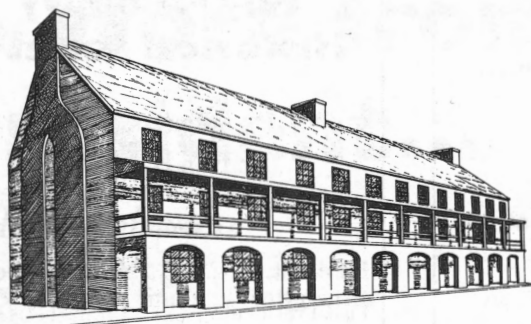


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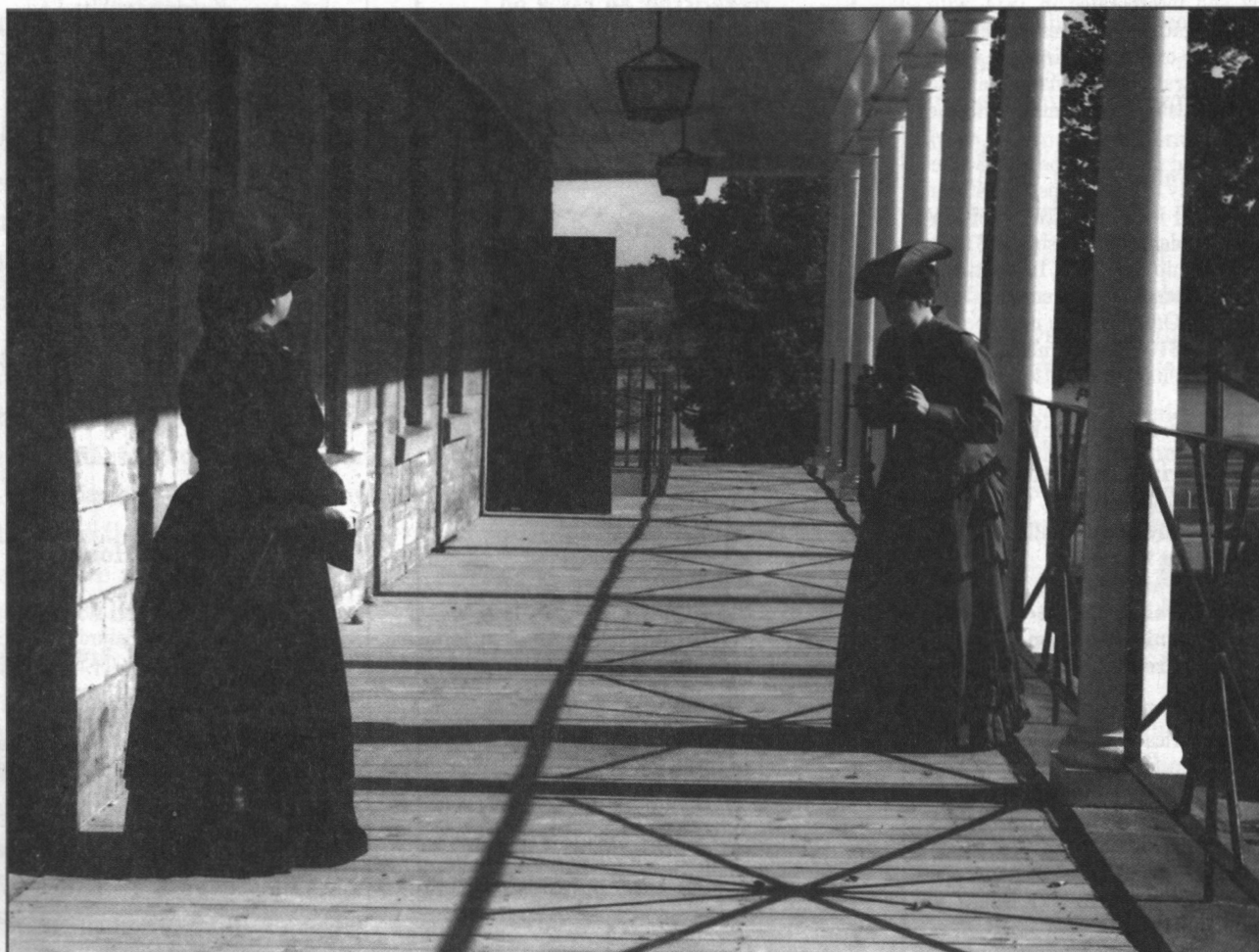


The Officers' Quarters

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

Volume 16, Number 3 and 4

Fall and Winter 2000



Sunday Afternoon at the Officers' Quarters

The Officers' Quarters

Volume 16, Number 3 and 4

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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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. Institutional memberships are \$30 (one individual per organization). Organizations may become sustaining for \$100 (\$30 membership and \$70 tax receipt).

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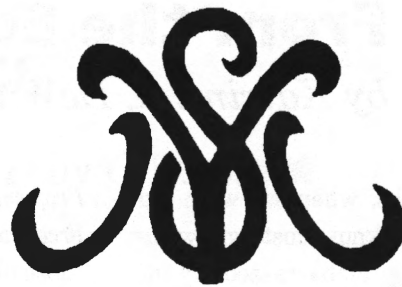
(Labour Day to third Saturday in December)
Tuesday to Saturday 12:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.

Front Cover

The photo on the front cover shows Miss Amy Elizabeth Cater of Fredericton photographing a companion on the Officers' Quarters balcony. Both subjects are wearing Victorian costumes graciously provided by King's Landing. The camera work is through the courtesy of Mary Ellen Nealis Photography to whom we express our deep appreciation.

A Word from the President...

by Bill Acheson



The thing I find most interesting and most challenging about the York-Sunbury Historical Society is the range of things it does. The founders of the Society were gifted amateurs - true Renaissance people who did many things and thought nothing of setting goals which would daunt most of us. They did their historical research, presented their findings at meetings of the Society, and wrote up their stories of the community for the community. They collected historical artifacts of York and Sunbury counties, created a museum, mounted exhibits which they curated, and through many years of voluntary effort kept the museum open for the benefit of the community.

This is our heritage, the heritage of the York-Sunbury. And while our world is different - few of us today actually write the stories of the community, and we now have a "civil service" to ensure the museum will function - in many ways it remains the same. The key to work of the Society is its committee system which is largely run by volunteers. We have five major committees involving every aspect of the Society's life. These include committees responsible for Collections, for Exhibits, for Programmes, for Publications and the *Officers' Quarters*, and for Money. Each meets a different interest and requires a different set of skills.

As a Historical Society we have the responsibility for recovering the history of central New Brunswick and making it accessible to the community. We do this through our monthly meetings which are designed to inform and entertain us with explorations into the issues and personalities and ideas that were part of the experience of central New Brunswick. The Programme Committee has responsibility for planning and organizing these events and the times of fellowship that we sometimes enjoy. The *Officers' Quarters*, as you know, plays its role by publishing the results of much fine work dealing with the history of the community. The Editor and Committee of the journal seek out the work, then edit and publish it, producing one of the best local history magazines in the region in the process.

The Society owns the fourth largest collection of historical artifacts in the province (immediately after the New Brunswick Museum, King's Landing and the Acadian Village), and the gathering, cataloguing, and care of this irreplaceable material heritage rests with the Collections Committee. The Museum draws from this rich treasure the pieces needed to create and maintain the exhibits which form the heart of the public Museum. Some of these exhibits are permanent, others are changed once or twice a

year. Responsibility for them all rests with the Exhibits Committee. Finally, like all good organizations, the York-Sunbury needs to manage responsibly its limited financial resources, and to supplement the dues and grants we receive so that we can reach out to the community with new programmes and educational undertakings. The Finance Committee manages our resources and the Fund Raising Committee provides leadership in raising new money.

All of these committees are staffed by volunteers. Each serves a different interest. If you see any activity here that might interest you or if you have some skill and would be willing to offer a bit of time - even a few days a year - I would invite you to get in touch with me or with the appropriate committee chair: Peter French (450-2649) for Collections, Gary Campbell (455-3825) for Exhibits, Katrina DeWitt (454-9883) for the *Quarters*, Peg Taylor (457-0182) Contact Person for Programmes, and Doug Wright (455-4130) and Craig Chouinard (454-5393) for Finance and Fund Raising. Your call will make our day!

There are some important and interesting things going on in these committees and you will meet some other wonderful volunteers in the process. So come along and give it a try. You *will* make a difference.



From the Editor...

by Katrina A. DeWitt

Photographs, when we were old enough to know nostalgia without being embarrassed by it, merely suggested some olden days when people were less advanced than we were. We thought them quaint and unsophisticated. Perhaps this illusion was because the people in the pictures always looked so secure and stable. Such certainly was the case with the subjects in our recreated photograph on the front cover who lost some of their romanticism with the Victorian age when confronted with the bustles, petticoats, hatpins and sheer weight of the dresses in which they posed.

Still, as time went on, we came to understand that our older relatives were not so different from those persons portrayed in the dust covered and faded images of photo albums. Most of us finally realized that a tangible link to the past was provided by photographs.

Our illusory security of the past often was reinforced by our older relatives and friends who were part of such earlier times. They helped us to understand that the sometimes bizarre characters in the photos were not unlike us at all; they may have lived in a different *milieu* but they experienced our same hopes and dreams. We eventually learned that their characters lie deeper than outrageous hats, antiquated props and funny ties. Photographic images represent what we were and what we surely will become.

This Fall and Winter *Officers' Quarters* includes several articles on photography in which different persons searched for meaning in the barrage of events, people and places which confronted them. *Way Back When:*

Professional Photographers of Early Fredericton summarizes the lives of those olden Fredericton photographers who in their prints documented local lives, customs and people. But female photographers, as usual, are ignored. Family gatherings, thriving cottages and family pets captured by Mary O. Porter, an amateur female photographer in the late 1880's and 1890's, may no longer exist but their essences are present in her universal photographs. Mary Porter, beyond all else, capsulized dreams. Stuart Smith, exploring the struggle to retain the character of Fredericton's downtown, uses a George T. Taylor print to document local architectural and historical changes. Various nuances of collecting *photographica* are discussed in our regular column, *The Collector's Room*, and they inform and guide interested antique buffs.

Take a moment now to examine the picture in *Squires', Logs and Bogs or Masts for the King's Navy* entitled. "The New Maryland Highway Road, c. 1930" for proof that a picture is worth a thousand words. Examine the back cover's "Postcard of the Officers' Quarters," showing the building's wooden structure that no longer exists, and lament its passing. And consider the stilted and formal poses of the subjects in Mary O. Porter's, "Good Friends at Schooner Cove, 1888" and "Tomah Joseph," to savour the styles and artifacts of that age. What glorious tales these pictures tell!

Photographic images, either enhancing or unflattering, are the stuff of reality. They should be a unique concern for historians and for all those interested in the past.

A Song of Seasons...

by Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald

Sing a song of Spring-Time!
Catkins by the Brook,
Adders-tongues uncounted,
Ferns in every nook;
The cateract on the hillside;
Leaping like a fawn;
Sing a song of Spring-time, -
Ah, but Spring-time's gone!

Sing a song of Summer!
Flowers among the grass,
Clouds like fairy frigates,
Pools like looking glass,
Moonlight through the branches,
Voices on the lawn;
Sing a song of Summer, -
Ah, but Summer's gone.

Sing a song of Autumn!
Grain in golden sheaves,
Woodbine's crimson clusters
Round the cottage eaves,
Days of crystal clearness,
Frosted fields at dawn;
Sing a song of Autumn, -
Ah, but Autumn's gone!

Sing a song of Winter!
North-wind's bitter chill,
Home and ruddy firelight,
Kindness and good-will,
Hemlock in the churches,
Daytime soon withdrawn;
Sing a song of Winter, -
Ah, but Winter's gone!

Sing a song of loving!
Let the seasons go;
Hearts can make their gardens
Under sun or snow;
Fear no fading blossom,
Nor the dying day;
Sing a song of loving, -
That will last for aye!

From *A Treasury of Canadian Verse*, ed. Theodore H. Rand, Toronto: William Briggs, 1900.

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

[Ed. This article is continued from C.W. Clark, "Military History of Fredericton," Number 5, pages 9-15, 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.]

Bengal Tigers

In January 1838, the Fredericton station was occupied by a full-strength battalion, roughly one thousand of all ranks. The unit was the 65th Foot, nicknamed "Bengal Tigers" from exploits in India. This left the local barracks unoccupied for only a week or two. This now is the 1st Battalion, York & Lancaster Regiment. The strength of the unit pressed the barrack-service hard in the matter of securing accommodation but various public buildings were used.

The 65th came from the West Indies and the change between a tropical climate and that of the Atlantic Provinces in January must have been marked. The disturbed condition of affairs in both Upper and Lower Canada kept Imperial troops on the move. The 65th Bengal Tigers under Col. Senior were here little more than a year, moving out in November 1838. This regiment had a grenadier company claimed to be the finest in the British Line Regiments. The men were all six-footers. Queen Victoria was crowned while this unit was in garrison here, the day being observed by a sham fight with regulars and militia taking part, a barbecue of a whole ox on the Flats, and a regatta on the River.

Trouble in Canada

The [Fredericton] garrison was reduced by half with the arrival of the next regiment [i.e.] one wing of a battalion of the 11th Foot, Devonshire Regiment, under Col. Goldie. The 11th arrived early in June and remained for some months. Insurrectionary troubles in the Canadas again threatening, the regiment was ordered to Quebec by another winter march.

Transportation by sleds by this time was reduced to a system. A company of troops moved a stage each day, seven men to each driver and pair of horses. Log camps were built at the end of stages where dwellings were not available for billeting. Fourteen days were required for the march which began from Fredericton December 26th, 1838. The regimental history of course makes comment upon the sub-zero temperatures.

Sorel, at the mouth of the Richelieu River, was the garrison assigned the 11th and from Quebec to Sorel the regiment proceeded in unique fashion, each pair of men having a *cariole* or French-Canadian sleigh, horse and driver. It



**Soldiers of the 11th Regiment of Foot
(North Devonshire), 1838**

(Courtesy of the York-Sunbury Historical Society.)

moved to Sorel January 15th, 1839 but was disturbed within a few weeks by becoming involved in the so-called Aroostook War. This regiment was ordered to the Madawaska Settlement, probably Edmundston, moving February 28th and reaching Madawaska March 9th. The strength was four companies which remained about four weeks, then going to Quebec.

November 15th of the same year, the 11th Foot furnished three companies for duty again in this "Disputed Territory." One remained at Riviere du Loup as a base and two went to a post (Fort Ingalls was the name given) in the vicinity of what now is Cabano, Quebec, where they erected an entrenchment and stockade around existing military buildings, remaining until May 13th, 1840. A short time later the regiment sailed for England.

Salamanca

The 36th Foot, under Col. Maxwell, arrived in Fredericton in January 1839, remained during 1839 and 1840, and removed to Saint John July 7th, 1841. This regiment also was thrust into the middle of the Aroostook trouble. While in Fredericton on the anniversary of the Battle of Salamanca, in which the 36th took a distinguished part during the Peninsular War, a sham-fight took place in the eastern part of Fredericton with militia and regulars participating. This incident gave the name "Salamanca" to a portion of that part of the city. This regiment now is the 2nd Battalion, Worcestershire Regiment.

Aroostook Trouble

The 69th Foot under Col. Monins, now the 2nd Battalion, the Welsh Regiment, succeeded the 36th, and the two regiments appear to have been on stations in various parts of the New Brunswick-Maine frontier at the same time. Sir John Harvey, after [these regiments faced] dangers of hostilities, reviewed both regulars and militia on the ice of the Meaduxnekeag at Woodstock in March 1839 and [elements of] both regiments were present.

In June 1842, the 52nd Light Infantry under Col. Blois relieved the

69th. This was the second time the regiment had been here, having arrived previously in 1823. The Officer Commanding was the only member of the unit to be twice on the station. In the autumn of 1843, the regiment began to leave, [with] detachments being sent to St. John's, Newfoundland and to Halifax.

Cathedral Cornerstone

The 30th Foot, now the 1st Battalion, East Lancashire Regiment, under Col. Ormond succeeded but was not here long, the 33rd Foot, now the West Riding Regiment arriving. This is the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Col. Whannel commanded. Some years later this regiment suffered heavily at the Battle of Alma. [The] band and officers of this unit took part in the ceremony of laying the cornerstone of Christ Church Cathedral.

In 1848 the 1st Royals came from the West Indies arriving in the winter time via Saint John. The 33rd passed the 1st [Royals] at Saint John, sleds being used in both cases for means of transport. Col. Brown commanded the wing of this regiment in Fredericton. It now is the Lothian Regiment or Royal Scots, the oldest line regiment in the British Service. The Officer Commanding lived in Ashburton Place, King Street.

Seaforth Highlanders in Fredericton

The 97th Foot, now the 2nd Battalion, Royal West Kent Regiment, arrived in June 1850 under Col. Lockyer. In September 1851, the 72nd Duke of Albany's Highlanders, now the 1st Battalion, Seaforth Highlanders, arrived. Col. Murray commanded. In addition to a brass band, this regiment had a band of kilted pipers.

The 76th Foot, now the 2nd Battalion West Riding Regiment, came in 1856 under Col. Gardiner, coming direct from Malta. This regiment later removed to Halifax with the exception of one company which remained in Fredericton. The rest of the regiment

returned but in September 1856, the [entire] regiment left.

Reduced Garrison at Fredericton

About this time the Fredericton garrison was seriously reduced [to] but one company of the 62nd Regiment, now [the] 1st Battalion Wiltshire Regiment being sent and later replaced by a company of the 63rd, now 1st Battalion, Manchester Regiment. The first arrived in 1858 and the latter in 1860.

Trent Affair

This was the time of the "Trent Affair" when Great Britain and the United States seemed to be drifting rapidly into war. All during the winter of 1861-62, troops were rushed from the British Isles to North America. The mode of transport [on land] was as before, horses and sleds. The American Civil War being at its height, Northern emissaries were very active in attempting to induce British Regulars to desert by the offer of bounties. Extra precautions had to be taken to prevent this, and were not always successful. Infantry, artillery and military trains all passed through Fredericton, a company a day moving through steadily for a long time. [Ed. See *The Officers' Quarterly*, Vol. 15, Number 1 and 2 for a further account of the Trent Affair.]

In Shipwreck

The 96th Foot, [under] Col. Cathcart, now the 2nd Battalion Manchester Regiment, landed at Saint John in February 1862 and came to Fredericton. Half the regiment was delayed by [a] shipwreck which took their transport into St. John's, Newfoundland for repairs. The entire regiment left Fredericton in the Spring.

The East Yorks

The 15th Foot, now the East Yorkshire Regiment, arrived under Col. Cole and remained for almost exactly four years. This unit entered largely into the life of the community, both civil and military. The occurrence of the Fenian Raid in 1866 and the stimulus

given militia training by reorganization immediately before that, gave the "East Yorks" a fine opportunity.

It is interesting to note that it [is] with this regiment that the York Regiment, the county regiment with headquarters in Fredericton, has alliance, carrying out the comradeship which began in the 'sixties' as well as the similarity in territorial designation.

End of British Military Presence

With the arrival of the 22nd Regiment which landed in Saint John in June 1866 and proceeded shortly to Fredericton, this city was on its last stage as a British Military Post. Canadian Confederation was on the way with threats from the United States the driving force, and glowing promises of all kinds [were] held out to the Maritime Provinces. From a military point of view they never were fulfilled. Fredericton, like other garrison towns, lost the British regular and Canada's error at organizing defense was dilatory and never developed to the degree which had been reached by the Mother Country, although straining her resources all over the world.

The Last Imperial Regiment

The 22nd Foot was commanded by Col. Harding. It was a full strength battalion. To accommodate it, all barracks were used, the Officers' Mess was installed in the County Court House, with [a] cook-house [being located] in Camperdown Alley opposite. The City Hall as it then existed was given over to troops as far as its basement was concerned. The Regimental Band was among the troops there. The Exhibition Building was completely taken over by the soldiers.

The 22nd made many friends here but there also were incidents in the three years spent here which did not smack of too much of friendship. May 29th 1869 was a momentous day for Fredericton, for it was the day of the departure of the last Imperial Regiment to be stationed in this city.

Strike Duty

Reference is made occasionally to the 60th Rifles, now the King's Royal Rifles, being in Fredericton. Oldtimers state positively that the Rifles were not stationed here and the last Imperial Regiment was the 22nd. The 60th was at Saint John during part of the time the 22nd was here and there is an authenticated account of a company having been sent by rail to Fredericton Junction from Saint John to rescue the paymaster of the Fredericton Railroad Company from strikers who threatened to seize his person if not paid for their labor on construction of the Branch.

The troops quieted the disturbance but were marched over the entire right-of-way from Fredericton Junction to this city and here were accommodated in barracks until arrangements were made for their return transport to Saint John by steamer. This probably is the origin of the report of that regiment being stationed here.

Other Garrisons

Fredericton, although the centre of military organization in New Brunswick, was not the only post. Often Saint John divided the regiment with the capital but the military period ended with each post having a full regiment in garrison - the 78th Highlanders being in Saint John. St. Andrew's for a long time was a military post but not particularly connected with Fredericton. Woodstock for many years was an outpost of Fredericton with one company stationed there.

An even earlier post was Presque Isle, and Grand Falls also was a post on account of the importance of the *portage*. The Aroostook trouble brought on the establishment of a post at the mouth of the Aroostook River, now Aroostook Junction, and the construction near Edmundston of the strongest fortification on either side of the line [i.e.] Fort Little Falls. In Maine, of course, were Fort Fairfield and Fort Kent. The fort at Edmundston was blown to pieces some forty years ago to furnish cheap material for the construction of a dam for a logging firm.



Garrison Notes:

Letter to the Editor

My greetings to you Ms. DeWitt:

I would like to compliment Ms. Marvel Nason re her wonderful article on the "Village of Tracy" in your recent

MEMBERS' NOTICES

CONGRATULATIONS:

To **Ted Jones**, member, for his frequent articles in *The Daily Gleaner*. Ted, a past Editor of the *Officers' Quarterly*, received the Association Museums New Brunswick Award in October 1996 for his contributions and high standards in our publication; to **Edith and Jamie Reid** and their kin for being featured on the *UNB Alumni News* Fall 2000 cover. That edition shows the family with the most members attending "Homecoming 2000" in August; to **Mary Hayes**, member, on having the new Northside High School named after her father, Leo Hayes; to **Mrs. Edith Reed**, member, who celebrated her 90th birthday this summer; and to **Mrs. Faye Medjuck**, member, who was honoured by the Lillian Freeman Chapter of the Hadassah-Wizo for her service to that organization and to the community.

CONDOLENCES:

To **Ken and Agnes Duncan** on the death of Ken's brother; to **Huntley Turley** on the death of his wife, Judith; to **Bill Acheson**, York-Sunbury Historical Society President, on the recent death of his mother; to **Doris and David Norman** on the death of David's father, the Reverend M. Norman; to **Ruby Craig** on the death of her sister, Mrs. Dickinson; to **Mrs. C. W. Vail** and the Vail Family on the death of Clifford W. Vail; and finally, we express our deepest sympathy to the family and friends of the late **Norma Alexander** of Fredericton Junction. Norma, a leader in her community, belonged to many organizations including the Sunbury-West Historical Society. She co-authored *Days of Old: A History of Fredericton Junction* and she contributed several articles to the *Officers' Quarters*.

Officers' Quarters Publication. My sister, Mrs. Edith Reid, sent me a copy since she knew that I would also be pleased to read your article on the Tracys and that I might have some additional information that you would be interested in as well. Marvel, I compared your Tracy family dates with my Tracy genealogy which takes Tracy ancestry back to Woden or Odin who was master of a considerable part of northern Europe, going back fifty-four generations or 1500 years and through the male line of Tracys for twenty-three generations. I checked your Tracy names

and dates and I congratulate you on their accuracy. . . You mentioned that "Captain" Jeremiah Tracy II, when he was 90 years of age in 1876 "was known to have skated 3 miles." As I write this, I am looking at the pair of skates he was using that day! The skates have steel blades made from 12" long files with wooden boot supports riveted to them and with leather straps to tie to his boots. Real family heirlooms!

Respectfully yours,
C. Tracy MacFarlane
Moncton, N.B.

Opening of REDCOATS - the York-Sunbury Museum Summer 2000 Exhibit

The theme of the Summer 2000 Exhibit is REDCOATS, which is a tribute to both the military garrison of Fredericton and to the Officers' Quarters, the building that the York-Sunbury Museum occupies. The exhibit was designed and executed by our Executive Director, Ms Kate Mossman. It features a re-created officer's bedroom such as it might have been found in the Officers' Quarters during its period of military occupation. Artifacts pertaining to the officer's military, social and sporting activities are placed about the room. There is a display case with many interesting items of uniform pieces that cover the spectrum from 1800 to 1900.

Four uniforms from the collection are on display in the main floor exhibit room. They represent the red coats of the line infantry and staff plus the green of the rifle regiments. In addition, Ms Mossman has added a display of military medals to the Military Room on the second floor. The York-Sunbury Museum has an excellent collection of military artifacts from the Fredericton area of which these are only a small sampling.

The official opening of REDCOATS took place on the afternoon of Saturday, 17 June. Due to the rebuilding of the balcony, the ceremonies were held in the Military Room of the Museum. It was a

(continued on page 22)

Andy Scott, M.P.
and Gary Campbell
in front of the
Uniform Exhibit.
(Photo courtesy of
Carolyn Campbell.)



Logs and Bogs or Masts for the King's Navy, Part I...

by Susan Katherine Squires

My maternal Grandfather, Nehemiah Gilman, was born near St. Andrews in 1800. He and his younger brother, Matthew, lived through the Miramichi fire of 1825 by staying in the river with the bears and the other wild animals till the worst of the fire passed. After the fire they came to the Saint John River. Matthew bought the Allan property on both sides of the Pokiok Falls and built a saw mill there. My grandfather bought a farm and eleven hundred acres of timber land on Long's Creek and built a saw and grist mill. He ran the mills and farmed a little in summer and lumbered in the wintertime. When he was an old man my mother drove with him through the old St. Andrews Road to Charlotte County to visit those of his eight sisters who were still alive. My mother said he talked lumber all the way and exclaimed at each big pine rampike they passed on the road. He estimated how tall it had been, how thick through and how many board feet of lumber could have been cut from it in its prime. But the big pines which grew away from the streams in those days had to rot where they stood.

After we moved to Maryland Hill and began to take long tramps out over the hills and saw the remains of some of the pines out there I too exclaimed at the size of some of them.

As soon as my boys were old enough to endure all-day tramps out over the bogs and rocky ridges between them we used to take our lunches and spend the day. Sometimes special holidays, sometimes vacation time and sometimes, I am ashamed to say, on a Saturday when every housewife should be at home cleaning and cooking for the Sabbath, or that was what was expected of women in those days. We always found something interesting to carry home, all the wild flowers in their season, ferns large and small, bugs and butterflies and even

feathers, some that were dropped by their owners and some that were left on the ground after the bird had made a meal for some marauding animal. These things could all be examined, identified and classified.

But there were other things that could not be carried home. For instance, the striations in the sandstone bottoms of the roadside ditches which the shovel of the road maker had lain bare of the



*Susan Katherine Squires on a Trip to the Bog, c. 1930.
(Photo Courtesy of Margery Squires Acheson.)*

debris of ages. The scratches all ran due north and south and were probably made by the rocks under the glacier in its forward push during the last ice age. One spot was on the top of Maryland Hill just before it dipped down to the first swamp. Another was on the first cross road just above York Street. Both spots are probably blasted out by this time. A cairn of granite boulders we discovered on a winter tramp was worth seeing. It rose out of a gouged-out hollow. We climbed to the top of the topmost boulder and found it covered with tiny frozen Polypody ferns. We could see over all the trees and hills around us, clear to the ridge of hills beyond Penniac. The granite had possibly been torn from the granite ridge which runs diagonally across the Province and crosses the St. John river at Pokiok. One morning we saw a big bull

moose, standing at the high end of a pasture lot. He had his horns thrown back and his nose up sniffing the breeze and looking down at the town below. Then he shook himself and ambled back into the woods.

One day we saw a young raccoon stretched out on a rock warming himself in the March sunshine. He had evidently just crawled out of his winter quarters in the hay in an old barn and seemed still sleepy.

On still another day we saw our first gray squirrel. For a second we wondered what it was, it looked so long. We learned later that four had escaped from a carload of grain in the railroad yard and were seen running along a fence which led up the hill. That was twenty-six years ago (1920). Now they are quite common. (This may be the origin of these particular squirrels but there has always been a native population).

Sometimes we fished in the little brooks or at least we held alder poles with lines, hooks and wriggling worms attached. The mosquitoes did most of the biting.

A prickly porcupine was no uncommon sight in the top of a hemlock or beech tree as he began to eat his way down. One day a boy climbed up below one thinking it would scare but it didn't. The beast whacked his tail against the tree trunk and the quills began sifting down. I found some in the boy's shirt the next time I washed it. These animals kill a great many trees but someone has advised not to kill them as they are the only animals in the woods that can be killed with a club by a person lost or starving. My younger son was curious to know what porcupine flesh would taste like if he got lost in the woods and happened to see and kill a porcupine if he could skin and cook it. We found one sharpening its claws on an apple tree in the orchard one day and shot it. We had a ticklish job skinning the brute but we started on the belly where the quills were short and rolled the fur or feathers, whichever you call its pelt, back as we went along. We cut off a hind quarter and I put it on to cook. Unfortunately I forgot to put in any salt and the boy always said the reason the meat was not fit to eat was

because it was not salted. It looked pretty tough and stringy and did not smell appetizing but what could one expect of an animal that fed on hemlock bark.

Now a raccoon smells good when it is cooking, much like roast pork. Our dog treed one that had been stealing sour green corn and killing our chickens. My husband shot it and we skinned it. I roasted the flesh for the dog because he would not eat it raw. It smelled good enough for anyone to eat, even if it has the proscribed paddy-paws but so does the rabbit.

When the gentlemen said the porcupine was the only animal in the woods that could be killed with a club I think he must have forgotten the skunk but perhaps he thought anyone would rather starve than eat skunk. Strange to say I heard two stories about people eating skunk. One story sounded possible but the other had to be taken with a grain of salt but it was funny. A young coloured girl from Otnabog told it to me. She said that her mother had gone into Gagetown to work for the white ladies and left her at home to keep house and scrape up something to eat. After her mother left two indigent male relatives arrived and she had not much to feed them but potatoes. Then she remembered a skunk her brother had killed the night before. While her brothers and the visitors were pitching horseshoes in the front yard, she sneaked out back of the barn and skinned the skunk. She had often skinned skunks and had helped her brothers skin skunks when they were going to sell the pelts so she knew how to avoid the scent glands. Then she took the meat to the house and put it on to cook with plenty of onions. The dinner was pronounced very good but they wanted to know where she got the rabbit. She did not tell them for some time and when she did some of the diners were troubled with nausea and the guests left abruptly. She said they were afraid she would feed them the family cat or the baby if they stayed. The other story was told to me by, a neighbour. He said he and his father were paddling down the Oromocto when they saw a family of Indians camped on the shore. His father wanted to see the old Indian about something so they landed. The

squaw had a fire with a pot boiling over it. His father asked the squaw what was in the pot and she said skunk. After they had started on again his father stopped paddling and exclaimed "By George, I've et everything that grows in the woods but I never et skunk and I wish I had asked them to let me taste it, I've a mind to go back." But he didn't.

But I have digressed from the story of our tramps. The bogs were always a source of interest. There seemed to be always something new about them. Usually we went up to the Brick Mill Road and followed it out. Just where the



*New Maryland Highway Road, c. 1930.
(Photo Courtesy of Margery Squires Acheson.)*

road went onto the bog was a gruesome hole with green scum over it, into which tradition said a drunken peddler had drive, horse, cart and pack but I doubt if the water was deep enough to cover them.

The bogs were all one really. It lay spread out like a huge octopus with its arms outstretched between the rocky ridges, reaching apparently for miles "Westward into the cloudland". It was crossed and recrossed by moose tracks a couple or more feet deep, with black oozy bottoms. Sometimes we had to make our way around regular sloughs by clinging to the alder bushes and stepping on their roots. We picked bog cotton, pitcher plants, both leaves and blossoms, pale laurel, Labrador tea and sometimes small strawberries. Sometimes we bent down small tamaracks or other conifers and sat on them while we ate our lunch and listened to the call notes of the warblers and the heart-breakingly sweet song of the hermit thrush or counted the repetitions of the surname of "Poor Sam

Peabody". We wondered how he could hold his breath so long. One bird repeated the "Peabody" sixteen times one day. Our seats were springy and rather bony but they kept our feet up out of the water which oozed up out of the sphagnum moss for we had to lift our feet so high. It was something like walking on deep snow or on a huge feather bed. We wondered if it would be possible to use skis on the bog but we never tried. The rocky ridges between the arms of the bog were covered with a mixed growth of trees and scattered here and there over the ground but not close together were the remains of the big pines. "There were giants in these days". The branches and tops of these trees had long since disappeared and all that was left of the trunks were long ridges of damp, red, rotted wood, often covered with very green, velvety moss. We could follow the ridges long distances through the woods with sometimes large trees growing up through the rotted wood. Sometimes the pines had blown over, roots and all, and a lacy tangle of bleached roots still stood yards high, sometimes they were broken off quite close to the ground and we could climb up beside the stump, and look down into the hollow interior and sometimes the stumps were ten or more feet high with "splintered pinnacles" of wood around the outside still reaching heavenward. The outside of all the stumps showed signs of fire but whether before they fell or after we could not tell. They were still three or four feet in diameter but they had doubtless been much larger. We wondered how long it had taken those trees to grow and how long to decay. I have watched some young white pines growing for almost fifty years and they have not waxed very much larger in that time.

September 15, 1946

[Susan Katherine Squires' article in places uses terminology, particularly the word "squaw," which today would be considered inappropriate. We nonetheless have chosen to retain the original text. Watch for the conclusion of "Logs and Bogs or Masts for the King's Navy", Part II in the next issue of the Officers' Quarters. Ed.]

Fort Nashwaak: An Historian's Primer...

by Dr. Murray Young

Fort Nashwaak is in the news. Northside politicians and tourist promoters are making plans to draw attention to the historic significance of the area. The oil tanks are to be removed from their location on the river bank. Archeologists have dug into the ground and they have concluded that there are no traces of Fort St. Joseph at Natchouak on the site of the tanks. Soon they will begin examining the ground nearby. It is likely that the rivers have changed their courses a bit over the last 300 years.

Here are a few tips for members of the York-Sunbury Historical Society and readers of the *Officers' Quarters* who may find themselves called upon to provide information:

1. Sources. The most readable, brief introduction in English to the history of the fort is probably in Chapters VII and VIII of W.O. Raymond's *River St. John* (originally published in 1910 reprinted in 1943 and 1950). There is an excellent account in French (Chapters 5 and 6) in *Les Pays Bas* (1985) by Marie-Claire Pitre and Denise Pelletier. It contains some details that are missing from earlier accounts.

2. Local Traditions. For those who believe that families who have lived in the neighbourhood for several generations may have something useful to say, there appear to be three local traditions:

(a) that the remains of the fort lie underneath the railway track (now the walking trail) at the northern end of the old railway bridge; (b) that the site lies under the waters of the St. John River, the high intervale on which it stood having been eroded by ice during spring

mation in *Acadia at the End of the 17th Century* (1934, reprinted 1979), John Clarence Webster's excellent collection, in English translation, of the journals, letters and memoirs of Joseph Robineau de Villebon, Commandant in Acadia 1690-1700, and M. Tibierge,

agent of the Acadia Trading Company. Webster also provides notes, maps, diagrams and biographies of the principal individuals. *The Dictionary of Canadian Biography* (Vols I, II, III) should also be consulted. The biography of Madame Freneuse (Louise Guyon) will be found in an appendix to Volume III.

4. Command Post. Fort Nashwaak was the command post in a ruthless war. From the fort, war parties of soldiers and Mi'kmaq and Malecite warriors went by canoe across the Meductic portage or by way of the Bay of Fundy to attack English settlements in Maine. Their return was sometimes accompanied by outbreaks of sickness. One year more than 120 people of both sexes and all

ages died; "This has deprived us of our best warriors," wrote the French Commandant. For the Malecites it was disastrous. The warriors were also the hunters on whom people depended for meat. At the end of the war, the missionaries estimated there were only 90 to 100 "hunting Indians" on the St. John River.

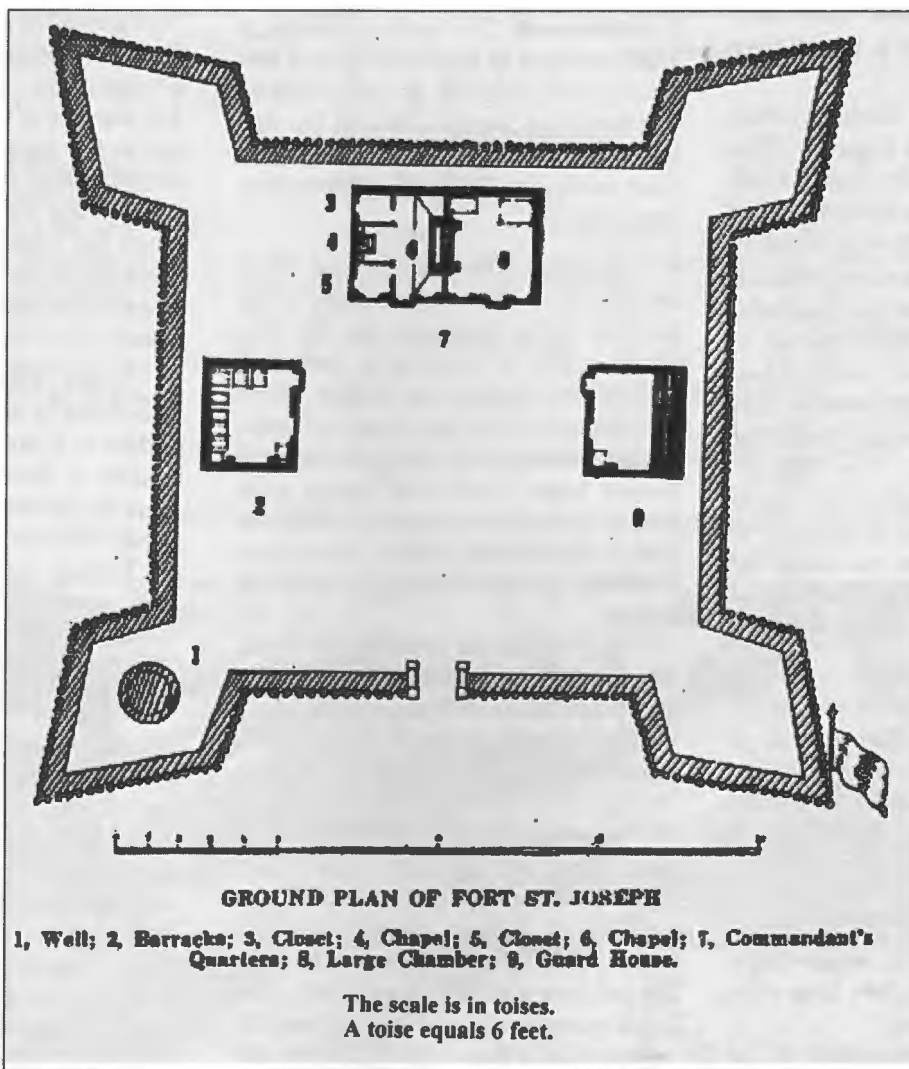


Figure 1: De Villebon's Plan of Fort Nashwaak from John Clarence Webster, *Acadia at the End of the 17th Century*.

freshets leaving only the underlying river gravel; and (c) that there are remains inland, south of Barker Street. Men who worked on Boss Gibson's deal boom "cal'lated" they had seen evidence there back in the 1860's and 1870's.

3. Academic Sources. The academically inclined will find a wealth of infor-

5. How was Fort Nashwaak constructed?

When it was first built in 1692, the fort was merely a palisade of logs, erected around buildings that housed the garrison. When building it the soldiers had "almost no axes" for chopping down trees and had neither oxen nor horses to haul them. It is remarkable that in only 27 days in February they managed to cut hundreds of logs and to drag them out of the woods by hand. That is what the Commandant says they did. Later they stood the logs on end in a trench they dug in the ground.

The fort was square. Bastions jutted out from the corners (see Figure 1). The straight walls between the bastions are called curtain walls. The gate was in the curtain wall facing the St. John River.

After the English attack in 1696 the fort was rebuilt. A second palisade, "much heavier than the first," was set in the ground outside the old one and two feet from it. The space between was filled with earth and *fascines* (bundles of sticks and brushwood). The bastions were filled with earth and roofed over to protect the gunners from projectiles. A catwalk made of *fascines* ran along the inside of the wall, on which soldiers could stand to fire at an approaching enemy.

6. How big was the fort?

The two men who wrote reports do not agree as to its size. Villebon's plan of the 1692 fort (see diagram) shows it as being 150 feet square in the interior with an outside measurement, including bastions, of 200 feet. This measurement should perhaps be treated with caution. Military historians tell us that soldiers of that era were prone to exaggeration when writing reports on how they were spending the King's money.

Tibierge, the representative of the trading company, was present at the time of the rebuilding in the winter of 1696-7. He says that each wall of the

enlarged fort was 114½ feet overall, including curtain wall and the bastions. He says that it took 411 posts to make the second enclosure. That is about the number that would be required to make a wall the size he describes.

Since the French foot of those times was slightly larger than the English foot, it is likely that, after the rebuilding, the fort was approximately 120 to 125 feet square, as suggested by Raymond and Trueman.

7. Armament. The fort's armament in 1696 consisted of two cannons and two swivel guns mounted on each bastion, and two other cannons, one on the curtain wall overlooking the Nashwaak, the other on the wall facing the wilderness to the north.

8. Location. The point of land where the fort stood, at the upper angle of the junction of the Nashwaak and St. John rivers, is now a terminus for both road and railway (pedestrian) bridges. Over the centuries it has been a point of interchange between river and land traffic; at various times it has been host to a fur trading post, a ferry terminal, a shipping port, a shipbuilding yard, a tannery, an oil storage depot, and a number of family homes.

Yet with all the disturbances of the site by man and nature, it is possible that traces of the fort may still be found. The well, shown on the plan of the fort, proved to be unsatisfactory. Villebon (p. 48) says that they dug down nearly 20 feet to bedrock without finding water. It will almost certainly have been filled with rubble, some trace of which may remain. A wooden conduit was then built underground to bring water into the fort from a spring in the vicinity. The same spring may later have served the household of Parson Agnew. He bought the property from the estate of the fur-trader who, tradition says, built on the site of Fort Nashwaak. One of the local

houses is supposed to have been built on the foundation of Parson Agnew's house.

9. Fiction. Those who prefer their history in the form of fictional romance should search out a copy of *Quietly My Captain Waits* (1940) by E.S.M. Eaton. I remember reading it sixty years ago, sitting in a sunny window looking out towards the mouth of the Nashwaak, about a mile away. From there it would have been easy to see the smoke of the English guns, and to hear them as they fired across the river from Barker's Point during the siege of October 1696. The heroine of the novel, Madame Freneuse, was the wife of the most prosperous settler in the region. All of their property was destroyed and he died shortly afterwards. She then moved to Port Royal where her affair with the governor provided fodder for the tongues of the gossips and the pens of the priests for many years.

Stuart Trueman's boy's story on John Gyles is semi-fictional. Taken as a captive in a Malecite attack on English settlers in Maine, Gyles spent several years as a prisoner in the St. John valley, mostly with the Malecites. At the time of the English expedition up the river in 1696, he was living at Jemseg with the family of Louis Damours, Sieur des Chauffours, who had ransomed him.

Trueman follows several earlier historians in saying that the Damours had a mill near Fort Nashwaak for sawing the lumber. There was no such mill; soldiers sawed planks by hand when they were needed. There were plans for building a mill to grind the settlers' grain, but the destruction of the Freneuse property by the English put an end to that enterprise. Planks, posts, bricks and, possibly, even the stones from the ovens were taken down river to a new fort on St. John harbour when Fort Nashwaak was abandoned in July 1698.

WATCH FOR . . .

Captain C.W. Clark, *The RCR in Fredericton*, appearing in our next issue. This founding member of the York-Sunbury Historical Society, although until now largely unrecognized as an historian, tells the fascinating story of how many Canadian army elements originated in Fredericton including what was to become the Royal Canadian Regiment. Clark carefully traces the birth of the Infantry Corps School of Canada and the development of the RCR to the early 1900's. Read the *Officers' Quarters* Spring & Summer issue for more compelling glimpses from our own past.

THE NASHWAAK CHANGES ITS COURSE

Figure 2: This 1878 map does not show an island in the mouth of the Nashwaak. Neither does a 1796 survey by Isaac Heddon. Seventy years ago the island was just a sandbar that appeared only when the water was very low. The deep channel was on the northwest side of the sandbar. There is a tradition that the John F. Miles house was built on or near the site of Fort Nashwaak.

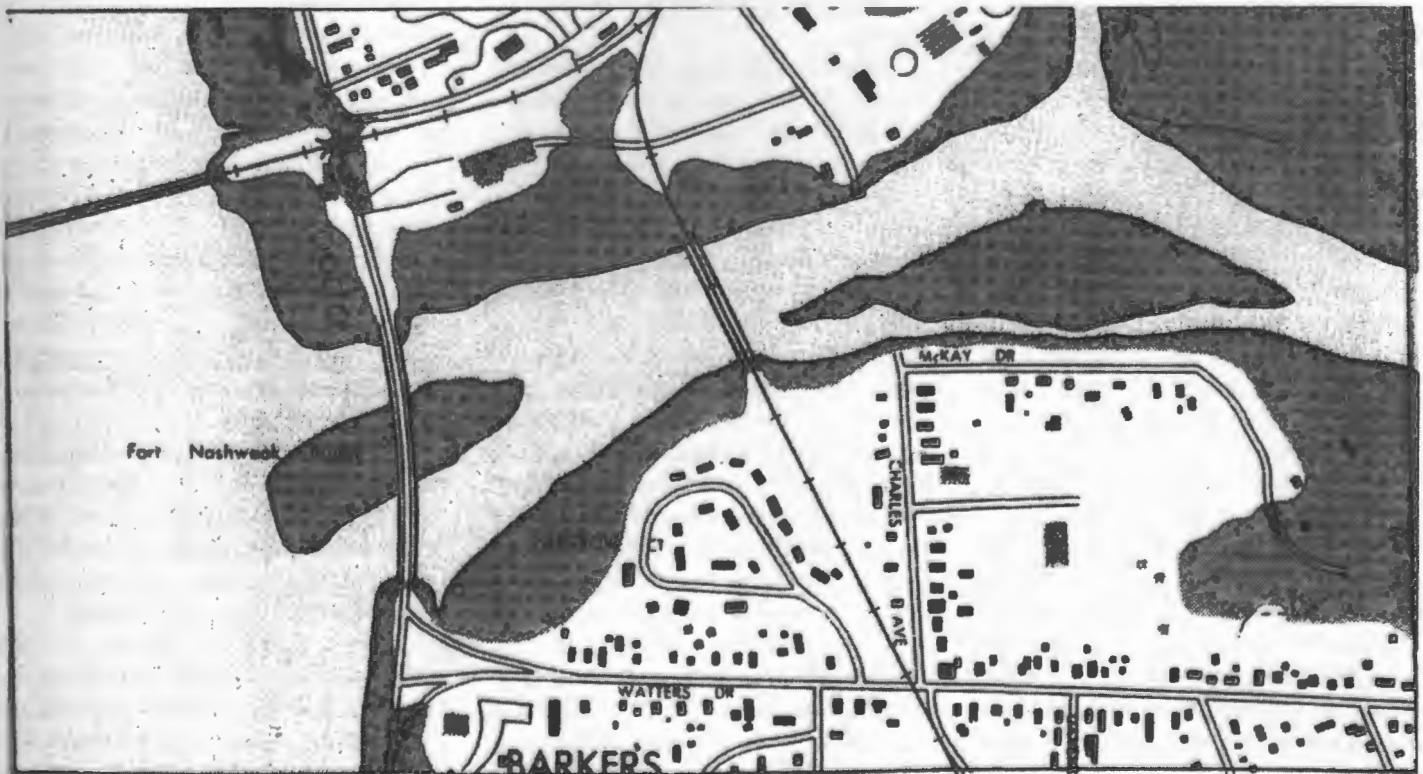
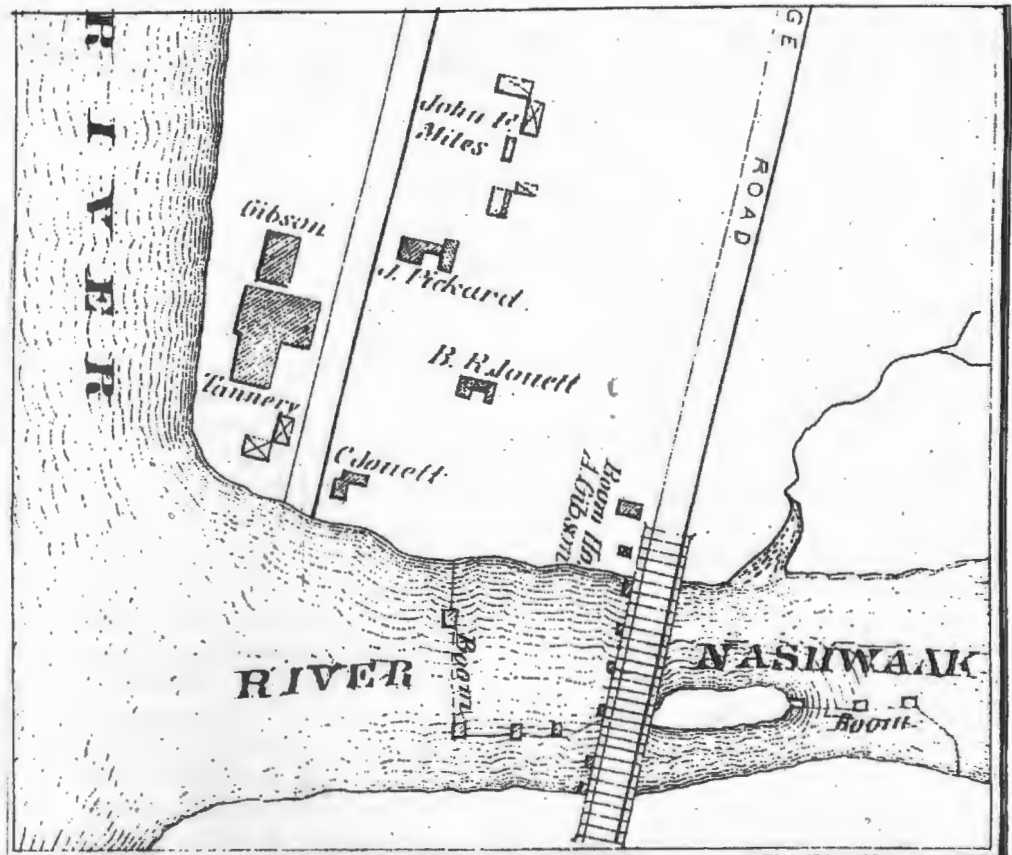


Figure 3: A recent map of the mouth of the Nashwaak. The dark shaded areas are subject to flooding. The old Barker's Point bridge shown on the 1878 map was upriver from the two present day bridges.

Fredericton: An Essay on Architecture and History...

by Dr. Stuart Allen Smith

As individuals we are all marked in some way by our date of birth. In my old age I find that more and more I am marked as a child of the Great Depression. My attitudes towards government, society, and even my food shopping and storage habits are, I am sure, a result of that early experience.

In like manner, the creation of the cities of North America are linked to a specific date and are therefore the expression of a period attitude or set of expectations. Where fire and greed have been held at bay those ideas and values can still be read in the surviving structures and the town plan.

If it can be said that Rome was created by Romulus and lost by Remus in 753 BC, it could be said that Fredericton was created by Thomas Carleton and lost by both Acadians and native Indians in 1785. Both had previously occupied the land, homesteads and farms on the part of the Acadians and as a seasonal campsite by the Malecites, the people of the river.

The seasonal nature of the aboriginal use of the land left no permanent trace and the unwelcome and unpleasant visit by Moses Hazen ended the Acadian presence in Point Ste. Anne denying us any possibility of material remains just as the seasonal freshets of the Nashwaak have obliterated any trace of Villebon's Fort Nashwaak.

By the time the Loyalists came to establish a permanent and abiding place of settlement there were only self-seeded crops to testify to an earlier activity. Just as the rural New Brunswick of today has its sad trail of abandoned lilacs where houses once stood, the beans that Hannah Ingraham found still growing, were both evidence of previous settlement and a welcome gift.

The design of Fredericton was the product of both a military mind and the

prevailing values of the 18th century English town planning applied to an empty site. There were only three identifiable residents of the area and that could not affect the survey.

Lieutenant Dugald Campbell's plan of 1785, which largely survives, provided for 27 regularly disposed blocks of approximately 4.5 acres with 398 individual lots 66' x 165'. Reserves were established for public use and eight 10 acre lots surveyed behind Charlotte Street for firewood. The plot division was intended to provide a regular and clearly defined settlement but it did not zone or define space for industrial or commercial use. Specialized structures for industry were known in 1785 but specific structures for business and commerce would have to wait until the late 19th century. In either case the early economy of Fredericton afforded no opportunity for such concentrated activity.

Inevitably, because of the river and wharfing, the area of main business activity became bound by Regent and Carleton Streets between Queen and King. Seventeen new businesses were established between 1816 and 1823 in that area alone including clockmakers, goldsmiths, chair and shoemakers, upholsterers, tinsmiths and wheel-rights. Property in the area sold for five times the value of other parts of town but all activity including blacksmiths continued to be spread out and conducted in the context of domestic building. The service nature of much of the commercial activity did not involve great capital investment or return and rental was an increasingly popular way of generating income from assigned lots.

Anyone who can remember what King Street looked like in 1960 will appreciate what the mix of functions probably looked like in the early 19th century since, with the exception of the Clark building, there was still no

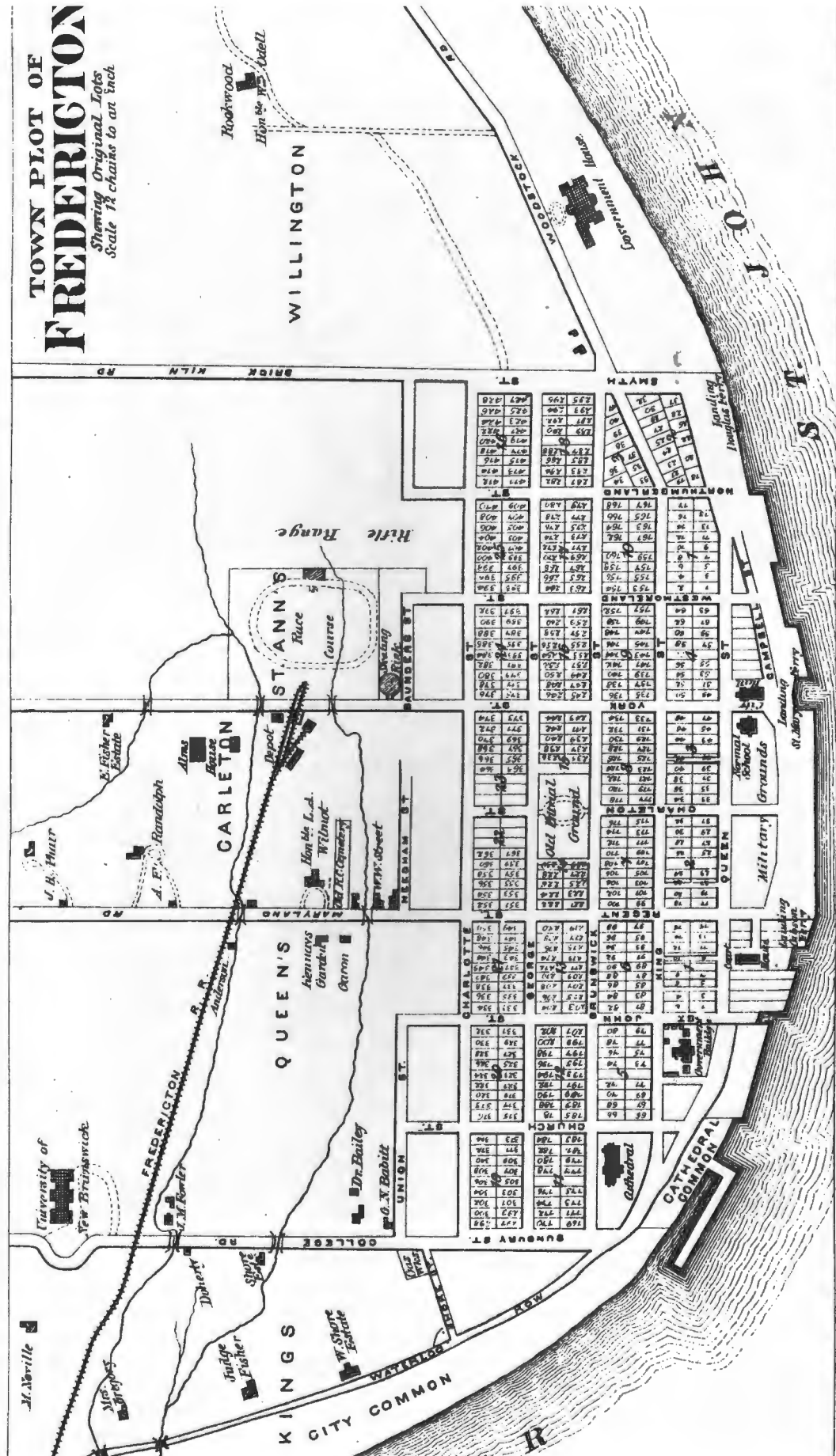
change of scale and the street included everything from residences to an iron foundry.

The Loyalist population were not newcomers to North America. They were, in Benjamin Marsdon's words, "natives of the place,"¹ a mixture both economically and socially but even more importantly geographically. That fact opened the range of building types and styles beyond those of one colony.

The community of Maugerville established on the St. John River in 1763 was an example of a settlement transformed intact, originating as they did from the immediate area of Rowley, Massachusetts. The 200 original grantees came from one community to establish another. While, to the great amusement of Edward Winslow,² they could embrace a bewildering variety of strange Protestant theologies they were as one in their architectural ideas. No first generation house survives today but the early 18th century ideas they embodied would have a major influence on what was built in early Fredericton.

By the late 18th century architectural practice in the American colonies embraced two basic ideas or attitudes. The first was essentially a continuation of regional craft practices in the context of what was really mediaeval planning. Rooms in a house served many purposes at the same time and were linked by a side hall or entered one from the other. Elevations retained old craft necessities such as first floor overhangs, the massive central chimney and intersecting gables. The window openings were functionally disposed and building materials were those immediately available.

The other tradition is the Renaissance concept of conscious design where values of symmetry, balance and predictability and classical decorative sources are all essential in domestic architecture. Armed with copybooks and with new wealth at their disposal,



Town Plot of Fredericton, Halfpenny, H.E., *Historical Atlas of York County, N.B.: Fredericton, N.B., 1878.*

This map shows the texture and density of the Town.

American carpenters and housewrights had by the revolution established a golden age of colonial architecture along the Atlantic seaboard from Florida to Massachusetts.

Fredericton, given the straightened circumstances of its founders, would not see any early "great houses of ambition" but the two possibilities would blend into a particular Fredericton character. The financial limitations were very real and anyone tempted to see the prominent Loyalists as rich and powerful should read the memorial of Edward Winslow's father to appreciate the price he paid for his loyalty.

Of the Mougerville or "simple Massachusetts" approach to architecture the best examples have all been destroyed in the past 25 years. The Biggs house (c. 1808) at the corner of Regent and George Street, sacrificed for the architecturally unfortunate Caisse Populaire, was a good example of the type. It had a side hall with one room front and back with each room serviced by a flue from the central chimney. In typical Massachusetts fashion it had no overhang at the eaves and 12 x 6 pane upper windows were fixed to the plate.

A larger version of the same house was the Wetmore house (c. 1809) on Queen Street opposite the present Legion building. Destroyed along with three other early buildings for an Irving gas station, it was a very impressive structure with exquisite internal woodwork. Again a side entrance at the left, three light facade, massive central chimney

and no overhang at the eaves. It was photographed by Lillian Maxwell about 1940 at which time it had a gable end



Wetmore House was built in 1809 as a larger and grander version of the Biggs House constructed in 1808. (Photo by Lillian Maxwell, courtesy of the UNB Archives.)

balcony rather like the Deanery.

There is not one Loyalist architecture any more that there is one Loyalist personality. All strata of society were



Springhill Farm. This was Judge Ludlow's estate above Fredericton. (Detail is from a painting, c. 1824; artist unknown.)

represented and all the eastern seaboard gave up population to the King's cause and, while most building was based on the Massachusetts style as established in Mougerville, it was not a necessity.

In 1788 we find Ensign Gill in Lower St. Mary's building a "stone ender", a form natural enough to him, but given the scarcity of materials and skills, very rare in Fredericton. A stone ender is an early Rhode Island building type consisting of a large hall (room) with the gable end given over to a massive stone chimney. To increase size the hall was simply doubled. After that it is difficult to expand and the resulting attempt is often a house half stone and half wood connected by what amounts to a tunnel through the gable end.

Judge Ludlow's Springhill Farm above Fredericton and "Belmont" below Fredericton would have both been unremarkable in Virginia but further down river Colonel Richard Hewlitt was content to house his silver and fine furniture in a remarkable old-fashioned salt box.

Two small houses on King Street (no's 774 and 752) can still illustrate the difference between high style and no style. Both houses are the same size and virtually the same date (c. 1790). The Smythe house (no. 774) is in the earlier tradition. Corbusier would have been proud of it. It is a "machine for living" and its door is a means of entry and nothing more. The Saunders house (no. 752) is the house of

a gentleman and as such it must speak of refinement and make some gesture to elegance even if there is barely room for sidelight and fan.

Equally, a comparison between the Deanery (Jonathan Odell c. 1790) at

808 Brunswick and the chronologically later Wetmore house could have established the difference again in houses of the same size.

The first and most important difference is the position of the chimneys. A central chimney is efficient but it is an obstacle to specialized use of rooms. Separate chimney stacks as in the Odell house allow for a functioning central hall with access to rooms on either side which can then be differentiated as to function. The central hall creates a receiving place which along with the separate functioning of rooms speaks of an entirely different social order. In every other way the houses were identical in construction and placement on the lot.

Given the social prominence of the Odell family the house is modest but that is not surprising when the economic realities are remembered. Public office could not make up for the loss of estates and position. It is beyond ironic that John Saunders' presence here is marked by a tiny "*pied a terre*" whereas his American estate is restored and revered by the descendants of his enemies.

The Loyalist story is an American story but the consequences of that political commitment would not be long in producing new architectural and social realities. The first architectural statement of the new reality was the construction in 1826 of Government House. It is also an indication of a new economic reality in the colony. The employment and capital accumulation of the lumber trade was crucial to the rising climate of opportunity and allowed the new building to be constructed entirely out of local revenues.

The design of Government House was the work of J.E. Woolford who held the appointment of Barrack Master of the Garrison having previously been on the staff of Lord Dalhousie in Halifax. Woolford's design is clearly a result of his familiarity with Isaac Hildreth's Government House (1811) in that city, but an honest quote was no sin in the early 19th century. Woolford gave his employers a building well suited to the modest and decently old-fashioned char-

acter of the colonial capital. Its solid Regency character, the choice of building material, although at least one Governor wanted it stuccoed, all made it suitable for both state and domestic use.

Woolford's design for Government House and the concurrent Old Arts Building (King's College) both draw directly and consciously on British rather than American sources. The previous Government House had been a small Virginia inspired house with



Gothic Fantasy on St. John Street.
(Photo courtesy of Stuart Allen Smith.)

matching dependencies. The new building was a statement of the new loyalty and the new reality that had been created, British North America.

The domestic architecture of the 1830's and early 1840's is without radical innovation being rather a steady consolidation of basic stock. Most houses pick up the basic shape of the Odell house with the only real differences being seen in a preference for heavier moldings and more emphatic transitions at the eaves and in door surrounds.

An exception would be the several times singed Archdeacon Coster who, in 1833, resolutely turned his back on wood. His handsome brick residence (734 George St.) is direct English Georgian but with the necessary North American improvement that heating stoves brought. Then in the mid 1840's Fredericton, without warning and to its great surprise, found itself in the forefront of architectural change.

Patriotism, morality, and a revived "Catholic" church of England had all conspired to make Anglican intellectuals, if that is not an oxymoron, acutely aware of their mediaeval heritage and to embrace its architecture as suitable for the revival of church life and its extension into thousands of new parishes.

The appointment, in 1845, of John Medley as Bishop of Fredericton brought a front line fighter for church reform to the Fredericton Green. When his Cathedral was consecrated in 1853 Fredericton found itself in possession of the largest and most archaeologically correct Gothic Church in North America. Medley's struggle to establish his vision was indeed that, a struggle of American vs English, Protestant vs Catholic, Congregational vs Episcopal, but by his death in 1892 he had won his battle. Within his church Gothic Revival architecture had won the day and after 1853 it was impossible for any denomination to build without some Gothic reference.

The archaeological purity of inspiration demanded by Medley and the invented morality of John Ruskin were limiting and would have perhaps just been a curiosity except for something else that was happening at the same time.

Until the very late 19th century, architecture was taught if at all, by apprenticeship. The office and site work taught the practical side and the so-called copy books and companions of the 18th and early 19th century, which were high on style and low on engineering, were sufficient design sources as long as scale did not create engineering challenges. In churches you could revive Gothic to fulfill the same purpose for

which it was created but outside the church, commerce, industry, education, and government all faced enormous new demands of increased scale of operation and increased complexity of function.

The success of the Gothic Revival confirmed the pattern of looking back in order to go forward. The solution to the new demands would be to follow no matter how loosely, some example from the past and in the process the Gothic Revival becomes simply revivalism.

Canada's Parliament Buildings date from the 1850's and are Gothic. Patriotism demanded nothing less but by the 1880's New Brunswick's need for a new Legislature was met by following the example of French Renaissance sources. The so-called Chateau Style or Second Empire Revival allowed a mix of Renaissance detail with the irregularity of Gothic and is inspired by the great chateaux of the Loire. Ruskin could denounce it as immoral (and Catholic) but it was ideal for the needs of government as our Legislature (J.C. Demeresq 1882), the Thurston Clark building (Sports Hall of Fame) and all post offices of Canada testify.

The desire for quotations to ornament a weak style has been the downfall of many a university undergraduate essay, but it was no problem for the late 19th century architect. Dignified by the title Picturesque Eclecticism, and to the immense horror of an earlier generation, it became fashionable to include detail not just from different dates but of different cultures.

Fredericton witnesses all of this in the wake of Bishop Medley's Cathedral. For large educational buildings the pattern of King's College gives way to the "sort of Gothic" of the Provincial Normal School. Beside it the City Hall of 1875,

house at 212 St. John Street are all examples of the free adaptation of Gothic ideas for essentially picturesque and evocative purposes.

As the legislature and the Stirling house at 767 Brunswick pick up on French sources the marvelously preserved house at 105 Church Street is a translation of the decorative stone work of Tuscany into wood and is probably our best example of what became Tuscan Revival.

Because of the predominance of wood we miss the full impact of the Romanesque Revival that swept Boston, Toronto and most large cities in the 1880's but the new Departmental Building for an expanding civil service acknowledges that influence.

The best single example of the taste of the late 19th century is the Edgcombe house on King Street. Now empty and awaiting transition into 12 parking spots, it began life in 1807 as a stylistic variant of the Odell House with the advantage that being set back, its entrance could be moved to the long side. It served briefly as Government House while Woolford's building was under construction and remained unchanged as Putnam house until it was

bought by the Edgcombe family in 1885.

The Edgcombes transformed it into the quite splendid architectural glossary it is today. The hewn timber frame of the early house, like a structural steel frame in a modern building, allowed the proud owners to plug in



*Edgcombe House After Renovation in late 1800's.
(Photo c. 1975, courtesy Stuart Allen Smith.)*



Edgcombe House. A photo from the George T. Taylor Collection, showing the original structure. (Photo courtesy of the Provincial Archives of New Brunswick.)

a little Italianate but definitely Gothic and everywhere, bargeboards and drip molds were inevitable in additions and new construction. The McNair house at 92 Waterloo Row, the embellishments at 178 York Street, the full-fledged Gothic Cottage at the corner of York and Needham and the delightful small

towers, brackets, verandahs and a variety of window shapes to give themselves a house at once fashionable, picturesque and eclectic in its sources.

Queen Anne had a legitimate connection with this area having given the Indians of Kingsclear a most handsome communion set but as the Goths have nothing to do with Gothic architecture, Queen Anne has no connection with the architecture that bears her name. In England the style is the creation of the reforms in the house design led by Norman Shaw and more importantly by W.E. Nesfield

while working (1866-68) in Shaw's office. There the style involved developing picturesque elevations by exploiting the site possibilities and returning to earlier materials such as slate, brick, plaster and exposed timber.

In North America this became picturesque wooden architecture of no specific stylistic inspiration but with a lot of small scale

turned or assembled woodwork and elaborate glazing patterns. The plans were formal but deliberately irregular with a marked preference for curved surfaces but above all it means shingles.

The best example of what is meant by Queen Anne in Fredericton is the house at 796 Queen Street, which currently houses *Gallery 78*. The facade is split by a brilliantly positioned corner tower and the materials are shingle and decorative boarding. However the prize for the greatest number of patterns a shingle can be tormented into must go to the house at the corner of Waterloo Row and Landsdowne.

In the early 20th century there would be selected revivals such as the two pre-World War examples (c. 1910) of Classical or Plantation Revival at 171

and 219 Church Street which form companion pieces to the present home of the university president (58 Waterloo Row) and the almost embarrassed example marooned at the foot of Smythe Street.

Not everyone in Fredericton owned a department store or could claim artistic descent from Queen Anne. For most, the beginning of the 20th century was architecturally almost a return to the beginning of the 19th century.

The so-called craftsman or carpenters house of the early 20th century, is in one sense a return to the craft-direct-

builders task became assembly, not design or making. While the product is decent housing and when well grouped and maintained it can make attractive "old-fashioned" neighbourhoods, it ultimately fails to convey any sense of particular identity.

The end of the process is today's situation in every suburb of Fredericton. Standardized trusses are delivered to a building site to be set on modular walls of chipboard that will carry plastic windows and doors made in the thousands somewhere in North America. The

moldings, the detail and all the plastic are catalogue products and the "builders" job is to economically assemble the bits and pieces of the model and options selected in a set time.

It's all a long way from architecture as we have known it in previous centuries but I am assured by younger minds that it is still history or what is now called "heritage". Heritage it seems is what accumu-

lates around us and is not subject to artistic or cultural value judgements. It is a comfort rather than a challenge and in that sense an original coke bottle is "heritage". Years ago I told my wife not to throw out my flared trousers that I bought in London some thirty years ago but she did anyway. Last week I saw a wonderfully attractive 16-year-old girl wearing flared jeans in triumph. I wept for my lost heritage but that doesn't make it important.

What is important is that in the 36 years since I came to Fredericton its character and appearance have been more changed, corrupted and compromised than in the previous 179 years and almost every major sin of post-war urban planning has been committed on its quiet streets.



Government House. A pre-1919 photograph showing the original window placement. (Photo courtesy of Provincial Archives of New Brunswick.)

ed houses of the 18th century but instead of regional materials being exploited and craft skills developed in isolated communities, the 20th century sees the beginning of a national market and supply system. Most houses of the period are still vaguely picturesque with intersecting gables, verandahs and a variety of window openings, but increasingly the plans are inevitable and the details factory products and identifiably so. How many corner blocks did Risteen's sell?

Prefabricated houses (catalogue houses) are common in the Canadian West and in fact were developed for that market. I suspect there are also a few in Fredericton to judge from the non-regional detail and materials in some houses of the period. Increasingly, the

In 1964 Queen Street had department stores, grocery stores, hardware stores, business offices and houses. One K-Mart plaza changed all that and now that K-Mart has joined Levine's, Creaghan's (formerly Edgecombes) The National, and Quaker John Gibson's cheese in oblivion. King Street from St. John to Smythe has been almost entirely razed and rebuilt with structures that in conflicting scale, lack consistent architectural character, or in the case of most recent additions no architectural character at all make a mockery of its historical integrity. It could truly be a street anywhere in North America where nothing existed before and everything came from somewhere else.

The new highway bridge embracing as it does the highway planning of the 1940's removed downtown Fredericton from the river that created it and reinforced the mall-based commerce. As a mark of our progress it is today as necessary to have a car in Fredericton as it is in Los Angeles.

Zoos and circuses have become unfashionable since our new sensitivity to animal thought and psychology informs us that preserving species is not as important as respecting their original choice of lifestyle. That form of correctness has not yet penetrated the world of historic building preservation. Since the buildings are not sentient creatures they can be cheerfully isolated from their original context and use, relocated to theme parks like King's Landing, or reconstructed to suit a new social and political reality.

From time to time a private individual will save and restore a building to its original purpose but that history driven restoration enthusiasm of the 1960's and 1970's is seen less and less. I recently read an advertisement in the *Daily Gleaner* for a "restored heritage house" that had its selling point "new vinyl siding".

Two examples from recent Fredericton history illustrate the reality, the continuing problem, and the challenge for those who would care.

152 King Street is today an antique store. Thirty years ago I drove past it every day as it sat isolated by used-car lots and emptiness, clad in its insul-

brick siding, and I imagined every day was its last. A few years ago it was brought back to life and briefly lived in by an imaginative owner. It is a charmer but it sits alone and in its restored state probably is more vulnerable than it was before. It is unprotected by any meaningful zoning or historic protection because it has been abandoned socially. It sits in an area long since abandoned by the prosperous, the professional, and the Anglican Church. It would be cruel but not inaccurate to say what protection legislation Fredericton possesses is more intended to protect middle-class property values than history.

Political correctness lies behind the silly retention of "Old Government House" as the description of what has become again quite simply, Government House, and political not architectural correctness guided its recent refurbishment.

The history of Government House since the 1890's is a typical New Brunswick story. Neglect compounded by neglect motivated by political prejudice. One hundred years after its abandonment by the Province the choice between restoration and renovation was made easier by the deeply entrenched government commitment to historical theme parks and in keeping with that it would become a shrine to fictional history. Because it would be a "People Place" the Lieutenant-Governor was relegated to the maids quarters in the attic and since the grounds were to be a public park there would be no thought of private gardens or outdoor space for the captive viceroy.

The philosophical context determined the approach to architectural detail and the integrity of the original design. Stonework never intended to be exposed is displayed on a decorator's whim, the disfiguring dormer windows of the early 20th century are retained while the claim of period accuracy is made to deny other accumulations of its history.

While there is much to argue against, there are some things to celebrate. A politician who once wanted to demolish the core of downtown Fredericton worked very hard to pre-

serve it and deserves our gratitude. The popularity of the building as an ornament to the city and a reminder that we once did things very well, is positive. Hopefully it will sensitize visitors to other possibilities in the province and, above all, it is a great place to have a party. It is the only place left in Fredericton where the wearing of formal evening dress does not make you feel silly.

It has, however, created two problems that will require something that is very difficult for provincial government of any stripe to acquire. That is sensitivity and imagination. Somerville house and the Edgecombe house are important pieces of our history and the evolved urban context of Fredericton. Both are today empty having been residences and offices of the Lieutenant-Governor and their fate is uncertain. The destruction or abuse of either would be a serious blow to our remaining material history. It seems without a proper preservation plan we are always going to be in this same situation of playing a version of musical chairs, only in our version we lose houses not people when the music stops.

The present day residents of Fredericton have, despite themselves, inherited a city that is still richer than most in historical and architecturally important structures. They have lost a great deal by the neglect and stupidity of a previous generation but hopefully with a better understanding of its built history we could with Tennyson's Ulysses, hope that "some work of noble note may yet be done".

END NOTES

1. *Winslow Papers*. Benjamin Marsdon to Edward Winslow, March 17, 1790.

I think it is a great happiness to N.B. to have such important places (John Saunders) filled by people who are natives of America, who look on the country as their home, as the abiding place for themselves and their posterity.

2. *Winslow Papers*, Ed W.O. Raymond, Saint John, 1901. P. 508.

These people were not only hereditary dissenters from the established Church of Old England but dissenters also from their dissenting brethren in New England, branching out under various denominations of New Lights, Methodists, and Baptists, etc; subdivided again into inferior sects as if for the particular purpose of making "confusion worse confounded".



Way Back When: Professional Photographers of Early Fredericton... *Anonymous*

[Ed. This article is from "Photography in Fredericton From Way Back When," (Anonymous), pages 1-4, 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.]

Photography, - I quote from the *Standard Dictionary*, - "is the process of forming and fixing an image of an object or objects by the chemical action of light, usually on a film containing salts sensitive to light, spread on a plate of metal or glass, or on paper or celluloid." Photography is also "the art or business of producing such images or reproducing them by sun-printing or electric-light printing."

For years in the early part of the 19th century many experimenters, most of whom were artists, had been trying to discover this process. Josiah Wedgwood and Sir Humphrey Davy were both much interested. The first person to reach the goal was Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre, a French painter and physicist, born at Corneilles in 1789. He died near Paris in 1851. He first used his talent in painting scenery for the Opera, soon showing marked ability particularly in the field of contrasting light and shade. [Daguerre] was taken with the painting of *diorama*, the "newest thing" of that day. It was an exhibition of pictorial views, the effect of which was heightened by light thrown upon them. After years of experiment, Daguerre discovered the process of photography in 1839 but, strange to say, did not at first apply it to the making of portraits. This was done in the same year by an American of the name of Draper. The first photographic portraits were called *daguerreotypes*, - and are still so called. The photographic plate was of glass but, as time went on, a thin plate of iron or tin was used and produced the "Tintype" and "Ferrottype." At first these

were very fine but became cheap and nasty. Now they are never seen but in the tawdry four-for-a-quarter arcade photo machines.

Do you remember when we spoke of "tintypes" and "photographs" as utterly different? Both were photographs - as [was] the "blueprint" with which we are so familiar. Here I must tell you that the process of making the blueprint was the discovery of a Fredericton man, the late G.T. Taylor, father of C.A. Taylor who is now, and for many years has been, the efficient [artist].

Beside this interesting item, I wish to tell you of an unique accomplishment by another New Brunswicker, Professor William F. Watson of Jacksontown and Hartland, Carleton County, now living in Bradenton, Florida. He was deeply interested in the science of photography and succeeded in making photographs through the lenses of insect eyes. But I shall quote his own words: "In making them (the photographs), I substituted the insect eye lenses for one of the other lenses in my microscopic camera." I have seen photographs of his wife and two daughters taken in this manner, looking for all the world like a photograph of honeycomb, each unit of the compound lens transmitting its separate picture, side by side.

But I must get at the actual subject matter of my paper.

Our earliest established photographer was G.T. Taylor, his studio being in the Howard & Crangle building at the corner of Queen and Carleton Streets where the Royal Bank Building now stands. Mr. Taylor studied photography from the first steps and understood it as a science completely. He knew well the mechanical part of the work, having begun in the first days when the old "wet process" was the only known way. Later, photography was made much easier by the use of dry plates ready for use when on the market. Most of Mr. Taylor's portrait work was done in the

[1860's] when he was largely patronized by the officers of the Imperial Regiments stationed here, - and the Colonial Governor, all of whom were greatly interested in the "new science" of photography. When the forces were withdrawn to Halifax, they urged him to accompany them. He even was nicknamed "the Colonel."

After 1869 his work was chiefly landscape photography and he was often employed by the Government and different companies to make pictures of parts of the Province not completely explored. He was sent by the New Brunswick Railway Company, before the road was built, to photograph many points along the route to Edmundston. When the *Kodak* was invented and cameras became very numerous, Mr. Taylor gave up landscape work except in special cases. At some time during Mr. Taylor's later years, he worked with a Mr. David Lawrence. But I have been unable to get any samples of his work.

Following Mr. Taylor, or more probably about the same time, there was Mr. Tuck, who devoted himself almost entirely to portrait photography. I have seen many photographs by him which would make it seem that he was established here during the late '60's and well through the '70's. A man by the name of W.H. Wilson operated here about the same time, judging by the pictures I have seen. His ad on back of photographs says: "Rooms at Fredericton and Grand Menan [sic] in N.B.; also Eastport, Me." I have wondered if Mr. Wilson may not have been the photographer whose fluttering sign may be seen in a window in one of our oldest photographs of Phoenix Square. At that time a large boarding house was kept in that house by a Mr. DeWitt, and he could have readily supplied the rooms. Following these men came Wm. Vincent Segee, Fred Segee's uncle, who after some time, sold out to W.A. Mooers of Woodstock. [He], in turn, stepped aside

for George Schleyer who carried on the business for several years. His early photos were dated 1879, -the first I have found. He operated until 1891, when he became the victim of an accident on York Street Extension Hill.

During these years Mr. James McMurray interested himself financially in photography, bringing a Mr. Erb from Saint John to operate the studio. This co-operation did not seem to last very long and Mr. McMurray went into partnership with Geo. A. Burkhardt, who was a very artistic person. After several years this partnership was dissolved and Mr. Burkhardt operated the studio for several years under his own name. In the late '90's, a young native Frederictonian, W.A. Walsh, entered his employ. When Mr. Burkhardt in the early 1900's moved himself and his family to California, Mr. Walsh took over the business, operating a thriving studio for 25 years or more when he removed to Ottawa, I think.

In the meantime the Harvey Studios was launched by John Harvey who had taken two years of intensive training in the arts and crafts of modern photography in the best studios of New York. He established his studio here in 1883 on Queen Street, above York, (then

numbered 164, now 372.) How we young girls used to gaze at the sample photographs in the showcase and wonder if we ever could look so lovely! Mr. Harvey operated his studio most successfully for almost 20 years but, unfortunately, his health failed and he died in 1901.

His widow, to whom the York-Sunbury County Historical Society owes so much, carried on the business with Mr. Walter Lister as technician. Mrs. Harvey always kept to the high standard set by her husband and installed a negative-printing machine, a wonder of the day, prints being made by strong electric light. This machine was a source of great interest to many who visited the Studio to see it in operation. Mr. Lister moved to Moncton in 1914 to carry on the business there. Mr. Jack DeMille from PEI carried on [in Fredericton] until 1917 when Mr. Frank Pridham purchased the business which was to go under the name of "The Harvey Studio" in perpetuity. The [fact that the] very thriving business operated at the same old stand speaks for itself. Long may it continue to do so.

Another photographer who plied his art here was the late Chas. MacLean. His studio was in the Ryan

Building in 1903. The quarters proving cramped, he moved to rooms over the Royal Bank, then left the city for a time but returned about 15 years ago, taking over the rooms of W.A. Walsh. Here he operated a successful studio until his recent death. Mr. Whiting, who now has taken over the MacLean Studio, has had a studio in Fredericton for the last few years and will carry on in the new rooms. Meyers Studio has been established here for about eight years. [It] is centrally located on York Street and presents very attractive windows.

One photographer remains to be mentioned, Mr. Albright, whose name appears on several landscapes in our Museum. There are reasons to believe that they were executed in Fredericton but I have utterly failed to find any details concerning him.

I have confined my story to the professional photographer only but the name of an amateur of olden days forces itself on our attention. George N. Babbitt . . . was intensely interested in photography and did much creditable work. It is said that "Dr. Kelly," first x-ray technician of the hospital, was trained by him.



Garrison Notes continued... from page 8

hot day and the approximately thirty-five Society members and guests that were in attendance appreciated the coolness of the room. Our President, Dr. Bill Acheson, opened the programme with his welcoming remarks. He introduced our guests who included Andy Scott, MP and Mr. Tim Richardson who was representing the Lieutenant Governor who was unable to attend in person. Maj. Gary Campbell, the Chair of the Exhibit Committee, acted as the Master of Ceremonies for the day. He gave a short address that covered the significance of the exhibit, provided an overview of the military history of Fredericton and briefly described the

artifacts that made up the exhibit. Andy Scott, MP was then called upon to present the Martha J. Harvey award. It was presented to the Heritage Branch of the New Brunswick Government for their work in leading the restoration work of Old Government House. Mr. Wayne Burley, the Branch Director accepted the award. In his acceptance speech, Mr. Burley paid tribute to the many individuals and organizations that were part of the restoration effort. Following this, everyone descended the stairs to view the exhibit and to partake of the refreshments.

The exhibit and the opening were the result of the hard work by many of

the members of the York-Sunbury Historical Society. As previously mentioned, Ms Kate Mossman put the exhibit together. Ms Melanie Patterson performed much of the work associated with the actual opening. The Programme Committee and the Exhibit Committee assisted with the refreshments and with the physical set up of the opening.

- by Gary Campbell

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



Bay of Dreams: The Passion of Mary O. Porter...

by Robert L. DeWitt and Katrina A. DeWitt

The faded old photograph was only one of many objects in the tangled, overgrown vegetation guarding the Porter cottage at Friar's Bay. On that windy day in the 1970's, beyond the "For Sale" sign, shattered pieces of wood and twisted debris cluttered the once graceful grounds. The Campobello cottage's smashed windows, missing doors and damaged decorative work boded poorly for what once must have been a graceful interior. Our curious glances inside the groaning remnant confirmed the extensive havoc wrought by angry latter day Huns.

Still holding the cracked and sun-bleached picture, we could see a bright-eyed, moustached and distinguished gentleman. Perhaps, in grander days for him and the cottage, he had been the owner. Proudly posturing beside him, and displaying enigmatic smiles, were three pretty young women in elaborate Edwardian garb. We wondered what they must have been like. At that moment the girls, somehow sensing the anguish of Porter Cottage, silently were calling out to us but we were not listening.

We thought little more of that faded photograph for several years until, attending a Charlotte County yard sale, we chanced upon several photo albums with still vivid pictures dated from about 1887 to about 1930. Vaguely familiar, like the countenances of distant relatives, we soon recognized Campobello settings in many of the oceanside shots. The same elusive faces in the faded photograph from 1975 now reemerged in this glorious photographic panorama. Here were the identical

charming Edwardian faces set in Boston, Salem, Newport and Campobello. These late nineteenth and early twentieth century albums all were signed, "Mary O. Porter."

We speculated on whether the photographs had been taken with a dry plate "box" camera, a Kodak "Family Camera" or a "Boston Bull's Eye" (Gilbert: 1976; 40-41). Yet that somehow was irrelevant because these pictures were the unique work of a talented female "family" photographer. Then, by yet another coincidence, in 1999 we

August 3; and Weston: 1957; 157). Mary had one brother, Alexander S. Porter, Jr. born February 6, 1880, a younger sister Betty born in 1883, and another sister, Fanny, born on August 8, 1887 (*Diary: 1907, August 8*).

The Porters lived at 22 Brimmer Street in the fashionable Beacon Hill district of Boston. At some time before 1905, the unmarried Mary O. Porter established her own residence at Boston's equally prestigious 117 Marlborough St. (*Diary: 1905, January 1*). She resided, depending on the

Bostonian social calendar's whims, at either Brimmer St. or Marlborough Street (Weston: 1957; 96-104). Periodically, when not at the Campobello cottage, Mary also chose to visit with affluent friends in New York, Newport or Marblehead. She and Fanny even shared a World Tour, departing from New York January 20, 1912, on "N.D.L. Berlin." (*Diary: 1912; and World Tour Photographs*).

Mary O. Porter never married but her

Diaries hint at some desire to have done so. She meticulously records the marriages of her friends and she shows exceptional anger when Ned Gilchrist, one of her friends, betrays her. Mr. Gilchrist, during his furlough from a consular post in China, was a frequent dinner guest at 22 Brimmer Street in 1907. He also was Mary's guest that year for several weeks at Campobello. Her diary is filled with references to "E.G." and lauds his "positive" characteristics. However, in a terse diary entry made on September 18, 1907, she states, "Ned Gilchrist married in Richmond, Virginia at 6 o'clock to Miss



Good Friends at Schooner Cove, 1888. (Photo courtesy of Katrina DeWitt.)

came across the "Diaries of Mary Otis Porter - 1905-1912." The elusive photographer, perhaps one of the young women in the first faded photograph, was revealing personal daily events over several years of her life. Armed with both her albums and her *Diaries*, we began our search for the woman.

Mary Otis Porter, the first daughter of wealthy parents, was born in Boston on February 26, 1875 (*Death Index: 1964*). Her father was Alexander S. Porter and her mother was "F.W." Porter. Alexander Porter, who maintained offices at 2 Kilby Street, Boston, likely owned an insurance firm (*Diary: 1907,*

Virginia Adair, *Minor*. I could not go!!!"

Her days and evenings in Boston were crowded with luncheons and similar social affairs. Womens' Club lectures (including the Authors' Club, the [SMC] Saturday Morning Club, the Union Club, the Round Table, and the Womens' Education Association), and numerous charity benefits were her daily staple. Mary Porter often visited with and hosted other Boston notables such as the Tudors, the Wigglesworths, the Sedgewicks, the Haliburtons, the Frothinghams, and Massachusetts' Gov. & Mrs. Guild (Weston: 1957; 119).

Almost every day she went to an opera, a scholarly lecture, a Vaudeville show, a dinner party, or a Church event. In one packed week, [August 7-14, 1908], she attended performances of *La Boheme*, *Don Giovanni*, *Tristan & Isolde*, and *Sampson & Delilah*, she directed two Technology (Alumni) Exhibitions, she hosted three dinner parties, and she acted a role in a friend's musical production. Betty Porter, her sister, helped her by conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra which conveniently was available that night (*Diary*: 1908; Aug. 14). Rank indeed had its privileges.

Her friends included Prof. Thomas Dewey (*Diary*: 1905; January 24), Eleanor Roosevelt (*Diary*: 1907; Aug. 11), several State Governors (*Diary*: 1906; June 4), the Presidents of both Harvard and Cambridge, military leaders, and many then outstanding academics (*Diary*: 1908; Feb. 13). Courtney Guild, the state Governor's wife, appeared to have been an especially close friend (*Diary*: 1907; March 23, *et seq.*). Mary was a member of the National Academy of Sciences but, for most of her life, she also was the Librarian of the Campobello Island Library. She delivered lectures to her Clubs on "Original Short Story Writing," "U.S. Transportation," and "Emerging

Problems in Persia," yet Mary Porter found time to preside at Dog Shows as a fully qualified American Kennel Club Judge (*Interview*: Betty Lank).

Mary Otis Porter was part of a new breed of Bostonian women who knew that they were the intellectual equals of men. Unlike the "child-like and beautiful" women of her mother's generation, (Weston: 1957; 161), Mary Porter intelligently speculated on the existence of life on Mars, challenged accepted religious dogma, fretted over appropriate dinner menus, and criticized actors' performances, all with equal facility. "Arthur Marlowe," she said in speaking of his performance in *Romeo & Juliet*, "was fine [but] he was too old and too fat for the part" (*Diary*: 1905; Dec. 11). She thought several vaudeville productions, including "Mrs. Teffingwell's Boots," to

houses or cottages on their one acre lots. By doing so, they attracted a new American and Canadian industrial elite possessing both the money and the leisure time for cottage life. A 1908 publication of the [later] Campobello Corporation Ltd. (*The Way We Were*: 1977; 67) indeed noted that,

The purpose of the Campobello Corporation is to stimulate a desirable kind of social cottage life for the proper kind of people to pass the summer pleasantly in ideal surroundings and a splendid climate, never too hot nor too cold . . . [S]o long as you are a respectable and congenial citizen, satisfactory arrangements can be made for the purchase of land and the building of houses thereon.

Those were the glory days for Campobello Island. Alexander Porter, James Roosevelt, Samuel Wells, Mrs. Hartman Kuhn, Gorham Hubbard, and several other wealthy New Englanders built cottages near the hotels at Friar's Bay. Mr. Roosevelt, wishing more privacy, selected a 10 acre site. Campobello, after all, could be reached by yacht or steamer from Boston and Portland and it also could be accessed by little more than an overnight train ride from Boston to Eastport, Maine.

The Porter cottage at Friar's Bay - *Greyfriar's* - became a place from which Betty and little Fanny, safely under Mary's care, could venture while their parents associated with the "proper" kind of people. The girls, together with their brother Alex, rode their horses, "Dandy and "Fritz," they swam in Lake Glensevern, and they explored the island with their dog, "Poco." They made frequent visits to St. Andrews and St. George and, aboard Alexander Porter's sailing craft "*Alert*," they leisurely explored the inlets and coves of Campobello (Porter: *Albums*, Vols. 1-3).



A Peaceful Afternoon. (Photo courtesy of Katrina DeWitt.)

be "enjoyable . . . but somewhat risque" (*Diary*: 1905; April 11).

Her father, Alexander S. Porter, visited Campobello in the early 1880's and became so enthralled with the Island that he recruited other wealthy investors, including James Roosevelt, to form the Campobello Land Company (Nowlan: 1975; 91-93). This joint venture, catering to the rich and famous, by 1887 had constructed the *Owen*, *Tyn-y-coed* and the *Tyn-y-Maes* Hotels. The "Campobello Land Company," purchasing much of the Island's ten thousand acres, subdivided large tracts of the Island and invited settlers to build



Sunset at Campobello. (Photo courtesy of Katrina DeWitt.)

At about 20 years of age Mary Porter, using many of Alexander Porter's books, began operating a Campobello lending library from the Porter Cottage. It gave her joy to see the Campobello Islanders sharing the magic of books and she enjoyed speaking with these "down to earth fishermen." (*Diary: 1910; Aug. 23*). Islanders describe her as having been "beautiful but aloof" (*Interviews: 1999*). Her portrait hangs today in The Campobello Library and attests to her contribution. Although only a summer resident, she remained Librarian of the Campobello Library from about 1895 to about 1941 (*Correspondence: 1999*).

Photography also became one of Mary's passions. Although she rarely mentions this interest in her diaries, some residents recall that she seemed never to be without a camera (*Interviews: 1999*). Probably using a box camera for the 1887-88 shots, she brought a distinctive woman's eye to her work. By the 1880's, the techniques of Peter Henry Emerson, in reaction to the structured, posed work of Julia Cameron, had influenced most photographers. Mary at first seemed no exception. Emerson argued that the contrived and the artificial aspects of photography should be replaced by the "real and true" (*The Camera: 1970, 180-187*). Mary O. Porter's 'genre' photography

clearly attempted to lend dignity to everyday life. Her emphasis was on design, compositions of light and dark tones, and in capturing the essence of the real world. She truly painted in light and she was not afraid to experiment with her photographs to capture that essence.

Her respect for nature indeed confirms the value of her early Campobello days. Betty Porter, supplementing her sister's skills, eventually did most of Mary's developing and added much to Mary's sympathetic interpretations of nature. Mary Porter loved Campobello Island and the subjects of her photography reflect that adoration. She was fascinated by Campobello's natural beauty but she also was interested in shooting family gatherings, Passamaquoddy Indians [like Tomah Josephs], fishermen, neighbors, animals, and local sailing craft. Exhilaration is evident in all of Mary's work. Her more refined later photographs show the increasing influence of Impressionism upon her art. She, despite these vogues, shows by her photographs that she was her own woman.

Our faded photograph had opened the door to a fascinating and very real Mary Porter.

"Fanny, c. 1895"
(Photo courtesy of
Katrina DeWitt.)

SOURCES:

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A Passamaquoddy Legend:

Glooscap and the Sinful Serpent

Of old time it befell that Glooscap had an enemy, an evil man, a sinful beast, a great sorcerer. And this man, after trying many things, made himself a great serpent, hoping so to slay the Master.

Of old time, Glooscap met a boy whose name was 'Nmmokswee, the Sable. And the boy had a flute: whoever played on it could entice unto him all the animals. And once, when the Master was afar, the boy broke the flute, and in his great sorrow he would not return home, but wandered away into the wilderness. Now Glooscap knew in his heart that the flute was broken: he who is a magician knows at once of great evil. And coming home, he asked of the grandmother where the boy was, and she could only weep. Then the master said, "though I roam forever, yet I will find the boy." So he went forth, and he tracked him in the snow for three days: and on the third night he heard someone singing in a hollow; and it was a magic song, that which the *m'téoulin* sings when he is in dire need and death is near. And making a circle round about the place, Glooscap looked down and saw a wigwam, and heard the voice more distinctly as he drew nearer; and it was the voice of the boy, and he was singing a song against all of the snake kind. And he was wandering about the wigwam, seeking a straight stick.

Then Glooscap understood all the thing, and how the boy had been enticed into the wilderness by the evil arts of At-o-sis, the Snake, and that the Great Serpent was in the wigwam, and had sent him out to seek a straight stick. Then Glooscap, singing again softly, bade him get a very crooked one, and told what more to do. So the boy got an exceedingly crooked one; and when he entered, the Snake, seeing it, said, "Why hast thou got such a bad stick?" And the boy, answering, said, "Truly, it is very crooked, but that which is crookedest may be made straightest, and I know a charm whereby this can be done; for I will but heat this stick in the fire, and then I will make it quite straight, as you shall see." Now At-o-sis was very anxious to behold this wonderful thing, and he looked closely; but the boy, as soon as the end of the stick was red-hot, thrust it into his eyes and blinded him, and ran forth. Yet the Snake followed him; but when he was without the wigwam he met the Master, who slew him out of hand.

Of old times. This is the end of my story.

[Extract: from Charles G. Leland, *The Algonquin Legends of New England or Myths and Folk Lore of the Micmac, Passamaquoddy, Penobscot Tribes* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1844); reissued by Singing Tree Press: Detroit, Michigan, 1966; pp. 105.]

Anthropologist Charles G. Leland first carried out ethnological research among the Passamaquoddy Indians at Campobello, N.B. in the summer of 1882. According to Leland the above Glooscap myth, along with many others, was recounted to him that year by Tomah Josephs at Campobello. Leland, in documenting myths and legends among the Wabanakis and Northeastern Algonquins of Maine and New Brunswick, used Passamaquoddy Indian Governor Tomah Josephs (Dana's Point, Maine) as one of his primary sources. (Leland, 1968: iii, iv).

A birchbark canoe now at Roosevelt Campobello International Park is

attributed to him and the York-Sunbury Historical Society Museum also has birchbark artifacts purportedly made by

Josephs. Professor Vincent Erickson, retired Chair of the Anthropology Department at UNB and noted ethnographer of Maritime Indians, informed me that in any photos of Governor Josephs existed, "there would be of significant historical value!"

Governor Tomah Josephs certainly was at Campobello in the late 1800s. (Leland: 196 Reprint, iii, ix x, 119, 235 and especially 326). So was Boston socialite and photographer Mary O. Porter. We know that because she photographed him. (See R. & F. DeWitt, *Bay of Dreams* in this Officers' Quarters [Ed.]



"Tomah Joseph" At Friar's Head. Mr. Joseph is shown in full headdress standing in his birch bark canoe and the "Friar's Head", later used as an artillery target by the Royal Navy, is shown in the background. (Photo by Mary O. Porter c. 1887; courtesy of Katrina A. DeWitt).

IODE Celebrates 100th Anniversary...

by Pat Flemming

One hundred years have passed since the formation of the IODE (Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire). In celebration of the 100th anniversary of the order, the national annual meeting took place in Fredericton from June 1 - 4, 2000. The last time the national annual meeting of the IODE was held in Fredericton was in 1975. More than 500 delegates representing every province in Canada attended the anniversary celebrations and conference.

The opening ceremonies took place on Thursday, June 1 with the president of the National Chapter, Sandra Connery welcoming the delegates to the meeting and convention. On Friday, June 2 the annual business meeting took place with the presentation of awards. In the afternoon, a reception took place at Old Government House, the residence of Lt.-Gov. Marilyn Trenholme Counsell. Her Honour is honorary president of the New Brunswick Chapter IODE. In the evening, dinner was served at the Sheraton Fredericton Hotel. It was described as "A Night of Glory" with entertainment performed by members entitled "IODE Through the Decades". IODE members from the various provinces performed skits.

It truly was "A Night of Glory" with members as actors performing the history of IODE from decade to decade reviewing the social changes, primarily those involving women and IODE's contemporary response. It started in the first month of the 20th Century when

IODE began to improve the quality of life for children, youth and those in need through a myriad of changing programs.

IODE members from New Brunswick wore beautiful costumes fashionable from 1900 - 1910.

Katherine Robinson of Fredericton is shown wearing a large hat she created. The style is typical of hats worn in 1900. Leta Waugh, a member of the Governor Carleton Chapter of Fredericton wore a costume made by a fellow member, Marguerite Gilks, education officer in the chapter. Artificial grapes decorating Leta Waugh's fancy hat were worn on Mrs. Gilks's mother's hat on her wedding

day in New Brunswick in 1902.

Delegates from each province wore costumes reflecting the various developing stages of the IODE. The skits representing "IODE Through the Decades" were presented by The Alexander/Douglas Production Company with all performances by IODE actors from each province.

During a telephone interview with Katherine Robinson, she spoke of the recent National Annual Meeting as being very successful and enjoyable. Mrs. Robinson, a member of the St. Anne's Point Chapter, is an honorary vice-president of the New Brunswick Chapter IODE. She served as provin-

cial president of the New Brunswick Chapter from 1969 - 1970 and was on the executive of the National Chapter IODE by virtue of her office as provincial president. Mrs. Robinson chaired the National IODE meeting held in Fredericton in 1975.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II is the Patron of the National Chapter of Canada IODE. The newly elected president of the National Chapter IODE is Noreen Salari with Sandra Connery as past president. The president of the New Brunswick Chapter IODE is Elizabeth Parks of Saint John. Rita Beattie is chair of Fredericton Central Committee IODE of which there are 8 chapters.

In retrospect, IODE was founded in 1900 by a Montreal woman, Margaret Polson Murray. She inspired the formation of a federation of women to promote patriotism, loyalty and service to others by sending telegrams to the mayors of Canada's major cities urging them to call together the prominent women of their communities. The first chapter was formed in Fredericton on January 15, 1900.

Since its inception, the IODE has been involved in numerous community charitable activities. The group fought tuberculo-

sis early in the century and, through the depression decade, opened relief centres and worked with public welfare departments to provide clothing, food and medical care. IODE Chapters also responded to Canada's burgeoning



"Glory Shared" - Katherine Robinson is shown wearing an early 20th century style hat which she created. (Photo courtesy of Pat Flemming.)



"A Night of Glory" - Leta Waugh wearing an early 20th century costume. (Photo courtesy of Pat Flemming.)

immigration by greeting newcomers at the ports and assisting their transition during the years 1920 - 1929.

The IODE was the first organization to send relief, both monetary and material, to Britain when World War II began. In 1940, \$100,000 was raised in one month to purchase a Bolingbroke Bomber which was presented to the Canadian Government. Later, more than \$300,000 was sent to the British Ministry for Air and \$50,000 was collected to send a fighter plane to Australia. New Brunswick members purchased a Spitfire in honour of native son Lord Beaverbrook, Minister of Aircraft Production in Britain.

Queen Mary's needlepoint carpet was exhibited across Canada by IODE and raised \$100,000 for much needed relief in Britain. On behalf of IODE, Princess Elizabeth presented it to Canada in 1951. During the years 1950 - 1959, the members assisted the victims of floods in Manitoba, England and Holland, the Springhill, N.S. mine cave-

in and of war in Korea. From 1960 - 1969, the Far North was a focus and IODE assisted in the building of community halls in Frobisher Bay, Tuktoyaktuk and Baker Lake, Northwest Territories. Funds to aid an eye research centre accompanied gifts of clothing and medical supplies, and visit adopted schools. New Brunswick chapters opened Clark House, a home for senior citizens in Fredericton. The house was sold in 1990 and the investment provides nine annual bursaries for community college students.

Now officially incorporated as a charitable organization, IODE continued to work in the Northwest Territories from 1970 - 1979. Operation Sound met the needs of many hearing impaired Inuit children with \$50,000 worth of hearing aids, desk monitor sets and hearing rooms in schools. Babies received special care through IODE'S gift of 16 incubators, one isolette and two traveling incubators.

During the 1990's, the Born to Read

Program was undertaken in New Brunswick, by providing books to mothers of newborns. The program has now spread across the country. To complement awards for community service presented for many years to firefighters and police officers by IODE Chapters across Canada, the National Chapter instituted an annual award for community service by a member of the RCMP.

In 1998 it was agreed the 100th anniversary gift would be a grant program dedicated to alleviating child abuse and neglect; the goal for the capital fund was raised to \$200,000.

IODE members across the country raise over \$3,000,000 yearly and reinvest it in Canada's children, families and communities. More than a million hours of volunteer service are given each year to local activities. The mission of the IODE, a Canadian women's charitable organization is to improve the quality of life for children, youth and those in need through educational, social service and citizenship programs.

"'Twas the Night before Christmas" - The Fredericton Connection...

by Anita Jones

When Clement Moore wrote the lines of his now-famous Christmas poem in 1822, little did the Loyalist family of Jonathan Odell, living several hundred miles away in Fredericton, New Brunswick, realize that it would soon be linked with the literary piece.

Jonathan Odell was born September 25, 1737 in Newark, New Jersey. He graduated from the College of New Jersey (known today as Princeton University) in 1754 and taught in 1755-1756 at the attached grammar school. He then studied medicine, and served as a surgeon in the British Army in the West Indies. His travels took him next to England

where he worked for two years. He then began religious studies in London, being ordained a deacon in December 1766 and a priest in January 1767.

Licensed as a missionary, Odell returned to New Jersey and was inducted as clergyman at St. Ann's (later St. Mary's) Church in Burlington in July 1767. He also continued his profession as a doctor. Records show that he was a member of the New Jersey Medical Society in 1774. In May 1772 Jonathan Odell married Ann DeCou, and over the years their family grew to include four children.

In addition to his dual professions, Odell showed considerable talent as a poet. Sometimes using his own name



Saint Nicholas. (Taken from *Harper's Weekly*, 1881.)

and other times using pseudonyms, he wrote in a variety of styles including elegies, eulogies, descriptive verses, love lyrics and satires. He praised Britain in "To Britannia in the Year 1763", remembered a military acquaint-

tance executed by the Rebels through his 1781 poem "To the Memory of Major Andre", and extended congratulations in "On the Anniversary of a Friend's Marriage" (1776). His 82-line poem, "A Loyalist, in Exile from His Family, Sends a Miniature Picture to His Disconsolate Wife," is dated 1780. Late in his life, Odell wrote "Hymn for Sunday Evening".

Odell tried not to become involved in political matters and encouraged "peace and good order". In October 1775, when one Christopher Carter was arrested in Philadelphia as he was about to leave for England, Carter's papers were seized by authorities. Among those papers were two letters, one signed and one anonymous, from Odell to people in England. As a result, Odell's travel was restricted to an eight-mile radius of the Burlington courthouse.

Although he was unhappy about the British policies on colonial taxation, in June 1776, on the eve of the American Revolution, he wrote a "Birth-Day Ode" (48 lines plus two-line refrains) to commemorate the birthday of King George III. Odell's position became increasingly difficult because of his *penchant* for writing satire. In October, under the pen-name Peter Puff, he commented on restrictions placed on him by the Rebel leaders in an untitled poem. About the same year he wrote "The Tory Hunt, or a March into Tyron County", about an expedition to stop activities of people loyal to Britain.

Odell fled to New York, behind British lines, in December 1776. It was not until 1779 that he was reunited with his family. Nevertheless, he continued to write satire, such as "The American Times", a poem of over 800 lines written under the pseudonym Camillo Querno, in which he commented on the Rebels and their politics. It began:

When Faction, pois'nous as the
scorpion's sting,
Infects the people and insults the
King;
When foul Sedition skulks no more
concealed,

But grasps the sword and rushes to
the field;
When Justice, Law and Truth are in
disgrace,
And Treason, Fraud and Murder fill
their place;
Smarting beneath accumulated woes,
Shall we not dare the tyrants to
expose?

While Odell was in New York, he became acquainted with Benjamin Moore, the President of Colombia College and also the Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New



Jonathan Odell (1737-1818).
(Photo courtesy of Provincial Archives
of New Brunswick.)

York. In 1779 a son, Clement Clark Moore, was born to the Bishop and Odell was asked to be godfather to the baby.

Jonathan Odell and his family came to New Brunswick with the Loyalists in 1784. Odell had been Assistant Secretary to Sir Guy Carleton, whose brother Sir Thomas Carleton was appointed Governor of New Brunswick. Subsequently, Odell was appointed Secretary, Registrar, and Clerk of the Council in New Brunswick, positions that remained in the family for two generations.

Meanwhile, back in New York,

Clement Moore received a classical education and went on to graduate from Colombia College at the top of his class. After receiving an MA degree in 1801, he became a professor of Oriental and Greek literature at a theological seminary in New York and published scholarly works on Biblical and historical topics.

Moore married Catherine E. Taylor in 1813 and they settled on a country estate outside New York City. In 1822 he wrote "A Visit from Saint Nicholas" as a Christmas gift for his six children. He later referred to the poem as "a mere trifle" and had not intended for it to be published. However, a family member submitted it anonymously to a newspaper in Troy, New York, in 1823. Published as "An Account of A Visit from St. Nicholas", it was well received by readers. Moore did not acknowledge officially that he had written it until some fifteen years later, when it was included in a volume of his collected works.

Moore had continued to correspond with the Odell family in Fredericton. The Odell collection in the New Brunswick Museum includes two letters written to Odell by Moore in 1808 and 1810. There are also two undated poems with the initials "CCM", although Museum officials believe the handwriting "does not appear to be similar to Moore's".

A handwritten copy of "A Visit from Saint Nicholas", on paper watermarked 1825, was sent either to Mrs. Odell (a widow from 1818 until her death in 1825) or to her son William F. Odell, for the pleasure of Moore's godfather's family. (This manuscript copy is in the New Brunswick Museum today.) One can imagine the pleasure with which the poem was read by the Odell's. Thus they became a part of literary history for a poem which, according to a *New York Times* book reviewer, has "likely ... been reprinted, recited, and learned by heart more often than any other American poem".

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

" 'Twas the Night before Christmas"

(with apologies to Clement C. Moore)

by Anita Jones



"'Twas the night before Christmas" is very popular among writers of parodies, and has appeared in many and varied forms. The following parody was included in the evening's program when Lieutenant-Governor Marilyn Trenholme Counsell graciously hosted the Christmas party of the York-Sunbury Historical Society at Government House on December 10, 1999. This poem contains a New Brunswick history lesson.

'Twas the night before

Christmas, when all through the house
(Old Government House, that is!)
With the millennium coming, old memories did joust.
John Woolford, the architect of this comfortable home,
Is the first to appear in this parody poem.

An artist and draftsman, this was his creation
After fire destroyed the first gov'nor's plantation.
He drafted the plans for the York County Jail,
But his grand college building - - Old Kings, now UNB,
that is - - makes the others look frail.

Then out on the lawn there arrived Howard Douglas,
A major, a general, who was knighted, no less.
He lived in this house, but fate did conspire
For him to take lead 'gainst the Miramichi fire.

He was succeeded in office by Archibald Campbell,
Who created two councils to govern us damn well.
And when Fenian raiders did threaten those loyal,
He planned a new road that was soon called the Royal.

Next came Mr. Harvey to fill the position;
More responsible government became John's condition,
But he neglected to notice that his daughter had power,
When romance between her and the ADC did flower.

When Sir William Colebrooke left a sunnier clime,
He came to New Brunswick to serve for a time,
Found a job for his son-in-law and caused an outrage.
The Assembly formed political parties —
a system more sage.

The next man to be governor was Sir Edmund Head;
The arts and education were important, he said.
Gov'nors Gordon, Doyle, and Harding followed in rapid
succession;
Each struggled to save us from Fenian aggression.

When John Manners-Sutton lived in this res'dence,
A visitor royal graced us all with his presence;
One evening, when looking for something to do,
The young Prince of Wales paddled the river in a canoe.

The first born in this province to hold this high post
Was Lemuel A. Wilmot, 'bout whom we should boast.
His talents were many: lawyer, gard'ner, and teacher;
On occasional Sundays he was even a preacher.

Robert Duncan, a cousin, kept the Wilmot name famous,
From Ottawa's Senate he came back here to tame us.
He had great success with his analytical mind;
His monument in Sunbury County you'll find.

Edward B. Chandler began at age sev'nty-eight,
Died while in office, a most untimely fate.
When the nineteenth century came near its close,
A fine man from Gagetown whom everyone knows
Became head of our province and spoke out against booze
And Tilley - - Sir Leonard - - Canada's motto did choose.

Abandoned by gov'nors, a school for deaf-mutes was there
Then for returning soldiers we provided medical care.
For the RCMP there were offices various.
Till this latest renovation, its state was precarious.

So listen with care as you walk down the hallways:
The voices of statesmen will reside here always.

Recipes from the Pioneer Kitchen

by Pat Flemming



In days past when New Brunswickers made their living working in the woods and spent months in the hills and on bogs, they had to live off of the land. From time to time, a few rations would be delivered to them by horse and wagon.

One had to eat whatever was available at the time. No doubt they would have to hunt for their next meal; be it a moose, deer, rabbit, racoon, a fresh caught fish, a partridge or even frogs legs.

A few years ago, I published recipes for preparing dishes such as moose, deer and rabbit in this recipe column. I will now write a few recipes for other species and various fruits available in the wild.

FRIED FROGS LEGS

Frogs' legs (hindquarters only) are considered quite a delicacy today. First of all remove the skin from the frogs.

6 frogs' legs
salt and pepper
lemon juice
1 egg
1 cup fine bread crumbs

Wash the legs in cold water. Dry well on a towel. Season with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Beat the egg, then dip the legs into the egg then into dried bread crumbs or fine cracker crumbs. Fry in hot deep fat for two to three minutes. Serve with tartar sauce. Serves two.

Eels can be prepared using the same method as frogs' legs. Remove the backbone, cut into two inch lengths and par-boil 10 minutes. Proceed as for frogs' legs.

A lumber man would catch a fish in a brook if time permitted, however salt codfish and salt pork were usually available in the cooking camps.

CREAMED CODFISH

1 cup salt codfish
1 cup milk
2 tbsps. butter
2 tbsps. flour
1/8 tsp. pepper
1 egg

Separate the fish into very small pieces and leave in cold water for 3 hours, changing the water three times. Heat milk in a double boiler. Add well-drained codfish and cook for 10 minutes. Blend butter, four and pepper and stir into milk. Cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from heat, add beaten egg, stir well and serve at once. Serves four

I can remember eating partridge once when a child. My Dad shot the partridge while hunting and fried it in a frying pan. It was delicious. Here is a recipe for Roast Partridge.

ROAST PARTRIDGE

Clean, singe and rub with salt. Brush with melted butter and dredge in flour. Skewer the birds. Lay strips of fat bacon over breasts of each bird. Surround birds with fat salt pork pieces. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in a hot oven, basting two or three times. Remove skewers and serve on platters.

High-bush cranberries are easily picked in late summer or early fall. They make delicious jelly or cranberry relish. The following is an easy recipe for Cranberry Relish and High-Bush Cranberry Drink.

CRANBERRY RELISH

Grind two cups cranberries (washed), 1 cup raisins, 1 small orange and combine with 1 tsp. lemon juice and 1 cup sugar. Delicious with any entree.

HIGH-BUSH CRANBERRY - REFRESHING DRINK

3 cups high bush cranberries
7 cups water

Boil water and cranberries together until berries soften and pop open, then simmer for 15 minutes. Stir, mash and strain. Add 3/4 cup sugar to the juice and 2 to 3 tbsps. lemon juice. Heat and stir until sugar melts. Have jars with airtight tops ready and hot. Pour hot juice into jars and seal tight. When cool store in refrigerator.

During the war years when foods containing Vitamin C were scarce or expensive, rose hips were prepared in various ways to provide Vitamin C.

PICKLED ROSE HIPs

Choose rose hips that are not too ripe. Leave a short piece of stalk on each. Wash and place in pan with boiling water to cover. Simmer until tender. Do not allow hips to break. Drain off water and reserve. When the fruit is cold, cut a small piece off the flower end and remove the seeds, being careful not to break the fruit. Make a syrup allowing two cups vinegar to one cup water (in which the hips were boiled), to every two pounds of fruit. Add to the above quantity, four cups sugar, 1/4 ounce whole cloves, 1/4 ounce stick cinnamon. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Then boil for 15 minutes. Strain. Add the hips and boil for 20 minutes, or until the syrup is thick.

Many lumber jacks would spend six months in the woods and not return home until Spring. Perhaps some would come home briefly for Christmas but others would spend the entire Christmas season in a lumber camp. They would curl up around a cozy fire to keep warm during the evenings.

CHRISTMAS LOG

4 eggs, separated
1/2 cup sugar
grated rind of one lemon
1 cup flour
1/4 cup cold water
1 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp salt
icing sugar and jam

Beat egg whites, gradually adding half of the sugar while continuing to beat until stiff peaks are formed. Beat egg yolks with remaining sugar. Add lemon rind and cold water. Fold egg whites into egg yolks, gradually add sifted dry ingredients. Spread batter in an ungreased jelly roll pan lined with wax paper. Bake at 375 degrees F for 12 - 14 minutes. Loosen edges and turn out of pan immediately onto a tea towel sprinkled with icing sugar. Remove waxed paper. Cut off crispy ends. Roll cake in towel loosely. Cool, then unroll cooled cake. Spread evenly with either strawberry jam or raspberry jam.. Reroll. Frost with a creamy chocolate icing.

Apples are always plentiful and even in days past would keep well during the long cold winter. Here is an easy recipe for Spicy Apple Muffins.

SPICY APPLE MUFFINS

2 cups all-purpose flour
1 tbsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp nutmeg
2 tsp cinnamon
1/8 tsp. ground cloves
1/4 cup white vinegar
1 egg
1 cup milk
1/4 cup melted butter
3/4 cup sugar
1 1/2 cups finely chopped, unpeeled New Brunswick apples

METHOD

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, nutmeg and 1 tsp. of cinnamon, cloves and 1/2 cup of the sugar in a large bowl. Beat egg, milk and melted butter in a medium

sized bowl. Blend into flour mixture and stir just until combined. Fold in chopped apple. Fill buttered muffin cups 2/3 full. Combine remaining 1/4 cup sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon in a cup. Sprinkle over the top of each muffin. Bake 400 degrees farenheight for 15 - 20 minutes. Yields 12 large muffins.

Molasses is a very healthy food providing a necessary nutrient in our diets.

Top off the evening with a fun taffy pull. Molasses candy is easy to make.

MOLASSES CANDY (Taffy Pull)

1 cup molasses
3 cups sugar
1/2 cup water
1 tsp. cream of tartar

Mix the cream of tartar with sugar, add molasses and water and stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil without stirring until it hardens when dropped in cold water. Pour out into a buttered pan. When cool, work by pulling, then cut into thin slices.

Until next issue, Happy Cooking!

Disadvantages of Higher Education for Women

(From *The Girl's Own Annual*, London, Leisure Hour House, Volume 3, No. 112, February 18, 1882, p. 333). [Ed. This article is typical of the socialization to which Julianna Ewing, Mary O. Porter and other women of their era were subjected in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.]

It is well known that a woman's *physique* is not equal to a man's. And the brain power depends very much on the *physique* which nourishes the brain - *ergo*, the average woman will never equal the average man on his own ground.

We do not deny that a clever woman can equal or surpass an average man; nor that the present system of education is infinitely superior to the old dreary round of lessons. But even to that there are two sides. While girls are learning Greek and mathematics, they have little time for the needle-work, which used to be a part of every girl's education, and which they will want to understand at some period of their lives.

It is the fashion now rather to sneer

at darning, mending, and other trifling household duties; but if a woman is to be a wife and mother, she will need a great deal of such knowledge. It is a great thing to know the relation of one angle to another; but it is not every mathematician who brings her knowledge to a practical issue with regard to tables and chairs, or can tell whether a room has been properly dusted or not.

Woman was created as an helpmeet for man, not as his equal or rival; and woman nowadays is very apt to forget that fact.

In our life and country the little things are the woman's work; and many of our best and noblest women are those who spend their whole lives in trifles (not trifling). Little things - soothing a fractious baby, mending a husband's shirt, doing a little thing for the poor, caring for servants, keeping the household machinery oiled - "Little things/ On Little Wings/ Bear little souls to heaven."

It has yet to be proved that Cambridge examinations assist women in their household duties, and one of the

Oxford nonsense rhymes has a terrible significance in its inner meaning: "Who will you marry, my pretty maid? Advanced women do not marry, sir," she said'.

Does not that mean that, while the talented women of this generation are studying to equal men on their own ground, they are leaving the women's posts for the incapables? If this comes to be the rule may God help the men! . . . No doubt a certain amount of knowledge is necessary to fit us for life; but, Married or Unmarried, a woman (if only she knows what she knows, and is taught when a child to do her work thoroughly) can find plenty of work lying ready to hand, and she will be far more useful doing than studying.

A woman's natural quickness of perception may often be of the greatest possible use in matters which seem above her ken; but if she tries to advance too far she will certainly fall. Dwarfs on giants' shoulders see farther than giants; but we all know the fate of the dwarf who fought by the giant's side.

— by Mary Selwood



The Collector's Room...

by Katrina A. DeWitt

Photographica

Old Photographs, both artistic and historical, are within the grasp of most collectors. Most images show structured family poses and portraits of forgotten relatives but shots of historical events, outdoor scenes, building interiors and exteriors, and famous people also provide glimpses from our past that may be of considerable historical and sociological interest. They often can be a tangible link to a valued and shared cultural past.

Collecting photographs only has become a vogue in Canada over the past 25 years. My research indicates that there is a paucity of data on Canadian *photographica* prior to the 1980's and that the existing material often makes only references to stereo cards and photographic prints by famous American artists.

Canadian women photographers, for example, seem to have been more tolerated than ignored even by their colleagues. "Mrs. Fletcher" of Montreal, Canada's first female photographer, was advertising her daguerreotypes in Montreal newspapers as early as 1841 (Fox, 1990: 182). Hannah Hatherly Maynard (1834-1918) had a studio in Victoria, B.C. in 1862 and she produced "gems" comprised of thousands of miniature portraits. She also experimented with surrealistic and comical techniques. I suggest that collecting their work would be a useful pursuit.

"Tin types," early family portraits and even "case photographs," if they escaped the dump, have moved from home attics to old boxes and dresser drawers as our lifestyles have changed but a diligent searcher still may discover plenty of photographs from the late Victorian and Edwardian ages at flea markets and estate sales. One however is more likely to find beautiful old Victorian albums adorned with brass fittings at auctions or antique shops.

Aged photographs, usually showing subjects haughtily staring at the the

camera's eye, particularly are interesting because they so clearly reflect the diverse activities and values of another age. Yet these images remind us that our ancestors were real persons with real emotions and aspirations. Some show young children, alive or *post mortem*, garbed in their best bibs and tucks; others reveal young girls in lace dresses with large ribbons and enormous bows in their hair. Still others are of young boys with long, curly hair and beaming in their sailor suits.

Studio props and the styles of the subjects' clothing can help date the photographs. A Victorian photo, for example, may include an elaborately carved table or chair and heavy draped velvet curtains with huge brass rods and finials. By contrast, the presence of a Mission Oak chair suggests the twentieth century. Clever reproductions of course might also be detected with this approach.

Let's first have a brief look at how early photographic images were made. This will help us determine the age and value of the treasures we may unfold at the next garage sale or flea market. But recognize at the outset that there is a vast difference between modern digital cameras and the wet or dry plate equipment of yesterday!

Photography emerged primarily in England and France during the period between the French Revolution and the Victorian age. The first "modern" photographic image was produced in 1826 by Nicéphore Niépce in France. He was a colleague of the painter Louis Daguerre (1787-1851) from whom we got "daguerreotypes."

Daguerreotypes: Louis Daguerre used a simple camera and was able to reduce exposure times from 8 hours to 20 minutes or less. These pictures were shiny and mirror-like because the images were produced on copper plates coated with silver and exposed to light. The image always disappears when moved to certain angles. The fragile products

usually were fixed in brass frames. Collectors especially value scenes of famous buildings, outdoor shots, animals, nudes, Blacks and Indians. Very few daguerreotypes were signed.

Ambrotypes: The process for these refined images was patented in 1854 by James Ambrose Cutting of Boston. Similar to daguerreotypes, these sharper and more refined pictures had smooth surfaces and they could be viewed from any angle. Ambrotypes allowed negative images on glass to be made positive by placing them on dark materials such as paint, varnish or velvet. Both daguerreotypes and ambrotypes were called 'case' photographs because they both were enclosed in "gutta-percha" cases. Collectors should know that usually the larger the size, the higher the value.

Tintypes: The tintyping process was developed in France in 1853 and was popular in America by 1860. A lacquered or enameled positive image shows a milky appearance on thin black iron and, because of their low cost, these tintypes were produced and widely used until the 1930's. This "poor man's photograph" was readily available to all socio-economic levels. Once more, larger sized tintypes attract higher prices. Modern collectors, unless the subjects were famous, also seem to prefer images other than portraits or families. Tintypes rarely were signed by the photographer.

Cartes-de-Visit: Patented in 1854 in France by Adolphe Disdéri, these paper photographs were made from wet plate negatives and were pasted onto card-board. They were similar in size to the then current visiting cards and they often were signed by the photographers. Cartes-de-Visit ("CDVs"), frequently displaying the images of famous people, were attractive and often traded because they were inexpensive. Millions were produced in Europe and North America and many collectors spe-

cialize in the various genres of these cards.

Cabinet Photographs: CDVs were replaced in the mid 1860's by Cabinet Photographs when they were introduced by English photographer F.R. Windon. A Canadian photographer, William Notman (1826-1891), introduced Cabinet Photographs to North America. Typically, a 4 1/2" x 5 1/2" print was placed on a card and looked like a larger carte-de-visit. These images were most popular because they could be put in family albums and enhanced the desire for family portraits. Notman established galleries throughout central and eastern Canada and in the United States and his brother James opened a gallery in Saint John, New Brunswick!

Stereo Cards: These unique photograph cards originated in the early 1850's and initially were produced by the actions of two side by side cameras whereby the double images were glued to cardboard for a three dimensional effect when seen through a stereo viewer. Only later was a single camera with double lens used. The earliest stereo cards were placed on thin paper and were both unsigned and untitled. Later products usually were titled and included the manufacturers' names. Their subjects were every imaginable theme and included earthquakes, very "naughty" Victorian ladies and

comedic views of life. The development of wet plate photography promoted the stereo card trade and allowed it to flourish. The cards were mass produced and usually sold in sets; e.g. a 100 view set of "Indian Life Studies" sold for 75¢. Today, the average single card sells for about that price. They provided "culture" for the masses and gave after dinner entertainment to the Victorians.

The cameras of the wet-plate era (1854-1880) usually had wooden frames, leather or canvas bellows, ground glass at their backs, and brass-mount lens at the front. There were no shutters; the lens caps went on or off for exposures. The wet-plate process involved inserting wet silver nitrate and collodion plates and, by and large, was a messy and precarious endeavor. Art, however, soon would find a better way.

By the 1880's and 1890's, when photography soared in popularity, cameras of the dry-plate era were more easily loaded with light sensitive glass or film-base sheets. Early processes required the return to the factory of both camera and film for processing. Roll film was introduced later and continues in use today. The young lady photographer on the cover of this *Officers' Quarters*, for example, is holding a turn of the century "new folding Teco" that has many of the characteristics of modern cameras. This also was the era of family photog-

raphy and through such advances it now was easier to document family friends, relatives and significant events.

As a collector, you should become familiar with these different processes in order to identify the distinguishing features of the various prints. The earlier daguerreotypes and ambrotypes certainly are rarer finds but even the cabinet photographs and tintypes of outdoor scenery can bring high prices.

The price of *photographica*, as with other collectibles, depends on rarity, condition and subject matter. One can consult *Kovels' Antiques and Collectibles* price list for current values, but remember that those listings are in U.S. dollars. Local photographers' work, such as that of George T. Taylor (1838-1913) or Isaac Erb (1834-1924) clearly would be of higher value to local collectors.

For more references, one may choose to consult Fox, Hyla Wulfs, *Antiques: The Survival Kit for the Canadian Collector*, (Dundurn Press, Toronto, 1990); Gilbert, George, *Collecting Photographica*, (Hawthorn & Dutton, New York, N.Y. 1976); *Kovels' Antiques & Collectibles Price List 1999*, Ralph and Terry Kovel, Random House, New York, N.Y. 1999; and Wilkes, Claire Weismann, *The Magic Box: The Eccentric Genius of Hannah Maynard*, (Exile Editions Ltd, Toronto, 1980).

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Watch Our Next Issue...

for *Behind Every Good Woman* by Gary Campbell. Many of us are aware of Julianna Horatia Ewing and her descriptions of life in Fredericton during the late 1860s. However, her beloved Rex appears only as a shadowy figure. This image will be changed when the historical Alexander Ewing emerges as a very accomplished and talented Victorian gentleman.



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An Early Postcard of the Officers' Quarters.
(Courtesy of Glenn Roger and Dave Taylor.)