

Crime and Punishment

THE ORIGINAL COURTHOUSE and Jail occupied one large building with a belltower and stood on the site of the current Town Hall. We have only two photographs of this structure, showing the local militia drilling in front of it during the Fenian Scare of 1866. An item from the *St. Andrews Standard* for June 17, 1842, when it was being converted into a Market House, noted that “The partitions and floors of the old jail were lined with iron bars about six inches apart and double planked over timber, notwithstanding which several places can be seen where we are informed persons have cut through and made the escape out of holes barely a foot square.”

Punishment in the early post-Loyalist days was forbidding by modern standards. The *St. Andrews Herald* for August 1820, for instance, records that

John Barton Morris, sailmaker, of London and Ebenezer P. Paine, late of Saint Stephen, shoemaker, were severally sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes for stealing sundry articles from the store of Mr. G. Hunter of Saint Stephen under the value of 20s. The sentence was the next day carried into execution in front of the Gaol Yard. Also, yesterday, John Dunn and James Hazen were publicly whipped; the former for stealing some articles of clothing from William McLeod, the latter for stealing three pair of earrings from Terence McKenny. Morris, Paine, Dunn and Hazen are to leave the County in five days from the time of receiving their punishment.

A black brother and sister were hung there in 1826 for infanticide in what must have been a gruesome public event.

The present jail was built in 1832 of huge granite blocks boated over from Deer Island. The idea for a new jail went back to 1823. In the April sessions of Charlotte County Council it was ordered “that it is expedient to build a new gaol, and that a committee, consisting of Colin Campbell, Thomas Wyer, Jr., and Peter Stubs be appointed to find an airy and eligible situation for the site of the said gaol and to suggest the ways and means to carry the same into execution.” Nothing came of this plan, in spite of the deteriorating and unsafe

condition of the old jail and courthouse. Finally, according to the *St. Andrews Beacon*, "Elisha S. Andrews, Beverly Robinson, Harris Hatch, Samuel Frye and Peter Stubs were appointed a committee to build the gaol pursuant to plans exhibited by D. D. Morrison, and a contract with Morrison was entered into on the 29th of June, 1831."

The situation of the new jail was "airy" to say the least. The winter wind blew through the chinks and in one celebrated instance the jailer's goose froze to death. In the old days the Jail was usually managed by a husband-and-wife team who lived there and took care of feeding the prisoners. They lived in an ell on the back of the building, since removed, and had a kitchen garden. The name of the first jailer was Captain Snow. His wife died there in 1834 after she fell asleep at the fireplace and her clothes caught fire. In March 1835 Colonel Wyer introduced a bill to assess the inhabitants of St. Andrews for building a new courthouse. It was determined from the outset that this building would be a credit to the town and architect and would avoid the deficiencies of the jail.

St. Andrews was the Shiretown for Charlotte County, which meant that justice was administered for the County here. In the 19th century it was still common to see imprisonment for debt. The debtor's section of the prison was on the upper floor in quarters somewhat more hospitable than those on the lower level. This jail hosted two executions - that of Thomas Dowd in 1878 and Roland Hutchings in 1942. Hutchings' was the last in the County. The jail continued in operation until the 1970s. Residents remember how "prisoners" would be given freedom for the day to go swimming or almost whatever they chose, so long as they were back in their cells by curfew. William [Bill] C. O'Neill, in his "News Notes from St. Andrews" for 1952, made an investigation of two of the jail record books. The first book opened in 1850 and ran until 1863, listing 869 prisoners. The second book ran from 1864 to 1952 and totalled 3,757 prisoners, making a total of 4,626 inmates in 90 years. This may seem like a lot, but there are various entries in the papers which note with pride that currently the jail was empty. ~

*Standard***Sept. 10, 1833**

Last night the house of Mr. William MacLean, merchant, was attempted to be broken into. An alarm having been given, Mr. Snow, the deputy Sheriff and Gaoler, was immediately on the spot, and through his activity two suspicious looking characters were secured and lodged in gaol, where they now lie. Their examination will take place today.

*Standard***May 13, 1835****Death by Fire**

On the night of Sunday the 26th ultimo, one of those distressing calamities occurred in the new Gaol here, which is calculated to arouse many from the dream of security under which they allow time to slip away unimproved, and to awaken our sympathies for the friends of the deceased. The family of Capt. Snow, the Deputy Sheriff and Gaoler, had all retired to rest but Mrs. Snow, who was in the habit of remaining to see all locked and safe. It appears she had taken a seat by the fire, partly undressed herself and had fallen asleep, when by some unknown casualty her clothes caught fire. The flames had made fatal progress before her screams awoke her son and husband and brought them to her assistance. Capt. Snow got his hands severely scorched in tearing off the burning habiliments. Surgical aid was immediately procured but without effect, and in the lapse of two hours Ms. Snow was relieved from all her sufferings.

*Standard***Dec. 24, 1835**

On Monday the 21st day of December inst. two seamen of the Brig *Agenora*, Robert Gray, master, were brought up for examination before Thomas Wyer, Esq. and the Honorable James Allanshaw, upon a charge of Mutiny and Desertion.

It appeared that on the tenth day of December, the crew of the *Agenora*, consisting of ten men, all shipped about 4 o'clock, that the vessel then lay at the Eastern Ballast ground, and was to proceed to sea early next morning, but that about seven o'clock in the evening,

the Captain, Pilot, and Mate, who were all in the Cabin, heard a loud noise near the companion doors, and the Mate went at once to ascertain the cause of it, but as soon as he had opened the door it was forcibly closed; that he made another attempt and succeeded in opening the door, where he discovered two seamen standing near it, one with a pistol in his hand, and the other with a pump brake; that they both swore they would knock out the first man's brains who attempted to come up; that the Captain, Mate and Pilot, not having any firearms or weapons, were not in a condition to make resistance, when seven of the seamen (amongst which were the two prisoners) possessed themselves of the long boat, cut the painter and made for Deer Island, where they landed at the risk of their lives, the boat going to pieces in the surf, and the wind blowing a gale at the time. They subsequently reached Eastport, in the State of Maine, where owing to the exertions of Messrs. Babcock and Son and the prompt assistance of the civil authorities there, the two prisoners, with another of the crew, who was admitted as a witness, were arrested and brought here, the other four having unfortunately for the public made their escape. The Justice committed the two prisoners for mutiny, to take their trial at the next Court of Oyer and Terminer for the County; the witness not having been able to find bail was also committed. The Justices also bound over Mr. George Watson, of this town, as accessory before the fact to appear and take his trial at the same time.

J. W. Chandler and G. D. Street, Esquires, appear as Council on behalf of the Prosecution.

Standard

Jan. 28, 1836

Riot

On Monday last, William McNamara and others were brought up before the Magistrates for riotous and disorderly conduct in the street on Saturday night the 23rd inst. After a long and tedious examination, which lasted from 11 am to 7 pm, William McNamara, John Fortune, and Peter McCrawley were bound over to keep the

peace for 12 months and fined two sureties in 20 pounds each and one surety of 40 pounds for their appearance at the next Court of Oyer and Terminer.

Standard

April 21, 1836

Report of the County Charlotte Grand Jury

April Sessions, 1836

The Grand Jury have made some remarks on the Gaoler's account expressive of their surprise at the extraordinary nature of these charges to which they would particularly call the attention of the Court, particularly a charge of carrying bread from the baker to the prison, which actually amounts to more than the cost of the bread.

The Grand Jury on viewing the Prison would remark that it appears sufficiently strong for anything where strength alone is required, but on the principle that imprisonment should not be torture and death (which must ensue if Prisoners are put into the cells during winter), the Jury would remark that it appears totally unfit for the purpose for which it was intended to serve. There is a certain want of cleanliness about the Prison which should be immediately looked into by the authorities; heaps of soot and ashes are to be seen about the lobbies and small stores of the debtor's rooms; the cellar is also very unfit for the purpose intended, the gaoler having lost great part of his vegetables during last winter.

It appears to the Grand Jury absolutely necessary that something be done in the way of a drain or sewer to carry off the filth accumulating about such an establishment, and to save the monstrous expense of removing it in the manner in which it is now done, as well as to prevent the generating of dangerous diseases during the hot months of summer.

- A. Jack, Foreman

*Standard***July 17, 1840****Improvement**

Our new courthouse is now in a state of great forwardness, the plastering and stucco work being completed. On a recent visit to this building we were much pleased with the faithful manner in which the work has been performed. The Judges, Barristers, Grand and Petit Jury Rooms, together with a spacious apartment allotted for Session business, are all convenient and well adapted for the use of those engaged in the administration of the laws of the county. The Court Room in the centre of the building will be judiciously laid out for public convenience, and by no means overlooking the accommodation expected by the Bench and the Bar. The building committee, together with the architect, Mr. Thomas Berry, are entitled to great credit for having faithfully performed their respective duties. The building is situated on rising ground in the vicinity of the Jail, and from its commanding situation, it will have an imposing effect when completed.

*Standard***Oct. 2, 1840****For the *Standard*****Mr. Editor -**

We the Grand Jurors, impaneled to serve as the Grand Jury for the present September Term of the Court of Common Pleas, amongst other of our duties, considered it incumbent upon us to visit and inspect the new Courthouse recently erected in the town of St. Andrews. We thought it our duty to do this for two reasons - first because the building when erected, was the property of the county, and respecting which all Freeholders have and naturally feel an interest; and secondly, because great fault was and still is found with some of our predecessors in office, for not looking into and examining the state and condition of the Gaol, now the old, but still called the new Gaol, after it had been delivered up as complete from the hands of the contractor. We have closely examined the first named building, the Courthouse, both inside and out, and after a thorough examination, we have great pleasure in saying that we are

all very highly pleased with it, and that while it unquestionably is a great ornament to the town, it is also decidedly creditable both to workmanship and design to the skilfull architect who built it. We have been extremely sorry, however, to learn, that Mr. Berry will lose seriously by his contract, but we have no doubt that a proper application to the Legislature on his part will result in not only making him whole but rewarding him, in some slight degree at all events, for the great extra expense it appears that he has incurred in his desire to give general satisfaction.

We are, Mr. Editor,

Yours, etc.,

On behalf of the Grand Jury,

W. H. Mowat, Foreman

In the garden of Capt. Law, attached to the Jail, there may be seen cabbage plants from 3 to 4 inches high, lettuce 3 inches, and pepper grass 4 inches, all from the seeds of this year's growth. This certainly is something new here, and is deserving of notice; persons who may wish to see for themselves, have only to visit the garden.

Standard

Nov. 5, 1841

Disgraceful

On Wednesday evening last, as Mr. Young, (a witness attending the Court) was passing along Water Street near the Post Office, a collection of boys assailed him with a volley of stones and sticks, cutting his face and otherwise abusing him in a shocking manner, without any kind of provocation. Mr. Young, who is a peaceable, sober man, was inclined at first to treat the outrage as a joke, until he was followed up and struck with a bludgeon which knocked him down. As we were passing near the place at the time, we saw Mr. Young bleeding profusely from his face, surrounded by a gang of young scamps, who are nightly collected in our streets, disturbing the inhabitants. It is a matter of deep regret that the Magistrates do not put a stop to such infamous proceedings by appointing a special Constable to patrol the streets at night. Such conduct is a disgrace to any community, and we trust that the offenders in this case will be brought up and severally punished by making a public

example of them. While mentioning this outrage we cannot avoid calling attention to the disgraceful conduct of these youths at the evening book auctions; instead of embracing the opportunity of purchasing cheap information, they have invariably molested the auctioneers in various ways and stopped the sales at an early hour, and in one instance several books were stolen. We again call the special attention of their Worships to these proceedings and hope they will follow the method adopted in other towns in the Province, by making examples of the culprits and publishing the police reports giving the names.

Standard

June 17, 1842

Improvements

We notice that the lower part of the old Jail is undergoing repairs, for the purpose of converting it into a Market House; the room used formerly for holding the Courts in, is also to be repaired and fitted up for a Public Hall. The partitions and floors of the old jail were lined with iron bars about six inches apart and double planked over timber, notwithstanding which several places can be seen where we are informed persons have cut through and made their escape out of holes barely a foot square. The iron and spikes appear to be good and may be disposed of to advantage.

Standard

July 1, 1842

Mr. Editor,

I wish to draw the attention of the guardians of the public peace to the conduct of persons in the habit of assembling near the Practice rooms of the Amateur Band, whose object appears to be to offer insult to the performers and to prevent any of the very large assemblage of respectable persons who nightly attend to listen, from deriving any pleasure; and when I look round and see that the mob is composed almost entirely of boys, and see no means taken to prevent the annoyance, I cannot help applying censure to those who should and could so easily take measures to put down such a disgraceful nuisance; and it is certainly very far from being complimentary to

those who have devoted so much time and expense for an object so calculated for public gratification, that they should be so completely thwarted in their endeavors to please and subjected to insult. If the parties are thus quietly allowed to annoy, the public may rest assured that it will operate as a direct license to all the unruly boys of which our community is already unfortunately too full, to insult with impunity. And I feel confident that it will be admitted, that they are sufficiently versed in all that is bad, without thus granting such a bounty of blackguardism, as to allow them to accomplish their design, of obliging spectators to retire with disappointment and disgust. It is about a short time since their worships were under the necessity of appointing a nightly watch to preserve order in our streets and it is now a matter of surprise that with so much more cause they tacitly permit the continuance of misconduct, which could at once be put down by the presence of a single constable.

Yours,

Good Order.

Standard

March 13, 1844

Gaol to Let

Capt. Law informs us that the Charlotte County Gaol is to let for the second time this Winter - not an individual having been confined in it for some time. This speaks well for our County - long may it continue tenantless.

Pilot

Nov. 3, 1881

A gang of boys marched through the streets of the town on Monday evening shouting in the most disgraceful manner, calling at house and stores demanding apples. They attacked Mr. D. Keezer's store on the Market Wharf and smashed in the windows. It is time that attacks on Mr. Keezer should be put down by the strong arm of the law; he is a very hardworking and industrious man and ought to be protected. A portion of that gang of boys took charge of the

schooner *Minnie Ha Ha* of Shelburne, N.S., laying at the wharf and took a barrel of apples off her deck; such conduct is indefensible and calculated to bring discredit on the town.

Pilot

Oct. 12, 1882

One day last week Mr. G. Johnston of the Parish of St. George drove into town and sold to H. O'Neill and sons an ox. The O'Neills' suspicions being excited, they afterwards interviewed Mr. Johnston, and his statement being unsatisfactory, they insisted upon getting their money back. Johnston left the animal in their charge and meanwhile skipped across the river. Monday, Mr. Hugh McKinney of Rollingdam came in search of an ox that had been stolen from his son on Whitcher Ridge, and upon identification thereof the animal in charge of the O'Neills was surrendered to him. Johnston's story was that he had bought the ox from a man whom he did not know with money entrusted to him by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Adanarim A. Gilmor, to purchase a sewing machine. Johnston wrote the O'Neills from Calais to turn the d--d ox on the road and he would go home.

Pilot

Aug. 30, 1883

Our attention has been called to the disgraceful practice of late indulged in by some young men and boys, who, in one of the most public places in this town, the Market wharf, in full view of the passers by, strip stark naked, run about the wharves, climb into the rigging of the vessels laying thereat and jump therefrom into the tide. Now we beg to inform the parties indulging in such reprehensible practices, and who appear to be lost to all sense of decency, that they subject themselves to imprisonment for a term not exceeding two months, with or without hard labor, or to a fine, not exceeding fifty dollars, or to both, in the discretion of the Magistrate. We notify them that should occasion arise the law will be enforced. There are plenty of opportunities to indulge in the healthful practice of bathing, in and around St. Andrews, without doing it in such public places, and in the indecent manner referred to above.

*Pilot***Nov. 29, 1883****Use of the Knife in St. Andrews**

On the night of Wednesday, the 21st inst. a lad named James Gallagher, for some misconduct was by the proprietor of Kennedy's Hotel ordered off the premises; refusing to go he was ejected; shortly afterwards Gallagher returned and attempted to force his way into the hotel. Mr. Kennedy barred his entry, when a tussle took place. Gallagher drew a jackknife and stabbed Mr. Kennedy in the left breast where the passage of the knife was stopped by the rib, and in the abdomen immediately below the ribs where the knife, fortunately, only made a slight puncture. Both wounds were in a dangerous locality. Had the knife been thrust with a little more force, either of them would probably have cost Mr. Kennedy his life. Mr. Kennedy also had one of his fingers gashed. Mr. Mark Hall, the County jailer, came to Mr. Kennedy's assistance and succeeded in disarming Gallagher who, we are informed, was severely punished by Mr. Kennedy striking him across the head and face with a whip.

Oct. 24, 1889**An Old Prison****A Peep Within the Walls of St. Andrews Jail**

The recent escapes from the County Jail, followed by the removal of Mr. Mark Hall, for nineteen years jailer thereto, have directed public attention to this venerable institution.

St. Andrews Jail was not the creation of yesterday, as a glance at its antiquated walls will readily show. It was constructed as far back as 1832, and, doubtless at that time it was considered to be a model prison in every respect. In these advanced days, however, it is very far from being what it ought to be, and there is little doubt that to this cause, as much as to the alleged carelessness of the Jailer, is due the numerous escapes that have taken place from time to time. The immense blocks of granite out of which the venerable pile is built were brought all the way from Deer Island, Maine, in sailing vessels, there being no quarries in this neighborhood in operation at the time. The building itself is quadrangular in shape, two stories in height, with a low-pitched roof, running down from the four sides.

A little over one-third of the building was designed for the use of the jailer; the rest was for prison purposes. On the ground floor are the criminal cells, and from the glimpse we got of them in company with Sheriff Stuart on Friday last, we would blame no prisoner for trying to escape from them. They are both small and dark and ill ventilated, and before they were provided with a water closet, must have been noisome dungeons indeed. There are five cells on each side of the corridor. The cell doors are of iron, and the entrance is so small that a man with a corporation on him of any size would have some difficulty in getting through. Each cell is 6 x 8 feet in size and is surrounded by solid stone walls two feet thick. There is an aperture in the outside wall of each cell to admit air and light. These apertures are about four inches wide by twelve inches high. In olden times a large wooden plug was used to close them up, but of late years the wooden plug has been discarded and a sliding window covers the space. An old-fashioned drawbar fastens each cell door.

The corridor is, perhaps, five feet wide. It is entered by two doors. The first door is of solid wood very securely fastened. The second is composed of broad iron bars held in transverse sections. It is fastened on the outside by means of a modern prison padlock of ponderous size. There is no fastening whatever on the inside, so that when the jailer has occasion to go in, he must have some person to stand guard at the door until he comes out. Usually, his wife or his daughter has performed this service, but it is a dangerous job to ask any woman to perform where there are desperate characters imprisoned. There is a low window at one end of the corridor, which admits light. This window was protected by thick iron bars, which were considered escape proof, but not many years ago, the prisoners sawed them through and made their escape. Since then, an additional grating of the strongest iron has been placed outside of this first grating (the latter having been repaired) and he would be a bold ingenious fellow who could saw his way through this window now without detection.

Cutting for Freedom

Even with the old-fashioned grating it was no easy task to cut through to liberty. The prisoners who did this job must have been at their work for some time. They unravelled the yarn from their socks

before beginning their task each day and fastened it tightly around the bar above and below where the cut was being made. This helped to deaden the sound. For fear any noise from the sawing should reach the jailer's ears, the rest of the prisoners tramped up and down the corridor, whistling and singing, and making as much noise as they could, keeping a close watch upon the door at the same time. When they had sawed as long as they dared, the cut was closed up with soap and dust sprinkled on it to hide it from view. Then, having removed the yarn, the prisoners slipped off to their couches, no doubt to dream of sweet liberty. In this way they carried on their work until two of the bars had been cut through. Then, the crossbar was easily swung out, and one by one the prisoners crawled out through this narrow hole, and gained their liberty.

The Debtors' Quarters

The second floor of the building is utilized as a debtor's prison. It is well-lighted, and in composition with the lower apartment is quite comfortable indeed. There are four cells on this floor. One of them is now being used by a female prisoner, who is serving out a sentence of twelve months for larceny. There are three males downstairs - Henry McIntee, awaiting trial on a charge of arson, Wm. Walker, serving out a term for vagrancy, and a debtor. Walker had the honor of letting himself out on one occasion, but he did not enjoy his freedom long, being brought back in about a week afterwards. He received an additional ten days from Judge Stevens for breaking Jail, his honor remarking at the time that he would blame no prisoner for walking out when he found the door open.

The Jailer's Goose Froze

Dark, ill ventilated and uncomfortable as St. Andrews jail may be now, its present condition is ten times better than it was a few years ago. It is not many years since it was so cold that a goose belonging to the jailer froze to death in it. It is almost a miracle that the prisoners did not share a like fate. The walls had not been cemented for years, and the wind and weather had opened the interstices in the stone to such an extent that the building was like a sieve. Within quite a recent period the walls have been pointed with cement, and thus and thus the wind was prevented from whistling through the cracks and

blowing the hair off the prisoners' heads as it had been doing. There is also a stove in the corridor and a closet for the prisoners' comforts that a few years ago they were stranger to.

The Late Jailer

To talk of the Jail without having something to say about the Jailer would be like describing a church without mentioning the minister. Mr. Mark Halls, as has been stated before, has held the position of Jailer for almost twenty years. Whatever his faults may have been, none can say that he was ever cruel or unkind to those unfortunates who were placed in his charge, and if he erred at all it was on the side of leniency. Had he been a man of less kindness of heart and a stricter disciplinarian, it is probable that escapes would not have been so frequent as they have been. It is the knowledge of this fact that has created a great deal of sympathy for him throughout the County, and the wish has been freely expressed that he should be reinstated and given one more chance.

Mrs. Hall has been like a mother to the prisoners, and has accorded them kinder treatment than they were entitled to. In other prisons the inmates have a stated hour for getting up from their beds to their meals, and if they do not rise at that time they either have to do without or take cold victuals. In St. Andrews Jail, humanitarian principles have to a large extent governed the conduct of the jailer and his wife in this regard. It has ever been the practise to keep the fires alive until the last prisoner has arisen, so that his mug of tea might be warm and comfortable for him. No doubt in some people's eyes this would be considered an unnecessary kindness, and some might even be disposed to find fault with the jailer or his wife for it, but, under the circumstances, we cannot blame them. Situated as the jailer is, comparatively alone, there should be some better arrangement of the cells than exists now. As things are at present, the jailer is comparatively at the mercy of the prisoners. There should be some arrangement by which each cell could be scoured without making it necessary for the jailer to go in and close each one. In addition to this, the means should be at hand to lock the corridor door from the inside when the jailer has occasion to go in. If some such arrangements as these were carried out and a little more light

provided, so that every object in the corridor could be distinctly seen by the jailer before entering, and the position of every cell door and prisoner noted, the number of escapees would be reduced to a minimum, and a great deal of danger to the jailer's person removed.

Beacon

Feb. 20, 1890

Routed by the Enemy

Mrs. Keezer is Not Allowed to Narrate Her Battle Experiences. Her Husband Has an Exciting Experience with the Mob, and is Compelled to Seek Cover

"What means this eager, anxious throng?" was the first question a stranger would have asked if he had been in St. Andrews on Saturday night, and had seen the crowd of men and boys that surged about the entrance to Stevenson's Hall, between 7 and 8 o'clock.

The explanation of this unusual stir was to be found in the hand-bills that were posted about the fences and in the shop-windows, announcing that Mrs. David Keezer would deliver a lecture on "Experiences in the Late United States Rebellion." Those of the crowd who had a dime in their pockets - and there were few who hadn't that night - and who were eager to hear Ms. Keezer's thrilling war experiences hustled upstairs, dropped the aforesaid dime into the waiting hand of the lecturer's husband, who officiated as door-keeper, and then stepped inside the hall. By 8 o'clock there were probably one hundred and fifty persons in the room, all of them of the masculine gender, and all of them apparently expecting some startling "experiences."

The lecturer was on hand in good time and occupied a seat on the platform for half an hour before the lecture began. She was neatly attired and made rather a favorable impression upon those who had come to hear her. She had on a pretty black bonnet and well-fitting black jacket, and a dress of brown material. In front of her on a small table, covered with a white cloth, reposed her black fur cape and pocket handkerchief.

When the hour came around for opening the lecture, Bradford Boone, Esq., was moved into the chair, and at once took his station on the platform. He was followed by a score of others whose hearing



appeared to be defective and who seemed anxious to get as near the lecturer as possible in order that none of her “experiences” might be lost to them. After a little parleying, the chairman arose and called the meeting to order. He then introduced Mrs. Keezer as “one of the most remarkablest women of the age,” and intimated that the audience would hear a lecture the like of which they had never heard before and would never hear again. Vociferous applause followed Mr. Boone’s brilliant effort.

Mrs. Keezer began her lecture very nervously but in a good voice. She used no notes. She wasted little time in useless introductions, plunging at

255 Water St.
Built by
Benjamin R.
Stevenson,
barrister,
Surveyor-
General of New
Brunswick,
and M. P. for
Charlotte,
in 1967. Mr.
Stevenson's
law office was
located on
the ground
floor, and a
men's club,
later known
as Stevenson's
Hall, was
upstairs. The
discovery of
Stevenson's
papers in the
attic, after
a storm had
damaged the
roof, was
instrumental in
the creation of
the Charlotte
County
Archives.
Charlotte
County
Archives
p145.3

once into her narrative. In April, 1861, her first husband, Charles Norwood, who was an American soldier, came home on a furlough. At the suggestion of the chairman, she went into particulars as to the period of the furlough. It was six weeks long. At the end of the six weeks, he persuaded her to go to the wars with him. She went as a nurse, and at the same time to look after her husband. She commenced to describe the battles she had seen, when some young scamp in the rear of the hall, no doubt to give the battle sketches a realistic effect, began discharging fire crackers. Mr. Keezer at this juncture rushed in and threatened to “call her off” and “dismiss the meetin” if such disturbances were not ended right there.

As soon as order had been in a measure restored the lecturer returned to her narrative, and was describing with a master hand the “ghastly sights,” “the terrible scenery” and “the wild demons” she had seen on the battlefield, when another cracker exploded at her feet. She uttered a faint scream, assumed a tragic attitude, and then sat down, declaring she would not speak another word. Her husband, who had reason to be justly indignant, again burst into the room and in a voice of thunder said that “the meetin’ was dismissed.” He then called upon “Mary” to come off the platform. Instantly, there was a demand from a score or more that their money be returned to them, and to add to the bedlam the cracker fusillade was renewed. The fire appeared to be chiefly directed to Mr. Keezer. There were “crackers to right of him, crackers to left of him, crackers all around him.” He boldly held his ground, however, and his cash too, and declared that if they would call upon him the next day he would give every cent back. He said he did not want their money. He could get along without it. Finding the atmosphere was becoming too hot he endeavored to get outside the hall, and after a good deal of jostling he got to the door. By this time an enormous crowd had gathered, and the noise they made sounded as if bedlam had been let loose. To go home with such a howling mob after them was madness, so they both very wisely decided to seek shelter in Miss Moore’s saloon until the crowd had dispersed. Every effort was used to coax Mr. Keezer out by the crowd, some young villains even going so far as to bring his sloven down to the saloon door, but he refused to appear. Subsequently the sloven was thrown over the wharf. When eleven o’clock had come

around and the streets appeared quiet, they determined to start for home. A number of prominent citizens offered to accompany them as a bodyguard, which offer was accepted. Mr. J. T. Ross acted as advance guard, bearing on his shoulder a rusty sword which he had fished out of somewhere. Immediately behind him came Mr. and Mrs. Keezer, hand in hand, determined to fall together if the worst should come. Mr. Arthur Moore and Mr. William McQuoid occupied the right and left wing. The rear was protected by Con. Lamb, Mr. Owen Rigby and Mr. B. F. Estes. Mr. J. M. Hanson did outpost duty with a lantern. Mr. Keezer and his chosen band had scarcely entered upon their dangerous march when the enemy appeared, every corner and every alley yielding its quota. Despite the sturdy efforts of the bodyguard, their ranks were frequently broken by some bold youth anxious to get within reaching distance of Mr. Keezer. A few of them succeeded but fortunately without doing him any serious injury. One cowardly scamp struck him square in the face as he turned a corner. The crowd did not molest them after they got into the home.

Mrs. Keezer declared that when next she lectured it would be in St. John, where she would be protected by the law. She said there was no law in St. Andrews. It certainly looked that way on Saturday night.

Beacon

Jan. 15, 1891

Another of those disgraceful dog fights which have become so common around our streets took place on Saturday morning. One of the dogs belonged to Constable Keezer. When a citizen appealed to Mr. Keezer to put a stop to the fight, he was met by threatening gestures and vile language, conduct totally unbecoming a guardian of the peace.

Beacon

May 14, 1891

A dead baby! There could be no doubt about it. In the slimy ooze at the base of the Market Wharf lay the tiny lifeless form. Over the upper part of the body a muddy cloth was spread, hiding from view

the sightless eyes and the pinched, drawn face. The body appeared clothed in a light cotton material. Some young men first discovered the figure, and almost in a trice the word flew around. The lawyer hurriedly dismissed his client and jumping on to a passing vehicle drove with all speed to the scene; the barber abandoned his half-shaven customer and followed where the lawyer led; the coroner dropped everything and ran as fast as his legs could carry him; a dozen others followed in his wake. With saddened faces and voices subdued they gathered around the pulseless babe, none daring to examine it until the coroner had arrived. That functionary wasted no time but at once removed the cloth from the face of the body. He gazed but a moment, and then with a disgusted look turned away. "A doll! Well I'll be hanged!" And a doll it was.

Beacon

May 19, 1892

Racing horses on the front street should cease since the accident of Friday last, by which Mr. Daniel Thompson was made the innocent victim of a runaway. Mr. Thompson was badly shaken up and was confined to the house for several days.

Beacon

Aug. 4, 1892

A Border Tough

Who Has Something to Show for His Experiences

Among the visitors who drifted into St. Andrews last week was the famous William Pierce. A few years ago, William was one of the toughest of the border toughs. Nothing was too hot or too heavy for him. As strong as a bull, he was known to lift immense weights that no one in the neighborhood could budge. As brave as a lion, he feared nothing. And when a couple of fingers of gin were added to these attributes, "Bill" was a holy terror. He would fight anything that stood in shoe leather. Numbers made no difference to him - the more the merrier. It is related of him that on one occasion a St. Stephen policeman sought to effect his arrest, and knowing the kind of material he had to deal with, the officer struck him a blow on the head with his baton that would have felled an ox. For an

instant Bill was dazed. Before the policeman could strike another blow, Bill's strong right arm was getting in its work, and if a posse of citizens armed with weapons of various kinds had not come to the policeman's rescue, he would have been in the land of dreams in a very short time.

Another time, Pierce performed the fire act in a very thrilling manner. He had been placed in the lock-up for drunkenness with two boon companions. Full of rage at being imprisoned, he set fire to the interior of the lock-up, and then, like demon, he danced among the smoke and flames, calling upon his companions to pray as they had never prayed before and likening them to the three men in the Scripture story who occupied the fiery furnace. When the smoke was seen from the outside and help arrived, Bill was glued to a hole in the wall, sucking in a little fresh air, apparently as cool as a cucumber, while his half-smothered companions were on their knees praying for all they were worth. On the door being burst open, Pierce's first act was to rush at the policeman and knock him down.

One day Pierce and a drunken companion occupied the train going into St. Stephen. They began quarrelling and Conductor Stewart locked them up in an empty boxcar. When the train reached town both men were running with blood and scarcely a stitch of clothes covered their bodies. They had fought like wild cats the whole way in, each doing his level best to clean out his antagonist.

Pierce fought through the American Civil War, and can relate many hair-breadth escapes.

Beneath his roughness, Bill always had a tender, generous heart. In his seafaring life, he found abundant scope to exercise this good quality. On one of the ships that he was a sailor on, there was a brutal, big mate, who showed a disposition to act very cruelly towards a pale, emaciated young fellow who was in the same watch with him. Bill stood it as long as he could and then he sent an ultimatum to the mate which prevented any further display of cruelty on the voyage.

The exciting experiences through which this border tough has passed during the past fifty-six years have left their impress on him in several ways. His close-cropped head is slashed and furrowed with scars which point in every direction, while a little piece of gold-plate that covers a hole in his cranium marks the spot where a revolver

bullet got in its work. His nose is broken; several of his teeth have also disappeared. His hands are knocked out of shape, and worse than all, he has but one leg, having lost the other in some trouble aboard ship. To raise money to purchase a cork leg was the ostensible object of his visit to St. Andrews. A mission of this nature very soon brought him into contact with corks that were used for other purposes, and it was not long before he was feeling in a very happy frame of mind. He remained here for a day or two and then departed for Eastport.

Beacon

Dec. 16, 1897

The Jail Bedstraw

Fragrant as were the memories which Mr. James Brayley carried away with him from the County Jail after his Scott Act imprisonment, they were not half so fragrant as the lot of bedstraw which he brought out with him. It was no particular fondness for the Jail beds that moved him to do this, but rather a desire to let the public know the kind of stuff that the County compels its prisoners to lie down upon. The *Beacon* was invited to partake of a sniff of the straw aforesaid, and we are quite safe in saying that a bed of roses could not be more fragrant. But the fragrance was of the wrong kind. Mr. Brayley says that he will submit the straw to the inspection of the S. P. C. A. and it is possible that he may also carry a sample of it to Premier Emmerson. Sheriff Stuart, who was spoken to about this matter, said that every prisoner on entering the Jail is furnished with fresh straw and clean bed clothing. He declares this was done in Mr. Brayley's case.

Beacon

Sept. 15, 1898

Disposing of a Saucy Tramp

Two tramps, who completed a 30-day term at the Jail on Friday last, became very annoying to the townspeople. One of them, named Maguire, belonging to Indiantown, Saint John, was particularly offensive. He entered houses, helped himself to whatever he could lay his hands on, frightened the women folks, and used threatening language to everybody he met. About nine o'clock in the evening the boys took him in hand and, after conducting him to the outskirts of

the town, they belaboured him with whips, sticks, etc., until he was very glad to leave the place. It's doubtful if he will return for some time.

Beacon

Oct. 22, 1903

Bold Bank Burglars

Bank of Nova Scotia Safe Wrecked by Nitro-Glycerine

All the Cold Cash on Hand Taken - Burglars Helped Themselves from Various Places - Made Escape on C.P.R. Handcar - Pinkerton Detective Has Case in Hand - No Captures Yet

The burglarizing of the Bank of Nova Scotia safe at St. Andrews between Friday night and Saturday morning last furnished the new town [St. Andrews was incorporated in 1903] with its first sensation.

The burglary was discovered by Manager Kerr, who went to the bank office about 7:15 in the morning to take out his bicycle. He was astonished to find the outer door open and the lock lying upon the floor. His astonishment was increased tenfold when on entering the main office where the safe was, he found the safe in ruin and the room filled with debris. He did not need anyone to tell him that the office had been burglarized and that the work had been done in a thoroughly professional manner. Two holes had been bored in the outer doors of the safe and nitro-glycerine applied. Both doors had been shattered by the explosion, the pieces of the combination lock and the lining of the doors being scattered all over the room. Holes had then been drilled in the inner door and the lock smashed. The cash box containing about \$3,000 was cut open and its contents removed. A few rolls of cents were left untouched. Two rifles in the room in front of the safe were not removed.

The front of the safe had been swathed in old horse blankets, a comfortable, a blanket, a piece of carpet and a long brown reefer. These were all saturated with water to deaden the effect of the explosion. The coat and the comfortable were identified by Mr. A. O'Neill. They had been taken from a shed in the rear of his residence at the head of the town sometime during the night. A piece of a silk handkerchief saturated nitro-glycerine, found in one of the holes, resembled a handkerchief that had also been taken from the

O'Neill house. A brace and a long screwdriver found on the floor were identified by Kenneth McLaren, blacksmith, as his property, they having been stolen from his premises the night before. A heavy crowbar and hammer were identified by section foreman Richardson as the property of the C. P. R. These articles had been taken from the section house alongside the station. Two horse blankets and a lap robe were the property of the Alms House. In getting these the men had evidently some trouble, as they first entered the cow barn and afterwards tried to work up through the floor. The keeper, Mr. Carr, noticed a man walking through the lane about 10 o'clock.

Entry to the bank had evidently been effected through a hole in the front window, one of the large panes, used for ventilating purposes, being on hinges. This swinging pane was fastened inside by a little brass button. To force this open was an easy matter. One man had evidently entered the window and then unscrewed the lock on the door, allowing his companion to come in. The rear window was open as if exit had been effected by that means. The glass in the window had been shattered by the explosion.

Suspicion rested upon two individuals who had been seen lurking about the town. The two spent Thursday night in the Quinn fishing camp. Mr. Quinn found them there and had quite a long talk with them. They were quiet young men - one, the taller, having a smooth face, while the other, who was a short, stocky fellow with a thick neck, had a reddish moustache. They told Mr. Quinn that they worked in lumber camps. They had walked here from St. George and were going to walk to St. Stephen. The same two got lunch and supper at Stinson's restaurant on Friday. They paid their last visit to the saloon about 7 o'clock.

The fact that the handcar had been taken from the section house and that at 5 o'clock, Mrs. Mowat heard it rattling by Chamcook led people to believe that the burglars had used that means of escaping from town.

Manager Kerr telegraphed and telephoned to all the points in the vicinity, hoping that the robbers might be intercepted. Sheriff Stuart and a posse of constables also started out to make enquiries along the road, as it was thought the men would abandon the car soon after passing Chamcook and either take to the woods or make their escape by water.

One peculiarity of the incident is that though two explosions were heard within fifteen or twenty minutes of each other by several of the neighbors about 3:30 o'clock in the morning, none of them thought enough of the matter to look out of doors or make any enquiries.

The fact that the articles used by the burglars had been taken from widely divergent points lead some to think that they must have had assistance. Two men could scarcely accomplish in a night what these men did.

Beacon

July 2, 1908

The Man Who Broke the Bank at St. Andrews Makes a Desperate Attempt at Freedom While Marching to Georgia

Portland, Maine. June 5th. U. S. Deputy Marshall Charles E. Haskell, of this city, accompanied by Capt. E. R. Brown and Special Officer Stewart of the Portland police department, Captain of the Guard E. D. Daniels of the Maine State prison at Thomaston, and Constable Fred. E. Stevens of Lewiston, who left Thomaston a week ago today with four federal prisoners whom they were to take to the United States government prison at Atlanta, Georgia, had rather a sensational attempt made by one of the men to escape from them while passing through Raleigh, N. C.

The officers reached home this evening and this is the first that was known of their encounter.

The prisoners were William Phelps, who was convicted of breaking into the post office at Red Beach, Maine; William Huddle, who has served a sentence in a Montreal prison and who was sentenced three years ago for blowing a post office safe at Southwest Harbour, Maine; Paul Ritchie, a Massachusetts yeggman who was convicted at the recent term of the United States court for the burglary of a post office at Livermore Falls; and a negro, Minot St. Clair Frances, who was sentenced for burglary with Huddle for the Red Beach post office break.

The men were handcuffed together, but by twisting the handcuffs, Huddle, who was handcuffed to Phelps, released himself and attempted to leap from his berth window in the Pullman car in

which the officers and prisoners were travelling. One of the guards saw Huddle's attempt to leap from the train, which was travelling at the rate of 30 miles an hour, and as Huddle made no attempt to remain the guard fired a revolver shot at him, and this caused him to change his mind and turn back. It was two days later before the prisoners reached their destination. Huddle, who made such a desperate attempt to regain his freedom while marching to Georgia, was without doubt one of the men who despoiled the safe in the Bank of Nova Scotia at St. Andrews three years ago. The Pinkerton detective who was placed on the trail of the St. Andrews bank burglars succeeded in finding sufficient evidence against Huddle to have justified his arrest had it not been for the fact that he was already in the hands of the law for the robbery at Southwest Harbor. Several articles that were taken from the bank safe here were discovered among Huddle's effects. He would undoubtedly have been brought back here for trial if it had not been for the mortgage Uncle Sam held against him for the part he played in robbing the Southwest Harbor Post Office. His companion in crime succeeded in eluding his pursuers. The burglary here not only displayed enterprise and skill, but it also tested the physical endurance of the burglar to a marked degree. After having robbed the bank, they ran down to the railway with the plunder, and getting on to a handcar pumped it at racing speed a distance of almost fourteen miles. Then they lifted the heavy machine from the track and carried it down an embankment and through a wood road for about a hundred yards. A man of that stamp would be able to put up quite a fight for freedom.

St. Croix Courier

April 7, 1949

"Shiretown Items"

Bank Robbed At. St. Andrews

Don't be alarmed folks - it happened over forty years ago. The Bank of Nova Scotia here at that time was a one-room affair with an ordinary safe in which to keep the money and other valuables. It was located in the room which is now the office of the Quoddy Coal Co. The manager's name was Kerr and he boarded at Kennedy's Hotel. He was a golf enthusiast and he and Charlie Kennedy used to go out for a round every morning at 7 o'clock. One fine September morning

Herb Henderson, who was manager of the Livery Stable which stood on the site of the present Post Office, called at the hotel as usual to drive the golfers out to the links. Mr. Kerr went over to the bank to get his rubbers but came back on the run saying the safe had been blown open and robbed and there would be no golf today. There were no telephones here at the time but word was quickly spread by foot messengers and within an hour a good-sized company of men and boys with rifles, shotguns and revolvers were ready for the great man-hunt which lasted for several days, combing the woods for miles around, without producing the hoped for results. Local and imported detectives were busy on the job, but clues were scarce and hard to find. Local nit-wits seized upon the first real clue to implicate two St. Andrews citizens notwithstanding the well-known integrity and irreproachable character of the latter. To muffle the sound several blankets and an old coat had been used to cover the safe. The coat and one blanket were proven to be the property of Foncie O'Neill while the rest of the blankets came from the livery stable. "Yes," said the Watsons, Pinkertons and would-be disciples of Sherlock Holmes. "Foncie and Herb did the job all right!" Could you imagine anything more ridiculous?

Hand-Car Missing

When the section men went to work in that eventful morning they discovered that the tool house had been broken open and the "pumper" was missing. When this news reached "headquarters" it was immediately connected with the bank robbery. It was later learned that Frank Howe, who was doing some early morning fishing at Chamcook Lake, had seen the pumper with the supposed section men pass there about daylight. Suspicion now centered around two strangers who had been seen about town for several days. They slept in Henry Quinn's fish camp and took their meals at Ira Stinson's restaurant. These men had disappeared and so had the handcar. It was all a great mystery. Months later Albert Storr, brakeman on the railway, spotted the missing pumper from the top of a boxcar as the train was passing through the strip of woods near Rolling Dam.

Evidence was also found of someone having “holed-up” in a barn in that vicinity. The excitement died down at length and the incident with its mystery still unsolved became history.

Cherchez La Femme

Several years later the chief actor in this local drama was captured, convicted and sent to prison by the artifices of a jealous woman. Among the valuables in the bank at the time of the robbery was a \$500 diamond ring. Perhaps because he was afraid to dispose of it, perhaps because he was somewhat of a Romeo, one of the robbers carried the ring in his pocket until he met his Juliet, of Portland, Maine. He presented the ring and foolishly told her its history. But alas. His one-time charming Juliet soon ceased to satisfy his craving for “infinite variety.” He fell for another gal - a dame with honey-blond hair, sky blue eyes and lots of curves in the proper places - and this fall became his downfall. His Juliet learned of his infidelity and took the ring and its story to the police. The robber Romeo was arrested and held for identification. Henry Quinn and Ira Stinson were taken down to Portland and identified him as one of the strangers seen here at the time of the robbery and he confessed, although testifying that he had no knowledge of the whereabouts of his confederate. The other man was never found. The loss to the bank was said to be about \$15,000.

Beacon

March 9, 1905

Forensic Eloquence from the Prisoner's Box

A Student of High-Class Literature Convicted of a Crime Makes an Eloquent and Successful Plea for Clemency

In the case of the King vs. William Cripps, tried before the County Court last week, the grand jury found a true bill and a verdict of guilty was returned by the petit jury. The Solicitor-General, Hon. W. P. Jones, appeared for the crown and the prisoner conducted his own defence.

After the verdict of guilty was returned, the prisoner was given a chance to make a plea for clemency on his own behalf, which he did in a most clever and pathetic manner. His reference to the sorrow of

his aged parents in their declining years, should he be sent to prison, to his beloved sister now upon her dying bed, and to the many temptations against which he had to fight, were truly touching, and stowed away down in the heart of hearts of that young criminal, there was at least a keen perception of the good side of life and a knowledge of the advantages of abstaining from sin. He referred to his previous conviction in the county court and penitentiary. Since his return from that institution, he said, he had been besieged and sought after by the lowest and the most unclean elements in the town of St. Stephen and had received very little recognition or encouragement from the better class in society, which had made it doubly hard for him to resist the temptations which were thrown across his path almost at every turn he made. "I want," said the young prisoner, "to be a good and an honorable man. I have higher and better ambitions than to be a criminal. My parents are very old, both over seventy, and I want to spare them the great sorrow they would feel should I again be sent to prison, for I am their only boy. My sister, too, is now on her dying bed; I know she cannot recover; I want to spare her grief also. If your Honor will show me the clemency for which I now plead, I will show your Honor that your mercy and your confidence have not been misplaced."

His manner, although cool, was earnest, and carried with it evidence of sincerity and evidently touched the heart of the learned Judge, for after a gentle reprimand His Honor said he would suspend sentence and discharge the prisoner on his own bail.

In an interview between the Solicitor General and young Cripps after court had adjourned, Mr. Jones congratulated him upon his escape from a severe sentence and asked him where he had obtained his education. "Oh, I was educated in the public schools of St. Stephen," was the prompt reply. "But," continued the Solicitor General, "you seem to have a great command of language and express yourself very fluently; how did you acquire that art?" To which the precocious convict blandly replied, "Oh that would naturally be gained by reading such authors as Scott, Thackeray and Dickens."

*Beacon***Oct. 17, 1901****Trapper Wouldn't Be Trapped**

A quainter character was never found outside the page of a dime novel than David Slater, the grizzled old trapper who was called as a witness in the McLaughlin murder case.

A giant almost in height, with his head and face covered with an unkempt mop of hair, he looked like a veritable wild man of the woods. The fierceness of his aspect was enhanced by a huge pair of spectacles which were tied with a string behind his head and pulled high up over his forehead. He appeared at his best in the witness box when he was fondling a long old-fashioned rifle that had been presented him by the prisoner. "It's a beauty," said he, as he drew it toward him, and stroked his fingers down into the muzzle.

No mother ever gazed upon a child with more loving eyes than this lean old veteran gazed upon this rifle. And when he took it in his hand and brought it to his shoulder, he made a picture for an artist. Every movement showed the keen-eyed, alert hunter. Some of the spectators trembled a little lest the eccentric old gentleman might look upon the court as fair game for his rifle, and they breathed more freely when the weapon had been returned to the Crown lawyer.

His trapping instincts were clearly shown in his evasive replies to the court. He had never seen the inside of a courtroom before, and he had entered it with the fixed belief in his mind that he was being led into a trap. He knew nothing and cared less about the dignity of the Court or the respect due to it. When the lawyer questioned him a little closely, he replied: "You don't get me into a trap; no sir. I have been a trapper myself; yes, sir."

One question he evaded by saying, "This is the place where you hang people aint it? You don't hang me, no sir. You don't twist an old man up; no sir, because I won't be twisted. There's enough Scotch in me for that; I won't stay, sir; I'll go home, sir."

He would have seized his hat and fought his way out of the courtroom if the judge had not calmed his fears. He declined to say why he had chipped the wood off the stock of one of the guns. "I did it to suit myself - and that's all you'll get out of me; yes, sir. If it suits me it'll have to suit you, sir."

Asked whether it was by chance or by appointment that he had called upon the prisoner at his house, he replied: "Yes, just by chance, sir, as the cow killed the rabbit, when she tossed it in the air, sir, and caught it on her horns."

The climax of ludicrousness was reached when he asked the Court: "Where's George?" meaning the prisoner. "Don't you see him?" queried the Judge. "No, I don't," and the old man peered at the bench, among the jurymen and over the lawyers. Failing to discern the prisoner, he called out in stentorian tones, as if he was in the woods: "Where are you, George; speak for yourself, man!"

The prisoner answered with a faint halloo from the dock, and the old man was happy.

It would be difficult for those who looked upon this uncouth, shaggy old veteran of the forest, and listened to his quaint answers, to imagine that he had at once figured in an affair of the heart, and it was owing to the unhappy outcome of love's young dream that he had become the eccentric individual that he now is.

In his young days, David Slater was one of the finest specimens of sturdy manhood in the countryside. He was a giant in stature, as strong and as brave as a lion and as tender as sucking dove. He fell deeply, madly in love, and gave the object of his adoration all the affection that was in his manly heart. She proved faithless.

When she jilted him, he fled to the forest, vowing that he would never again look upon the face of womankind.

For over 50 years he has kept his vow. In the deep solitudes of the forest, far from the haunts of man, with only his dogs and his gun for companions, he lived the life of a hermit. Once in a while, one of the male relatives would seek him out and leave him food or reading matter, but beyond this he was dead to the world. He was a great reader.

For eight or nine years he had a huge bear as the sharer of his forest life. He caught the bear in a trap when it was two years old, dragged it to his cabin and tamed it. For several years it was his constant companion. At night it would drag its huge bulk up to the "dingle" and lie down with the dogs, while the old trapper disposed himself in the bunk.

On one occasion, when Slater came into the settlement, the bear, then of enormous size, followed him in. It grew frightened when it reached civilization. Its master tried to coax it along, but it became ugly and in its ugliness it leaped upon him and tore his hand. In its rage it would have rent him into fragments, but the old hunter seeing this, drew his revolver and placing the muzzle in the bear's ear blew out its brains.

The defection of the bear, which he had come to regard as one of his dearest friends, was to him a source of keen sorrow for a long time.

There is probably no man in the province who has killed more game in his days than David Slater. On the witness stand he declared he "had left his mark in the woods" by killing between 250 and 300 animals. His friends say that he has a game book in which he entered every animal killed by him, whether it be mink, otter, deer or moose. Though more than half a century has passed over his head since his heart was shattered by a faithless woman, the old man has not forgotten his vow. When he came to St. Andrews on Thursday last, he refused to enter the hotel for his dinner because there were women in the house. His food had to be brought to him out of doors. He ate it sitting in the wagon.

The constable who captured the old man and brought him to St. Andrews had to seize him in his bed at night. He fought with the officer of the law and had to be fairly dragged to the Court. On the witness stand he vented his wrath upon the constable and detective Ring. When his examination was over, he refused to remain in town overnight or to trust himself to the "new-fangled" railway train but struck out for his 36 mile tramp homeward on foot.

Beacon

April 26, 1906

Whipping Post in the Old Days

From the *St. John Globe*

St. Andrews in old times utilized its law breakers by setting them to work on public improvements, as Saint John does at present. They had the same troubling experience when opportunity offered. Their mode of dealing with the absconder, however, when he was

recaptured, though highly efficacious as a deterrent, would scarcely be tolerated amongst us at the present day. The following lively account of one of these attempted escapes is reported from St. Andrews on July 13, 1830:

“One of the convicts employed at forming a common sewer in this town, becoming wearied of his employment, on Monday last made a bold but unsuccessful attempt at escape. The villain had found some plan of unlocking his fetters although the lock cannot be picked, and stripping off his parti-colored inexpressibles, underneath which he had provided himself with a pair made of white duck, he suddenly bolted and went on a smart trot up King Street, doubled the corner of Queen street, and turned up Frederick street, where he was headed off, and being closely pursued in the rear showed fight, but was instantly overpowered and led back to confinement. On the same day a meeting of the magistrates was held in order to decide upon suitable punishment for the misdemeanour, when it was adjudged that on the following day he should receive 39 lashes on the bare back; which punishment having been inflicted he has since been set to work, with still less chance of escape than previously in making this imprudent trial.”

St. Croix Courier

Oct. 9, 1952

"News Notes from St. Andrews"

Interesting Facts About the Gaol

There is no definite record as to when the present gaol was built; over the door of the main entrance the numbers 1832 are cut in the stone. It is possible that is the year it was started, but the oldest records show it was not in use until Nov. 17, 1834, with W. R. N. Law as gaoler. Mr. Law had been in charge of the old gaol, but its location is not stated. The same record book shows that the ship *Robert Watt*, belonging to James Read, was launched at St. Andrews. There are two books in which are recorded the prisoner's name, offence, complainant or creditor, the officer's name, amount of debt or sentence, time of discharge and remarks. This book was opened in 1850 and runs till 1863. There are 869 prisoners listed in this first book. The second book commences in 1864 and is still in use at the

present time. There are 3,757 prisoners listed in this volume, making a total of 4,626 persons who spent time behind the bars from 1860 to the present day. In scanning the records one finds the names of two youths who were arrested for quarreling and fighting on the streets of St. Andrews April 18, 1850. These two lads were only 10 and 12 years of age, and one was released the next day, April 19, and the second on the following day, April 20. The officers who made the arrests were Haddock and Hanson. They were released on the authority of Benjamin Williams and the attorneys connected with the case were Hathway and Kerr. The shortest sentence probably ever served in the local gaol was in 1935 when a man was brought in for debts. As soon as he arrived and the gaoler was giving the officer the receipt, a friend came in and paid his fine and debts. He did not even see the cells but he must be classed as a prisoner once the gaolers received his commitment papers. It is shown in the record book that a certain man had 27 convictions and spent 1,441 days in the gaol. He eventually died in the office of the gaol in 1931. Another man still living had 31 convictions and served 1,106 days. Three other persons respectively with 20, 17, and 18 convictions served 962, 785 and 600 days. These men were all real good pals and often spent the cold winter months in the County Gaol.

St. Croix Courier

Oct. 6, 1982

County Archives find a home: they're in the jailhouse now.