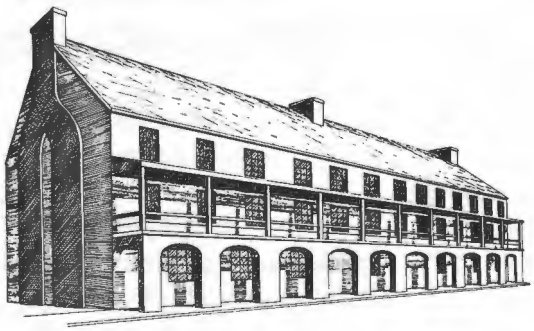

The Officers' Quarters

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

Volume 16, Number 1 and 2 Spring and Summer 2000

Dayton's New General Store

The Officers' Quarters

Volume 16, Number 1 and 2

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

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

Individual memberships are $30 per year and family memberships are $45 per year (which includes *The Officers' Quarters*). Student membership is $15. A life membership is $250. Corporations, individuals, and organizations may also bcome sustaining members.

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Susan Acheson
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Pat Flemming
Patsy Hale
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Front Cover

The photo on the front cover is of the Dayton's New General Store with Samuel Dayton standing in the doorway. See Feature article, "Reminiscences of a General Store" by the late Susan Katherine Squires, p. 13. (Photo courtesy of Margery Squires Acheson).

President's Message... *by Elizabeth Earl*

I take this opportunity to thank the members, volunteers, committees, Board members and museum staff who have contributed their efforts this year to forwarding the goals of the York-Sunbury Historical Society. I am especially grateful for the marvelous encouragement and support of Dr. Bill Acheson, the executive, and our staff headed by Kate Mossman. This year we have built and maintained a solid foundation for the future in the face of many obstacles.

The Society has developed over the past year from being primarily a forum for critically researched historical papers to become an association which responds to the challenges presented. We have accepted and met our responsibility for collecting, recording, preserving and presenting the artifacts and history of central New Brunswick.

A high point was the wonderful Christmas Party convened by the Program Committee and hosted by Lieutenant Governor Marilyn Trenholme Counsell at her newly renovated official residence, Old Government House. The museum also hosted the solemnization of a military wedding in its second gallery; the summer exhibit organized by the Exhibits Committee made a splendid backdrop for this special occasion. The ground floor of the museum was retiled this past year through the assistance of the Provincial Departments of Supply and Services, and Tourism, Culture and Housing.

Lynda Savoie resigned as Treasurer in January 2000. Lynda indeed has been a treasure, earning the respect of all who have had the privilege of working with her for the past three years. Staff member Maureen Hood, our part-time book/record keeper, will be in work overdrive until a new Treasurer is found. Carolyn Atkinson, prior to her resignation in December 1999, continued to organize programs for us in spite of the pressures of family illness. Among other things, she and her committee obtained the use of Old Government House for our winter lecture series. Carolyn will be missed on the Programs Committee.

Past President Helen Hutchinson, in the meantime, temporarily has taken on the mantle of chair of the Program Committee. Similarly, after the wonderful work they have done for us on the Exhibits Committee, Tanya Davis and Patsy Hale have resigned as co-chairpersons. Tanya left due to family constraints. Patsy, more happily, departed to the *Officers' Quarters* to pursue her love of research. In the meantime, Gary Campbell has stepped up to take the chair of the Exhibits Committee on a *pro tem* basis.

Over at the *Officers Quarters*, Editor Katrina DeWitt and her associates, with the assistance of staff member Melanie Patterson, continue to produce a top quality journal. In the past year the *Quarters* has published fascinating articles by local historians on known and lesser known aspects of New Brunswick history. Katrina and the *Officers' Quarters* committee have skillfully woven these materials together to form a beautiful tapestry of our province's history.

Financial restraints continue to severely limit our work. We have a wonderful society, staff and committed volunteers but the efforts of these people often are forestalled and their expert assistance sometimes goes unused. We lack the ability to fund the paper, pencils and glue necessary for their work Many artifacts in our collection are in need of costly expert conservation. There is a need for at least five years' funding for collection data-processing. History education is an ongoing need in both official languages. The society has been fortunate to have the services of Leary Herbert, our computer expert, and Anne Theriault our bilingual education officer. Their positions and the invaluable work they are doing for us however are subject to the diminishing availability of short-term government grants.

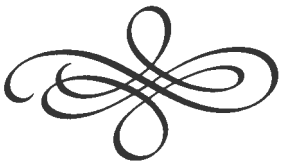
The single greatest need of the Society is ongoing sustainable funding. It is with this in mind that I ask you to turn your thoughts to the upcoming fund-raising drive and the difficult work ahead for Craig Chouinard, Mel McMahon and the other members of the *ad hoc* Fundraising Committee.

The "Have a Heart for History" membership campaign held in January met with success. The campaign was the work of the Membership Committee, their chair Fred White, and Kate Mossman. On a lighter sounding but serious note, we also won the Great Pavilion Debate this past summer and Officers' Square will retain its nineteenth century historical charm.

Over these past months, the society has suffered the sad loss of two of its long-standing members. Dr. James K. Chapman and Ruth Scott both contributed significantly to the recording and dissemination of the history of New Brunswick, as well as having actively participated in our society. We will miss them sorely and cherish our wonderful memories of them both.

On a final note, I extend my thanks to Bill, Kate, Helen, and the other members of the York-Sunbury Historical Society Board for making this a memorable year for me. My task as your President was made much easier because of their support, humour and hard work.

From the Editor... *by Katrina A. DeWitt*



Wide-eyed children, when not riding cows or putting red pepper on the school stove, usually were there staring at the peppermint sticks and sponge taffy and hoping that some benevolent adult would help assuage their yearnings. In the meantime, they could only wait patiently, stroking the omnipresent store dog or cat and dreaming the extravagant dreams of youth.

During the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, everyone patronized their local General Store. It was as much an institution as any local church or school. True, they went there to buy needed goods but there were many other attractions. Lured by the pungent odour of over-ripe apples and by the exotic smell of pipe tobacco, our ancestors also went to the general store with the expectation and certainty of hearing and exchanging the latest gossip. The inevitable front bench, the wider the better, was reserved for serious philosophical and theological discussions. Discussing the "news," when all else was said and done, regulated the heartbeat of the community by daily reaffirming the norms and values of the local culture.

Large and tasty cheese wedges on the General Store counter, the target of hordes of house flies, always claimed their attention. So did the newly arrived crackers, the displays of harnesses, ironstone dishes, and the rugged boxes filled with strong, aromatic tea. An incredible inventory of everything from nails to salt, from Surprise Soap to novel spices, filled every nook and cranny and invited exploration. Seduced by its captivating grasp, both young and old lingered at the store and, in quieter moments, perhaps mused on the foreign climes that had produced these goods. The general store was a tangible link to the world outside.

Springtime, the season of renewed promise, usually was the time for "squaring-up" or, more likely, for making more promises to pay the merchant. The store for many was the only source for what could not be produced locally so it paid to be on the merchant's good side. Keep in mind that the general store, like the modern supermarket, sold dreams. Basic goods and sinful, new-fangled products, they all were there. Oh, what complex place was "the store!"

Trusting that the summer would bring new riches, the farmers, railwaymen, lumbermen and their wives gathered there selling produce and making their purchases. They told each other outrageous yarns as they sat around the pot-bellied stove but they also exchanged good or bad news, announced marriages and renewed friendships. If they were fortunate, the still single persons might steal glances of their current *paramours*. Business agreements were finalized there and farming techniques carefully were weighed. The merchant, often a Justice of the Peace, even might be called upon to draw a Will or Deed. It was, at the primary group level, a place where one's identity and goals regularly were tested and confirmed. The General Store, by its mere presence, gave continuity to the community.

Let us in this issue savour our appetites for an interesting journey through the typical New Brunswick General Store. Marvel Nason, writing on the history of Tracy, relates the history and events affecting one Sunbury County community. She helps us to understand the typical *milieu* of a general store. The articles on tea, Ironstone China, and the recipes from the Pioneer Kitchen, tell us of some then available commodities and the uses to which they were put. Ruth Scott's perspectives on Frogmore, mostly dealing with earlier times, by contrast give a more intimate view of one Fredericton heritage site.

In our feature article, Susan Katherine Squires uses a woman's perspective as she delightfully recalls her keen observations and amusing memories of Dayton's (her father's) General Store. A heroine to her son and granddaughter, Mrs. Squires demonstrates that limited formal education never deters an inquiring mind. Her sense of humour and her sensitivity are evident throughout the article. Hers, according to Margery Squires Acheson, was the intellect of experience and practicality. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, might have been thinking of her when he said:

> And others' follies teach us not,
> Nor much their wisdom teaches;
> And most, of sterling worth, is what
> Our own experience preaches.

Surely it is in the everyday experiences of men and women that history truly is made. The greatest triumph of our early settlers was not that they built the largest church, house, sawmill or general store. It was that they endured so well under harsh conditions. Now, ignore the mixed fragrances of pipe tobacco, leather and fish and open the welcoming door to Dayton's General Store. [**Ed.** See Feature Article at page 13].

Now that spring is returning, there comes again the old wonder at its loveliness, the old radiant sense of joy, the old touch of sadness, - the sorrow of the world. If we awake in the serene sunlight of some still April dawn, and find our life on the flowery earth very good, we also feel the question which underlies the murmurous twilight, - the disturbing question of the universe to which there is no reply.

Bliss Carman, *The Kinship of Nature*

The Imperial Regiments at Fredericton Part I... *by C.W. Clark*

[Ed. This article is continued from C.W. Clark, "Military History of Fredericton," Number 5, pages 6-9, December 18, 1932, York-Sunbury Historical Society Collection, Provincial Archives of New Brunswick. Prepared from the author's original typed script, grammar and terminology largely have been maintained.]

The Winter March-1812

The expected war with the United States came early in 1812 [with] the enemy of course taking advantage of Great Britain being involved with Napoleon. New Brunswick prepared to resist invasion but none came. This to some extent was due to the fact that a force of Imperial and Nova Scotia troops and ships attacked the mouth of the Penobscot and captured Castine, holding it for some years. This is a fact to which people from the United States make little reference.

New Brunswick being apparently safe from attack, and troops being urgently needed in Canada, the 104th received orders to march to Quebec *en route* to active service farther west. The wing of the battalion which was in Saint John under Major William Drummond joined the rest of the unit at Fredericton where they had been in barracks. Snow-shoes and moccasins were issued and plans made for a mid-winter march. The route was the old one of the Indian dispatch-carriers, up the Saint John River to the mouth of the Madawaska, up the Madawaska to Lake Temiscouta, across Lake Temiscouta to its head, across the portage to Riviere du Loup, thence up the south bank of the St. Lawrence to Levis and across to Quebec. The march began February 11th and finished February 27th. It is claimed that the Regiment did not lose a man although average winter weather occurred and [they experienced] one particularly bad storm. There are numerous details that need not be given here, but the march in itself was a remarkable military achievement.

Long Service

The 104th Regiment early in 1813 proceeded up the St. Lawrence and on May 29th was in its first action at Sackett's Harbor, a place in Northern New York which was taken by the

Silver Sword Belt Plate, worn by Lt. W.B. Phair when an officer in the 104th (New Brunswick) Regiment

British and buildings and stores burned. Later the corps served on the Niagara frontier where it saw long and bloody service in 1813-14. The Treaty of Ghent ended the war on the last day of 1814 but the troops in the field did not move until much later than that. The 104th remained in garrison and on various duties until returned to New Brunswick and in February 1817, after six years as a regiment of the line, it was disbanded. The last survivor is said to have died at Canterbury Station late in the last century, more than one hundred years old. He was Godfrey Worth.

Second March

During the war another New Brunswick Fencible Regiment was raised in Fredericton. The service of the 104th New Brunswick Regiment in this province was paralleled for some three years by that of the 2nd Battalion, 8th Foot, now the King's Liverpool Regiment, which arrived in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to the strength of six companies in October 1810. Saint John and St. Andrew's are mentioned in the regimental history as stations in New Brunswick. Great Britain, having a freer hand in 1814, made preparations to bring stronger forces against the United States. Consequently the portion of the 8th Foot in the Maritime Provinces was ordered to Canada and under Major Evans the unit duplicated the feat of the 104th Regiment in the preceding winter, marching to Quebec. A party of 230 seamen, volunteers from the Maritime Provinces for service on the Great Lakes, marched with them. Saint John was left on January 29th. As Quebec was not reached until March, much more time was taken than by the 104th. "Little loss," is said to have attended the march. [The] regiment took part in the capture of Plattsburg, New York, in the summer of 1814. This march of this line regiment seems to have been entirely overlooked by many although that of the 43rd, more than twenty years later, is mentioned.

Military history as [to] Fredericton's garrison about that time is somewhat nebulous but records show that the 102nd Foot, 1st Battalion, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, if that number was retained, and the 98th Foot under

Colonel Daniell, now the 2nd Battalion, North Staffordshire Regiment, were in the Province and it is certain spent time in Fredericton.

74th Highlanders

The 74th Highlanders, [under] Colonel French now the 2nd Battalion, Highland Light Infantry, reached Fredericton in 1818, landing at Saint John July 8th. Headquarters and five companies came to Fredericton; two companies remained in Saint John; and three companies were in St. John's, Newfoundland. This regiment was Highland in name only at that time, difficulty having been discovered in recruiting if the kilt was part of the uniform. It left at the end of July, 1823 for Halifax. Lt. R. Davis, second in the Wetmore-Street duel, was a lieutenant in the 74th.

The 52nd Light Infantry, [commanded by] Col. Rowen, now the 2nd Battalion, Oxfordshire Light Infantry, arrived at this station in 1823 and remained about four years. Major McNair is mentioned by some authorities as commanding at Fredericton. The 81st Foot, now 2nd Battalion, Loyal Lancashire Regiment, arrived in 1827, remaining three years. Col. Creigh commanded.

Caustic Comment

In 1830 the 1st Battalion, Rifle Brigade, which still has the same identity, with Col. Eels commanding, arrived here. This unit remained three years. The Aroostook trouble was looming through John Baker's activities in Madawaska. Courtesies evidently were exchanged between British and U.S. regular troops. Col. Eels on one occasion was a guest at Hancock Barracks, Houlton, Maine. A Yankee asked him how he would attack Houlton in the event of hostilities and the Colonel replied, "Blow you to Hell with bladders of Scotch Snuff from the high ground."

Settled in Country

In 1833 the 34th Foot under Col. Fane arrived. This now is the 1st Battalion, Border Regiment. Col. Fane was a nephew of the Duke of Wellington. A fine band [also] was a feature of the Regiment. Bandmaster Crozier was leader and Drum-major Straw was a six- footer. Several marriages with families of Fredericton occurred while this regiment was here. Lt. Newcomb upon resigning his commission settled at Oromocto and Adjutant Howe located in Penniac. The 34th remained two years.

Another Winter March

The 43rd Light Infantry arrived in 1835 coming from the Cove of Cork. This is now the 1st Battalion, Oxfordshire Light Infantry. More marriages with local people occurred. Col. Booth was in command with a distinguished body of officers. The Rebellion of 1837 having broken out, this regiment was ordered to Canada and marched to Quebec as had its predecessors. Much is made of this march although [it was] not the first [of its kind]. The Duke of Wellington particularly praised it. The 43rd left Fredericton on December 16th and marched into Quebec on the twelfth day afterward.

This route was used that winter by other troops, the 34th Foot previously on station here and the 92nd Highlanders, now 2nd Battalion of the Gordons, and also units of Artillery and Infantry passing through Fredericton to the scene of the trouble. Sleds were used as much as possible in forwarding troops, the route through Fredericton being a winter route as the St. Lawrence could be reached directly during the other seasons. [**Ed.** Other sources indicate that it was the 85th Regiment (King's Light Infantry) and not the 92nd that made this overland march . . . **To Be Continued**].

*[**Ed.** The belt plate illustration of the 104th Regiment is from W. Austin Squires, **The 104th Regiment of Foot: (The New Brunswick Regiment) 1803-1817** (Fredericton: Brunswick Press, 1962), page 67.*

Garrison Notes:

Letter to the Editor

[We appreciate receiving articles and letters. Obviously researchers and writers also value being published. **Ed.**] The following letter of thanks was received from Katherine DeWitt:

"The Certificate of Appreciation for contributions I had made to the *Officers' Quarters* was duly delivered and is much appreciated . . .This certificate is a first in its line for me and certainly unexpected. I shall treasure it."

(Katherine DeWitt is a local historian from Hoyt, N.B. She is the co-author of ***Days of Old: A History of Fredericton Junction.)***

Members' Notices

We wish the best to Mrs. Francis Flemmington on her recovery and look forward to seeing her at future programs.

Best wishes and good health to Mrs. Judith Turley, another valued member of the Society.

(Should you have information for this regular column, please call Donna Wallace at 450-2114).

The Annual Holiday Party 1999

The Honourable Marilyn Trenholme Counsell, Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, graciously hosted an "End-of-the-Century Holiday Party" for the York-Sunbury Historical Society on Friday, December 10, 1999. The Master of Ceremonies Ted Jones did a fine job at the well attended Old Government House celebration.

The beautifully decorated House, with its shining mahogany tables and polished silver tea services, transported all those who attended back to the Victorian era. Tall evergreen trees were decked out splendidly in period decorations and the childrens' tree in the Library, nearly reaching the ceiling, certainly was a sight to behold with its hand-made decorations and glistening lights.

Greetings were delivered by the Lieutenant Governor and Society President Elizabeth Earl. Don Roberts presented a gift to the Lieutenant Governor as a small token of our appreciation. Awards were presented by the Lieutenant Governor to members who contributed articles to the Officers' Quarters. Carolyn Atkinson was presented with an Award of Distinction for her many years of outstanding and dedicated service to the York-Sunbury Historical Society. Carolyn served on the Board, chaired several committees, and reliably gave of her time.

Anita Jones spoke on Clement Moore, the author of "T'was the Night Before Christmas," and his little known Fredericton connection. Anita, using Moore's rhyme, read a delightful parody referring to the Lieutenant Governors who lived in Old Government House between 1828-1894. A more traditional Christmas reading of Moore's poem was read by Bill Acheson. Christmas Carols were led by Bruce Atkinson and Jeanette Blue played the piano accompanied by Nick DeVries on the clarinet. Matching the elegance of the evening, Mary Hashey and Donna Wallace, poured tea while seated at either end of a Nisbet banquet table. Sandwiches and small pastries were served with traditional egg-nog.

Congratulations to Carolyn Atkinson and her Program Committee for having arranged such an interesting and enjoyable event for the members.

[The Editor]

Authors' Recognition Awards presented at Old Government House: *from left to right, Pat Flemming, Ted Jones, Katrina DeWitt, Anita Jones, Melanie Patterson, Norma Alexander, Fredrica Givan, Gina Bernard, Lieutenant Governor Trenholm Counsell, Koral LaVorgna, Dorothy Vaughan, Patsy Hale, Diane Taylor-Myles, Carolyn Atkinson. (Photo courtesy of Bruce Atkinson)*

Award of Distinction presented to Carolyn Atkinson by Lieutenant Governor Trenholm Counsell: *from left to right, Elizabeth Earl, Carolyn Atkinson and Lieutenant Governor Trenholme Counsell (photo courtesy of Bruce Atkinson)*

A Tribute to James Chapman... *by Ted Jones*

There was a large gathering in attendance when the York-Sunbury Historical Society held its 1999 Christmas Party at Old Government House on December 10th. However, one notable person was absent and that was James Chapman.

Dr. Chapman had been scheduled to do his annual traditional reading from his own works and all were looking forward to another homespun story from his pen, presented as only he could do it. It might have been an excerpt from his ***River Boy*** trilogy or something from his last published book, ***Where the Woodbine Twineth***. Regardless, everyone would enjoy his part in the program.

Sadly, Jim passed away unexpectedly two months earlier, October 13, 1999. He will be missed and this was evident at the last Society Social of the 1900's.

His involvement with the Society and the Museum goes back over half a century. He was on the Executive in the 1950's and then remained on the Board for a number of years. He became a Life Member and, in 1989, he was the recipient of the Martha J. Harvey Award of Distinction. As he downsized his estate in the 1990's, he did not forget the Museum, donating a number of his personal artifacts.

James Chapman was born 24 April 1919 in Gagetown, Queen's County, and spent the first 17 years of his life there. His father worked as a mill-hand during the day and operated a barber shop in the village during evenings. Along with his brother and sister, James attended the Gagetown Grammar School, where he started with 21 classmates. Of these, only he and one girl went on to graduate from high school in June of 1936.

In 1937, he graduated from the Provincial Normal School in Fredericton, but he never taught grade school. Instead, he became a teller at the Bank of Nova Scotia in Gagetown for the next three years of his life. In the Autumn of 1940, he enlisted in the RCAF (Aircraftsman Second Class) and six years later was discharged as a Flight Lieutenant, having been both a navigator and an instructor.

In 1950, he received his BA degree with 1st Class Honors in History and Political Science. In 1952, he received his MA degree, having been awarded the Lord Beaverbrook Scholarship for Studies in the Relations of Maine and New Brunswick. It was a Beaverbrook Overseas Scholarship and a Historical Research Fellowship that took him to the University of London (England), where he received his PhD in Imperial History in 1954. At this time, he was fortunate to have his wife (the former Rhonda Wilson) with him, because she proofread and typed his thesis.

1957 Executive & Board for the Society & Museum. *Standing left to right: Mr. R. Stanley Goodspeed (Director), Major C. Warren Anderson (Curator), Miss Louise Hill (Director), George W. Stegmann (Director), Prof. James K. Chapman (Secretary), Miss Marguerite McNair (Director), Captain G. Alvah Good (Vice-President), Miss Nettie Moore (Treasuer). Seated: Miss Dora Hubbard (Director), Mr. Fred S. Mundle (President). Credit: from the Museum files*

Returning to New Brunswick, he spent the next 30 years working his way from Assistant and Associate Professor to Chairman of the History Department at UNB, receiving a number of grants and sabbaticals along the way. He also received the Fredericton Heritage Trust Award (1981) and an Honorary Life Membership in the Atlantic Association of Historians (1982). Mount Allison University bestowed upon him an Honorary LL.D. in 1984.

Over the years, Jim spoke to the Society on a number of occasions: in January 1963, it was "Lieutenant Governor Arthur Gordon's Wilderness Journeys in NB"; in October 1967, it was "Some Episodes in Maine - New Brunswick Relations in the Civil War". He also returned to Queen's County to speak before the Historical Society there: in 1978, he gave a lecture on Queen Victoria; in 1988, he presented a paper on James Peters, the Loyalist founder of Gagetown.

His first book, entitled ***The Career of Arthur Hamilton Gordon,*** was about the 1st Lord Stanmore, who became the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick in 1861. This was followed by letters of Sir Arthur Gordon and Lady Sophia Palmer – ***A Political Correspondence of the Gladstone Era.*** As the only professional historian to claim Gagetown as his place of birth and upbringing, he had long thought that he should write its history and he did, the result being ***Gagetown: As We Were.***

Some of his articles have appeared in *Acadiensis, Canadian Forum*, and *Victorian Studies*. Four of his short stories can be found in *The Atlantic Advocate* under the pseudonym Hamish Keith, a false name that was used to separate his light fiction from his intellectual pursuits. Thus, he was a man of many talents, from academia to pleasant diversions.

During his 15 years of retirement, he finally had time for his greenhouse, his garden, his home on Montgomery Street, and his cottage at Oromocto Lake, but, as he once said, "Not necessarily in that order!"

James Chapman will always be remembered by his family, friends, colleagues, and students. And by the York-Sunbury Historical Society, especially at Christmastime. How fortunate that we have his literary legacy, the image of his infectious smile, and the memories of his involvement with the preservation of history in our province and beyond.

The Village of Tracy... *by Marvel Nason*

The name Tracy is ancient, having passed from one generation to another for more than a thousand years. It was brought to England from Normandy in 1066 and was linked closely with English history. The name "Le Sire de Tracy", for example, is found on the "Roll of Battle Abbey" as one of the soldiers who had fought in the Battle of Hastings in 1066. This Norman baron was a captain in William the Conqueror's army. *[**Ed.** One of the knights who killed Saint Thomas à Becket on December 29, 1170 also was from this branch of the Tracy family.]*

A descendant, Sir William Tracy, became Sheriff of Gloucestershire in 1513. He was one of the first of the English nobility to embrace the ideas of the Protestant Reformation. Tracy, a writer, also was very vocal in his beliefs. As he was dying in 1529, he commended his soul to God 'through Christ as Mediator and Redeemer alone.' But his body was exhumed by yet another regime in 1532 and it was burned for his heresies.

Ernest A. Tracy, Proprietor of the Tracy General Store, standing at the counter. *Ironstone dishes cost 20¢; lamp chimneys were 8 to 12¢. The terms were cash. (Photo courtesy of Robert DeWitt)*

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, England was in the midst of change and upheaval both in the Church and in the State. Many brave souls consequently decided that it was better to take their chances in an unknown land than to stay in England under such unrest and persecution. Thus the year 1628 marked the beginning of what is known as the Great Migration that lasted about sixteen years and saw more than twenty thousand Puritans leaving for New England, and forty-five thousand other Englishmen embarking for Virginia, the West Indies and points south.

One such man of strong Christian convictions was Thomas Tracy, born in 1610, the son of Sir Paul Tracy and his wife Ann Starkerly. Thomas came to America in 1636, landing in Salem, Massachusetts, which had been established as a Puritan colony. He subsequently made his way to Windsor, Connecticut, and then moved on to Saybrook, Connecticut in 1639. There he married Mary Mason, the widow of Edward Mason, in 1641 and they had seven children. He moved his family to Norwich, Connecticut in 1660. Here he became known as Lieutenant Thomas Tracy, being actively engaged in the civil and military affairs of the colony. Thomas Tracy died on November 7, 1685.

It was Thomas' great-great grandson Jeremiah Tracy, born August 9, 1744 in Falmouth, Maine, who brought the name to New Brunswick. In 1771 he married Sarah Leighten, who was to be his helpmate for the rest of his life, sharing the hardships of pioneer women with strength and great determination. Six of their ten children were born in New Brunswick. Jeremiah served in the American Revolutionary War from 1775 to 1783. He, unlike so many of his neighbours, welcomed the end of the war as an opportunity for emigrating and carving out a future under the British flag. Governor Lawrence had issued a proclamation opening land to those in the Thirteen Colonies wishing to come to Sunbury County or, as it then was called, Nova Scotia.

In 1784 Jeremiah, Sarah and their four children sailed in a sloop along the coast of Maine into the Bay of Fundy to Portland Point (now Saint John). They then made their way up the Saint John River to Oromocto where they settled in 1784-85 and cleared two or three acres of land. That also is where six more of their children were born.

By 1810, settlements began to spread along both the north and south branches of the Oromocto and their tributaries. The name Jeremiah Tracy is found in a Provincial Order-in-Council dated February 13, 1810 which granted lands to a list of successful applicants. Once again, the Tracy sloop was loaded with their belongings and the family members sailed up the North Branch of the Oromocto River. Family tradition states that they stopped at Pride's Landing because the vessel simply could go no farther. Here, their belongings were transferred to wagons and hauled to their new homes about two miles beyond the Second Falls. It was on this land on the south side of the river that Jeremiah built his log cabin.

But one incident marked their homecoming. When the wagons were unloaded, they realized that they had lost one of their prized possessions when they could not find their beautiful grandfather clock of polished wood and all brass works. A team of oxen was sent back to Prides Landing and, although the clock was found, it was immersed in the river. Luckily, it was

unharmed and remained in good running order at a Tracy home until it was donated in 1993 to the Sunbury-West Historical Society.

Jeremiah lived in the same log cabin until his death in 1834 at the age of ninety years. The ground still was frozen so his body was taken down river in a canoe to a high point of land thawed enough to bury him and thus became the first person interred in what now is the Tracy Pioneer Cemetery. His wife Sarah died in 1834 also at ninety years of age and was buried beside him. Of his family of six sons and four daughters, one son Israel and his wife Annie Hoyt went to Ontario; Asa Tracy returned to Goulds-boro, Maine to his boyhood home; the other sons, Solomon, Jonathan, Samuel and Jeremiah, as did the girls, all married and raised large families in Sunbury County.

The store was built by Hatfield Currie owner of the house in the background.
(Photo courtesy of Marvel Nason)

Jeremiah Tracy II, or 'Captain Tracy' as he later was known, was born in Oromocto on November 27, 1786 and he married a daughter of Richardson and Bessie Thomas, Mary Webb on April 7, 1807. Captain Jeremiah built a dam across the river near the present bridge site and went on to build a mill in the spring of 1825. Disaster struck however on October 7, 1825 when fire destroyed the new mill. A lumber crew working for Thomas Hartt of Hartt"s Mills, a community founded at First Falls four miles downstream from Second Falls, had lunched on the banks of the Yoho Stream. They put their fire out and went back to the 'cut' but apparently the fire had not been extinguished.

By late afternoon, the fire was racing out of control and, with a three-mile front, was sweeping downstream to Second Falls devouring all in its path. Families, mostly women and children since the men were away working in the woods, headed for the river to huddle in the Mill Pond or under the dam. Much to the relief of her husband, Mary Phillips Tracy, wife of Solomon Tracy, had put silver and gold coins needed to pay the mill crew into a small trunk and her two sons had carried it to the river. The fire continued its destructive course through Hartt's Mills over an area of approximately 80 square miles until it burned itself out on the banks of the main Oromocto River. Jeremiah must have wondered about the mill and lumber business but we know that he decided to continue despite this setback.

The mill was rebuilt in the spring of 1826 and, as lumber became available, Jeremiah also built the mill house on the property and a new home on a high point of land to the northeast of the mill site. This house was exclusively for the mill workers' use. Jeremiah also owned a large and bountiful farm. He died in September 1840 and all ten children attended his funeral.

The children also were present when their mother Mary died on April 13, 1843. Because the snow was still deep, making the road to the Pioneer Cemetery impassible, her body was taken by an oxen-drawn sled to a knoll on her son Charles' property for burial. Charles later gave this land to the Baptist Church for a cemetery. For the grand sum of one dollar, he also gave a twelve-foot right of way to connect the back road to the cemetery. Charles Tracy was the eighth child of Jeremiah and Mary and he was born on January 28, 1824. He married Olive Kelly of Hartt's Mills. He was a farmer and he also very athletic because it was said that he was the only man to ride a log over the First Falls and was able to stay on it. He could run and mount a horse at the age of 70 and, when he was approximately 90 years old, he was known to have skated 3 miles.

Jeremiah III, born at Second Falls on January 26, 1809, worked all of his life with his father in the lumber business and he was known as 'Boss Tracy.' His wife was Sarah Ann Thomas and they had eight children. In 1864 he built a large extension to the house where the mill hands lived at a cost of one thousand dollars which, of course, was quite expensive for the times. That house became known locally as the 'Big House'. Boss Tracy lived in the front addition while the older part was occupied by the mill hands. His wife Ann did all the cooking for the workers with a large oven using hot coals. It must have been a large oven indeed because she often baked thirty loaves of bread in one batch. Their three daughters helped with the cooking and house work and the five sons all worked in the woods or at the mill. Boss Tracy also built a great mill on the south side of the dam opposite the saw mill where farmers had their grain ground into flour. People then began calling the settlement Tracy Mills.

Lumber from the mill was hauled by teams to Pride's Landing and there it was loaded on schooners. It was shipped overseas to Great Britain, the West Indies and the United States. Tracy Mills at this time ranked third in Sunbury County as a lumbering centre. Boss Tracy laid out the Front

Road (to what now is Fredericton Junction) in order to have a more direct route to Pride's Landing with his lumber. His second son Linas, born December 17, 1841, married Martha Jones; he was 'woods boss' for his father's operations.

The men would leave with their teams each November only to return in the spring when the river again was open. Their camps usually were on the north side of Oromocto Lake. But the men made certain that they would be home for Christmas Day. Since they never worked on Sundays, occasionally they would open the dam entrance to the lake on Fridays and flood the river. By Saturday night, it would be well frozen. After finishing their work on Saturday, they would harness their skates to their boots ('reachers') and skate down river to their homes before returning on Sunday night. Thus, skating was both a skill and a primary mode of transportation. It was normal for them to skate to Oromocto and Fredericton and back again.

Stream driving was another important part of the lumbering tradition. The woods crews hauled the logs to the bank of the river, sometimes over the ice, to make the drive somewhat easier. This was very hard work which the experienced men made easier by using 'peavies' and the younger labourers by using 'pick poles'. The latter were poles with an iron brad in the ends. Once the logs were in the water they had to be pushed to catch the current. Men often had to ride the logs, jumping from one to another with the agility of mountain goats. To lose your footing meant, at the very least, a good soaking and having to wear wet clothes for the rest of the day.

The logs as well often caught on piers and other river obstacles causing 'jams'. Sometimes 'jam breakers' could dislodge the key logs and the jams would easily unravel. Other times, dynamite would have to be used. This indeed was dangerous work and not infrequently men were killed or injured. A 'wanigan' boat carried the cook tent from one site to another and this usually was placed in a sheltered spot away from the water. Meals were good but had to be eaten outdoors around a fire in all kinds of weather. Usually the men would sleep in hay barns along the way.

Boss Tracy, by contrast, never worked on a stream drive until he was seventy years old. He then got into the water and stayed there every day for the last three miles never missing a day of work because of illness. Boss Tracy died on January 10, 1887 just as he was making his sled ready for a trip to the woods camp where his men were working. His nephew, Abner Tracy, saw him that day holding a sled stake and asked if he were hurt. "No," replied Boss Tracy, "but I feel very bad." Those reportedly were his last words.

Jeremiah Tracy IV, born May 7, 1840, was the eldest son of Boss Tracy. He married Mary Hamilton and they had three sons. He worked in the lumber business with his father and he also ran a general store. It was built on level ground a short distance to the right of the Big House. Jeremiah IV lived in the house to the right of the present Willow Avenue at the south side of the bridge. In April 1885 high water and heavy ice took out the dam and bridge and subsequent flooding destroyed the mill as well. After this, Jeremiah built a house beside the store from some surplus grist mill timber. But the dam and mill never were rebuilt. Jeremiah IV died on November 27, 1902 and the 'Tracy Dynasty' as lumbermen on the North Branch Oromocto River ended.

Jeremiah's son, Ernest Tracy, born in 1876 lived most of his life in the house and ran the local general store. After the mill was destroyed, the name of the village changed from Tracy Mills to Tracy Station and, after some years, it became just plain 'Tracy'. Although lumbering still was practised on a smaller scale, many local men turned to the railway for work. The 'Western Extension' of the railway was opened for traffic from Saint John to McAdam on December 1, 1869 and the first train from Montreal to Saint John arrived on June 22, 1889. Many Tracy men worked as section men, bridge crews, brakemen, engineers and conductors all of their lives. The telephone came to Tracy in 1930 and hydro was instituted about 1935. The Village of Tracy was incorporated in 1967.

Sources:

Census of New Brunswick (various)
Interviews with Older Residents
Unpublished *Tracy Family Histories*

The first train from Fairville to McAdam went through "Tracey" December 1st, 1869. The spelling was changed to "Tracy" after 1900. *(Photo courtesy of Marvel Nason)*

Introduction to the Feature Article

Glimpses of an Eclectic Woman: Susan Katherine Squires ...

by Margery Squires Acheson

Susan Katherine Squires
(Photo courtesy of Margery Squires Acheson)

Susan Katherine (Dayton) Squires (1869 - 1952), my grandmother, grew up on Fredericton's North side in St. Mary's where her father, Samuel McGibbon Dayton, ran a general store. She lived at home near the ferry landing, better known today as Bowlen's on St. Mary's St., until her late twenties and there she nursed her ailing mother. After her mother's death she married Nathan Squires, a cabinet maker at Risteen's, and moved to his house at 621 Regent Street in Fredericton on the hill at the back of town where she eventually lived with her son Austin, my father, and our family until her death.

She was an interesting and very talented lady. She had wonderful hands that enabled her to do anything artistic such as paint, carve, sew or carpentry work. She had a high school education which was quite an accomplishment for a young lady at that period of time and as a result she was determined that her two sons, Austin and Dayton, would have a good education. They both went to the United States to do doctoral studies at Wisconsin and Ohio.

Although she was a wonderful grandmother she certainly was not a typical grandmother of the 1930's and '40's. She was very opinionated and a feminist of sorts in that she believed that a woman could do most anything she wanted. I quickly learned to try new things without being intimidated and that it did not matter at all if these weren't the things other people were doing. She was not a great cook nor as I remember, a meticulous house keeper. She was not inhibited by the conventions of the day that kept many women from pursuing the things they wanted. My father Austin, came from work in Saint John on the train every Friday and she annoyed my mother, her daughter-in-law, by milking the cows and then meeting him in her milking clothes. They really did not smell or look very good. She often made her own clothes and she always put the buttons on her coats on the "man's" side. When questioned about this oddity she commented that this was "so the wind would not blow in going downhill".

My clearest memories are of her in the last twenty years of her life. She sat in a green rocking chair in a corner of the kitchen carving from wood retrieved and glued from our woodpile; this created quite a mess. Most of her carving was done with a file and a jackknife and reflected both her loyalist background and the patriotism of war time. She typically carved and painted figures such as Winston Churchill, John Bull, British Bulldog and Queen Victoria. She also spent time cutting strips of material for rag rugs which she made on a frame or by cutting material from old clothes for a quilt. My mother wished she had used better material.

She also appliqued flowers on table cloths with tulips of her own design, or on dresses for her granddaughter during wartime when clothes were hard to obtain. Her needlepoint, which she used as cover for benches, foot stools, coffee tables and chair pillows, was often her own original design of very intricate flowers from the garden, maple leaves or a favourite picture of ladies in Victorian dress.

One of her favourite places in the house was an easy chair by the front window which overlooked Fredericton. This was her favourite place to read since the light was probably better. From here she could watch the weather by seeing whether the smoke from the large chimneys of the shoe factories or water plant was going up river or down river. These indicated clear weather or an approaching storm. The time could also be checked with binoculars on the City Hall clock. I remember her telling of the day she sat in that window and watched for her son Dayton to come across the field on his way home from World War I.

Another favourite place to find her painting was in the living room sitting at the end of her mahogany table. She painted 40 to 50 watercolours of early Fredericton. She used little china paint containers and a wonderful box that her husband, a cabinet maker, had crafted for her. Her oil paintings were of the view from her house of the City of Fredericton.

She also did her writing at the end of her mahogany table. How she was able to work with this small single lamp, often without glasses, is a mystery to me. She wrote of her observations of birds and animals with great detail and was delighted if she could prove an accepted idea wrong. She had several articles published in the "Canadian Field Naturalist" during the 1930's. She wrote and presented many papers to one of her favourite past times, the York-Sunbury Historical Society. The day she died her book was still open with her grey waterman's fountain pen laying on the page where

she had been writing a history of her Methodist Church.

For her eighty-second birthday my father typed my grandmother's writings and presented them to her. He wrote a forward that reads as follows:

> This collection of essays written by Susan Katherine Squires has been assembled for presentation to her on the occasion of her eighty-second birthday, August twenty-sixth, nineteen hundred and fifty-one.
>
> It is a remarkable series to be the work of a woman who had only nine years of formal schooling such as was available prior to 1885 and who had no special training in science, historical research, or literary endeavor.
>
> As we read there appears again and again shining through the innate crudity of the factual writing a beauty of phraseology or an exquisite choice of words which hints at what she might have accomplished in the world of letters if her life had not been so exclusively devoted to the service of first an ailing mother and then of her husband and sons.
>
> W.A.S

The following article, written around 1940, is taken from that collection of writings and describes in detail an important period in my grandmother's life. She spent her time as a young girl, by helping out in her father's general store and, in her usual inquisitive manner, she observed people in and around the store. Fortunately for us, she also believed that people should write about these observations in order to share and to preserve this valuable information.

Her observations include what today would be considered politically incorrect terms such as "coloured man" and "darky." These were socially acceptable terms then but their usage provide the reader with an accurate portrayal of society in the late 1800's. This is not meant to be derogatory as it would be if such terms were to be used today.

Feature Article

Reminiscences of a General Store Seventy Years Ago...

by Susan Katherine Squires

***Samuel Dayton,** Proprietor*
(Photo courtesy of Margery Squires Acheson)

In looking backward through the years, one of the things which impresses a person, is the difference between a store at the present time and one, say sixty or seventy years ago. As I was practically brought up in an old-time general store perhaps some reminiscences on the subject may be of interest to my readers.

My father moved to St. Mary's Ferry, now North Devon, N.B., in the year 1853, bought a house and opened a small general store, and carried on for forty years until he was burned out in the St. Mary's fire of 1893.

At that time there could not have been more than a dozen houses in the village. About half a dozen were on the land which had belonged to the old New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land Co., and as many more on the Hayes land across the street. The village was at the cross-roads of two important highways, the river road, which was called the Douglas Road above the village and the Maugerville Road below the village, and the Miramichi Road, which was the only thoroughfare crossing the middle of the province and connecting Fredericton with the North Shore and the big lumbering district. The Fairleys and Richards were at the height of their prosperity and heavy loads of supplies for the lumber camps – hay, oats and food – were travelling it all winter, for everything had to be hauled by horses. The old Richibucto Road went through to Grand Lake and considerable coal was hauled over it in winter time but in summer the coal came to Fredericton by woodboat. Much of the time there was only one ferry boat, that crossing the river from directly behind the City Hall, to what is now called St. Mary's street but in those days was called Front St. to the foot of the hill and from there on was called Miramichi Road.

Many of the country people coming to town in waggons in summer time left their teams on the St. Mary's side of the river because they objected to paying the fare on the boat. There was a big country to draw customers from even in those days for stores were not plentiful. The people from Maugerville, Sheffield, Grand Lake, Nashwaak, Stanley, Douglas, Keswick, Bird Settlement, and Cardigan all came to the store.

The Royal Road leading to these last two settlements was opened somewhere about 1835 or 1840. I have often heard my father tell of the celebration held at the opening of this Road, of the

speeches by local politicians and a barbecue with free rum. Father said the meat was part burnt and part raw and the puncheon of West India rum (white eye) was bailed out with a long-handled dipper and poured into whatever was presented to be filled. The rum had its usual effect on the crowd, a free-for-all fight. During the row a darky had his mouth torn to his ear. As the regular British soldiers were stationed in Fredericton, there were many at the celebration, among them an army surgeon. He got a darning needle and a piece of white woolen yarn, greased it with salt butter and sewed the cheek together. When the darky roared at the pain, for of course there was no anaesthetic, the doctor threatened to sew his whole d — d mouth up if he didn't keep still.

When my father opened the store there was only one large room downstairs and living quarters upstairs but he soon had to build a back store as large as the front one and a third story with a flat roof. A few years later he built a two story shed or warehouse about fifty feet square, covering the rest of his lot of land.

The cholera visited Fredericton about 1855 or '56 and people from the country were afraid to cross the river at all. They would come to St. Mary's, buy what they needed and hurry home. Of course the supply of goods on hand was soon sold and more had to be bought. Flour was very scarce. People used much more cornmeal and buckwheat meal than they do now but they had to have some flour. Father went to Saint John to try to buy some. He hunted all over the city and finally found a man who said he had eighteen barrels in the third story of his store but it had been condemned because it tasted of garlic. Evidently flour was sometimes bad, for in those days each barrel had a hole bored in one end and filled with a wooden plug, so the plug could be taken out and the flour tested. Father bought the man's flour and brought it home and had no difficulty selling it garlic or no garlic.

The old saying "From a needle to an anchor" did not apply to the stock in the store but almost everything an ordinary family of that period needed, from soap and saltpetre and sugar to scythes and spice and shoelaces was kept. Dry goods were kept for a number of years until Miller and Edgecombe opened a small dry goods store in the village. Jerry Staples also had a shoe shop but if people wanted hats or caps they had to come to Fredericton for them; but I think some of the men's hats were handed down from father to son.

A Local Early Twentieth Century Advertisement

The hardware was supposed to occupy one side of the store and the groceries the other but sometimes they became seriously mixed. When one stops to consider that most of the groceries of that time came in bulk in boxes and barrels and bundles and had to be kept in them until they were all measured or weighed and done up in parcels it did not leave so many commodities to be put on shelves. There were no package goods and not even paper bags.

There was no telephone to call up a wholesale dealer and tell him to send around a truck load of this and that. For the winter trade everything had to be in stock before the closing of navigation for the most of the stock came from Saint John by woodboat and schooner. Only the hurry orders came by steamboat. The railroad did not enter into competition until later. When the river closed unexpectedly early one fall father had to drive to Saint John in the middle of the winter for a load of supplies.

One summer a woodboat sprang a leak and sank on its way up river. The Captain got it in as close to shore as possible so it was not totally submerged but it went down far enough to soak everything on board. The load was coarse salt in bags and brown sugar and flour in barrels. The salt was of course a total loss but some of the flour and sugar was salvaged. Another woodboat came along and brought the flour and sugar on up river. The flour barrels were tight so the water only soaked in a few inches and made a coating of dough all around the inside of the barrels and they were sold at a much reduced rate. The sugar barrels were opened and the wet sugar scooped out into clean flour bags and hung up to drip into big earthen milk pans. The sugar dried out and the drip was much like maple honey or corn syrup and sold readily.

The big warehouse beside the store had long ranks of barrels of flour, cornmeal and oatmeal, casks of molasses, barrels of vinegar and kerosene, piles of bags of coarse salt and barrels and barrels of pork. Some of it was American pork packed in crystals of rock salt, great rounds of almost solid fat, much too fat for home consumption but it was sold to the lumbermen. The most of the pork was home cured and packed. The hams, shoulders and chops were cured and smoked in a neighbour's smokehouse and sold in the store.

There were barrels and half-barrels of herring and mackerel, and cod fish tied up in quintals, but sometimes codfish came loose. They came in huge puncheons as large as two molasses hogsheads. These came to Saint John from the West Indies full of brown sugar. When they were empty the Saint John fishermen bought them and filled them with dried codfish and sent them on up river. Codfish sold at four and five cents a pound, skin, tail and bones. Mackerel sold for two cents each, salt shad at ten and twelve cents each according to the size, and salt herring at ten cents a dozen. Salt herring was eaten much more than it is now.

Families in the country would buy a barrel or half barrel in the fall. Sometimes a schooner load of barrels of herring would come up from Saint John and were sold at the wharf cheap, and every one who had the money and wanted them would go with a wheelbarrow and buy a barrel. These fish were a staple article of diet with some families. They were usually soaked fresh and boiled with potatoes but sometimes they were soaked fresh dried and broiled. The smaller herring were smoked and packed in boxes and called Digby chickens, so perhaps they came from Nova Scotia.

Lard came in big wooden tubs or firkins and had to be weighed out in paper. In later times the E. B. Eddy Co., made very thin wooden saucers which came a hundred in a bunch. Then the lard or the tub butter was placed in one wooden saucer and paper or another saucer over it. The old turned split clothes pins, wash boards and wooden water pails also came from Eddy's. The water pails were painted bright colours on the outside and white inside with thin metal hoops and wire bails with a wooden hand piece. They came wired up with twelve in a bunch with thin flakes of wood between them to protect the paint. They were in three sizes: twelve quarts, eight quarts and sometimes smaller ones for children, for carrying water was a problem. There were also tinned milk pails but galvanized iron had not been invented.

Surprise Soap was a familiar name in New Brunswick households in the late 1900's . It hardly could be missed. The product was wrapped conspicuously in bright yellow paper with the name "Surprise" printed in large, bold black letters on the front. It was made by the St. Croix Soap Manufacturing Co. of St. Stephen. The company employed fifty people and the large bar of soap was sold across Canada, Newfoundland, and the West Indies. (*The Way We Were*, 1908. St. Stephen, N.B.: Print 'N Press, 1977, p. 40).

Brooms were made in Fredericton at the Reed broom factory. Before the Surprise Soap Co. started in St. Stephen the hard soap was mostly the old P. Y. Soap in square pound bars but some soap was made in the city. Israel Atherton made soap in a little house on the river bank between Northumberland and Smythe Streets.

The nails in the store were the old-fashioned cut nails made in Saint John by a man named Foster. There was also a wrought iron nail that came from England as did the horse shoe nails. The common nails sold for four cents a pound but the others were more expensive.

The dishes also came from England but I think some of the coarse pottery such as heavy milk pans, brick red outside with a yellow glaze inside, flower pots, jars and molasses jugs were made in Saint John. All of the better quality of dishes, however, were of English make. Some time in the winter an order would be made out and sent to O. H. Warwick in Saint John and he sent it to England and then the crates of dishes did not need to be opened until they reached their destination. The dishes were mostly the heavy old iron-stone china, with a wheat pattern on it and it did not chip if it were touched, like the Japanese stuff which flooded the market before the war, did.

The crates the dishes came in and the way they were packed were both wonderful. The crates were huge hampers or baskets about four feet by three by three with a cover for a top. They must have been made of some kind of willow or osier for the long branches or split poles were twisted round and around each other until they made a big basket with six inch holes all over it. It was lined with straw twisted into ropes to go next to the outside and then the dishes were packed in straw so well that there were seldom any broken.

The tea was another article that was packed for a long journey for it arrived just as it was packed in China. The tea chests were made of thin, tough hardwood boards and were fastened at the corners with slivers of wrought iron. If one wanted to take a tea chest to pieces it was some job. It was lined inside with the tea lead all soldered together. The outside of the chest was covered with a peculiar kind of paper almost as tough as cloth and printed all over with Chinese pictures and characters. Then the chest was covered with matting woven from some kind of grass and sewed with bamboo rope or string and then the whole bundle was tied three ways with split bamboo. The tea was nearly all bought from Hall and Fairweather in Saint John. About twice a year a tea taster would arrive. He carried a small satchel like a week-end bag. In it he had samples of a number of varieties of tea, a spirit lamp, a little copper kettle and half a dozen china cups. He made a great point of having fresh water to boil. He would put a pinch of tea in a cup, pour the boiling water on it, let it sit a couple of minutes and then it was ready to taste. Father got so he had a pretty good idea of the quality of the tea by its taste and he ordered his tea by the sample he liked best. It sold from forty to forty-five cents a pound. The coffee came from Chase and Sanborn's and was bought in the bean and ground in the store.

There were no canned goods at all in the store in the early days. Corned beef was one of the first things canned, then canned oysters, lobsters and salmon. The vegetables and fruit came later.

Even the paint had to be mixed in the store. It came in iron kegs which weighed about twenty-five pounds each, in red, yellow, blue, black and white. Linseed oil was both boiled and raw, the boiled for inside work and the raw for outside. The boiled oil cost about seventy-five cents a gallon and the raw about ten cents cheaper. Turpentine and dryer came in cans with taps on them and could be added at the will of the mixer. Putty was often made in the store when anyone had time. The whiting was rolled to take out the lumps and then was mixed with linseed oil. It

The **New Brunswick & Nova Scotia Land Company:** One lesser known factor in the immigration of early New Brunswick was the role played by the New Brunswick & Nova Scotia Land Company. Lt. E.N. Kendall, a British Army surveyor, was carrying out boundary surveys in New Brunswick about 1825 when he became interested in the economic potential of the area. (See E.N. Kendall, **Reports Nos. 1 &2, On the State and Condition of the Province of New Brunswick**, London, 1835). As a result of that interest, the N.B. & N.S. Land Company was organized in England and received a Royal Charter in 1834. The Company purchased 589,000 acres of land from the Government of New Brunswick in November 1835 at three shillings per acre. This property comprised about one-half of York County (the northern part) and subsequent purchases meant that its property extended from the southwest Miramichi to the southern half of York County.

The Company built a road from the Royal Road to the Miramichi and, in the process, was responsible for the settlements of Stanley and Campbell as well as for about 30 other York County communities. It built log homes, cleared lands, constructed some facilities, and distributed brochures in Scotland as attempts to induce settlement. It also sold land cheaply to both Scottish immigrants and native New Brunswickers. William F. Ganong, "A monograph on the Origins of Settlement in New Brunswick", **Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada**, Section II, 1904, p. 81, thus suggests that the Company's involvement was crucial to the immigration patterns of the province.

The Land Company, despite all its efforts, was an economic failure. It had large expenses and received small returns from the poor immigrants. And they had competition. The Province also was selling lands to settlers at even lower prices. The subject property, in addition, was deemed by many potential settlers to have been unfit for settlement. The New Brunswick & Nova Scotia Land Company filed for a voluntary winding up of its affairs in 1872. Their unsold lands were sold by and large for lumbering and other settlement purposes to buyers like Alexander Gibson and the Nashwaak Pulp & Paper Company. ***[The Editor]***

stayed on the sashes when it was used.

The factory biscuits came from Thomas Rankin's in Saint John. There was no competition in those days from Ontario. Christie's biscuit had not been heard of here. The biscuits were confined to a few varieties. Soda and sweet biscuits came packed in barrels and I do not remember that the barrels were even lined with paper but they may have been. It did not matter so much with the sweet biscuit for they were not supposed to be crisp but the soda biscuit got very soft at the bottom of the barrel. Later boxes of mixed biscuits were to be had. They were made of very much the same kind of dough as the soda and sweet varieties but they were cut in fancy shapes and some had a few currants in them. Another variety was called family pilot. They had not as much shortening in them as the soda biscuit and were larger and thicker. An old sailor who lived out on the Richibucto Road bought some of these one day but they were too fine for his taste. The next time father went to Saint John he bought him some ship pilot. They were about the size of a tea plate and an inch thick. Father asked the old fellow how he used them. He said he poured boiling water over them and ate them with milk. But even these did not suit old Kelly so father got him a barrel of the real old hard tack. These were about eight inches square and two inches thick and as dark as if they were make of buckwheat. They really did have a proportion of pease meal in them. Kelly would come with an old cotton flour bag and buy what he could carry easily slung over shoulder. When these were gone he would come back for more.

The cheese came from Goodspeed's and Mrs. Wm. Miller's on the Nashwaak and Mr. Dell Perley's in Sheffield, for their cheese was always good. It sold for about seventeen cents a pound.

In the early days father bought one box of oranges for the Christmas trade in St. Mary's. Oranges came from Spain and were expensive. Raisins also came from Spain packed in wooden boxes. The table raisins were dried on the stems. The boxes had Malaya printed on the ends. The cooking raisins had no stems but they were a much poorer quality of raisins and had plenty of seeds in them. It was some task seeding raisins for fruit cake and mince meat at Christmas. Currants came from Greece and were packed in half casks with burlap nailed over the top. They must have come that way for years and years and perhaps do yet for all I know. Father used to tell a story about when he was a small boy and his father took him into Mr. Thomas Pickard's store which was on the north corner of Queen and Westmorland Streets. Mr. Pickard was opening a half cask of currants and he said, "Sonny, do you like currants?" and father answered, "Yes, Sir." Then Mr. Pickard said, "Help yourself." Pickard, Gaynor and Workman had a store on that corner before the fire in Fredericton in 1825. After the fire Pickard carried on the store alone, Workman retired and Joseph Gaynor moved first to Waterloo Row and then to the corner of Queen and St. John Streets. Dates came in wooden boxes much as they do now. Figs were in small wooden boxes and often had worms in them. Dulse came by the barrel full and sold at ten cents a pound. It was supposed to be a good worm remedy for children - the salt no doubt.

Candy was to be had in a limited number of varieties, sugar and barley sugar toys and candy canes for Christmas, stick candy with three or four different flavours, peppermints, a common mixture, conversation lozenges, jaw breakers, candy apples with cloves for stems, acid drops, horehound candy and licorice, were the most common kinds. After Ganong's traveller began to make his visits there were soon no end of kinds of good cream candy, coconut balls and bars, gum

drops, chocolate drops, penny peanut bars and sponge taffy with lots of soda in it to make it foam. Sometimes one bit into a lump of soda which was not so good. There were always coconuts for Christmas and every other kind of nuts except peanuts. When these first came they were not roasted. Bananas did not come at all until later years.

The bread was made by Thomas Boyd. He owned Boyd's Castle, a big three story house with a bake oven in it, two miles above Fredericton. The bread was baked two dozen, huge square loaves in a pan. I think it sold for seven cents a loaf. The pickles were English, Morton's, and sometimes McConaghy's.

The chewing tobacco was in thick black figs called blackjack at five cents a fig; the smoking tobacco was in thick yellow figs and sold at eight cents. There were no cigarettes. A few boxes of different priced cigars did not find a very ready sale. Old clay pipes came packed in straw in boxes which held about half a bushel.

Red phosphorus matches were made by Flewelling and Flewelling in Hampton. They were made in cards, twelve matches in a card, twelve cards in a bunch and thirty-six bunches in a quarter gross.

All sorts of gardening and haying tools, and tools for other work were kept in stock. Hoes, garden and hay rakes, scythes and scythe handles, round and square-pointed shovels, axes and axe handles, handsaws and bucksaws were all necessary to people who lived on a farm.

Then there were shelves full of all sorts of odds and ends. Horse whips and curry combs for horses, cow bells for the cows, shoe awls, shoe needles, shoe nails and shoe thread for the home shoemaker to be used either for patching old shoes or making moccasins out of old boot legs, lamps, lamp burners, wicks and chimneys for the day of the tallow-candle was about done, fish hooks and lines, gunpowder, caps, shot and cartridges, blasting powder and bath bricks, slates and slate pencils, pins, darning, knitting and sewing needles for the housewife and pens, ink, note paper and foolscap for those who wanted to write a letter. Often people would come in and want a sheet of paper, an envelope and a stamp.

One night a little Scotch tinker whose family were wintering next door came in and told me he wanted some "paper". I thought of course his mother wanted to write a letter to friends in Scotland so I asked him what kind of paper, foolscap or note paper. He said, "Na, paper". Then I asked him what his mother was going to do with the "paper", and he said, "Me mither wants the paper to put in the soup."

There were some things kept in barrels in the back shop, which have gone more or less into the discard: chalk, whiting, red and yellow ochre, fireproof and other stuff. The chalk was in big awkward lumps and I do not know what it was used for besides the little that carpenters bought. Whiting was used for whitewashing the inside of the house and making putty. The red and yellow ochre were horrible colours but were used for colouring the outside of buildings and were sometimes put in a cheap kind of paint. I have a very vivid recollection of a huge tip-top table which sat in our shed which my grandmother had painted with red ochre and kerosene. The little red schoolhouse, in stories where the proverbial millionaire got the start of his education, was painted with red ochre. Fireproof was a powder the colour of crushed raspberries which was mixed up into a paint or "bog-wash". Sometimes skim milk, a little glue and paint oil were added and it was applied to the shingles on the roof. Whether it deserved the name it bore I cannot say.

Although redwood and fustic had ceased to be called for as dyes, there was still redwood in the bottom of a barrel when I can first remember. Small cakes of indigo and boxes of extract of logwood were still in demand for dyeing blue and black although aniline dyes, the forerunner of Diamond Dyes, were on the market. Such chemicals as white and blue vitriol, copperas, alum, saltpetre and Epsom salts were often called for, also rosin for making and mending the Indians' canoes, glue for the carpenter, and all sorts of hardware for the house builder. The panes of glass used in most windows in those days were eight small inches by ten or ten by twelve, glass the size of the sash was still in the future. There was always a shed across the street full of lime which came from Isaac Stephen's kiln at Grand Bay. The bricks came from Michael Ryan's and the laths from Morrison's Mill.

Probably the brass-handled, pot-metal, fifteen cent jack-knives never saw England but the cutlery that was cutlery came from Sheffield — jack-knives, that were worth having, razors, scissors, butcher knives, for cutting the pig's throat, steel table knives that

A Local Turn of the Century Advertisement

Thomas Pickard built a great sawmill below town in 1846 where the Princess Margaret Bridge now stands. A mill was still operating on the west end site into the 1920's. The Pickard or Morrison Mills ran until 1914 and the Victoria Mills until 1943. The Morrison Insurance family are descendants of the Morrison's who owned the mill. The Pickard family had sold the mill to the Morrison's. Ownership of the sawmills changed hands several times. The Aberdeen Mill owned by Donald Fraser occupied a site above old Government House from 1894 until it burned in a spectacular blaze in 1905.

would cut tough beefsteak, and carving knives for carving the turkeys that were plentiful and cheap. At sixteen and eighteen cents a pound, a turkey could be cooked nearly every weekend. They were wrapped in paper and buried in an oat bin in winter but if there happened to be a bad thaw in the middle of the winter people got so tired of slightly old turkey before spring that they didn't want to look at it. The winter was expected to provide its own refrigeration.

Sheep sheers, wool cards, and spinning wheel heads were always kept in stock. They were three necessary implements used in the process of talking the wool from the sheep's backs and putting it on the backs of the family. The work was often all done at home but more often the wool was sheared, picked over, washed and greased at home and then sent to the carding mill to be made into rolls for spinning. Mr. Alexander Thompson had a carding mill at Nashwaaksis. As it was out of the way for the farmers from the Nashwaak Valley and points down river, they left their bundles of wool at the store and Mr. Thompson called for them. Each bundle of wool was tied up in an old blanket or woolen quilt with a ticket sewed on for the owner's name and father's, for Mr. Thompson collected wool in Fredericton also. Sometimes these bundles of wool, were pinned together with the big sharp thorns from the hawthorn tree. I suppose Mr. Thompson took toll from the wool for his work the same as he took toll of the grain in his grist mill, for many of the farmers were short of money. Mr. Thompson had a very large express waggon with wide slat sides and sometimes he would have a load of wool almost as large as a load of hay. He had two old horses that he always used on the wool waggon. I heard him say one day that one of them was twenty-eight and the other thirty years old but they did not look that. I heard an amusing story about them which was said to be true but I did not see the event happen. Mr. Thompson was crossing the river one day from Fredericton with a big load of wool and he was perched on top of it. As the ferry-boat neared the St. Mary's shore something frightened the horses and they went off of the front end of the boat, waggon, wool and driver. The waggon had a broad bottom and perhaps floated some, the wool was light and well greased so it would not soak water readily and Mr. Thompson kept his head and held up the horses' heads so they struck out and swam towards shore. The story was that when the horses' feet struck bottom there was not more than a foot and a half of the load that was not wet. Mr. Thompson was a member of the House of Assembly and the father of the late Hon. F. B. Thompson.

One thing that was always a nuisance was the number of loafers who congregated in the evenings for of course the store was kept open until ten and eleven o'clock every night. They occupied the stools, nail kegs, counters and everything else they could find to sit on and swapped lies and smoked. The air would get almost thick enough to cut. The fact that most of the men were customers made it necessary to put up with their presence. There was usually a man in the crowd hunting for something to eat, an onion or raw carrot, a piece torn out of a salt codfish or a slice whittled off of a smoked ham with his jack-knife or he would slip behind the counter for several biscuits and a piece of cheese. One such man got more than he bargained for one night. A demijohn of concentrated vinegar was sitting on the counter. The man saw it and perhaps thought it contained something stronger than vinegar. He took the cork out of the big bottle put his mouth over the top and tipped the bottle. He got a mouth full and it nearly strangled him. He deserved what he got but an old Indian who had a somewhat similar experience scarcely did. He was hanging around a rum shop across the street from the store begging the clerk for a drink. It was in the days when a rumshop had three or four barrels of different kinds of liquor on tap in the back shop. The clerk told the Indian if he would lie down on the floor and open his mouth under the tap he would give him all the liquor he could drink. The Indian was only too willing, he had never had such an offer before in his life. The barrel was on a raised plat form so there was room for his head under the tap. He lay down and opened his mouth and the clerk opened the tap. Of course the Indian could not swallow as fast as the liquor could run and the Indian nearly choked to death. Practical jokes are never nice but sometimes funny things did happen.

A man came in one day and spied a big bottle of strained bee's honey. He asked what it was and on being told he asked, "Can you drink it?" He was told it was too thick to drink, so he ordered some weighed out on a piece of paper. Then he turned primitive, laid the paper on the counter and proceeded to lick the honey up with his tongue.

An old coloured man came in one day and father asked after his health. He said he was very poorly, he had been having dyspepsia very badly. Then he asked for a pound of biscuits and a pound of cheese for his dinner. Father exclaimed, "But William if you eat a pound of cheese and you are so sick won't it nearly kill you?" William grinned and said, "Spects so." But he ate the cheese. Another day he came in and father picked up a little grandson and asked him if he wouldn't kiss the gentleman. The child hid his face in father's neck. William gave a big laugh and said, "The child t'inks it's de debil."

An old woman who lived out on the Miramichi Road always stopped at the store to rest and wait for the ferry-boat. Father asked after her potato crop one day. She said they were "Good! very good! dry and mealy and big as your foot and every bushel would fill a barrel;" but her next door neighbour's were, "Scabby, watery, ill-tasting, hard to cook an' the de'il wouldn't eat them."

There were three kinds of customers in the old store. First there were the kind that paid for all they bought. Then there were the kind that never paid for anything they could possibly get rid of paying for and bragged about it. In between were a large group of

people who ran accounts. Some of them paid up at stated intervals and started again and some of them never got out of debt. The accounts went on from year to year. The store took what they had to sell but they never had quite enough. It was for this reason father started shipping potatoes to New York, for York County could easily raise good potatoes in those days. The Colorado beetle had not reached New Brunswick in its journey across the continent and the various potato diseases were still in the future. The business brought a lot of money into the county. I have been told that he was the first man to ship potatoes out of New Brunswick. That was in 1876 but that is another story.

It was always a gamble knowing whom to trust. It was also a very disagreeable task refusing people credit especially if one thought they really needed it and they could see the store full of everything. On the other hand one could trust out all there was in the store and end up in the bankruptcy court in about a year. People made such good promises when they wanted credit and some of them got so angry when they were refused whatever their eyes rested on.

One old 'down and outer' "who had wasted his substance in riotous living" and had come down to a lean and hungry old age on the parish, was one such. The poormaster allowed him a dollar and a half a week credit in the store to feed himself. The orders were to see that he bought food. He became very wrathy when he could not have whatever he wanted and he raved, "Here' s Sam Dayton living on the fat of the land and trying to make us poor devils live on the smell of a greased rag."

In the light of present day knowledge the old store was very unsanitary. There were no screens at doors or windows. No food was covered. Flies were not considered a menace only a nuisance. People had just begun to use wire fly traps but with a pig-pen and cow or horse stable in nearly every backyard and no sewerage, one might have caught flies forever without making any difference in their numbers. If we had to buy food in such a store now-a-days with all the information we have about germs and contamination we would almost die of fright. An old saying is "what you don't know wont hurt you", but it strikes me as something like the philosophy of an old coloured woman. When I took her to task for some carelessness in her work which I considered questionable cleanliness she said, "Never mind, what wont poison will fatten." It might, however, be a risky rule to follow.

A Brief History of Tea ... *by Carolyn Campbell*

Legend has it that tea was accidentally discovered in 2737 BC by Chinese Emperor Shen-Nung. He is said to have been sitting under a tree while his servant boiled a kettle of drinking water. A leaf blew into the water and the curious fellow decided to taste the resulting brew. The Emperor liked the flavour and aroma and a new beverage was born.

The word tea is derived from the ancient Chinese words "tchai", "cha" and "tay." These words were used to describe both the beverage and the plant. The tea plant is an evergreen known to grow as high as 60 feet. In cultivation, it is usually pruned to three to five feet. There are numerous varieties of tea plant. Also, the type of tea produced depends upon the time during the harvest that the leaf is picked. An example of a young tea would be orange pekoe. A tea from a later harvest would be stronger and darker. As well, teas vary as a result of the way the leaves are processed. A green tea is produced when the leaves are dried on picking. A pekoe tea is partially dried and then allowed to ferment. Some teas are exposed to herbs and flowers to absorb their aromas.

The largest quantity of tea was procured from Asia and was first brought to Europe in the early seventeenth century by the Dutch East India Company and later in the century by the English East India Company. Europeans brought this beverage to North America but it lost a great deal of its popularity in the United States after the 'Boston Tea Party' in 1776. This may be the reason that coffee is the more accepted beverage there. Canada however remains a major importer of tea.

Airtight and watertight cartons made of wood and lined with foil and paper preserved the quality and freshness of the tea. Another early container for tea shipments, which later became popular for storage, was the tea caddy. The word caddy had its origin in *kati*, a Malay word meaning "a measure of one pound."

Originally, because of the high cost of tea, caddies were relatively small. They were made of porcelain, brass, silver or copper. Later, woods such as mahogany, fruit woods, rosewood and satinwood were widely used. Many of these containers were elaborately decorated with inlaid designs made from tortoise shell, ivory or mother of pearl. Because of the very high price of tea, most were equipped with a brass or silver lock.

Later in the 18th century, when the price of tea dropped, caddies became larger and most were made from wood. Locks were still used even as late as

Victorian times. Caddies often were fitted with lidded compartments for different types of tea. The compartments, lined with a thin layer of metallic foil, were made from an alloy of lead and tin (called tea pewter) and they would have containers for sugar and equipment for tea brewing.

The customs associated with the serving of tea are reflected in the distinctive cultures of a number of nations; the British "afternoon tea" and the Japanese "tea ceremony" are well known examples. The original cups used for drinking tea in China did not have handles. As the popularity of "afternoon tea" increased in England, the potteries in Staffordshire and other parts of the country developed tea cups similar to the ones in use today.

Tea, from its origins in ancient China nearly four thousand years ago, remains almost unchanged in character and is second only to water in popularity. The tea available for purchase in Canadian general stores in the early twentieth century was much the same as that available today and not substantially different from the tea enjoyed in China by Emperor Shen- Nung.

The Collector's Room...

by Katrina A. DeWitt

Old Ironstone China

Three kinds of ceramics were produced by the Chinese potters: earthenware, stoneware and porcelain. Earthenware is low-fired pottery and, without a glaze, it is porous. Stoneware is fired at higher temperatures and is both hard and non-porous. Porcelain, the highest quality and hardest ceramic, is made from china clay and china stone. It is translucent and does not easily stain, break chip or crack. Porcelain also is the most expensive ceramic to produce. These divisions defy rigid categorization as product formulae often overlap.

Ironstone, when first introduced in England, was intended to stem the huge trade in "Chinese Export" porcelain. But political, economic and social factors were involved with its inception. The Napoleonic Wars had diminished supplies of Oriental porcelain to England and had pressured English merchants to find a substitute. Necessity, the mother of invention, resulted in the introduction of a unique and new ceramics variety.

The name "ironstone" usually is associated with Miles Mason but his son Charles James Mason patented the product in 1813. The formula consisted of ". . . slag of ironstone, pounded and ground in water in certain proportions with flint, Cornwall stone and clay, and blue oxide of cobalt." (Negus, 1982: 148). Ironstone combined the desired qualities of both stoneware and porcelain. The product was impervious to liquids and was considered by many as attractive as porcelain. Spode, at about this same time, also was introducing similar "ironstone" tableware.

Early ironstone indeed was similar in quality to porcelain but it was equally as expensive. The most costly pieces were beautifully decorated in enamel colors and they were gilded. These designs were either Oriental in style or they were incorporating a landscape. Later pieces used a monocolor, transfer printed method thereby providing cheaper and faster ways for applying the designs.

Dishes typically were plain with molded ribs, scallops or panel

designs. The first all-white ironstone china appeared in the early 1840's. Earlier popular shapes were the Gothic and the curved Gothic registered in 1853. Ironstone thus was a relatively important nineteenth century ceramic development which was to become very fashionable in the Victorian era.

Minton registered the first wheat or grain pattern in 1848 but ironstone of this time remained costly. The more efficient production techniques of the Industrial Revolution reduced costs dramatically and ironstone "china" soon became a household word in Canada. The standard for the wheat pattern was registered in 1859 by Elsmore & Forster and was called *Ceres*. (Sussman, 1985: 13). Forty to fifty companies joined the bandwagon and became fully engaged in producing the wheat pattern or variations. Some of the firms with which we are familiar in this area are Alfred Meakin Ltd., Clemenston Bros., Johnson Bros., St.

Johns' Stoneware, T & R Boots, William Adams & Sons, J & G Meakin, and Ridgway.

Most Canadian households owned sets of these plain, white dishes decorated with characteristic wheat stalks or wheat sheaves. Other patterns certainly were here as well. Floral motifs, such as lily of the valley, stood on their own or they were incorporated into the wheat design. Other common designs included poppies, hyacinths, roses, daisies and clovers. Occasionally, ropes and ribbons were present.

The ironstone with which we are familiar, i.e. hard with a shiny white surface, does not easily break or chip and that is part of its attraction. The dishes were crated in England and, according to Susan K. Squires, very little breakage was found when they were opened in New Brunswick. Saint John, the port of entry for all of New Brunswick, was "the toe of the stocking into which everything ran." (Collard, 1984: 11).

This vitrified, dense ceramic is very heavy. The sets were even used as ballast on ships making the Atlantic crossing. It seems clear that, in addition to its durability, ironstone was both new and adaptable to any household's needs. Ironstone was as attractive to the middle class as to the less economically fortunate. This ceramic was marketed locally under various names including granite ware, white granite, pearl china, porcelain opaque, and semi-porcelain.

There was an enormous trade between England and Canada in ironstone because this stoneware was particularly suitable for nineteenth century Canadian life. Tea, breakfast, dinner, dessert, and even toilet sets were imported to Canada in huge quantities. For example, a set comprising 266 pieces was advertised in the late 1830's by one Yarmouth, Nova Scotia newspaper. A Montreal advertisement of the same period boasted of a 280 piece set. (Collard, 1984: 127). Ironstone certainly was both plentiful and popular in Canada by 1850. It became much less expensive by the end of the nineteenth century and thus, for most households, gained even more appeal as inexpensive everyday items. The 1897 Eaton's Catalogue listed a set of ironstone as the least costly of any dinnerware advertised. (Sussman, 1985: 9).

An English Raised Wheat Pattern Ironstone Plate

We also must remember that, even as ironstone was being introduced, there was a proclivity for copying formulae, trademarks and patterns. Poaching designs was an established practice at most European factories during this period. The wheat pattern still is in production and, unless you wish a modern piece, easily is mistaken by the uninitiated as nineteenth century ironstone. I suggest that you become familiar with the real thing at museums, antique shops and auctions. You will find that reproduction ironstone usually is lighter and creamier in color than the original. Older New Brunswick homes often proudly display treasured ironstone in corner cupboards and glassed cabinets. Ironstone still is plentiful in the Atlantic Provinces.

Authentic English ironstone, although marked, often was imitated by American potters of the 1870's. They were unafraid to use English marks on their products. The most common marks applied by the Americans were similar to the *English Royal Arms* and the *Staffordshire Knot*. Collectors of ironstone also should become familiar with the firms working in the Staffordshire Potteries. They especially should study the British registration marks from 1842 to 1883. Those diamond shaped registry marks were discarded after 1884 for a series of consecutive numbers with the prefix "Rd" or "Rd. No." The place of origin after 1891 was included with the maker's mark. So, if the country of origin is included, the ironstone probably was made after 1891. But, as with other things in life, there are exceptions to that rule.

Those who are interested in reading more about this subject should consult: Collard, Elizabeth, *Nineteenth Century Pottery and Porcelain in Canada,* (McGill-Queens University Press: Kingston and Montreal, 1984); Price, Bernard, *The Arthur Negus Guide to English Pottery and Porcelain,* (Hamlyn Publishing: London, 1982); Sussman, Lynne, *The Wheat Pattern*, (Environment Canada: Ottawa, 1985); and *The Antique Trader Price Guide to Antiques,* Volume XIII, No. 2 (Babba Publishing Co.: Iowa, 1982).

Recipes from the Pioneer Kitchen... *by Pat Flemming*

Like most old fashioned general stores the Squires' General Store and warehouse were well stocked with barrels of herring, mackerel, and codfish. The dried codfish sold at four and five cents a pound. Mackerel sold for two cents each, salt shad at ten and twelve cents each, and salt herring at ten cents a dozen.

OLD FASHIONED FISH CAKES A TASTE OF NEW BRUNSWICK

1 lb. cooked cod (fresh, salted or frozen)
2 cups mashed cooked potatoes
1 small onion, chopped
1\4 cup chopped parsley
1\2 to 1 tsp. salt
1\4 tsp. pepper
1 cup fine dry bread crumbs
vegetable oil

Cover salt cod with cold water and soak overnight. Drain and add fresh cold water to cover. Poach until the fish separates easily with a fork.

Combine all ingredients, mix well and shape into flat cakes. Fry rapidly in hot oil. For variation add garlic or parmesan cheese. Makes four servings.

MACKEREL WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

2 lbs. mackerel fillets
l tbsp. butter
salt and pepper

SAUCE FOR FISH

2 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. flour
1 cup milk
2 tsp. prepared mustard
2 hard boiled eggs

Preheat oven to 450 degrees Fahrenheit. Place the mackerel fillets, skin side down in a large shallow baking dish lined with aluminum foil and brushed with vegetable oil. Brush or dot fillets with butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover the dish with aluminum foil and bake 10 - 15 minutes at 450 degrees Fahrenheit. The center of the thickest fillet should flake easily with a fork.

To prepare the sauce, melt butter, stir in flour and cook for several minutes. Gradually stir in milk. Cook and stir until sauce is smooth and thick. Add prepared mustard and season to taste. Transfer the cooked fillets to a serving dish. Top each portion with slices of hard boiled eggs. Pour sauce over fillets and serve. Makes six servings.

Oatmeal was very popular in days past and continues to be a staple in our diets. Oatmeal (porridge) was eaten at breakfast almost every day. It was kept in the general stores in barrels, along with flour, brown sugar and molasses. These food items were weighed before being sold. Mom baked bread every day. I can still smell the wonderful aroma of bread rising and baking in the old fashioned wood stove. There was nothing quite like it.

MARITIME OATMEAL BREAD

1 tsp. sugar
1\2 cup lukewarm water
1 tbsp. active dry yeast
2 cups hot milk
1\2 cup molasses or bee's honey
1 tbsp. salt
2 tbsps. butter or margarine
2 cups rolled oats
6 cups flour

Dissolve sugar in water and sprinkle yeast over top. Let stand 10 minutes. Combine next four ingredients and stir until butter melts. Cool to lukewarm and stir in yeast mixture and rolled oats. Gradually beat in 3 cups flour. Work enough remaining flour to make a soft dough.

Turn onto floured board and knead until smooth and elastic, about 8 to 10 minutes. Shape into a ball and place in a greased bowl, turning to grease top. Cover and let stand in a warm place until double in bulk, about 1 to 1½ hours. Punch down, divide in half, cover pans and let rest 10 minutes. Shape into 2 loaves and place in greased 9" x 5" loaf pans. Brush with butter. Cover and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk, about 1½ hours. Bake 30 to 35 minutes at 375 degrees Fahrenheit. Makes 2 loaves.

Throughout the years, *ginger snaps* made with plenty of molasses have always been a family favorite. I will never forget the delicious ginger snaps my Grandmother used to make. Whenever I stayed overnight at Grammy and Grandad's house, I found bedtime enjoyable as I looked forward to the ginger snaps and glass of milk which was the usual treat at night.

GINGER SNAPS - YORK SUNBURY STYLE

2 cups flour — 2 tsp. baking soda
1\4 tsp. salt — 1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. ginger — 1\2 tsp. cloves
1 cup packed brown sugar
3\4 cup butter — 1\4 cup molasses
1 egg

Combine flour, soda, salt and spices. Stir well to blend. Cream brown sugar, butter, molasses and egg together. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture. Mix well. Shape dough into tiny balls and place on a greased baking sheet. Bake at 375 degrees Fahrenheit for 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 60 cookies.

Happy Cooking!!!

The Story of Lord and Lady Ashburnham Part II...

by Ted Jones

From 1914 to 1924 the Ashburnhams enjoyed their residence on Brunswick Street, Fredericton, New Brunswick. They were "at home" on Friday afternoons from three until 6:30 o'clock, but it was an invitation *chez* Ashburnham that was sought after by upper class Frederictonians who wanted to experience the elaborate garden parties and the sumptuous evening dinners which often included pheasant sent straight from England and served on Crown Derby china. The Earl tended to remain aloof; it was Maria who played the part of the gracious hostess, giving her attention to everyone, especially those "in trade", probably realizing that people would never forget her humble beginnings.

Lucy Anderson, who never married, also lived at Ashburnham House. She was a formidable woman who ran the household with the utmost efficiency, from the huge kitchen on the ground floor to the tiny servants' quarters over the Earl's study. Her first task of the day was to draw a cold bath for Thomas, having it ready for when he returned from his early morning walk across the St. John River bridge to Marysville and back. During the day she prepared the meals, her splendid recipes having been passed along to future generations, one of them being the famous mustard pickles which Maria continuously donated to charitable functions or gave away as gifts; the tasty and colorful condiment gradually being called "Lady Ashburnham's Pickles" when, actually, the credit should have gone to sister Lucy.

The Countess had no time to spend in the kitchen. As one surviving acquaintance said, "Maria was much too busy queening it in Fredericton society." When the Ashburnham Club waited upon Mr. and Mrs. George O'Neill at their home on the occasion of their thirty-fifth wedding anniversary, July 14, 1914, a presentation of several pieces of Wedgwood china was made by the Countess of Ashburnham. At an Automobile and Boating Club dance on July 23, 1914, the Countess of Ashburnham and Mrs. T. C. Allen were the chaperones. When a meeting of the relief committee of the local branch of the Canadian Patriotic Fund was held on November 27, 1914 in the Board of Trade office on Queen Street, Lady Ashburnham was present. And, when the first meeting of the Ashburnham Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, was held at Ashburnham House on the evening of Empire Day, 1915, the chair was taken by the regent, Mrs. G. C. VanWart, and the flag was unfurled by the standard bearer, the Countess of Ashburnham.

***Ashburnham Place**, England, now used as a Christian retreat. Thomas Ashburnham is fishing in the foreground. From an oil painting done in 1898 by Edwin Jones, the House Steward. (Courtesy the late Mrs. H.V. Pritchard)*

Both of Fredericton's daily newspapers, *The Gleaner* and *The Mail*, tended to report every move the Ashburnham's made in public. On September 30, 1914, the Earl left for Little River where he spent two weeks "hunting big game" under the guidance of Dr. W. C. Allen; July 31, 1915, the Earl and Countess left for a week's fishing expedition at Big Hole on the Miramichi River, where they "secured a number of salmon". On March 14, 1916, the Hayden-Gibson Theatre in Woodstock "was crowded in the evening" for the concert given by the 104th Battalion Band, under the patronage of the Earl and Countess who were present in the audience. Sunday mornings, Thomas and Maria, who were members of the congregation, attended services at Christ Church Cathedral. The Venerable Archdeacon A. F. Bate, who is now ninety-two years old, the curate at the time stated: "I remember a gracious couple who were very kind to me."

Lord Ashburnham had a concrete sidewalk installed along his side of the 100-block of Brunswick Street. Miss Lalia MacVey: "He liked children but we were frightened of him. We would go and play on his concrete sidewalk and be very quiet because he would sitting inside the porte-cochere swishing flies with a riding crop."

Since he had inherited the title, he was ready to share his wealth with every good cause in the city. He took part in community affairs and was even instrumental in having vocational education established in the schools, saying at one meeting, where he made a fairly good speech: "You can't put the same saddle on every horse." In the library at the old Charlotte Street School, there is a silver cup which bears this inscription: "Physical Training Trophy presented by the Earl of Ashburnham to the

Left to right: Lady Ashburnham, Dr. & Mrs. Crocket and friends. (Photo courtesy of the Don Roberts Collection).

most proficient class in the public schools of the City of Fredericton".

Hillyard Anderson (no relation to Maria) was the full-time liveried chauffeur for the Ashburnham limousine. He had his own little house at the back of the main property and it still stands, facing King Street at 127, although "Hilly" always approached his quarters by driving through the *porte-cochere.* The limousine was a familiar sight on the streets of Fredericton, a miniature flag with the Ashburnham crest strategically attached at the front of the hood to announce the arrival, with Maria and her lady-in-waiting sitting in the back seat, a glass partition between them and the chauffeur. (One of the servants, Sophia Catherine Wall, returned to her home in Plymouth, England, soon after the First World War began. Coincidently, she met and married a Fredericton soldier by the name of Bayard Simmons, returning to Canada when the war was over, keeping in touch with the Ashburnhams, and receiving a silver baby's cup from the Countess when son Edward was born.)

In the spring of 1924, the Earl longed for his ancestral home in England; he also missed the annual hunt with the East Sussex foxhounds. Thus, an extended visit of six months was planned, the departure from Fredericton being set for Saturday, April 26, but not before several complimentary functions, including a whirl of teas and parties, were tendered. A farewell dance was given in the Old Gaiety, the Earl and Countess of Ashburnham and Lieutenant-Governor W. F. Todd and Mrs. Todd receiving 110 invited guests from the upper echelons of Fredericton society. The Countess was gowned in black brocaded georgette and carried an old-fashioned nosegay; Mrs. Todd was in grey georgette embroidered with silver. The Troubador Orchestra provided the music for a program of twelve dances; a midnight supper was served in the rooms upstairs.

The Red Cross Society, of which Maria was founder and president of the Ashburnham Branch in Fredericton, and the Great War Veterans Association, of which Thomas was a devoted member, held a combined farewell reception. Maria was presented with a gold soutar bearing a red cross with four diamonds and, when Thomas was called upon to speak, he thanked the gathering for the kind attention showered on his Countess. As Red Cross records indicate, both the Ashburnhams were deserving of this recognition: "When 500 returned soldiers arrived in Fredericton after the Great War, considerable expense was borne by the Earl, through whose kindness the soldiers were conveyed by motor from the trains to the New Brunswick Military Hospital," an institution which was administered by the Ashburnham Branch of the Red Cross, Lady Ashburnham herself making weekly visits and distributing magazines, fruit and flowers. The Ashburnham limousine was also sent to Saint John a number of times to take soldiers in that area for afternoon drives. Following the Halifax Explosion, Lady Ashburnham personally sewed clothing and gathered supplies for the victims. They never forgot her kindness.

Just before the Earl and Countess left Fredericton in a private railway coach placed at their disposal by the CNR, they received a telegram from the Mayor of Halifax: "Our city will glad to render you any possible services during your stay before embarkation on the *SS Regina*." Little did anyone realize that it was to be the earl's last journey across the Atlantic. The weather was bad and he contracted a cold which turned into bronchial pneumonia. At 10 o'clock on Monday morning, May 12, he died at the Grosvenor Hotel in London. He was in his seventieth year. Maria was with him and heard his last words: "I am going back to Ashburnham Place and I am going back now."

It was a beautiful May morning when the body of the last Earl arrived at Ashburnham Place, the huge wrought iron gates, crowned with the family crest, creaking open and shut for want of use. Everything was quiet and still in Ashburnhaam Park, a sharp contrast to the welcome festivities which were to have taken place. Instead, there was a funeral at Ashburnham Church, the coffin being borne on a wagon drawn by four of the estate's horses. The little church was filled with immediate mourners and the tenants, many of the latter having lived for fifty and sixty years on the estate.

As the service began at 3 p.m. Greenwich time, a memorial service was conducted at Christ Church Cathedral in Fredericton at the corresponding time, 10 a.m. The impressive burial service of the Church of England was carried out in both churches and, as the choir of each church sang "Abide With Me", ten employees of the estate acted as pallbearers and carried the coffin to

the family vault located underneath the chancel. It was over the entrance to the vault that Maria saw the date 1665, the year in which the Ashburnham family restored the church. Inside she saw forty-two coffins of past Earls and their families and, strangely enough, close to the entrance, there was only space left for one more coffin, that of the Sixth Earl of Ashburnham - the last of his line.

The Countess of Ashburnham was the sole executrix of her husband's will and, as such, she remained in England until June 27, being actively engaged in the disposal of certain portions of an estate valued at several millions of dollars. Under the provisions of the will, she was given a life annuity of £2,300 ($10,000). The large properties and their mansions were settled under trust deeds, the principal beneficiaries being a niece and nephew in the Ashburnham family. Any property that Thomas held outside the trust was bequeathed to his widow and this included Ashburnham House in Fredericton, the former Anderson homestead to which Maria returned on Sunday, July 6, 1924. Her younger sister, Lucy, met her at the station, accompanied her to 163-165 Brunswick Street, and continued to stay with her over the years, the older sister Jane still living a few houses down on the next block.

The Ashburnham limousine was once again put back into service, (J. Cedric Cooper remembers he handled the insurance), and the three Anderson sisters enjoyed several years of traveling in the Maritime Provinces and the New England States, visiting relatives and attending weddings within the two succeeding generations. Brother Henry had settled on the Woodstock Road near Fredericton, his only child, Arthur, giving the Countess a grand niece named Jean and two grand nephews named Drury and Thomas, the middle name of the latter being Ashburnham.

All three of Arthur's children attended the University of New Brunswick where they had Professor Robert Cattley for classics. As a result, Maria presented the classics department with eight framed photographs of Athens, Greece at the time of the 1906 Olympics. These are now on display in the classics seminar room and Dr. Cattley (currently retired in British Columbia) has never forgotten them: "Jean took me once to meet her great-aunt, Lady Ashburnham, when I took the opportunity to thank her in person for her gift of the Greek pictures." An even greater gift to UNB came in January, 1926, when Maria donated a stained-glass window, English medieval, in memory of her late husband. It occupies the center position on the east side of Memorial Hall and depicts Shakespeare reading one of his plays to Queen Elizabeth I. The dedicatory address was given in June of that year and was published in the July issue of the *Alumni Bulletin*.

One of Jean's fellow classmates at UNB was Elizabeth Baird, now Mrs. H. V. Pritchard. She remembers that the Andersons called the Countess by Aunt Rye or Lady A. But it was Jean who was the special one. "If there were storms and Jean could not make it to the Woodstock Road, she would stay overnight at the Ashburnham House. The Countess even had parties for Jean and, although the grand niece was the center of attention, it was Lady Ashburnham who was always at the head of the receiving line. Everyone was dressed in fine hats and silk dresses. It was an experience to move about the large, dark rooms with the rich furniture, the velours, the velvets."

Other young ladies living in Fredericton at that time considered it an honor to serve at the Ashburnham teas, although Mrs. Wilfred Cameron remembers more about the swinging door between the kitchen and the dining room and her fear of dropping the Limoges china.

Miss Louise Hill: "One time Lady Ashburnham opened the front door herself, wearing carpet slippers, explaining to her guests that her feet were hurting her today, thus causing her to be dubbed the 'carpet-slipper countess'. Her voice was unaffected as she talked in a funny local manner. After tea was over she would encourage us to go upstairs and explore the rooms. Lord Ashburnham's study had never changed, his desk remaining exactly as he had left it, his pipe even resting in the tray. Lady Ashburnham insisted that nothing be touched in his room."

Maria was a titled lady; she was expected to open her house and entertain and she did, welcoming church groups, Members of Parliament, and visiting nobility. On July 6, 1927, a dinner was held at Ashburnham House in honor of Viscountess Willingdon, wife of Canada's Governor-General at the time. *The Daily Gleaner*: "As Her Excellency left the automobile at the curbside, she stepped under the silk Union Jack, which the Countess of Ashburnham had won for the best decorated residence, and walked on a crimson carpet between the aisle of Union Jacks held aloft by eight Boy Scouts. With her lady-in-waiting, she was received by the Countess of Ashburnham and shown to her room .... The house was beautifully decorated in honor of the vice-regal visit .... During the evening, the lights were turned on outside the front of the house so that the decorations for the Diamond Jubilee could be seen by Her Excellency."

Maria, in turn, insisted that the proper protocol be followed wherever she went. Miss Magdeline Scott: "Lady Ashburnhaam always wanted to be the Main John when it came to social events. She did the organizing and she engineered the proceedings. At weddings she had the very front seat on the bride's side all to herself. She insisted on this. The mother of the bride was to sit in the second seat."

Other members of some of Fredericton's older families have further memories. Mr. Reid Van Dine: "The people of Fredericton accorded her a regal image and she lived up to it, although she was down-to-earth and unpretentious. It was on the IODE float on July 4 one year that she portrayed Queen Victoria, doing it very well, waving royally to the crowds as though she were born to play the part. She was a pillar of the community, very dignified, but the same person after her title as before."

Miss Beatrice Phillips: "During my father's term as mayor of Fredericton, our family came to know Lady Ashburnham quite well. We lived

around the corner from Ashburnham House and Maria would often visit her neighbours in this area, arriving unannounced, wearing an oversized raincoat and a tweed cap. She loved music. When I was involved in the Community Concert Association, she was a member of the executive."

Mrs. Arthur Holder: "We lived on the next block and visited Ashburnham House frequently. When my two daughters were born, Lady Ashburnham became their godmother. We remember her as having a stately bearing. She was infatuated with the wide-brimmed hats of the day; she enjoyed shopping at Fredericton's millinery stores, especially Miss Kelly's or Miss Morgan's. At the opening of the Legislature, Lady Ashburnham was dressed the finest. We always referred to her as the Lady, but the English servants kept letting her know she was a commoner."

Dr. Esther Clark Wright: "In later years her hair turned snow-white, but she was still attractive, rather plump. She looked good in black as she continued to queen it in Fredericton society. Lots of bridge playing."

Maria was and still is best known for her philanthropic acts of kindness and generosity. At Christmas her house resembled a wholesale grocery store, she herself filling the baskets for the poor and needy, delivering them herself to the outside districts and even to the prisoners in the York County Jail. She forgot no one. She loved children and was largely responsible for obtaining property on the Woodstock Road for a Children's Home. She was president of the Fredericton District Girl Guide Association and a member of the Fredericton District Boy Scout Association. She was also a member of the Hospital Aid Society, the Hospital Board, the King's Daughters, and the Imperial Rebekah Lodge. The Canadian Red Cross Society honored her with a lifetime membership, and she was called to Ottawa to receive the Star of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem for services rendered.

Her work was not confined to any one church. She was a generous contributor to the Salvation Army and, to St. Anne's Parish Church, she donated a small library for the hall (now demolished), requesting that Lord Ashburnham's portrait be placed over the firepace. But it was at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church on Charlotte Street in Fredericton that she made her strongest mark, having become a charter member in 1925 when that church was formed. The late Miss Nellie Winters, who was a member of the same church and who lived on the next block below the Ashburnham House, remembered both St. Andrew's Church and Lady Ashburnham in her booklet *To Recall and Pass On*: "She was a gracious and charming person. She was particularly interested in the children of the neighborhood. I remember that, after her return from a trip to England on the *HMS Ireland*, she presented me with a gift of a hat band with the ship's name on it."

Throughout the 1930's Maria continued to enjoy the style to which she was accustomed when the Earl was living, but her funds were greatly reduced and she slowly went into debt. Her health began to deteriorate and on October 9, 1938 she died of a heart attack. She was in her eightieth year. Her death took place at Ashburnham House and so did her funeral, interment being in the Rural Cemetery on Fredericton's Woodstock Road. (In the nearby Rural Extension Cemetery, a large soldiers' plot, established by Lady Ashburnham and her branch of the Canadian Red Cross and marked with an impressive stone, secures a place of burial for returned soldiers who have no one to care for them.)

The passing of the well known benevolent Countess marked the end of an era, but a note of tragedy was yet to follow. On November 17, 1938, *The Daily Gleaner* carried an announcement of an auction that was to sell furniture and other items belonging to the estate of the late Countess of Ashburnham, including many pieces of her fine jewelry and several of her fur coats. Money was needed to settle Maria's debts and accounts; even her immediate family had to purchase some of the small personal things that had been left to them in her will. However, certain mementoes from Ashburnham House were retrieved and placed in the York-Sunbury Historical Society Museum, Queen Street, Fredericton, of which Lady Ashburnham had been a founder in 1932 and the honorary patroness thereafter. Lord Ashburnham's antiquated roll-top desk, his military memorabilia and a part of his personal library have been on display in several exhibitions at the museum. But the well-preserved item that tends to attract the most attention is Maria Anderson's beautiful wedding gown - a rare symbol of a Cinderella story that actually did come true.

*[**Ed.** Reprinted from the **Atlantic Advocate** May 1986, with the permission of the author Ted Jones]*

EARL'S TRAGIC HOMECOMING — *The Earl of Ashburnham, who died in London yesterday morning from pneumonia, on board ship with the Countess on their arrival in England a week ago, after twenty-three years in Canada. There is no heir to the title.*

A Tribute to Ruth Scott... *by Fred White*

Ruth Scott, Historical Society Member and Supporter Died February 15, 2000.

Ruth Scott, by any measure, was a remarkable woman. This gentle yet feisty lady, an intimate friend and supporter of the Historical Society, also was a wife, mother, grandmother, public servant, university graduate, published author, book reviewer, and landscape painter.

Ruth worked for 25 years with the Canadian Forest Service and, after retiring, she graduated from the University of New Brunswick with a Bachelor of Arts degree in history. A volunteer at the Fredericton Branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society, Ruth also was a member of the New Brunswick Genealogical Society, the Fredericton Heritage Trust and she was a regular contributor of book reviews and articles in the (Fredericton) *Daily Gleaner.*

Ruth Scott served on the York-Sunbury Historical Society's Board of Directors for several years, where her advice and guidance on historical issues were often eagerly sought and gladly obtained by her colleagues. This lady always was positive and encouraging with others. She supported the monthly programs, twice as a guest lecturer, with her regular assistance and presence.

Ruth Scott, happily, was a prolific writer. She encouraged the Society to reprint her ***Nashwaaksis*** (1986), an historical study of her birthplace, because she wanted the proceeds to return to the Society. Then she went out and personally sold about 100 copies. Her other publications include the story of Ruth and her husband during World War II, ***Keeping the Home Fires Burning,*** (1996), and a biography of her father, ***The Unknown New Brunswicker*** (1988).

Ruth was the nineteenth recipient of the Martha J. Harvey Award of Distinction "for outstanding contribution in the field of New Brunswick history, more particularly for its significance and application to central New Brunswick; for long and meritorious service or contribution to the Society." Ted Jones, in presenting the award in 1998, described her many contributions to the history of New Brunswick as "splendid."

Read her book, ***Keeping The Home Fires Burning*** and you will find a personal essay that truly brings a period in our recent history very much to life. Several of her articles on historical subjects can be found in the *Officers' Quarters,* including the following article on "Frogmore." It has been said that Ruth's writing style could bring forth a personal understanding to our local history.

There was so much positive in all aspects of Ruth's life that she earned the respect of all who worked and socialized with her. Her family and the Historical Society membership will miss her guiding hand. We salute Ruth Scott, historian and friend.

Frogmore ... *by Ruth Scott*

Frogmore: An Early Photograph.
(Photo courtesy of Public Archives of New Brunswick)

Frogmore was a big house on a large estate when Ashley Colter moved there in the early 1920's. The estate, stretching from Montgomery Street to the railway tracks, was bounded by Regent Street on the east and York Street on the west. Today, although it stands on a much diminished area of land, Frogmore proudly towers over Beaverbrook Court asserting its status as an historic home and as one of Fredericton's heritage buildings.

There are two theories of why the name "Frogmore" was given to the estate. Some people say that former Victorian owner James Carter was "putting on the dog" by naming his new home after Prince Albert's castle near London. The more popular theory is that Frogmore overlooked a large pond near the railway tracks where frogs in the springtime shrilled their mating calls. Whatever the reason for Frogmore's naming, it has an interesting history.

Louise Hill's book, ***Fredericton, New Brunswick, British North America,*** states that King George III granted Loyalist George Sproule seventy-two acres of land "on the hill." In 1822, his executors sold eleven acres to an Englishman named James Holbrook, a teacher at the Collegiate School. This parcel of land included house, barns, fences, and all improvements. It is fairly certain that part of that early house was incorporated into the new house, now known as Frog-more, built by James Holbrook.

Holbrook and his wife Grace, a daughter of Fred-ericton Loyalist Colonel Harrison Hailes, built the west wing. Holbrook died in 1846 and, according to the Hill book, the estate was sold to the Honorable James Carter for the sum of £900 sterling. He later became Chief Justice of New Brunswick. Lilian Maxwell in her book ***History of Central New Brunswick*** tells a different story. She says that James Carter's wife was Holbrook's daughter so there was a natural reversion of the estate to her husband on his father-in-law's death. Be that as it may, Judge Carter also expanded and improved the house. It was during his occupancy that a large well-equipped library was set up (it is still there though smaller in size than in Carter's day). James Carter was married three times. His third wife was Margaret, daughter of the Venerable Archdeacon Coster. In 1865 Carter retired from the bench, sold his estate, and took his family to England where he made his permanent home.

Sir James Carter, as he later became, was the first New Brunswick resident to be knighted by a reigning British monarch who, at the time, was Queen Victoria. Although Carter now lived in England, he made frequent trips back home. Juliana Ewing, wife of Alexander Ewing, a British officer stationed in Fredericton in the late 1860's, met Sir James on one of these visits. The occasion was a tea party given by his in-laws the Costers. In a letter to her mother in England, Juliana describes Sir James thus: "a dear old man ... nice looking ... courteous ... silver snuff box (in hand) ... [and wearing] low pumps." She goes on to say that Sir James was a delightful contrast in manner and dress to the "Plebeian Governor" of the province who went around clad in homespun and rough shoes, even at receptions at Government House. The military stationed in Fredericton during this period did not think much of "the locals" they were sent to protect.

In the same year that Judge Carter retired to England, Archibald Fitzrandolph purchased Frogmore. Fitzrandolph, a newcomer to the Fredericton of the middle 1800's, was born in 1833 in Digby, Nova Scotia of "Colonial English-Loyalist ancestry." He came to Saint John as a young man and worked for a few years in the mercantile business, first as a clerk and then set up a business of his own. Young Archie evidently saw better business opportunities elsewhere because in 1865 he left Saint John to open a hardware store in Fredericton. At the time he bought Frogmore he had established a wholesale grocery business.

Fitzrandolph married Miss Alma Turnbull of Bear River, Nova Scotia. With a young family to support, two sons and three daughters, he required lots of space. This probably was why he bought Frogmore. But, more than that, he was on his way up and needed a prestigious residence to reflect his position as a leading businessman in Fredericton. Business was booming by 1871 and Fitzrandolph decided to expand his property by purchasing the adjoining eight acres (once part of the original estate granted to Sproule).

Fitzrandolph built the "Randolph Building" on Queen Street in 1878

(shown on the Hubley 1882 map of Fredericton which also pinpoints Frogmore way up "on the hill" overlooking downtown). Three years before, he had been elected president of the Fredericton Boom Company. By 1898, this company was an impressive business with 500 employees and an average yearly receipt of $130,000; these were riches for the times. In 1882, Fitzrandolph was called to a seat on the Legislative Council, but sat on that body for only three years before resigning to devote more time to his business interests. Fitzrandolph was the first and only president of the short-lived Fredericton Peoples' Bank, apparently the only one of his enterprises which turned out to be a failure .

Archibald Fitzrandolph died in 1902 and the property went to his eldest son Allan. Allan made a few improvements to the almost certainly cold and drafty house. The central chimney was removed from the original part of the building and modern central heating was installed. Unfortunately, something had to go, and the bell pulls which were used to summon the servants were removed. The bell pulls were probably little used by Allan's time but they would interest collectors of today.

The house had been empty for several years in 1922 when prominent businessman Ashley Colter bought Frogmore. Colter made many important changes to the property. The Coach House, an essential part of a gentleman's estate in bygone days, was moved in 1923 to a location on Albert Street. Placed on a new foundation, the building was rented to William Gough who made the Coach House (as it was still called) into a livable home for his growing family. Karl Gough was nineteen and his brother Harry was only twelve when they moved into their new home, but they remember life there very well. Harry, who got his first job stoking Mrs. Colter's coal burning furnace, fondly remembers learning how to skate on the frog pond below the big house. The frog pond indeed is remembered by dozens of Fredericonians who also skated on this big sheet of ice in the winter time.

Karl lived in the Coach House after he was married. A daughter Kay was born there. The family moved to Victoria Street, and finally ended up in the house on Regent Street where Karl still lives.

But another estate building, the Gatehouse, could tell a different story. Once located "on the hill" at the entrance to Frogmore, the Gatehouse was where the coachman lived and waited word from his employer to bring the carriage or coach around to the big house. Mrs. Burton Colter says this was achieved by ringing a bell at the Coach House. That bell, still there today, also summoned the estate labourers to work and let them know when it was dinner time and probably when it was quitting time as well. The bell is made of highly polished brass and is guarded from the elements by a small decorated roof open on each side. One can imagine a servant of the household pulling its long rope to summon the coachman and coach, for the master's use.

Getting back to the Gatehouse, Frogmore's present owner Jim Ross says it once sported the first residential electric light in the city of Fredericton. Regent Street hill, then known as the road to New Maryland, was dark and largely uninhabited during the early 1900's. After Ashley Colter bought Frogmore in the 1920's, he had the Gatehouse moved to its present location at 598 Beaverbrook Street. Still part of the Frogmore estate, the Gatehouse was enlarged and renovated, then rented to various city families.

Dr. Murray Young, retired professor of history at the University of New Brunswick, lived in the Gatehouse in the early days of his association with the college. He says the room he and his family used as the dining room once had been part of the original Gatehouse and probably dated back to Judge Carter's time. Dr. Young also claims the house is haunted although nothing has been actually seen. But, during the Youngs' occupancy, there was the occasional night when Murray and his wife were awakened by the creaking of the staircase, a creaking which sounded like the steps of a heavy man ascending the stairs. As they listened, terrified, the creaking always turned right, away from their own room at the top of the stairs, then faded away into the distance. Dr. Young says laughingly, "It was not my imagination for my wife heard it too. Of course, sometimes old houses do creak for some reason or other, but I wonder . . . ."

After Ashley Colter died, Jim Ross bought Frogmore and lived there for fifteen years. Press of business and other interests forced him to move into a more modern house, yet he has never been able to abandon the home where his children grew up. For a while Frogmore was leased to a computer company which not only carried on its own business but was careful to retain the tradition and dignity of the old house. The company is no longer there, but Jim Ross is an ardent believer in the preservation of Fredericton's heritage and someday he hopes to restore Frogmore to its former glory.

Helen Kinghorn: A Maritime Artist Well Remembered ...

by Pat Flemming

Fredericton artist Helen Kinghorn painted hundreds of beautiful paintings in her lifetime and is well remembered by some of her paintings which hang today at the University of New Brunswick, at Christ Church (Parish) Church and at the York-Sunbury Historical Society Museum.

According to Mary W. Hashey, who wrote the book ***Maritime Artists, Volume One*** published in 1967 by the Maritime Arts Association and Unipress in Fredericton, Helen Kinghorn had been treasurer and vice-president of the Fredericton Art Club and became a charter member of the club formed in 1936.

The artist taught art to private pupils in Fredericton for many years from her dining room table. Her son, William, became one of her pupils. "I did dabble a little in India ink but did not become a great artist," remarked William. "But I do remember my mother always having a painting on the go," he adds.

Mrs. Kinghorn was also a charter member of the Fredericton Society of Artists, formed in 1949. Born in Lindsay, Ontario she married John Burpee Kinghorn in 1910 and moved to Fredericton in 1915. William was an only child and she had two grandchildren, Peggy and Rowley. Her mother, Helena Judd was a graduate of the Academy of Fine Arts in New York and painted all her life.

Although Helen Kinghorn painted many beautiful large paintings in both water colors and oils, she also was a millinery buyer and designer of hats for Mahon Brothers in Halifax, N.S. Those interests involved many trips overseas to England and to the Continent to purchase materials for her millinery business.

During a visit to the home of the artist's son, William Kinghorn and his gracious wife Margaret, I was able to see first hand a sample of Helen Kinghorn's work. She adored painting landscapes and animals. "I believe my mother preferred painting in watercolor best and she loved to take her easel and sketch flowers and trees out in the countryside," said William.

The Buttery. *From the Original Watercolour by Helen Kinghorn. (Photo courtesy of the York-Sunbury Historical Society).*

Helen Kinghorn often won prizes for her art work, particularly for her landscapes and paintings of old homes. Many of her paintings were of watercolor batik. She was a member of the King's Daughters and played bridge with her friends before her death at age 95 in 1970.

[Ed. Helen Kinghorn, in a note attached to the back of each of her watercolours, described her paintings. She said of "The Root House":

> that [it] was built near the southeast corner of the gardens. It was strongly built with a heavy stone arch inside and with a chimney so that fires could be kept when necessary. The Root House is still in existence (1944) but the chimney has fallen down with the help of the boys.

Referring to the Buttery as the "Smoke House," Kinghorn said:

> [t]his building was made of stone and was probably built in this artistic style on account of its situation in the immediate grounds of the residence. It is thought that the nearness to the house was for the convenience of the cook who probably superintended the smoking of meats and fish.]

The Root House at Government House. *From the Original Watercolour by Helen Kinghorn. (Photo courtesy of the York-Sunbury Historical Society).*

To Fredericton in May-Time

This morning, full of breezes and perfume,
Brimful of promise of midsummer weather,
When bees and birds and I are glad together,
Breathes of the full-leaved season, when soft gloom
Chequers thy streets, and thy close elms assume
Round roof and spire the semblance of green billows;
Yet now thy glory is the yellow willows,
The yellow willow full of bees and bloom.

Under their dusty blossoms blackbirds meet,
And robins pipe amid the cedars nigher;
Thro' the still elms I hear the ferry's beat;
The swallows chirp about the towering spire;
The whole air pulses with its weight of sweet;
Yet not quite satisfied is my desire!

- Sir Charles G.D. Roberts

Coming In Future Issues!

Collector's Room: Nova Scotia Glass; Logs and Bogs or Masts for the King's Navy; The Art of Mary O. Porter; Maugerville As It Was; The Imperial Regiments At Fredericton (Part II).

The Coach House at Old Government House. *(Watercolour by Helen Kinghorn courtesy of the York-Sunbury Historical Society.)*