

The Travels of A Fredericton Editor A Century Ago

Mr. Gorham Continues His Story of the Travels
of Edmund Ward In 1938

R. P. Gorham, B.Sc., continues in this issue his interesting sketch of the travels of Edmund Ward.

R. P. Gorham, B.Sc., of this city, who is one of the leading authorities on matters of local as well as of Maritime history is furnishing The Daily Mail with a series of historical sketches dealing with past events in this locality. The sketch which we publish today contains an account of the travels a century ago of the Editor of a Fredericton newspaper, Edmund Ward. Ward describes in this issue conditions on the Nashwaak and on the Miramichi. Many residents of this section will be interested in these sketches.

In the previous installment Mr. Ward's notes on the journey from Fredericton to Newcastle and Chatham were quoted. He did not mention how he crossed the Nashwaak River but he gave an interesting description of the ferries across the Miramichi. At one of the ferrying places the scow was not available so the wheels of the stage coach were placed in two canoes or perogues placed side by side and thus taken across the stream while the passengers and mail were taken in another canoe. The horses were made to swim across by the stage coach driver who appropriately enough, was named Mr. Swim. After a few days in the vicinity of Newcastle and Chatham Mr. Ward directed his travels toward the Bend, as Moncton was then called. Let us follow another stage of the journey, the part which, if we were to follow the same route by motor car some summer day in 1938, would probably be taken in the hour before it would be time for lunch. That is, if we made as early a start from Fredericton as Mr. Ward did, six A.M., and did not remain too long to visit in Chatham.

"Upon leaving Chatham for Richibucto on the eastern side of the province the traveller has a level and excellent road, if kept in repair, as far as Kouchibouguac, although from the nature of the soil, incapable of being extensively settled. On reaching this place, which also bears the name of Raymondtown, he will find an extensive mill establishment in operation and the busy hum of industry, where ten years since the woods man's axe alone resounded."

The reference here is to the present village of Kouchibouguac which according to this note, would seem to have been established about 1828. A settlement was formed at the mouth of the river at a much earlier date, about 1800, according to Ganong's notes on the origin of settlements in New Brunswick. Those early colonists were Scottish people and the settlements further inland were made by expansion of the older coast settlement.

"Mr. Raymond is a warm friend of the temperance cause and has thus in a manner checked in his neighborhood, the intemperance which unhappily still prevails to an alarming extent throughout the province; although the magistrates persist in licensing a public house to sell ardent spirits, contrary to the expressed sentiments of a large and respectable portion of the inhabitants. He has however, succeeded in establishing a temperance house that is kept by a Mr. Patten, which in point of taste and comfort is not excelled in any part of the province; and should wet weather overtake the temporary inn of the house the Sketch Book or the Album or the Forget-me-not, or other judiciously selected productions will prevent his leisure hours from hanging heavily on his hands; or if the day should be fair, with his rod and line he may perform the anglers art on the margin of the river which passes under the windows of the inn."

Somehow we have the feeling that Mr. Ward spent at least one rainy afternoon at Kouchibouguac and had abundant leisure to examine the Sketch Book, the Album and the Forget-me-not which he notes so particularly and to reflect on that "it" it was fine what he could do. That expression "Perform the anglers art" intrigues us. Yes, we are sure, it was raining. If it had been fine he would have just simply gone fishing and said nothing about it we feel certain.

"The inhabitants of this settlement, who are numerous, have hitherto been destitute of spiritual aid, but a Presbyterian meeting house is being erected, the Methodists are placing another there, Mr. Rice, the clergyman of that denomination occasionally visiting the place at present, and the church clergyman, finding others on the alert, has recently preached to the people. One place of worship however is sufficient, if the reverend gentlemen could agree to preach there at distinct and stated periods."

Please, local historians, look at the opportunities for interesting and

valuable work which are outlined in these last two paragraphs from Mr. Ward's narrative. The Raymond mill, the Patten House, the beginning of two or three churches and that clergyman of the church who became sensitive to the needs of the people upon noting that others were 'alert.' Is there not someone at Kouchibouguac who can gather together this really valuable local history and put it in written form so it may be preserved. Write it out and send it to the editor of this paper and he, I feel sure, will endeavour to put it in printed form.

Suppose at this time I give you a starting point in connection with the parish and county.

Kouchibouguac is in the parish of Carleton and county of Kent. That county was established in 1826, set off from Northumberland which was the third in order of the original seven counties of the province. Kent County was named for or in honor of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. The curious feature is that the Parish of Carleton is considerably older than the county of Kent, having been established in 1814 while the first Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick, Thomas Carleton was still living and to it was given his name. When Northumberland County was formed, by Act No. 1 of the First Legislature in 1786, it had only two parishes: Alnwick and New-Castle (not Newcastle). On the 7th of March 1814 it was enacted by "The President, Council and Assembly that these two parishes should have parts set off from them to form new and smaller parishes. These were Wellington, Carleton, Glenelg, Chatham, Nelson, Ludlow, Saumarez, Beresford and Northesk. At that time and by the same act the hyphen was taken out of Newcastle. Accordingly, the history in sequence, is, Northumberland County and New-Castle Parish, January, 1786. Carleton Parish, Northumberland County, March 7, 1814; Carleton Parish, Kent County, March 7, 1826. But the whole of the original Carleton Parish did not retain the name. Suppose you search for and discover what became of a part. That will give you a real start on local history, something to build upon, a foundation for that history of the region you are going to write, I hope.

Now suppose we follow Mr. Ward upon his travels. Just as soon as he started from Kouchibouguac or Raymondtown he began to complain of the roads and that makes us more certain than ever that he experienced a rainy day while studying the Sketch Book and Album at the Patten House. "The road which passes thro' Raymondtown is another instance of the improper expenditure of public money upon the roads. By winding round their bases two very bad hills could have been avoided; whereas this must now be done at great expense and property will have to be purchased that has been improved, before an alteration can be effected."

Raymondtown is 28 miles distant from Chatham and a ride of 14 miles takes you to Richibucto which is an open harbour on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A Queen's Vessel is now engaged in taking the soundings on that part of the coast. There were flags newly erected in various places as indicative of various prominent points.

Much cause of complaint however exists with reference to the state of the road between these places which is much out of repairs; and several deep and wide gullies recently formed, render it almost impossible to travel this part of the main post communication. Owing to some oversight or mismanagement the supervisor lives in another county, and of course resides at a distance; the result is that much delay and want of information must ensue from such injudicious arrangement. (This has a familiar ring even if it was written ninety-nine years ago). We saw a wagon overturned in the ditch and with much difficulty the horse and vehicle were extricated from their perilous situation."

No doubt about it, it rained while Mr. Ward was at Kouchibouguac. Just think of that poor horse and vehicle in the mud in late July. Well, times have not changed so greatly, we recall having our car pulled out of the mud by a road crew in that same region in the year of grace, 1937, and of seeing more than one car stuck in the mud on the main line of communication between Fredericton and St. John in the same year.

THE RIGHTS OF THE INDIVIDUAL WITHIN A HIGHLY ORGANIZED COMMUNITY IS THE SUPREME ISSUE OF TODAY

(By H. M. Paint of The Daily Mail Staff. All views expressed in this article are solely the personal opinions of the writer).

Millions roam the world homeless exiles from the country of their birth. Thousands live out their long martyrdom as captives in prison cell or concentration camp. The universal brotherhood of intellectual achievement is no longer a safe passport across the narrow bounds of ultranationalism. The Average Citizen of our democracy eyes the ever rising

old time statutes concerning roads, and see how they did things a century ago.

Mr. Ward was travelling on one of "The Great Roads of Communication" which were defined by Act No. 31 of the Legislature of March, 1822. The clause of the act relating to this particular stretch of road reads as follows:

"That the road from Dorchester to Chatham Village in the County of Northumberland shall be by the following route, that is to say, from Amasa Wheelon's house, near the new Memramcook Bridge, by the present route over the old bridge to Shediac, from thence by the present route to Buctouche, thence to cross the river at Elijah Ayers', thence to Mill Creek by the most practicable route, thence to the River Richibucto, thence crossing the Rivers Kouchibouguac and Kouchibauguaksis. (They used a few more letters in these names in olden times than at present) to Bay du Vin River, thence through the upper settlements on Black and Napan Rivers to Chatham Village."

The clause of the act relating to the appointment of supervisors stated that "One fit and discreet person" should have charge of this part of the Great Roads of Communication from Dorchester in Westmorland County to Chatham Village in Northumberland County.

Somewhere we have read that the supervisors of roads, like the doctors, travelled on horseback with saddlebags for their records and belongings, in early days. To travel this section from Dorchester to Chatham, even a few times in the year, the person needed to be fit and with an abundance of lobster, oyster and quahogs, to say nothing of the 'ardent spirits,' mentioned by Mr. Ward, available in the inns along the way there was need that he be discreet.

But we do feel badly about that horse and vehicle overturned in the mud in July with no supervisor near to assist. Our car has been mired in mud more than once and we have had to use fence rails to get it out ourselves when we should have liked the assistance of a supervisor of roads. Just to have had him near to talk to would have been something.

tide of intolerance and prejudice beyond our borders with something approaching horror He recalls Lord Byron's passionate and prophetic cry of a century ago:

"I wish man to be free as much from mobs as kings."

In our democracy Mr. Average Citizen's thinking is somewhat clouded by his difficulty in distinguishing clearly between freedom of action, freedom of speech and freedom of thought. Due to world depression and economic pressure he finds his freedom of action largely curtailed. He finds that he can no longer get the job he wants at the wage that he feels he is worth. Too often, alas! he finds that he has great difficulty in getting a job at all.

A pitiless economic pressure has him in its grip. He may begin to brood and think he is not free. This is unfortunate both for him and for his country. For from the moment that such thoughts enter his head, he has become potential material for agitators either of the Left or the Right. He is in danger of selling his birthright for a mess of propaganda pottage—either Communist or Fascist. He is no longer capable of pausing to reflect that under either of these two systems he is still more unlikely to have the choice of a better job at higher pay. Indeed that very likely in addition he will be deprived not only of freedom of speech, freedom of thought but very likely of the last safeguard of freedom—his sense of humor!

Some months ago the teacher in a German school told her pupils:

"Der Fuhrer will speak over the radio tonight. You must listen and I will question you tomorrow about his address."

In the morning all the students had heard Hitler's address except one small boy.

"Why did you not listen in to Hitler's broadcast," said the teacher.

"I couldn't," said the lad. "Father turned off the radio."

"For what reason," said the teacher, sternly.

"He said, 'I am tired listening to that windbag.'"

In a few hours the father was arrested and on his way to a concentration camp.

It is a precious privilege of democracy not to have to listen to radio broadcasts, or speeches whether political or after dinner orations. It is a precious privilege to be able to call our statesmen, "windbags" as we so often do. In doing so we prove that we are still a free people. It is a true sign of our essential confidence in our national leaders that we so often tune in nevertheless of our own free will to hear their messages to us. That we pay voluntary attention to their utterances shows that they have not lost "the common touch." Making due allowance for the human

factor of error our interest shows that we believe them in all essentials worthy to lead a free people.

Which brings us to an important question, viz: Are we in certain sections of Canada in danger of losing freedom of speech and freedom of thought? It would appear that the danger is not altogether negligible.

A. P. Herbert the English humorist in one of his most amusing chap-

ters propounds the question, "Is Magna Carta Law." In Quebec under the Padlock Law today the amusing query might well be asked, "Is Magna Carta seditious in a British Dominion." Much apparently innocent literature seems to have been seized from libraries, running the gamut indeed from "Alice in Wonderland" to "The Swiss Family Robinson."

Dr. Gabriel Lambert appears in a Montreal court his blue shirt shrouded for the moment, "out of respect for authority." He is said to be ready to offer a new fascist nostrum to cure the ills of the fevered body politic. Gently, Doctor, gently if you please! Perchance you have made a wrong diagnosis of the nation's ills! May it not be that the patient needs

(Continued on Page Seven)



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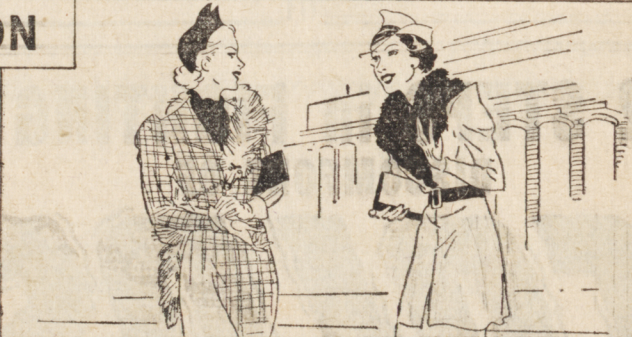


"Deep down in all our hearts there is a constant, gnawing desire to be appreciated . . . to hear words of praise and approval."

"Husbands and wives are no exception to this rule; yet, in far too many homes, mutual appreciation is mighty scarce."



"So, when your wife wears a becoming new frock—or maybe a made-over old one—why not compliment her on it? Tell her how nice and young she looks in that pretty dress. The chances are she has been anxiously wondering how you are going to like it. By being lavish in your praise you satisfy her desire for appreciation."



"Countless opportunities arise every day for husbands—and wives—to bestow little words of praise on one another."

"Women, you know, are profoundly interested in clothes. For instance, if two women meet on the street, the first thing they do is to notice each other's hats or dresses."



"The same thing is true of the dinners she plans and prepares. Back in Czarist Russia, when the guests had enjoyed a 'fine dinner,' they sent for the cook and congratulated him. Take a tip from the Russians. Next time your wife serves an exceptionally good dinner, tell her how much you appreciate it. As Texas Guinan used to say: 'Give the little girl a great big hand.'"



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