

EDITORIAL:

Since the last edition of the Newsletter was prepared, our book "Those Days Are Gone Away, Queen's County, N.B., 1643-1901" has been launched. Our hearty congratulations to the author, Marion Gilchrist Reicker, and acknowledgements to each of our members who in any way contributed to the process. In the fulfillment of the intentions of the Publications Committee it is proving to be a readable and entertaining book. Many positive comments have been heard, and at \$6.95 per copy it meets the goal of being modestly priced. Once again, our warm congratulations to all.

Surprisingly perhaps, having one book in print has gone to our heads and the Publications Committee is seriously considering what project to pursue next. Suggestions being discussed are an Album of Queen's County pictures, the volumes of Queen's County biographies, and the anthologies of poetry and fiction, already mentioned at earlier meetings. If you have other suggestions, or would like to work on one of these projects please contact a member of the Committee to offer your services.

In closing, a word of thanks to Society members who contributed articles for this Newsletter. It feels good to have a little material ahead, and we are waiting eagerly for further contributions from you.

\*\*M.D.B., A.F.H., G.W.S.

QUEEN'S COUNTY BIOGRAPHY: WILLIAM PETERS, LOYALIST, POLITICIAN, ANCESTOR

William Peters' name is mentioned most frequently as the grandfather of Sir Leonard Tilley, but Peters, like so many other men of this period, made his mark on the history of Queen's County in more ways than one.

He was born in Hempstead, New York in 1772 to Samuel and Mary Peters, who were of English colonial ancestry. The Peters, like many other New Yorkers, came to New Brunswick after the Revolution and settled at Gagetown, Queen's County.

Here young William, who had been educated in Hempstead, was engaged in farming, lumbering, and the "general mercantile business". For some time he was in partnership with William Wilmot, who served as an M.L.A. for Sunbury County. Peters was also a Justice of the Peace for Queen's.

He was first elected to the House of Assembly as one of the members from Queen's in the general election of June 1820. Samuel Scovil was his colleague, and both sat as members of the Legislature until its dissolution in 1827.

At this point William Peters retired from active politics, and following severe business reverses he moved to Woodstock where he established a lumber business.

In 1791 William Peters married Charlotte Hains, a woman of Dutch Loyalist stock who bore him five sons and ten daughters. The sons were Samuel Leonard, Thomas, Carleton, James W., and John. The daughters were Sarah, Millicent, Susan Ann, Mary, Fanny, Elizabeth, Margaret, Isobel, Phoebe and Caroline. William Peters died at Woodstock on January 4, 1836 and was buried at Gagetown. At the Provincial Archives filed under "Peters" there is a rather pathetic letter written by Charlotte in February 1836 to Susan, wife of Thomas Tilley, describing the circumstances of her (Susan's) father's death and her (Charlotte's) reaction to it.

Peters' sons were businessmen and traders themselves, and it is interesting to note that Samuel Leonard Tilley is only one, albeit the most famous, of several M.L.A.'s who had William Peters of Hempstead and Gagetown as an ancestor.

The Will of John Clark

We have included some excerpts from the will of John Clark of the Parish of Wickham. We chose this particular will because it shows what sort of geneological information is frequently available in probate records, for the delightfully expressive wording, and for the sort of social history that can be gleaned from it:

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"FIRST:- I will the charge of my Funeral be justly paid by my Executor after named - And I will and bequeath unto my son Alexander my Mill and Franklin and my clock with his paying Mary McAlawry the sum of three Pounds - And I give unto my son Gersham Clark sixteen rods at the Northwest side of the new highway, commencing just sixteen rods from Anthony Flower's line, and running back the same width to the rear. And I give unto Amos Mott the equal half of my farm from the Lake unto the new Highway, and then to go twenty two rods from Gersham's line, and then to continue the same width to the rear - And I give unto Amos Mott the horse beast that I bought from him and my sleigh and I give unto him four hundred of my rails and poles that I paid my money for, with his paying Mary McAlawry three pounds - And I give unto William my son equal half of my lot from the Lake to the new highway, and then running to the Easterly so as to have twenty two rods and the same width to the rear with his paying Mary McAlawry three pounds. And I will and bequeath to my daughter Eleanor Mott my bed and bedding and my bedstead, and my close stove and my large tub, and my butter tray that Aunt Ann took away and my Griddle that she took likewise, and my knives and forks, and cups and saucers and my plates and dishes and all that is in my pantry and four common chairs, and one small one, and my hog-pen. And I will and bequeath to my Granddaughter Sarah Martha one bed with two Flannel Blankets and two quilts and the curtains that is round my bed, and my two armchairs and two common chairs and small one, - And I give to my son Alexander my cloak and two of my largest of coats and he is to pay Abigail Corey twenty shillings. And I give unto Amos Mott my other three coats and with their dividing the rest of my clothing. And I do make my son Alexander my soul Executor, and I give him for his services my waggon. And I ordain this my last Will and Testament and I disannul all other Wills and revoke them to be null and void. And my Executor shall collect all notes and Book debts due to me.

Dated this fifteenth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty seven and in the tenth and eleventh year of Her Majesty's Reign, Queen Victoria."

Witnessed by Joseph C. Skinner, William Straight, and Abial Straight. This will was proved at Gagetown, March 1, 1853.

\*\*James H. Flower (Contributor)

In Remembrance

The Historical Society at this time expresses deep regret at the deaths of three of our valued members over the summer. Those members were:

Merville O. Colwell 1912 - July 1981

Norman W. McCutcheon 1909 - June 1981

Nellie McDonald Purdy 1894 - June 1981

These people were from old families whose roots are deep in this County; we regret their passing and extend our sympathy to their families and friends. It is fitting perhaps that as a tribute to their memories we are printing this poem written by Nellie Purdy in 1979:

WHEN IS "OLD"?

Today they say "You're 85;  
It's marvelous that you're alive,  
And without crutches you can walk;  
Your mind seems stable as a rock  
But you're so old!"

This brings the question:  
When is old?  
How can my age in years be told?  
I count the years from babyhood  
Through childhood, school, and womanhood;  
The happy years as cherished wife  
The lonely years of widowed life  
But don't feel old.

And then I realize the truth.  
The years do drain the strength of youth

The footsteps falter; senses fail  
Once rosy cheeks grow lined and pale  
The body's old.

The body is but mortal shell  
Wherein the heart and spirit dwell.  
The mystery of life and birth  
Is not revealed to us on earth.  
Some babes are born without life's spark;  
Others live past the century mark  
But all must die.

My living spirit knows no age.  
With "finis" penned on life's last page,  
It will return to Him who made  
The plans for earthly role it played  
There sheltered in that fairer clime  
Beyond the reach of roughest time  
I'll be forever young.

Nellie B. Purdy  
September 6, 1979

Mincemeat Recipe

A timely autumn recipe is this one for Dr. Lillian Beckwith Maxwell's Mincemeat. Dr. Maxwell was a New Brunswick historian, who a generation or two ago researched and wrote books like "An Outline of the History of Central New Brunswick", "How N.B. Grew", "The River St. John and its Poets" and "'Round New Brunswick Roads" all of which are collectable.

- Ingredients:
- |                        |                          |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1½ lb. deer steak      | ½ tsp. cloves            |
| 2 C. suet              | 2 tsp. nutmeg            |
| ½ peck apples          | 1 tsp. salt              |
| 1 lb. seedless raisins | 5 C. white sugar         |
| 1 lb. currants         | 1 lemon (juice and rind) |
| 1 jelly tumbler jelly  | 4 crackers crumbled      |
| 1 C. molasses          | 1 pt. water              |
| ¾ C. vinegar           | 1 pt. brandy             |
| 1 tsp. allspice        |                          |

Method: Cook and grind deer meat (I use less tender cuts than steak). Cook the apples, suet and water for ½ hour. Add all the other ingredients excepting half the brandy. Mix well. Store in crock in a cool place. When it has set pour brandy to the depth of ½ inch on the top to prevent spoiling. Mix well before using in pies.

SCHOOL RETURNS: This is the third of our series of School Returns. Once again the year is 1844 and the inspector is Sylvester Zobieski Earl. The school was located in the Parish of Wickham; it was school Number 11 at "The Henderson's Settlement". The teacher was Thomas Morris, a married male of 32 years whose licence for the present school was granted on July 26, 1842. The students and their ages were:

Alexander Ellison	12	Gideon G. Veysey	17	Mary Ann Morris	5
John Ellison	10	Hiram Veysey	16	Sarah I. Morris	8
Henry Henderson	10	John Veysey	4	Amev Shaw	17
William Henderson (1)	12	Justice Veysey	14	Deborah Shaw	14
William Henderson (2)	6	Joseph Wilson	6	Phebe Shaw	17
Daniel Shaw	11	Margaret Ellison	8	Jane Veysey	7
Ephraim Shaw	21	Mary Ann Ellison	13	Highly Wilson	15
George Shaw	18	Catharine Henderson	14	Mary Ann Wilson	8
Michael Shaw	22	Jane Henderson (1)	15	Susan Wilson	17
Abner Vesey	9	Jane Henderson (2)	7	Jane Woods	7
Charles Veysey	12	Margaret Henderson	6	Joshua Henderson	7

This time we have space to print some nostalgic memories from Bob MacDonald of Massachusetts who as a small boy spent several happy summers on Washademoak Lake:

THE "DOWN EAST OF YESTERDAY"

To bump along a gravel road past wooded shores and hilly farms,  
To run up narrow worn paths, up grassy front lawns spotted with  
pink yarrow,  
To gaze down a deep dark well to the sparkle of water seemingly  
far, far, below.  
To chase maltese kittens through the sheds until they disappear  
beneath a loose floor board.  
To look across the fields through the narrow slit of a window on  
a foggy morning,  
To hear the crow call across those foggy fields,  
To venture into the Big Cove and depart from civilization,  
To camp on its island and hear the sounds of the wilderness,  
The cry of the Loon,  
The bark of the Fox,  
The screech of a hawk or an eagle,  
The chatter of a Kingfisher,  
To look down into the waters of a channel and spot a school of  
fish among the weeds,  
To smell the smoke of a camp-fire and watch its sparks rise into  
the night,  
To taste a camp fire meal, never the same as on the main land,  
always better!  
To explore an abandoned settlement, empty stone strewn cellars,  
moss covered timbers,  
To find an abandoned mill, complete with mill-stone and machinery,  
To visit the farm yards,  
Attempt to catch and pat a half-grown Plymouth Rock  
chicken,  
Hear the grunt of mature swine as they are fed green  
apples, picked from a near-by tree.  
To watch young calves get fed from a pail, and wipe their noses  
on the pants of the farmer,  
To play around the old wooden spring-fed water trough,  
To sail paper or peanut-shell boats down its run-off, through  
the road culvert, \_\_\_\_\_

NOTES AND QUERIES:

1. We apologize for a typographical error in Volume I, #3, page 3 in the Genealogists' Section. John Palmer was first licensed to teach in 1816 not "1916". Sorry.

2. The Society has in its files the negative of a photograph of the poet David Palmer who was featured in Newsletter # 4. Anyone who wishes to borrow this to have a print made may do so by contacting the President.

3. We are interested in folk medicine and are collecting cures for warts. Please forward the recipe of your favourite "sure-cure" on to us.

\*\*The Editors