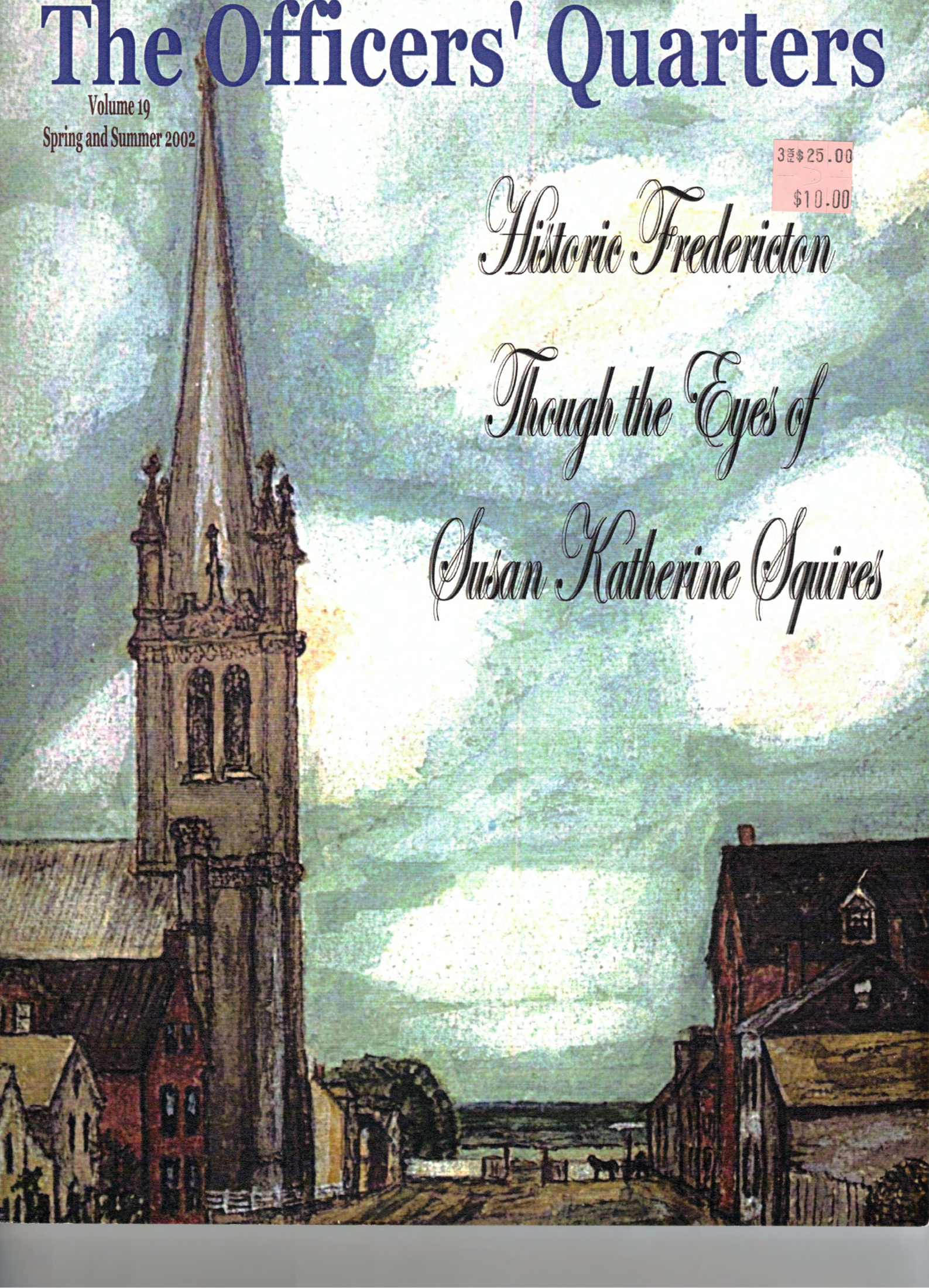


The Officers' Quarters



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Historic Fredericton

*Through the Eyes of
Susan Katherine Squires*

The Officers' Quarters

Volume 18, Number 1

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Front Cover

Painting of the Methodist Church by Susan Katherine Squires

Editorial

By Doug Wright

Those who have seen the Susan Squires exhibit at the recently renovated Military Room of the York-Sunbury Museum will understand the importance of this remarkable Fredericton woman who in her writing and painting has preserved an important record of our cultural heritage. For those who have not seen the exhibition, I urge you to do so. It is therefore fitting that this issue of the Officers' Quarters, dedicated to Susan Squires, remind us of the importance of telling our story, as individuals, as a community and as a nation.

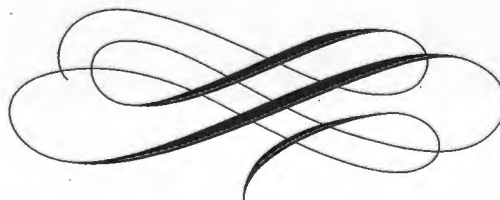
Susan Squires was one of the early members of the Society. Possessing a quick mind and a keen sense of observation she recorded both in writing and visually the events of her day and the remembrance of earlier times. She understood the importance of doing so. In "Beechmont" she commented, "When we begin to delve into the past hunting for information about people and things one thought soon presents itself. How much easier the task would be if more of our predecessors had been kind enough to keep

written records of themselves and their contemporaries. Who they were? Where they came from? What they did for a livelihood? And so on. Some did, but altogether too few. Perhaps they did not think there was anything in their lives to interest posterity, or perhaps they were like the old man who said, "Posterity has done nothing for me and I am not going to do anything for posterity".

Through the Officers' Quarters, the Society endeavours to provide a record of ourselves as was the case with its predecessor, Museum Notes published in 1936-7. In more recent times the Newsletter published in 1985-6 by the Society referred specifically to the importance of communicating and preserving historical traditions. It listed as a goal of the Society the production and distribution of a credible newsletter "utilizing both current Historical information, and that of the Society's collection". Twelve pages in length, it contained news of Society happenings, past programs, coming events, and a section called Curator's Corner. In the 1986 spring edition this challenge was

issued by Paul O'Connell, "I believe a newsletter is an absolute necessity for communicating Society news and events. It also can and should serve to preserve and communicate our historical traditions. This is my challenge to you for the future of this Newsletter – for you to contribute articles of historical interest. With 150 Society members there are at least 150 articles, and then some!" In the winter of 1986 the publication became The Officers Quarterly which was published under that name until the fall and winter issue of 1999 when it became the Officers' Quarters. This edition is the thirty-seventh since 1986.

Thanks go out to Margery Acheson for permitting access to the writings, paintings, carvings and furniture of Susan Squires, Bill Acheson for his introduction, Susan Acheson for presenting the material in electronic form and Kate Mossman and Elizabeth Earl for their notes on the Military Room. Thanks also to the other members of the Editorial Committee Patsy Hale, Fred White, Pat Flemming.



Our Anniversary Project

By Kate Mossman

In the fall of 2001 the Board of Directors agreed that the renovation of the former Military Room to its original configuration was an appropriate project to budget for in celebration of our 70th Anniversary Year. After receiving estimates for the work planned we applied to the Fredericton Foundation for some help with the financing of the project. We were very pleased to be awarded a grant of \$2000 by the foundation in January and then the work began!!

In February a work crew consisting of Board Members; Gary Campbell, Fred White, Bill DeGrace, Craig Chouinard, Peter French, Elizabeth Earl, former Board Member Mel McMahon and Director Kate Mossman plus a "recruit" Brent Sweetapple spent the day tearing the place apart ----- literally. Next came the painters and the floor



refinisher and then all was ready for the hanging of the Susan Dayton Squires exhibit.

This lovely room is now the largest display space in the museum. It gives us the opportunity in the future to plan temporary exhibits or bring in exhibits from other museums. It also gives our visitors a "feel" for the building as they are now able to look out the windows over the green and imagine what it would have been like to live and work in this building. In the future we may want to implement noon hour programming for people who work downtown, this space will give us the opportunity to plan for that. All in all it's a great way to celebrate our Anniversary and will leave a lasting legacy for the future.



Susan Katherine Dayton Squires (1869-1951)

By Bill Acheson

The girl grew up on the banks of the St John River in the village of St Mary's Landing. Every morning she faced the skyline of Fredericton. Later she crossed the ferry near her father's store each day to attend the Collegiate School near the Cathedral, to study art with Elizabeth Beckwith Hazen, and to attend the tall-spired Methodist Church on Carleton Street as had her father, her grandfather and her great grandmother before her. Later still she worked in the store and nursed her invalid mother. After her mother's death and her father's decision to leave the store to his sons, the young woman married a widower from her church and moved to Maryland Hill behind the city. She was 27 when she moved to Beechmont. There she raised her two sons; there she remained until her death. This exhibition is drawn from her work in the years following her marriage but reflects the experiences of her heritage and her youth.

That heritage was one of early Fredericton and New Brunswick. It was created by the great civil war known as the American Revolution and the ambiguous attitudes which most British North Americans had toward it. Her great grandmother, Catherine Gaynor, was a daughter of Rhode Island Loyalists. In 1781 she married Samuel Dayton son of a colonel in the Continental Army. Catherine dutifully followed her husband to North Carolina after the war but, when he died in 1796, she promptly left the United States and brought her two young children to Fredericton to be raised by her family. Her son farmed at Douglas where the Dayton Cemetery is still located. Her grandson, Samuel, married Olivia Gilman of Springhill, whose family home still stands opposite

the Irving Restaurant at the old Fredericton by-pass. Samuel became a successful merchant at St Mary's on what is now St Mary's Street, and it was here that the young Susan Dayton spent the formative years of her life. Again, despite their commitment to Crown and Constitution, the Gaynors and their Dayton descendants left the Church of England and became Methodist dissenters. It was in that church Susan met her husband, Nathan Squires, who also shared her Loyalist background. The ambiguity here was even more obvious: Nathan's father had marched with the New Brunswick Regiment to the defence of Canada in 1813; his cousin, Theodore Roosevelt, became the 25th president of the United States in 1901.

The Squires' home, called "Beechmont", included most of the land now surrounded by Regent, Albert, York and Montgomery streets. It was a land of fields, orchard and pasture, of woods and flowing streams. It was a countryside which Susan loved and in which she raised her sons, Dayton and Austin, both of whom, under her influence, became natural scientists. She was a committed and gifted amateur ornithologist who published regularly in *The Canadian Field-Naturalist*. Following Nathan's death in 1927 she became increasingly involved in religious and cultural organizations in the community. She played leadership roles in the Official Board and the Women's Association of the Methodist Church (Wilmot United Church after 1925). In the early 1930s she became part of the newly formed York-Sunbury Historical Society. Like most members she saw the Society as means through which the history



of central New Brunswick could be recovered and preserved.. She was one of those who did the task herself, researching and writing on topics of interest. Her first extant presentation to the Society was made in 1936 and she continued writing on a wide range of local history subjects until her death. At the same time she returned to her long-standing love of painting and design. Late in her life she turned to woodcarving. Increasingly she utilized these skills toward her passion for the heritage and culture of the community. This is particularly true of her paintings which form the core of this exhibit. Some reflect images of the central New Brunswick of her youth, but the greater number were inspired by nineteenth century prints, lithographs, paintings and negatives drawn from a wide array of sources.

For the purposes of this exhibit her Fredericton paintings have been organized around three chronological periods each roughly a generation in length. Loyalist Fredericton was the period to the end of the Napoleonic Wars in 1815 and was dominated by people whose lives were shaped by the American Revolution. The generation following Waterloo saw the emergence of a town still powerfully influenced by British institutions and loyalties, but one increasingly dominated by an imperial trading system based on ships, lumber and timber, and on private rather than public interests. The more permanent structures in the city were constructed in the third generation - roughly 1850 to 1890 - and these would have formed the skyline so familiar to the young Susie Dayton. For this reason the third generation is named for her.

Loyalist Fredericton (1783-1815)

Loyalist Fredericton was an outpost of empire, an administrative centre for a defensive British presence following the loss of the 13 American colonies. The theme of loyalty permeates the early community. Even the town and its streets were named for the royal family. The pictures in this grouping reflect the political, military and religious institutions characteristic



Carleton's House

of a British presence. The oldest and most important of these institutions is embodied in **Carleton's House**. Colonel Thomas Carleton was the first governor and lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick, a veteran of the American Revolution, and the brother of the Governor-General. The province was a crown colony and its constitution was contained in the instructions which Carleton received at the time of his appointment. On their authority he called most of the political institutions of the province into being. He bought a thousand acres on the western edge of the town and built this fine manor house in 1787 paying for it out of his own pocket. It immediately became the seat of political power in the province. Meetings of the Council of New Brunswick (combining the Executive and Legislative councils) were held here, and the Legislative Assembly sometimes met here before 1800. The building burned in 1827 and was replaced by the present Old Government House.

Carleton's instructions provided for the creation of an elected Legislative Assembly which was to share political power with the Governor and his Council. The first Assembly was summoned in 1786. In 1802 a relatively modest building, **Province Hall**, was erected to house the Assembly and its committees. Housed at either end of Loyalist Fredericton, the Government and the Assembly sometimes worked cooperatively, and sometimes in bitter opposition to each other. Province Hall burned in 1880 and was replaced by the present Legislative Buildings.



Province Hall

The British military was a dominant presence in Loyalist Fredericton comprising up to a third of the population of the small community. Military expenditures and wages accounted for a large part of the local economy. The garrison initially faced the American republic, which claimed much of western New Brunswick, as well as the still-potent Malecite nation on the upper St John River. The Military Compound embraced most of the land bounded by Queen, Regent and York streets and the river and access was possible only with permission. Here military law and tradition prevailed. Wooden military barracks existed in the Compound from the 1780s.

The other distinctive institution of the Loyalist period was the Church of England. Many leaders viewed a religious establishment as a necessary part of an English social order. Settled parishes had clergy who held glebes and annual stipends provided by the state. The parish church was built with funds provided by the government and its rector was inducted into his office by the lieutenant-governor. **The First Parish Church** of Fredericton, seen in this picture, was erected in 1788 near the present site of the

Cathedral. Its colonial American origins are revealed in its architecture. Note its similarity to New England churches of the period. The Collegiate School (which became Fredericton High School) beside the church was under the supervision of the Rector of Fredericton. The church remained until 1847 when it was demolished to make way for the Cathedral. The parish church now sits on Westmorland Street.

The business district of Loyalist Fredericton was around the Waterloo Row area, near the parish church. Here was **The Golden Ball Inn**. Built in 1785 or

86 it was one of several innstaverns-coffeehouses in the neighborhood which served as social and business



The First Parish Church

gathering places for Loyalists and visitors. The central element of the building survives today.

Fredericton at the end of the Loyalist generation was a narrow waterfront town, its settled area barely two blocks wide extending from Waterloo Row to Woodstock Road, and its skyline dominated by the public buildings of a Loyalist society.



The Golden Ball Inn

The Colonial Town (1815 - 1850)

In the generation after the Battle of Waterloo Fredericton grew from a small administrative and military centre to a diverse colonial town. The period was marked throughout the province by the arrival of large numbers of British - notably Irish - immigrants, and by the maturing of the timber trade. The population of Fredericton tripled between 1820 and 1850 - the result of migration from both the United Kingdom and the New Brunswick countryside - and the town developed a thickening waist as the built area expanded back into the plat. The town's growing social diversity was reflected in the array of religious institutions brought by the newcomers: Baptists from the countryside, Catholics from Ireland, Presbyterians from the Church

of Scotland and the Synod of Ulster, Anglicans from the Church of Ireland. Tensions between competing Irish traditions sometimes led to violence in the 1840s. The administrative and military functions, and the Loyalist ideals remained important, but Fredericton's role as a service centre for the growing population of central New Brunswick produced an increasingly wealthy and self-sufficient commercial elite. The changes and continuities of the period are reflected in the paintings in this section.

The continuities from the Loyalist era are evident in the officers' barracks. Painted from an illustration in Bouchette's Topographical and Statistical Description of the British Provinces in 1832, The

Officers' Barracks and Lower Market House displays the lower end of the fenced Military Compound to full advantage. To the left of the Compound, where the York County Court House later stood, is the



The Officer's Barracks and Lower Market House



Market Hall or Lower Market House. Note that the canoes in front of the compound are not of Malecite construction. River travel was central to the colonial experience, but it was dangerous: many people died each year on the river.

Imperial and Loyalist influences are also present in the painting **King's College**. Created at the urging of the lieutenant-governor and opened in 1829 under the presidency of the Rev Edwin Jacob, it offered a classical education on the Oxford model and served as a theological school for the Church of England. The college became the University of New Brunswick in 1859. With a third floor added, Kings College is now the Old Arts Building at the University, and is the oldest university building in use in Canada.

The clearest signs of change after 1815 are found in the emergence of institutions of religious dissent. The oldest of these was that

King's College

is painted from a line drawing of the house done by Wilmot in 1847.

of the Methodists but they were soon followed by Calvinist (Regular) Baptist, Catholic, Presbyterian and Free Will Baptist. Typical of the dissenters was Lemuel Allen Wilmot. **The Wilmot House** sat on a seven acre estate called Evelyn Grove located on the outskirts of Fredericton. Wilmot was a cabinet minister, judge, lieutenant-governor, a leader in the quest for responsible government, a prominent agricultural innovator, and for many years superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School. At his death in 1878 the Sunday School students, including nine year old Susie Dayton, walked in the funeral procession and dropped flowers in his grave. The picture here

The Fredericton of Susan Dayton (1850 - 1890)

The generation after 1850 witnessed dramatic changes in the city and the province. In quick succession the province moved from a crown colony to a self-governing province of Great Britain to a province within the new Canadian confederation. The period saw both the "Golden Age" of the shipbuilding and



The Wilmot House



The Methodist Church

expectations of the city's leaders were reflected in the building of the new Methodist Church and the Cathedral in the early 1850s. The Methodist Chapel had burned in the great conflagration of 1850 which levelled 18 acres of downtown Fredericton. Under the leadership of L. A. Wilmot it was replaced with a grand, ornamented wooden neo-Gothic church designed by Matthew Stead capable of seating more a thousand people. Its steeple dominated the Fredericton skyline. It spoke of the changing social circumstances of the traditionally humble Methodist community and of their changing relationship to the Establishment. The painting of **The Methodist Church** (now Wilmot United Church) is done from a photograph taken shortly after its completion in 1852. Note the Barrack's fence and gates across Carleton Street. In 1845 Fredericton became the seat of a new Church of England diocese. The first bishop was John Medley, an English Tractarian who

lumbering industries and the emergence of steam engines and railways. The town became a city, it produced considerable wealth, the British military disappeared and the private sector of commerce and industry eclipsed the public economy in the life of the city.

The growing wealth and

modeled **Christ Church Cathedral** on a Medieval English parish church, a style reflecting the spirituality he hoped to invoke in the New Brunswick Church. Symbolically the colonial parish church was demolished and the new stone cathedral rose in its place. The photograph from which this painting was made was taken shortly after the Cathedral's completion in 1853. Most of the buildings between the Cathedral and the Methodist Church had been burned in the 1850 fire, which is why the latter is so visible. The two churches were constructed at the same time and reflected the visions of their respective communities. Their steeples would have dominated the skyline so familiar to the young Susan Dayton.

Another painting of personal significance to Susan Dayton was **The Pennyfather House**. One of Medley's converts to Anglicanism was George (later Sir George) Parkin, a young Normal School student from Salisbury, N.B. Parkin became a passionate anglophile, attended Oxford University, became a leading spokesman for the Empire and for Imperial Federation, and was the first administrator of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust. When he returned to Fredericton as principal of the Collegiate School in the 1870s he lived in the Pennyfather House across from the Cathedral. This picture, from about 1870, wonderfully expresses the relationship between the



The Pennyfather House



Christ Church Cathedral

bishop and the teacher. He was Susan Dayton's principal during her years at the School.

The diversity of the new city by the Confederation era is reflected in the painting **Fredericton From the Back of Town** taken from the tower of the second

Exhibition Building about 1864. The churches, reading clockwise, beginning at 6 o'clock are St Paul's Church of Scotland, the Free Will Baptist, the Calvinist Baptist, the Methodist, Christ Church Cathedral, the Catholic Cathedral Church of St Dunstan.

The symbol of the economic developments which reshaped the city and the province after 1850 was the exhibition building. Based on the International Exhibition at London's Crystal Palace on 1851, these exhibitions celebrated and promoted technological progress in the trades and in agriculture. The epitome

of the new age was the steam engine and the railway. The first building was erected in 1852; **The Second Exhibition Building**, shown in this painting from a Taylor photograph, was constructed at the corner of Saunders and Westmorland streets in 1864. It was designed by Matthew Stead, and constructed in



Fredericton From the Back of Town



The Second Exhibition Building

the form of a Greek cross. Built of wood, it measured 175 feet by 175 feet. Virtually every manufacturer and leading agriculturalist in the province exhibited at the 1864 exhibition. The steam engine and the railway were seen as the mark of progress. Many of these engines were manufactured in the province. The locomotive in front of the Exhibition Building was "**The Fredericton**" which ran on the Fredericton Branch Railway. The railway cut across Aberdeen Street out to Westmorland. The first through train from Fredericton Junction arrived in 1869. The figures in the painting are Fred Edgecombe and Alexander Gibson. The latter was the leading industrialist in the Fredericton area. The second Exhibition Building burned in

1883 and was replaced by a less imposing building the following year.

Nowhere was the impact of the new steam technology more evident than on the river. In the 1840s there were as many as seven ferries connecting the north side with the city. **The Horse Ferry Boat** portrayed here ran from St Marys to Temple's Landing in Fredericton. It employed horses walking a treadmill and turning paddlewheels on each side of the boat. The first steam ferry began in 1842 and by the 1860s the horse ferries had disappeared. Susan Dayton was 16 years old before she able to cross the river by bridge. However the painting of **High Water**, showing boats unloading at Waterloo Row late in the cen-



The Fredericton



The Horse Ferry Boat

tury, demonstrates the continued reliance on water transportation well into the railway age, and the ability of sailing vessels to compete with steamships.

The final painting here bring us back to Susan Squires. **Fredericton From Beechmont** shows the city from the perspective of the mature Susan Squires. Painted just a few years before her death 1951, it shows a city once again in transition. The St Mary's village of Susan Dayton became the town of Devon, then was incorporated into the city. Clearly visible in the distance are the post-war "Dobie" homes built to provide housing for return-



High Water

ing servicemen after 1945. The painting was done near the corner of Regent and Kings College streets. The south pasture, spring house and the estate of "Frogmore", owned by Ashley Coulter, can be seen in the foreground. Ironically the need for post war housing also meant the end of Beechmont. It had always been a functioning farm. Susan Squires milked cows and churned butter, hayed, made gardens, and harvested apples throughout most of the first half of the twentieth century. In 1947-8, as part of a federal housing initiative, the city expropriated most of Beechmont for the construction of Maryland Heights. The bucolic scene in this picture



Fredericton From Beechmont

disappeared within a year of its painting.

II HANDCRAFTS: NEEDLEWORK, DESIGN AND CARVING

Susan Squires began quilt making, rug making, needlepoint and crocheting before her marriage and maintained a strong interest in them throughout her life. Later she cultivated an interest in carving, furniture making and upholstery. Her great strength was her command of design, especially in her work in fabrics.

Nathan was a wood turner and cabinet maker and they sometimes co-operated in producing pieces of furniture. One of the best examples of that co-operation is a copy of the Government House dining room chair in the exhibit which was completed shortly after 1900. Nathan turned parts of the chair, Susan carved those that could not be turned. The resulting chair is virtually indistinguishable from the original.

Susan began carving figures after Nathan's death and produced nearly a hundred during the last two decades of her life. They represent a form of New Brunswick primitivism and vary greatly in quality. She worked with a variety of woods ranging from mahogany to pine. The best in this group are the

Seated Old Man and Old Woman which are carved from the walnut organ posts of the Methodist Chapel which burned in 1850. Her favourite carving was Winston Churchill whom she greatly admired. It was carved during the Battle of Britain. Among the dogs were two of her own: Peter, a collie, and Bully a mixed breed bulldog. The Newfoundland was made as part of a third grade project for one of her granddaughters. **The Coffee Table** was carved about 1940. Its needlepoint top is her design and construction. Her carving tools are included in the exhibit.



The Coffee Table



She made hundreds of needlepoint and crocheted items during her lifetime. The table centre is characteristic of her style. The cranberries and their setting is one she developed from the cranberry bushes at Beechmont.

*Seated Old Man and
Old Woman*

THE FIRST POTATOES SHIPPED FROM EASTERN CANADA TO THE UNITED STATES AND SOME OTHER INFORMATION

By Susan Squires

Last summer my niece gave me a clipping which seemed to have been cut from an agricultural journal. It had been sent to her father, the late W. B. Dayton a number of years ago. It read, "Fifty years ago last fall, the first shipment of potatoes from Eastern Canada was exported to the United States. It was sent in secondhand double-headed flour barrels by Samuel Dayton of New Brunswick to O'Connor & Judge, Produce Commission Merchants of New York City. The routing of that shipment of potatoes 12,100 bushels in 1876, was by rail from Fredericton, N. B. to Boston and from there by ship to New York. Since then potatoes from the Maritime Provinces of Canada have been in increasing demand by American buyers." Perhaps the history of those early shipments of potatoes may be of interest.

I remarked in an earlier paper "A General Store Sixty or Seventy Years Ago" on the scarcity of ready money in the country and how difficult it was for some of the farmers to have surplus produce enough to pay their grocery bills and how many of their accounts ran on from year to year. The centre of the province was more of a lumbering country than a farming country at that time. If a man's land bordered on a stream of any size he could cut some

lumber and run it down the stream in the spring of the year and get ready money for it but the man who had to depend on farming alone was not so well off. It is

were plentiful enough. No one expected hens to lay in the winter time. Some people did not even have houses for their hens, they let them stay in the barn with the



Photograph of Samuel Dayton in front of his General Store circa 1890.

surprising how few things there were to sell.

Father kept wondering what there was that could be grown on the farms, that he could buy and sell again, that would bring in the needed money. Meat was out of the question for it would not keep although some butchers did send cattle to the Boston market on the hoof before the first railway was built. Eggs were produced in such a hit or miss fashion that it was no use considering them, even if they

cows and roost on the cows backs to keep their feet warm. With hens on the run in the summer time, the hidden nest and the broody hen played havoc with the quality of the eggs. Although all the eggs that came into the store were supposed to be candled, sometimes in a hurry a lot was missed. All that some farmers required of an egg was a whole shell and sometimes those shells contained the whole chicken only lacking the crow and the tail feathers.

Butter, too, could not be depended on for quality, but there was some excuse for poor butter while there was none for selling rotten eggs. The facilities for making good butter were meagre. On some farms there was a poor water supply for cleaning the old wooden utensils used and for washing the butter; on some the milk and cream had to be kept in bad smelling cellars or hot pantries and there was no ice but ice would not have been of much use when milk had to be set in pans. The pans were red earthenware, glazed inside, and before these were available small wooden tubs made by the Indians and unpainted inside, were used. The cream was skimmed off with tin skimmers something like large clam shells. Sometimes they were perforated in the bottom to let the skim milk run through. The pans were often left until the milk was clabbered or thick but careless women would sometimes leave it until the cream was mouldy and if the cream in the cream jar was not stirred often enough it moulded too. Some people put old butter-milk into their churning of cream for a starter as they called it but it is hard to say why. Another cause of bad butter was the old, Indian-made churn. Father always scolded about them, said some of them were old enough for heirlooms. He declared that some women didn't scald them enough to kill the maggots in the rim that held the cover. The wonder was not that some of the butter was bad but that much of it was good. Some of it was sold in rolls but the most of it was packed. When it

was packed in stone jars with plenty of wet salt it was all right but if it was put in old firkins it had not a chance of staying edible.

I will always remember a story my mother told me. She was invited to take supper with a school friend who had recently been married. Her father-in-law had built a house for her and her husband and had given them a cow and the girl was making their own butter. The supper she prepared should have been fit for a king and yet was not. Wild strawberries and cream, cream biscuits and butter, and salmon fresh out the river, fried in butter should have been good. But the girl had to keep her milk and cream in a hot little pantry off a hot little kitchen, and it was July. The butter the salmon was fried in was bad, the butter on the biscuits was bad, the cream in the biscuits was strong and the cream on the berries was sour and tasted of the paint in the new pantry, and mother had a hard time trying to eat.

The tin pans which followed the big earthen milk pans were lighter and much easier to handle. They were made by tinsmiths from three or four pieces of tin, a circle for the bottom and the other pieces soldered together for the sides. These pans were made of better tin and lasted much longer than the factory-made pressed tin pans that followed them.

I remember two milk-rooms on farms where every effort was made to have the butter good but even they had difficulties to contend with. On one of these farms the milk-room was a small brick

building with huge slabs of stone for a floor. The open windows were covered with cheese cloth to keep out the insects as wire window screening had not been invented. The pans of milk were set on a large table made with sawhorse legs set well under from the edge so as to make it impossible for mice to climb on the table. The cream was kept in a big crock and was well stirred every day. To add to the coolness of the building the outside of it was covered with a wild grape vine and the ceiling was plastered. Unfortunately the place froze in the winter and the milk had to be moved to a big cupboard in the pantry.

On the other farm the milk-room was part of the cellar partitioned off. The shelves were hung from the ceiling on account of the mice. The house was nearly a hundred years old and the floor of the milk-room was made of old planks and the rest of the cellar contained vegetables. The window opened on a big bed of lilies-of-the-valley but that did not help the butter any. All the milk and pans had to be carried up and down cellar nine months of the year, the rest of the time the milk was kept upstairs and not an onion was cooked all winter for fear the milk could get the odour.

There was the remains of a milk-house at Beechmont when we moved there, which had probably been used in Judge Street's time. It was built much like a root cellar with the earth outside piled up to the caves of the roof. It had wide pine shelves on each side and two doors with a dead air

space between so it may have been used in the winter time but there was nothing to prevent mice and insects getting in as far as I could see. Our present house had a so-called milk-room with brick walls and floor but creamers had been invented by some clever person before we came. Creamers, kept in ice water were a long step in the direction of good butter and the next step was the separator. Now New Brunswick makes butter good enough to send anywhere. Mrs. Martin Hunter, wife of Colonel and afterwards Sir Martin Hunter, in 1804 wrote to her friends in England that their good king provided them with all of the necessities of life and many of what are termed luxuries were cheap and abundant. She said every part of their rations were excellent except the butter which they had never been able to use, but she added that the province was famous for its good butter. She must have found a good butter maker.

In the middle of the last century, or say the fifties and sixties, the farmers did not even have any apples to sell. Some farms had a few old scraggily, long-limbed trees. I called them native trees but my son corrected me. He told me that the only apple tree that was a native of New Brunswick was the small wild crab. Well, if those old trees were not native they were bad enough to be. I do not know how early grafted apple trees were set out but my father told me that he set out a small orchard of grafted trees on his father's old farm in Douglas before he left home and that was

in 1852 but I doubt if any commercial orchards were set out before 1870 or 1875. A man in Woodstock named Sharp set out an orchard of New Brunswickers somewhere about this time and Isaac Peabody set out a similar orchard in St. Marys (North Devon) about the same time. It was a mistake having an orchard all of this variety of apples for they all had to be picked and sold at the same time. A good many people set out a half dozen or a dozen of these trees in their gardens or around their houses and found out afterwards that the apples would not keep. One old woman who had half a dozen told me that she wrapped up each apple in newspaper and kept them half the winter but they would be pretty tasteless by that time. My mother's brother, John Gilman, set out one of the first commercial orchards of mixed varieties of apples in the vicinity of Fredericton. One mistake made in setting out the early orchards was putting the trees too close together. My uncle told me that he cut out every other tree in that first orchard to make room for roots and branches. He said it took a good deal of backbone to do it just when the trees were beginning to bear fruit.

When we bought Beechmont in 1897 there was a small orchard of grafted apple trees of the usual varieties of the time, Fameuse, Alexanders, Red Astrakans, Wine Saps, one Greening and one New Brunswicker. They were probably about twenty-five years old. There were also a number of trees very much older with trunks over

a foot in diameter. They were perhaps sixty or seventy years old and such a collection. I wondered who would set out such worthless trees but I suppose they were as good as any of the early orchards. There were six apple trees and eight or ten crabtrees. The apples on two of the trees could have been eaten raw if one were very apple hungry, on one they were small, sweet, and slightly bitter, the others were water-cores without much flavour. The rest of the trees were hard and sour and I wondered that even the cows would eat them. Two of the crab trees bore apples that made good jelly, preserves and pickles. The rest of the trees looked as if they might have been dug up in the woods and set out in the garden. Some had crabs no larger than marbles. Someone had been learning to graft and they had grafted yellow crabs on red trees and bitter crabs on sour trees and let them all grow. I was told that Mr. Henry Phair did the grafting but I doubt the story. Mr. Phair owned the place from 1874 to 1885 and grafts worth growing would have been available at the time. Also the grafts were as large as the other branches, so they must have been put on when the trees were young. In thinking the matter over I thought perhaps Judge Street's gardener might have done the grafting for he had charge of the garden about fifty years before which was about the time grafted trees were first being set out. Judge Street died in 1855. Mr. Moffatt in his diary makes an amusing reference to the auction of the Street goods and chattels.

He says, "Boss Agneau went up to Beechmont to the Street auction this afternoon. He bought a cow, a stone crock of preserves, and some hams. When he looked at the hams he threw up the bargain. They were so quick he was afraid they would get home before him." He uses the word "quick" in the same sense the writer in the Bible does when he says 'the quick and the dead'. Boss Agneau could not have liked skippers in his ham.

To get back to my apple story, the thing that looks worthless to us today would look different if we had nothing better. I realized after a time that the reason such trees were set out was because they had no others. There were better apple trees in Quebec and perhaps in Ontario at this time for I have read that the Fameuse apple tree was brought to Quebec from France by the early Catholic missionaries but Quebec was a long ways off in those days. The poor apples were used however. They were peeled, quartered, strung on strings and dried to make dried apple pies in the winter; they were also made into apple sauce and poured into firkins and frozen. Then when it was needed it was scooped out thawed and sweetened. If it didn't have much flavour it was at least a change of diet like the pie the girl made of green currents and sorrel leaves.

New Brunswick did grow good potatoes even when the apples were poor, but there was no great demand for them beyond enough to supply the local market. Most people had gardens of their own and grew a few. They sold

out of the store for ten cents a peck so there was not much money in raising them. The idea of sending them out of the province was suggested to father by a lady visitor. She was a Miss Savage who with her bachelor brother came nearly every summer to visit their cousins, Joe and Mary Heron, who had a little house on the shore of Heron's Lake. Their father, William H. Heron, had come from Dumfriesshire Scotland, and had bought his little farm from Colonel Beverly Robinson.

Miss Savage came from Brooklyn, New York, and she was always bragging about what good potatoes she got when she came to Fredericton. She told father one day that he ought to ship some potatoes to New York, she was sure they would sell. Father laughed and said perhaps he would. He told her that he was going to Philadelphia the next summer to the Centennial Exhibition and perhaps he would stop in New York on his way home. She invited him to come and visit them and she would introduce him to a commission merchant that he could trust. So he went to see them on his way home and stayed over a day and they recommended the firm of O'Connor & Judge. Father shipped potatoes to this firm for over fifteen years and they always lived up to Miss Savage's recommendation.

Although the Colorado Beetle is said to have reached the Atlantic Ocean in the year 1878 it must have been much later before

it reached our corner of North America and though Mr. Moffatt tells of smelling potato rot in September, 1857, I do not recollect hearing much about one or the other until years later. I grew up in a home where potatoes were talked about alot and where they were bought in the store. Unless father was sure of the man they were bought from, the potatoes were emptied from one barrel to another. This was not because he was afraid the potatoes might be rotten but because the middle of the barrel might be filled with small potatoes.

In the spring of 1876, father told some of the farmers who traded with him to plant some extra potatoes because he was thinking of shipping some to New York to see if there was any money in the business, but there is some mistake in the figures in the clipping with which I began this article. There would not have been twelve thousand surplus bushels of potatoes in the county that first year for the business was barely started in 1876. The figures may have been for several years. When the business once got started quite a number of carloads were shipped, some years. I do not know where the information came from, perhaps from the railroad, perhaps from the customs.

The first decision which had to be made was how to handle the potatoes. They could not be sent in bulk because they had to be moved from train to ship in Boston. Father did not like the idea of putting them in bags although I think he did send some

in bags to a firm in Boston later on. We finally decided to see how many used flour barrels he could buy. He hired an Indian boy and his father's old horse and sled and one of our own boys or a neighbour went along to make change. The old horse was on its last legs through abuse and starvation but it had been a trotter. Oats were plentiful and good feeding soon renewed its youth. The boys said it had rheumatism and declared that they had to hoist it on to its feet in the morning with a block and tackle but when it got up it could go. I watched it come straight up the glare ice one day from Morrison's Mills (there were no bridges to break the view). The boys had two tiers of barrels tied on the sled and a barrel bottom up on each tall stake. The old horse was well shod and it was travelling fast. The rattle as they came closer could only be compared to an earthquake.

To make heads for the barrels, father bought hemlock boards half the width of the top of the barrel, and hired Jesse Morehouse to saw them out with a narrow-bladed bucksaw. Practically all of the barrels bought had the bottoms in them so they only needed a head. He had a brass stencil made which read "Early Rose Potatoes. O'Connor & Judge, New York City, from S. Dayton, Fredericton, N. B. Can." They used red ochre and paint oil and the small side of a shoe brush to put the address on the new end of the barrels.

There were no steam-heated cars. A stove had to be sent with every car and a boy or man went

as far as Bangor in the car to keep the fire going and one of the railroad men built another fire between Bangor and Boston. The stoves were made to order of sheet iron like a drum. Half the top was hinged and three strips of inch iron rod made legs and two inches bent at right angles made feet. For a draft a circle was cut out of the front and a tongue of sheet iron with a rolled up outer end slid back and forth over the hole in two folds rivetted on. The stoves had to be cheap for sometimes they failed to return. They were supposed to be put on the train and come back as freight. At first the men were allowed to go as far as Boston in the cars and they brought the stoves back with them. It was not long before opposition to the business sprang up in Maine when farmers there began to grow potatoes for the same market and they made all the trouble they could. LeForest, the tinsmith on Phoenix Square made the stoves at first but he charged too much and then Mr. Arthur Limerick made them much cheaper.

For a while at first the duty had to be paid at Vanceboro in gold which was weighed. Some other arrangement must have been made so the duty could be paid to the acting American Vice Consul in Fredericton for I remember driving with my father to Spafford Barker's house on George Street below the Biggs house on the corner of Regent. Mr. Moffatt calls this part of George Street, Gordon's Lane. He also tells of Tom Fowler putting up a flagpole for Spafford Barker to hang out the Stars and Stripes on June 28,

1865. Mr. Barker made out the papers for each carload of potatoes sent so the duty must have been paid to him and after he died Fred Coleman made out the papers.

When the supply of used flour barrels ran out, two Indians were set to work making barrels. The staves were bought at the mill ready sawn but they had to be narrowed at the ends. The hoops were made of split white birch poles which the Indians cut somewhere out back on the hill. The customers in New York were very suspicious of the home made barrels, but the familiar head and address reassured them somewhat.

The varieties of potatoes shipped were Early Rose and Prolifics. The Early Rose was not much of a favourite here. It was a long pink potato with a red end and that made it look as if it were sun-burned but it was early. The Prolific was a good white potato. The commission merchants sent a variety which they called Snowflakes which they wanted grown. Some farmers planted them but they did not prove much of a success. The potatoes were not shipped in the coldest of the weather because there was so much danger of frost. Some of them went in the fall of the year and others were sent in the spring until the new potatoes from the Southern States were on the New York market. The time of the year when they had to be shipped were the two seasons when it was hardest to cross the river. In November and December the

river was freezing up and in March and April the ice was bad. The first wooden bridge was not built until 1885.

The business was a good deal of a gamble. One week there might be a big demand for seed for the South and the next week the market might be glutted and the price drop. Father was not in the business long before half a dozen men in Fredericton went into it too, and then there was competition. One man would get excited and run the price up till there was no money in it for anybody. Sometimes through the competition the farmers would hold their potatoes, trying to get a higher price. One man with a hundred barrels dickered first with one man and then with another one spring, until the bottom dropped out of the market and he had to feed the most of them to his pigs. Sometimes a carload would get so badly frost-bitten that it would have to be dumped into the Boston harbour. Some shippers got 'bitten' by dishonest commission merchants. One such was a man named Judge, a brother of the Judge with O'Connor. Father sent

him one carload and only got seventy dollars for it but another man we knew of sent him two carloads and got nothing for them. He turned out to be a drunkard and a bankrupt. When the farmers in Northern Maine began planting more and more potatoes they wrote to Congress that the Canadian potatoes were taking their market. They made such a fuss that the duty was raised. The business brought considerable money into the town and county. It put a new house on many a farm and paid many a long standing bill. It also gave work to a great many local men, hauling the potatoes, loading the cars, heading the barrels and so on, but it did not work very well in the confined space of a grocery store. Sometimes enough barrels for a carload would be headed up and no car would be available and everything would be crowded. One spring the cellar was full and the ice ran and jammed. The water in the river was so high that it backed up the surface sewer filling the cellar and soaking the potatoes. They all had to be dried before they could be shipped.

Men who went into the business later on built warehouses near a railway siding where the potatoes could be delivered and where the barrels could be rolled across a plank into the cars. This lowered the expenses. After the Canada Eastern was built out the Nashwaak Valley cars filled with empty barrels were taken out the railway and left on the sidings and filled there. This was a convenience for the people who lived in the back settlements, too far away to haul their potatoes to town.

Well, this is the story of the early beginnings of the New Brunswick export potato trade. There was no fortune in it in those days and plenty of worry. Taking all the years together father broke considerable more than even but the most of the men who went into the business didn't. It seems, now to have moved to Carleton and Victoria Counties and I hear that some men are making fortunes growing potatoes and shipping them out of the province. Perhaps they are but I wouldn't be surprised if the business is still quite a gamble.

Fredericton, Jan. 15th, 1945.

MEMBERS NOTES:

Since our last publication, we have become aware of the following events; and on behalf of the members of the Historical Society we wish to express our sincerest condolences to:

- Board Member, Mrs. Mona MacMillan, on the death of her sister Mrs. George Woodbury;
- Member, Mrs. Mary Hashey, on the death of her sister.

- Member, Mrs. G. Forbes, on the death of her brother Graeme Clark.
- Member, Dr. D. Murray Young, on the death of his sister Rhoda.

Birthday wishes to Mrs. Marion Hanson who celebrated her 90th birthday this year.

A CHRONICLE OF "BEECHMONT"

By Susan Squires

When we begin to delve into the past hunting for information about people and things one thought soon presents itself. How much easier the task would be if more of our predecessors had been kind enough to keep written records of themselves and their contemporaries. Who they were? Where they came from? What they did for a livelihood? And so on. Some did, but altogether too few. Perhaps they did not think there was anything in their lives to interest posterity, or perhaps they were like the old man who said, "Posterity has done nothing for me and I am not going to do anything for posterity". Then a second thought comes. When we too "have shuffled off this mortal coil" will future generations be interested in what we have done and said? Will the glamour that distance lends make our lives seem anything but ordinary?

In preparing this paper my sources of information have been a package of musty papers: deeds, mortgages, bonds and leases; Colonel Baird's "Seventy Years of New Brunswick Life"; Peter Fisher's "First History of New Brunswick"; the University Calendar; and local tradition.

Away back in the year 1800, a college called the "College of New Brunswick" was founded and incorporated by a Provincial Charter under the Great Seal of the Province and was endowed by



the Crown with certain crown lands in and near Fredericton. This Grant of lands, all under the Great Seal of the Province, bears the date July 18, 1800. It would seem that all of the land on the sidehill back of the city and extending back four miles was included in this grant. The land was divided into ranges and the ranges into lots. The lots were roughly an eighth of a mile wide or the length of a city block plus the width of a street and nearly half a mile long. The first range of lots was in what is now the city

proper, from George Street to the Railway tracks. The Alms House property and Frogmore were in the second range of lots and the "Beechmont" property was in the third range. It seems that the Governor and Trustees of the College of New Brunswick did not have the power to sell any of this land outright so they leased it.

The oldest paper in the package mentioned is a lease. A man named Duncan McLeod leased a tract or parcel of land known as the south-easterly half of pasture lot twenty-four in the third range

of lots granted to the College of New Brunswick. The half pasture lot was four and a half chains or about three hundred feet wide and thirty-seven chains up and down hill, extending from the Alms House property, then in possession of the Hon. Harris William Hailes (and known as lot 15 in the second range of lots belonging to the College of New Brunswick) to what is now known as the first cross road or Montgomery Street. The other half of lot twenty-four fronting on Poor House Road was in the possession of the Fisher Family. I have been told that Edward Fisher, a son of Peter Fisher, built the first house on this lot of land.

Although this paper was called a lease and a yearly rental of seven shillings and sixpence was paid, there was also a purchase price, although only the nominal sum of four shillings is mentioned in the lease. The lot of land contained 141 acres. One interesting thing about this lease is that it was written in duplicate and Duncan McLeod's copy is called the counterpart and he himself signed it. The College evidently kept the paper signed by the Governor of the College with his proper hand and name and to which the College Seal was affixed. The leases were signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of Jonathan Odell in February 1807.

Duncan McLeod departed this life in 1813 and his executors were John McLeod, perhaps a brother, and Peter Fraser. They had his will probated and were

very slow about settling up the business. In 1817 John McLeod died and it was still unsettled and Peter Fraser was left sole executor.

Lieut. Colonel Baird in his book "Seventy Years of New Brunswick Life" says, "An old Scotch gentleman Peter Fraser, whom I well remember in Fredericton was a buyer and exporter of peltry, perhaps the principal one in the province." The Indians had great confidence in him and he is said to have treated them kindly. Fraser's place of business was at the upper end of Waterloo Row. The building now known as Farraline Home was built by him and the wing on the upper side is said to have been his store. He also built the cottage which formerly stood where the home of Dr. A. P. Crocket now stands. Peter Fraser married a sister of Sheriff Burton. He is buried in the Old Burial Ground and the following is printed on his tombstone:

"Sacred to the memory of Peter Fraser, Esquire, Lieutenant of Militia, Justice of the Common Pleas, Justice of the Peace for the County of York and for many years a member of the Provincial Assembly. As a public man the deceased was distinguished for his independence of mind and as a private citizen he was complimented for his moral worth".

It was not until 1832 that Peter Fraser did wind up the estate of Duncan McLeod. He learned that the personal property was insufficient to pay the debts and legacies of the will so he had of necessity

to sell some of the real estate. To do so he had to apply for a License to sell, to the President, Commander-in-Chief and His Majesty's Council. When he obtained the License to sell he had to give a thirty-day notice of an Auction sale to be held at the Market House, Fredericton.

Peter Fraser's Auction was held and the half pasture lot 24 was bid in by Isaac E. Cox and he made an agreement with George Frederick Street to take over the purchase. The price paid for the land was eighty pounds and it was also subject to a yearly rental of two shillings an acre. In the first lease of February 1807 the rental for the whole tract of land was fixed at seven shillings and sixpence. The lease reads "Yielding and paying therefore yearly and every year forever unto the said Governor and Trustees of the said College of New Brunswick, their successors and assigns, the yearly rental of seven shillings and sixpence, of lawful money of New Brunswick, yet in twenty-five years the rent jumped to two shillings an acre or twenty-nine shillings for the 141 acres. This deed was signed in the presence of Wm. Taylor June 13, 1832.

An act of the General Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick entitled "an Act to confirm and perfect and carry into force and effects an agreement made between the Governor and Trustees of the College and certain of their tenants holding land subject to rentals," was passed by the Assembly in 1822 and was confirmed by the King and

Council in March 1824. The Act allowed the tenants to redeem their lands by paying to the Governor and Trustees a sum of money that would produce interest to the sum of fourfold the rent required by the lease. When George Frederick Street bought this land from Peter Fraser he immediately applied for a release from rental.

In 1823 a Provincial Act was passed on the petition of the Governor and Trustees of the College of New Brunswick, to enable them to surrender their charter to His Majesty on the condition that His Majesty would be pleased to grant another in its place and providing that in the event of a new charter being granted, His Majesty should be deemed the founder of the College. This Act was confirmed by the King in Council November 18, 1823. In 1828 the surrender of the Governor and Trustees of the College of New Brunswick of their charter was accepted and a Royal Charter bearing date December 15, 1828 was granted by the Crown incorporating the College by the name of King's College. So when George Frederick Street made application for release from rent, he received what might be called a quit claim deed from the Chancellor, President, and Scholars of King's College, Fredericton. For this release he paid the College £ 24 3s. 4fi d. As he had already paid £80 for the land at the time of purchase, it cost him something over \$500. George Frederick Street had already in 1828 bought an adjoining lot of land fronting on

Maryland Road from the executors of the Hon. George Sproul who owned the land on the north-west side of Regent St. and Maryland Road from George St. to the first cross road 10 chains deep, the Frogmore property at that time being part of the Sproul estate but occupied by Mark Needham. Sproul's executors were his daughter Frances; Amelia Moodie and her husband Robert Moodie, resident in Great Britain. The sale had been made by Ward Chipman, their attorney. This lot of land had also been released from rental to the College and contained twelve acres (10 chain deep and 13 chain along Maryland Road.) The measurement started at an old stump which was 47 chain from George St. We wondered why not Charlotte St. for we had always heard that the five long parallel streets had been laid out at the same time. We learned later that the lots in the rear of the town started from George Street. These two lots of land which George Frederick Street had bought he named "Beechmont" and here he lived until his death about 1856.

We have always been of the opinion that an old house was already on the Sproul land when George Frederick Street bought it. He curved his driveway around it and used it for a gate house. We have no definite knowledge on the subject except the apparent age of the house when we first saw it and the doubt that twelve acres of land out on the hill being worth £240 a hundred years ago unless there was some sort of house on them. It is probably a question when

sawed laths came into general use, but the older part of the house was erected before laths were made. Instead, thin strips of split pine boards were used, sometimes still clinging together and stretched apart to make the interstices to hold the mortar. What seemed to be the older part had of course a hewn pine frame, every stick made to fit a certain place and numbered with Roman numerals cut in with an axe and when erected held together with stout wooden pins. The floors and woodwork were hand-planed, the shingles on the outside wall were large handshaved pine shingles, nailed on with large hand-wrought iron nails. When the building was torn down about twenty years ago because it was so unsightly and so unsanitary some of the best of the shingles and floor boards were kept. One floor board was two feet wide and twenty-one feet two inches long and in some places almost worn through with a century's treading of restless feet. An ell, which we suppose was of later construction, was built of planks four inches thick and sixteen inches wide stood on end and spiked into a groove in the sill.

The planks were held together by three rows of inch and a half thick pins slightly tapered each way. It was a new method of building to me. There were two other buildings on the place built the same way and one of them had a brick chimney. (I have heard since that this was a French method of building).

We have always understood that Judge Street built the large

residence that stood where the present house stands. The late George Barrett gave me some description of that house and he said he was present when it burned. The main house was 36 ft. by 42 ft. with two wings and other out-buildings. It had a two-storey veranda on two sides. The height of the ceilings may be judged by the storm windows seven or eight of which are still in existence after seventy-five years. They are 7 ft. 8 in. high and 4 ft. wide. The windows they covered must have been hinged glass doors opening on the verandas as so many of the old houses had that kind of windows. The present house is built over two-thirds of the old cellar which was divided into five rooms by cross walls of brick and stone and is nine feet deep. The house must have cost considerable for the two lots of land only cost £344 and when the property was sold after Judge Street's death it brought £1300. Of course the land was improved but labour was cheap and probably some of it hired by the year. The cultivated fields were all under-drained by the French drains. These were made by digging wide ditches in which were laid two walls of stone about a foot apart and the open space covered with large flat stones then the whole was buried with about two feet of earth. This method of drainage is not nearly so good as the modern tile drain, for frost and water are both agents in their destruction, the frost displaces the stones and the water washes away the covering earth. The property was practically enclosed by stone

fences which also entailed much work and expense. Report says that Judge Street had very fine gardens and kept an English gardener. Odd flowers springing up in unusual places and discovering grass-grown gravel paths give some idea of their extent.

Miss Miles' paper on Maugerville mentioned the blossoming black locust trees. On so many of the places owned by the early settlers these locust trees are to be found. They are very beautiful trees with almost a tropical aspect and in flowering time are very delightful with their perfume and their swarms of honey-gathering bees but our climate is a little hard on them. The branches grow at such an acute angle to the trunk of the tree and the bark is so exceedingly corrugated that pockets which hold water are formed. The water works inside the bark and freezes and great slabs of the bark are loosened. We wonder if those trees were planted by the early settlers in memory of old England or their later homes in the new world. Probably the latter for the black locust is a native of the eastern United States. When they are once planted they stay for when one is cut down two or three grow up from the roots, so there are plenty of locust trees where Mr. Street's gardener set out the first ones. Many other old-fashioned shrubs and flowers still survive the years, Waxberries and syringa, white and purple lilacs, roses, lemon and orange day lilies, wild geranium (cranes-bill), columbine, narcissi and daffodils, grape hyacinths, and star of Bethlehem, bloodroot and queen-

of-the-meadow, polyanthus primroses, jump-up-Johnnies, phlox, lupins and foxgloves and yards and yards of lilies of the valley all to attest to the fact that someone loved flowers.

George Frederick Street was the son of Samuel Dennys Street who did important work during the Revolution and was taken prisoner by the Americans but escaped after a third attempt. He was the first lawyer to practise his profession in New Brunswick. Three of his sons attained eminence. George Frederick was a Judge of the Supreme Court and Advocate General, John Ambrose was Attorney General of the Province and leader of the Government and William H. Street was Mayor of Saint John. It seems as if George Frederick has been remembered more particularly as one of the two men who fought the last duel in New Brunswick. Both men were Members of the Legislature and they quarrelled over some trifle in the House. Lieut. Colonel Baird gives a short account of this duel in his book which may be of interest. Street's opponent was George Ludlow Wetmore and they fought with pistols on October 2, 1821, between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning, on the farm of John Segee in New Maryland. The seconds were a Mr. Davies and a Mr. Winslow. The parties stood about fifteen paces apart. The first shots were harmless so they fired again. Street's bullet struck Wetmore's right arm and glanced and entered his right temple. He lived two hours but did not speak again. Mr. Street and the seconds left on

horseback for St. Andrews and then into Maine. They stayed away until December when Mr. Street and his second came back and were imprisoned. They were tried by the Supreme Court the next October and discharged because there was not sufficient evidence against them.

Judge Street died some time before May 1st, 1856, for on that date the two lots of land called "Beechmont" were sold by his executors after his will had been duly probated. His executors were his widow Frances Maria Adams Street, his son-in-law William Frederick Foxcroft Jones, both living at the time at Corfu, Ionian Islands, and his brother George D. Street of St. Andrews.

Dr. Hiram Dow was the purchaser. Dr. Dow was an American physician, living in Fredericton at the time and he was quite a local celebrity. Whether he was a skillful doctor does not seem to be handed down. When there was a report last summer about the return of the sturgeons to the river, it recalled to my mind the opinion of one of the old residents of St. Mary's. Whenever the rivers fabled fish was mentioned he always said that the sturgeons were all fished out of the river to supply the demand for Dow's Sturgeon Oil Liniment. Other authorities claim that the fish were illegally fished out by American fishermen. Dr. Dow is said to have bought the fish and made liniment from the oil. Some people swore by it and used it for all of their external ills but the more sceptical claimed it was

mostly soft soap of which the doctor is said to have bought barrels.

One story of the doctor's own telling has been remembered. About 1864 or '65, an epidemic of diphtheria raged up and down both sides of the river and out into all of the back settlements and people of all ages but especially children died by the scores. It was a new disease and no one knew much about its treatment or that it was very contagious. Doctors in the country districts were few and far between. Dr. Dow claimed he could start from Fredericton one morning, drive up one side of the river, cross over and come back on the other side the next day and have a hundred dollars in his pocket when he got home because so many people would hear he was on the road and rush out to have him visit their sick. A hundred dollars was more money in those days than it is today too. The woman who remembered the story had the disease and lived through it. She said that one day her father hurried in and told her that Dr. Dow was on his way up from Fredericton and should he bring him in to see her. She was a woman of twenty-five and had a mind of her own so she told her father not to, that she would cure herself which she did by swabbing her throat out with burnt alum and breathing the fumes of boiling vinegar but it was several years before she recovered from the effects of the disease. Another woman from Maugerville did not fare so well. She was a child at the time of the epidemic. After the diphtheria had spent itself on her throat it settled in her foot

which began to pain and turn black. Her mother put a poultice of wormwood and vinegar on the leg from knee to ankle. The mortification stopped at the edge of the poultice and the foot afterwards dried up and dropped off. This was the woman's own story as to how she lost her foot. When she later worked in St. Mary's she was minus a foot and walked with a crutch with a padded kneerest. The story sounds improbable but we believed it. We can be thankful for modern methods in the treatment of this dreadful disease.

Another story told of the doctor was a row he had with a local politician and stump orator called Billy Needham. Perhaps the doctor got the better of Billy in a wordy war for Billy ended by saying that the Doctor's first copper was yet to rattle on the collection plate. As the doctor was for years a member of the Methodist choir then under the leadership of Hon. L. A. Wilmot perhaps he thought he was working his passage to heaven and did not need to pay his way. But it is probable that Dr. Dow was a match for even Billy Needham.

The doctor had posed as a bachelor and was very popular with the ladies but considered a great flirt. Several of the city belles were buoyed up with the hope of having "Beloved wife of Hiram Dow" carved on their gravestones but they waited in vain for a proposal. They would not even have sued him for breach of promise if he had proposed for it later transpired that he had a demented wife in an American

hospital for the insane. This fact did not keep the doctor from enjoying himself, however.

It was reported that the doctor bought the Beechmont property for a stock farm and intended to breed race horses but there is no record that he ever attempted it. Perhaps the fact that the big house burned about a year and a half after he bought it put an end to his plans. Some of his enemies said that he burned it for the insurance. The person who told the story evidently was unaware that he only paid £150 of the purchase price and that the executors of G. F. Street held a mortgage for the balance. In the mortgage the doctor agreed to keep the building insured for £600 in the old Central Tire Insurance and the money would of necessity be handed over to the mortgagees.

After the fire the land was sold for £474 4s.4d. on March 1st, 1858. Christie Broderick, as he was commonly called, was a local butcher who probably bought the land for pasture for his cattle and sheep. In those days the butchers drove out all over the country and bought up their animals, brought them to town and killed them as they needed them. So many things that used to be common sights have passed from our thoughts until recalled by some unusual occurrence. Those droves of cattle and flocks of sheep, how one used to meet them on the country roads. There would be a couple of drovers and sometimes a dog with the herd and a sheep cart or waggon driven by a boy following along behind.

Sometimes an unruly cow would have her head tied to her foot so she could only hobble along. Sometimes a steer or bull, its mouth flecked with foam would have a bag tied over its eyes or a square of board suspended from both horns so it could only see the road. Each sheep in the flock would have a big cross on its wool made with blue or red chalk so that if one strayed from the flock it could be easily recognized.

From all the country on the north side of the river they had to be brought across on the ferry boat. The cattle were driven more easily than the sheep. Sometimes many of the sheep had to be carried onto the boat to get the rest of the flock started and then the drovers had to be on the watch for as the saying is "When one sheep jumps, they all jump". Mutton was used much more then than now. The Old Country people liked a saddle of mutton, boiled mutton, mutton chops and they even corned it. The cattle were sleek and well fattened and were not all for home consumption for droves of cattle were taken on foot to the Boston market.

It would seem as if more cattle were fattened then than now. Why does New Brunswick import so much of its beef from the West? Christopher Broderick must have been quite a prosperous businessman for although he only had the property for six years he paid off the mortgage with which it was encumbered and built the present house. We have heard that he had the contract to supply the soldiers then stationed in

Fredericton with meat. One York County boy who succeeded in life made his first trip to Boston on foot driving cattle. He obtained employment in a big grocery firm, worked his way to the top, married the daughter of one of the firm, was made partner and finally owned the whole business and died wealthy. He used to make frequent visits to Fredericton to visit his mother who was a sister of Billy Needham of whom I have written considerable. He also made frequent donations to Victoria Public Hospital.

On June 16, 1864 Major Charles Colquhoun Pye bought the place. Major Pye was an officer in the British Regiment here at the time. He paid £1000 of lawful money of N. B. for it. Mrs. Pye was said to be a very wealthy woman. The story as it was told to us was that she was worth "a guinea a minute" which sounds large. One story which can be vouched for is that when she made a visit to England during her residence in Fredericton she had so much jewellery that she only took part of it with her leaving one valuable casket of jewels with a woman who did fine sewing for her and whom no one would suspect of having anything valuable in her house. Another story that has been handed down is of her interest in and assistance to small country churches, one near Keswick Ridge having a memorial window to herself and her husband. A man who said he worked for Major Pye said that the rustic summer house in the orchard was built during the time Major Pye owned the property. The story

was that a plan of the summer house was given to a man in New Maryland and he cut all the pieces of spruce according to the plan and put it together afterwards. The most improbable part of the story was that it cost a thousand dollars. This was one of the many stories retailed to us that had to be taken with a grain of salt.

Beechmont in the late 1800's. (Photo courtesy of New Brunswick Provincial Archives.)

When Major Pye's time in Fredericton was up he sold the place to John J. Rowan who was another officer. The deed Rowan gave to his successor does not state what rank he held when in Fredericton but when he visited the place years afterwards accompanied by his daughter, he was a Lieut. Colonel. He had retired from the Army and settled in British Columbia. The deed from Pye to Rowan is the only one missing in the whole package. The next purchaser was a woman, Ellen Caroline Mucham, wife of Charles Mucham April 23, 1870. We have been told that Mucham was also an officer, someone said a Major. He does not seem to

have left any footprints on the sands of time. Mrs. Mucham paid for the place in dollars, \$2800 of them, as the currency of New Brunswick had changed from pounds to dollars some time previously.

After Mrs. Mucham came John Henry Phair on January 23rd, 1874, and Richard Phillips in October 1885. These two men were native New Brunswickers. This brings us to modern history and needs no comment. The present owners came into possession in November 1897 and are still here.

In closing two more thoughts present themselves. The first is the remorselessness of time. It stands still for neither peer nor peasant. They both move on and off the stage of life. The people mentioned in the old packet of papers have all departed this life. Most of their children followed them. Few of their descendants live in Fredericton now, mute evidence of how the population of any place changes. "They died, aye they died, and we things that are now who walk on the turf that lies over their brows who make in

their dwellings a transient abode" we too shall move on when our task is finished.

The second thought is expressed in the words of William Cullen Bryant which are applicable for us all.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravan which moves to that mysterious realm where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death, thou go not like a quarry slave at night scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust. Approach thy grave like one who wraps the draperies of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

(Other names mentioned in the papers but not referred to in this essay are: Wm. W. Street, Wm. Conners, John F. Smith, Registrar, Hon. Harris Hatch, M.L.A., Francis McManus, J., of N. B. for Charlotte Co., Havelock, Coy, William H. Quinn, Joseph Beek, Registrar, Alex Colter, A. F. Randolph, Geo. Segee. and F.A.H. Stratton, Notary.)



BARN SWALLOWS

By Susan Squires



During the last four years as occasion offered I have been watching the habits of a pair of barn swallows. They arrived first some time in June, 1924. I wondered why they came so late in the season but one of my neighbours told me afterwards that a pair of barn swallows had come to his barn that spring and had built a nest on the track of his hay pitcher. He did not find the nest until it was finished and then he had to destroy it and the birds left the barn. The probabilities are that they were the same pair of swallows. In our barn they found a partly built and deserted nest of another pair of barn swallows that had been there a number of years before. It was on a piece of timber which was spiked to two rafters in the peak of the barn and the hooks of the hay pitcher were attached to it. They took possession of this old nest and began carrying mud and grass and soon finished it. The female laid her eggs and incubation began. The male would sit on the peak of the roof outside directly over her head and talk to her through the roof. The birds both seemed to be very nervous, easily excited, and afraid of everybody and everything.

We had an old tom-cat with a bell on him who behaved fairly

well towards birds as a rule because he was afraid of consequences. The swallows led him a life. Every time they saw him in the barnyard they would swoop down on him, sometimes one after the other, until he would run for his life and get under cover. They would even dive at him if he happened to be on the front verandah steps, clear around on the other side of the house. One day a neighbour's half-grown kitten strayed into the yard and the birds tried the same tactics. The kitten crouched down for a while as if afraid for its head, but soon its feline nature got the better of its fears and it stood up on its hind feet and batted at the birds with claws extended. Then the swallows concluded they had better leave it alone. One day a young robin got into the barn somehow and those two swallows had carried it from beam to beam until it was about exhausted when we found it. It was caught and put out in the yard on the woodpile and it sat still for nearly an hour to rest.

We were hoping that the young birds would be able to fly before we had to use the hay pitcher, but they were not. When the men first began to haul in the hay, the birds whirled round and

round and dived at the head of the man on the load and when the pitcher was finally used they nearly went frantic. They soon learned, however, that the rope slipping through the pulley did not move the nest or hurt the young ones, so they got used to it. The pair started house-keeping so late that year that they only raised one brood of four birds and they disappeared about the first of September.

The next spring, what was undoubtedly the same pair of birds came back alone on the nineteenth of May. They again repaired the old nest and raised their family of four in it. This summer they were less nervous and paid no attention to a person walking across the yard or entering the barn but they still fought the cat. One odd thing I noticed, we had a young pup around the yard about the size of the cat, and the swallows did not bother him at all. After the first brood had learned to fly, we saw the adults carrying the nesting material into the barn, but it was some time before we found out where they had built. Not until they began to carry food to the second brood were we sure.

It was not until August 23rd that I heard twittering in the old

nest. The weather was cold and rainy for a week at a stretch and the birds were kept busy trying to feed a family. It was the eighth of September when the first young one left the nest, hopped down to the pulley and out on the rope. Next day two more ventured out. On the tenth all four were perched in a row, but returned to the nest at night. On the morning of the 11th it was bright and clear with the sun shining, but with a touch of frost in the year. I went out and opened the big barn doors and sat down on a stool to watch the little birds make their first venture into the outside world. I timed the old birds by my watch to see how long it took them to go out, catch a mouthful of insects and return. The two birds made 28 trips in 50 minutes or about one trip in two minutes. I wondered where they could find insects at all, the weather had been so cold and wet. Neither bird rested at all in the half hour I sat and watched. Despite the fact that the young birds changed their positions on the rope quite frequently the old birds fed them in turn fairly well. With the doors open and the sunshine pouring in, the babies began to take short flights around the inside of the barn and seemed to catch an occasional fly. By nine o'clock the strongest of the four

had been outside and back several times and by dinner-time they were all flying and resting on the roofs of the house and barn. They returned to the barn nights until the 15th, and then they were able to fly well enough to start on their long journey south. Last spring (1927) the pair came back on May 21st and again they reversed the order of occupying the two nests, using the nest for the first family and the nursery for the second, with four birds in each brood.

The question that puzzles me is what happens to all the young birds, for the parents come back alone each year. They have raised 29 young ones in the four years - all healthy and strong - but none has come back to the same place where they were hatched. The first time they used the shelf nest for the first brood they had five young birds. Mr. Jack Miner speaks as if the barn swallows always had five in their first brood, but on only the one occasion did I see five. Perhaps they found the five too many to feed. Another puzzle is where the first brood goes to after they learn to fly well; they do not come back to the barn even to spend the nights. Once or twice during the remainder of the season they will come back, sail around for perhaps an hour, and then dis-

appear again and on no occasion have I seen the two broods flying around together. It does not even seem as if the first brood waits to migrate with their parents unless there is some general rendezvous for all the swallows in the neighbourhood of which I know nothing.

One little incident that I saw was rather curious. A young bird after it had learned to fly well was carrying a small goose feather in its bill. It would fly high up in the air and drop the feather, then it would sail around in a big circle and catch the feather before it reached the ground. It repeated this performance again and again. I wondered if it were playing with the feather or if it dropped it accidentally, but it really seemed as if it were trying to play.

I have been amused at the way the birds have gained confidence year after year. They were so nervous and easily frightened the first summer and last year nothing seemed to worry them at all; they acted as if they owned the place.



Lives Lived

John D. Ross

Physiotherapist, walker, amateur historian, CBC listener, family man. Born July 13, 1911, in Glasgow, Scotland. Died Feb. 5, 2002, of natural causes in Fredericton, New Brunswick, aged 90.

John Ross often said, "I'm a lucky old bugger." So he was, but he created much of that luck. The son of a pay-clerk at the John Brown Clydebank shipyard, he trained as a physiotherapist in Glasgow where he eked out his modest pay by selling dentures. In 1954, well into his forties, he temporarily left his beloved wife, Nancy, and two young children, for a job in Saskatoon where he lived modestly in order to send as much money as possible back home. (He remained the consummate family man, relishing in his later years, a close relationship with his grandchildren.) The next year he became chief physiotherapist at the polio clinic in Fredericton where his family soon joined him. He remained as director of physiotherapy until his retirement in 1975. During that time he gained an almost legendary reputation with doctors and nurses for his kindly but firm treatment of patients and for training new staff, many of whom went on to successful careers elsewhere.

In many ways the quintessential Lowland Scot, he physically resembled Sir Harry Lauder and was as feisty as those bantamweight boxers, like Jackie Paterson, he admired in his youth. John was involved in amateur boxing in Glasgow that later led to his participation in sports medicine at the University of New Brunswick. He was incredibly fit, whether charging up a salmon stream, walking for an hour home from the tavern, or hiking across Scotland from sea to sea (the latter when in his eighties).

Quite early on John was persuaded to join the Fredericton Society of Saint Andrew and remained a devoted member for the rest of his life. Membership deepened his appreciation of his native land. It sparked a keen interest in Robert Burns. He amassed a magnificent Burns library and became a published Burns scholar. An excellent amateur historian, he spent five years organizing and cataloguing the Society's substantial archives. In his sixties John took up Highland dancing and for the next decade was a skilled participant.

Although quick to criticize his native land (for example, he was contemptuous of the guff regarding tartan and clans), John was a fierce defender of Scotland, sometimes with a humourless fanaticism. He took exception to a supermarket chain that featured the symbol of the penny-pinching Scot. He crusaded against a popular guidebook that seemed to insult Fredericton's Burns statue. And woe betide the CBC announcer who disparaged haggis.

John was equally as patriotic a Canadian as Scot. He was as delighted to fly fish in New Brunswick as Scotland. A Tilley hat topped his usual garb of Harris tweed jacket and hand woven wool tie. An enthusiastic cook he enjoyed fiddleheads and Digby scallops as much as scones and haggis. In retirement he paid many visits to Scotland but took equal delight exploring Canada. His only complaint about never owning a car was that it limited his ability to travel in the Maritimes.

John deserted the church of his upbringing but remained a sort of secular Presbyterian. He separated the world into the saved and the damned in a sometimes less than kindly way. He embraced egalitarianism. It was a treat to sit with him in a bar and see the range of friends (often former patients) who came by: captains of industry, cabinet ministers, doctors, students, shop assistants, jailbirds — they were all "Jock Tamson's bairns." He was the classic Scottish autodidact, listening to CBC radio, taking evening classes, attending public lectures and joining various societies. When visiting Scotland it was never enough simply to have a good time, he had to do something constructive — a Jean Redpath folk seminar or a photography course at St Andrews University where he won a prize. As someone put it, if John knew he would die tomorrow he'd start a new hobby that evening.

If anyone led a full life it was John Ross. We should all be so lucky.

Wallace Brown

Wallace Brown was an old Fredericton friend of John Ross.

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A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.—(*Drawn by CHARLES CROMBIE.*)

"Oh, Reggie, don't give it to him; give it to his father!"

Carving of the organ grinder on the back cover by Susan Katherine Squires based on the drawing above.

