WESTMORLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER

VOLUME 53 ISSUE # 3 SEPTEMBER, 2018 ISBN320813

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Thanks to our many volunteers, our Museum Manager Donald Alward and his staff, and to Dee Milliken, our enthusiastic Supervisor at St. James Textile Museum, Keillor House was able to mount an impressive calendar of workshops and events over the summer months. And this fall three special activities are planned. On September 22, you are invited to have 'Dinner with the Keillors' (reservations required). The evening includes a three course roast beef meal with traditional Yorkshire foods and wine. Mr. and Mrs. Keillor will welcome their guests and explain the traditions behind the various dishes served. This event was quickly sold out last year, so you need to book early. On November 24 and December 1, our annual Victorian Christmas Dinners will feature four-courses with wine and live musical entertainment. These dinners are also very popular, so don't be disappointed. For reservations, contact Donald at 379-6620. Tickets for the highly successful Haunted House Tours (October 19,20,26,27)—our most successful fund-raiser—are available at the door. Please encourage your friends to attend. It's the best Halloween experience in the Maritimes!

Event Highlights: As part of the Sandpiper Festival (July 28), Keillor House hosted the official breakfast for over 140 participants, our biggest number ever! I want to thank the six Society volunteers who worked so diligently with our staff to meet the unexpected demand. Although we prepared for greater numbers, an 'emergency run' for more pancake batter was necessary, and with the local store now closed this meant a trip to Sackville. There were some delays, and we apologize that some attendees had too long a wait—thank you for understanding. New (professional) signage for the Sandpiper Breakfast was developed by the village this year, and was especially effective at promoting the Festival Brand and attracting many new visitors.

Over 150 people visited the Heritage Fair that day. Though attendance was somewhat down from last year, the nine vendors/demonstrators did a wonderful job. I want to thank particularly Inga and Gay Hanson and newcomers Steve Jones (fishnet) and David Blacklock (blacksmithing). Because the focus of festival activities this year was on Cape Road and Richard Park, the Heritage Fair was not so much on the visible landscape. Although the pros and cons—and logistic needs—would have to be carefully weighed, perhaps we should consider whether we might host the Fair at the Richard Park next year.

Walking Tour Update: As you might

KEILLOR HOUSE MUSEUM —SPECIAL EVENTS

Dinner with the Keillors-Keillor House Museum

Sept. 22 6:00 pm

Join us for a Yorkshire-inspired dining experience that you will not soon forget. Wine included. Reservations required

$25.00

506-379-6633
www.keillorhousemuseum.com

Haunted House Tour Keillor House Museum

Oct.19,20,26,27: 7-9 pm

Sooo..scary! It gets bigger and better every year. For ghosts & goblins of all ages, but not recommended for small children or those with weak hearts

$12.00 adults, $10 students, $40 family

506-379-6633
www.keillorhousemuseum.com

Victorian Christmas Dinner Keillor House Museum

Nov. 24 & Dec.1: 6:30-10 pm

An elegant four-course dinner served in the glow of candlelight with crackling hearth and live music

$65.00 (tax receipt)

Be sure to book early

506 379-6620 Alice Folkins

www.keillorhousemuseum.com

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Museum Manager/Curator's Report

Since my report last September I have learned even more about how things work here at Keillor House Museum and St. James Textile Museum. Dinner with the Keillors, the Haunted House Tours, and the Victorian Christmas Dinners were all eye opening.

Things settled down for me for a short time before we got word about a small grant from the Council of Archives New Brunswick so that I could do some much needed work with our archives housed at Mount Allison University Archives. I was able to get through most of the material to write a descriptive finding aid that will eventually be shared publicly through the CANB website. That was quickly followed by another grant secured from Heritage Branch of Tourism, Heritage & Culture to create a new exhibit titled 'Your Smartphone'.

In the meantime, our digital database was converted to Collective Access through a project spearheaded by the Association Heritage New Brunswick and Heritage Branch of Tourism, Heritage & Culture. The saying adapted from a line in "To a Mouse" by Robert Burns comes to mind: The best-laid plans of mice and men often go awry. Well, they went awry. Before the database could be converted, I needed to copy it onto a USB stick. The computer that held the data decided to start acting up. To make a long story short, immediately after copying the data, but before copying the pictures, the computer decided to die. I don't mean just stopped working; I mean sparks and smoke kind of die. Rest assured though, the data was converted and nothing but the pictures was lost. On a positive note, one of the students working here this summer successfully recovered the pictures from the ashes so I just need to re-link them into the database.

Speaking of pictures, I was able to attend a workshop presented by the Canadian Conservation Institute on Digital Documentation of Museum Objects. It offered a very useful and practical look at the best practices for photographing museum artefacts.

Last year I reported that it had been a running line between myself and Alice Folkins that whenever she showed me how something had been done here in the past, she always added, "but you can change that however you want," to which I always replied "I need to see how things have worked here before I can make any suggestions for change." To sum up the 2018 season as concisely as possible, I would just say that this has been a year of changes. I think I started with the admission prices and how Keillor House and St. James operate together. Although a thorough evaluation needs to be completed, the concept of 'buy admission at one museum and get the other free' seems to have been a success.

Besides the new exhibit 'Your Smartphone', some other changes have been made to some exhibits. At Keillor House the Dining Room table has been set with dishes and cutlery, a couple of small pieces have been added to the Parlour, the Hearth Kitchen has been re-arranged for the Hearth Cooking Experience, the Hired Hand's Room received a couple more pieces of furniture, the Guest Bedroom has been changed and a new (to us) set of furniture has been placed in the Master Bedroom (see related article on p. 15), the Butler's Pantry was adjusted, each of the three Dressing Rooms was changed, and things were re-arranged and added to the Coach House: when I stop and think about it, something was changed in every room. At St. James a new-to-us Millville loom was added and the whole centre section of the museum was re-arranged. If you have not visited the museums lately, you haven't seen it all!

We are currently working on a project that will see the Library and Genealogy holdings described and indexed to make them searchable and more user friendly.

The summer student team has been great this year. Some have returned from last year along with a couple of new faces. Thank you all for helping make every day interesting:

Samuel Goguen, a Mathieu-Martin High School graduate in the International Baccalaureate program going on to study Psychology at Memorial University in Newfoundland. Returned to us through a Young Canada Works in Heritage position with federal funding.

Continued next page

recall from our *Newsletter* of February 2018, Bonnie Swift, one of our Board members, has developed a 15-page colour booklet *Historic Dorchester—A Walking Tour*, focussing on 15 historic buildings, with current and historic pictures. Bonnie has prepared a digital version, which is now available in English for both Android and iPhone formats. The project is run through Balado Discovery GPS (Balado Tours), whose touring packages and applications are used all over Canada. The Department of Tourism and Heritage helped with the project, with WHS contributing 50% of the needed funds. The French translation of the tour is currently in progress and we expect it to be available this fall. The 15-page colour booklet may be purchased in the Gift Shop. Thank you, Bonnie, for taking on this project and seeing it to completion.

St. James Textiles for Sale: Over the course of the season, Dee and her staff have produced some remarkable textiles—shawls, tea towels, and other items, which are offered for sale at St. James. Some of this beautiful work will be in the Gift Shop at Keillor House at the Harvest Supper and Victorian Dinners. These items would make exceptional Christmas gifts—the quality is outstanding. If you are attending these events, be sure to pay a visit to the Gift Shop. See Dee's report, p. 15.

Properties Update: Capital and maintenance expenses this year were unusually high. They included structural repairs in two buildings, a safety fence, other insurance mandated purchases, and unusual expenses related to apartment appliances. At the Bell Inn these included an extensive chimney rebuild and repairs to the stone foundation. At the Landry House we needed new stoves and refrigerators, a new dryer, and new insulation in the basement. In the Payzant-Card Building three new windows were installed, along with new window frames. It was an expensive year!

Work on the newest apartment in Landry House continues, with plumbing (new shower, new sink) and electrical work completed, and work to begin shortly on new flooring and the installation of kitchen cupboards. A special thanks to Reg Tower who generously donated a set of kitchen cabinets—and delivered them. (Reg was building a custom kitchen for a client, and was able to secure the older cupboards for us at no cost.) Thank you, Reg, for keeping us in mind.

A New Program from the Province: This fall we have been able to hire three seniors (55 plus) under a program offered by the Tourism Employment Fund for Seniors through Post-Secondary Education, Training and Labour, to conduct tours and carry out other duties at the museum during the shoulder season. The province covers 100% of the cost. If you are interested in participating in this program next year, contact Donald. A few faithful members have volunteered year after year, and this program allows us to offer them some well-deserved financial help.

Thanks again to all our volunteers and supporters. It's your work that keeps our museums open as active forces in the community. Well done, everyone!

Cole Morison

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Lucas Doucette, a Dalhousie University student studying for pre-law. Returned to us through a Canada Summer Jobs position with federal funding.

Alanna Mitton, a Tantramar High School graduate going on to study Youth and Child Care with Addictions Counselling at Eastern College in Moncton. Returned to us through a Community Museums Summer Employment Program position with provincial funding.

Freya Milliken, a grade 11 student at Tantramar High School with a passion for music and Dorchester history. With us through a Community Museums Summer Employment Program position with provincial funding.

Zachary Gauthier, a Mathieu-Martin High School graduate going on to study System Management and Cyber Security at Oulton College in Moncton. With us through a Young Canada Works in Both Official Languages position with federal funding.

To complete the team, we again had the tremendously talented Dee Milliken. I know I said this last year, but it is worth saying again, Dee is such a great asset to the museums. Thank you Dee. *Continued next page*

The attendance at the museum has been down this year compared to last. We have only been averaging 7 people per day compared to 8 per day last year. I don't really know why, but I suspect that Canada 150 and free admission to National Parks last year has something to do with it.

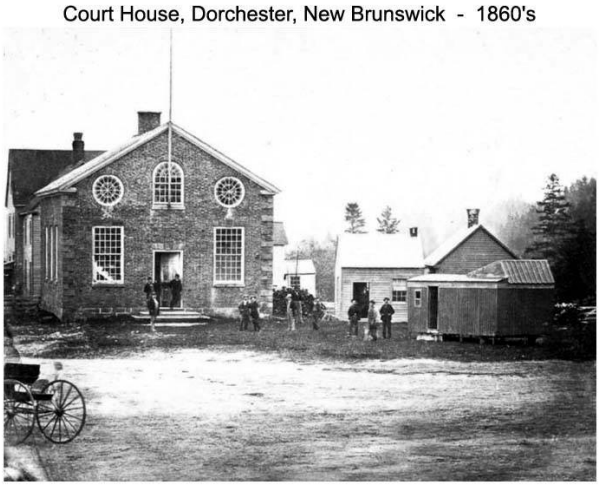
In closing I would like to thank the Westmorland Historical Society for having faith in me and for supporting my decisions and changes. I have one last change to mention that won't be effective until next season. Starting with 2019, the Keillor House Museum and St. James Textile Museum will both be open seven days per week! See you again next year!

Yours in History,
Donald Alward

DORCHESTER'S SECOND JAIL AND HANGING

As we learned in the June 2018 issue, Dorchester's first courthouse, a wooden structure that also housed the jail, burned to the ground in 1820 when some prisoners set it on fire in order to facilitate their escape. In March of the following year the provincial legislature duly passed an act empowering the Westmorland Justices of the Peace to let out contracts for a new building "on or near the site of the former buildings," (viz. on the land donated by John Keillor), the cost not to exceed five hundred pounds. Although I found no further evidence of the final cost, I would bet that it exceeded that figure by a considerable amount. The wooden building cost £700 in 1802-03 and the new one was not only built of much more expensive brick (presumably to reduce the fire hazard), it was actually two separate brick buildings, one for the courthouse and the other for the jail.

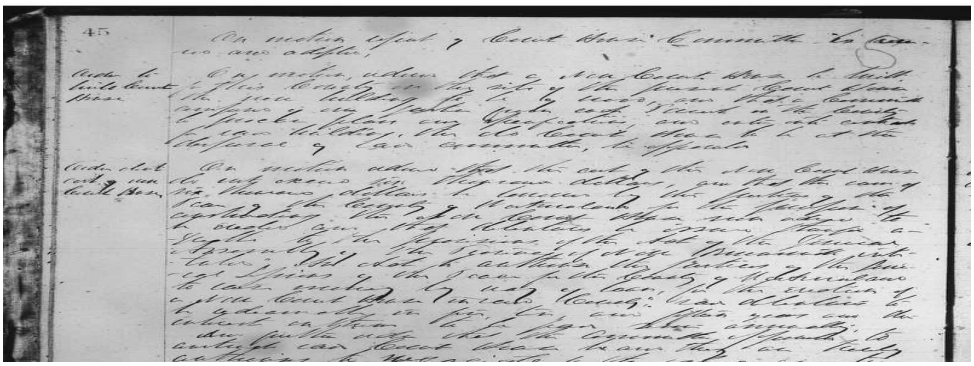
The courthouse was replaced by another wooden structure in 1876-77, but the jail is still standing—or at least I *think* it is. There is a photo of the second courthouse in the provincial archives taken in the 1860's and it shows a very handsome, although rather smallish, 1½-story brick edifice built in the Georgian Style, complete with freestone trimmings. The present provincial jail (for most of its life it was actually the *county* jail) very much resembles it in general style, and that is one of my arguments that it was built at the same time.



My other argument for this date is that I could find no mention of a jail in the record of the General Sessions of the Peace for 1874-75, when the building of the new wooden courthouse was first discussed and decided. I was able to learn only that the December 1874 General Sessions "ordered that a new Court House be built for this County on the site of the present Court house, the new building to be wood…" There is no mention of a jail, and if we assume that the one built in 1820-21 was still sound and had adequate space (which the brick courthouse may not have had), there is no reason why it should have been mentioned.

On the other hand, I cannot absolutely swear that there is no mention of a jail in the record of the General Sessions of the Peace for those years because it is extremely difficult—indeed in many places impossible—to read. The Court Clerk (who will go unnamed) should have had his ears fattened. He was paid to keep a public record that was supposed to be legible, but, instead, he

scribbled it out in such an impossible scrawl that even with all my experience in reading old records I was unable to decipher large portions of it without expending far more effort than seemed reasonable, considering my advanced years and flagging energies. Just to give you an idea of how bad the handwriting is, and how much I suffered to bring you this information, here is the section that contains the words "ordered that a new Court House be built for this County on the site of the present Court house, the new building to be wood…" And this is one of the more legible sections!



Dorchester's first courthouse and jail had to wait twenty years for its first and only hanging. The second one was even slower in coming. Forty-three years elapsed between the setting of the jail's cornerstone and the erection of its first (and also its last) gallows in September 1864. The 'hangee' was an eighteen-year-old boy by the name of Amos Hicks and, while the murder was not nearly as gruesome as the one Amos Babcock perpetrated on his sister, Mercy Hall, it was far more controversial at the time. In many respects we can know much more about it, as the newspapers covered it in considerable detail. The *Saint John Morning Telegraph* even included the coroner's report, which itself included the statements of key witnesses and, most dramatically of all, the gallows testimony of Amos Hicks. Unfortunately for the purpose of judging the controversy fairly, all the records of the New Brunswick Supreme Court where the trial was held (on circuit in Dorchester, not at a regular session in Fredericton) have been lost. Thus, although we can surmise a good deal from the newspaper accounts, we have no direct evidence of either the Crown's case or the defendant's. We don't even know what the defendant's plea was, or who represented him. I will come back to this point in due course. For now, let's get the story started.

THE QUEEN V. AMOS HICKS 1864

It all began with a dispute between Zachariah (or Zack) Tingley of Dorchester and William Hill, an elderly man—said to have been a former British soldier—whom Tingly accused of squatting on his land. I did not investigate the ownership issue, which was not discussed in the newspaper accounts, but the coroner's report makes it clear that at the time of his murder he was cutting wood on land claimed by Tingley. Tingley had his young nephew, Amos Hicks of Sackville, living with him as his hired man. According to the story Amos told later—and insisted on in his testimony on the gallows—from the first day in his house, his uncle complained bitterly to him of Hill and constantly pressured him to drive him off the land, or if he wouldn't leave, to shoot him. For a long time Amos steadfastly refused, saying he did not want to hurt the old man, and that "they would hang him" if he shot him. But Zack persisted, emphasizing how much he was bothered by Hill and promising that if Amos did have to shoot him he would see to it that Albert J. Smith and Acalus Palmer, Dorchester's two best lawyers at the time, defended him, and he assured him that they would get him off the hook. He also promised that when they did, he would give Amos "a horse and enough land to make a good farm."

On the morning of the murder (February 3, 1864), again according to Hick's dying testimony, Uncle Zack told him to go up with horse and sleigh to where Hill was cutting wood and order him off the land, and if he didn't leave, to shoot him. He also told him to "take his [Zack's] gun and load her. He took his hand out of his pocket and gave me a ball, and told me to put that in the gun, and to put a good charge of powder in her, and to go up there and see if Hill was there…I told him I did not want to do it. He said he would see I was all right." Zack also gave him instructions on what to do after the shooting. We will follow that story later.

Amos then said that he loaded the gun as ordered and went up to the land in question where he found Hill with his son. " I told Hill uncle Zack told me to go up there and order him off, and if he did not go, to shoot him. He said, before he would go, he would die. I forget exactly what took place then, but I remember telling him he had best go off or else he would be shot. He said he would not go. This is all I remember saying to Hill. I then went back a short distance and something told me to shoot him and be done with it. I did so…"

The coroner's report (incidentally, the Coroner was Andrew Weldon, owner of the Weldon Hotel, now called the Payzant-Card Building) included the eyewitness account of Hill's son, George (age seventeen), and it casts a somewhat different light on the unfortunate train of events. George said that Amos talked with his father about half an hour and that the conversation seemed "good-natured," given the seriousness of the subject. After denying that he had anything to do with tearing down Hill's house, Amos asked him "whether he would quit working on the land or go to the Penitentiary." When Hill replied that he was ready to go to jail if he had done anything that could send him there, Hicks asked if he was going to bring another lawsuit against his uncle. Hill answered in the affirmative and asked if he had helped take the logs from his [Hill's] mill. After further polite but hostile banter of this nature they started talking about the fine winter weather—great for hauling logs. At this point Hicks started to leave and the Hills thought he was headed for home. Instead, "he went a short distance and sat down on a log. He then came back again and asked father if he thought there were any partridges around there. Father replied that he…had not seen any. Hicks had a gun in his hand all the while. He then stepped back behind a tree about eighty feet from where father was standing and pointed the gun at father, in that direction. The gun went off. At this time my father was trimming a felled tree with his back towards Hicks. My father said to me, 'run for Mr. Card [a near-by neighbour]… I did not see father fall…"

The coroner's jury also heard the sworn testimony of another deponent, a John Briggs who knew Amos well. He said that the week before the murder they had been talking about the difficulty between Tingley and Hill. "He asked me if I had ever heard Hill talking about going on the land and building a house. I told him no. He then told me if he caught him on Tingley's place he would shoot him."

Although several other witnesses contradicted or at least significantly modified Amos' version of what actually happened in the woods that fateful morning, and of the motivation behind it, all involved agreed on what he did after the shooting. The most detailed accounts are those of Sheriff Blair Botsford (a grandson of Amos Botsford and afterwards first Warden of Dorchester Penitentiary), given to the coroner's jury, and Amos Hicks himself in his statement from the gallows. The gist of them is that he took the gun back to Zack's place, and the Sheriff, who arrived there soon afterwards, determined that it had recently been fired. In the meantime, Amos had taken a horse and fled to Zack's brother, John Tingley, in Sackville. At least according to Amos' testimony, Zack had told him that morning to do this if he had to shoot Hill, saying that John would either hide him and help him get away, or, if he thought it was better, would advise him to give himself up. There must be some truth in this claim because, according to the Sheriff's account as well as his own, John at first tried to hide him. Only after Botsford tracked Amos down to John's house and pointed out what trouble he would be in if Hicks were found there through a search warrant did Tingley admit his presence and advise him to surrender—which Amos then did without offering any resistance.

He was brought to the Dorchester jail to await trial and this is where things become a little uncertain because of the loss of the court records. After examining Hill's body (the appointed physician described the wound in intricate and gruesome detail) and hearing the testimony of six witnesses, the coroners jury had found the cause of death to be willful murder and pointed its collective finger at Hicks, but of course this was not a conviction according to law. We can assume (because of the penalty) that at the actual trial the Crown charged him with murder rather than manslaughter, but we will never know for sure whether Amos pled not guilty on the grounds that his uncle put him up to it, although that would have been the logical thing for his defence lawyer to do. We get a hint of the Crown's cross-examination of his defence in his gallows testimony where he finally retracted his statement, apparently made at the trial, that Hill had a pistol and had pointed it at him. George's statement to the coroner's enquiry that "neither my father nor I had any firearms with us" would have been repeated to the court and must have weighed heavily with the jury. Amos' assertion that he had almost no recollection of the conversation with Hill, although he could recall almost everything else in great detail, must also have worked against him. Most damaging of all, no doubt, would have been the deposition of John Briggs, as it would have greatly strengthened the prosecution's case for premeditated murder.

We don't know the exact date of the trial but it was probably in June, just like the Babcock trial, and it was probably held at the same sitting of the court of *Nisi Prius* that tried Zachariah Tingley on a charge, probably based on Amos' testimony, of being an accessory to Hill's murder. According to the July 30 issue of the *New Brunswick Courier,* which must have reflected the judgment of the court, Tingley was acquitted on the grounds that "the evi-

dence of Hicks who shot Hill was so contradictory that no reliance could be placed upon it." There would have been two separate juries for their trials, but they appear to have agreed on the reliability of Amos' testimony. Certain it is that the one drawn for his trial found him guilty of willful murder, and the presiding judge sentenced him to be hanged in September.

So far, all the evidence as well as the weight of public opinion seems to have been against Amos, but after his conviction and the pronouncing of the terrible sentence, the latter, if not the former, began to change, mainly, it seems, because of his demeanour while awaiting execution. His sincere show of repentance and his turning to the comforts of his Baptist religion aroused the sympathy of several ministers and, although he did not sign his name to it, I strongly suspect that it was one of them who, immediately after the penalty was paid, wrote a long sentimental letter to the *Morning Telegraph* that not only cited his gallows testimony verbatim, but also gave a dramatic account of his time in jail, as well as of the hanging and the public reaction to it. It is the single best source of Amos' side of the story and I offer you the gist of it, complete with quotations where it seems appropriate. (It's too long to reproduce in its entirety here.)

From it, we learn that he was a model prisoner. During the first few months of his confinement he experienced "the most intense mental anguish" over the prospect of the hangman's noose, but he never gave way to anger or even ill temper. On the contrary, he was kind and respectful to all, as well as solicitous of others in affliction. His many visitors were uniformly persuaded by his "countenance and conversation [that] there was nothing to indicate a vindictive or revengeful disposition." Many frequently repeated their visits. As a result, "his mild amiability of manner, simplicity in conversation, and kindness of disposition won much sympathy…" He even learned to read and write. A later (1892) article in the Sackville paper, *The Chignecto Post*, claimed that Hicks "was only half witted," and, given the ease with which his uncle persuaded him to commit the crime, we can well believe that he was a little slow. Nonetheless, under the kind tutelage of the Jailer, Mr. Tait, although "when first imprisoned he scarcely knew the alphabet," by September he was able to "read…quite freely and write pretty intelligently." Significantly, his favourite reading material was the New Testament, from which he took great comfort. Whenever he thought of his future "he would tell in tears of his hope of Redemption."

Although the anonymous letter may have laid it on a little thick, there can be no doubt that Amos did elicit a good deal of sympathy from the public. A petition, "numerously and respectably signed," (i.e. by a lot of people, including Dorchester's elite) was sent to Lt. Governor Arthur Hamilton-Gordon praying for a commutation of the death sentence to life imprisonment. The leading name on it was that of Albert J. Smith, followed by E.B. Chandler, Daniel Hannington (later Premier but at the time just another aspiring Dorchester lawyer), and Acalus Palmer. So perhaps Smith and Palmer did defend Hicks, just as Tingley had promised. The petition fell on deaf ears. After "very careful and anxious consideration" of the depositions taken regarding Hill's murder, as well as the evidence that came out at the trial of Zachariah Tingley, Gordon found himself "reluctantly compelled to adopt the conclusion that the case presents no feature which would warrant the interposition of the Crown." Stripped of the pretentious verbiage typical of such communications during Victorian times, his argument was that there was no evidence that Hicks was insane, or that he acted out of fear or any other influence that "would deprive him of the character of a free agent." Even his own evidence that the crime was committed at Tingley's suggestion made it impossible "to regard him otherwise than as the voluntary…instrument of perpetrating a most deliberate and premeditated murder." "Reluctantly compelled" Gordon may have been to insist on the letter of the law in carrying out the punishment, but he probably took considerable satisfaction in announcing his decision to Smith, who, as I am sure you will recall from the September 2017 issue of this *Newsletter,* was a thorn in His Excellency's flesh almost from the day he took office.

The emotion in the description of the public hanging and its aftermath reached the level of hagiography, or at least melodrama. When Amos learned that his sentence would not be commuted (he never had much hope of it anyway), he: "…wrote his last letter to his parents, addressing them in most affectionate terms, expressing a hope to meet them in a better world…Up to the day preceding his execution he seemed at intervals to be much affected, and wept at parting with his friends. The last night he spent on earth he was composed and thoughtful, and passed the most of the night in company with his clergymen, the Revds. Messrs. Coleman, Todd and Butcher.

He slept from two o'clock in the morning until half-past four. Through the whole night carriages were driving into the village, and by nine o'clock in the morning upwards of five thousand people were assembled [another report said it was the largest crowd Dorchester had ever seen], watching through his fast closing minutes. At the appointed moment when the High Sheriff entered his cell and announced to him that the time had arrived for his execution, he said, 'Mr. Sheriff, I am ready—I am prepared to die;' and with a firm step came out and approached

the scaffold; though his eyes filled with tears and he was deeply affected, and his countenance bore evidence of the most bitter anguish. But he never faltered, and in that trying moment, that heart-rending spectacle, when the rope was adjusted, he again became calm, and without a tremor walked out upon the gallows. He handed the Rev. Wm. Coleman a written confession, requesting him to read it from the scaffold."

Coleman then read out his account, written the previous evening and outlined above, of how Tingley had persuaded him to commit the crime. It ended with the words "and now I expect to die and meet my God tomorrow morning, and in view of that I here state that I can and do freely forgive my uncle Zack for all that he has done to me, as I hope I am forgiven by God." The crowd listened in "breathless silence" and when Rev. Coleman was finished Amos stated "in a clear voice" that this was "the truth and nothing but the truth." The much less sympathetic account in the *New Brunswick Courier*, which referred to Amos as "the criminal," nonetheless affirmed that "the statement appeared to be generally believed; much sympathy was expressed for the unfortunate youth and great indignation against Tingley." The anonymous letter's description of the hanging continued as follows:

"Rev. Todd [offered] an earnest, fervent and appropriate prayer for the happy transit of his soul; at its close the cap was drawn over his face and he said in tremendous sorrowful tones 'Friends I bid you all farewell'; and amid the loud expressions of pity, the involuntary prayers and tears which burst forth from the people, the fatal cord was cut, while a prayer yet lingered on his lips.

A dull heavy crash, a slight convulsion of his frame, and his spirit was gone. His body was placed in a coffin and on his breast was pinned a paper which was written at his request, and subscribed by him. It ran as follows: Amos Johnson Hicks, aged 18 years. My only friend in death is God alone. He is my shepherd, I shall not want. I have for the last three years tried to pray to God for his Grace. I hope for salvation through the blood of Jesus and I die in the peace of his mercy and love. I desire that this shall be laid upon my breast when I am lain in my coffin and that my body be buried beside my little brothers at Butternut Ridge." Apparently, his family had earlier moved there from Sackville. His wish was granted and he was buried in Salisbury Parish.

The whole spectacle made quite an impression on the people, who witnessed it in solemn and respectful silence. The local stores were closed, and Sheriff Botsford received much credit for the dignified and compassionate manner in which the hanging was conducted. And "great indignation" was indeed expressed against Zack Tingley, who was henceforth about as popular as a skunk at a lawn party. This was made clear in another anonymous letter to the December 10 issue of the *Morning Telegraph* that is worth reproducing (it is quite short) for its testimony on the good relations between "French" and "English" in Dorchester at that time:

"Since the execution of his nephew, Hicks, for the murder of Hill, [Zachariah Tingley's] society has not been much courted by the respectable people of Westmorland. It seems that he recently presented himself at a social gathering in a French house in Dorchester when one of the guests, indignant at his intrusion, told him he was not wanted and had better go home. For this grave offence Mr. Tingley has summoned the poor Frenchman to answer before Philip Palmer Esq. [a local Justice of the Peace] on Saturday on the criminal charge of using language calculated to promote a breach of the peace. The community here are highly indignant—and as the Frenchman is a very poor man, a subscription is on foot to provide him the means to employ the best counsel for his defence. The result of the trial and proceeding with be duly forwarded to you. Yours, &c, &c DORCHESTER"

At this point I could enter into the debate over whether this really was a premeditated murder, whether Hick's gallows testimony was a true and complete account, and whether the Lt. Governor was justified in refusing to commute the sentence to life imprisonment. But historians are mainly in the truth, rather than the judgment, business, and, having laid the evidence before you as fairly as I was able, I will let you be the jury.

Gene Goodrich

DORCHESTER MEMORIES: ERNIE PARTRIDGE REMEMBERS TEDDY, THE DORCHESTER BEAR

Many of the *Dorchester Memories* that have appeared in these pages over the past ten years could make us nostalgic for days gone by, while others no doubt make us glad that those days have indeed gone by. Then there are the ones in between that elicit a longing for simpler and sweeter times even as they make us cringe at the insensitivity, unconscious and innocent though it may have been, of an earlier generation to issues of moral importance to its successors. Such is the case with the series of Dorchester bears that, during the 1930s and early 40s, spent much of their lives tied up in front of Ward's Cabins on Palmer's Pond for the amusement of tourists as well as a large segment of the local population.

They were hardly unique. All over Canada—and no doubt the USA as well—from the late 19th until the mid 20th century captive bears served as living promotional devices and tourist attractions at railway stations, hotels, and, with the advent of the motorcar, at motels and service stations along most of the major routes. The practice seems to have originated with railways anxious to please tourists to the "wild West" who would have been disappointed not to see at least some large wild animals. By the 1930s it had spread to the highways, and in some areas even the byways of the hinterland.

To get the scoop on Dorchester's contribution to this interesting, but in many ways regrettable, chapter in the history of popular culture, your ever-eager editor and his faithful research associate, Jamie Heap, interviewed Ernie Partridge, one of the shiretown's great repositories of local lore. Jamie also dug up the article that supplied the background and supplemental information. What follows is a condensed version of the interview, quoting Ernie in his own words as much as space will allow.

Gene and Jamie (hereafter *G&J*)*:* What can you tell us about the Dorchester bear?

Ernie explained that in the early 1940s when he was about thirteen, he and his friends liked to swim in Palmer's Pond just above where the bear's owner 'swam' the animal, and they were always fascinated by the spectacle. So he and a couple of the other lads cozied up to George Smith, the owner of Ward's Cabins at that time, and got permission on real hot days to take "Teddy" down for a dip. They were, however, supervised by Louis Knockwood, a local Mi'kmaw and an expert on all things ursine. Although the kids were sometimes allowed to go along, most of the time it was Louis who took Teddy swimming. His daughter still lives at the edge of Fort Folly Indian Reserve in Dorchester.

Ernie: Two of us would take Teddy down for a swim. Lead him on his chain, let him go in, swim back and forth in Palmer's Pond, just below where we swam as humans. He was tied on a post in a fence in front of the main house, and he could go round and round this post. He was all caged in. They mixed what we called "bear juice." They would take a gallon of S.B. Gable's fruit cocktail—fruit nectar, it was called—mix it with forty-five gallons of water, mix it real good and then bottle it. They were selling it at the canteen for ten cents a bottle. They had it bottled and capped and you would hold it out to Teddy and he would take it between his front paws, hold it against his chest and with one hand click the top off it, put it in his paws and drink it just like you and I would. They estimated that in two days, in mid-July one year, he had drunk a hundred and forty bottles.

G&J: Wouldn't this wreck his stomach?

Ernie: It likely would. He drank so much [one Sunday] that it was coming out the one end as fast as he was pouring it in the other. He would take an ice cream cone from you. You would hold the cone out full arm's length, he would take it from you just as gentle as could be and eat the ice cream off. Lots of times if he got real full he would just eat the ice cream and reject the cone.

G&J: Did he ever get fat?

Ernie: No, he never got fat. He got so he was peeing out so fast the protein didn't stay in there very long.

G&J: Did they feed him anything else?

Ernie: I am not sure what they fed him. But in the wintertime he had what they called a sawdust house there. They would fill it full of sawdust, and they would tie Teddy to the wall with his chain, and he'd burrow backwards in the sawdust and his breath—the condensation from his breath—made it so that after a week of cold weather he'd back into a tunnel that he had tunnelled out in the sawdust. You'd go in there to feed him. They fed him a loaf of bread a day, just dry bread. You'd throw it to him and he'd come out…

G&J: Did he hibernate at all?

Ernie: No, I never saw him sleep. Every time I went in there he was always awake. Kind of groggy, not as fast on his feet, but I never saw him with his eyes shut—only when they shot him.

G&J: They *shot* him!!?

Ernie: Well, this lady, she was *told* when she was going to give him his ice cream not to pull it back from him—if he started to reach for it not to pull her hand back, 'cause it made him ugly. But she kept pulling her hand back. [Ernie explained later that she wasn't trying to tease him; she was just nervous]. He just reached up, grabbed her by the arm pulled her over the fence, rolled her in the manure, left her and went over to the other side of the fence. She reported it to the RCMP and a Constable Wilson came over and shot him.

Here we interrupt Ernie to point out that this was the fate of many of these bears. While they were generally docile and eager to perform for handouts of their favourite sweets, they didn't take kindly to teasing, whether intentional or not, and of course people will be people. In 1908 a bear kept at the CPR hotel in Field B.C. (Yoho National Park) grabbed a little boy who wandered within radius of his chain and dragged him into its den. In 1912 'Ole', a bear in Hinton, Alberta, that had been trained to dance to the violin, had to be destroyed "when his unpredictable disposition was aggravated by teasing…" In 1938 a chained bear at a service station in northern Ontario badly mauled a two-year-old boy, following which the owner clubbed the bear to death. An investigation by a panel of experts on the use of captive bears as roadside attractions concluded that "it's not a very good idea to try to make bears pets." The warning fell on deaf ears. In the summer of 1939 a gas station bear in northern Ontario attacked a woman and the following year an eleven-year-old boy was "treated for serious lacerations to his legs after he teased a bear with the offering of an empty bottle of soda." As late as 1961, a teenager was badly mauled when he interrupted the feeding of a service station bear near Peterborough, Ontario. Needless to say, the bear's fate was even worse.

G&J: How old do you figure Teddy would have been at that time?

Ernie: Teddy would have to have been five.

G&J: How big was he?

Ernie: In springtime he'd be close to three hundred pounds. When we took him down to swim it would take two of us to hold the chain, because he would swim so hard he would pull you right into the water if you didn't have a second fellow to anchor him.

G&J: So he was safe to lead on a chain?

Ernie: Oh, yes. He'd go down, just like a dog. He was only short tempered if you teased him. He didn't scratch the lady one bit… just pulled her over and left her.

G&J: Could you pet him at all?

Ernie: Oh, sure you could pet him. You couldn't pet him if there was other people around. But we petted him all the time we were taking him down to swim.

G&J: He seemed to like that?

Ernie: Oh, sure. He knew where he was going. He loved to swim.

G&J: Did they get these bears when somebody shot the mother? Were the mothers deliberately shot so they could get the cubs for this purpose?

Ernie: Not necessarily. A lot of the females were hit by cars in those days, because they would travel on the roads with their cubs following them…They seemed to like it on the gravel roads.

G&J: So there was more than one Teddy?

Ernie: Yes, there was more than one Teddy. In my memory, when Teddy would be mature they had a little fellow they called Cinnamon Bear. He was a black bear, but his hair was tinged, so we called him Cinnamon Bear. He never got docile like Teddy did. He was always very vigilant of you. If you went in with him he would crowd into the corners and try to get away from you.

G&J: Did they replace Teddy?

Ernie: No, they never replaced him. He had predecessors. I remember the bear before Teddy, but I don't remember his name. I don't remember whether he was a cinnamon or a black bear. I know they had a cinnamon training to take Teddy's place, but you couldn't trust him. He didn't like people.

At the end of the interview Ernie reflected on both the positive and negative sides of Teddy's life as the Dorchester bear:

Ernie: When the RCMP came and shot that bear, a lot of people were disconcerted about that. It was not only revenue for Ward's Cabins; it was a real attraction… I would say that on a hot afternoon the nectar was bringing in more money than the ice cream was. The ice cream was five cents and this was ten cents a bottle. It was a lot of money at the time but people would sacrifice it just to see the bear drink it.

A lot of people from the village went down there every Saturday and Sunday to watch him. The pole he was tied to had holes drilled through it. He'd climb up there and stick that tongue of his in there—we'd put jellybeans in there. He'd go up there, stick his tongue in, knock the jelly bean out, go down and eat it and go get another one. While he was picking up the jellybeans we were on the other side of the pole putting new ones in. It was a crowd pleaser for this village. Lots of people Sunday afternoons would say, "let's go see the bear."

G&J: Did the bear seem happy to you?

Ernie: He never seemed happy. When he was in that pen he'd go round and round, then go halfway, step over his chain and go part way back. He never seemed happy there. The only time he seemed happy—he would frolic with you when you were taking him down to swim. I have got to be the only one left that had anything to do with that bear. I can remember Teddy just as well as if it was yesterday.

Gene Goodrich and Jamie Heap

Teddy when still a cub. Photo courtesy of Ernie Partridge

A SPECIAL MAGIC: THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS OF COOKING AT KEILLOR HOUSE

Editor's Note: This year Keillor House Museum introduced a new Museum Experience analogous to our venerable "Needle and Thread for the Bed." Dubbed the "Hearth Cooking Experience," it features a meal prepared and cooked in the open hearth of Keillor House. A number of museums offer a similar experience and we hoped that it would attract a goodly number of takers here. So far, that has not happened, mainly we suspect, because not enough people know about the culinary delights of hearth cooking and the fascinating tools and techniques that go with it. Last summer Don Alward and I got some tutorials in the art at Ross Farm and Kings Landing and also did some research on the subject. We hope that the following article will arouse your interest and convince you to give it a try.

For nearly half a century after it was built, all the cooking in Keillor House was done on or in the open hearth and bake oven that were uncovered during the restoration of the mid 1960s. However, this does not mean that the meals were less appetizing than those we enjoy today. It's true that they took much longer to prepare, and no doubt the cooks were relieved of a good deal of drudgery when Thomas and Mary Jane, the second generation of Keillors to live in the house, covered over the old hearth and installed a new-fangled cast iron cooking stove when they remodelled the kitchen sometime around 1860. But the food didn't taste any better, and the Keillors may even at times have longed for some cooked in the old way. Open hearth cooking has enjoyed something of a revival in recent years, and opinion seems unanimous. In the words of one leading expert, food actually tastes "stronger, deeper, richer, more striking" when cooked on an open hearth. This is because it incorporates the special flavour of the wood fire and the cast iron cooking pots that go with it. Nor should we imagine that open-hearth meals necessarily lacked variety or sophistication. With few exceptions, all recipes that originated in Europe were first created on an open hearth and only adapted comparatively recently to the modern kitchen. This means that almost anything that can be cooked on the most expensive gas range or precisely calibrated electric oven could also be prepared on the open hearth or in the bake oven of Keillor House—perhaps rather better, although certainly not more easily.

How did open-hearth cooks achieve their magic? The short answer is: with a lot of hard work. Since cooking is essentially the controlled application of heat to food, they started by adjusting the 'controls' on their source of heat, namely the fire. The first thing they had to do was to get it going. Normally, this wasn't too difficult, even first thing in the morning, as there should have been embers left from the previous day's fire. As the last task of the evening, they, or whoever was responsible for such matters, would have raked them into a pile at the back of the firebox and placed a large brass or copper cover over them. Called a 'curfew' (from French 'couvre-feu'), it allowed in just enough air to keep them smouldering. Alternatively, those who couldn't afford a curfew—and there is no reason to suppose that the Keillors were among them—could simply cover the embers with a layer of ashes. However they were kept alive, the next step was to lay on some dry kindling, create some draft with a bellows, fan, or even a turkey wing, and coax the flame into renewed life.

If for some reason the fire had gone out completely, it had to be started the hard way. There were no practical matches before the mid nineteenth century and so recourse was had to the centuries-old method of striking a small oval hand-held steel bar against a piece of flint and hoping to land a spark into a tinderbox containing some easily flammable material such as a shredded cotton rag or even thistle down. Coaxing the spark into a flame was a tricky business requiring considerable skill and patience and was definitely not the preferred method of starting the fire. No wonder cook fires were kept going for months and even years!

With a healthy flame flickering it was time to add wood, but not just any wood. The experienced cook knew that the best cooking woods generate an even, intense heat and produce a goodly supply of red-hot embers that slowly turn into ashes. This means hardwood, properly dried, well-seasoned, and split into relatively small logs. Maple is ideal and was probably the wood of choice in the Keillor kitchen. Why the fixation on the quality and quantity of the embers and ashes? Because they are "the workhorse of hearth cooking." High, blazing, crackling flames may be romantic, but they are of little use in hearth cooking. Their main function is to produce embers and ash, and to draw the smoke up the chimney. Boiling, simmering,

stewing and roasting can be done over, or more effectively beside, a small flame, but most cooking is done over, and even *under,* a combination of embers and ash. In order to produce the requisite amounts, the fire needs to be going for an hour to an hour and a half, so that the first logs have been largely reduced to embers but are still hot enough for a new log to light quickly. A standard test for determining whether they are hot enough—or too hot—for cooking is how long you can hold your hand near them. Ten seconds is the rule of thumb for most applications.

The first role of ash is passive. Logs sitting on a bed of ash (four to six inches deep is considered ideal) burn more slowly, which is just what the skilled hearth cook wants. Ash is also sprinkled on the embers to cool them or to insulate the cooking vessel from too intense a heat. Last but not least, it was/is used to bank the embers for the night.

The most important thing about embers is that they can be moved around in varying amounts and thus they allow the cook to control the heat—with surprising precision. A cook stove heats only through the bottom of the cooking vessel. In hearth cooking, embers are placed underneath the vessel but not in direct contact with it, as it is raised about two and a half inches above the embers, either on its own legs or on a trivet. Embers can also be placed on the lid and, as an added bonus, the vessel can be moved closer to or further away from the fire, as well as rotated on its axis. A more even heat is hard to imagine, and it is also very controllable. To increase it, add more embers. To decrease it, let them die down naturally, shovel some back into the fire, or sprinkle them with ash. To maintain it, simply add small embers a sprinkling at a time. Since the embers are never hotter than when they are first placed, the food is not easily burned. If the cook gets distracted and forgets about them, about the worst thing that can happen is that things take a little longer to cook. Open-hearth cooks soon learn to judge quite accurately the amount of embers necessary to bring a pot to the required temperature, and even during the learning process very little harm can result from miscalculations.

Ember cooking is not done in the firebox or too close to the flame. Small shovel-fulls of embers are placed on the hearth, which, precisely speaking, is the area in front of the firebox protruding into the room and generally constructed of flagstone, brick or other inflammable material. The cooking vessel is placed over them, more are often added to the lid as described above, and pretty soon a delicious meal is underway. There is no reason why several such 'burners' cannot be cooking simultaneously, especially on a large hearth such as the one in Keillor House.

Although embers were indispensable and surprisingly versatile (for example, you can easily bake pies, biscuits and other small preparations in a Dutch oven), they were not the only way of open hearth cooking. Fireplaces were equipped with some kind of device from which kettles and cooking vessels of various sizes could be suspended over the fire. The device could be a simple iron rod running the length of the fireplace, allowing the vessel to be positioned directly over the flames or slid further away from them. In the better-class homes such as Keillor House it was a swinging crane mounted on one side of the firebox. This allowed the cook to position the pot over a much greater range of temperatures. Further temperature adjustments could be made by attaching hooks of varying length to the crane or, most sophisticated of all, adjustable ones called 'trammel hooks'. The 'suspension method' was most useful for quickly bringing water to a boil, making large quantities of soup, etc.

The other major use of the fire, as opposed to small heaps of its embers, was in roasting. Meat (beef, veal, pork, mutton, lamb, turkeys and no doubt chickens were all raised on the Keillor farm) was skewered onto a long spit that was then inserted into a pair of hooks so that it could be turned and slowly roasted in front of (not over) the fire. The spit might have had a crank attached to one end so that it could be turned by hand, but various mechanical spit turners were available to those who could afford them, and the Keillors most likely had one. A very likely candidate would be a clock jack, constructed of a framework of interconnected cogged wheels of various sizes powered by a weight, much in the manner of a grandfather clock. Another possibility might be a smoke jack, a similar piece of clockwork powered by a small turbine in the chimney that was turned by the rapidly rising hot air. For those who couldn't afford a mechanical turner, two pieces of strong string were a surprisingly effective alternative. One piece was attached to the suspending device (rod or crane) in the form of a loop extending downwards to the desired roasting height. The other piece was threaded through the loop and attached to each end of the spit on which the meat was skewered. After being wound up, the roast would keep turning with minimum effort and attention from the cook.

Another way of roasting, especially the smaller cuts, was in a tin reflecting oven placed near the fire. Common by the end of the eighteenth century, roasting ovens came in various sizes from one

to four feet long and were in the shape of a half cylinder with a door that opened at the back (away from the fire), allowing the cook to check the meat and baste it. They even had a curved bottom and spout for collecting the juices for gravy. The spit ran through the length of the oven and was turned with a hand crank at one end. There were specialized roasters for birds, apples and rabbits (there is a bird roaster in the Keillor House Collection) and a type of tin reflector oven was used to bake biscuits. It stood on legs and had one side open to the fire. Biscuits could also be baked in a Dutch oven.

Most baking, however, was done in a bake oven built into the fireplace beside the main firebox, and the one in Keillor House is still as functional as the day it was constructed—unlike its modern electronic counterparts, which often need replacing after only a few years. There was a bit more bother to operate it, though. The cook first had to get a small fire going in it (the oven generally had its own flue) and then wait for the brick lining to get hot enough to bake. (Of course there were other things to do while waiting.) Again, the ten-second rule of thumb—the length of time you can hold your hand near the heat—seems to have been about standard, indicating a temperature of around 350-375F. At this point the embers and ashes would be raked out, the bread—or whatever was being baked—slid in on a wooden peel (flat shovel) and the door closed. As long as the oven wasn't too hot to begin with—something that would have rarely happened after a bit of experience—the danger of scorching was minimal, as the temperature was always falling, albeit slowly. Experience would also quickly teach the length of cooking time.

Besides a controllable fire, open-hearth cooks needed the proper cooking utensils. First they would want a collection of cast iron pots, the most versatile of which was the Dutch oven, more commonly known as a 'bake oven' in British North America. It came in various sizes (and still does), usually with legs to keep it the right distance above the embers and always with a thick side wall as well as a thick bottom and, most characteristically of all, a tight fitting flat lid with a ridge around the edge to hold the embers and keep them from falling into the food when it was lifted. Effective not only for baking, the Dutch oven was also used for boiling, stewing, frying and roasting, and no well-equipped hearth kitchen was without one, or more likely, several. There would also have been other pots and kettles (a pot has bulging sides and a cover, while a kettle has sloping sides and no cover of its own) of various shapes and sizes and probably a cauldron or two for cooking larger quantities of stew, soup, etc. directly over the fire. (A cauldron is a very large pot with a wide mouth and arc-shaped hanger.)

In addition to pots and kettles of various shapes and sizes, the open-hearth cook would need pans and skillets for frying, making sauces, cooking eggs, etc. Skillets or 'fry pans' generally had a long wooden handle and stood on three legs for cooking over embers. The short-handled frying pan familiar today only came in with the cook stove.

Other common cooking utensils included: *trivets* of assorted sizes and heights for holding kettles and footless pots, as well as for warming plates, etc.; *gridirons* for grilling fish or meat; *drip pans* to place under gridirons or under roasting meat as it turned on the spit; and *griddles* for making griddle cakes or pancakes. The Keillors may even have had a *waffle iron*, as waffle irons designed for the open hearth were already common in colonial America. The two cast iron cooking surfaces, generally round in shape, were hinged together on one side and attached to what was essentially a long-handled pair of tongs that allowed them to be opened and closed, and placed in the fire at arm's length.

Open-hearth cooking was intensely hot work, especially in summertime (which is the reason why the better-class homes like Keillor House almost invariably had a summer kitchen). To protect themselves as well as their cotton garments from the most immediate effects of the fire, cooks usually wore a *long thick wool apron*. To manage the fire, adjust the heat, maintain the fireplace, and manipulate the various cooking vessels, a number of tools were necessary. They included: a *small shovel* for moving embers and ash around; a *larger shovel* for removing excess ash and cleaning out the firebox; *brooms* of various sizes to sweep up the remaining mess (the first Keillor brooms were probably brush twigs tied to a wooden handle, but by the 1840s factory-made brooms of sorghum tassels were being imported from the United States); *andirons* to raise the logs off the floor for easier lighting (logs themselves can also be used as andirons, a method actually preferred by some open-hearth cooks); a long, pointed *poker* (also called a 'fire iron') with a hook near one end and an insulating grip at the other, used for adjusting the logs and stirring up the fire; *long-handled tongs* of various sizes for moving individual embers; *long-handled forks and spoons* for turning meat in a pan, stirring soups and stews, etc.; *bellows or blow pipe* for fanning up the flames; and *pot hooks* for lifting hot lids off of pots and kettles, especially the Dutch oven.

Open-hearth equipment may have been simple, but in the hands of an experienced cook it could produce culinary delights that our more sophisticated age can only envy. There was indeed a special magic abroad in the Keillors' first kitchen.

Gene Goodrich with Donald Alward

New Bedroom Furniture in Keillor House Master Bedroom

The spectacular set of bedroom furniture now on display in the master bedroom of the Keillor House Museum was donated to us by H. G. Kathleen Zwicker. The furniture set, consisting of the bed, dresser, night stand, nursing rocker and two quilting chairs, was made in Saint John, New Brunswick in 1870. The beautifully painted flower motifs are set against the strong dark wood grain. The amazing thing is that it is all hand painted – even the wood grain! It is in superb condition considering that it was handed down through four generations of the family. The family names involved are all Fredericton-based and were quite prominent and even influential in New Brunswick history. The families include Powers, Burke, Donahue, Rogers and Vaughan.

Donald Alward

St. James Textile Museum Report

This was one of the hottest summers on record, and although time occasionally seemed to stand still in the thickness of the high humidity, the days hummed by with a flurry of visitors from around the world. June saw mostly Europeans, followed by Canadians and Americans in July and August. On our last day in September, a group of five sweet, memorable ladies from Japan were amazed at our beautiful 250+ year old loom and wondered if we had any antique textiles for sale. We did indeed have a few at the Keillor House Gift Shop, and they were thrilled to buy some.

At the beginning of the season, Donald, Freya and I dressed in costume and set up a promotional display of textiles and tools at the Moncton Highland Games. Right next to the sheep shearer and sheepdog herding demonstrations, Freya wove a plaid twill pattern to show how tartans are woven. I demonstrated spinning on the treadle wheel and great/walking wheel, while Donald talked to booth visitors about our wonderful museums and our special admission rates for the season.

In July an antique-collecting couple in Riverview asked if we would be interested in a Millville Loom they had in their garage. Made in Millville for the New Brunswick College of Craft and Design, these looms are part of the province's history, and of course we wanted it. The problem then became what to do with it: whether to store it for a future exhibit or try to fit it into the current display space. There will be a much fuller report on the Millville Loom, complete with pictures, in the February issue of the *Newsletter*. It is a wonderful addition to our collection.

Continued next page

WESTMORLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Donations, Memberships and Newsletter Submissions to:
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Museum Hours

June 9 to Sept. 8 2018

Tuesday to Saturday

10:00 to 5:00 p.m.

Sunday 12:00 to 5:00 p.m.

Preserving the Past for the Future

The Westmorland Historical Society is a non-profit charitable organization founded in 1960 with the mandate to collect, preserve and promote the rich cultural heritage of Westmorland County, NB. For five decades the WHS has worked with local partners to apply this mandate in a unique *entrepreneurial way* by encouraging *self-financing historic sites* attracting visitors from across North America. The historic Sir Pierre Landry House, the Bell Inn, and the Payzant & Card Building, contain apartments or businesses that help off-set the costs of preserving these historic buildings.

The Society's stellar museums—the Keillor House Museum (1815) housing the Graydon Milton Library and Genealogical Centre— and the St. James Textile Museum, contain remarkable collections attracting genealogists, researchers and visitors from across North America.

How to become a WHS Member?

Contact Judy Morison, our Membership Secretary, at 4974 Main Street, Dorchester, NB, E4K 2Z1.(506) 379-6682. morc@rogers.com

Annual Fees (Includes *Newsletter*)

Individual:	$15.00
Family:	$20.00
Student:	$5.00
Life:	$150.00

Research Associates

Judith Rygiel, Jamie Heap

Editor, *Newsletter*, Gene Goodrich

Our hand-woven tea towels and hand-spun yarn continue to be great sellers to visitors and locals alike. I'm happy to report sales in our shop are up by 27% this year. I can scarcely weave fast enough to keep up! My daughter, Freya, who started weaving at age ten, joined the Keillor House staff this year after volunteering for six years at St. James. She proved a valuable employee, weaving tea towels a couple of days a week to help keep us stocked. Visitors were delighted to witness weaving skills being passed from mother to daughter. Keillor House staff members Lucas, Sam, Zack and Alanna also learned about the St. James Collection, even doing some weaving and trying their hands at carding and spinning.

During our closing week we had several visits by textile artisans from across Canada, among them a retired clothing designer from Holland who now lives in Petitcodiac. Also, the curator of the Owens Art Gallery consulted us on an upcoming weaving exhibit in 2020 that will include Pamela Black and her work. As you may read about more fully on our website, Pam was the original owner and later donor of the Beachkirk Collection of weaving equipment, textiles, domestic and craftsman's tools that still makes up the core of the St. James Collection.

All summer long, people enquired about spinning classes at St. James. However, other than our "Needle and Thread for the Bed" Experience, we don't teach spinning as a stand-alone class, but we're looking into the possibility of doing so in the future. This October, I am giving a spinning class at the Nova Scotia Fibre Arts Festival in Amherst on Tuesday, October 9. For more information go to: http://fibreartsfestival.com/workshops/detail/learn-to-spin-your-own-yarn-with-spinderella

Denyse Milliken, Supervisor