MISCELLANEOUS | NOTEBOOK No 2

T.H. RADDALL

OLD ~~[illegible]~~ LIVERPOOL

OXEN

Collegiate Exercise Book

THE T. EATON Co LIMITED
CANADA

Notes by
J. H. Raddall

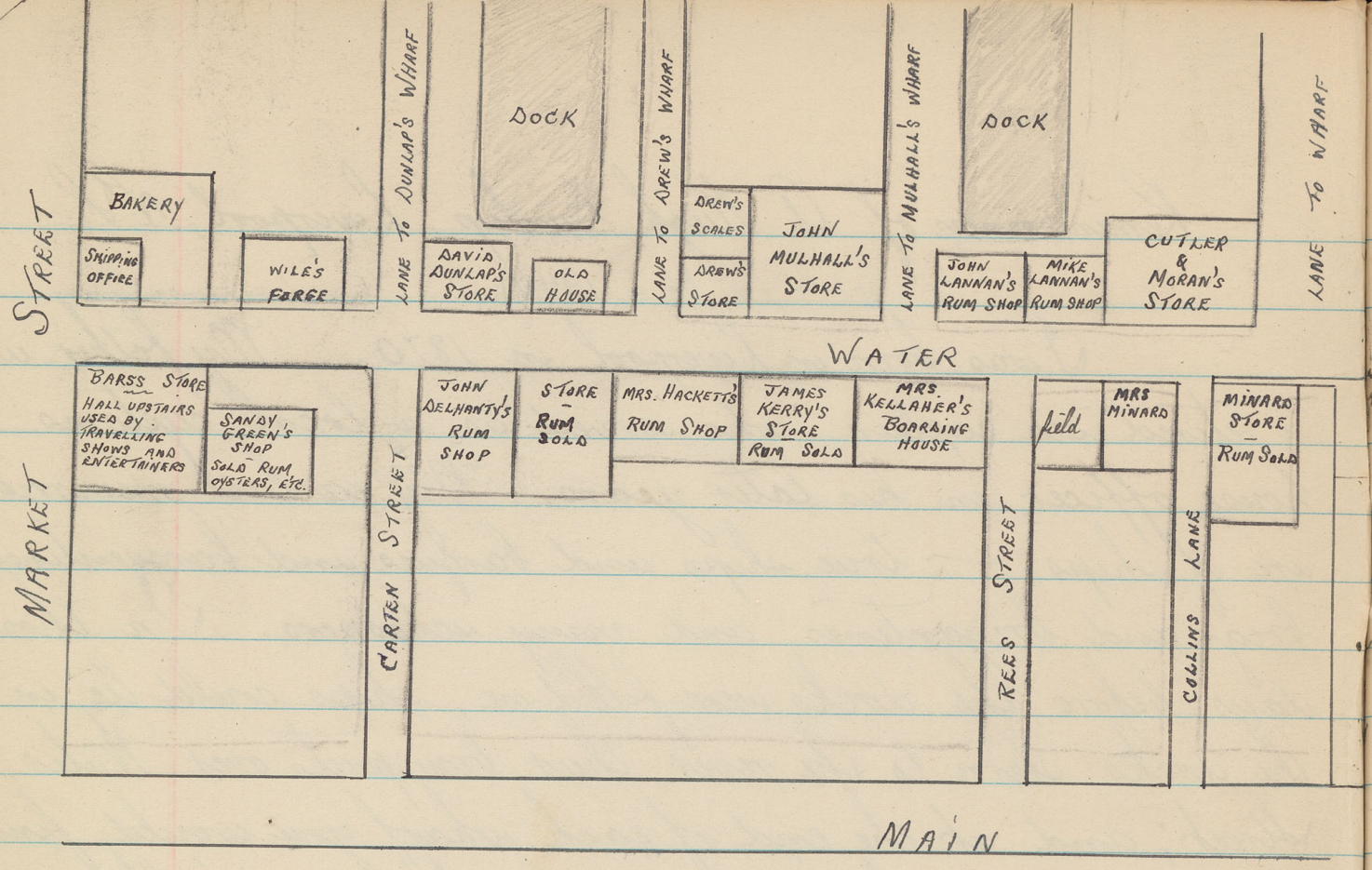
INDEX

Reminiscences of A. Hugh Dunlap, Liverpool, N.S.

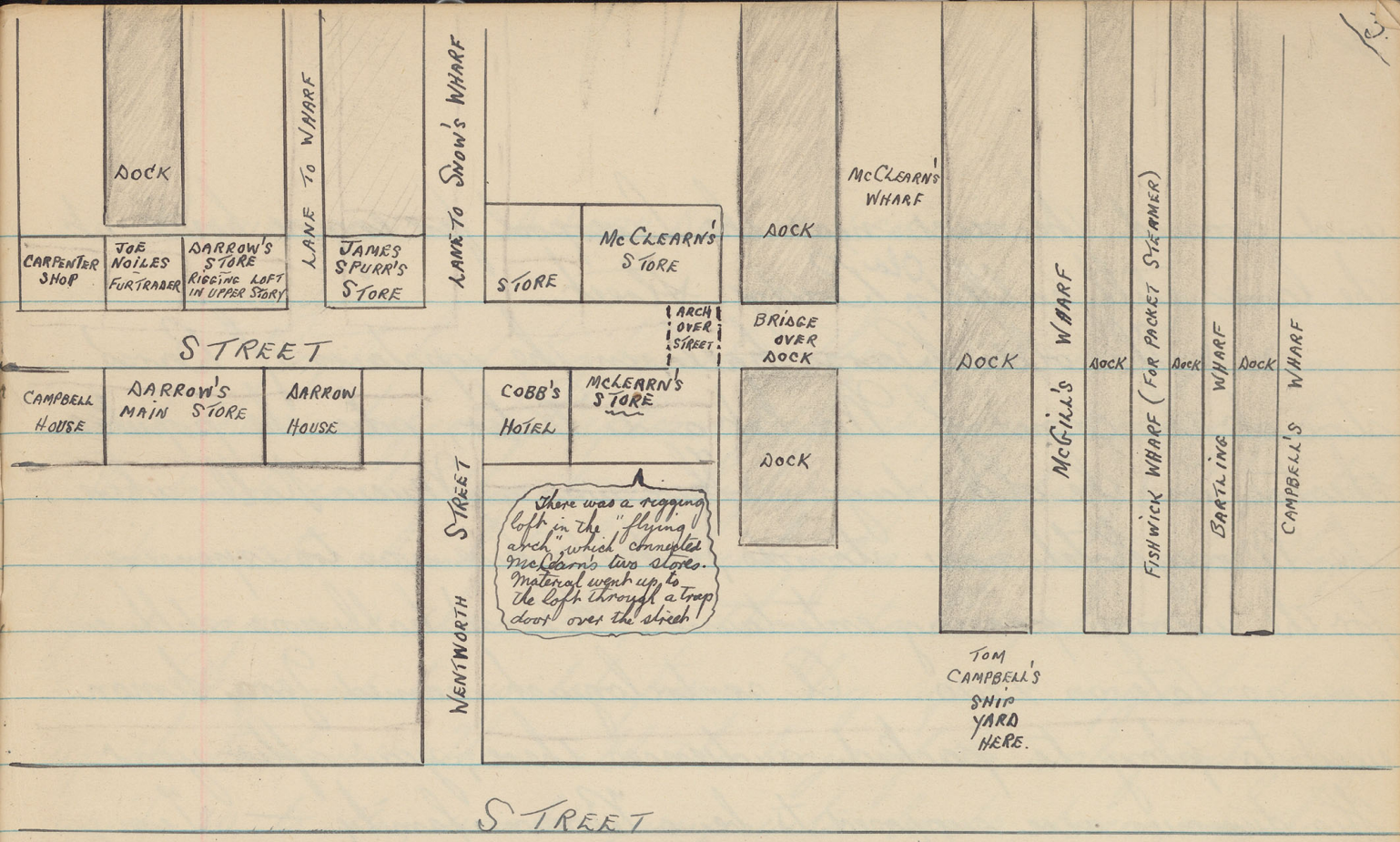
(Dictated to L.H.R. in 1940)

I was born in Liverpool in 1870. My father was a retired sea captain who served as a local customs-house officer in his later years. My earliest memories are of ships — true ships and barques and barquentines, brigs and brigantines and many schooners. In those days before the docks were filled in, ships could lie in the docks, stern to the river, their bowsprits over Water Street; and at the end of each wharf you would find vessels tied up three tiers deep in the river itself.

There was a great lumber trade then, mostly white pine, which went to the West Indies and South America. Hemlock lumber went to the States. And shipbuilding was in full swing, both sides the river, all the way to Milton. Some of the yards were right in town. Tom Campbell's yard was at the head of a long dock between McClearn's and McGill's wharf. I remember he built a barque of about 800 tons (815 exactly) there, in 1877 (right) [redacted]. She was called "Mary J. Leslie", one of the finest vessels ever built in Liverpool. When she was rigged, her flying-jib boom stuck over Main Street into Tom Campbell's front yard, which was on the south side of Main Street. Teams on the street drove underneath.



The above sketch (not drawn to scale) shows the heart→
when Liverpool was still a home of the wind-ships→
people. The establishments of Mrs. Hackett, Mrs. Kellaher →
rum-shop, boarding-house and brothel for sailors. The →
In the old days the town constable never ventured upon →
There was a brawl going on any time you looked, and→
be noted that rum was sold in many other parts of the→
month, running as high as #23 when men happened to be →
Water-streets was in part of an old bake-house. The shipping→
postmaster of Liverpool for many years. This sketch →
(born ~~about~~ in 1870) grandson of the David Dunlap whose store→
mariners, chandler and W. H. Smith, to check the detail of→
the present iron bridge across the river at Market Street was→



of the Liverpool water front as it appeared about 1880 ~~90~~,
Note the number of rum shops, kept largely by Irish
(pronounced Kellier) and Mrs. Minard were a sort of combined
Kellaher house is still standing (1940) and still inhabited.
Water Street, which was a sailors' fighting ground.
sometimes a fight outside every rum-shop. It should
town at this time. Sailors' wages averaged $18 per
scarce. The shipping office at the corner of Market and
master was Captain Kenney, father of Berk Kenney who was
of the waterfront was dictated to me by A. Hugh Dunlap
and wharf are shown. I got two elderly retired
it. It is substantially correct. It should be noted that
not built until 1888. Formerly the bridge was a wooden one,

and crossed the river near the Liverpool fire engine house, at the lane still called Old Bridge Street.

The old Barss hall, in the upstairs of Barss' store at the corner of Market and Water, was the popular theatre in the old days. There was a Music Hall where the Mersey Hotel now stands, but its hire was too expensive for the average passing entertainer. Barss' hall was still in use as late as 1900. A ventriloquist named Zera Semon used to play to packed audiences there, year after year. His dummies were supposed to be a Brown family — Tim, Joe and Mary Brown. About 1880 Semon gave away in Barss hall, as a door prize, a stem-winder watch, the first stem-winder ever seen in Liverpool. In this hall, too, the first moving pictures ever seen in Liverpool were exhibited by a quack medicine show about 1898. (A grandson of Zera Semon, above, was Larry Semon, a famous comedian in silent pictures during and after the First German War.)

REMINISCENCES OF A. HUGH DUNLAP (CONTINUED)

"People had big families then, and we boys hung about the waterfront, exploring the ships and rigging. We dared each other to go higher and higher. The greatest feat was to climb to the truck of a big ship and clap your cap over the ball, a thing to brag about.

We used to watch for a big square-rigger beating up the harbour. Then all the boys of the waterfront gang, aged 10 to 16, would jump into boats, dories, anything, and row down opposite Moose Harbour. When she tacked towards the Moose rock we waited, and as she came in stays before going about, we piled aboard. The captains & sailors made us free of the ships. We bore a hand at the braces, at tacks and sheets, and when it came time to furl sail we went up on the yards and fisted canvas to our hearts' content. I was wiry and often first on the foot-rope, and I was so small that my chin barely touched the top of the ~~fore~~ yard until others came and their weight spread along the foot-rope & brought it higher in the middle.

"Speaking of "capping the truck", I remember a comical affair when I was about 14. Captain John Mulhall had a fine big ~~[illegible]~~ brigantine "Alaric." He was

very proud of her & kept her in fine shape. She was one of the show pieces of the waterfront. Captain John was a young man, tall, handsome, fond of a lark. He was a great chum of Walter Payzant, a clerk in one of the stores. Captain John was courting a girl up-town; Walter was courting Lily Hoyt, who lived at Drew's, near Fort Point. Captain John came in from a voyage & hailed us boys on the wharf.

"Boys, there's to be a wedding tonight. You ought to go down to Drew's & give Lil Hoyt a real charivari — guns, bells, the whole business. I'll get the powder."

He went up to the store & got five pounds of powder. "Mind, boys, don't go away till they give you a piece of wedding cake."

So that evening we went, 20 or 25 of us boys, with all the old guns we could get. There were old muskets going back to privateering days, and I had a fine brass-bound flint-lock pistol. We surrounded the Drew house in the dark and began firing, & ringing bells, & yelling, the way we always did at a wedding in those times. One stunt was to roll an empty puncheon to the scene and fire your gun into it through the bung-hole; it made a terrific noise. I remember that I overloaded the pistol while doing this

stunt, and the bottom flew out of the punchion and the pistol flew out of my hand. Finally several windows were broken, and old Mr. Drew came out, cussing, & yelling at us to go away.
"Not till we get some wedding cake," we said.
"There's no wedding here tonight," said the old man, and it was true. It was just a joke that Captain John had played on Lil' Hogh and Walter Vayzant.
So Walter schemed revenge. Captain John's fiancee was a very pious girl, very prim.
It was the custom in those times of a Sunday afternoon to take a stroll along the docks, looking at the ships. It was the town's only promenade. Everybody who was anybody appeared there some time on Sunday afternoon, dressed in their best & stopping in little polite groups for a chat. And the biggest crowd would gather on the wharf where the finest ship lay. That would be Captain John's.
So Walter Vayzant paid me 25 cents to climb her rigging on Saturday night and place a huge white chamber-pot over the main truck. Two long white streamers of cotton cloth were fastened to the handle, so that they would stream out in the breeze, forty or fifty feet long, like a man-o'-war's pennant, and draw the beholder's eye to the pot on the truck.

The crew had been paid off. There was no one on board. It was quite a climb, even for an active boy, with the heavy pot slung to my back. There was no standing rigging after you passed the top gallant cap. You had to shin up the royal – ten or fifteen feet. I got there and hung the pot over the big gilded ball. The cotton streamers fluttered in the breeze like ribbons.

Next day, Sunday, there was an amused crowd on Mulhall's wharf, as you can guess. All the ship captains were there with their wives & families, and the merchants, & the ship carpenters and caulkers & their families, waiting for Captain John to come promenading down the wharf with his bride-to-be. My father was there, too, and he was not amused, for he was a hard man and strict about keeping the Sabbath. Bye & bye down comes Captain John & his girl, the pretty dear in her finest get-up, hanging on his arm & tickled pink to be seen by the whole town promenading down to look at John's ~~[illegible]~~ brigantine, the finest in Liverpool. And as the people made way for them, & just as the pretty dear was enjoying herself to the full – the biggest event of her week – she & John noticed the thin flutter of white and followed it up to the unmistakable object on the main truck. And all the people burst into a roar.

That was too much for the pretty dear — off she went home, with a flounce. Captain John saw me. I grinned & he grinned. He guessed who put it there & who put me up to it.

"I'll give you a quarter, Hugh, to take that thing down again."

"Make it 50 cents," I said, for I knew I had him.

"Hugh," said my father, "I forbid you to climb that vessel's rigging of a Sunday. Let John Mulhall do his own dirty work."

"Give me the 50 cents" I said, & John handed it over, and I streaked for the main ratlines, father after me. He threw stones at me all the way to the topsail yard; he couldn't throw any higher than that. Up I went, up the topmast, shinned up the royal. I lifted the chamber pot off the truck, gave it a flourish round my head — I could hear the people laughing & cheering on the wharf — and gave it a swing down to the river. It struck the water with the open top down, & the air inside exploded it like a bomb. When I got down to the deck there was no sign of Captain John or his lady, but my father was waiting for me with a stick. We used to have fun in the old days.

CROSSING THE BAR

The sandy bar which runs across from Fort Point to Sandy Cove has always been a source of embarrassment to ships. In the days of wind-ships the vessels had to be warped over the bar & up the river to their docks. They would sail as close up to the bar channel as possible, then get a warp out ahead to a pier of rock-and-cribwork which stood on the shallow flats on the north side of the harbour, inside the bar. With the aid of this they would warp her over the bar, with an additional line out to a big ringbolt which may still be seen in the rock off Fort Point, within the bar. There was another pier of cribwork & rock in mid-stream just east of the present iron highway bridge; and (above this bridge) near the flat island with its single square boulder, a buoy was kept, moored to heavy anchors. With the aid of these a vessel could be warped up stream to any part of the water front.

The process was slow but simple. The ship's boat carried the warp's end ahead to the strategic pier or ring-bolt or wharf pile; then the sailors began to stamp around the capstan, ~~which~~ WITH the chanty man perched on the cap, and slowly the warp came in & the vessel moved ahead. With an adverse wind, a poor tide, a strong current down the river, it might

take many hours, especially if the ship was going to a wharf well up-town. W. H. Smith told me of one ship that took a day and a night to warp up from the bar to a wharf well above the present highway bridge; during all that time the sailors sang chanties as they went around the capstan. The day happened to be a Sunday & there was much shaking of heads amongst the unco guid as the voices roared these ribald sea songs on their hard way past the town. Smith said many a time, after warping up, the sailors would be dizzy from marching round and round the capstan for so many hours on end.

J. H. R

The "Kate Campbell"

This barque of 349 tons, while not large, was one of the finest vessels ever turned out by a Liverpool yard. She was built in Thomas Campbells yard on Main Street (see plan, Page 3) in the year 1853. She was ready to sail on her maiden voyage, and the crew had taken advantage of the tide to get over the bar and anchored off Brooklyn, purposing to sail in the morning. During the night a terrific south-east gale sprang up, blowing straight into the narrow bay – the fatal flaw in the shelter of Liverpool Bay – and a heavy sea rolling before it. The "Kate Campbell", caught between the wind and the breaking seas on the bar, had to rely on her anchors. For a time they held, but suddenly they began to drag. The barque drifted up the bay and finally struck on the rocks between Sandy Cove and what is now the site of the Mersey Paper Mill, not far from the home of Captain William Freeman on Freeman's Hill, Brooklyn Road. She was a total loss. When it was decided to dismantle the wreck, the owners cut a road down through the woods from the Brooklyn highway to the beach where the "Kate Campbell" lay. This road may still be seen, leading off the paved highway some distance east of the Freeman house, in the little dip between Freeman's Hill and the "Big Hill" on the Liverpool-Brooklyn road. For many years this little beach road was known as "The

Kate Campbell Road". In later years the same misadventure befell other vessels, including the barque "Linda Abbott" of 248 tons, owned by Samuel Freeman & Sons, of Milton, and built in 1866 (~~probably~~ by themselves CORRECT at Hill's Grove) and wrecked ~~about~~ in 1878; also the "Ella Vail", brigantine of 203 tons, built 1863 and owned by James E. Spurr. The "Kate Campbell Road" thus came to be called simply "The Wreck Road".

The "Ella Vail" had in her ballast a quantity of white marble slabs from some foreign port; pieces of this marble could be found along the beach for many years.

(Information given by Wm. H. Smith, 1940)

Note:- During the late 1940's the Mersey Paper Co. extended the old "Wreck Road" through the shore woods to their plant. They made a good motor road of it, & created an extension of the mill car park at the end.

see footnote

The "Pandora"

The barque "Pandora", 188 tons, was registered in Liverpool in 1862 by Silvanus Morton. She was probably an old vessel bought by Morton and registered here. Her last voyage was in the 60's, when she took a load of lumber down to the West Indies. The weight of the deck load had "spread" her a bit, and the long thrash northward in ballast made matters worse. When she arrived back in Liverpool the canny skipper had passed two big chains around the hull, set up taut with rigging-screws, to hold her together. The owners decided to tear her down to the bearings and re-top her; but as soon as the chains were removed she started to fall apart. They barely had time to tow her above the bridge towards Buchanan's Cove when she sank on the edge of the flats. At low tide her ribs may still be seen (1940) there. When the Pandora of fable opened her famous box she found plenty of trouble. So apparently did the men who opened up "Pandora" the barque.

(Information from Wm. H. Smith)

NOTE: a hull so held together was said to be "frapped with chains".

(From Perkins' diary) June 27, 1794 — a ship launched at Herring Cove called the Pandora, well built and middling good appearance.

Note:- The "Pandora" now reposing near Buchanan's Cove was formerly the "N. D. Chase" 188 tons, built at Pembroke, Maine, in 1847. Owners, Silvanus Morton, James Collie, Thomas Day.

CAULKERS

Liverpool-built ships were highly regarded, so were the men who built them. Particularly the Liverpool caulkers had a reputation all over the province. It was common for vessels repairing in ports as far away as the FUNDY Bay Shore to send to Liverpool for caulkers. In 1940 only two of the old-time caulking gang were left, Will and Stewart Nickerson, of Sandy Cove.

(Information from Wm. H. Smith)

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF LIVERPOOL

Information from Earl Freeman, a native of Milton, Queens County, who has long been a successful merchant at Bridgetown, & has still one of the keenest minds in the real estate business there. He was born about 1865 & worked for a time as a boy in a small shoe-factory in Liverpool, N.S., then learned the trade of carpenter & worked on many of the old wooden ships.

His great-grandfather Simeon Freeman is held to be the first white MALE ~~child~~ born (1761) in Queens County. He told me (1940) that he had often heard his grand~~father~~mother talk about Liverpool's first days as she had them from her grandparents. The most interesting bit was that the Doggett family (now living chiefly about White Point) were settlers at Liverpool before the main immigration in ~~1759~~ 1760, and the people of Liverpool town would have died of starvation and cold in their first winter if it had not

been for the help and advice given them by the Doggetts.
NOTE: This was John Doggett & family. John in 1761 petitioned the N.S. govt. to reimburse him for his expense during these first years, and was granted (I think) £60.

Old Anchors

In August 1940 I saw two old wooden-stocked anchors lying on Brooklyn breakwater, along with some clam-shell grabs and other dredging gear. Their origin was uncertain. Two dredges were busy nearby, one off the end of the breakwater, which is undergoing repairs; the other in Brooklyn Cove.

The little hunchback, who nightly hoists the green foot-square lantern on its 20-foot red-painted pole at the shore end of the breakwater, told me the anchors were dredged up off the breakwater end. Another man said they were dredged up somewhere further along the coast and brought here with the dredge. Certainly they were very old, and had lain on bottom many years, for the wooden stocks were badly worm eaten and there were big barnacles on the iron. I took old Wm. H. Smith down to see them. If they had come from the vicinity of Brooklyn breakwater, he gave his opinion that they were the lost anchors of the barque "Kate Campbell" which was wrecked in the harbour in 1853, or the barque "Linda Abbott" lost in 1878, each of which had been anchored off the breakwater. They were a pair, evidently from one ship. The anchor itself was of wrought iron, with shank, crown and flukes all in one piece; the shank measures 5'10" from shackle to crown, is about 6" diameter or 21" circumference; from fluke

to fluke is roughly 6 feet; each fluke is 15" long (not counting the point, which is $3\frac{3}{4}$") and is $13\frac{1}{2}$" across at its widest.

The stock is of birch, two pieces, each 8'-10" x 12" x 6" bound together with six heavy iron bands to form a solid baulk 8'10" long and 1' square in the centre, tapering towards the ends to about 6". The iron shackle is roughly 6" diameter, 21" circumference.

The history of these anchors would be interesting.

Information from an old lady, widow of Capt. John Day

OLD HOUSES AT FORT POINT, LIVERPOOL.

The old Dexter Tavern, now (1940) owned by Joseph Wentzel. Stands on a spur of Fort Point called Dexter Point, from which the old-time row-ferry went across to Sandy Cove. ~~Built by Enoch Dexter in 1767.~~

Subsequently the home of Beverley Jones.

The Thomas Freeman house (now owned and inhabited by Captain John Day) Built by Captain Bartlett Bradford about 1767. Sold by his widow to Joshua Newton, collector of customs, whose office is now used as the Day kitchen. Newton left this house about 1803? having built a large mansion farther west (now the Elmwood Hotel). Joshua Newton's wife was Abigail, daughter of Simeon Perkins the diarist.

Captain Thomas Freeman bought the Bradford house from Newton in 1803?. He was a native of Liverpool, brother to Col. Joseph Freeman.

Thomas Freeman married Sally Hopkins and a month later sailed away ~~in his own ship~~ "Retaliation" on a privateering cruise to the Spanish Main.

He was captured by the Spaniards and it was ~~seven~~ no years before his bride saw him again.

At the age of 37 he retired from the sea and

These details are incorrect, being telescoped. He was captured, but not in the "Retaliation". I gave the correct details in my book "The Rover", published by MacMillan, Toronto, 1958.

went into business. Was a considerable land-owner and merchant. Lived in this house until 1842, when he died while getting his cows from pasture on Mount Pleasant. (His house is now (1960) the home of Mr. Beverley Jones.)

Wm. Bartling's house: stands on the original foundation walls built by Colonel Joseph Freeman.

Seth Bartling's house: occupies the site of Fady Phillips' tavern, famous in the old days. For many years the old tavern was used as a barn at the rear of the present house, & was finally torn down in the early 1920's.

Mrs. Lane's Beauty Parlour: formerly Capt. James Gardner's house. This was the original home of the Collins family of Liverpool, founded by Joseph Collins. Next to Lane's is a small cottage now (1940) rented by Thompson, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia. This was built in ~~1804~~ by Andrew De Wolfe, brother of James R. De Wolfe, whose mansion occupied the site on which Col. Jones' "Hillcrest" now stands. Andrew moved to ~~Wolfville~~ Halifax soon after building this house and never came back. (1948 - Mrs Marion Madden owned & lived in the Andrew De Wolfe house.)

Perkins House – now owned & used as a museum by the Queens County Historical Society. Built by Simeon Perkins the diarist in 1766 and occupied by him from 1767 to his death in 1812. The famous diary was written in this house. His sons sold the house to Capt. Caleb Seely, the old privateersman, in 1822.
Caleb Seely died here in 1869, the last of the fighting privateer captains of the War of 1812.
He was an ardent supporter of Confederation in defiance of the general sentiment in Queens County, and when Confederation became a fact in 1867 he gave a celebration party at this house, with dancing on the long lawn.
Caleb's daughter Ellen married Moore French Agnew a man who practiced two professions – jeweller and dentist – in Liverpool. Ellen was married in the Perkins house, lived in it all her wedded life, and died there at the age of 96. She had 3 daughters, one of whom married Dr. E. E. B. Nichols, C. of E. clergyman. The other sisters lived and died in this house (Marion and Letitia).
Letitia – "Tishy" – lived alone here for many years, very proud of her home and its associations.
After the formation of the Queens County Historical

Society in 1929 she told members several times that the Old house was to belong to the Society when she died. Unfortunately she neglected to make a will to that effect, and on her death (circa 1935) the house and certain other Agnew properties in Liverpool were successfully claimed by a Mrs. Lynch of Digby, a descendant of Ellen Agnew. Mrs. Lynch refused to recognise the oral bequest, but as a concession to "sentiment" gave the Historical Society an option to buy for $1500. The Society raised the money by selling "shares" and the house was bought, repaired, and the grounds much improved. In September 1946, the town fountain was removed from the post office lawn & placed in the grounds before the Perkins house (It was removed in 1949) In 1947 the Queens County Historical Society presented the Perkins house & grounds to the provincial gov't. for perpetual maintenance & as a memorial to the New England settlers of Nova Scotia. In 1949 the gov't. spent over $10,000 in repair & restoration work on the house.

CORNWALLIS ROAD

The notion of a road across the peninsula to link Liverpool with the settlements in the Cornwallis Valley, seems to have occurred to the early settlers soon after Liverpool was founded. The Proprietors' minute book for 1766 shows that Joshua Ball at that time moved that a road be established at once, so that lands could be surveyed and allotted. It was agreed that the "road" should be 100 feet wide, with a horse path cut out along it, and the land allotted in 200 acre lots on both sides. It began at Sandy Cove and was actually surveyed as far as Greenfield vicinity, the surveying expenses borne by the grantees of the 200-acre lots. However, the Liverpool men looked upon it simply as a means of opening up the township for further land grants; it never became a road to anywhere, & was saved from oblivion only by the fact that it formed the base line of the 200-acre lots.

In 1929 the N.S. Power Commission, seeking a right-of-way for its transmission wires from the Mersey River dams to the paper mill at Brooklyn, hit upon the almost forgotten Cornwallis Road.

By using it for part of the route, they avoided a tangle of expropriations in area east of the Mersey River at Milton.

Ms.
town to
salmon
the crest,
returned

Benjamin Leigh, of Halifax and Liverpool.

Diary of Simeon Perkins, Champlain Society edition by D.C.Harvey, with notes by C.B.Fergusson, 1958.

Footnote to page 51:- ""Benjamin Leigh of Halifax was one of the first settlers of Liverpool. In June 1760 his house was one of five dwellings standing near the fishing point. He devised the arms of the town, which were accepted at a proprietors' meeting on July 8, 1760. Their device was ' a Codfish, ~~Salmon~~ Salmon and Pine Tree, with a Sheaf of Wheat for the ~~Crest~~ Crest,' ".

On July 17, 1766, Perkins records a letter from Benjamin Leigh, at Halifax, saying "he cannot sell sarsaparilla".

THE FOREIGN PROTESTANTS AND THE SETTLEMENT OF NOVA SCOTIA, by Winthrop Bell, 1960.

Page 624, referring to a German orphan named Michael Korber -- " In October 1753 Michael was apprenticed to 'Benjamin Lee, baker'. In 1763 one can find 'Benjamin Leigh' drawing a 300-acre lot at Lunenburg. Two years later there was also a 200-acre reservation for him from the Pernette grant on the western side of the Lahave River -- see Desbrisay, page 182. There seems to be no evidence that Lee, or Leigh, ever made any pretence of settling at Lunenburg."

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THE POSTAL HISTORY OF NOVA SCOTIA AND NEW BRUNSWICK (By Jephcott, Greene , and Young. Published in a limited edition of 400 copies, at Toronto, 1964.

Benjamin Leigh announced in the Halifax Gazette, April 23,1754:- "If any gentlemen, merchants or others want to send letters to any foreign port, they may depend on having their letters delivered to the captain of the first vessels bound to the place to which their letters are directed by paying one penny per letter to the said office." B. Leigh's post office was the first house without the south gate. This office did not remain open; but a year later another notice published in the Boston Post, April 28,1755, announced the opening of a post office in Halifax to receive mail."

LIVERPOOL COAT OF ARMS

Extract from the Proprietors' minute book.

"Tuesday, July 8, 1760. At this meeting Mr. Benjn Leigh of Halifax desired the town to accept arms, the device to be a codfish, salmon and pine tree with a sheaf of wheat for the crest, which was accepted, and the Moderator returned him thanks of the town."

(See also.

MILTON'S FIRST AIRMAN

Curtis Kempton, (Mrs Barney Seldon's grandfather) was an ingenious and unusual man, always busy with ideas. Some time prior to 1860 he got the notion of flying. He made himself a large pair of wings, jumped from the second story window of his workshop in the barn behind the house. Despite some heroic flapping he came down heavily in the wood-pile & nearly broke his neck. (Information from Wilson Kempton 1941)

Learning the blacksmith trade in the 90's

(Information from Will Turner, 1945)

" I was born at Mersey Point, on Liverpool harbor, in 1878. In 1897, when I was 19, I began to learn the blacksmith trade ~~f~~ in Mr. Bell's forge at Milton. In those days the period of apprenticeship was 4 years. I lived in the Bell home, working 6 days a week in the forge from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. In addition to this I had to take the cows up Schoolhouse Hill to pasture every morning before work, bring them back every night after work. Also I had to saw, split & pile every stick of firewood used in the Bell house, after my day's work in the forge — quite a chore in the run of a year. My wages for all of this were $25 per year, increasing $5 each year, so that for my final year I received $40. No young man would submit himself to that nowadays. I wouldn't, myself. But I had a good home at Bell's.

PORTUGUESE FAMILIES IN QUEENS COUNTY

These men were seamen who drifted into Liverpool in vessels during the hey-day of the square-riggers 1795 - 1895, married local girls, & settled down. Probably from the Azores and South American ports.

FERNANDEZ { They lived at Sandy Cove. ~~There were several Fernandez sons, all of whom became captains sailing out of Liverpool. The name had vanished from Liverpool before the great 1900.~~

GOMEZ (pronounced GOOMS locally) ↖ Came to Brooklyn as an orphan boy from Madeira, with a Capt. Gardner. Married a Brooklyn girl. Married into a negro family at Sandy Cove

DA SILVA { The last survivor of this family, Tony Da Silva, was man-of-all-work for Mr Charles DeWolf of Liverpool in the 1920's. Tony died in the Queens County poorhouse about 1960.

Perkins mentions (Feb 16, 1797) "Antonio Silverea Machaldo, Captain Freeman's Portugee"

More (P.161) refers to Liverpool in the period 1793-1833 as "a community that had become a mixture of ~~Spanish~~, English, American, & French & Spanish"

More (P.32) says "In the early part of 1808, my father John More & a Portuguese named Antonio Silver & a boy, left Liverpool in a sloop" — etc.

Epitaph in R.C. cemetery to Matilda (née Armstrong) who married Joseph PEREZ. Perez was lost in the wreck of the "A.R. Dunlap". (See Longo "Epitaphs")

"Lone Cloud"

This Indian lived chiefly on the Truro reservation. He died in the late 1920's. The late Harry Piero knew him well & got from him much information about the Micmacs. Halifax newspapers were fond of quoting Lone Cloud's weather predictions. I remember one of them made in the Fall:- "Next winter is going to be a hard winter because the Dipper is moving slower in the sky this year."

I oftenn wondered why this old man used such a theatrical name. No other Micmacs do.

In 1944 Francis Tupper of Milton told me:-

"Lone Cloud invented that name for himself. I don't believe he was a Micmac though he said he was. I guess that he came to Nova Scotia with one of the old time medicine shows & was probably from the U.S.

I remember him coming to Liverpool with his own show back in the 1890's. Peter Glode, a Queens County Micmac, used to travel with him. The chief item for sale was Lone Cloud's hair restorer, which was sold in the usual bottles. Lone Cloud possessed extraordinarily strong hair. He wore it long & parted in the middle. To demonstrate the value of his tonic (& the strength of his hair) he would kneel down & let two men take hold of his hair, one each side; then he would stand up & lift them both

off the floor. He didn't use a tent for this show, at least I never saw one. He used to hire a hall. He married a Micmac woman at Shubenacadie & settled there.

THOMAS HARDY MEDAL

The above rubbing was taken from a medal or token handed down in the family of Wilson Kempton, Milton, Queens County. On the ~~reverse~~ circumference of the token appear the words "Tried for High Treason. T. Hardy 1794" The token is of copper, worn like a coin. This token commemorates the trial of Thomas Hardy, Secretary of an English parliamentary reform group who called themselves the Corresponding Society. They corresponded with other Reform groups in England & Scotland, & with the revolutionists in France. Their activities were open & aboveboard, & their views appeared in various tracts & newspapers.

In 1794, as part of a general Tory movement (supported by many Whigs fearful of revolution) against talk of Reform, Thomas Hardy was tried at Old Bailey for high treason. Every effort was made to convict him but after a celebrated trial of eight days the jury acquitted him.

GEORGE CROUSE the FIGUREHEAD CARVER

George Crouse was born in Lunenburg County but seems to have come to Milton, Queens County, at an early age. He was ~~born (between 1830 & 1840)~~ BORN IN 1835 & very early in life displayed extraordinary manual & artistic skill. He specialised in wood carving & had a workshop nearly opposite the present ~~Baptist parsonage~~ home of Murray Laing in Milton. In 1863 he married a 20-year old Milton girl, & lived & had his workshop where Roland Mansfield lives now (1960). The building of wooden ships was at its height in those days & Crouse made figure-heads for many of the fine ships launched from Liverpool & Mersey river yards in the period circa 1850-1868. He did much fine carved work for cabins. Much ~~fine~~ wood-carving from his workshop graced the local Masonic lodge — all lost when the Prince of Wales Lodge building was destroyed by fire in 1931. Perhaps the most remarkable thing he did was a ~~statue~~ bust in wood of Captain Samuel Kempton, who for many years was owner-skipper of a packet schooner running between Liverpool & Boston. Captain Sam lived in a house at The Ledge, West Milton (~~now~~ later owned by Aubrey Coombs) & the ~~statue~~ bust was kept in the rather ill-lit hall, where it was a source of much awe to the village children & sometimes scared tramps

& other casual callers half to death. (The bust showed Sam Kempton as a boy of ~~[illegible]~~ 50 five.)

George Crouse was also a gifted musician. He belonged to the Milton Band & could play with great skill any instrument in it. He was ~~between~~ 31 years old ~~28 & 38~~ when he died in Milton of typhoid fever ~~on 1868~~ AUG. 6, 1866. (His young widow Matilda married James G. Telfer in 1872, & I got most of this information from a daughter of the second marriage, Mrs. Barney Selden of Milton, in 1945)

On his deathbed George Crouse asked that a spruce tree be planted on his grave & stated that he did not wish a tombstone of any kind. This was done. He was buried in the old Milton burial ground on the second rise of Moose Hill, which was abandoned about 1900 & has become a patch of woodland.

The only existing sample of his carving is a simple gilded scroll, made for the stem head of a small sloop or schooner, presented to the Nova Scotia Archives by his widow's daughter by a second marriage (then Mrs. Matilda Telfer) about 1929.

(~~Young~~) The bust of Capt. Sam Kempton, done when Sam was ~~[illegible]~~ 5 years old, belongs to Mrs. Helen McAfrey & for many years lay in the attic of Mrs. McA's house on Main St., L'pool (occupied by Capt. B. W. C. Manning). I saw it there, covered with dust, on July 12, 1945. It was a fine piece of work. The nose & hands damaged.

(See p. 39)

arrived in Liverpool May 4, 1762. See diary entry for May 4, 1798.

SIMEON PERKINS DIARY

Simeon Perkins, a native of Norwich, Connecticut, came to Liverpool, N.S. in 1762 — 3 years after the first settlers. He was a widower & left ~~a family~~ an infant son in Norwich in care of his people. He became a fish merchant & eventually a shipowner, lumberman, magistrate, colonel of militia, member of the N.S. legislature. In 1776 he married in Liverpool the widow Headley, & they had several children. His child (ROGER) by the first wife ~~were~~ was brought up in Norwich & ~~most of them never saw~~ later joined Simeon in Nova Scotia. ~~He~~ Simeon kept up a close correspondence with ~~them~~ his Norwich relatives & once or twice sailed to the U.S. to visit them. He began to keep a diary in the 1760's — probably about 1765 — irregularly at first; but after 1770 he made systematic entries until he died May 9, 1812. The entire diary was written in a clear hand on sheets of foolscap stitched together. Some time after his death the diary passed into the hands of his Norwich family. The Liverpool sons & daughters, some of them at any rate, removed to the States, probably to Connecticut. The name died out in L'pool in the 19th. century. After Simeon's death his house passed into the hands of Caleb Seely, famous privateersman, whose daughter married Moore French Agnew. The last of the Agnew daughters, Letitia, died in the 1930's & the house passed into possession of the Queens County Historical Society. For many years the

diary of Simeon Perkins remained in the United States.
Mrs. John Day told me in 1945:— "Some time in the 1890's the mayor of Liverpool, or some local authority, received a letter from a clergyman named Perkins living in New York State. He had the diary but felt that it belonged in Liverpool, & offered to present it to the town. The offer was accepted & the diary came back to Liverpool after its long absence. The Rev. Perkins stipulated that the diary was to remain henceforth in the town of Liverpool. For some years the diary was kept in a cupboard in the town clerk's office. It was open to inspection by tourists & others & the leaves suffered damage & parts of the diary vanished. The diary also suffered damage when it was borrowed by James Clements, editor of the "Liverpool Advance", who re-printed parts of it in his newspaper. About the year 1935 the L.C. Historical Society had a stout tin box, with a lock, made for the diary, & thereafter it was kept in the Bank of N.S. vault."
In the ~~late 1890's or perhaps the~~ early 1900's the Dominion Archives paid a local man, Charles Warman, to make a copy of the whole diary for them."

Perkins was born Feb. 24, 1735 (see diary entry Feb 24, 1795) in Norwich, Conn., where he married & ~~raised~~ had a ~~family~~ son & had a small mercantile business of some sort. Apparently he was not very successful there, for long afterward in Nova Scotia he was paying old debts in Norwich incurred before he left. He was a

young widower of 27 when he removed to the new town of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, where he arrived May 4, 1762. He had a fair education for those times & soon became a man of note, although for many years he despaired of success in business & never was really prosperous. ~~although~~ He was very energetic & public spirited but unlucky in his business ventures; yet to the end of his days he conducted a lively & multifarious business.

He kept a store in Liverpool, had a wharf, owned & operated fishing vessels as well as trading ships & privateers, at various times had a small farm at Birch Point & another at Potanoc, owned a major share in the first sawmill at the Falls, built & sold ships, owned & operated hayfields at Beach Meadows, once took over a leather-breeches manufactory for debt, financed one of his sons in a tannery, owned & logged large timber limits. In addition he was member of the N.S. legislature for many years, town clerk, chief magistrate, deputy registrar of the vice-Admiralty court, colonel of militia.

He died May 9, 1812 in his 78th year. His grave is in the churchyard of Zion United Church, Liverpool, & there is a large memorial plaque in his honor in the Queens County courthouse.

The Perkins house, still preserved in Liverpool, was built in 1766 (see diary entry July 26, 1803)

The first sawmill at Potanoc was built by Daniel Sorey & Capt. William Freeman in August 1780. See Perkins' Diary entries June 19, Aug. 9, etc.

POTANOC

This is the name of the north Milton settlement, centered about Potanoc Falls, where an iron highway bridge spans the river. The rapids of the Mersey river at this point were formerly the source of water power for several mills. In the 1880's & 1890's there were 2 sawmills, 1 furniture factory, 1 woodworking plant, all flourishing at Potanoc. These properties came into the hands of an energetic lumbering firm, Harlow & Kempton, but ~~[illegible]~~ times got hard, the best of the timber on the Mersey river was gone by 1900, & these industries closed down or ran only spasmodically.

The Macleod Pulp Company purchased these properties along with the Harlow & Kempton timber lands about 1910, & shortly afterwards a remarkable fire destroyed the ~~[illegible]~~ building, to the great loss of the insurance companies. The Macleod Co. afterwards repaired the small sawmill at Potanoc on the west side, & ran it a few weeks each year turning out lumber for repairs to their mills up-river. This mill was torn down, & the Potanoc dam removed, when the N.S. Power Commission built its hydro-development at Lowries Falls, just above Potanoc, in 1939. Potanoc Falls is now part of the tail-race of the Lowries' Falls power plant.

There was a sawmill at Potanoc from very early days. On March 8, 1786 Simeon Perkins mentions the "Potanuck

mill" in his diary. And another diary entry (April 12, 1800) makes it clear that this sawmill was on the west side of the river. Perkins soon after acquired a farm at "Potanuck" which he mentions on July 23, 1805.

What does Potanoc mean? It is not a Micmac word & our local Indians cannot even offer a guess about its origin. Francis Tupper told me that one of the first settlers there called it Potanoc after a river back home in New England. Was it Perkins himself? He came from Norwich, Connecticut, & under date of July 9 & 11, 1800 he writes:- "Captain Whipple of Norwich drinks tea at my house. He used to live at Pacquatannock."

(Paquatannock is a village near Norwich, Conn.)

Correction:- POQUETANUCK is a village now (1961) included in the town of Preston, Connecticut. Preston is the next town to Norwich on the east, & was once known as East Norwich.

George J. Crouse, the figurehead carver of Milton.

(Information from Mrs. Helen McCaffrey, 1945).

"George J. Crouse was born in Nova Scotia, (probably in Brooklyn, Queens Co.) Feb. 21, 1835. He was the son of Captain Jacob and Mary McDonald Crouse, who was the daughter of John & Mary Kempton.

George Crouse came from Brooklyn to Milton. On June 4, 1863 he married Matilda Freeman Kempton of Milton. In 1853 Crouse carved a wooden bust of my father, Samuel Kempton, who was then a boy five years old. The bust is now in the attic of my house in Liverpool, & the Historical Society is very welcome to it if they want it. My grandmother told me the bust is a perfect likeness of my father at 5. George Crouse died in Milton Aug. 6, 1866."

(See also P. 31)

The bust is now (1970) in the little museum in the ell of the Simeon Perkins house, Liverpool.

Old Time Fire Fighting

(Information gathered in 1947 from Sheriff Mulhall & Joseph Ritchie, both in their 80's, & from Clifford Mitchell, 70-odd.)

Preliminary note: Perkins Diary does not mention a fire engine in Liverpool in his time (circa 1767 - 1812) although Shelburne had two small hand-engines - apparently a gift from the British government - as far back as 1786. These ~~Tindes~~ engines had leather hose, a thrust-pump, but no suction pump, so that the trough which constituted the body of the engine had to be kept filled with water by a line of volunteers with buckets. Undoubtedly Liverpool had an engine of this sort in the period 1815-1835, for there is a tradition of it being used to fill the "skins" of newly built vessels when testing for a leak in the caulking.

Some time in the 1840's or 50's Liverpool acquired a pair of fire engines of identical type, called the "Rescue" and "Rapid". They were small, low-slung things on small iron wheels, with suction as well as thrust pumps, and used leather hose. With six or eight men on each of the pumping bars they could ~~through~~

throw a fair stream through the 1½" leather hose they used. Each engine had a shaft to which horses could be hitched but commonly the engines were hauled around the streets with the whole fire brigade on the drag-ropes. These engines remained in use until the purchase of a steam engine in the 1880's. (Sheriff Mulhall & Joe Ritchie are the last survivors of the fire brigade of that epoch.) The firemen's only uniform was the red shirt with which each man provided himself, & the "captains" wore big hard-leather helmets of the American type, shaped like a sou'wester hat.

In the 1880's a handsome brass-bound steam engine was purchased; at the time it was the most modern fire engine in the province outside of Halifax. It was tested in L'pool on arrival & it threw a jet over the Baptist steeple. It was then hauled up the hill to see how it would work with the longer suction required there, & it threw a jet over the Catholic steeple, so that everyone was satisfied. (Old Joe Ritchie told me, "Why, I don't believe your fancy modern motor engines could put a stream over the Baptist steeple!") The steam engine had a severe test (& lost the battle) in September 1895, when during an equinoctial gale a fire started in the old

bakeshop at the corner of Water & Market streets & burned the whole business section right down to the fire-engine house. On this occasion the fire engine was caught on a wharf, with buildings burning at the wharf head, & it was only saved by the exertions of a number of women who added their strength to the crew's & dragged it out of danger. It was found, when using the steam engine on a wharf (the river was the surest & handiest water supply) that the back pressure from the long hose caused the engine to move on its wheels towards the wharf end, so that it was necessary to carry a chain for "mooring" the engine. After this fire the town offered a reward for the arrest & conviction of the person or persons who set fire to the old bake-shop. But the reward — $400, a big sum in 1895, was never claimed, & the fire was probably accidental.

At this time, to supplement the private wells on the upper streets & at other places distant from the river, the town had water-pits or tanks, dug in the earth & kept full of water by natural seepage. One of these tanks was at the corner of Union & Main streets, another on the corner

of Church Street immediately opposite the Catholic Church & about where part of the new High School stands. There were other tanks.

After the great fire of 1895 the need of a proper water system was obvious, & the town got itself incorporated in 1897, & installed water pipes from Town Lake in 1899. This simplified the problem of fighting fire to a considerable extent, although there continued to be bad fires from time to time.

The steam fire-engine was kept with its boiler full, and coal & kindling laid in the fire-box ready for an instant match. It was lit as soon as the first fireman reached it after an alarm was given. (The wild ringing of the church bells was the chief alarm.) Arrangements were made for the local livery stables (usually Balcom's) to send down a pair of horses to haul the engine, but naturally it took time to get the horses harnessed & down to the fire-house, & usually the engine was hauled to the fire by man-power — two drag-ropes with the entire fire company of 40 men pulling away. Water for the fire-engine boiler was carried along in a large puncheon rigged on a pair of carriage wheels & hauled by man-power. Coal for the engine was carried in a similar puncheon or tub on wheels, & also

dragged by men. There was a ladder-wagon, also pulled by men when horses were not immediately available. These ladders were simple wooden things of the sort used by painters & house-carpenters.

This engine & these methods were in use unchanged until soon after the First German War ended in 1918. A business slump followed the war, & a series of bad fires broke out in the business district, many of them probably, & some of them certainly of incendiary origin. The fire insurance companies suffered so heavily from Liverpool fires in 1919, 1920, 1921 & 1922 that one group of companies (the Douglas, Rogers & firm of Amherst were their Nova Scotia agents) sent down a detective whose quiet investigations continued as late as 1924, when he shifted his attention to the history of the Potanoc sawmill fires of 1920 & the burning of the Macleod paper-board mill at Rapid Falls in 1915. He found much suspicious evidence but nothing to make court proceedings worth while.

About 1921 the Liverpool firemen began towing the old steam fire engine behind a second-hand Ford truck. Later in the 1920's they acquired another small Ford truck for carrying hose & ladders. In 1935 the town purchased a Bickel motor pumper, its

first motor fire engine, & in 1940-45 the old steam engine was kept in a shed in the old Bristol shipyard for a stand-by. This was part of the war precautions in the town, when it was presumed that the town bridge might be destroyed by air bomb or by shell-fire from the sea, leaving the Bristol section without a fire-engine.

About 1943, also, a small but very efficient motor pumper (not self-propelled) was obtained from the govt. as part of the war-time precautions, an additional quantity of hose was purchased, a new hose-truck (motor-driven) obtained, & a well-equipped ladder truck, also motor driven. During 1944 & 1945 also the fire department was much enlarged & improved in training & organization, the men were equipped with new waterproof coats, rubber boots, & black helmets on the English model. During the war period also, as part of the A.R.P. scheme, a number of small stirrup-pumps were distributed about the town in strategic places, kept in the homes of "air-raid wardens" appointed by the Queens County Emergency Authority. An electric siren alarm was mounted on the old fire-house tower about 1943, & its loud insistent wail became a familiar sound in the following years.

MOOSE CALL

(Information from Mr. Fred Macleod, of the west road to Milton, in 1943. He was then 70 or 75 & had been a great moose hunter in his youth.)

"The old time hunters had a set rule for making a moose call. The small end should be just large enough to admit a man's forefinger up to the second joint. The big end should be just wide enough to prevent entry of a man's doubled fist. It should be 13 inches long, sewn with a withe or thong or bound together with cord, (no rivets or wire or anything of metal) and rolled with the smooth surface outside. The best were made of wire-birch, which was heavier than white birch and dried very hard and compact.

(He still had his own "call", made like this. I bought it from him. LHL.)

GONDOLA OR GUNDELOW

During the 18th century & after, the Nova Scotia shore settlers made much use of a craft called a gondola, (spelt thus in Simeon Perkins' diary) then in popular use along the New England coast. It was used as a lighter for transferring cargo, ship & shore, & for such-like jobs about a creek or harbour; but its particular use was in bringing hay to the settlement from outlying salt meadows. (Perkins used his to bring hay from Beach Meadows). The name was pronounced GUNDELOW & some writers spell it so. Carl Conrad (Jean Dunlap's husband) told me in 1943:-

"I was raised on a shore farm near Musquodoboit. Every summer after the sweet hay was cut & in the barn we used to go out to the sedge-banks to make salt hay. Father used to borrow a thing called a "gundelow" which belonged to an old fellow at the harbour. It was a wooden craft, very old but sound; it was kept tarred, not painted. It was shaped like a dory, with the dory bow & stern & flat bottom, but it was very long; it must have been 30 feet long, with 5 feet beam. It was propelled by a sculling oar at the stern, though it could be sailed when the wind was fair. We used to scull the gundelow out to the sedgebanks when the tide was right, cut the salt hay & take it home in

the gundelow, "making" the hay in a field near the house. That was about 1910 or 1912. I've never seen a gundelow anywhere else."

Note:- The "gundelow" (so spelled & pronounced) was much used in New England, & particularly on the Piscataqua River, above Portsmouth, New Hampshire. It is noted in Portsmouth records from a very early time, & may have been invented there, as it was very useful in freighting supplies from Portsmouth to the numerous tidal creeks above the town. It varied in size. The typical Piscataqua "gundelow" (judging from a model in the so-called Paul Jones House, Portsmouth) was somewhat like a Thames barge, long, flat-bottomed, with a bluff bow, & square stern; it was mostly open, but had a short deck forward and another aft. A short mast could be stepped in the fore deck, on which a lateen sail was set. Steering was done with a tiller or a long oar over the stern. The after deck formed a small cabin or cuddy.

OXEN

Cries of teamster as heard in Queens County:-

To go the right — "Huit!" (or "Gee!")
" " " left — "Haw!"
To back up — "Hoof!"

An ox lives 15 or 16 years and can work 12 years and still be good for beef.

Saw a Hereford ox near Dipper Creek Oct 16/41 (Herefords make fairly big cattle, good beef, are red with white markings, usually white-faced) This ox "girt" about 7 feet, weighed about 1600 lbs on the hoof. Butchers usually reckon ½ the gross weight as "dead", in other words, the above ox, butchered, would yield about 800 lbs beef.

Indian Gardens, Mersey River

Information from Owen Teal, aged about 75 in 1957. He came to Pleasantfield, Queens Co., in 1898, married & settled there.

When I came here in '98 the road to Indian Gardens did not follow its present route, but took a long swing southward, almost to George's Lake, before turning up towards the Gardens. At that time all the old buildings at the Gardens had vanished. I heard a good deal from older people about the people who tried to settle there.

The first settler at Indian Gardens was a retired English army officer named Staymer. (STAYMER). At that time (the late 1860's) there was nothing but the old Indian field just where the Mersey River left the lakes. There were two roads to it. One was the so-called River Road from Milton, made by the old-time loggers and river-drivers; it was very rough, 15 miles long, and passable only by ox wagon. The other was the Indian Garden Road, also made as a tote-road by loggers, who found it easier to drive their teams out the Milton - Annapolis highway as far as Pleasantfield, & then turn off to Indian Gardens. The original Indian Garden Road was about 10 miles long, also very rough, and passable only by ox-wagon.

Staymer took his family with him. He was chiefly interested in the hunting and fishing. He hired men here and built a big log house. The river drivers used to call it Staymer's CASTLE. They only stayed a few years. The Staymers used to make social visits to Liverpool and were well liked. When Lord Dunraven came to Indian Gardens on his hunting expeditions (in the early 1870's) he used to stop a day or two with Staymer at the "Castle".

Among the Staymers' friends in Liverpool were the Knauts, (KNAUT) a well-to-do shipping family. The Knauts' daughter Eva (who afterwards married Fred O. L. Patch) liked to visit the Staymers at the Gardens. She was then a hearty young woman, quite a tomboy, and liked hunting and fishing. She used to have someone drive her out the Annapolis road as far as Pleasantfield, and then she used to walk the 10 miles to Indian Gardens with one of the Pleasantfield men for a guide. One time she was walking in there with Ezekiel Sanders. A terrific storm came up & they had to spend the night in an old log shack near George's Lake. Zeke was a harmless fellow but people used to tease him a lot about that.

After Staymer left these parts "Staymer's Castle" rotted down. He hadn't cleared any land beyond the

Indian field except for cutting firewood.

Some time in the 1880's an Irishman named Knox came to Indian Gardens & settled down to farm. His family included his wife & children, & his wife's sister. They came up the River Road. Knox built a small frame-and-shingle house & barn, & cleared a little of the land on the river slope beyond the Indian field. He never grew much on his farm — enough to feed his family — & he'd sell a few vegetables to the river drivers. I think he was chiefly interested in the hunting & fishing, like Staymer. He had some kind of private income, & when that petered out ~~the~~ about 1890 he left. Some of his descendants live about Chelsea in Lunenburg County.

The next (and last) settler at Indian Gardens was Richard Telfer. He was born in North Queens but his folks moved in to Milton, & in his early years he worked on the lakes & river as a logger & river-driver. While still a young man he went to the States & stayed for years. In the early 1900's he & his wife & family came back to Milton. In the summers he used to go up the river to Indian Gardens. He stayed in the old Knox house & raised vegetables in the fields. He cleared land on the top of the slope, which was afterwards known as The Telfer Field. Usually he left his family in Milton

& spent the summer at the Gardens alone, except for his horse and dog.

In 1903 the Mersey Hydraulic Company built a wooden storage dam at Indian Gardens, & built a small house for their dam-tender, Ned Rhyno, on the west side of the river, opposite Indian Gardens. Soon after that Telfer stopped coming there, & his old house burned down. Some time between 1900 and 1910 the Milton logging firm of Harlow & Kempton built a combined barn & storehouse on the west side of the river near the dam-tender's house.

During the first World War, Ned Rhyno removed to Milton, & his job was taken by Peter Croft, of Buckfield. Croft was a Buckfield farmer. To give their boy & girl some schooling Mrs. Croft stayed in Buckfield during the autumn, winter & spring, & moved out to Indian Gardens with the children for the summer. Croft retained his job until the N. S. Power Commission built a new hydro-electric dam and flooded the old Indian Gardens in 1929.

Naval Activity at Liverpool during the war 1939-45

The following naval craft refitted at Liverpool, & subsequently were sunk by enemy action:-

"Raccoon" — a small armed motor yacht. Torpedoed & sunk with heavy loss of life in the gulf of St. Lawrence.

"Trentonian" — corvette

"Shawinigan" — "

"Clayoquot" — "

"Spikenard" — "

"Alberni" — "

"Windflower" — "