

WESTMORLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Thanks to our Museum Manager/ Curator, Donald Alward, Dee Milliken, our Supervisor at St. James, and Alice Folkins, our Activities Co-ordinator, as well as our many enthusiastic volunteers and donors, 2019 was a banner year. I also wish to thank the Board for its guidance, hard work and sustained commitment to the Keillor House Museum. Great job—all of you.

Exciting New Artefact Donation

'Prankhouse Manor', a beautiful 'Georgian' doll house (multi-storied) designed by Ann Ford and built by Helen Coldwell was recently donated to the museum. It is 54" tall x 46" wide x 23" deep, and opens to reveal scaled furniture, porcelains, books, carpets, and drapes made or purchased for the house. This will be a wonderful addition to the children's playroom in Keillor House. Thank you Ann for this very generous donation.

Event Highlights

This year's Haunted House Nights (Oct. 18-19, 25-26) raised over \$8,700 for the museums, a significant increase over the \$7,300 in 2018. Mike Shea and his crew redesigned the 'dungeon experience' (Keillor basement) and built an enclosed 'tunnel' from the Keillor House to the Carriage House—passing by a witch tending a huge kettle over a live fire pit! Once again, Bernie Melanson, a long-time WHS supporter and beloved teacher at Matthieu- Martin (See Newsletter Feb. 2012), brought many of his students and, together with other volunteers—an enthusiastic band of thirty to forty ghouls' (per night)—made our visitor experience once again one of the best in the province. The Victorian Christmas Dinners (Nov. 30, Dec. 7) were—as usual—fully sold out, and a great success, also as usual. Thanks to

Bernie and 'his boys' for 'setting the right tone'—welcoming guests, serving the meal, pouring the wine and moving the evening along in elegant fashion. (See Newsletter Feb. 2019). The Christmas decorations at Keillor House were again spectacular. Many thanks to Alice, Donald, Heather, and Debbie Macdonald for your many hours of work.

Properties Update

At St. James Textile Museum Dee and Freya had a very busy season—and had difficulty keeping up with demand for their beautiful hand woven tea towels! (See the photos and videos on the St. James Textile's Facebook account.) Extensive repairs to the chimney and front window were completed, thanks to Adrian Glew, Reg Tower, and Alice, who supervised two work release volunteers that helped paint the front of St. James. At The Bell Inn, 'Ketchup

KEILLOR HOUSE MUSEUM —SPECIAL EVENTS

WHS Annual General Meeting—Dorchester Community Veterans' Centre, 4955 Main St.
Sun. April 26 5 pm

Speaker: To be announced

Mother's Day Tea Keillor House Museum
Sat. May 9 2:00 pm
Dress up for tea, bring your friends, family, and enjoy tea, sandwiches, and cakes served in the elegant setting of Keillor House. Silent Auction.

\$12.00
Call for tickets
(506) 379-6695 Susan Spence

Keillor House/St. James Textile Museum Season Opening

Sun. June 7 1:00 pm
Join us for the official season opening of Keillor House Museum, followed by refreshments

Free admission for the day with guided tours

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ST. JAMES TEXTILE MUSEUM REPORT

Summer 2019 was a memorable season for the St. James Textile Museum, as it was the first time we had a full-time student! Thanks to a grant received specifically for a “Textile Museum Assistant”, we were able to hire a recent high school graduate and resident of Dorchester, my daughter Freya Milliken.

Freya started volunteering at St. James when she was ten years old. She would come in after day camp and do some ‘corking’, also known as French knitting, which produces a tube that can then be shaped into a mat, or whatever you like. She also tried weaving for the first time that summer. Betty and I set up a warp for her, loaded the loom, and showed her what to do—and she did it very quickly. She comes from a long line of textile artisans that goes back a long time before me. All her grandmothers and great-grandmothers knitted, crocheted, sewed, and quilted. At the age of one hundred her great-grandmother, Martha Smith, made her a quilt. So Freya came by her fabric working skills quite honestly.

Freya really enjoyed showing teenagers, and even younger children, how to get started in weaving. Her growing expertise, welcoming friendliness, and overflowing enthusiasm made her a wonderful asset to the museum. It was great to have one of us give a tour while the other demonstrated weaving and the different types of spinning. This added depth to the tour and made it flow so much better. Instead of the tour guide constantly having to interrupt the tour in order to demonstrate this or that process, the two of us could continuously interact with our visitors. The result was a much richer experience for everybody.

Having two full-time weavers also meant that we were able to produce approximately five dozen tea towels this past summer, and we sold every one! Demonstrating weaving during the tours definitely increased interest in our product, and we also advertised them online on our Facebook page. Sometimes people saw them on our page and came in to buy them the very next day! We were thrilled.

Freya was also a great asset during our annual Heritage Craft Fair, demonstrating weaving on a table loom while I tended the fire under the cast iron pot in which we dyed our hand-spun yarn in a locally-sourced natural dye. Talk about living your heritage!

Our visitors are often impressed by the fact that we spin and weave on site at St. James. Many comment on this. Some are rather surprised to find proficient weaving and spinning being done on site. One thing I specifically noticed this past summer was a growing interest in natural dyes, and also lace making. Some farmers were curious about the flax process, and one of our visitors wanted to make a video of the explanation, so I obliged. Some craftsmen who visited us this summer were also very impressed with our foot-powered wood lathe.



Freya at her loom



Sampling of tea towels for sale

Dee Milliken

With That' will be leaving us in 2020. We wish Mary Gillespie the best.

Christine Grattmeyre will open the Cape Road Baking Company in the Bell Inn this month. Hours are Monday to Thursday 6am to 1:30pm. Christine specializes in bread, rolls, pies and cookies, with goods baked daily. Custom orders are available, and delivery to local seniors is free. She also intends to offer table space for customers. Her email is :

@caperoadbakingcompany or christinegrantmeyre@gmail.com

The new signage at the Bell Inn has helped promote Keith Alward's 'Hair in the Square'(along with 'The Little Gallery in the Bell' displaying the work of local artists), and Natshi Designs, a great retailer specializing in textiles. Email @NatshiDesigns or tel. 506 889-1122. These are all great local businesses.

Fund-Raising and Donations

Our five fund-raising events in support of Keillor House raised over \$13,545 this year with an additional Gift Shop profit of \$3,616.32. Donations for 2019 totalled \$14,122.37, with an additional \$10,995.00 in artefact donations. (See Table below)

| Received Donations to the Westmorland Historical Society | | |
|---|----------------------|--------------------|
| | 2018 | 2019 |
| Donations from WHS Memberships | \$4,855.00 | \$4,719.25 |
| Memorials | \$25.00 | \$170.00 |
| Christmas Dinner Tax Receipts | \$2,200.00 | \$2,080.00 |
| Donations (Travel Expense Mileage) | \$8,000.00 | \$7,153.12 |
| Artefacts (Receipted) | \$7,000.00 | \$10,995.00 |
| Totals | \$22,080.00 | \$25,117.37 |
| Donation Increase/Decrease | + \$3,037.37 (13.7%) | |

Tribute to Betty Adams

As many of you are aware, Betty Adams, long-standing friend, volunteer, guide, mentor, and skilled seamstress at St. James, passed away September 10, 2019 at the age of 93. Betty's contribution to St. James and to WHS over many years has been crucial to the success of WHS and we are celebrating her life and contribution in this issue through the testimonies of her many friends.

Thanks to all our donors and volunteers who give the Society such wonderful support and enable us to sustain our museums for future generations.

Cole Morison

BETTY ADAMS IN MEMORIAM

On September 10, 2019, while the last issue of the Newsletter was in the final stages of preparation, we lost our beloved Betty Adams, long-time volunteer and guiding spirit of the St. James Textile Museum. At that point, time and space considerations excluded all but a cursory obituary, so I decided to postpone it until a more worthy one could be offered. In preparing it I was aided by testimony from Alice Folkins, Heidi Wulfraat, Inga Hansen, Dee Milliken and the obituary on the Jones Funeral Home website written by Amanda Feindel and the late Darleen Dobson.

The daughter of a Vimy Ridge veteran, Betty was born in 1925 in Charlottetown and grew up on a farm near Economy N.S. where, at her mother's knee, she learned many of the sewing and fabric-working skills that would later enrich the Westmorland Historical Society, and particularly the St. James Textile Museum. After a varied career that included working in a photography studio in Toronto, studying nursing in Halifax, waitressing in several restaurants, raising a family, and being the soul mate of her beloved husband, Fulton Adams, a veteran of WWII, she was widowed at an early age in Dorchester where Fulton worked at the penitentiary before a massive heart attack took him away in 1964. Soon afterwards, she began her relationship with the Westmorland Historical Society as a recruit



of our then chief mover and shaker, Sylvia Yeoman. Trained and educated at Mount Allison, Boston, and London, Sylvia was an expert in designing and making clothes and costumes, which expertise she unstintingly dedicated to the service of the Society. During its earlier years, she put on a number of very successful fund-raising fashion shows, drawing increasingly on Betty's skills as a seamstress while imparting much of her own knowledge of fabrics and design to her new protégée. The two of them became partners and wonderful ambassadors for the Society, as they put on workshops on costume and fashion design for other historical organizations and raised much favourable notice with fashion shows in numerous venues.

Even before the restoration of Keillor House, Sylvia had begun to collect original historic costumes, and by the time Betty arrived on the scene they were well on their way to becoming the vast and valuable assemblage we are fortunate with today. At first they were used in the fashion shows, but, upon realizing the importance of preserving the originals for future generations, Sylvia set Betty on the task—which she took up most willingly—of replicating the items to be worn in the shows. They also created authentic costumes for the museum staff and, together with their reproductive work, this led to numerous workshops throughout the province to help other organizations prepare for the bi-centennial celebrations of 1984. Among the many costumes they created for the occasion were the uniform worn by Lt. Governor George Stanley and the dress worn by Mrs. Stanley when, during the Shiretown Days celebration, they were paraded through the streets of Dorchester in the Keillor House Landau. They also made several other costumes for Mrs. Stanley, in which she graced Government House on ceremonial occasions. Betty herself often appeared in teas and other local events authentically dressed as Queen Victoria, a part she played well. (She was also frighteningly convincing as 'grandmother' in the annual horror show put on for the Haunted House Tour at Keillor House.)



Betty (second from left), Sylvia, and two unidentified ladies at a fashion show, back in the day

Costume making was just the beginning of Betty's long relationship with the Society. Early in its history it started a gift shop, and Betty was in on the ground floor. She spent endless hours organizing it and getting things brought in for sale. Alice, who worked hand in glove with her for many years, and is no mean seamstress herself, told me that Betty organized the gift shop

almost like a co-op, selling articles on consignment in return for help in manning (or, more accurately, 'womaning') it, and of course volunteering as salesperson herself. The gift shop has been located at the Landry House, the village square, the textile museum, and the Keillor House museum, and everywhere the gift shop went Betty was sure to follow.

Important as her work with the costume collection and the gift shop was, Betty really came into her own with the acquisition of the Beachkirk Collection and the establishment of the St. James Textile Museum. The Beachkirk Collection of textiles and tools was started during the 1970s by Pam Black, a passionate and gifted weaver, in Upper Cape. Here she amassed a wonderful assemblage of textiles as well as all the tools and devices needed in their production, including a hand-made loom dating from about 1800. (For background information and details on this, see our website: "St. James Presbyterian Church: A Brief History," and "Beachkirk Collection of Textiles and Tools".) When her eyesight began to fail and she could no longer look after it, she offered her precious collection to the Westmorland Historical Society, and it became the impetus to the restoration of St. James Presbyterian Church and its transformation into the St. James Textile Museum. Pam could no longer weave, but she could teach, and she taught Betty, a most adept student who soon mastered not only weaving but also carding, spinning, dying, and all the other historic skills associated with cloth making. Of course, Betty had long since acquired many other creative skills besides sewing: knitting, crocheting, hooking, embroidering, tatting—the works, in short—and they, too, would become part of her legacy to the Society.

Besides accepting the torch from Pam (and passing it on to others, as we shall see), Betty eagerly waded into the formidable pile of organizing and cataloguing work that had to be done to get the museum up and running. Under Pam's guidance she and Alice finished the job in the dead of winter with only minimal heating in the building. From then on, the St. James Textile Museum was where Betty "lived, moved and had her being." To all intents and purposes she was its curator, chief guide, and hands-on demonstrator from its opening in 1985 until several years ago when age and ill health forced her to fade into the background, although never from memory.

In addition to her many other talents, Betty had a special gift for teaching. Dee called her "a wonderfully eager teacher who loved to share her knowledge and skills with everyone she could." Inga said that "she an ability to impart

wisdom to those around her simply by living." Alice added that she could teach you without your even realizing it. She could impart information just in conversation, and you would retain it because she wasn't drilling it into your head. She just gave you a little at a time and then let you absorb it.

Alice fondly remembered going to a heritage fair at the University of Moncton with Betty after she had taught her a bit about spinning. They set up a booth and proceeded to fascinate crowds of visitors, especially schoolchildren, all because of Betty. She'd let the children sit on her lap and spin or weave, then put the result in a card and give it to them. Many of the kids came back over and over, as they were fascinated. When I remarked that I had once tried to learn to spin at a similar event and failed miserably, Alice said, "In Betty's world there were no failures." Dee remembered her often saying that spinning settles the mind; one can sit down, have a spin and solve all the problems of the world. Perhaps if I had learned from Betty, it would have changed my life and made the world a better place.

Alice also recalled another event at which Betty displayed not only her cloth-making skills, but also her organizational and people skills. She cultivated other weavers and spinners and belonged to a group called the Cockleshell Spinners. One summer a number of years ago, she organized a day-long event for them on the Keillor House lawn called "From Sheep to Shawl." They set up a big tent and one of Betty's friends brought in a sheep and sheared it. Then the Cockleshells (Alice among them) cleaned the wool, spun it into yarn, dyed it, wove it into a shawl, and raffled it off, all before the end of the day. Alice thought there were at least twenty spinners out in that tent. It was a wonderful event, and Betty organized it all.

There is not enough space here for more than a sampling of Betty's fabric-working accomplishments, but among them I must not omit mentioning the new hangings she created for Holy Trinity Anglican Church, of which she was a long and faithful member.

But now it is time to speak of the other, and even more important, reasons she will be long and fondly remembered, namely her sterling character and her unfailing kindness. "She was always a help to everybody," Alice declared, and shared a few revealing examples, such as driving a needy child to camp after a local youth group had raised money for the purpose, driving others all over the place when they couldn't drive themselves (she did a lot of chauffeuring for Sylvia), willingly lending her car to almost any-

one who needed it, offering free hospitality to visiting family of penitentiary inmates (in the days before Mountain Top)...the list could go on—and would be even longer, except that Betty never talked about her good deeds. As Alice put it, “She was just that type of person. If you needed something, she would be there for you. And if she just heard about it she’d be there for you anyway... The more she did, the better she was. She was almost a landmark here in town.”

As is so often the case with generous spirits, Betty was also something of a ‘character’. Alice remembered her as being a bit absent-minded. She had a roof rack on her car and she would set her coffee mug on it and drive off up to the craft shop. Sometimes it would be there when she arrived and sometimes not. She went through a lot of mugs. Darleen and Amanda thought she was “the original Foodie. Money was scarce but Betty’s palette was international and particular. Among her favourites were stinky blue cheeses, raw onions, Japanese Sushi, Chinese food, and smoked salmon with cream cheese and crackers.” And what Dorchesterite can forget her walking the streets of the shiretown with Gigi, her beloved canine friend for over twenty years? Heidi put it well when she called her “a testament to living life with curiosity, good humour, and kindness” and “a spark of vitality that continues to radiate.”

One important way that spark continues to radiate is through her ‘disciples’, Heidi, Dee, and now Dee’s daughter, Freya. Heidi became an acolyte and friend in 1999. Upon visiting the St. James Textile Museum, she immediately volunteered her services and soon became as enthusiastic a learner as Betty was a teacher. With the skills acquired from Betty’s generous and helping hand, in 2000 she opened up the London Wool Shop in Dieppe where, in addition to selling her own high-quality prod-

ucts, she in turn taught spinning and weaving to eager apprentices and visitors alike. She has since moved the shop to Mahone Bay (under the name of Heidi Wulfraat Woolworks Studio). She tells me that business is brisk and enthusiasm for the fabric-making arts gratifyingly high among the younger generation. So Betty’s spark should continue to radiate over Mahone Bay for some time to come.

Betty’s spark first began to glow in Dee in 2001 when, on an impulse, she stopped at the St. James Textile Museum on her way to lunch at the Bell Inn. Betty’s warm welcome and enthusiasm for her art made a deep impression on her, one that only grew during the six years she subsequently spent in Connecticut. When she moved to Dorchester in 2007 one of the first things she did was to revisit the museum and sign up as a volunteer. As many readers will know, she is still volunteering, nowadays as Betty’s successor. Dee has a background in graphic design and over the next twelve years she learned how to combine her art with the skills she acquired from her mentor as well as her own mother and grandmother to produce the beautiful articles that have become so popular with visitors to the museum. Betty also kindled in Dee her enthusiasm for teaching and passing her knowledge and skills on to the next generation. Among the beneficiaries of this enthusiasm is Dee’s daughter, Freya, who began volunteering at St. James when she was only ten.

There is more about Freya in Dee’s report on the 2019 season at St. James—which also got squeezed out of the September issue by the Bannisters. Here it will be enough to add that Betty’s spark of vitality will also clearly radiate over Dorchester for some time to come. Betty Adams was one of a kind, and, as Heidi says, she truly left the world a better place than when she entered it.

Gene Goodrich



Betty, happy at her work

SIR PIERRE-AMAND LANDRY: DOES HIS MESSAGE STILL RESONATE?

Editor's Note: Last June at our Annual General Meeting, Dr. Della Stanley gave an interesting and timely talk on Sir Pierre-Amand Landry, one of Dorchester's best known adopted sons, and of course the original Landry of Landry House, which is now one of the Westmorland Historical Society's historic properties. She kindly gave me permission to publish it in the Newsletter, and by rights it should have appeared in the September 2019 issue. But, like Dee's report and Betty's obituary, it, too, fell victim to the Bannister boys and had to await this issue. Della is a graduate of Mount Allison and a daughter of Dr. George Stanley, who was, among many other distinctions, an eminent Canadian historian, the holder of the first chair of Canadian Studies at Mount Allison, and the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick 1981-87. Her mother, Mrs. Ruth Stanley, will long be gratefully remembered as a keen supporter and large benefactor of the Westmorland Historical Society. Della is a very popular professor of history at Mount St. Vincent University and, among other scholarly publications, the author of A Man for Two Peoples: Pierre-Amand Landry (sold in our gift shop) and Louis Robichaud: A Decade of Power.

As some of you may know, Pierre Landry was one of the most noted orators of the province. In fact, he may have delivered the longest speech in the history of New Brunswick's legislature. The day before he resigned as an Opposition MLA, on May 2, 1883, he spoke for just over seven hours criticizing the government's budget. I do not have his oratorical abilities and I promise that I will not speak for seven hours. Nor will I keep you here until 3 am, which is what happened on Dec. 30, 1886, when Landry, now the MP for Kent County, was feted at a celebratory banquet in Moncton, attended by over seven hundred guests who, following a sumptuous dinner, revelled in numerous speeches and toasts. Reportedly, the banquet dispersed following a boisterous rendition of "God Save the Queen." I assure you that is not required this evening.

I am sure most of you know much about Pierre Landry's career from his birth in the Acadian farming community of Memramcook, on May 1, 1846, the year his father Amand Landry became the first Acadian MLA for Westmorland, until his death in the bustling, predominantly English-speaking shiretown of Dorchester on July 28, 1916, just months after he was knighted for his contributions on behalf of the Acadian people and his lifelong promotion of Canadian unity and cultural harmony. Therefore, I will refrain from providing a chronological account of his successes and setbacks. That would ensure you a seven-hour speech. What I want to do is to explain why I became interested in the life and career of Pierre Landry and consider what he might think if he found himself in present-day Dorchester—or Canada in general. Is his career-long message of national unity, racial equality and harmony, as compelling today as it was a century ago?

When I was a little girl, my parents had a life-sized portrait of Mme LaTour hanging in our living room. She was



my heroine, this brave woman who defended her husband's claim to Acadia.

Editor's Note: Francoise-Marie Jacqueline was the wife of Charles LaTour, who fought Charles de Menou d'Aulnay for control over Acadia. In 1645, while LaTour was in Boston seeking aid against his rival, d'Aulnay attacked his fort at what later became Saint John. (The remnants of it are still in evidence.) After a heroic defence led by Mme LaTour he took it and, despite the terms of surrender, brutally hanged the garrison to a man while she was forced to watch from her prison cell. She died of shock and grief soon afterwards.

Granted, I was enamoured with the romantic story and the image. My mother even made me an outfit so I could look like the woman in the painting, which of course is totally imaginary. But that was my first introduction to the Acadians. My appreciation of Acadian history expanded when our family would drive between Moncton and Sackville on the "old road". We often stopped for lunch at a restaurant overlooking the Memramcook Valley. This spot gave my father an opportunity to explain that Memramcook had one of the longest streets in Canada, that it was home to the Acadian people, that they had built dykes to render the marshlands useful farmland. Additional stops to roll down the ramparts of Fort Beausejour were accompanied by further history lessons about Beaubassin and the removal of the Acadians by the English in 1755.

I was easily hooked on the romantic stories of Mme laTour and Evangeline. A more mature, balanced appreciation of Acadian history came when, as a student at Mount Allison, I was given an assignment to write about what has been called the "Acadian Renaissance," that period in the latter decades of the 1800s when the Acadians increasingly found their political and cultural voice in New Brunswick society. One of the recurring names that appeared in the research was that of Pierre Landry.

I became more and more interested in who he was and how it was that a twenty-four year old Acadian, Roman Catholic, and bilingual lawyer came to be supported by English and French-speaking voters

alike. For example, in the election of 1870, over 72% of the Westmorland County electorate voted for Landry, while only 32% of the population of some 30,000 was Acadian—and this at a time when many English-speaking New Brunswickers regarded the Acadians as simple, largely illiterate priest-ridden rubes.

Landry scored many firsts, and not a few 'onlys'. He was the first Acadian called to the New Brunswick Bar, the first Acadian provincial cabinet minister, the first Acadian judge and Chief Justice, and the only Acadian ever to be knighted. He was also a key player in the all-important Acadian conventions that focused political attention on Acadian education and political participation, as well as a key player in the appointments of the first Acadian senator and the first Acadian bishop. Clearly, he was a man to be reckoned with. What intrigued me was the question: how did he accomplish all this? Did he sacrifice his Acadian identity and natural sympathies, becoming completely assimilated in order to achieve personal ambitions? Or was he more altruistic, truly devoted to the advancement of Acadian interests? And how did he view the place of his province and his people within the Canadian federation?

My research probably would not have gone beyond an undergraduate essay had it not been for four people: The first was my father, whose research into the infamous Caraquet Riots of January 1875, when the Acadians refused to support the non denominational Common Schools legislation and to pay the school tax, revealed to me something of Landry's strongly rooted Catholic faith, his abiding sense of justice, and his unwavering Acadian pride. During the so-called riot, an English Protestant was killed, allegedly by a group of Acadians. As an MLA Landry had opposed the school tax legislation and consequently was defeated at the polls in 1874. Now free of political attachments, he offered his services as a lawyer in the successful defence of the accused. Here was an example of his defending Acadian interests at the cost of his political advancement.

The second of my inspirational lights was Father Anselme Chiasson of Moncton who so passionately told me in 1973 that almost nothing had been written about

Landry and that he really hoped I would take up the challenge to write about “cette grande figure de notre histoire.” He reminded me that John A. Macdonald had once said of Landry, “He was one of the most distinguished and charming men that I have ever known in my career.” Grand praise indeed, yet, ironically, Macdonald never appointed Landry, the MP for Kent County, to his cabinet.

The third person was Sylvia Yeoman. One summer I worked as a guide at Keillor House. At some point I mentioned the name of Pierre Landry and she told me about his house, “The Maples.” I immediately went to it. Landry now became even more real to me as I looked at the large bay windows and mansard roof and recalled a postcard I had seen of Landry sitting in front of his house, which he had purchased prior to his marriage at age twenty-six. How did he afford such a large house? No wonder, I thought, that he was often in financial difficulties. As Landry reminded John A. Macdonald in 1887 when pleading for a judicial appointment; “I am in politics seventeen years and my means are very limited...” Five years before, Macdonald had written Landry, “I cannot help thinking it would be a great mistake for a young man like you...to shelve yourself on the Bench.” Perhaps so, but again in 1889 Landry informed Macdonald that he felt completely humiliated by not getting a cabinet or judicial appointment in spite of his years of loyalty to the Old Chief, and he interpreted it as a rejection of Acadian interests.

Finally, the call came when he was forty-four. In 1890, Landry was named County Court Judge for Westmorland. Macdonald’s successor, a Maritimer, John S. Thompson, was obviously more sympathetic to Landry’s judicial aspirations, for, three years later, he appointed him to the Supreme Court of New Brunswick. After twenty-three years on the bench as a puisne judge, Landry achieved another first for the Acadian people. He was appointed Chief Justice of the newly created Court of King’s Bench.

By now I was almost ready to take up the challenge raised by Father Chaisson. Here was the perfect topic

for a master’s thesis: something no one had written about, close to my own home area, and related to my romantic childhood fascination with the Acadians. Perhaps most importantly of all, it was a topic that seemed very relevant in the early 1970s when Canadians faced the real possibility of Quebec separation amidst talk of Acadian separation and growing fears of national disunity and cultural conflict.

My only hesitation was that I wasn’t sure Landry could possibly be as fine a person as people claimed he was. Then I met the fourth person that convinced me he was someone I wanted to know more about, in fact, someone I wished I could have met. This was his daughter-in-law, Elsie, the wife of his son, Dr. Raymond Landry of Moncton. Mrs Landry clearly adored her father-in-law and thought he was a great man. She provided me with a kind of “hand touching the hand” experience as she painted a picture of life in the Landry home. She described a kind, gentlemanly, quiet man who spoke English and French fluently. In fact Pierre spoke French and his wife spoke English to their children. She told of the enjoyment he got from reading and from playing cards, of his love for gardening and flowers, especially sweet peas and dahlias, of his gift for story telling as well as speech making, of his sense of humour and of the sadness that permeated his later life, partly because of his own numerous health issues, but more importantly because of the serious depressions suffered by his wife, whom he married in 1872.

Bridgette Annie McCarthy was the daughter of an Irish Catholic MLA and Fredericton businessman, Timothy McCarthy. The marriage, which took place in the Roman Catholic cathedral in Saint John, was officiated by Father Francois-Xavier Cormier, the first priest born in Memramcook and a classmate of Landry’s at Saint Joseph. By all family accounts, it was a marriage filled with love, but sadly, in later years, Annie was often hospitalized in Montreal. Pierre frequently confessed that when she was gone, loneliness permeated the house.

Perhaps most revealing of all, Elsie spoke of Landry's closeness to his children, especially his only daughter, Marie, who often cared for him. Marie remained single until after her father's death. The following year, she married William Palmer who owned a grocery store in Dorchester. Landry, who throughout his career, like his father before him, had emphasized the importance for Acadians to be well educated and well represented in the learned professionals, was enormously proud of his children. He and Annie had eleven, four of whom died at birth. Three sons became engineers and two became lawyers. At the time of his death, Landry was especially proud of Pierre and William who were serving overseas. Finally, there was Raymond the doctor, who became beloved in Moncton after moving there in 1913 in order to be closer to his father. Earlier he had practised in Paris, Montreal, and Edmonton.

Elsie convinced me that Pierre-Amand Landry deserved a full evaluation, if only to establish his important role in the evolution of Acadian political maturity. And so it was that I began to explore my "man for two peoples."



Pierre Landry: 'tall, dark, and handsome' (as well as slender), was gifted with intelligence, personal charisma, and outstanding oratorical skills, to which he added patience, a strong sense of loyalty, and practical good sense. However, these qualities alone do not account for his ap-

peal to Acadians and "English" alike. They only served to sharpen the political tools his father had bequeathed him.

Amand Landry, teacher, farmer, and politician, often derogatively called "the Frenchman" by his English political colleagues, recognized that if the Acadian minority was ever going to share equally in the

economic, social, political, and legal life of the province, it needed well-educated lawyers, doctors, politicians, teachers, and businessmen—not just clergy. Amand wanted his son to become a lawyer and a politician, fluently bilingual like himself, so as to be accepted by the dominant society as a social and intellectual equal. To this end, he sent Pierre to grammar school in Fredericton (the equivalent of high school in those days) in order not only to become bilingual, but also to gain an understanding of the attitudes, issues and preconceptions of his Anglophone classmates. He also encouraged Pierre (known as Peter at the grammar school), to sit in on sessions of the legislature in order to learn how government operated and something of the political issues of the time.

Upon matriculation, Pierre acquired a third class teaching licence and taught school briefly until the fall of 1864 when higher education became possible with the opening of the bilingual classical College St. Joseph in Memramcook. The young Landry was quickly realizing his father's dreams. Following graduation, under the rules set by the New Brunswick Barristers Society, he was able to assume a legal clerkship, the final stepping stone to becoming a lawyer. He then became a politician and soon was a leading voice for Acadian rights. He moved to Dorchester to article with his father's running mate in Westmorland, Albert J. Smith. (Amand had also been an opponent of Confederation before 1867, after which he, too, was reconciled to it.) In later years, Pierre would campaign as a Conservative against the Liberal Smith, just as Smith had opposed his own mentor, the Conservative Edward Barron Chandler. His legal studies convinced Landry of two things: that, in the words of the famous jurist, Blackstone, "it is better that ten guilty persons escape than that one innocent suffer," and that, in his own words "laws must be enacted and observed to achieve order and to protect minorities from overbearing majorities".

Combining his own natural abilities with the carefully acquired tools of leadership, Pierre-Amand Landry emerged on the political scene in 1870 at the ripe young age of twenty-four, winning the Westmorland

County seat conveniently vacated by his father that year. At the same time, he set up his law practice in Dorchester—not Moncton and not Memramcook. It was a carefully planned move. During his period of articling, he had come to know the community well, especially its movers and shakers. He hoped to be welcomed into the local political and social elite, thereby making it easier to forge valuable connections and find favour with the all-important Anglophone decision makers of the day. Another reason for locating in Dorchester was the proximity of the courthouse, registry office, and jail. It would also make it clear to potential clients that he was available to “French” and “English” alike. (In his day, Acadians were almost always called “French,” while everyone else was “English.”)

As history shows, he was right. Pierre and Annie became very much a part of Dorchester’s community life, hosting guests in their home, attending social events whether Liberal or Conservative, Protestant or Roman Catholic, French-speaking or English-speaking, and attending school events with their children. Dorchester in the 1870s and 1880s was bustling with renewed confidence after the Intercolonial Railway passed through town, opening up new economic opportunities. Landry’s fledgling practice benefited from the confident atmosphere. Clients, “English” as well as “French”, arrived at his office in large numbers. And, his popularity as a politician also grew, as witness his repeated success at the polls in Westmorland and Kent where he was supported not only by the Acadians, but, even more significantly, by many “English” voters as well.

Would Pierre Landry recognize Dorchester today? Only vaguely. True, his house is still here, as are many of the other wonderful houses he would have known: the Smiths’, the Chandlers’, the Hanningtons’, the Emmersons’, and the Keillors’. The court house is gone, having burned long ago. The jail is still here...sort of. The Anglican Church is here... and the penitentiary first opened in 1880 is still here. But gone is the shiretown. Gone are the county levels of government, interestingly almost one hundred and forty-two years to the day after Landry was elected to the

first Westmorland County Council as one of three representatives for Dorchester Parish. Gone, too, are all of the mining, most of the lumbering, and much of the farming. True, the train still passes through, but it doesn’t stop for passengers or freight. And the population is smaller almost by half.

Would Landry recognize the political world of today? Yes and No. One thing he would certainly notice is the difference in the gender and ethnic composition of federal and provincial governments. He would notice that the diversity of cultures and religions is far greater than it was in his day. And he probably would be surprised that a call to the Bar is no longer the standard stepping stone to a political career. In fact, the present Prime Minister was a school teacher and the present premier of New Brunswick (Brian Gallant) a mechanical engineer. He would notice that the British North America Act has been amended and “repatriated” and joined by a new constitutional document, The Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Today this country of over 37 million, with its ten provinces and three territories, is home to new political parties that Landry could never have imagined: the Green Party, the NDP, the Peoples’ Party, the Bloc Quebecois. There was even an attempt to form an Acadian Party for a time. And who can forget the Confederation of Regions Party? (Answer: just about everyone.) He would realize that newspapers as voices for partisan political and religious interests have pretty well disappeared, replaced by social media, online blogs and apps. In fact, technology is far beyond anything Landry would dare (or perhaps even care) to imagine.

But, Sir Pierre would recognize the intensity of impassioned, partisan campaigning at election time. He would recognize the attempts of candidates to belittle the ideas and sometimes assassinate the character of their opponents. His political opponents, including his former legal mentor, Sir Albert J. Smith, accused him of being a “French dictator plotting to force French ways on the English Protestant majority.” The *Moncton Transcript* editorialized during the election of 1883 that “Today Mr. Landry is the Napoleon of Westmorland massing his forces in firm and unbroken array against

the English. A Waterloo must follow and after that Mr Landry will find himself on a political Saint Helena.” The editor’s objective was to foster fear and loathing among the “English” of anything Roman Catholic or Acadian. However, there was no Waterloo, and Landry was re-elected. Today, politicians often do much the same thing, calling their opponents unkind names, implying various kinds of election fraud or personal improprieties, or even manufacturing falsehoods. In fact, political parties now assign various members to be “chief agitators” whose job it is to “get under the skin” of a candidate. Once, when asked whether he ever read the tirades aimed at him by the highly partisan *Moncton Weekly Transcript*, Landry replied, “Oh yes I read it, but I pull down the blind first.”

Landry would also be familiar with political patronage, that all important *quid pro quo* of the political game, won by concerted lobbying of the kind he engaged in to assure the appointment of an Acadian senator or his own appointment to the bench. Sometimes it is the product of longstanding party loyalty....a senator here, a Crown Corporation appointment there; a contract here, an election donation there; a new wharf here, a plane ride there. Sometimes it is relatively benign and sometimes it verges on the unethical and even the illegal, then as now. Landry was well acquainted with the famous Pacific Scandal that defeated the first Macdonald government. His own appointment as the provincial Minister of Public Works produced resentment in the English-dominated counties. Landry now had the power and he used it to correct what he believed were historic imbalances in the funding of infrastructure both in Westmorland and in the more purely Acadian counties. Bridges, wharves, culverts: they all appeared in rapid succession. But, is it really any different today? Judging from the number of cases sent to the Ethics Commissioners across the country, patronage is still alive and well, only it is now subject to more scrutiny, with at least some expectation of fairness and legality.

Other political issues of the day would sound very familiar to Landry: national infrastructure projects; trade with the USA; bilingualism; provincial liquor laws; fish-

ing rights off of the Maine coast; First Nation’s rights, federal-provincial relations, political patronage. These are still part of the Canadian political diet, as they were in his time. Landry devoted many a speech to debating the pros and cons of expanding railway systems as key to national development. Today the focus is on pipelines for gas and oil. Landry debated the pros and cons of the National Policy versus Unrestricted Reciprocity. Today we are still cautiously negotiating matters of trade and commerce with our neighbour to the south. Landry once exclaimed, “American fishing rights are imaginary rights...” He went on to say “If the people of the US have invited us to take a certain course of action, it is not to make us numerous, rich or powerful but rather because they do not believe it will result in making us numerous, rich or powerful – but rather have the opposite effect.”

Landry would recognize the challenges of federal-provincial relations in Canada. Today, they are the source of numerous court cases. Witness the challenges by some provinces to the federal carbon-tax; or calls on Ottawa to disallow Quebec’s Bill 21 preventing civil servants from wearing religious symbols. Landry was a vocal proponent of provincial rights. He believed that, although the federal government did have the power of disallowance under the constitution, it should be used only on the rarest of occasions. He did not want an English majority in the House of Commons to be able to reverse any legislation that might be passed in New Brunswick to give protective rights to Acadian education, language or religion. In fact, even though he opposed the New Brunswick Common Schools Act, which was offensive to other Roman Catholics as well as to Acadians, he did not support calls for federal disallowance. Provincial rights had to be preserved as part of a much bigger regional and cultural picture.

Official bilingualism was one of the most important items on Landry’s cultural agenda. Both as an MLA and MP, he repeatedly called for better services in French and the publication of documents in French.

There is a certain ring of familiarity in his response to criticisms of a motion endorsing the publication in French of provincial agricultural reports. Critics argued that bilingual publication would be too costly and would lead to a request for the provincial debates being published in French. Landry fired back: "The expense will be scarcely more than a cent of a head on each of the French population. Before Confederation, the debates were printed in both languages. Is it to be said that since Confederation that we are more illiberal than before?" While he was free to speak in the legislature and the House of Commons in his mother tongue, he often found related government bilingual services lacking. The debate continues today, both in New Brunswick and at the federal level. Witness the 2018 provincial election in New Brunswick during which the cultural and linguistic divide of the province came to the fore when the bilingual leader of the Liberal Party refused to debate a French-speaking stand-in for the unilingual leader of the Progressive Conservative Party. Or consider recent tensions in New Brunswick around the issue the hiring and promotion of bilingual paramedics reportedly less qualified than unilingual English-speaking paramedics.

Liquor laws continue to be regular topics of debate today, as in the past. Provincially, the topic of liquor control recently took centre stage in Ontario. The premier used "A Buck a Beer" slogan during his election campaign, and the province's most recent budget promised that it would soon be legal to sell liquor at 9:00 am, and even to consume liquor in a park. Similarly, here in New Brunswick the government has promised that locally produced beer will soon be sold in grocery stores. Landry would be appalled. Having witnessed what he regarded as the evils that liquor could inflict on a society, he had supported the 1878 Canada Temperance Act and the decision of Westmorland to adopt the local option choice of prohibiting the importation, manufacture, and sale

of liquor.

On the other hand, I am sure that Pierre Landry would be impressed by some of the social changes that have taken place over the past century. He campaigned for the abolition of imprisonment for debt. He campaigned for granting the right to vote to First Nations: "I say it matters not what nationality a man belongs to...why should not the Indians have the franchise as well as anybody else? If there is any prejudice against that race it is the duty of the government to try and wipe it out by means of legislation". He supported the right of women to vote, which New Brunswick granted in 1919, at the same time including all those eighteen and over, whether married or unmarried, and with no property qualification, as in the past. He believed in the right of the Chinese to the franchise: "I would prefer if a Chinese had the vote." He supported legislation to permit women to be full members of the legal profession in New Brunswick and he would probably be pleased to know that females represent more than 50% of most law school classes, and that they serve as judges across the country. Note for example, the recent appointment of Tracey DeWare as Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench in New Brunswick.

One thing that would certainly surprise Landry about today's legal profession is that lawyers are permitted to advertise their services, something which was prohibited in his time, while judges, curiously enough, were allowed to stray into the world of advertising. They could not advertise their judicial philosophy or the judgments they had rendered, but they could endorse products as a way to augment their incomes. For example, in 1919, New Brunswick newspapers regularly featured the image of Chief Justice Harrison McKeown together with his endorsement of Hawker's Cough Medicine and Liver Pills.

Some of the changes would certainly give Landry the satisfaction that his determination to serve as an Acadian role model and his tireless campaigning for equitable Acadian representation in public life had paid off. Today, no New Brunswick government can overlook the needs

and concerns of the Acadian electorate. No legal services, educational programmes, or commercial transactions can ignore the province's cultural diversity. Today, Acadians hold senior positions in all walks of life. They are cabinet ministers, bishops, governors-general, lieutenant-governors, senators, school inspectors, corporation presidents, university presidents. Acadian authors, artists and musicians have national and international reputations. Today, in New Brunswick, there are both French and English-language schools, French-language school inspectors, French-language textbooks, a full-fledged French-language university that includes not only training for lawyers and nurses but also for teachers and engineers. Today, New Brunswick is officially bilingual, as is Canada, and is the only province to share that distinction. Debates in the legislative assembly as well as all government documents and reports are translated into both languages. Court cases can be tried in either English or French and decisions are published in both. This is not to say that there are no inadequacies and failures with respect to linguistic, gender, and cultural equality. But, when contrasted with the situation in Landry's day, many advances have been made in terms of Acadian educational opportunities, political participation, economic involvement and language services.

Sir Pierre-Amand Landry was unquestionably one of the leading figures of the "Acadian Renaissance," the political and cultural coming of age of the Acadians in the late 19th century. But, at the same time, he balanced his love for his Acadian heritage with his love for Canada. He was a believer in the monarchy and the British Empire and he encouraged his sons to serve in WWI when many French-speaking Canadians were vehemently opposed. He spent much of his life among Anglophones. His wife of Irish descent was from the heart of English-speaking New Brunswick. He was a friend of many in the predominantly English community of Dorchester. He had studied in an English school system. Indeed, he was passionately

convinced that cultural and religious differences need not separate people, but rather could strengthen the ties between them if both recognized the value as well as the necessity of cooperation, consideration, and conciliation.



"The Maples" as restored by WHS

If Pierre Landry came and spoke to you this evening, would he have a message that would resonate? Would we even listen? Would his fundamental message of racial harmony and national unity change? Just over a century after his death we are living in a country in which various provinces increasingly feel aggrieved by decisions made by other provinces and the federal government. We live in a country in which talk of separation is slipping, more and more, into the political discourse. Increasingly, mounting tensions and jealousies between regions and citizens are highlighted in election campaigning—issues of immigration, the environment, First Nations land claims and reconciliation, religious garb in public service positions, history curricula in the schools, bilingualism in the civil service, equal pay for equal work, ...the list goes on. In some quarters, cultural diversity and multiculturalism are under serious threat. Very recently a controversial sociology professor at UNB openly expressed white supremacist views on multiculturalism and immigration. Democracy, which is a very delicate system requiring compromise, concilia-

tion, co-operation and mutual respect, is being challenged by many. For example, a recent *New York Times* headline proclaimed, “Democracy is in retreat. Civil and political rights are eroding all over the world.”

It sounds to me like we need to hear Landry’s message again—and to find ways to turn it into a national objective. His message is still relevant today. So, I leave you with some words he spoke in 1911:

“A Canadian spirit? Now this country...should be imbued with one spirit: that of being Canadians first and at all times....To make people patriots and lovers of their country, they must have no just cause of complaint of harsh or unjust treatments...A people whose interests, though varied, are all safe-guarded and jealously looked after by the governing bodies...will always be staunch lovers of the country... Let us be true to one another, obey the laws of our country...and work in harmony...In this way the spirit of true Canadians will be developed”.

Quotations pertaining to Landry are drawn from *A Man for Two Peoples : Pierre-Amand Landry* (Fredericton, 1988) by D. M .M. Stanley

Della Stanley



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Museum Hours

June 7 to Sept.12, 2020
 Seven Days a Week
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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

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Fund Raising, Gift Shop, and Donations

Thanks to the work of our many volunteers, we were able to raise the following funds in support of the museums in 2019 and 2018.

| | 2019 | | | 2018 | | |
|-------------------|---------|----------|---------------|---------|----------|---------------|
| | Revenue | Expenses | Net | Revenue | Expenses | Net |
| Mother's Day Tea | 1,030 | 0 | 1,030 | 852 | 60 | 792 |
| Sandpiper Br. | 771 | 247 | 524 | 957 | 281 | 676 |
| Harvest Dinner | 700 | 398 | 302 | 555 | 635 | -80 |
| Haunted House | 10,900 | 2,154 | 8,746 | 10,351 | 3,031 | 7,320 |
| Victorian Dinner* | 3,327 | 2,235 | 1,092 | 3,300 | 2,980 | 320 |
| Totals | 15,698 | 5,034 | 10,664 | 16,015 | 6,987 | 9,028 |
| Gift Shop | 4,861 | 1,245 | 3,616 | 1,963 | 700 | 1,263 |
| Donations | | | 25,117 | | | 22,080 |

*Figures to November—for one Victorian Dinner.

Cole Morison