to Mrs. Macaulay (who is also a member of the York-Sunbury Historical Society) and to the family. — *the Editor* ♣

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

As one of their educational projects, the Fredericton Local Branch #4 of the Royal Canadian Legion has been successfully sponsoring an annual writing contest in Fredericton-area schools. The topic: Remembrance Day; the format: poetry or prose. *The Officers' Quarterly* is pleased to publish the first-and second-place poems and the two "honourable mentions" from Fredericton High School for 1995-96. *Liam McKendy* is a grade eleven student at Fredericton High School this year, having been in grade ten when he entered the contest; *Jody Anderson*, *Malinda Revie*, and *Kathleen Didyk* are grade twelve students at Fredericton High School this year, having been in grade eleven when they entered the contest. Congratulations to these four successful poets and to all those aspiring young poets who submitted their work.

MEMORIES AND DARK FLOWERS

by **Liam McKendy**
(first place)

I knew him
So old when he left
So happy, so free
So old when he returned,
Innocence lost to scepticism.
They got him and left him to die
I knew him when he was alive
All he has now are his flowers
Row upon row
Small dark red flowers
Life and sorrow, streaking across a sea of more than memories
But less than living thought.
Tomorrow they shall have names to follow them
Is this the only plot in which they will ever grow?
Now, on the eleventh day of the eleventh month,
Instead of a cenotaph,
They come to his house by the beach
To give a memory a story
And a face a name.
For each of the dark red flowers
Is a soldier felled, a friendship silenced
An era of souls vanished and gone.
We need to remember, he said that day
Now I miss him
Tomorrow, I will remember
And I won't forget
I knew him.

REMEMBRANCE FADES

by **Kathleen Didyk**
(honourable mention)

Looking down on shallow graves
sorrow washes me in waves
Petals of the deepest red—
symbols of the way they bled,
worn to tell the bloody story—
loving, hating, guts and glory.
Names by thousands numb the blow
but for each a poppy grows
Years will pass, the horror fades—
We'll hold assemblies and parades
Will tears dilute the bloody tides
as we remember those who died?



ONE BRAVE SOLDIER

by **Jody Anderson**
(second place)

There he stood in the blood-red poppy field
Seeing no sign that told him to yield
He heard a shot but stood there still
While facing his enemy set to kill
He fell to his knees with a tear on his face
But to his country he was no disgrace
He was there fighting, doing his best
And now it's his time to finally rest
He was just another soldier fighting in a war
But a good man right down to the core
I'm sure now that he will be missed
By his wife and children that he once kissed
So on this eleventh day in November
Bow your head and say a prayer to remember
That soldier in the blood-red poppy field
Who didn't see a sign that told him to yield

WHAT IS WAR?

by **Malinda Revie**
(honourable mention)

What is war?
Is war pain and suffering,
devastation,
guns and young boys,
trenches and bloody battlefields?

What is war?
Is it lonely hearts,
letters home,
yellow ribbons and
memorable songs?

What is war?
Is it remembering
the ceremonies,
the elderly and
their stories?

What is war?
Is it peace,
harmony,
pride and
love for our country?

I ask you again,
What is war?

Special Feature

Letters from Alden Nowlan ... edited by Carolyn Atkinson

(Undated)

Carolyn:

I think everything will be reasonably clear or "reasonably" clear to you in the attached or "ye attached", except perhaps I should mention that the word "cousin" or "coufin" used to mean close and trusted friend rather than blood relative and is still used in that sense in royal proclamations. I mention that because I thought you might wonder what the devil the word was doing there.

That "ye and yeat and 'f for 's' spread like a 'difeafe'".

Cheers from Ye Olde Scribe.

* * *

(Undated)

O.B.P. telephoned me Saturday, asking me to fix up the enclosed for presentation of a table to the folks at Rideau Hall. He ought to be ashamed of himself, disgracing New Brunswick by giving Their Excellencies a second-hand table—and one more than 100 years old at that—when he could have bought them a new one from Simpson's-Sears. No wonder the Upper Canadians call us hillbillies.

Cheers.

[A Thomas Nisbet table was presented by the province of New Brunswick to the Governor-General's residence, Rideau Hall, Ottawa.]

* * *

(September 11, 1975)

Carolyn Atkinson:

O.B.P. wants somebody to remind him that he said he would send me a copy of the book of New Brunswick place names issued by the Post Office Department. I feel sure that if you undertake this task he will immediately approve the raise in pay that you deserve and should have received months ago.

FROM A FRIEND —

Alden Nowlan — poet, philosopher, journalist, playwright, author of short stories — was born in Stanley, Hants County, Nova Scotia in 1933. He left school in grade five, but he continued to educate himself by reading and writing. In 1952, he left home to begin work with *The Hartland Observer* in New Brunswick, subsequently becoming the editor. In 1963, along with his wife Claudine and his son Johnny, he moved to Saint John and joined the staff of *The Telegraph-Journal*. In 1968, he was appointed writer-in-residence at the University of New Brunswick, remaining in that position until his death in June of 1983.

Besides contributing to numerous poetry journals and his regular columns in *The Atlantic Advocate* and *The Telegraph-Journal*, he also wrote for *Atlantic Insight* (30 articles!) and other prominent periodicals, such as *Maclean's*. And then there were his wonderful books of prose and poetry, each publication having its own unique title: *The Rose and the Puritan* (1958); *A Darkness in the Earth* (1959); *Wind in the Rocky Country* (1960); *Under the Ice* (1961); *The Things Which Are* (1962); *Bread, Wine and Salt* (1967); *Miracle at Indian River* (1968); *The Mysterious Naked Man* (1969); *Playing the Jesus Game* (1970); *Between Tears and Laughter* (1971); *Various Persons Named Kevin O'Brien* (1973); *I'm a Stranger Here Myself* (1974); *Shaped by This Land* (1974); *Campobello: The Outer Island* (1975); *Smoked Glass* (1977); *Double Exposure* (1978); *The Gardens of the Wind* (1982); *I Might Not Tell Everybody This* (1982). These books are in libraries, schools, and universities across Canada, along with a growing body of work about Alden Nowlan.

His writing was widely acclaimed and he received various forms of recognition throughout his career: a Canada Council Special Award (twice), the Governor-General's Gold Medal for Poetry, a Guggenheim Fellowship, the President's Medal from the University of Western Ontario (twice), the Canadian Authors' Association prize, Honorary Degrees from Dalhousie University and from UNB. A commemorative plaque has been placed in the Edwin Jacob Chapel, the Old Arts Building, UNB, alongside tributes to earlier poets Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts. Alden Nowlan is buried in Forest Hill Cemetery, Fredericton, near the gravesites of Carman and Roberts. On his monument are two inscriptions: REST LIGHTLY ON HIM O EARTH/HE LOVED YOU SO and AN NUAILLANACH MOR/CROI AMHAIN BEALACH AMHAIN (Big Nowlan, One Heart, One Way).

Alden Nowlan was often called upon to draft remarks and speeches for his long-time friend Premier Richard Hatfield and, as secretary to the Premier, part of my job was to contact Alden. Phone calls were made and letters were written and, as a result, I became acquainted with the popular writer, a friendship developing with him, his wife, and his son. On many occasions, I visited the Nowlan home at 676 Windsor Street in Fredericton, near the UNB campus.

His letters and notes to me covered a wide range of topics, including our sons, the Royal Family, special events and holidays, springtime and flowers, cats and politicians. And his signature sketches and little poems added a special delight to his witty comments. He was a prolific correspondent. Today, more than 12,000 of his letters are preserved as part of the Nowlan Papers at the University of Calgary Library. However, my collection of 62 letters, along with Christmas cards and personal invitations from the Nowlan family, still remains in my possession as a treasured link with a great friend.

In this particular issue of *The Officers' Quarterly*, I would like to share excerpts from some of my Alden Nowlan letters, hoping to show an informal side to his well-known personality. They are published here for the first time.

— Carolyn Atkinson *

I remain, Madam, Your Most Humble, Obedient and Obligated Servant.

* * *

(January 19, 1976)

It didn't sink in until after I hung up the telephone. Carolyn, do you realize that you referred to a kilt as a skirt! Shame on you. Don't you realize that you're talking about the "warlike garb of old Gaul?" Don't be surprised if I send a piper to play the pibroch under your window at 4 a.m.

On second thought, you can call my kilt a skirt, but God forgive you if I ever hear you refer to my skhein dhu (the knife that's worn in the stocking) as a letter opener.

[I had commented on an article in *The Telegraph-Journal Weekend* in which Alden, along with others, is pictured in kilt in a humorous article entitled "The New Pretender, James III" and in which he is referred to as "His Serene Highness, Alden, Prince of Fortara, Duke of Wexford and Lord High Chancellor of the Realm".]

* * *

(Undated)

Carolyn:

How outraged old Sir Douglas would have been if he'd known that one of his successors was going to honour him with a three-minute speech! In Sir Douglas' day, it took a speaker that long to get his notes out of his waistcoat pocket, and then he was good for at least three hours.

Sir Douglas is usually described as the Father of the New Brunswick Conservative Party but I thought it best to forget that.

These two facts, taken together, may mean that the ghost of Sir Douglas Hazen will haunt everybody involved until the day of our deaths.

[It is interesting to note that the political top hat of Sir Douglas Hazen was recently presented to the York-Sunbury Museum.]

* * *

(February 5, 1976)

Here's a little verse I wrote not long ago:

"When I die
I'll have wings

and fly.
Don't laugh,"
said the caterpillar
crawling by.

I kind of like that.

* * *

(March 7, 1976)

I've worked very hard on these speeches; the challenge is to have them say as little as possible as elegantly as possible. I've striven for precision and economy, the two most important constituents of good English prose; and I believe I've even succeeded in coming up with a few good lines, as when I have the Queen say, "You can be justly proud that the founders of our province truly beat their swords into ploughshares", that strikes me as a nice queenly phrase.

Unfortunately, I couldn't devise a way to avoid having her say, "my husband and I". All the alternatives sounded worse. But I've been careful not to have her speak for him but only about him. I feel that's an important distinction. Anyway, I trust I won't end up in the Tower of London.

It's very silly of me but I feel quite excited about having done this. Well, after all, I may turn out to be the only Canadian poet to have his work read in public by the Queen.

[Drafting remarks for the forthcoming Royal Visit.]

* * *

(July, 1976)

..... The Royal Dinner was one of the nicest affairs of its kind I've ever attended, thanks chiefly to the fact that the organizers very kindly arranged to have all the best people at our table.

Keep the Faith.

[The provincial dinner given at McConnell Hall, UNB, in honour of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. Among others at the table was well-known artist, Vi Gillett. My husband and I were also present.]

* * *

(June 19, 1977)

Firstly, I'm truly grateful to you for acting as my secret agent in the

Mysterious Affair of the Awaited Message. (I've been working with Walter Learning on our new play, which has Sherlock Holmes as its central character, which explains why I have begun to sound like Conan Doyle's detective stories.)

[The play was entitled *The Incredible Murder of Cardinal Tosca*. They also collaborated on three other dramas: *The Dollar Woman*, *Frankenstein*, *La Svengali*. Walter Learning is the Artistic Director of The Playhouse in Fredericton.]

Our tomcat, Major-General Sir Harry Flashman, is waging full-scale war against a huge black cat whom I've named Diablo. They're fighting for possession of our backyard. Well, actually, their war consists chiefly of spraying on landmarks and then howling at the sky—somewhat like what's happening between the United States and Iran.

* * *

(February 19, 1978)

I am organizing a Canadian League to Abolish Winter.

Will you join?

Could you let me know, please.

Mazel Tov

* * *

(April 20, 1979)

Dear Carolyn:

..... I almost saw Fidel in the flesh! Our bus passed through a town half an hour before he opened a hospital there. We saw the hospital and the little student nurses in white hats and pink dresses—and tens of thousands of people, most of them on foot, coming from all directions. It's a very strange sensation to see a road filled with people walking for as far as the eye can see. Made me think it must have been that way when Christ preached the Sermon on the Mount. He (Fidel) spoke for three hours.

[This refers to Alden and Claudine's visit to Cuba.]

* * *

(May 8, 1979)

..... We've got swarms of tulips—from the bulbs that we planted upside down last fall, dug up and planted

again, right side up the second time.

Makes a person feel like going out and planting an Oak, if only I could find an acorn at this time of year and on Windsor Street.

* * *

(July 18, 1979)

As they say in Carleton County:
"Is that you?"

Or to put it another way, "Are you back?"

[I had been away on vacation.]

* * *

(Undated)

Dear Carolyn:

You mentioned the superstition about itching hands. Claudine believes in it, with all her heart and soul.

Once, after she had remarked that her right hand was itchy and that this meant that she was going to shake hands, I extended my hand to shake hers.

"No", she replied, "I might be going to shake hands with somebody important". It's the truth, I swear it.

* * *

(September, 1979)

I read everywhere that Lowell is going to be a Senator. Do you think you and I will ever make it?

Senator Atkinson and Senator Nowlan. Nice ring to it.

[Lowell Murray was appointed to the Senate in 1979.]

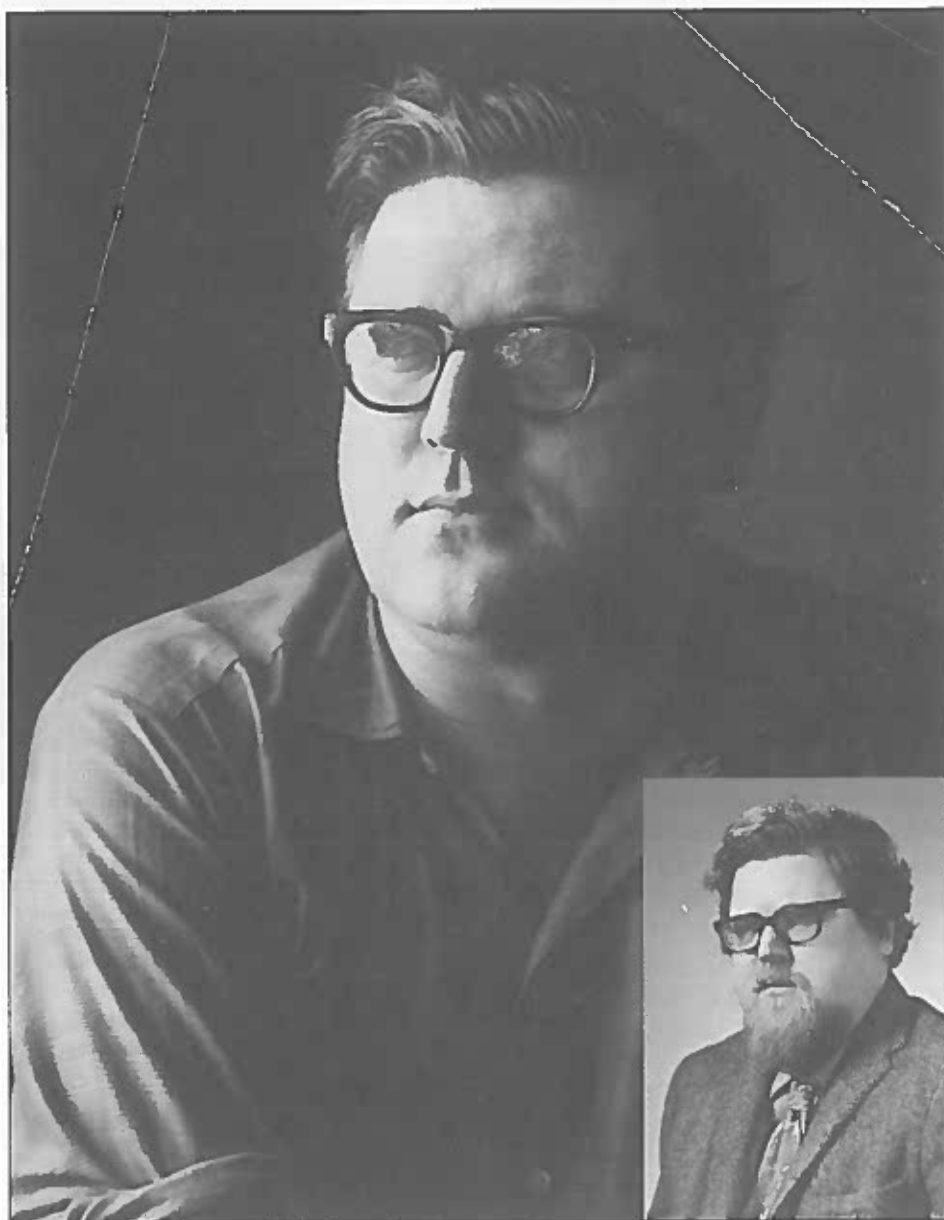
..... Gosh, I don't know about being Opposition Leader. I'd rather be Premier, I think. I promise I'd stick with the present secretary. (Isn't it amazing how early in our careers we budding political leaders start making promises?).....

* * *

(October 21, 1979)

The Honourable Carolyn Atkinson
Senator for Dungarvon:

I feel uneasy because the enclosed speech ends on page 13. Isn't it disgusting for a grown man to be so silly? (I throw salt over my left shoulder after I've spilled it, too.) I'll be out of town..... I mention that so that you won't be waiting for a speech,



Alden Nowlan, during his early years, when he worked with
The Hartland Observer. (Inset: during his later years in Fredericton)

under the impression that I'm writing it, when in fact I'm rummaging through record stores in T.O.

Cheers.

[We had humoured one another about the possibility of being appointed to the Senate.]

* * *

(1979)

Dear Carolyn:

Our ancient cat, Hodge, died. Apparently she just fell asleep under a tree, where she liked to lie, and didn't wake up.

With some misgivings, we've acquired two kittens, named Flashman

and Tother. Tother got his name because he is so self-effacing that when we first got the cats we found ourselves calling him, "the other". Thence, "T"other". Isn't it awful?

* * *

(December, 1979)

..... The 1980's! There is really some jarring in starting a new decade, don't you find that too?

Won't it be a shock if we make it through to 2000?

Our old cat Hodge lived to be 14. Do you know that if one or both of the kittens lives to be 14 I'll be 60 years old!.....

* * *

(Undated)

..... I've just sent for a book from a Maoist Book Store in Toronto: "How to Read Donald Duck". It is subtitled "Imperialist Ideology in Disney Comics". And it isn't meant as a joke.

* * *

(Spring)

..... Haven't seen a robin yet but the co-eds walking past the house have started to look prettier.

Keep the Faith.

* * *

(May 29, 1980)

..... I think I like red—or, I guess, pink roses—because they're survivors. You find them growing in front and usually in back of every abandoned farmhouse in the Maritimes. I always think of somebody setting out the plant a hundred years ago, perhaps a young bride who has been dead for half a century or more, and the bush keeps on blossoming. And I like lilacs for the same reason. (I planted a lilac bush last year.) There were huge, untrimmed lilac bushes in front of the house where I grew up. Roses, too, of course..... completely untended in my childhood. (My Mother was dead and my father was too busy to think about flowers, let alone tend them.)

Be Happy.

* * *

(June, 1980)

I suffer from a troubled conscience. I ought to have been kinder to Joe Clark. I know how Marshal Ney must have felt after he abandoned Napoleon and then watched the Bourbons ride back into Paris.....

* * *

(February 3, 1981)

Dear Carolyn:

The enclosed might be a bit overdone, but as Samuel Johnson said on a similar occasion in the 18th century, "A man is not upon his oath when writing lapidary inscriptions.

Keep the Faith!

Take notice of my new signature. All my life I have wanted an illegible signature and now I have one.....

[The enclosed item was a speech for the Premier.]

* * *



Alden Nowlan, age 22

(March 27, 1981)

I thought you might get a kick out of these verses—especially the second one, "Treasures on Earth":

Put on pajamas, go outdoors and join the joggers. Do not eat butter or eggs. Beware of drink. Avoid extremes of cold or heat. Abjure tobacco. Watch for lumps. Get enough rest. Control your fears. And, barring accidents, you ought to live for years and years and years.

That is what the doctors told her. The lady did as she was told. In return for her exertions, she knows the joys of being old.

Installed in Sunset Manor House, she now partakes of such delights as crosswords, paint-by-number kits and semi-monthly Bingo nights.

[The other poem was entitled "Vampires" and both were to appear a year later in the collection *I Might Not Tell Everybody This*, published by Clarke, Irwin & Co. Ltd.]

* * *

(November 27, 1981)

Yes, I kicked myself too after the Royal Wedding party for not having

made sure there would be pictures, especially a picture of Hugh John and Aida cutting the cake!

I also slipped up another way. Having gone to some pains to have the stereo ready to boom out the march, "God Bless the Prince of Wales", while the cake was being cut, I forgot to switch it on at the crucial moment. A good thing I wasn't called upon to arrange the wedding itself. Diana would have ended up married to Prince Edward.

My guess for the baby's names if it is a boy: Louis Philip Arthur George, not necessarily in that order. If it is a girl, Louise Elizabeth Diana Alice.....

Warmest regards.

[The Nowlans sent out specially printed invitations "to share in an informal celebration of the marriage of HRH The Prince of Wales and the Lady Diana Spencer, beginning at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, July 29, 1981..... at their home, and a royal celebration it was!]

* * *

(One Christmas)

Hi Carolyn:

Why do I always wait until the last minute to do this when I could write it a year ahead?

For the same reason that I don't go Christmas shopping until the day before Christmas—usually in a blizzard—and end up buying things I could have bought the previous summer.....

Merrie Christmas!

Alden Nowlan

Official Government Elf

(Society member Carolyn Atkinson was secretary in Premier Hugh John Fleming's office from 1952 to 1957 and in Premier Richard Hatfield's office from 1970 to 1987. Her two-part article on Aida Fleming appeared in the Fall 1994 and Winter 1995 issues of *The Quarterly*.)

(Photographs courtesy
Claudine Nowlan)

Beyond York-Sunbury

New Brunswick's Postal History . . . by Michael O. Nowlan

Part Three: New Brunswick's Sesquicentennial

With the Union Act of 1840 the Province of Canada was formed from the colonies of Upper and Lower Canada. After its formation, the Province of Canada issued 17 stamps before Confederation, and the Three Penny Beaver (April 23, 1851) is considered Canada's first stamp. Nonetheless, as *Darnell Stamps of Canada* (1997 Edition) clearly points out, Canada's stamps really began with Confederation.

If we use the Darnell position as a guideline, the first Canadian stamps (a set of seven representing Queen Victoria in various denominations) were issued on April 1, 1868. From that date through the 60th anniversary of Queen Victoria's coronation in 1897, all of Canada's regular issue postage stamps bore the likeness of the Queen. The Jubilee issue of 16 stamps included a young and an elderly Queen Victoria.

In 1898, Canada's famed "Map Stamp," released to mark the beginning of Imperial Post and about which much has been written, was issued. It has been designated as the world's first Christmas stamp because it was issued just before Christmas and is imprinted "XMAS 1898."

It was uncommon in those days for Canada to issue stamps for special occasions. The Quebec Tercentenary issue of July 16, 1908 had Canada's first truly commemorative stamps, a beautifully engraved set of eight.

It was not until the late 1920s that commemorative stamps began to appear on a regular basis. Even though some early commemoratives depicted various parts of Canada – the Parliament buildings in Ottawa, harvesting wheat on the prairies, the schooner *Bluenose*, and Mount Hurd in British Columbia – New Brunswick had to wait until August 16, 1934 to get its first attention on a Canadian postage stamp.

The 1934 stamp to mark the Sesquicentennial of the founding of the province has its own history, some of

which is vague and, even by piecing together available information, there are gaps.

August 16, 1934 was not a great time for celebrating the 150th anniversary of the founding of New Brunswick. The Great Depression was still a vivid memory for most people; Adolph Hitler was making himself known, not only in Germany, but throughout the world; and Canada's leaders were seeking ways to charge a new spirit of enthusiasm for the economy.



Figure 1: This rare, used block of four has a beautiful first-day cancellation from Elora, Ontario. It has what collectors call a SON or "sock on the nose" cancel.

Despite the negatives of the time, New Brunswick celebrated its anniversary, especially the city of Saint John, which staged a two-day program. *The Evening Times-Globe* and *The Telegraph-Journal* provided full accounts of new colours presented to the Saint John Fusiliers, parades, dinners, and dances. The New Brunswick Museum was officially opened too.

The Evening Times-Globe headline for August 16 screamed CELEBRATION AWAY TO GLORIOUS START. Frederickton's *The Daily Gleaner* made reference to the celebration, but gave it no front page or major coverage.

The Saint John celebrations were

attended by Prime Minister R.B. Bennett, New Brunswick Lieutenant Governor Hugh McLean and Premier L.P.D. Tilley. In the excitement of festivities, the issue of a new postage stamp was a minor event that got none of the fanfare.

In fact, the new stamp had a shroud of mystery around its issue. No mention was made of it until a press release appeared on August 9, one week before the issue date. Lewis Ravenscroft, writing in *Scott's Stamp Monthly*, said the announcement "came as a surprise" because there was concern that "higher officials of the Post Office Department in Ottawa are very much opposed to the multiplication of commemorative issues." Canada had already issued two stamps July 1 to mark the 400th anniversary of the arrival of Jacques Cartier and the 150th anniversary of Loyalist immigration.

Recent correspondence from the National Archives of Canada "did not produce a reference to this (the 1934 New Brunswick) stamp issue" in Record Group 3 "where the files and records of the Canadian post office are maintained."

The Evening Times-Globe printed the press release and an enlarged photograph of the stamp on Monday, August 13, 1934 while the *Telegraph-Journal* (August 14), *The Daily Gleaner* (August 11), *The Montreal Star* (August 9), and other Canadian papers printed the release without illustration.

It was the *Montreal Gazette*, a week before, that scooped the story, but how the information got out is not known. An alert reporter was probably leaked the information and wrote up the story of a new stamp being issued for the New Brunswick occasion; but post office officials denied the rumour. Even though there are gaps in the story of this stamp issue, the stamp and its colourful history are worth a look.

The two-cent denomination, designed by the Canadian Bank Note Company is about twice the size of an ordinary stamp. It has been described in colour as "old



Figure 2: In 1934, a registered letter cost 10 cents plus 3 cents regular postage. This attractive cover has a block of six, each of which has a SON cancel.

rose," "deep brown lake," and "red brown." Most people simply refer to it as "that brown New Brunswick stamp." It bears the imprint of the Great Seal of New Brunswick, and was described by the *Times-Globe* as "pleasingly and artistically designed." Ravenscroft called it "attractive" and said "the colour strikes a new note in Canadian issues."

Although it is said to bear the original seal of the province, which was prepared under the direction and authority of George III in 1784 and delivered to Governor Carleton in 1785, the actual model was the first seal of Queen Victoria before a new seal was delivered after Confederation. Conrad Swan suggests there were only "minor variations on all seals for New Brunswick since their inception in 1785" until the new seal of Victoria about two-and-a-half years after 1867.

Lorne Bentham records the reason offered for not using the seal of George III is that "the original seal is no longer in existence." Recent research could not provide any clues as to what became of the original seal but there is an excellent wax impression of the original seal of George III in the New Brunswick Provincial Archives.

The obverse of the seal, as it appears on the stamp and is visible in accompanying illustrations, depicts a ship sailing up a river with great

trees and houses on either side (representative of the early settlements) with the Latin inscription: SIGILL PROVINCIAE NOV BRUNS, which translated reads The Seal of the Province of New Brunswick. The provincial motto — *Spem Reduxit* (Hope Restored) — appears below the ship on the seal. The stamp also has the dates 1784 and 1934.

At its issue, the Post Office Department said it would "continue only so long as the supply of stamps is available." The supply seems to have lasted for consider-

able time because there were active usages of it well into 1936 and some usages as late as 1938. Since 5,050,000 copies of the stamp were printed from Plates 1 and 2, it is no surprise it remained in circulation. Plates 1a and 2a never produced stamps because of flaws which developed in manufacturing the plates.

Known to collectors as Scott catalogue number 210, the New Brunswick Sesquicentennial stamp is not rare, but there are usages which are treasured by specialist collectors.

First Day of Issue covers (envelopes) are not plentiful because the stamp was printed and released with so little advance notice. Ravenscroft says "most cover collectors were out of luck as far as the First Day postmark is concerned." To be fair, however, First Day Covers (FDC) are available. What is unusual about them is the postmark bears Ottawa, Fredericton, or Saint John cancellations. Some Ottawa FDCs have a House of Commons cancellation. Others may exist, but research has not located them. There is one used block of four with an August 16, 1934 cancellation from Elora, Ontario (Figure 1).

There is one variation (differing from the norm) for the stamp. The stamps were issued in sheets of 100, and the 10th stamp in each row has a line of colour

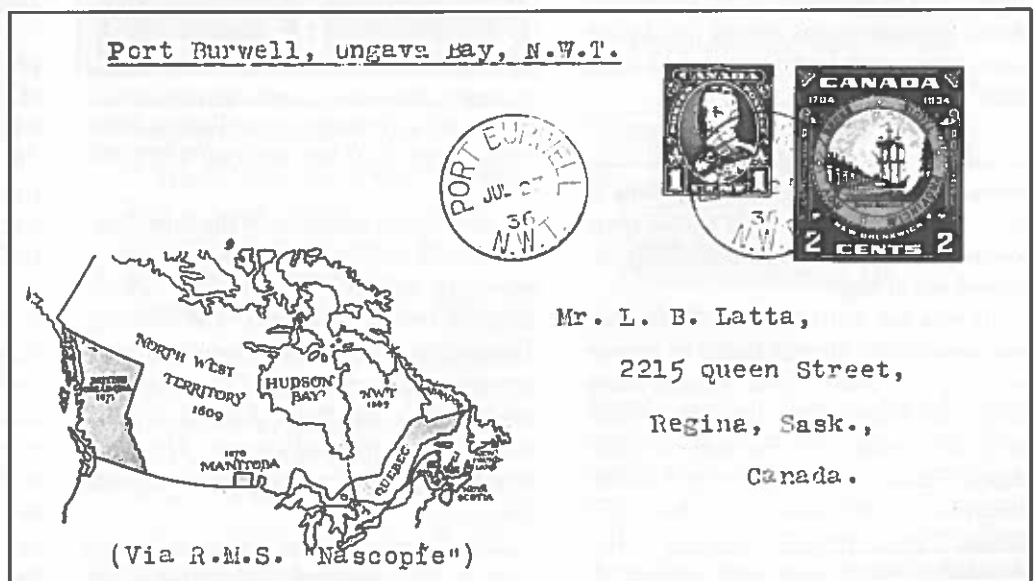


Figure 3: Two years after its issue, a 1934 commemorative found its way to a cover that travelled on the R.M.S. Nascopie which carried mail from Montreal, north along the coast of Labrador into Hudson's Bay and to the many ports along the North West Territories. Port Burwell, which has been uninhabited since 1940, except for summer visits by Inuit, is on Button Island at the entrance to Ungava Bay, just off the tip of land where Labrador and Quebec meet. Tracing this stamp's journey is an interesting study in Canada's north.

running completely across the stamp at the top. It is referred to as the "closed frameline variety" and sells for slightly more than the regular stamp which is open at the left corner.

Scarcities for this stamp do exist, especially in the imperforate state, that is, no perforations between the stamps. There are 75 known imperforate pairs while only six imperforate plate blocks are thought to exist. Only two of those have the "closed frameline" variation. These plate blocks command four-figure sums, but imperforate pairs may be purchased under \$1,000.

Regular letter mail postage rates in Canada in 1934 were three cents for the first ounce, so most letters (covers) with the New Brunswick 1934 commemorative have a combination of the two-cent stamp and a one-cent stamp. Drop letter rate (letters for local delivery) required two cents, and many of these are available on cover.

Other usages include payment of the Air Letter rate, which was six cents. There are several examples of First Flight Covers which have three of the special N.B. stamps. Letters to the U.S. and Great Britain required three cents postage, so there are examples, including one FDC, where customers used two of the special N.B. stamps which overpaid the going rate. Registered mail required 10 cents plus regular postage, so a cover with six N.B. commemoratives and a one-cent stamp are attractive (Figure 2) and unusual.

Scott No. 210 also got what collectors call "perfin" treatment, that is, they had perforated initials punched in the body of the stamp. Known examples are CPR for Canadian Pacific Railroad and OHMS for official government mail. The latter are difficult to find and demand a fair price. Also difficult to find are post cards, the rate for which was two cents in 1934.

Another unusual usage of this stamp was found on mail posted at sea which was ultimately cancelled, not in Canada, but in Plymouth/Devon, England. Another of the stamps travelled on the famed R.M.S. *Nascopie* on its first ever stop at Port Burwell, North West Territories (Figure 3).

Someone also developed a special medallion in sterling silver which features an imprint of this stamp. Further research is needed to determine why the medallions were made and to whom they were circulated. One was available in a stamp dealer's auction in 1992; no others have been found.

The stamp issued for New Brunswick's Sesquicentennial has had a special history. It was the first Canadian stamp to relate specifically to New Brunswick and, even though it will never be a rarity, its story is worth telling. ♪

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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The author also acknowledges the kind help of Eric Swanick, Legislative Library; Mary Flagg and staff, UNB Archives; Burt Glendenning and Staff, Provincial Archives; Lynne R. Armstrong, National Archives of Canada; and Gini Horn and staff at the American Philatelic Research Library.

All illustrations accompanying this article are from the author's collection.

(Michael Nowlan is an educator, an author, and a philatelist who lives in Oromocto, Sunbury County. His poetry appeared in the Summer 1995 issue of *The Quarterly* and this is the third in his five-part, illustrated series concerning New Brunswick's history as it relates to postage stamps.)

The Last Word . . . continued from page 35

endless but, finally, there we were at the train station on York Street, all dressed up in new clothes, awaiting the return of our soldier. Suddenly, we heard the engine whistling down the line and then, with a gush of steam, it jerked to a stop. The passengers began to appear on the platform — soldiers, sailors, airmen. But where was Bob? My heart sank. Maybe he was not on the train after all. Maybe. . .

"Daddy, Daddy," shouted Eric, and there was Bob, running towards us with a suitcase in his hand, instead of the familiar kitbag everyone else was carrying. Caught between laughter and tears, I

heard his mother say, "Robert *would* have to be different!"

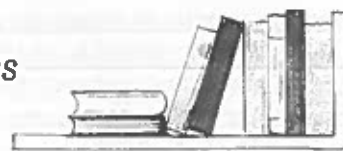
A feeling of shyness almost overwhelmed me. It had been a long time. Who was this stranger in the khaki uniform and the big beret perched nonchalantly on his head? With a swoop, he gathered Brenda up in his arms, the little girl who was the baby he had left behind. "Miss Brenda, you're all grown up." Then he turned and looked deep into my eyes. As we kissed, I knew my husband had returned at last and that he was still my own dear boy. It was a magic moment, interrupted only by Eric, to whom no one was paying any attention.

"Daddy, Daddy, I'm here too," he cried impatiently. His father laughed as he lifted up the boy and hugged him. "You can bet on it, my son. Let's all go home now. We have a lot to talk about." ♪

(Society member *Ruth Scott* is a freelance writer and journalist living in Fredericton. Her first book, *Nashwaaksis*, an historical study of where she was born, was published in 1986; her second book, *The Unknown New Brunswicker*, a biography of her father, was published in 1988; her third book, *Keeping the Home Fires Burning*, will be published this Fall and will tell the story of Ruth and Robert Scott during World War II.)

The Officers' Bookcase ... by Anita Jones

An Intimate Look At Early New Brunswick



Canada Home:

Juliana Horatia Ewing's Fredericton Letters, 1867-1869

Edited by Margaret Howard Blom
and Thomas E. Blom
University of British Columbia Press,
1983
Vancouver, B.C.
425 pages, illustrations

Church-sponsored rummage sales have long been a part of New Brunswick life, but some people might consider yard sales and "moving sales" as fairly recent activities. Not so! In the mid-1800s, as regiments were assigned and re-assigned at Fredericton, it was common practice for military families who were leaving to sell much of their furniture and other belongings, and incoming military families were ready purchasers. Alexander and Juliana Ewing, who arrived here as newlyweds in July of 1867, acquired much of their furniture in this way and, prior to their departure, Mrs. Ewing described how they disposed of furniture that they did not wish to transport across the Atlantic to England.

Canada Home: Juliana Horatia-Ewing's Fredericton Letters, 1867-1869 provides a unique insight into life in New Brunswick at the time of Confederation. As the first child in a large and closely knit family to marry and set out with her husband, Captain (later Major) Alexander Ewing, to live in a land that was little known to Europeans, Juliana Ewing maintained a steady correspondence with her parents and sisters in Ecclesfield, England. One hundred and one of Mrs. Ewing's letters are incorporated into this interesting volume.

The first letter, a lengthy one, de-

scribes the long transatlantic voyage aboard the *S.S. China*, often on rough seas, and Mrs. Ewing found ocean travel difficult. Later letters contain frequent references to ships plying between Britain and North America, for they carried the mail, with varying degrees of regularity. In October 1867 Mrs. Ewing fore-

lay." Receiving letters from home was a major preoccupation. In June 1868 Mrs. Ewing wrote, "I am longing for letters.... Now that the Halifax mail has had to be put back to Liverpool — it seems a very long wait!" Three months later her mother received these comments:

The mail was very late — It was put off & off — & at last announced for Sat[ur]day afternoon — Then a "report" said it w[ould] not be delivered till Monday. I insisted on working it out to the fountain-head, & finally learnt that the mail wld be up at Saty night — & if we liked to go at 11 P.M. we could get them; if not we must wait till Monday In the middle of the night he [Alex] threw your letters on to my bed I think I never enjoyed the mail more

Mrs. Ewing was an artist as well as a recognized writer of children's stories, and this perhaps accounts for her delight in the New Brunswick landscape. In the Autumn she enjoyed sketching the magnificent Fall colours in "College Grove" (near the University of New Brunswick) and along the shores of the St. John River; sometimes on her sketches she would identify various patches of colour by numbers or words so she could complete the paintings at home. In an effort to share these unique colour combinations, she varnished coloured leaves to send back to her family. Trying to convey the beauties of snow, river ice, and icicles presented her with challenges in winter. She was so anxious to describe fully her Fredericton surroundings that her letters are filled with sketches of the people, animals, buildings, and events around her, as well as of rooms in her home.

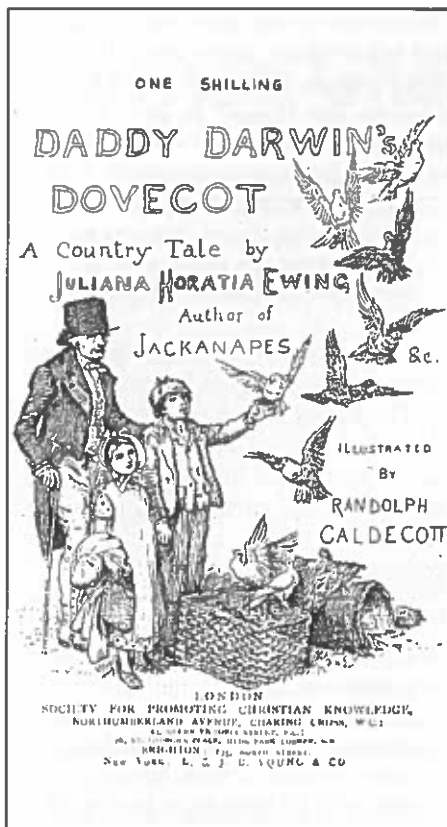
From the time of her arrival at Halifax, she was fascinated with the Indian people whom she saw and met. She made many sketches of them, and collected many Indian crafts for gifts and for herself. Her letters refer often to



JULIANA HORATIA EWING

This picture is a photogravure produced by the Swan Electric Engraving Company (London, England) from a photograph taken by John Fergus (Largs, England). On the back is the inscription: "I leave this portrait of Mrs. Ewing to Mrs. J. Robinson / Margt. Medley / May 1894." Margaret Medley was the second wife of Bishop John Medley. Juliana gave the portrait to the Medleys when she left Fredericton in 1869. Mrs. John Robinson, who was a sister of Canon George Goodridge Roberts, left the portrait to the Roberts family. Mrs. Theodore Goodridge Roberts, formerly Frances Allen, gave it to her sister Mary Allen of Moncton who, in turn, presented it to the York-Sunbury Museum in 1969.

warned her mother thus: "But the season of uncertain mails is beginning, & though we may hear very regularly, one must be prepared for any amount of possible de-



First edition copies of Daddy Darwin's Dovecot (1881) and Lob Lie-by-the-Fire (1873) can be found in the York-Sunbury Museum Book Collection.

Peter Polchies, an Indian with whom the Ewings became good friends but whose name she spelled in various ways: "On Xmas Eve also 'Peter Poltice' our [I]ndian brother gave us a call — & Rex [Alex] took the opportunity to buy me a pair of bead-worked moccasins [sic]"

As a novice homemaker, she found it even more challenging to adapt to life in North America. Each Fall she devoted much time to preparing their home for winter; in 1867 she wrote, "I mean to have plain heavy red curtains in my drawing room I think — that I can make at home — for the winter." That October she expressed a desire to learn to spin, since "my maid is a good spinster & it is just possible she may get a wheel belonging to her mother into the house & teach me!!" Again speaking of her maid, she wrote, "She can make soap & candles, an astounding fact to your minds I dare say — but we makes [sic] our hard & soft soaps, & our taller dips on this side of the water!!!" She described borrowing a carpenter's tools and building a divan (for which she later made cushions), a bedroom seat,

and shelves. Inspired by the ability of "Bluenose" women to put up wallpaper, she learned that skill, too.

Winter brought challenges and delights. Heavy snowfalls, late-season storms, and the threat of a spring freshet were common then as now. Dressing warmly was described in much detail, as this example indicates:

Today there is a good deal of snow on the ground & it has been rather amusing I wish you could have seen me!! ...

Imagine me in 2 pairs of stockings of my own — Then boots — then a large pair of knitted stockings of Rex's [Alex's] over the boots & all — then galoshes!!!

Mrs. Ewing selected "moccasins" as being the warmest and most practical winter footwear, and she found "clouds" (scarves wrapped "3 times round my neck") very cosy. The Ewings thoroughly enjoyed the organized sleigh rides then so popular in Fredericton in winter. Mrs. Ewing tried the thrilling sport of "coasting" (sliding downhill on "troboggans") and described this in detail, but she was perhaps even prouder of her success and pleasure in walking on snowshoes:

"... I took my first walk upon snowshoes yesterday, and got along very well and didn't tumble once!!! ... They were made by an Indian here, & are dear little things. It is not at all difficult and very good fun."

Juliana Ewing shared with her mother, Margaret Gatty (who had compiled an illustrated book, *British Seaweeds*, respected by scientists), an interest in botany and gardening. Mrs. Ewing made many sketches of ferns and flowers native to New Brunswick. Letters sometimes included seeds to be tried in gardens on the other side of the Atlantic. Particularly during her second year in Fredericton, Mrs. Ewing took great delight in having garden produce stored for the winter and in having a variety of indoor blooming plants to brighten the winter months. One letter home related this news: "I have only treated myself to 3 polyanthus narcissi They sent up 4 stems — & I have counted 29 blossoms. I had one exquisite blush single hyacinth, which sent up a stem with 18 very large bells"

As a minister's daughter, it is not surprising that Mrs. Ewing and her husband were very much involved in church activities, Capt. Ewing becoming the assistant organist at the Anglican Cathedral, composing religious music, and organizing a choral group. The Ewings were good friends of Bishop and Mrs. John Medley, and became acquainted with other clergymen in the area. Mrs. Ewing arranged for the children's mission group in her parents' home church to provide Communion Vessels for All Saints Church at Magaguadavic.



The Golden Ball Inn on Waterloo Row, Fredericton's first inn, was later called Reka Dom by Juliana Ewing when she and her husband lived on the right side of the building. (PANB / P1-133C)

The Ewing letters mention various well-known people in Fredericton, such as Rev. and Mrs. Coster, Charles Fisher (a Father of Confederation), "dear little" Mrs. Arianna Shore (widow of Col. Shore), Dr. Edwin Jacob of UNB and his daughter Mary, and Lieutenant-Governor Lemuel Allan Wilmot. Comments on government officials and others are very candid: "Gen. [Charles] Doyle is deservedly popular & there seems a terrible chance of a local man being appointed of low birth [as Lieutenant-Governor] People seem in a dreadful fright about it, & everybody longs for a man from England." Mrs. Ewing described the modern dentistry methods (including use of nitrous oxide and chloroform) of Dr. Hiram Dow (member for York County); the door-to-door pedlars ("We do a good deal of door traffic in this part of the world"); fires, such as the one at Phoenix Square in September of 1867; the 1869 murder trial held as a result of the death of a young soldier, Private J. Brennan of the 22nd Regiment.

During their 27-month stay in Fredericton, the Ewings lived most of the first year in half of a large duplex (which they named Reka Dom, Russian for "river house") at 50 to 58 Waterloo Row. Of their new home, Mrs. Ewing wrote: "We are close to the Cathedral ... & have a lovely lookout over the river There is ample space for a good garden, & our landlord [William Brydone Jack, president of UNB]

is building us a huge sort of barn — which I fancy is to embrace coach house — stables &c...." [This might be the wooden garage still standing on the property at 58 Waterloo Row.] They lived a full year in a comfortable, smaller house ("Aunt Judy's Cot") located at what is today 746 George Street. Since May was the traditional month for moving and since the Ewings were expecting a new military posting, they lived at Rose Hall (a Benedict Arnold house at 176 Waterloo Row) during May and June of 1869. In July they lived in the Officers' Quarters, now the site of the York-Sunbury Museum on Queen Street; of this Mrs. Ewing had this to say: "I soon had the new rooms furnished — and our 'long drawing room' is quite pretty."

During the first year of their posting in Fredericton, their letters home were filled with details of their home, their activities, Fredericton lifestyles, and assurances of their happiness and well-being: "We are most comfortable & jolly & well — thank GOD. I am *not* homesick only at times" During the second year there are increasing signs of homesickness. Mrs. Ewing concluded one letter with the following: "A merry Xmas & a happy New Year to all of you! — wished from the bottom of our hearts which will be with you & Ecclesfield — though our bodies must stay here!" To her sisters, she wrote, "... Goodbye darling old thing.

I would like to see your dear old faces!"; and later, "Many, many many happy returns of your birthday ... The 2nd now since we left Home!" In July 1869 she wrote to her father:

I hardly know how to write it — but — thank GOD! — I believe we are really coming Home. But you must bear in mind the uncertainty of all military orders, when all is said & done.

Finally they were sent "home" to England, where they arrived on 4 October 1869.

The Ewing letters are filled with personal observations on life in Fredericton, discussions about Mrs. Ewing's literary projects, and concerns about having clothes and other essentials sent from England; for example:

I suppose our parcel *has* started — but still ask the girls to look for a Hebrew Bible Also has Dot remembered to put up Elisabeth Ellacombe's braided garibaldi that she gave me? It would be useful for autumn evenings at home. My old *white cloak* with the black velvet binding did not come either

It is interesting to note the informal tone, writing style, and colloquial vocabulary of the letters.

The two editors, Margaret Blom and Thomas Blom, have provided comprehensive footnotes for most of the letters, as well as informative appendices and an index. There are sixteen photographs and an extensive number of the sketches that Mrs. Ewing included in her letters.

This book provides fascinating reading for those who wish to learn about Fredericton in the 1860s and who wish to savour the art of personal letter-writing. For readers who would like to see another aspect of Mrs. Ewing's work, local libraries have copies of many of her children's book, such as:

The Brownies, and other Tales
Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances
Old-fashioned Fairy Tales
Verses for Children, and Songs for Music

Melchior's Dream, and other Tales

Further information on the author can be found in *Juliana Horatia Ewing and Her Books*, by Horatia K.F. (née Gatty) Eden; and in *Illustrated News*, by Donna McDonald. *

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



Bishopscote, 97 Church Street, Fredericton, where Juliana Ewing regularly visited Bishop and Mrs. John Medley. — from the York-Sunbury Museum Photo Collection

Garrison Ghosts . . . from 60 years ago



With its background of intense ideological struggle, Civil War raged throughout Spain during the Fall of 1936, *The Daily Gleaner* carrying front-page headlines such as **INSURGENTS HOPE TO LIFT THE SIEGE OF ALCAZAR** (Sept. 23); **90,000 CHILDREN TROOP THE STREETS OF MADRID** (Oct. 16); **MADRID SHOCKED BY REBEL AIR BOMBARDMENT** (Oct. 31); **4,000 LOYALISTS DEAD IN SUNDAY'S BATTLES** (Nov. 16); **CRISIS OVER REBEL THREAT TO DESTROY BARCELONA** (Nov. 20); **FASCIST BOMBERS SCORE MANY VICTIMS IN MADRID** (Dec. 2). The Spanish Civil War still remains fascinating and controversial, one reason being that this particular conflict coincided with the international confrontations of Fascism, Communism, and Democracy.

Also on the world scene in the Fall of 1936, President Franklin Roosevelt (who summered on Campobello Island in New Brunswick) and the New Deal rode triumphantly to victory on the crest of the greatest political landslide ever recorded in an American election, even overshadowing the win which brought him into the White House four years earlier.

Still with the States, Eugene O'Neill became the first American playwright to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature — a sum of \$45,000, which was part of the interest from the nine million-dollar bequest of the late Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the dynamite inventor from Sweden. O'Neill's work includes *Desire Under the Elms*, *The Iceman Cometh*, *Long Day's Journey into Night*, *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, and *A Touch of the Poet*.

In Canada, two Toronto morning newspapers, *The Globe* and *The Mail & Empire*, amalgamated to form *The Globe & Mail* as we know it today. In New Brunswick, the Fredericton Art Club was organized and held its first exhibition at the Provincial Normal School. (York-Sunbury member Mary Hachey is one of the founders of the Fredericton Art Club and the Society congratulates her and all local artists who are currently celebrating 60 years of art in the community through the Fredericton Society of Artists.)

Also in Fredericton, an historic landmark of military life was demolished — 17 November 1936. Erected in 1885, the old wooden drill hall at the Fredericton Armoury accommodated "A" Company of the Infantry School Corps of Canada, and later the Royal Canadian Regiment and the 71st York Regiment, and then the marching feet of troops during World War I, followed by five units of the non-permanent active militia. The building was located on Carleton Street, near the end of the Fredericton-Devon Highway Bridge (see page 27 of *The Quarterly*, Spring 1996, for a photograph).



William Austin Squires (1905-1978), noted historian and naturalist, joined the York-Sunbury Historical Society in the Fall of 1936, becoming a valuable member who delivered well-researched lectures and who involved himself with the operation of the Museum. Born and raised in Fredericton, he graduated from UNB in 1927 and received an honorary Doctor of Laws degree from there in 1964. As a professional biologist and field ornithologist, he was Curator of Natural Science at the New Brunswick Museum for 30 years, writing numerous articles and a book entitled *The Birds of New Brunswick*. He was also a person who cared about the preservation of history for others to appreciate, and this led to the publication of *The 104th Regiment of Foot, The History of the New Brunswick Museum, and Fredericton: The Last 200 Years* (for which he was named *Freeman of the City* in 1978).

— Photo courtesy Margery (Squires) Acheson.

On 13 December 1936, death came for two centenarians who resided in the counties of York and Sunbury: Mrs. Louisa Griffiths, who was born at Mouth of Keswick, York County, the daughter of a soldier who fought under the Duke of Wellington, the wife of Lemuel Thomas Griffiths, the mother of ten children, was in the 101st year of her age; Mrs. Hannah Smith, who was born at Little River, Sunbury County, the daughter of a family whose surname was Jordan, the wife of Rufus Smith of Burton, was in the 102nd year of her age. In spite of their advanced years, both ladies kept in close touch with happenings in their parishes and both could tell interesting stories about the history of their counties.

In the Fall of 1936, the York-Sunbury Historical Society was concluding its fifth year of operation as it continued to preserve the history of the two counties and beyond:

14 October 1936 — Executive Meeting. Mr. W. M. Burns, who some months ago was appointed together with Dr. F. A. Wightman as a cemetery committee, reported that there were at the present time about one thousand neglected cemeteries in the province of New Brunswick, and wanted the permission of the Society to send out circular letters to the different clergymen of the province in regard to these cemeteries. After the information required had been secured from the clergymen, the committee would like to have the authority of the Society to interest the provincial government in introducing some measure which would provide for the continued upkeep of these cemeteries in a fitting manner. The unanimous opinion of the executive was that this committee should be continued and also that something should be done to provide for the respectable upkeep of these historic old spots.

21 October 1936 — Regular Monthly Meeting. Mr. R. B. Gorham delivered an exceedingly interesting paper on Indian Treaties [published in *The Daily Gleaner* Oct. 22 & 23], and this was discussed at some length by the different members present. Mrs. Lilian Maxwell brought up

the matter of the [George A.] Boardman Collection of birds at the University of New Brunswick. This, she claimed, belonged to the Province and not to the University, and she said that the cards on the exhibits had been tampered with. The remark was then made that the cards on the Acadian exhibits in our own Society/Museum had also been tampered with. Mr. W. Austin Squires was elected a new member of the Society and then was appointed a committee to inquire into the matter of the Boardman Collection. Mr. R. D. W. Hubbard was also elected a member of the Society.

12 November 1936 — Executive Meeting. Because the second Wednesday in November being REMEMBRANCE DAY, this meeting was held the next evening. Mrs. Lilian Maxwell read a letter she had received from the Ella Thorne Circle of the King's Daughters, approving of our plan to erect a building to be used as a Museum and Library. The Building Committee reported on the interview with the Federal representative, Mr. W. G. Clark, Member of Parliament, who was added to the committee. While no site has yet been selected, it has been agreed that the building be of local stone from the area.

18 November 1936 — Regular Monthly Meeting. A paper dealing with "Early Schools and Teachers" was read by Mrs. Susan Squires [mother of Austin Squires] and was discussed at length by the members present. Considerable discussion took place on the condition of the

Boardman Collection of birds, which is owned by the Province and which has been loaned to the University. W. A. Squires expressed the opinion that the valuable cards which should be on the collection had been destroyed and that the birds had been mixed up with other birds which had formerly belonged to the University. Mr. Squires quoted authority from Ottawa in his contention that without the cards mentioned the birds were valueless. Mr. Squires was appointed to go into the matter further. (*The Daily Gleaner* for November 16th carried a detailed article about the Canadiana Section of the Library of the Society; on December 14th, *The Gleaner* will publish a long article about the Museum's artifact collection of over 3,000 items.)

2 December 1936 — Executive Meeting. Professor C. W. Argue of the University and Mr. W. A. Squires, a member of our Society, were present by invitation and discussed at some length matters connected with the Boardman Collection. The situation will be considered further at a later date when a written report has been made. Mrs. John M. Gallagher of Campobello Island requested that she be made a correspondent member and the Executive hereby recommended her name to the consideration of the Society. Mrs. Gallagher, who addressed last month's regular meeting, had been in Fredericton doing research work at the parliament buildings. The Corresponding Secretary was requested to take up with the publishers the matter of our subscription to

The Historical Review, which magazine the Society has paid for but has never received!

9 December 1936 — Regular Monthly Meeting. An interesting paper on "The Legislative Library and Its History" was read by Miss Doreen Harper, Legislative Librarian. Major F. A. Good was appointed a committee to look after quarters in which to store certain things of minor historical value that were taking up room in the Museum. The matter of having a stenographer to prepare labels for the exhibits, at a cost not to exceed \$15, was left to the next meeting of the Executive, as was the matter of getting a filing cabinet in which to store valuable documents. Mr. R. P. Gorham suggested that copies of notes on the Museum's recent accessions be printed and distributed each month. A grant of \$25 was awarded to Mr. C. A. Taylor for services as Curator of the Museum. On motion, the meeting adjourned.

* * *

1936 ended with England having had three kings in one year: King George V died on January 20th after a successful 25-year reign; King Edward VIII abdicated on December 11th "for the woman I love"; King George VI observed his birthday on December 14th, the first time in history that the Commonwealth had celebrated the birth date of two monarchs in one year, Edward VIII having had his on June 23rd. ♪

Year-End Programs – 1996

- Nov. 19 The Home Front: World War II. Memories & Music at the Royal Canadian Legion, Queen Street, Fredericton.
- Dec. 10 The Christmas Party: Entertainment, plus the recognition of Authors & Volunteers, to be held at the York-Sunbury Museum.

Time: 7:30 p.m.

Members & Guests



FLASHBACK ARTICLE

The Wreck of the *Empress of Ireland* (The Fredericton Connection) ... by Ted Jones

The York-Sunbury Historical Society was contacted recently and offered an interesting artifact for the museum collection: a letter! But not just any letter. This particular piece of correspondence, which had been written and posted in Fredericton, New Brunswick, was on its way to London, England, aboard the *Empress of Ireland* when the luxury ocean-going liner sank to the bottom of the St. Lawrence River, 29 May 1914. Now, after 82 years, the letter from Fredericton becomes one of the few surviving links with one of the greatest marine disasters Canada has ever known and one of the world's worst shipping catastrophes.

The story of the letter begins in the early Spring of 1914 when an advertisement was placed in a British newspaper by Bishop and Mrs. John Andrew Richardson of Fredericton. The Richardsons were living at Bishop's Court, 806 George Street, and had done so since he was ordained in 1907. They had a family of five children, one boy and four girls, and were subsequently in need of "a hired girl," preferably one from the Old Country.

Bishop Richardson had been born in Warwick, England, in 1868 and had come to Canada at the age of twenty, receiving his BA from St. John's College, Manitoba, in 1895, being ordained deacon in the same year. In 1896, he received his MA, became a priest, accepted a position in Rupert's Land, and married Dora Lillian Fortin, the daughter of the Archdeacon of Winnipeg. Eventually, the couple came East to Saint John, New Brunswick, where Richardson took the position of Rector of Trinity Church, remaining there until a move was made to Fredericton in 1906. A year later, upon the death of Bishop H. T. Kingdon, Co-adjutor Bishop Richardson succeeded as Bishop of Fredericton.

The advertisement for domestic help was answered by a young lady from London, who lived on Marylebone Road near Regents Park. Her name was Ada Driver and she was 22 years old when she came

to Canada to accept the position at the Bishop's residence in Fredericton. To pay for her passage over, she secretly saved small amounts from her babysitting money, giving the remainder to her parents to assist with family expenses at home. Being independent and completely liberated, Ada Driver travelled across the



Ada Driver (right) and unidentified lady (left) aboard the ship that brought them to Canada in the Spring of 1914. — Courtesy Mrs. Mona MacMillan.

Atlantic alone, probably third class on a liner much like the *Empress* ships, arriving in Saint John and then taking the train along the valley railroad to the capital city. Immediately after she and her trunk were transported from the station to Bishop's Court, she was interviewed over tea by Mrs. Richardson, who also gave her a boiled egg for further nourishment. Many years later, the egg was the only food item that Ada Driver

remembered having been served during her first meeting with the Bishop's wife.

Besides leaving her family behind, Ada Driver also left a boyfriend. On 26 May 1914, she wrote the following letter to a Mr. Fred Griessen of 85 Charlotte Street, London, England:

My dear Fred,

I can hardly believe we are so far apart. I expect you will have received my first letter alright.

I quite enjoyed the boat. Had a lovely voyage but the trains are to awful for anything.

This is a lovely place. Some beautiful shady walks.

Don't you wish you were here?

Well how many places have you visited since I saw you?

Write and tell me all about it. Never mind if it's bad English. How did the photos turn out. Don't forget me.

I think I shall like this place. It is rather a nice house, quite large in fact. We have some pictures here so that makes it a bit more cheerfull.

Write to me soon dear. I have only your photo to look at now. I will have some small ones taken very soon and will send you one.

Please remember me to the "Thaíses" (?) Must close now. With all kind thoughts, kindest regards from yours, very sincerely,

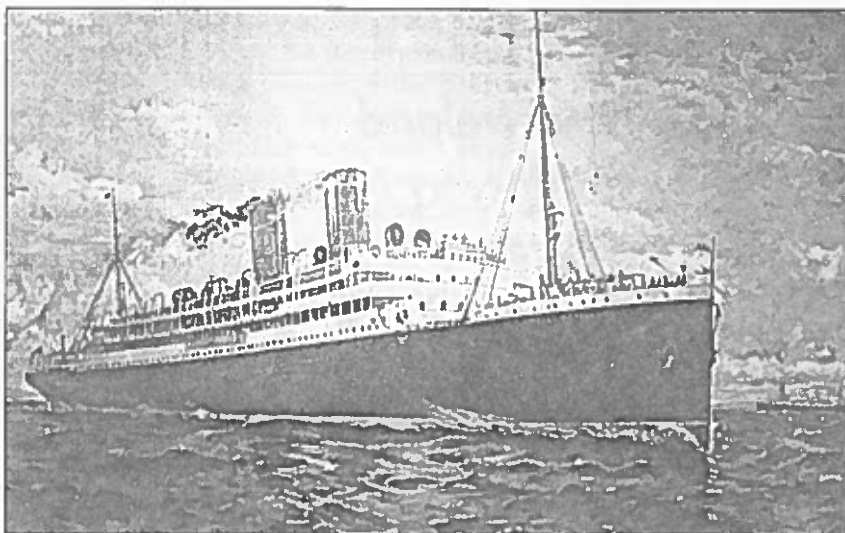
Ada Driver X X X X

The letter was mailed at Fredericton (May 27th, 4:30 PM) and then travelled by train to Quebec City, where, during the afternoon of May 28th, the mail for the Old World was placed on board the great passenger liner the *Empress of Ireland*, one of the sister ships built for the CPR in 1904, the other being the *Empress of Britain*, both commissioned to handle the massive migration from Europe to Canada, both becoming the pride of the Canadian Pacific's transatlantic fleet. After 95 crossings, the *Empress of Ireland* was about to set sail for Liverpool, the first round trip of the 1914 summer from Quebec. (During the winter months, the *Empress* ships sailed from Saint John harbour in New Brunswick, also the location for their postcard photography.)

There was one other link with Fredericton on board and that was a young first-class passenger, David Johnston, who was returning home to Scotland after living in New Brunswick's capital for over a year. When he first

arrived, he purchased the W. Thomas Murray property at Kingsclear (just above the city), a thriving estate which had been owned originally by Colonel Edward Winslow. *The Daily Gleaner* for 15 May 1914 had this to report: "The Murray farm in Kingsclear, one of the finest properties in York County, has a new owner in the person of Mr. T. Medley Richards, who visited the property yesterday and has already taken possession of the place, complete with all its equipment, including livestock and farming implements. The purchase price was \$9,000. Mr. David Johnston, an Englishman, purchased the property about a year ago, after it had been inspected by the Dominion Government, and he has been well satisfied with his purchase in every way. Recently, however, Mr. Johnston has fallen heir to an estate in the Old Country and now plans returning home at an early date to remain there."

A few weeks later, *The Gleaner* reported the following on 28 May 1914: "Mr. David Johnston, who some time ago sold the Murray farm at Kinsclear, after occupying it for about a year, is to sail tomorrow on his return to the Old Country. Mr. Johnston, who made many friends here and whose departure is much regretted, is the son of one of the Law Lords of Scot-



*The Empress of Ireland, former pride of the Canadian Pacific fleet.
(from a postcard)*

land. He goes back to the Old Country to take over estates which he recently came in possession of."

A total of 1057 passengers were on board the *Empress of Ireland* plus 420 crew members. Joining Mr. Johnston in First Class, there were 86 others, including the famous British actor Laurence Irving and his beautiful actress wife, Mabel Hackney, both of whom had just concluded a successful Canadian tour; Sir Henry Seton-Karr, a former British parliamentarian, who was on his way home from one of his numerous business trips to the New World; Mr. Leonard Palmer (and his wife), a noted British journalist with *The London Financial News*, who had been visiting Fredericton, conferring with the Hon. J. A. Murray, provincial minister of agriculture, in relation to a large grant of Crown Land in Sunbury

County which they hoped to develop; Major Henry Lyman (and his wife), a prosperous businessman; Dr. Alexander Lindsay of Halifax, a well-known pathologist; Ted Fitchett, the celebrated English boxer; Alfred Ernest Barlow, an internationally-known professor from McGill University; George C. Richards, a coal company magnate; Mrs. F. H. Dunlevy, a Denver socialite; Mrs. Ella Hart Bennett, an author and the wife of the British Colonial Secretary in the Bahamas.

Second Class was just over half filled with 253 passengers, including 176 members of the Salvation Army, one of five Canadian contingents (400 members in all), on their way to the Great Salvation Army Convention to be held at Albert Hall in London. Among the Salvationists, were Commissioner David Rees, his wife and three children, and the 39 members of the Salvation Army Staff Band. Among the Salvation Army officers (and their wives) on board, two had close ties with Fredericton: Major David L. Creighton of Creightonville (near Sussex) had been stationed in Fredericton in 1900, formerly in charge of the local citadel; Adjutant Everett S. DeBow of Forest Glen (near Petitcodiac) had become a member of the Fredericton Salvation Army Corps while he was attending the Provincial Normal School in 1899-1900. The Creightons left their five small children with friends in Toronto, although David's father was still living in Sussex, his mother having passed away in February of that year; the DeBows left their little boy with her parents at Armstrong's Corner (near Welsford, but later absorbed by CFB Gagetown).

Third Class quarters were nearly full — 717 men, women, and children, many of them immigrants who belonged to the working class. Ada Driver herself would have travelled to Canada with a similar group, spending most of the crossing time far below the decks in overcrowded steerage. With the arrival of thousands of immigrants to Canada during 1913 and 1914, the steamship fare for Third Class dropped as low as six pounds (Second



Bishop's Court, 806 George Street, Fredericton, where Bishop and Mrs. John Richardson lived and where Ada Driver wrote her letter that sank on the Empress. — (PANB / P412-25)

Class would cost ten pounds; First Class, fourteen pounds).

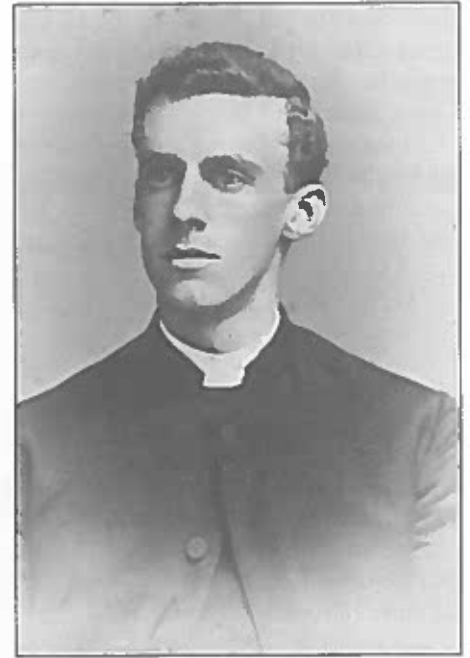
Along with 1100 tons of general cargo, the *Empress* was carrying in her Strong Room a large quantity of bullion — bars of silver and gold amounting to millions of dollars. In the ship's mail room, there were four railway wagonloads of mailsacks, most of the letters being registered because they contained money orders on their way from Canadian settlers to European relatives. Ada's tiny envelope, with her letter to Fred inside, would have been in one of these sacks.

In the early morning hours of May 29th, the *Empress* approached the port of Rimouski, where the last bags of mail and dispatches were exchanged with the tender *Lady Evelyn*. One more stop farther on was at Father Point, where the cutter *Eureka* came to pick up the St. Lawrence River pilot who had guided the ship from Quebec. However, as the huge liner headed back out across the river, a low bank of dense fog closed in, causing the captain to stop the engines immediately. This proved to be disastrous because the *Empress* found herself to be sitting directly in the path of an oncoming boat — a 6,000-ton Norwegian collier known as the *Storstad*, which was carrying 11,000 tons of Nova Scotia coal to Montreal and which, apparently, had altered course in the fog!

A collision was inevitable, the *Storstad* slicing twenty feet into the



Mrs. Richardson
(PANB / P412-17)



Bishop Richardson
(PANB / P412-5)

Empress on her starboard side and then pulling away, leaving a gash that soon filled with water, causing 14,000 tons of steel and Edwardian elegance to list quickly and sink to the bottom of the St. Lawrence River in just fourteen minutes — only four miles from the shore! It rolled over with such speed, no time was left to launch lifeboats.

A total of 1012 lives were lost — men, women, and a heavy child mortality: 51 from First Class, 205 from Second Class, 584 from Third Class, and 172 crew members. Among the victims, were more than 150 Salvationists, including Commander Rees and his entire family, Mr. & Mrs. Creighton, Mr. & Mrs. DeBow, and 30 members of the Salvation Army Band. Among the distinguished passengers who drowned, there were the Irvings, the Palmers, Sir Henry, and David Johnston of Fredericton, the last whose remains were never found, the stateroom which he occupied having been situated in that portion of the *Empress* which the *Storstad* struck and, in all probability, Johnston being one of those killed by the sudden impact. (Lord Johnston of Scotland sent instructions to spare no expense in efforts to locate his son; he also sent \$10,000 for the Relief Fund for the *Empress of Ireland* victims.)

The Creightons were to be buried in Toronto, a brother arriving from Sussex, New Brunswick to identify the bodies and to bring home the five orphaned children.

(David Creighton was 45 and had been in the Salvation Army for 28 years.) The DeBows were to be buried in New Brunswick, friends from Fredericton arriving in Quebec City to identify the bodies and to accompany them home, the two caskets being placed side by side in a railway baggage car for the journey back. When the train stopped at the little station in Welsford on the morning of June 2nd, a sorrowing mother and father and a little boy (Eldon Percy DeBow, age four) were standing on the platform. However, only Mrs. DeBow (age 33, the former Mary McKim) was taken from the train for burial that afternoon at Armstrong's Corner, her childhood home. After the final separation took place, Everett DeBow (age 33) was taken to Petitcodiac, where his parents were waiting. Two days later, he was laid to rest at Forest Glen, his childhood home.

For 800 of the victims whose remains were never recovered, the sunken *Empress* became a tomb for their final resting place. Today, a radar buoy, bobbing in the middle of the St. Lawrence River, marks the exact spot of the sinking and will remain eternally as one of the few memorials in honour of the tragedy. A monument to the employees was erected by Canadian Pacific at Rimouski, Quebec; an artistic plinth, bearing the names of the Salvation Army victims was placed in the Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Toronto, Ontario, becoming the focal point where



Sir John Douglas Hazen, who was born in Oromocto, Sunbury County, New Brunswick, was an important member of the commission at the Court of Inquiry for the *Empress*.
(PANB / P106-46)

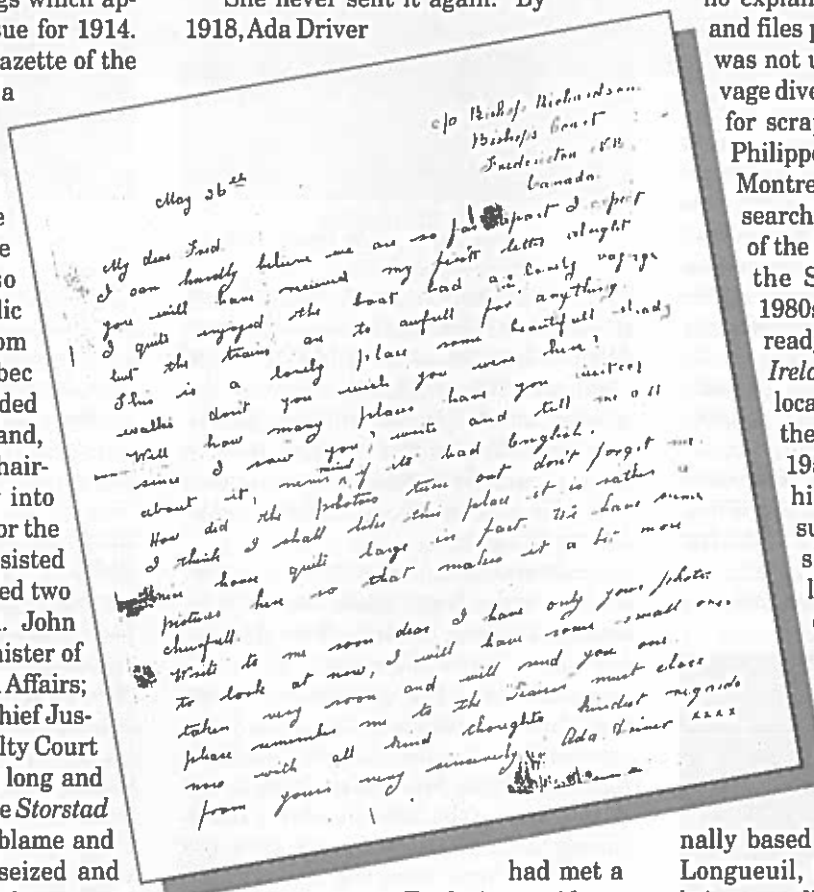
Salvationists gather annually, on the nearest Sunday to May 29th, to pay their respects. One who came faithfully was Grace (Hanagan) Martyn of Kitchener, Ontario, a child of seven on the *Empress* when she became separated from her parents and never saw them again, the last living Canadian survivor until her death in 1995.

At the time of the tragedy, several of the survivors were contacted at once by artists from *The London Illustrated News*, whereby details were gleaned and used to depict the actual sinking through a number of excellent drawings which appeared in the June 13th issue for 1914. *The War Cry* (and Official Gazette of the Salvation Army in Canada and Newfoundland) devoted its June 13th issue for 1914 to the tragedy. Newspapers around the world carried the story as a front-page headline and continued to do so throughout the official public inquiry, which was held from June 16th to 27th in Quebec City. This inquiry was presided over by Lord Mersey of England, the same person who was chairman of the court of inquiry into the sinking of the *Titanic*. For the *Empress* Inquiry, he was assisted by a commission that included two New Brunswickers: the Hon. John Douglas Hazen, Federal Minister of Marine, Fisheries, and Naval Affairs; the Hon. Ezekiel McLeod, Chief Justice and Judge of the Admiralty Court in New Brunswick. After a long and painstaking investigation, the *Storstad* was found to be entirely to blame and eventually the collier was seized and sold for \$175,000, a minuscule amount in comparison to the large claims for loss of life and for the loss of a luxury liner.

Shortly after the sinking, salvage divers went down and dynamited a hole in the hull, enabling them to retrieve the purser's safe, the silver and gold bullion, and the sodden bags of mail from the ship's Strong Room on the main deck, an area easily accessible. According to press releases, there were 155 bags of newspapers, 51 bags of letters, 301 parcels, and 1905 registered articles. The Canadian Post Office wanted each item returned to its sender, but only after a drying-out process took place with each letter being

opened and placed on tables, under the strict security of local postmasters. Unfortunately, most of the stamps on the letters could not be saved, many peeling off due to the dampness. Return addresses were located on inside headings, such as the one that Ada Driver had written: c/o Bishop Richardson, Bishop's Court, Fredericton, N.B., Canada. When it finally arrived, there were two green-coloured imprints on the front of the envelope: "Recovered by divers from wreck of S.S. *Empress of Ireland*" and "Returned December 6, 1914."

She never sent it again. By
1918, Ada Driver



had met a young Fredericton widower with three children (Francis, Albert, Olive) and became Mrs. George Wandless. They lived at 360 Church Street and two more daughters arrived: Mona and Betty. Over the years, she never parted with the letter that sank with the *Empress*. In time, it was passed on to her daughter Mrs. Mona MacMillan who, in turn, placed the prize possession with the York-Sunbury Historical Society. It is now preserved under proper temperature control in the Society's Collection at the Provincial Archives and may be viewed upon request. Ada (Driver) Wandless passed away on 7 June 1958 and is buried in the

Forest Hill Cemetery, Fredericton. Bishop Richardson, who was responsible for her immigration to Canada, died in 1938, his wife in 1972. They are buried in the close of Christ Church Cathedral.

With the declaration of World War I during the summer of 1914, the ill-fated *Empress of Ireland* was soon forgotten, eventually being demoted to the back pages of newspapers and then nothing at all. Due to the death of one diver during the initial salvage operation, all early attempts were discontinued. In time, the CPR abandoned title to the ship and, with no explanation, destroyed all records and files pertaining to the *Empress*! It was not until the mid-1960s that salvage divers began again, but this time for scrap metal. In the mid-1970s, Philippe Beaudry, a young man from Montreal, became interested in researching and exploring the wreck of the luxury liner at the bottom of the St. Lawrence. By the mid-1980s, he was obsessed, having already established the *Empress of Ireland* Historical Society, having located and interviewed many of the survivors, and having made 195 dives to the sunken hull (at his own expense), retrieving such items as a brass light, the ship's telegraph, a running light, the wheel base, bottles of Bordeaux, a half-full ink bottle, and ceramic dishes adorned with floral patterns and the CPR shield. The artifacts are currently on display in his small travelling museum, which was originally

based in Rimouski but is now in Longueuil, Quebec. His final goal: to bring up all the Salvation Army Band instruments!

In the annals of maritime tragedies, the sinking of the *Empress* ranks with the *Titanic* (1912), the *Lusitania* (1915), and the Halifax Explosion (1917), especially in loss of life. These are disasters which should never be forgotten and, with memorabilia like Ada Driver's letter, hopefully, the *Empress of Ireland* never will be. ❧

(An article by Ted Jones on "The *Titanic* — The Fredericton Connection" appeared in the Spring 1994 issue of *The Officers' Quarterly*.)

Passing Through

Oscar Wilde in Fredericton . . . by Patricia Belier

"There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about." (Oscar Wilde)

And the Irish playwright, poet and essayist, Oscar Wilde, was certainly being talked about during his nearly year-long visit to North America in 1882. Lately, much attention, both in the popular and academic press and in theatres around the world, has been paid to Wilde. On the one hundredth anniversary of the first staging of two of his very successful plays, *An Ideal Husband* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*, Sir John Gielgud unveiled a plaque in London's West End theatre district; in addition, a diamond of blue-and-grey stained glass in Westminster Abbey's Poets' Corner was dedicated to Wilde. (In March of 1995, Douglas Hughes profiled Wilde and the TNB production of *Earnest* in *The New Brunswick Reader*.) Regrettably, 1995 was also the centenary of Wilde's arrest on charges of indecency, and his imprisonment, marking the beginning of the end of his creative life. Exiled from England, he died in Paris on 30 November 1900.

Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde was born in Dublin, Ireland on 16 October 1854, the younger son of Sir William Wilde, an eye and ear surgeon, and his poet wife, Jane Francesca Elgee, who wrote patriotic nationalist tracts under the pen-name "Speranza." He graduated from Oxford in 1878, having been awarded the prestigious Newdigate Prize for his poem "Ravenna." His first volume of poetry (*Poems*) was published in 1881 and he was preparing a play for production (*Vera*). So, after only three years in London, the centre of the English-speaking literary world, he was quite well-known. His notoriety, though, was also linked to his being clearly identified with the aesthetic movement. Wilde was the personification of the "aesthete" or foppish dandy: an eccentric dresser who wore his hair unfashionably long, was clean-shaven,

and who favoured lilies, sunflowers and Japanese decoration. Aesthetes cultivated an appreciation of what was beautiful in all aspects of life, and sought to surround themselves with beautiful things. Representatives of the movement, such as Wilde, Ruskin and Swinburne, were frequently satirised in newspapers and magazines of the day. Most notably,



Oscar Wilde, wearing the fur-trimmed coat that he purchased in Canada. This picture was taken in New York City in 1882 by Canadian-born photographer Napoleon Sarony (1821-1896). — Courtesy Library of Congress

they were the basis for some of the characterisations in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience*, which opened in London in April 1881. The character of Bunthorne is widely believed to be modelled on Wilde. To whet the appetite of American audiences, where this operetta was due to open in New York in September 1881, Wilde was invited to the United States on a speaking tour by the famous impresario Richard D'Oyly Carte.

Books abound on the life of Oscar Wilde, but in reading most of them you

would never have guessed that he had set foot in New Brunswick, let alone in Fredericton. In fact, he undertook speaking engagements in seven Maritime cities over a ten-day period in October 1882, stopping in Fredericton, Saint John (twice), Amherst, Truro, Halifax, Charlottetown and Moncton. Most biographers comment on his generally well-documented tour of the United States but give little attention to his Canadian appearances. However, in 1982, Professor Kevin O'Brien of St. Francis Xavier University published his *Oscar Wilde in Canada: An apostle for the arts*, the result of in-depth research, frequently in the newspaper and periodical accounts of the day, giving the reader a wealth of detail about Oscar in Canada.

Wilde arrived in New York on 2 January 1882 aboard the *Arizona*, his epigrams being recorded and making the rounds almost immediately. Clearing customs, he was reputed to have cited, "nothing except my genius," when asked the proverbial question, "Have you anything to declare?" He aroused intensive media interest wherever he appeared; one modern commentator likened it to the spectacle common in our day surrounding an appearance by a movie or rock star.

Three lectures were prepared for his tour. As it progressed, they were reworked and by the time he reached the Maritimes, he was presenting his main lecture known as *The Decorative Arts*. He hoped "to influence ... the growing spirit of art in [America] ... and to make one person love beautiful things a little more"

Wilde's Canadian "advance man" was Mr. H.C. Husted. His job was to secure sponsors for each lecture in individual cities. Fredericton was the first Canadian stop on the autumn leg of the tour, which included the Maritimes and New England. The local sponsors were reported to be a Mr. Kerr and H. Lebaron Smith. The 800-seat Opera House Hall in Fredericton's City Hall was the site for

the lecture, to be presented at 8pm on 4 October 1882. Wilde had arrived by train from Bangor, Maine earlier that day and was staying overnight at the Barker House on Queen Street before travelling on to Saint John. *The New Brunswick Reporter and Fredericton Advertiser* for 4 October advertised his appearance in glowing terms: "All lovers of the beautiful in life and nature will have the privilege of listening to Oscar Wilde in the City Hall this evening. The subject of his lecture will be 'The practical application of the principals of the Aesthetic Theory to exterior and interior house decorations, with observations upon dress and personal ornamentation'!" Who could resist attending such an event? The copywriter warned that "already most of the reserved seats have been taken and no doubt those remaining will be in great demand to-day." It was then further predicted that "the enterprise that prompted [his] appearance will be amply rewarded."

By all accounts, the prediction was proven correct. A very short item in the *Evening Capital* of 5 October reported that "this famous and ever-popular individual drew a large audience The reserved seats were all taken, and the body of the house was well filled.... The lecture was a financial success." It was not until two days later, 7 October, that the full story became known. In an anonymous letter to the editor of the *Evening Capital*, "A disgusted lady" angrily referred to the insulting behaviour of the "gang of young men from the University [of New Brunswick]" who attended the lecture *en masse*, and who, in her view "were not only trying to [Wilde] but disgusting to the whole audience, from the almost constant stamping and mock plaudits which these fellows set up from the beginning to the end of the lecture." The students had apparently decided to follow the earlier example of their counterparts at Harvard, arriving a full five minutes after the start of the evening, marching "in procession ... into the Hall and all the way down to the front seats.... Some of them had sunflowers in their buttonholes." The anonymous complainant saw their imitation of the Bunthorne character as a clear insult to Wilde whom she considered "a man of refinement and culture, of excellent presence, voice, language and actions. . . ." For

the record, Wilde himself appeared for his lectures dressed in a velvet suit, frilly shirt with ruffles on the sleeve, knee-breeches, grey or black silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes. "I do not know a greater heroism than that which opposes the conventionalities of dress; the sombre dress of the age is robbing life of its beauty and is ruinous to art," declared Wilde during the lecture.

The students' own view of these events, as recorded in the October 1882 *University Monthly* was, not surprisingly, somewhat different. About 25 students attended the talk and "by their frequent

was among the twenty-five.

A week after the event, another anonymous letter to the editor appeared, signed "One present at the lecture," stating that "A disgusted lady" had misrepresented the facts in the case, and asserting that "... a set of more perfect gentlemen than our Collegians it would be hard to find." The writer agreed that the students' applause was "loud and frequent" but that Wilde was reported to have said, after his lecture, that "they were highly intelligent looking boys, all of them. They had their fun and I did not mind." Ironically, this was just the very gracious response that admirers, such as "A disgusted lady," would have expected. It is unfortunate that the newspaper accounts did not provide more adequate coverage of some of the more serious, and witty, of Wilde's remarks. Part of the text of his lecture reads: "You must encourage and support art in your own city;... you should make by your own workmen beautiful art for the enjoyment of your citizens: weave your own carpets, design your own furniture, make your own pottery...." One can only assume that Wilde would be well-pleased in encountering the healthy artistic community that is Fredericton in the 1990s. He also chided: "There is no excuse for the ugly water jugs or pitchers today;... yet we continue to submit to the depressing jugs with the handle all on one side Why I have seen wallpaper which must lead a boy brought up under its influence to a career of crime."

(It is also interesting to note that even today, many letters to the Editor of the *Daily Gleaner* continue to be printed unsigned.)

It had been arranged for later in the evening, that Wilde should meet the young Fredericton poet Charles G.D. Roberts. In fact, they did spend some time together, reading their poems to one another and drinking gin at the Barker House. Wilde was only six years Roberts' senior, and both were still in the early stages of their literary careers. In a letter written in 1885, Roberts commented that "I have a very high opinion indeed of Wilde's possibilities...." Elsie Pomeroy, Roberts' biographer, reports that he was "charmed" by Oscar and retained his high opinion of him, even after the playwright's social disgrace in 1895. Laurel Boone,



from Punch magazine
25 June 1881
(Courtesy UNB Archives)

and animated applause, they showed that their sentiments were entirely in accord with those of the eloquent lecturer. It is to be regretted that their appreciation of the lecture was misinterpreted by some...." One of UNB's archival copies of the *University Monthly*, annotated by its donor, Arthur William Teed (BA 1884), states that "I was one" of the 25 students in attendance. Interestingly, two of Teed's fellow classmates that year were W.F. Ganong and Joseph Whitman Bailey; the latter's diaries give no indication that he

editor of Roberts' letters, notes that the evidence seems to indicate they did not have an extensive correspondence, perhaps exchanging only the one letter in which Wilde is said to have written to Roberts that "...with the beginning [Roberts] had made, he didn't believe there could be any heights in song beyond [his] reach." When speaking with a Nova Scotia reporter near the end of his Canadian tour, Wilde remarked to him "You have poets with you. In New Brunswick a young man; Mr. Roberts has published a little book [*Orion, and other poems* (1880)]."

Although some critics labelled Wilde a "notorious dilettante," merely posing as the leader of an intellectual movement, and attracting attention "solely by means of his dress and personal grooming," he was generally well received in Canada. "I am having charming audiences," he wrote from Halifax on 8 October 1882; "... the Canadians are very appreciative people, but it is a great fight in this commercial age to plead the cause of Art." The Halifax *Morning Herald* reporter, interviewing him on 10 October at his hotel, wrote that Wilde "found Canadians pleasant." He liked New Brunswick's scenery, as it "lent itself readily to art.... The scenery was always changing as one passed through. Every turn in the road brought a small surprise."

Professor O'Brien concludes that "the final assessment of [Oscar Wilde's] Canadian tour must be that it was a success." As for the man himself, readers today should turn to the writings of Oscar Wilde and his thought-provoking quotations. A small sampling: "Being natural is simply a pose"; "Only dull peo-

ple are brilliant at breakfast"; "Fashion is what one wears oneself, and what is unfashionable is what other people wear"; "Resist everything except temptation"; "The only possible exercise is to talk, not to walk"; "To love oneself is the beginning of a lifelong romance"; "Only the shallow know themselves"; "Vulgarity is simply the conduct of other people."

AMUSEMENTS.

OSCAR WILDE,

**The Leader of the Aesthetic Movement
in England,**

WILL GIVE HIS CELEBRATED LECTURE

"THE DECORATIVE ARTS,"

— IN THE —

Mechanics' Institute,

ON THURSDAY EVENING, OCT. 5.

MR. WILDE is undoubtedly the most popular Lecturer who has visited America since the days of Charles Dickens.

Reserved seats 50 cts., admission 35 cts., at A. G. Smith & Co's drug store, Charlotte st., sale to commence on Saturday morning, Sept. 30th.

As this is the only visit Mr. Wilde will make to St. John, and his engagements will only allow him to give one evening here, it will be well to secure seats early.

Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock. Sep 27 th

from The Daily Evening News
Saint John, New Brunswick,
30 September 1882

* * *

As a footnote to the Oscar Wilde story in New Brunswick, readers may be interested to know that Shaw Brothers launched the steamboat "Oscar Wilde" in 1883 (built the year before) and began by

operating it between Woodstock and Grand Falls. George MacBeath and Donald F. Taylor, in their *Steamboat Days* (1982), state that it was then an 87-foot stern-wheeler of 147 tons, and was used to carry bark from Shogomoc and to transport Shaw's products to Hartland. In the late 1880s it was bought by David Coy of Upper Gagetown, refitted and lengthened to 111 feet, and was put on the Saint John - Fredericton run. In 1890 the steamboat was bought by Starline and G. VanWart. Its name was changed twice, first to "The Brittain" and later, in 1891, to "The Springfield." Under the latter name it plied the Belleisle waters, where it was destroyed by fire in 1907 at Hatfield's Point.

Unfortunately, the Barker House register no longer exists, but Oscar Wilde did leave his signature in an unusual place here in Fredericton. The Legislative Building was completed in February of 1882 and, when Oscar Wilde arrived in October of that year, he was given a tour. According to Phyllis LeBlanc, the current Sergeant-at-Arms, the famous author signed his name on the stairwell wall that leads to the dome. The autograph remained, along with countless others, until the early 1990s, when a painter inadvertently covered it forever with one stroke of the brush! ❧

(Patricia Belier is a Collections Development Librarian at the Harriet Irving Library, UNB. Her articles on Isaac Burpee, Pauline Johnson, and Annie Ross appeared in the 1995 Spring, the 1995 Summer, and the 1996 Spring issues of *The Quarterly* respectively.)

The First Battalion of Maryland Loyalists Remembered...continued from page 33

new husband Sergeant Greer and son, George Field, all settled in New Brunswick.

After the detonation, the British repulsed the first assault, but the Spanish eventually gained a foothold in the damaged fort, making the British position untenable. On May 9th General Campbell surrendered the 650 survivors of his garrison, that had initially numbered about 900. During the siege the Maryland Loyalists suffered one private killed and one wounded, while one corporal and 17 privates deserted. The British garrison was

sent as prisoners of war to Havanna, Cuba, and a month later they were paroled, having been exchanged for Spanish prisoners. The Maryland Loyalists sailed for New York on June 30th, 1781.

On arrival the Maryland Loyalists were stationed at Newton and later they were allotted winter quarters at Denyas on Long Island. They spent the remainder of the war as part of the New York Garrison. In May 1782 the Maryland Loyalists were provided rations for 124 men, 20 women and 10 children.

During the period December 1782 to February 1783, their strength was 17 officers, 10 sergeants, 9 corporals, 3 drummers and 87 privates, divided into six small companies. In the autumn of 1783 the much travelled Maryland Loyalists sailed for the St. John River to be disbanded.

Sincerely,

Robert L. Dallison
Lieutenant Colonel (retired)
Fredericton, New Brunswick ❧

Recipes from the Pioneer Kitchen ... York-Sunbury Style

by Pat Flemming

An apple a day keeps the doctor away! This may not be far from the truth as we all know that apples are nutritious, and I recently learned that eating an apple will even increase the appetite. Remember the days while in elementary school it was the "in thing" to give a rosy-red apple to the teacher? Quite often the teacher would end up with five or six on his or her desk.

Taking a peek back into my childhood, I well remember our family apple orchard and the Fall of the year. The apples we grew were Duchess and New Brunswickers. They were early apples that ripened in late August. My sisters and brothers and myself took turns selling these apples from a table at the roadside and, with the money earned from the sale, we almost always had enough to pay our way to the Fredericton Exhibition and enough to pay for supplies to start school. It was our first money-making venture and it was fun at the same time.

Apple growers are numerous up and down the St. John River Valley. I cannot begin to name them all and it would not be fair as I might leave out some of the best. Possibly McIntosh and Cortland apples are the most common varieties in New Brunswick. Stored properly, they will keep the year round. Many of the apple growers are in the business full time and it is their only business. Look for their advertisements in the local press and their U-pick signs along the road.

Apples are a very versatile fruit and the recipes for them are endless. In the Fall of the year, when they are fresh off the tree and are cheaper, start baking, because apples are delicious in casseroles, salads, desserts, and pickles. Here are a few recipes to get you started:

APPLE & TURNIP CASSEROLE

(from the Flemming family favourites)

- 2 good cooking apples (Cortlands)
- 1 large turnip
- 2 tbsps. butter
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- dash of cinnamon

Peel and dice the turnip; cook in boiling water until tender. Drain and mash with butter. Peel and slice apples and mix with the brown sugar and cinnamon. In a greased casserole dish, layer one-half the turnip, then the apple, and then the remaining turnip. TOPPING: 1/3 cup brown sugar, 1/3 cup flour, 2 tbsps. butter. Mix brown sugar and flour in a small bowl and cut in butter until crumbly. Sprinkle on top of

turnip and apple mixture and bake at 350° for one hour. Serves eight!

* * *

WALDORF SALAD

(from Kate Aitken's Cook Book, 1945)

- 1 1/2 cups tart apples, diced
 - 1 tbsp. lemon juice
 - 1 tsp. lemon rind, grated
 - 1 cup celery
 - 1/4 cup nuts, chopped (walnuts or pecans)
 - 1/2 cup seedless raisins
 - 1 cup finely chopped green cabbage (optional)
- Peel, core, and dice apples; sprinkle with lemon juice and rind. Add all the remaining ingredients, moisten with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing, toss well, and chill. Serve at the beginning of your meal!

* * *

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS

(from the Flemming family favourites)

- 4 cups flour
- 8 level tbsps. baking powder
- 1 cup butter
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 8 or 9 apples
- sprinkles of nutmeg

Sift flour and baking powder. Cut in butter. Add milk to make a stiff paste. Roll out on floured board until 1/4 inch thick. Cut out in large circles. Pare and quarter the apples, placing several pieces in each circle of dough. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Fold each circle into a ball and place in large baking dish. SYRUP: 3 cups water, 1 cup sugar, 1 tbsp. butter. Combine in a saucepan and bring to a boil on top of stove. Pour over dumplings and bake all in a hot oven. SAUCE: 1 1/2 cups water, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 tsp. cornstarch or 1 tbsp. flour, juice of one lemon, 1 tbsp. butter. Combine in a saucepan and bring to a boil on top of stove, stirring until thickened. Serve with the warm dumplings!

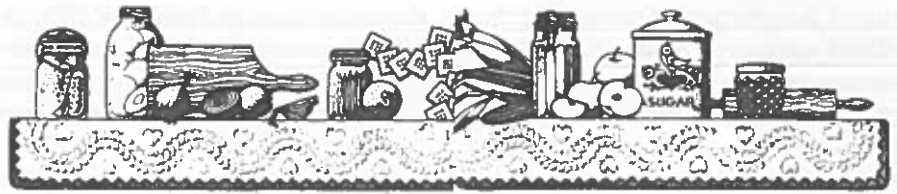
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CHUNKY APPLE COFFEE CAKE

(from The Bundt Cook Book, 1973)

- 2 1/4 cups sugar
- 2/3 cup cooking oil
- 3 eggs
- 5 cups peeled apple chunks, uncooked
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 3 tbsps. baking soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tbsps. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease and lightly flour a Bundt pan or a tube pan. In a large bowl combine sugar, oil, and eggs, mixing well. Add apple chunks. Mix dry ingredients together and add to the apple mixture. Mix well using wooden spoon. Pour into prepared pan and bake 55-60 minutes or until



cake is done. Cool in pan for ten minutes. Continue cooling on rack. A crown of vanilla glaze makes it perfect but you may also wish to serve it with APPLE FROSTING: 2 tbsps. butter, 1 cup sifted icing sugar, 1/2 tsp. vanilla, 1 to 2 tbsps. apple cider. Cream butter and then add remaining ingredients. Beat well before icing the cake!

* * *

CRABAPPLE RELISH

(from the Flemming family favourites)

- 6 pounds crabapples
- 7 cups white sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tbsps. ground cloves
- 3 tbsps. cinnamon
- 1 pint vinegar

Remove cores and put the crabapples through a mincer. Heat vinegar and sugar, and then add the other ingredients, including the minced crabapple. Boil 50 minutes, stirring frequently. Bottle and seal. Come winter, serve with various meat dishes!

* * *

APPLE CRUMBLE

(from Apple Kitchen Cook Book, 1966)

- 4 cups sliced pared apples
- 2 tbsps. water
- 1/4 cup sugar
- sprinkle of nutmeg
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 1/2 cup oatmeal
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup brown sugar

Grease an eight-inch square baking dish. Arrange apples and then sprinkle with water, sugar, and nutmeg. Combine the remaining ingredients, cutting in the butter until mixture resembles a crumble. Spread over the apples. Bake at 350° for 30 to 40 minutes, until the apples are cooked and the top of crumble is brown. Serve warm with ice cream!

* * *

HOT MULLED CIDER

(from the Flemming family favourites)

- 64 ounces of apple cider
- 2 tbsps. honey
- 4 whole cloves
- 2 cinnamon sticks
- 1/2 lemon, sliced
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 whole allspice

Combine all ingredients in a large pot and simmer for ten minutes on top of the stove. Serve, garnished with a cinnamon stick. Delicious on a cold Fall evening! ☺

(Society member Pat Flemming is a freelance writer and journalist living in Fredericton.)

Letter to the Editor

The First Battalion of Maryland Loyalists Remembered

Since I have been researching the British Provincial Corps for a number of years, I read with interest the article in the Summer 1996 issue of *The Officers' Quarterly* by M. Christopher New. The author recounted his research difficulties and stressed that the First Battalion of Maryland Loyalists was "one of the untold stories," "least documented" and "most overlooked."

I suggest that local researchers have considerable knowledge about this Loyalist Regiment, its members and their descendants. Ruth Scott in her history of Nashwaaksis recounts the settlement of some of its members. The trial of runaway slave Nancy, owned by Captain Caleb Jones, a Maryland Loyalist, was a key challenge to the legality of slavery in New Brunswick. The late Bertha Miller spoke with considerable pride about her Maryland Loyalist ancestor Henry White, after whom White's Hill in Marysville is named. Finally, the recent incorporation of New Maryland is a vivid reminder of the link with the Maryland Loyalists.

My interest lies with the campaigns of the Provincial Corps, and that of the Maryland Loyalists is unique. General Sir William Howe approved the formation of the First Battalion of Maryland Loyalists soon after the occupation of Philadelphia in 1777. James Chalmers was commissioned a lieutenant colonel and received a warrant dated October 14th to raise a corps to consist of 24 sergeants, 24 corporals, 8 drummers and 400 privates, divided into eight companies. After its formation, the Corps did garrison duty in and around Philadelphia.

In preparation for the British evacuation of Philadelphia, General Knyphausen's Division, which included the Maryland Loyalists, crossed the Delaware River at dawn on June 17th, 1778 and marched eight miles to secure Haddonfield as a base. Three days later Knyphausen's Division set off for New York, with the critical responsibility of the protection of the wagon train, consisting of some 1,500 vehicles. During the march across New Jersey, the Maryland Loyalists were assigned a variety of tasks, including that of being held in reserve during the Battle of Monmouth. They arrived on Long Island on July 5th.

With the entrance of France into the war in July 1778, the protection of the British islands in the West Indies gained in importance. Two Provincial Corps were sent to strengthen the garrison in Jamaica, the Pennsylvania Loyalists with a strength of 165 men and the Maryland Loyalists with 277 men. The duty in Jamaica proved disastrous, as the climate and sickness took a toll. Among those to die were Captain Grafton Dulany and

Surgeon Alexander Kidd. In January 1779, with Spain about to enter the war, the two Provincial Corps were sent to reinforce the Pensacola garrison in West Florida.

When the Maryland and Pennsylvania Loyalists arrived, Brigadier General John Campbell reported that they were sickly, without medicine, and their clothing in tatters. The Maryland Loyalists' landing at Pensacola was delayed, because small pox had broken out on board as they sailed from Jamaica. A blockhouse at Tartar Point, off which their transport was anchored, was designated a hospital.

The two Loyalists Corps were under strength. The Pennsylvania Loyalists consisted only of four companies with 163 men, while the Maryland Loyalists had six companies with 257 men. General Campbell proposed that the two units be combined into a single united corps. Lieutenant Colonel Chalmers had requested permission to go to New York to recover his health, clearing the way to appoint Lieutenant Colonel William Allen of the Pennsylvania Loyalists as the commanding officer of the combined unit. When General Campbell failed to receive a response to his request, he formed the United Corps of Pennsylvania and Maryland Loyalists and redistributed its officers. To Campbell's dismay, General Sir Henry Clinton had denied his request in August 1779, but communications being what they were, he did not learn of it until May 1780. Campbell asked Clinton to reconsider. General Clinton confirmed that he did not approve of the combining of the two Loyalists Corps and on February 15th, 1781, General Campbell reformed the Maryland Loyalists with three companies and the Pennsylvania Loyalists with two companies.

Eighteenth century travel had its hazards and Lieutenant James Inglis, in command of a party of Maryland and Pennsylvania Loyalists, was blown off course while sailing back to New York. They landed at Penzance in Devon and then travelled by wagon to the Plymouth, to await transportation back to North America. The party, consisting of Sergeant Joshua Mirrell, Sergeant John McAllen and four privates, were delayed in England for the winter of 1779-80.

In March 1780 the Spanish Governor of Louisiana, Bernardo de Galvez, captured Mobile with its British garrison of about 300 men; among the prisoners were one sergeant and 15 men from the Maryland Loyalists. The United Corps and German mercenaries had been sent to relieve Mobile, but after a march of 120 miles through uninhabited wilderness, they found the post had already fallen. They

returned to Pensacola, marching continuously for 14 days.

The expected attack on Pensacola did not occur in 1780, as a British squadron had kept the Spanish fleet at bay. However, the strength of the United Corps had fallen to 267 men, mainly as a result of desertion. As an example, seven men from the United Corps, stationed at an advanced post at Perkin's or the Upper Ferry on the Perdido River, deserted on the night of July 12th 1780. Embarrassingly, five others had intended to follow.

A force consisting of a British battalion, a Hessian battalion and the United Corps under command of the Hessian Colonel de Hanxleden was sent to recapture Mobile. A dawn attack on January 7th, 1781 was unsuccessful. Colonel de Hanxleden was killed early in the assault and the Waldeck Regiment could not be induced to advance, even though the others had gained a foothold in the Spanish trenches. The United Corps suffered eight soldiers killed, and one lieutenant, two sergeants and three soldiers wounded. Command passed to Captain Philip Barton Key, a Maryland Loyalist, who successfully conducted the withdrawal back to Pensacola.

In early March 1781 the capable Spanish commander de Galvez appeared off Pensacola and began careful preparations for an assault, amassing a force ten times the British garrison. A determined resistance forced de Galvez to undertake a formal siege and a long bombardment. As the Spanish siege lines developed around Fort George, General Campbell detected a weakness in their disposition and ordered a surprise assault at mid-day on May 4th. The assaulting force, consisting of 120 men from the United Corps under command of Major Francis Kearney, supported by 80 men of the Regiment of Waldeck, charged across the 500 yards separating the lines and captured a redoubt, destroyed seven cannon and inflicted about 40 casualties on the Spaniards. In recognition for their daring action, Major Kearney and his men were honoured with the responsibility for a key advanced redoubt.

On May 8th a Spanish shell detonated a principal magazine, inflicting severe casualties and demolishing the key redoubt held by Major Kearney. Legend holds that deserters from the United Corps pin-pointed the powder magazine for the Spanish gunners. Kearney was one of the wounded, and one of those killed was a Maryland Loyalist named Field. He left a widow and a son and, as was the custom, the widow soon married within the Regiment. At war's end, the widow, her

(continued on page 31)

The Last Word ... by Ruth Scott

Letters from Bob

After the War in Europe ended, 8 May 1945, Canadians began to wonder when their own particular service persons would be home for good. But there was one very important obstacle: the War with Japan was not yet over; Canadians might have to serve in the Pacific Theatre!

My husband, Lance/Corporal Scott/Robert Yerxa, who was still stationed somewhere in Holland, after a short leave in England, continued to write to me about his experiences in various locations, although I always hoped that each letter would be "the last word" from overseas and that he would soon be coming home.

Over the years, I have preserved his end-of-the-war correspondence and now, for the first time, I would like to share a few excerpts with the readers of *The Officers' Quarterly*:

Dear Ruth,

I managed to get my blankets dried out today, so I should rest a little more comfortable tonight. I've got myself a doozer of a cold. I guess the soft living on leave ruined me for this kind of living. Anyway, I got a real good cold the first night I came back here. My pup tent leaked and the blankets got damp and it rained for two days and I couldn't get them dry. . . .

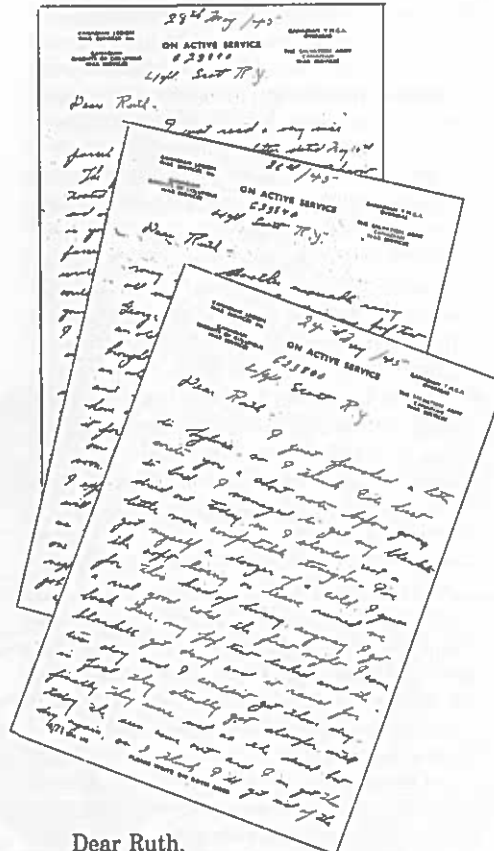
The cook made coffee tonight so I went over for a cup, and George invited me into his tent to drink my coffee and have a chat. So as usual we got to talking and some other fellows came and finally it turned out to be a political debate. Then we discussed the return trip home, and who would be going when, and so forth. . . .

I'll be home when I get there and not before so I guess we can't plan too much until I get there. I would like to be there in time to build a small house before winter sets in, but I may have to wait until spring. . . . I've sort of set my mind on a home of our own. After that I'll think of what I intend to do for a living. If I can get a home of my own out of my three years service, and furnish it, I won't feel too badly. But I intend to have a bath tub, at least, even if I have to put it in a log cabin.

The time seems to be going rather slow. It seems so long since I got a letter from you, and I got two night before last. . . .

Lovingly Bob
24 May 1945

* * *



Dear Ruth,

Another miserable rainy rainy day today. I sat in my pup tent all morning and froze, so after dinner George and I took a truck and went to an old German camp and got a stove, brought it back and then we fixed up an old German dug-out, put up the stove and now we're fairly comfortable again. We have a table and some chairs and we're using it for a reading and writing room.

Our Section is going to be broken up very soon. So I'll be going to a strange place I expect. I only hope some of my friends will be going the same place as I go. . . .

We had a party here last night. The officers decided since we were breaking up soon that we should have one last fling before parting company. So

they got a jug of rum and some beer, and we set up a table under the trees to serve as a bar, built a big fire, and all gathered around to enjoy an evening together. Someone got an accordion and we had a real good time. . . .

I rec'd an Air Mail from Mother and I think I'm in the dog-house again. She doesn't ask me why I don't write, just tells me that everyone always tells her they got a letter from me, and that I'm well and so on. . . .

Lovingly Bob
26 May 1945

* * *

Dear Ruth,

I just rec'd a very nice parcel from you, also a letter dated May 16th. The parcel contained cookies, which I haven't tasted as yet, peppermints, shaving stick (AVON) and styptic pencil, tobacco and peaches. You ask in your letter if you should send any more parcels. . . I think you could use the money to better advantage for yourself. And again one never knows just when I may be coming home. So I would advise using the money for yourself and the children. . . .

Regards voting. You say that you may have to vote for me (by proxy). Well! maybe you will, but it's a new one on me. I understand that we will get a chance to vote over here. However, we were supposed to once before. I think we start voting tomorrow, but I'm not very interested in political affairs anyway. I would be if I knew anything about what is going on over there. We get some news on the subject, but only what parties concerned want us to hear. . . .

And now, the part you have concerning us fellows in 1st Cdn. Corps. coming home. Darling, I hate to discourage you too much. It just can't work out the way you are told. Of course it may swing a lot of votes, one way or another. But Ruth it's like this. I probably can't explain properly on paper. But you see, in Italy 1st Cdn. Corps consisted of 1st Div. & 5th Div. plus Poles, French, Italians, or what have you. It was always changing. Now high point men first, right. They're about due to start going now, and some have gone. As for first Div. they went to Sicily don't forget. We never went until they had gone to Italy. So naturally 1st Div. should go home first, and since they go first and the C.&Y.Regt. is in 1st Div. I'm afraid I won't be



Ruth Scott and her husband "Bob" with their son Eric and daughter Brenda

coming with them. Oh! It's a mess. One can't plan on anything. But I'm quite sure I won't be home in August. Wish I could. If we were using the old point system I might make it by then . . . I'm an N.C.O. which I'm told will, or possibly will, keep me here a little longer. Please don't ask me why....

Yesterday was Sunday and fairly nice, though we did have a few showers. George and I went for a walk, but everyone we met wanted cigs, so we couldn't very well smoke ourselves and tell people we didn't have any. And we just couldn't give cigs to everyone, so we told them we didn't have any and didn't smoke ourselves. It wasn't a very successful walk for that reason. . . .

Lovingly Bob
28 May 1945

* * *

By late June, 1945, I was still receiving letters from Bob, who was now stationed in Hilversum, Holland. At first he complained of nothing to do, then he was asked to teach a carpentry course to young Dutch youths at the city's Technical Academy. Hilversum, indeed all of Holland, was in a confused state, the aftermath of five years of German occupation. The morale of the starving and abused population was very low and had to be rebuilt. Thus, all the Armed Forces stationed there were engaged in similar methods of rehabilitation, because Holland's future was in its youth, good medi-

cine not only for the people but for the soldiers who had seen so much of the horrors of war.

My husband made many friends among the Dutch people but the most poignant was with two Jewish girls, Ann and Gusti, who had been hidden away by Dutch friends from the Nazis and who had survived to enjoy the peace. But they survived alone, all of their immediate family having died in the gas chambers. Ann and Gusti did laundry for the Canadians stationed in Hilversum and that was where Bob met them, the friendship continuing after Bob came back to Canada, letters being exchanged for a while (I still have one, dated 28 September 1945). Sometime in 1948, the sisters left Hilversum to live with a relative in Australia and we never heard from them again.

Back home, I was impatiently waiting for word that my husband was returning. A lot of service people who had been overseas since 1939 were already back for a well-deserved leave, and there were rumours that they would not have to serve in the Pacific. It was selfish of me, I know, but I hoped married men with children would also be exempted.

Throughout July, I continued to receive letters from Hilversum, which just touched on the possibility of my husband serving in the Far East. In the meantime, he seemed to be enjoying himself while waiting for instructions. Snapshots of Bob

and his buddies sailing on the Zuider Zee with laughing Dutch girlfriends aboard were included in his letters. The girls seemed so young. . . .

War's end came at last. In August, the Japanese surrendered after the atom bomb wiped out the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In Fredericton, V-J Day was celebrated with joy and happiness, but there was an underlying fear among thinking Canadians: a single bomb that could destroy an entire city! What did the future hold?

Late in August, I decided to take a little holiday with my cousins at their summer camp near Saint John. I usually took the children by turns when I went on vacation and it was five-year-old Brenda's turn this time, seven-year-old Eric being left with my sister in Douglas, where he always had great fun playing on the farm and paddling in the St. John River. However, I only stayed a week — too restless to linger any longer. What if something should happen to Eric while we were away? Maybe the telegram announcing Bob's arrival was already in Fredericton. Brenda and I stopped to see my grandparents in Belmont for a day or two, and then we were on our way home. Nothing had changed, but there were two or three letters from Bob, who still had no idea when he would return to Canada. But he did hint that he might be leaving Hilversum, perhaps, in mid-September!

As Fall approached, more and more service men and women were coming home. There were lists of them in *The Daily Gleaner* almost every night, including the ships on which they would be sailing. A late letter from Bob made me think he would be home by month's end, but he never did arrive. I hate to admit how foolish I was, but, on one occasion, I secretly went to the train station to see the men disembark, thinking that Bob's name might have been left off the list or that a message had gone astray (this sometimes happened). It was a sad return to my unsuspecting family, but, at least, they did not know how anxious their mother was.

L/Cpl. Robert Y. Scott (signalman) came back to his family at the end of October, 1945, crossing the Atlantic on the *Queen Elizabeth*. The waiting had seemed

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Armistice Day Parade - Frederickton Cenotaph

November 11th, 1932

Left to right: John Forrester, Seymour Tyler, (Fred Crauford, bandsman in rear), Israel Smith, (Ross Fisher, Frank Spencer, and Tom Lynch, bandsman, in rear), Morris Oldenberg, (Karl Walker and Harry Lynch in rear), Bobby Lyons, (Martin Horncastle in rear), Ernest Tims, George Gray,

Tyler, Tims, and Gray were present for the Remembrance Day Parade, 1966.

— from the York-Sunbury Museum Collection