



United Empire Loyalists Association of Canada



∞ New Brunswick Branch ∞

Newsletter: Winter 2026, Vol. 1, Issue 1

In This Issue

President's Message	1
New Brunswick Defenders	2
Loyalist Benjamin Bunnell	7
Ann Lindopp	16
That Ship on the NB Flag	18
One Fiesty Loyalist Grandmother ...	21
Willie O'Ree.....	23
Ancestor's Quarterly.....	24
Upcoming Events.....	25
NB Branch Executive.....	25
Mini Heritage Fair.....	26
Editor's Note.....	27
New UELAC Coins.....	27
UELAC 2025 Conference.....	28

Second, I think, comes the educational aspect - articles focusing on Loyalist material but not necessarily exclusively so.

Finally, and in my mind most enjoyably, the newsletter will offer a place for the members to tell their own stories.

Most of us have devoted considerable time and effort walking the genealogical and historical trails. In the process we have discovered many interesting stories about our ancestors - and this is the place to share them. I have led off with a story of how a major world event impacted the life (or more correctly the death) of one of my ancestors.

So enjoy the newsletter and contribute to its success. It will be what we all make of it.

President's Message

by Stephen Bolton

Welcome to the first New Brunswick Branch Newsletter in almost a decade.

The membership have the enthusiasm and motivation of Linda Jobe to thank for this.

A newsletter has several goals and purposes.

First, is certainly to keep the membership abreast of branch activities and news.



New Brunswick's Defenders

The Royal Fencible American Regiment

by Todd Braisted

Although not a province until 1784, that area west of the Bay of Fundy that would become New Brunswick, although sparsely settled, was considered by the British worth defending. Strategically it could provide a jumping off point into the Annapolis Basin, threaten an Acadian and indigenous uprising, or provide supplies for privateers raiding Nova Scotia's seaside towns.

While fighting between the British regulars and the rebels did not break out until 19 April 1775 at Lexington, Massachusetts, several days before then, one Nova Scotia veteran officer proposed in England that a corps be raised in his province for its protection. That officer was Joseph Goreham. A native of Barnstable, Massachusetts, Goreham started his military career in 1744 as a nineteen year old lieutenant in his brother John's independent company of rangers. By 1760, he was major commandant of his own corps, Goreham's Rangers, which saw service against the French in Nova Scotia. While his corps was disbanded at the end of the French & Indian War, Goreham remained in the army, breveted to lieutenant colonel in 1772.¹

In England in 1775, Goreham proposed to Lord Dartmouth "That the whole of the Corps if possible or as many as can be got be immediately levied in the Province of Nova Scotia and completed in the New England Governments in case of a deficiency as Circumstances may offer... under the Denomination of Fencible Americans...To engage first on the Idea of Defence and on the Principle of supporting Government, Property and Good Order &c."² The term fencible refers to regiments raised only to serve in a limited geographic area. It appears Goreham intended his new corps to serve only in Nova Scotia and possibly New England.

Within days, Goreham was on board a vessel heading to Boston, where, unbeknownst to him, a shooting war had broken out. Arriving in June 1775, he found himself not only in the confines of a pent-up city, but in competition was another officer recruiting men, Allan Maclean. Maclean himself proposed to Dartmouth about raising a corps the same time as Goreham, which proposal was also approved. Arriving at Boston at the same time, Goreham found himself in competition for recruits with Maclean, who had been given authority to raise the Royal Highland Emigrants.³ Even before his arrival, Thomas Batt, a retired officer from the 18th Regiment of Foot and lately a Loyalist from Pennsylvania, was appointed captain in the Fencibles by Commander-in-Chief Thomas Gage and sent to Halifax to recruit where Governor Francis Legge was ordered to "be so good as give the Paymaster General such directions as you may think proper to supply" Batt with money to recruit men.⁴

Batt's instructions from Gage were "to raise for His Majesty's Service, such good men as may be in your power, which are to be called the Royal Fencible Americans" which recruits should be "sent to Halifax, where they will be provided with Quarters, and Provisions, and will be Armed and Cloathed as light Troops." Batt was likewise requested to seek the assistance of officers from the 65th Regiment, then at Halifax, in helping discipline his recruits.⁵ There was no mention of where the arms or clothing would actually come from, however.

The Fencibles (and the Royal Highland Emigrants at first) were denominated as Provincial Forces. Provincial Troops were those raised in America to serve as soldiers for the duration of the

war. They were to be paid, fed, armed, clothed, quartered and disciplined the same as the regular British Army. Not actually being a part of the regular army, they were administered by the Treasury Office, as opposed to the War Office, as an extraordinary expense. There would be no uniforms to give the recruits, at least until early 1777. The men would serve in the clothes they brought from home, looking much like their Rebel counterparts. The British had plenty of arms to give them, but accoutrements and camp equipage would have to be found. No one had thought about the needs of troops raised in America until the latter part of 1776, and it would take months to purchase, assemble and ship all the items necessary to uniform and equip over 5,000 Provincial troops then being raised.

Batt found Nova Scotia did in fact contain a number of loyal men, and to appearances seemed fit for duty, but very few willing to enlist, being needed for farming, trades and the other occupations necessary for farms and towns. He encouragingly however reported to General Gage that "About an hour ago I inlisted a fourth Recruit, the two last came last year from Yorkshire, and as I have made A beginning among that importation, hope to be master of the greater part of them."⁶

Between Yorkshiresmen, Newfoundlanders, Bostonians, enemy deserters, Nova Scotians and Loyalists from a dozen other places, the Fencibles took shape, forming six companies, each theoretically to consist of three officers and fifty-seven other ranks. On 24 May 1776, after Boston had been evacuated and the main British army was set to sail off and attack New York City, 209 officers and men of the regiment, under Goreham were ordered to march from Halifax to Windsor, and from there to embark on board shipping for what would be their principal garrison post for the entire war: Fort Cumberland.⁷

Prior to this, the corps had seen little service other than a detachment sent from Boston to Penobscot, Maine in September 1775 on a foraging expedition that resulted in the court martial and cashiering of Lieutenant Edward McGouran for drunkenness, disobedience of orders and ungentlemanlike behavior. McGouran was to endure "this Sentence be read on the General Parade at the head of the new guards, the said Lieut. Edward McGouran being present, and that his Commission be there demanded of him by the Town Major or such other Officer as the Commander in Chief shall appoint..."⁸

Fort Cumberland had been originally built by the French as Fort Beauséjour, located in the Chignecto isthmus, at the very head of the Bay of Fundy. British since its capture early in the French & Indian War, the fort at the end of 1776 would be the scene of the most serious attack on Nova Scotia during the war. Known as the Eddy Rebellion, a motley crew of about 200 New Englanders, Acadians and a smattering of indigenous warriors led by Jonathan Eddy, a former New England planter who settled in Cumberland, Nova Scotia and served for five years in the Assembly. The first Goreham heard of this expedition was by the loss of his outpost at Chepodia, and then the taking of his guard over their provision vessel. Within the fort, the remaining 171 officers and men of the Fencibles, along with four men of the Royal Artillery and a handful of others would remain. Their chief strength lay in three 9 Pound and three 6 Pound artillery pieces, something the besiegers lacked.

While food was not a major issue, the lack of uniforms was "...the cold Season advancing, Fuel Scanty & scarce of Cloathing and other necessaries which could not be purchased an extra

allowance of Two pounds of Beef a man per week and Potatoes equal to that quantity of bread, also half a pound of Tobacco each and the Soldiers permitted to wear the Barrack Ruggs and Blanketts otherwise they must Suffer greatly if not entirely perish.”⁹

After nearly a month of being surrounded, the siege was lifted. Word having reached Halifax of the invasion, the British detached the two Marine light infantry companies, over a hundred Royal Highland Emigrants and the seven Fencibles that were in town at the time, including (now) Major Thomas Batt, who arrived near the fort starting on the 27th. Batt would lead a party 75 Fencibles, those who had the best shoes, and joined the relief force in pursuing the besiegers as they made the best of their way back through what is now New Brunswick, towards Maine and Machias. The pursuit lasted five miles, during which two Fencibles were killed and several wounded. They had lost 1st Lieutenant John Walker and 45 enlisted men prisoners during the siege, along with three dead and either 5 or 8 deserted.¹⁰ This would be the Fencibles high water mark in a war that would not end for seven more years. As an added bonus, their new uniforms would arrive from England shortly after the siege. Like the Provincials being raised at New York City, this first uniform would be a green regimental coat faced white.¹¹ New clothing would be issued each year, and it typically changed from one year to the next.

The following summer, one officer of the corps, Captain Gilfred Studholme, did see action, leading an expedition of Royal Highland Emigrants and Nova Scotia Militia to the Saint John River, driving a similar set of opponents from the previous year, “upwards of 150 miles up that river” and out of the province.¹² Studholme’s troops claimed to have killed, wounded or captured twenty men while frustrating another invasion before it happened, while restoring the few inhabitants there to, in his words, peace and order. The expedition was to then attack Machias, but failed for want of Royal Navy cooperation.

Gilfred Studholme himself is probably the one member of the corps most closely associated with the Saint John area. By late winter of 1777-1778, a new post was established where the later city of Saint John would rise up. Named Fort Howe, the post contained a blockhouse mounting eight cannon, and a barracks for eighty men, all surrounded by an irregular work with branches for abatis.¹³ There is no mention of who maintained the fort, but the garrison likely was drawn from men at Fort Cumberland, which post would have been more secure with the presence of the new post lower down the bay. In March 1778, Major General Eyre Massey wrote glowingly about the new fort: “I have already found Fort Howe on the River Saint Johns, of the utmost Safety to this Province, and Majr. Brigd. Studholme who reports once a fortnight to me, says he has fix’d himself so well, as to be ready to oppose any Force, that can be sent to attack him...”¹⁴

As for the corps itself, it remained at Fort Cumberland for the rest of the war, which no doubt caused stress and depression. With no action, boredom was the order of the day, and no doubt led to disciplinary issues even among the officers, up to and including shooting at each other. An observer to this was Captain Alexander McDonald of the Royal Highland Emigrants who wrote in 1777: “Col Goreham’s Miserable Corps are going to the Divil two of them are broke with infamy & dismissed the Service to Witt Lieuts. [Thomas] Blood & [Richard] Willson[.]”¹⁵ Major Batt is going to Head Quarters with Charges agst. Colo. Goreham wch. If proved will infallibly end in his Destruction & if not in that of Batts[;] to be Sure Batt does not Scruple in the most public Companys to call him all the Villains Scoundrels Rascals & in short the worst he can think of.

I was like to forget telling you that Lieut. Bodwin¹⁶ the Frenchman is Shot Dead upon the Spot by Lt Conner¹⁷ in a duel.”¹⁸ Goreham and Batt only traded contempt for each other, rather than pistol shots, leading to a court martial (and acquittal) of Goreham. Both were summoned to headquarters where they were ordered to shake hands “in a most Solemn manner” so that “Harmony and Friendship may subsist among the King’s Servants in this Province...”¹⁹

With the war ending in favor of the United States, all Provincial units would be disbanded, including the Fencibles. Those at Fort Howe were ordered so on 1 October 1783, with the remainder at Fort Cumberland no doubt soon thereafter.²⁰ Indeed, the two parts of the corps received their land grants (a reward offered for enlistment, later extended to all Loyalists) in Passamaquoddy, New Brunswick and Clements Township, Annapolis County, Nova Scotia.²¹ It will never be known how many men passed through the ranks of the corps as there is but one set of muster rolls for the unit, taken in October 1777. Existing records show 470 officers and men, but the figure is certainly higher with later enlistments. Their service may have seemed mundane and uneventful to them, but they did secure the western part of Nova Scotia for the British, thereby becoming New Brunswick’s defenders.

¹ Goreham to Sir Henry Clinton, October 1781. Colonial Office, Class 5, Volume 184, folios 523-526, Great Britain, The National Archives. (hereafter cited as TNA)

² Proposal to raise to Royal Fencible American Regiment, 15 April 1776. Thomas Gage Papers, (English Series), Volume 28, University of Michigan, William L. Clements Library. (hereafter cited as CL)

³ Warrant of Thomas Gage to Allan Maclean, Boston, 12 June 1775. Additional Manuscripts, No. 21833, folios 1-2, Great Britain, British Library.

⁴ Gage to Legge, Boston, 7 June 1775. Thomas Gage Papers, (American Series), Volume 129, CL.

⁵ Gage to Batt, Boston, 7 June 1775. Thomas Gage Papers, (American Series), Volume 129, CL.

⁶ Batt to Gage, Halifax, 30 June 1775. Thomas Gage Papers, (American Series), Volume 130, CL.

⁷ General Orders, Halifax, 8 & 22 May 1776. “The Orderly Book of Lt. Col. Stephen Kemble, 1775-1778.” *Collections of the New-York Historical Society for 1883*, (printed for the Society, 1884), pages 347-348 & 366-367.

⁸ Court Martial Proceedings of Edward McGouran, Boston, 11-13 November 1775. War Office, Class 71, Volume 82, pages 102-115, TNA.

⁹ Journal of the Siege of Fort Cumberland. RG 1, Volume 365, No. 4, Public Archives of Nova Scotia. (hereafter cited as PANS)

¹⁰ Examination of the muster rolls of the six companies of the RFA, 20 October 1777. RG 8, “C” Series, Volume 1892, Library and Archives Canada. (hereafter cited as LAC)

¹¹ Sir William Howe to Marriot Arbuthnot, New York, 7 January 1777. Headquarters Papers of the British Army in America, PRO 30/55/362, TNA.

¹² *The Royal American Gazette* (New York), November 6, 1777.

¹³ A 5 March 1779 drawing by Engineer William Spry provides the details. Map No. 8399, CL.

¹⁴ The term Major of Brigade refers to a function more than a rank; Studholme was only a captain. Massey to Howe, Halifax, 15 March 1778. Headquarters Papers of the British Army in America, PRO 30/55/1016, TNA.

¹⁵ White Blood was cashiered from the army on 24 June 1777, Wilson not only appears to have retained his commission but ended the war as a captain in the regiment. He was a veteran of the French & Indian War and had been captain of Fort Johnston, North Carolina, when the rebellion broke out. Memorial of Richard Wilson to the Commissioners for American Claims, no date. Audit Office, Class 13, Volume 124, folios 77-78, TNA.

¹⁶ 1st Lieutenant Dubuq de Baudouin, commissioned 3 August 1775.

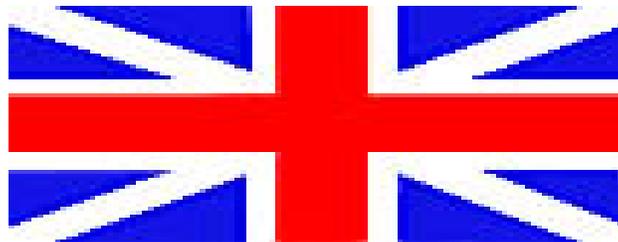
¹⁷ 2nd Lieutenant Constant Connor, commissioned 21 May 1776.

THUNDER OVER NEW ENGLAND
Benjamin Bunnell, The Loyalist

**A Loyalist Story & Family Genealogy
Including Other Loyalist Bunnell/Bonnell
Genealogies**



New and Revised Edition



by
Paul J. Bunnell, UE

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CURIOSITY BROUGHT HIM BACK
You Decide: Is It Benjamin?

The Case of the Haunting Ancestor of Benjamin Bonnell, U.E.

We all have had strange and funny feelings at times while researching our ancestors. An impulse to pull into a cemetery and finding a relative, the strong desire to open a certain book and discovering a record or history of on them, a compelling urge to look up a certain census suddenly finding your family you didn't know lived there. Or what about discovering a place you felt you have already visited? Better yet; how about being followed by your ancestor!

Most genealogists cannot deny not having at least one of these feelings. I want to share my very special and shocking experience, which opened my eyes to the unknown and unexpected.

Benjamin Bonnell, my seventh generation grandparent was possibly born in Morris County, New Jersey around 1744. After many years of intense research at the Trenton, New Jersey Archives, New York libraries, Connecticut historical sites, and the New Brunswick Archives at Fredericton, the Saint John Public Library, New Brunswick Museum and historical and genealogical societies throughout the Saint John area, I put together a fairly good picture of

Ben's life. I found myself very attached to him, compared to other ancestors. This special bond grew with every bit of information gathered. Ben and I were buddies.

The record picks up with him and his family being disowned by the Quakers in Morris County, New Jersey for having been involved with the Revolutionary War. I found that he was an American Loyalist. Losing everything in New Jersey, he fled to New York City as a refugee with his two children and wife, Sarah (Jones). He signed up with Brig. General, Benedict Arnold in the American Legion in August 1781.

Took part in a terrible battle on 9 Sept. 1781 at New London and Fort Griswold, Connecticut. This I feel haunted him for the rest of his life.

Ben and his family left New York City in the Great Exodus of 1783 when the British lost America. Between 30,000 to 100,000 Loyalists had to evacuate to many areas of the globe, mostly to Canada. In the July fleet of that same year, Ben and family landed at Saint John with very little. Living in tents for several months he and his small family were granted 10 acres of land on the West Side of Saint John in 1784. Conditions were horrible. By August 1786, Ben was finally granted 200 acres, a real place to settle, lot number one at the very end of Long Reach in Westfield, Kings County, New Brunswick.

He built a modest home overlooking the Saint John River, carved out a beautiful farm and finally faded away from the Revolutionary War and all its terrible memories. They lived there from 1786 to 1811.

John Crabb, another loyalist, had a place for sale across the river slightly north of Westfield in Greenwich Village on Devils Back Mountain just south of Brown's Flat. After selling his Long Reach property, Ben purchased the 200 acres at Devils Back. High up on the plateau, Ben and his family commanded a million dollar view of the Saint John River Valley in that area. His final retreat from society lasted from 1811 to 17 Feb. 1828, the day he died.

Present Day

Giving you a general description of his life brings you right up to the time I went to his last resting-place on top the Devils Back Mountain in the village of Greenwich on Tuesday, 27 August 1985 between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. Present day Route 102 cuts right through the 200 acres, but a good 100 acres lay straight up the mountain to the area where Ben and Sarah lived and where Ben supposedly died. Butterflies fluttered throughout my stomach as I started to climb the steep hill. The Delong family was kind enough to give me permission to enter the past of my ancestor on top Devils Back. I was hoping to get pictures of a possible cellar foundation to his old cabin and an old overgrown apple orchard near it.

The feeling of awe ran through my entire body as I walked a narrow path by old farm fields overgrown, the apple orchard grown wild. I took my camera and snapped all around as I felt the history and life of my family tingling through my nervous system. In my mind I saw Ben's sons working the field, Sarah picking apples off the trees and Ben sitting on a porch whittling away on a piece of wood, rocking in his chair. What a beautiful life, I thought.

The day was perfect. The sky was crystal clear with very few clouds. There was no trace of fog from the river three hundred feet below. I wandered to the edge of Devils Back and found a view of the Saint John River that was breathtaking. What a paradise, I thought. Suddenly I got the sensation to turn around and take a picture of the small path I just came down. It had no meaning or reason to me, but I did. There was a funky old chair just outside the door of a run-down shack that the Delong family probably built around the 1920's. I did feel like a presence was around me but shrugged it off as my overall feelings of just being there.

A few minutes later, I found myself drifting slowly back down the path and taking one last look as I turned around viewing the overgrown farm of my family. Wild berries were growing everywhere and the water table was so high the small springs were sprouting up out of the wild grass everywhere. There still were some big trees, pine and birch that survived the cutters ax. I pictured family members sitting under their shady limbs, maybe beautiful Sarah Day getting her proposal for marriage from son Benjamin. I couldn't locate the house foundation so I just took more shots of the landscape around me. My body shook with excitement just knowing and feeling the family all around me.

My twelve-hour drive back home to Cape Cod, Massachusetts seemed to take one hour. I was in a daze the entire time thinking of the calm feeling I had while up on Devils Back. The following day I asked my wife to have my photos developed right away because I couldn't wait to share my experience, one quite similar to my visit to Fort Griswold, Connecticut where a terrible battle and slaughter took place in 1781 with Ben and Benedict Arnold and army burning New London to the ground and wiping out Patriot troops who were unarmed at Fort Griswold. So moved by that visit, I took a small brick fragment that I found from the center of the fort for a keepsake.

My wife, Leslie brought my pictures to my office and I gazed with pleasure as I showed her what moved me so much. She brought to my attention a few photos with spots on them (3), but one was very special because it stood out the most. I looked down at it in surprise. It was the one I turn and took the photo of the path and bushes for no reason, but a strong desire. The spot was bright blue and was drifting in the air in front of the bushes on the path. The strange spot was in the photo, not on the paper. I checked the negative and found the spot to be in with the grass and bushes, clearly not a developing problem. I looked up at Leslie and wondered; could it be?

The following few days took my wife to several photographers to examine the photo. All judged it to be genuine and in the photo on the negative and not a case of sun glares, flashes, smoke or haze. Our excitement grew and the following week we discovered a psychic fair was in town. We had nothing to lose so we took the photos and a grabbed my brick fragment to add to our upcoming reading.

Donna Miller was our choice of psychic, not ever meeting her before she had recently moved to Cape Cod from Florida. I felt that our \$12, fifteen-minute meeting shot me like a bullet, a bullet to the heart. I first handed Donna the photos never saying a word about where, what or who they were. Without hesitation she looks up at us and says that this is my ancestor and he is following me around, wondering why I was looking for him and researching him for so long. He also wanted to know why I was up on his mountain.



Ghost photo 1985. Ben is blue cloud in background.

I nearly lost ten years of my life... How did this young girl know all this? I was shocked and surprise but not enough to hand her my little stone. This time she took a little time and held the stone in both hands closing her eyes. She suddenly became very upset and handed it back to me telling me she did not want to read into it any longer. Puzzled, I asked her what she saw or felt. She said; this stone is a very negative stone and I feel a lot of sadness with it. I see a lot of flames and fire with many bodies lying around a field.

My genealogical foundations were now shaken loose. I couldn't believe what this girl was telling me. She saw everything. I quickly invited her to our home for a private meeting because I had ten thousand questions and documents, I wanted her to find for me. Those few days wait drove me crazy. I checked over all kinds of problems I was having in my research. I didn't know what to throw at her. Then I decided to stay on the same subject and the same man.... Benjamin.

I needed more information and proof of his birthplace and who his parents were. This would be the area I would concentrate on. Not telling Donna any new information or what I had on Ben in the colonies, I asked her to try to find any documents that could lead me to his home or just give me more information on him. This time she took a pencil and paper and closed her eyes and began drawing a map and to my surprise it was one of the New York/New Jersey coastlines. Then she took her pencil inland from New Jersey and drew the near perfect shape of Morris County, New Jersey. She blew me away. She then made a dot in the middle of that county and tried to spell out a town. This ended up being Succasunna. She told me his records were burned in a public building of some kind, like a courthouse or schoolhouse. I could possibly find these records elsewhere regarding Ben at this location. She also told me that he moved around a lot and that Ben was now at peace. She felt the town of Dover would play a part into his mystery. That night we both felt his presence with us. Donna said there was a special connection between Ben and I. She said his parents were possibly Benjamin and Abigail.

The following day I put Donna's tale to the test. I wrote to the Trenton, New Jersey Archives and asked them to check their records on Succasunna for Ben. It didn't take long when I received a large envelope from the archives giving me the indictment papers for the arrest of Benjamin Bonnell in 1779 for carrying counterfeit money for the British. This document was from the New Jersey Supreme Court and recorded in the town of Succasunna, Morris County, New Jersey.

This story doesn't end here. I wrote a book on Benjamin's life and upon near completion I wanted the cover picture to really mean something to this project. One early morning at 3 AM in 1986 I was awoken by a dream like vision. I saw three figures; a young boy with a jacket on holding fishing poles, a Farmer pushing a plow shear, and a revolutionary soldier.

What a perfect cover I thought. This vision presented the three phases in Benjamin's life. The next morning at work I asked another employee who was a very good artist if he would draw out this image I had. I showed him a picture soldier, a boy and a Farmer. He took them and returned in a few days with an oval drawing of all three together. It was exactly what I wanted. I rushed it to my publisher and they bought the entire and started the process in making my first book, "Thunder Over New England, Benjamin Bonnell, The Loyalist" which would be printed in 1988.

In Mid-August 1986, I traveled to Westfield (Long Reach), New Brunswick, Canada to explore Ben's land grant that King George III gave him for serving in the American Revolution. We found a Ferry at Westfield that would take us across the wide Saint John River to the shores of the Long Reach.

As we approached the landing I noticed an old colonial building not far from the water's edge. In back were a large campground and the old house served as a store in the bottom section. A large historical sign said "The Harding House built c. 1790". I thought that this could not be true because I knew Ben was granted this 200 tract in 1786, and that the Harding family did not move into the house until into the 1800's. I suddenly realized especially after talking to the owners, Howard and Diane Heans that the backside of this house was built by Benjamin. When Howard took me for a tour, I felt as if I was walking through a great religious experience. I was truly moved by it all.

I did not realized until about a year later that I set foot on Ben's land exactly 200 years later in August 1986, the same time as he did.

The following year or two I kept in contact with the Heans family because Howard was restoring the home and was always finding artifacts. When my book was released in 1988, I traveled to New Brunswick for promotion and TV appearances. I made a point to stop by and visit the home. When Howard saw me he became very excited and led me into that old house to show me something.

He said that the past May, during the loyalist celebration of their landing back in 1783 his workmen found something in the back part of the house. The section believed to be built by Ben. His excitement drove me wild. He grabbed a large box and first told me the story about their find.

His workmen took down some old plaster exposing the opened beam wall to the original part of the house. And the found hanging on an old square nail the following items:

A young boy's loyalist jacket

And a four-foot high twig fishing pole with the string still attached.

He said the find brought the TV news out and the New Brunswick Museum wanted desperately to get possession of it because they did not have many civilian clothes from the loyalist period. They dated the jacket to be at least early 1780's.

I sat back against a table in pure shock. My god, this is my ancestor's clothing, and then I turned pale. Howard asked me if I was OK, but instead I grabbed him by the shoulder and instructed him to get a copy of my book I sent him a few months earlier. I stood there and stared at the jacket and pole until he returned. After he handed it to me, I pointed to the boy in my cover design, which became my logo, and then I pointed to the jacket and the pole that was uncovered from the wall. Howard stood back and now both our faces looked the same, my dream of two years earlier was before my very eyes.



1780's Loyalist Child Jacket, shoes and Fishing pole with string found 1988 in Ben's wall.



Ft. Griswold stone read by psychic



My logo dreamt up in 1986. Notice loyalist child.

Nowadays, I look for anything leading me to my ancestor's records.... Believe me; I am now open to any method.

Update: 2 May 2002.

Research conducted by William Austin regarding the identification of Benjamin's parents brought to light one more key area that Donna Miller had noted during her readings. She said the town of Dover would play a part in solving the mystery of Ben's source. In Mr. Austin's excellent find of Ben's parents, the major reference of proof comes from a letter dated 28 Nov. 1855 from Richard Brotherton to Charles Bonnell of Waterloo, New York telling him the parentage of Ben. Richard Brotherton was writing from his home in DOVER, New Jersey! This letter was miraculously saved throughout the years to finally help solve this case. Going back to Benjamin's indictment, I know find that after his name is a small entry that now clearly says, "junior." This is more proof that his father was Benjamin. The name Abigail turns out to be his grandmother's name.

Strange Message? October 2002

My daughter and husband found a mouse in Haverhill, Massachusetts lying on a schoolyard parking lot. He was maybe one day old. Nearly an inch long and still very pink and blind they brought it to me hoping that I could save it. The poor creature was lost, hungry and I suppose very frightened. I covered him in a small cloth and sent my daughter to the drugstore for an eyedropper, and some canned milk. My infant instincts took over. For the next few days I fed him every two hours and held him close, as a mother would do to comfort her child. At night he was placed under a lamp for heat and I got up every two hours for feedings.

I became very attached to the little fellow, and he to me. I spent hours just staring at him take the food, holding the eyedropper and try to walk on my chest. He soon developed a little squeak and I could tell when he was hungry or mad.

The outlook was not good after I checked out a care site on the Internet and found that the survival rate was only about 1%. That made me care for him even more. The poor little guy was so dependent on me for everything. I padded his small head and just kept him warm. I cleaned him as a mother would, but with a cloth to assure his toilet needs were met. But, on the fourth day I discovered my small friend had passed away sometime between 5:30 AM to 7 AM. I never thought such a short relationship could be so hard in accepting its loss. Living in an apartment gave me no choices for burial and the bathroom facilities in this case was not an option. So I chose a very special place in my town. The Amesbury Quaker Meeting House-ground. That was the spot I placed his very tiny body, wrapped in a sandwich zip-lock bag marked "Poor Little Mr. Haverhill Mouse."

When I sadly drove away after a brief service, I had suddenly thought what had just happened over the past four days. I had befriended a mouse that I buried at a Quaker Meeting House! If you recall at the beginning of this book, the fictional story I included about when Ben and his family were in the Rahway Meeting House for service and the little "Quaker Mouse" came running down the center of the room? This story was added in June 2002, five months before my encounter with a real "Quaker Mouse."



Section today believed to be Ben's outer building that is now in back of Harding House, Long Reach.

Chief & Elder Paul (Gwilawato) Bunnell, UE Author, and Tribal Genealogist

<https://www.facebook.com/bunnellloyalist>

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Loyalty is Everything

Ann Lindopp

by NB Branch President Stephen Bolton

I want to relate a story about one of my great x 5 grandmothers, Ann Lindopp, and the amazing circumstances surrounding her death in 1815. First some background to introduce her and set the time and place.

Ann was born in London, England in 1749, and in 1777 married Tristan Hillman at St Botolph's without Aldgate church in London. Hillman was a Master in the Royal Navy and hailed from Chilmark on Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. He had joined the Navy prior to the outbreak of the Revolutionary War – so there was no decision to be made about choosing sides!

At the end of the war, with a family of 3 children, Tristan decided to try and obtain a land grant in New Brunswick with the UEL settlers (although by definition he was not a UEL). He certainly was persona non grata in Chilmark – most of his family having been rebels. He succeeded and in 1783 he brought a sloop, the *Nancy*, and sailed his family via the Caribbean to New Brunswick. He sold a half interest in the *Nancy* to Benedict Arnold, then living in Saint John, and worked at the Caribbean trade.

But he soon moved to his land grant at what is now the village of Temple, in present day York County. His grant was on the west bank of the Saint John River, and he was to drown in the rapids near his home only a few short years later in 1788.

Ann, with her three children, re married in 1790 in Woodstock, NB, to Anthony Woodland, a Kings American Regiment soldier who also settled near Temple. Jump to the year 1815, and Ann is nearing her life's end at her home Northampton Parish in what is now Carleton County, just some 15 miles north of Temple, on the east bank of the Saint John River.

Enter Frederick Dibblee, the Church of England rector of Woodstock. He was a Loyalist, out of Connecticut, whose ecclesiastical studies in the Colonies had been interrupted by the war. He resumed his studies and became ordained in 1791. In 1803 he began keeping a diary in which he dutifully recorded family and community events and the weather. His entries:

Nov 30, 1815: "Cloudy after a rainy night but quite warm – 11 OC (o'clock) the wind rises at North and begins to snow and continues all afternoon, Went to Mr. Peabody's. Mrs. Woodland supposed to be dying. Boys getting wood and at the barn. Everett came (sic) to kill the cow tomorrow."

Dec 1, 1815: "Clear and very cold wind high at north – boys at the horse stable – Everett killed the cow – very good beef. Mrs. Woodland died yesterday at half after 11 OC. The ice from the late snow very thick, and closing up fast. The river is now full up to my lower bar."

Dec 2, 1815: "Clear and seldom a colder morning. A little wind at north. Buried Mrs. Woodland. They brought her over the river across my bar on the ice after it closed up last night. We never had the river closed with the ice and crossed so soon before. Very cold day."

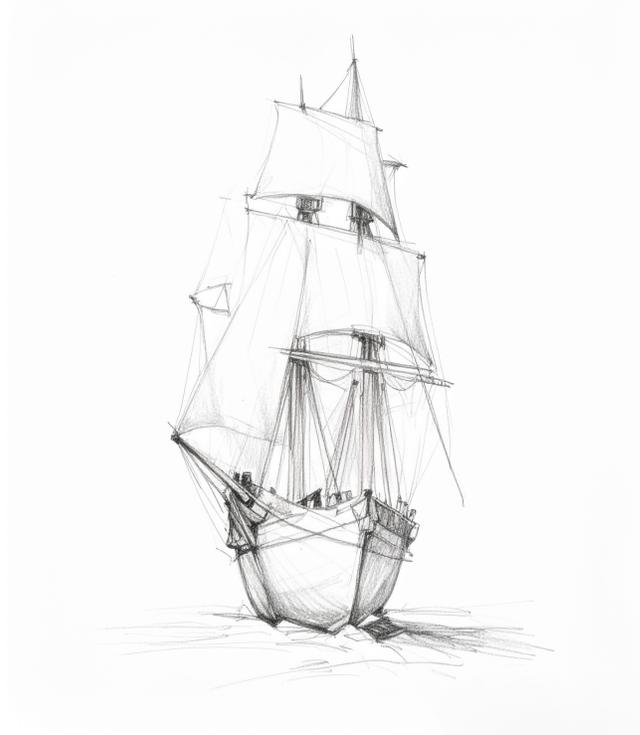
In Dibblee's day the Saint John River was a fast-flowing waterway with numerous rapids and sandbars. Today, thanks to a hydroelectric dam, it is a stagnant lake. Even today, the river ice is not safe to cross until January. So, what was so remarkable about the cold in late 1815?

Dibblee's diary would continue to record unbelievable weather. 1816 became the "year without a summer" with snow monthly and the ground frozen hard in June. What was going on to create such conditions?

The answer is that on April 10, 1815, the stratovolcano, Mt Tambora erupted, the ash volume ejected was the largest in recorded history. The sunlight faded and the atmosphere cooled. Not just North America was affected by also Europe. Crops failed and livestock

died resulting the worst famine of the 19th century.

Today Ann's grave lies under the head pond's waters, unmarked. But thanks to Dibblee's diary her descendants know the remarkable events of her death.



That Ship On the New Brunswick Flag

© Stephen Davidson

It's always a good time to remind New Brunswickers of their province's role in the founding of our country and the symbols that we use to illustrate our heritage. A good starting point is the province's distinctive flag, a design that is based on New Brunswick's coat of arms. In every website and reference book that one can consult, the assertion is made that the ship sailing on the bright blue waters is a recognition of the province's shipbuilding industry.

While New Brunswick's heritage of shipbuilding during the age of sail is certainly worth celebrating, this interpretation of the design of the province's flag and coat of arms is false. The sailing vessel actually represents a refugee evacuation ship making its entrance into the narrows of Saint John's harbour in 1783.

The government of New Brunswick website states that the ship and water design is based on the Great Seal of New Brunswick. That seal was created in 1784 when of New Brunswick became the newest colony in British North America. During the previous year, over 14,000 loyalist refugees from the American Revolution flooded into the territory in hundreds of evacuation ships. They sailed out of New York City between April and October of 1783 in British naval vessels (and hired American-owned ships), heading north to sanctuary in Nova Scotia.

Within a year, these displaced Americans formed New Brunswick, the first colony comprised of political refugees in the British Empire. When New Brunswick became a founding province for the Dominion of Canada in 1867, it was joined by the second colony founded by loyalists -- Ontario (Upper Canada). But only the coat of arms and the provincial flag of New Brunswick reflect the refugee heritage of Canada.

Naturally, the ship shown on New Brunswick's flag does not look like an evacuation ship of 1783 -- and certainly does not resemble the tall ships from its 19th century shipbuilding heritage. (The galley is the conventional heraldic representation of a ship.) But if one were to look at the Great Seal of New Brunswick, one can immediately see that the evacuation ships of 1783 are the true source of inspiration for the galley ship on the provincial coat of arms.

The Great Seal of New Brunswick shows an 18th century ship sailing in a narrow passage bordered by small homes and forests. Remember, this design was created at the founding of the province in 1784. New Brunswickers were happy to have completed building their log cabins at this point in time -- it would be awhile before they would be renowned for building globe-straddling sailing ships.

The only explanation that makes sense for the design of the great seal is the origin story for New Brunswick -- a colony founded by refugees who sailed into the mouth of the St. John River. The narrow band of waves at the base of the provincial flag represents the St. John River, not the Atlantic Ocean. The ship is a reminder of 18th century ships seeking sanctuary, not 19th century tall ships built in New Brunswick.

One example of the Great Seal of New Brunswick can be seen on the final page of the charter that incorporated the city of Saint John in 1785. (The seal was also used to notarize land grants in the early years of settlement.) The similarities between the seal and the modern flag are too great to ignore. It is more than coincidence. Given that New Brunswick's own government website maintains that the coat of arms design was based on the 1784 provincial seal, the true significance of the ship-and-river image cannot be disputed.



See the New Brunswick website:

<http://www.gnb.ca/legis/publications/tradition/legtrad10-e.asp>

where it states:

"The design was based in part on the first Great Seal of New Brunswick which featured a sailing ship on water."

PPS: The attached photos are from *Canada's First City: Saint John* (forward by Mayor Eric L. Teed), 1962.

One Feisty Loyalist Grandmother

© Stephen Davidson

What sort of image comes to mind when you hear the phrase "she was a loyalist grandmother"? Do you think of someone who withstood personal attack, endured four years in a refugee camp, weathered an uncomfortable two-week journey by sea, and then helped to carve out a loyalist community in the New Brunswick wilderness? That was the wartime experience of one very feisty grandmother named Mary Raymond, and she was over eighty years old when her loyalist adventures began.

In November of 1776, Mary's son Silas Raymond was forced to abandon his three children, wife, and mother in Norwalk, Connecticut for the safety of British-held Long Island. One attempt had already been made on the loyalist carpenter's life, and so it was agreed that Silas should seek sanctuary until the anger of his rebel neighbours dissipated.

Three years passed. Living in the refugee camp near Fort Franklin, Silas discovered that the British army planned to send 2,000 troops to burn Norwalk to the ground. Under the cover of darkness, the carpenter crossed Long Island Sound to warn his family of the attack and to plan for their escape.

After gathering up what valuables they could carry, the Raymonds were to wait for daylight to make their escape. They were to travel through the fields rather than the well-travelled roads so as to avoid discovery by the town's rebels. Once they came to the coast, they were to board a sloop where Silas would be waiting for them.

But the escape did not proceed as Silas had planned. Given what she had to carry, eighty-two year old Mary thought her son's plan to sneak through the fields was a foolish one. In collecting the family treasures, Mary had tied two home made linen sheets beneath the skirts of her dress. As well as carrying Jesse, her four-year old grandson, in her arms, Mary was also burdened down with a pillow case that held most of the family's silverware and jewelry.

The elderly Mrs. Raymond ignored her son's advice to escape through the fields. She somehow persuaded the rest of the family to walk along the road. "It is the king's highway, and I will walk in it" are the words that have been passed down over the generations.

As they hurried out of Norwalk, the five members of the Raymond family met Tryon's army on its way toward town. A few of the officers stopped the five refugees, assuming that they were patriots who were fleeing Norwalk before the enemy troops attacked.

For some reason the officers singled out the eighty-two year old grandmother rather than the younger Mrs. Raymond and her three children. Perhaps -- like many women of her advanced years -- Mary was not afraid to scold those who endangered her family and town. The men picked off her bonnet with

their swords, cut its ribbons, and stamped it into the dirt road. But they never thought to search inside the grandmother's pillow case or beneath her full skirts, and the loyalist family's treasures were preserved.

When the Raymonds got to the coast, Silas was waiting to help them aboard a sloop. Glad to be relieved of the burden of carrying her four year old grandson, Mary tried to pass little Jesse to his father. However, the boy would not go to Silas. He had not seen his father in three years and was afraid of the strange man.

The British burned down Silas Raymond's well-furnished home along with one hundred thirty-four other dwellings, two churches, eighty-nine barns, twenty-five shops, five ships, four mills and all of the grain in Norwalk. Loyalist homes fared no better than those belonging to patriots.

When the family arrived at Lloyd's Neck, they were reunited with two of Mary Raymond's older daughters, thirty-three year old Mercy and thirty-five year old Mary. Despite all that she had lost, being reunited with her children once again must have been a source of comfort to Mary Raymond. At eighty-two, she was one of the oldest loyalist refugees to seek shelter at Fort Franklin.

Four years later, in April of 1783, an evacuation ship sailed into the harbour near the refugee camp at Lloyd's Neck. The *Union* was to be the flagship of the Spring Fleet; it became the first vessel to bring loyalists to the shores of New Brunswick. Eighty-six year old Mary Raymond was the oldest loyalist aboard that historic vessel.

Most of the *Union's* passengers decided to settle further up the St. John River rather than staying in Parrtown. Mary Raymond was among those who helped to found Kingston, a settlement largely comprised of other refugees from Connecticut. Remarkably, she lived for ten years after the town was established.

The last story told of Mary Raymond relates how she walked with her grandson Charles along the road through Kingston. The pair went from the Raymonds' home to Pickett Lake which was a very hilly road of a mile and a quarter's distance and returned in the same evening. The boy was five; Mary was ninety-six.

One of Mary Raymond's descendants was Rev. W.O. Raymond, New Brunswick's first historian of the loyalist period. He said of her that "she displayed remarkable courage and spirit in the Revolution and was a woman of extraordinary vitality."

February is Black History month and we would like to honour the history, legacy and contributions that these individuals gave us.

as provided by President Bill Russell

On January 18, 1958, Willie became the first Black hockey player to play in the NHL.

On October 29, 2023, Canada Post issued a stamp to commemorate his historic achievement. Willie was born in Fredericton N.B. and is a descendant of Paris O'Ree, a Black Loyalist, who arrived there after the American Revolutionary War.

Willie played minor hockey in Fredericton before moving on to the Quebec Aces in the senior ranks.

While playing for the Ace's, Willie was called up to play for the Boston Bruins for two games against the Montreal Canadiens. His professional career was short; he only played 45 games in two seasons and was sent down to the minors, where he played for teams in California until 1979. During his career, he received threats and taunts because of his race. Willie was hired by the NHL as their Diversity Ambassador. For two decades, Willie travelled to all the NHL cities and teams to promote the message of diversity, inclusion and confidence to players and fans.

Willie's great, great, grandfather was named Paris O'Ree, he was born into slavery in 1764, in Charleston, South Carolina. Willie went to South Carolina to appear in a documentary to discover his roots. He found his surname was handed down from a retired army officer, Peter Horry. In those days, retired officers who had served in the Revolutionary War were given a parting gift from the military of land and human slaves. He received three grown Negroes and one small Negro.



Submitted by: Angela Donovan UE – NB Genealogist - January 2026 – Genealogy Musings...

I feel fortunate to help members prove their Loyalist Ancestor as every Family has a different story and you get surprises!

Back in 2024 I was helping with a Loyalist application, and the member was stuck on a generation, looking for a proof, which is where I come in. I went to all my usual reliable sources – PNB Archives; NB Genealogical Society; Esther Clark Wrights book “The Loyalists of New Brunswick”; UNB Loyalist Collection and Family Search. Family Search had someone quoting a marriage date 1807, and the name of the Anglican Minister Rev Roger Viets, a clue!

When I searched on old reliable Google, Rev Viets had stories written about him in the Loyalist Trails. Reverend Roger Viets 1738-1811 was a Loyalist from Connecticut and was jailed for his Loyalist sympathies during the Revolution. He arrived in NS 1786 and became the Anglican Priest in Digby Nova Scotia and surrounding areas.

Still... I was puzzled, why would an Anglican clergy from Digby Nova Scotia marry a couple who clearly were from Saint John NB? Digby NS and Saint John NB are connected today by at minimum a 2-hour ferry ride (Fundy Rose), but there would be no such thing back in 1807. However, after finding the source of the Marriage record in “Rev Roger Viets” documentation of Digby Marriages (available on Family Search), I learned the Rev, would travel to Saint John periodically and perform marriages, however he recorded them in his Digby NS record book as a marriage in Saint John NB... I guess he wasn't thinking of us poor genealogists!... Rumor has it his mode of operations was in an open-air boat, which would be very rough by today's standards. His son Roger Moore Viets was an “assistant minister” at Trinity Church in Saint John. Assuming an assistant minister could not marry people, so perhaps that was the reason the Father would make that long trip, to help his son and the Church.

Rev Viets died in 1811 of pneumonia after he had been preaching in another NS location and had returned by boat. Who says the Loyalists weren't tough! A humble man he was buried in an unmarked grave outside a window of the Trinity Church in Digby.

Rule Number 6 – Don't trust your assumptions only sources.... It is so important to keep an open mind and document your sources!

12 Genealogy Research Rules

The word "rules" might be a little strict...let's just call them guidelines. :)

FamilyHistoryDaily.com

1. Always Cite Your Sources. Always.
2. Never, Ever Assume Another Researcher's Information is 100% Correct
3. Remember That Every Name Has Variations, Check Them All
4. Never Copy Another Person's Public Tree, Use it Only as a Helpful Aid
5. Share Freely With Others and They Will Share With You
6. Don't Trust Your Assumptions, Only Sources
7. Check and Double Check Your Facts Before Recording or Sharing
8. Take a Second Look at Records, Your Answer May Be Right in Front of You
9. Don't Limit Yourself to Only One or Two Research Sites, Look for Options
10. Go Offline or Order Hard Copies to Expand Your Research
11. Back Up Your Files Monthly, Keep at Least Two Copies of Your Research
12. Never Give Up *you may not find what you're looking for but the journey is always worth the effort*



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Next Issue

The next UELAC-NB newsletter will be in Spring 2026.

The editor earnestly solicits articles, photographs, genealogical stories, and news of interest to the members.

Please contact Linda Jobe at linda_job@hotmail.com

New Brunswick Branch 2025-2026 Executive

President: Stephen Bolton
Vice President: Angela Donovan
Past President: Marc Smith
Secretary: Cathy Sterling
Membership: Stephen Bolton
Treasurer: Stephen Bolton
Directors: Carl Stymiest
Liz Adair
Jane Simpson
Bill Russell
Newsletter: Linda Jobe
Publications: Stephen Bolton

Upcoming Events

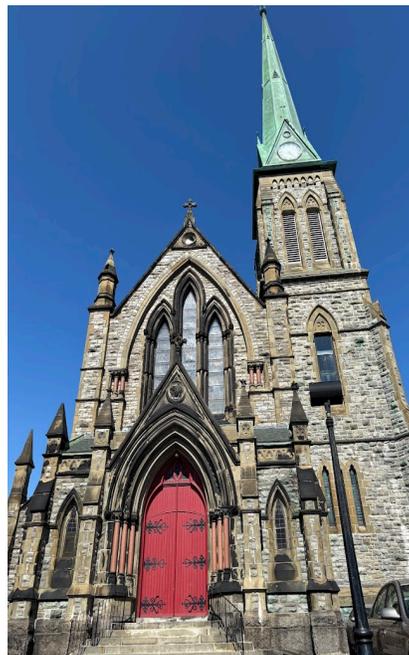
NB Branch AGM Meeting : March 19 @ 2 pm, Atlantic via Zoom

Loyalist Day Church Service Trinity Anglican, Saint John: May 17th 10:30 am

Loyalist Day: Monday, May 18th 2025 - Flag Raising & Other Ceremonies Leading up to May 18th

National AGM: May 23rd - Online - UELAC Board Nominations

*The Trinity Church
Loyalist Church of Saint John, est 1783
Photo taken by Linda Jobe*



Mini Heritage Fair at Trinity Church, Bennett Room
Saint John, NB

Angela Donovan and Bill Russell will represent the NB Branch UELAC at the Mini Heritage Fair in Saint John NB. Come out and research your Loyalist Ancestors.



2025 event with photo by Maureen Boone

Mini Heritage Fair At Trinity Church, Bennett Room

Saturday, February 21, 2026 from 10-2

Free admission to the public, but exhibitors have to pay a \$20.00 per table fee due to the fact the church has to have security on duty for public events, and cleanup has to be done by the church sexton, who must be on duty during the event.

With a followup presentation in the church sanctuary at 3:00 which is open to all at no cost. See below.

Harold Wright and David Goss are overseeing this event.

Editor's Note

Welcome to the Winter 2026 issue of NB Branch UELAC Newsletter!
I am very excited to present this to the membership and want to thank everyone who contributed, it is greatly appreciated.

As the Chair of the UELAC Promotions Committee, I am also excited to offer the UELAC Challenge Coin and the 250th Revolutionary War Coin of Remembrance.

Quantities are limited!

July 2025, I attended the UELAC Conference in Saint John, NB. It was a wonderful educational and fun event in a great loyalist city. I truly enjoyed meeting everyone from far and wide. I hope you enjoy the small article that I wrote about the conference.

Loyally,
Linda Jobe UE

Newly Arrived for 2026!

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UELAC 2025 Conference
Saint John, New Brunswick
July 10-13th



The conference took place at the Delta Hotel with a Welcome Reception on **Thursday, July 10th evening.**

Past President Carl Stymiest UE welcomed us all and introduced guest speaker **Wade Wells**, manager of **Johnson Hall State Historic Site**. Mr. Wells spoke of the recently completed restoration projects, new research and programming initiatives at Johnson Hall.

On Friday, July 11th, Stephen Davidson UE, author and historian who had Loyalist ancestors aboard the *Union*, which sailed into the mouth of the Saint John River in 1783, gave a very good lecture titled "Sailing to Sanctuary: Loyalists and their Evacuation Vessels".

This was followed by "Finding Loyalists in the Maritimes and Beyond: Getting the Most Out of Your Research: by **Leah Grandy**, PhD in History. She is involved in a number of digital projects such as the "New Brunswick Loyalist Journeys" story maps, "Atlantic Loyalist Connections" blog and the NB Historical Newspapers Project. She has experience in assisting UELAC members in their research journeys and has a number of the Loyal/Royal Nova Scotia Volunteers in her own family tree.

A tour of the **New Brunswick Black Heritage Museum** was offered with host **Ralph Thomas**. The tour was enjoyed by all.

That evening a tour and dinner was well attended at the beautiful 1783 **Trinity Anglican Church**, located a few blocks away from the hotel. Entertainment was by **Tim Blackmore** who played Loyalist era music on a square piano. **Tim Blackmore** is a graduate of the Montreal Conservatoire, the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia and the Guildhall School of Music in London, England.

On Saturday, July 12th, a tour of **Loyalist House** was offered. **Loyalist House** is located at 120 Union St. and is operated by the NB Historical Society. This house was built by New York Loyalist **David Daniel Merritt** and was finished in 1817. It remained in possession of the family for several generations until it was acquired by the NB Historical Society in 1959. The **Merritt House** is a fine example of Georgian architecture and is the oldest building in Saint John which has not been structurally altered since it was built. For more information: loyalisthouse.com

That same day, a wreath laying ceremony honouring the Loyalists at the **Old Loyalist Burying Grounds** was held. Re-enactors of **Delancy's Brigade** were on site and a wreath was laid at the grave site of **Past President Carl Stymiest's Loyalist Ancestor Jasper Stymiest (1751-1826)**. A tour by author **David Goss** called "I could tell 14,000 stories in the 4 acre patch, but I won't" was also offered and it was very interesting.

The Gala Banquet was held that evening with a reception and dinner. **The Dorchester Award (Patricia Grrom UE)** and **The Sue Morris Hines Award (Linda Drake UE)** recipients were honoured. **Dr. Bonnie Huskins**, UELAC Fellow, Assistant Professor at UNB Saint John and an adjunct Professor, Loyalist Studies Coordinator and Honorary Research Associate at UNB Fredericton gave a lecture titled "Why Drinking Establishments are Important Sites of Loyalist History: the Exchange Coffee House and the Mallard Tavern in Saint John."

On Sunday, July 13th, a **Drumhead Church service** was held at **Trinity Anglican Church** with Delancy's Brigade. This service allowed soldiers on the battlefields to attend church, to worship and pray. A temporary altar was made on the field using military drums draped with the regimental or National flags. This was my first experience attending a Drumhead service and it was something not to miss.

Some Photos of the 2025 UELAC Conference, Saint John, NB

