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EDITOR

RODERICK MACLEOD

PRODUCTION

DAN PINESE; MATTHEW FARFAN

PUBLISHER

QUEBEC ANGLOPHONE
HERITAGE NETWORK
3355 COLLEGE
SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC
J1M 0B8

PHONE

1-877-964-0409
(819) 564-9595

CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR@QAHN.ORG

WEBSITES

QAHN.ORG
QUEBECHERITAGEWEB.COM
100OBJECTS.QAHN.ORG

PRESIDENT

GRANT MYERS

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

MATTHEW FARFAN

STAFF

CORINNA POLE; HEATHER DARCH;
GLENN PATTERSON; DWANE WILKIN

BOOKKEEPER

MARION GREENLAY

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Cover: "Grave of the First Fenian Killed at Cook's Corners," from a sketch by A. Vogt. *Canadian Illustrated News*, June 4, 1870.

EDITOR'S DESK

Cold Wind

by Rod MacLeod

Of all the holiday places I've rented, my favourite was the seventeenth-century turret of a former brothel in the southern French town of Arles. Above the flat was a rooftop terrace that offered a commanding view up and down the Rhone River ("On a clear day you can see Geneva," I quipped, probably on more than one occasion) and had once been used by the resident demoiselles to spot business opportunities arriving by ship. The terrace was a lovely place for café-au-lait in the morning and baguette and brie in the evening, although there were times, even in June, when the chilly *Mistral* wind blowing downriver from the Alps and the Massif Central made it too bracing to sit out. "Poor dear," I hear many of you sarcastically tut-tutting – but it was a shame to have that wonderful setting spoiled by cold incongruous gusts.

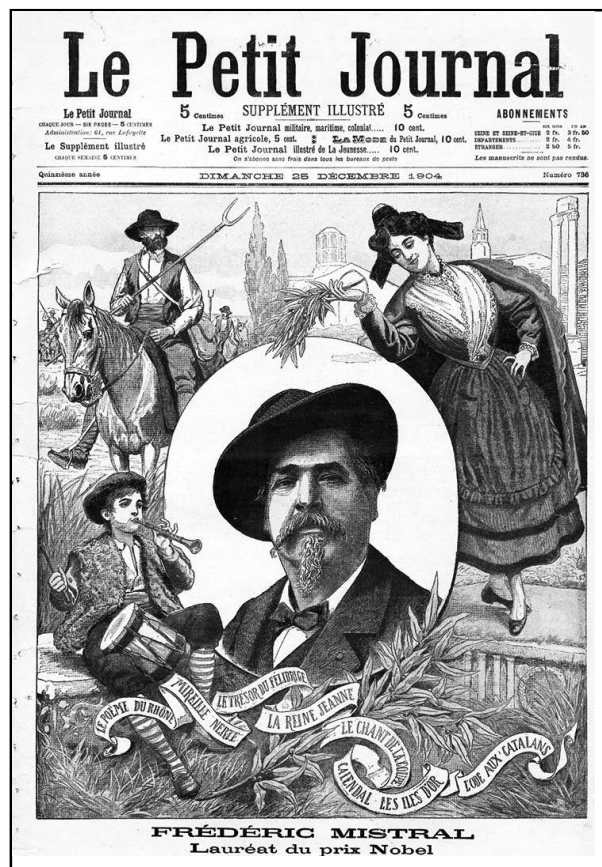
Among Arles' many charms, which include Roman ruins and the spot where Van Gogh sliced off part of his ear, is the Musée Arletan, a vast repository of folklore showcasing all things Provençal. The museum was the brainchild of Frédéric Mistral, a late nineteenth-century poet and Nobel prizewinner whose name has apparently nothing to do with the famous chilly wind that blows across the region. On the contrary, Monsieur Mistral spent his life fanning the fires of heritage preservation and striving to restore Provençal pride. Apart from creating the museum, he promoted local culture by writing his verse not in modern French (the descendent of medieval "Langue d'Oïl") but in Provençal (the descendent of "Langue d'Oc"), which was the language of the troubadours and as different from its northern counterpart as French is from Spanish today. Mistral successfully championed a revival of Provençal across southern France – not perhaps to

the point where today children learn it in school and actors spout it in mainstream films, but the language was definitely rescued from the literary dustbin to which the Académie Française had confined it. Mistral's acknowledgement by the Nobel committee in 1904 marked only one of two occasions in its history

cultural unity, made expressions of diversity difficult. Adding to the argument for Provence's political autonomy was a growing sense of social, even ethnic, distinction. Like a great many nineteenth-century thinkers, Mistral saw culture as integral to race – by which he meant a group of people united by a common language, history and geography. Mistral seems to have been fairly undogmatic on the question of race, but he was good friends with Alphonse Daudet, author of the charming *Lettres de Mon Moulin* (set in an old windmill a short distance from Arles) and leading French Antisemite. As the twentieth century would prove, culture is a dangerous club.

Nevertheless, it has been thanks to the efforts of people like Mistral that numerous languages and cultures, which would otherwise have fallen victim to the forces of centralization and standardization, have been saved. This is heritage conservation on a truly grand scale – almost biological. Never mind trying to save an old barn; this is keeping the whole farm alive. Of course, many modern states would love to see this kind of diversity die a natural death rather than have independence movements as thorns in their sensitive sides. And in many places the conflict goes way back.

During the Enlightenment, when centralization really began to tighten the knot, Highland Scots were subject to a process of cultural cleansing that extended to prohibitions on wearing traditional dress; the language was all but lost, although it has been revived somewhat in recent decades – along with a growing independence movement that led to a divisive (and unsuccessful) referendum in 2014. Like Scotland, Catalonia has proved, over the last couple of centuries, to be an economic force to be reckoned with even as its culture has been sup-



when the Prize for Literature was given to someone writing in a language not officially recognized by the country of which they are a citizen. (The other was Isaac Bashevis Singer.)

Mind you, Mistral also argued that Provence, which had once been politically independent from France, ought to reclaim that status. This conviction was borne not from any dissatisfaction with France per se, but rather from a belief that political autonomy was the ticket to a minority culture's health. The centralized French state, with its rigid belief in

pressed – more consistently and drastically than its Scots counterpart: during Spain’s 1939-75 dictatorship, one dared not talk in Catalan over the phone lest the ever-attentive *guardia civil* haul one away for a stint in a labour camp. Spain is still so allergic to the idea of Catalan autonomy that a referendum held in 2017 (albeit under rather dubious terms) led to the arrest of local politicians – an action applauded by many but hardly good PR given precedent. By contrast, France has been fairly tolerant of its minority language communities – surprisingly so, given its history of strict linguistic conformity: most autonomy-curious movements have been neutralized by permitting a variety of flags and installing some bilingual signage in a few marginal *départements*.

Whatever one may feel about independence movements and official efforts to curb them, appreciation for linguistic diversity is a big part of our appreciation for cultural and ethnic diversity. Just as we are poorer as a planet when biological species disappear, we suffer when languages go the way of the dodo – although people who live their lives entirely in one mainstream language may not realize this. But others care deeply about the language their ancestors spoke, and they do so not merely from a belief in the global benefits of diversity, but because maintaining such a language (or, if need be, recovering and restoring it) is a major tool in the fight against cultural hegemony. Here in North America, campaigns to suppress languages were integral to efforts to suppress culture. Embracing the use of Cree, of Inuktitut, of Kanien’kéha (Mohawk), and of so many other tongues, teaching them in schools, using them in conversation as well as in ceremonies, is an act of resistance. It is also the linguistic equivalent of reforestation and zoological conservation. Acknowledging the vitality of ancestral languages is critical to our understanding of this continent as a place of cultural diversity. We tend to think of diversity in terms of religious practices, food,



music, and the colours on the faces of people going by, but it is also fundamentally about language. Of all these attributes, language surrenders most easily to the insatiable “melting pot” – as evidenced by the enthusiasm generations of immigrants have shown for bringing up their children in a language they themselves can barely speak, all in the interest of integration. The “melting pot,” a critical component of cultural hegemony, was invented by panicky monoculturalists.

Worldwide, the enormous power of the linguistic melting pot is staggering. I refer specifically to English, of course. It is everywhere: witness recent news coverage of the gatherings of NATO members or the European Community, or interviews with huge swaths of the suffering Ukrainian population for whom English has apparently become the go-to second language. How can we explain this remarkable success? Montreal writer (and occasional QAHN collaborator) Mark Abley astutely calls English the “Walmart of languages,”

given its ubiquitous presence and irresistible convenience. But are these traits inherent? Some scholars argue that, by having abandoned obvious declension and superfluous gender, English has a valid claim to be a natural lingua franca. And yet, to think of a language as “natural” is to succumb to smug essentialism: by this argument, English is the “fittest” language, while Catalan and Gaelic and Cree have obviously failed the physical. A less Darwinian explanation for the triumph of the English

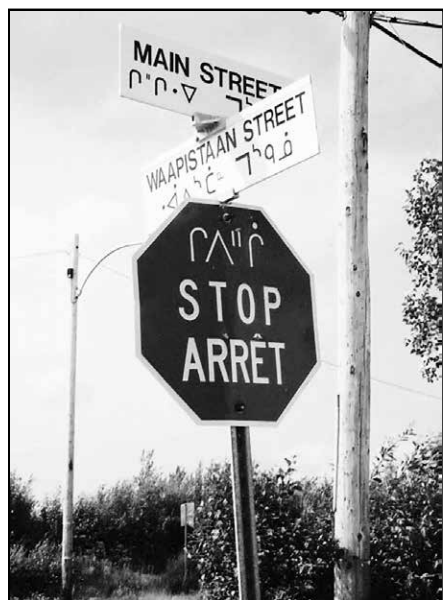
language would be its historic place within the British Empire. When much of the global map was “painted red,” English was what the rulers spoke, and when these rulers encountered people who did not speak standard English, from the Bay of Bengal to Nootka Sound, they proved surprisingly tolerant of these many variations on the mother tongue. Such tolerance (not matched in most other aspects of colonial operations) validated non-standard forms of English. The result may not have been “proper,” but it propped up the underbelly of the Empire and proved infinitely adaptable to capitalist enterprise. American English has followed a similar trajectory, accompanying the expansion of an even more powerful empire.

Even so, alongside countless immigrants to North America who make the conscious decision to forswear the use of their native tongues, there are those who strive to keep using their first languages, and not just as a way of commu-



Top: Yes campaign, Scotland, August 2014.
Photo: John Allan, geograph.org.uk.

Bottom: Leaders of the Referendum in Catalonia, September 2017.
Photo: Generalitat de Catalunya.



nicating with Granny. Florida may have lost its connection with Spain, but in much of Miami you will hear nothing but Spanish – Cuban Spanish (so you won’t hear actual consonants), thanks to generations fleeing “Fidel.” A much greater success story, of course, is the survival of French – maybe not in Louisiana, or in Lowell, but definitely in Quebec. The success of French in this corner of North America would make Frédéric Mistral green with envy. Today, one may see Provençal on street signs in parts of southern France, but here in Quebec a language that was once at best a nuisance to colonial government has become the dominant mode of expression. French is now the official language of a province that wields considerable autonomous power, notably to support cultural production in prose and verse and on stage and screen – all critical components to cultural survival. French is also being crafted as a kind of melting pot for Quebec, at a time when that trope is largely disappearing across the rest of the continent in favour of multiculturalism.

Marshalling this level of support for the ongoing vitality of a language is impressive – and yet the omnipresent Walmart-like power of English continues to loom. This threat has been so cynically evoked in recent months that one can easily lose sight of the actual vulnerability of French in North America. French speakers in Europe can be casual about adopting English as an official international language because there are fifty million of them (so the

song says) and most of the other Europeans they come in contact with in political and diplomatic circles are all reasonably secure in their own linguistic identities. In North America, there are only about seven million people who claim French as a mother tongue, surrounded by a third of a billion English speakers. Although reports of the demise of French can be (and are, often) greatly exaggerated, history would advise against complacency. It is easy for those of us who are not counted among those seven million to pooh-pooh this danger; we are privileged to speak the world’s lingua franca, and we can get our words at Walmart. Appropriately, most Anglophones in Quebec have come to acknowledge this vulnerability and have warmly accepted French as the province’s go-to means of public expression.

Ah, but then, there is the Mistral. The local version of it, at least. Many of us, having for decades nurtured warm and fuzzy feelings for the French language, now find ourselves confronted by forces bent on putting this warmth on ice. We have embraced French, not only because we want to communicate but also because we believe in the biological importance of keeping the language alive. We also see validity in the argument that the language of the majority of the population ought to have precedence over others, at least in the public domain. We may even accept this situation as the righting of past wrongs. But then, seemingly out of the blue, has come discourse and legislation that dismisses all this good will as insuffi-



cient, even outright irrelevant. And, although said discourse and legislation claims to address concern for the health and vitality of the French language, it mainly serves to enable cultural chauvinists to sport bigoted badges and give the cold shoulder to diversity.

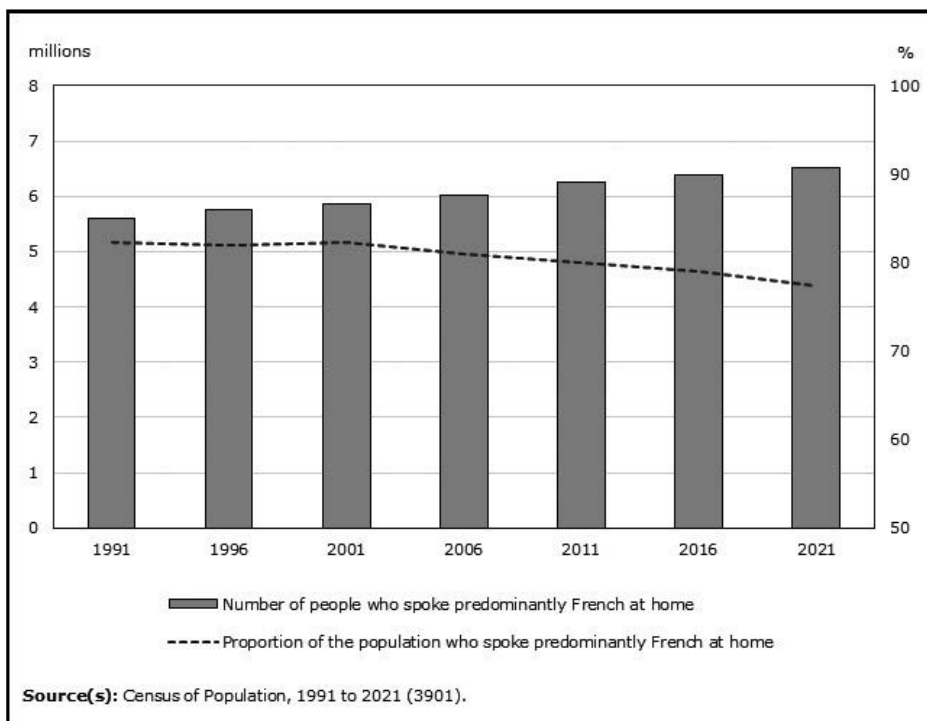
Central to this emerging discourse is the notion that Quebec is a nation. For some decades now, this province has been governed by an assembly that was “national,” rather than “legislative” (as in other parts of Canada), a distinction I have always found agreeable for the same reason that I am glad Montreal has a “metro” rather than a “subway.” But now something called the “Quebec nation” has made its way into the discourse, causing considerable confusion. If this were but a fancy way to refer to the territory of the Quebec state, a means to avoid the trigger word “province,” then, ok, sure. But when you hear the term used, as you do more and more, it is clear that it refers to a particular group – the way that “First Nations” indicates specific ethnic populations. Yet the “Quebec nation” is not quite ethnic in nature either, since it apparently does not include others with distant origins in France who have made their homes in other parts of Canada. Indeed, the exact nature of the Quebec nation is conveniently vague, sufficiently so to permit both denials of ethnic nationalism and infinite levels of outrage when the core group has been offended. We have reached the point where criticism of current policy is seen as an attack on the Quebec nation. Opposing any part of the recent legislation regulating the use of French is seen as an attempt to undermine the language’s survival. The fearful discourse has even extended to concern over what language people speak in the privacy of their own homes – a fear that has only been exacerbated by the latest Statistics Canada findings regarding the declining proportion of native French speakers; no one seems to have noticed that the actual number of French speakers has risen, merely that the *proportion* has diminished, a consequence of the increasing presence of people who are not part of the nation. Similarly, criticism of legislation banning the wearing of religious symbols in the name of “laïcité” is seen as an attack on the nation and its values; when a

Top: Road signs in Mistissini, Quebec, 2006.
Photo: P199.

Bottom: Occitan and French language street signs in Toulouse.
Photo: Kieron a m.

major political party (whose program, significantly, is ostensibly separatist) declared it would overturn this legislation if elected, pundits cried that such talk was an insult to the Quebec nation. In this mindset, anyone negatively affected by such legislation, as well as anyone supporting those affected, cannot be part of the Quebec nation.

As if to reinforce this point, the premier recently stated publicly that he opposed putting all cultures on the same level – a position that flies in the face of what I would call today’s global values. The discourse is all about identity; very little of it is about language. Sure, there is oft-expressed panic over the existential threat posed by that vast sea of English, but it is clear from the subtext of discourse and legislation that the real enemy is diversity. If there is one supremely dirty word in today’s Quebec, it is “multiculturalism.” André Pratte, the always insightful journalist and former senator who has been critical of current legislation for running roughshod over minority rights, recently (*Montreal Gazette*, July 9, 2022) strove to explain the antipathy to this term: multiculturalism, he argued, was suited to the Rest of Canada because “the majority’s culture is so overwhelming that integration just naturally happens,” but in Quebec, newcomers, left to their own devices, are not inclined to adopt French, hence the need for “interculturalism,” which “insists on integration.” My difficulty with this argument lies in the assumptions it makes about culture and integration. Too often, I feel, we speak of “culture” as if it were easy to define, as if cultural differences were fixed rather than constantly subjected to a myriad of influences. Language is a part of that process, but only a part: people can speak the same language and yet be widely different culturally. The reverse is also true: much of the culture one finds in French-speaking North America (food, dress, work, home life) is really not that different from most of the rest of the continent. Sure, language-based culture (literature, cinema, pop music) can result in two solitudes, but that shouldn’t be the whole equation; newcomers to Quebec have not gravitated historically towards the English language because they prefer Hugh MacLennan to Émile Nelligan, or

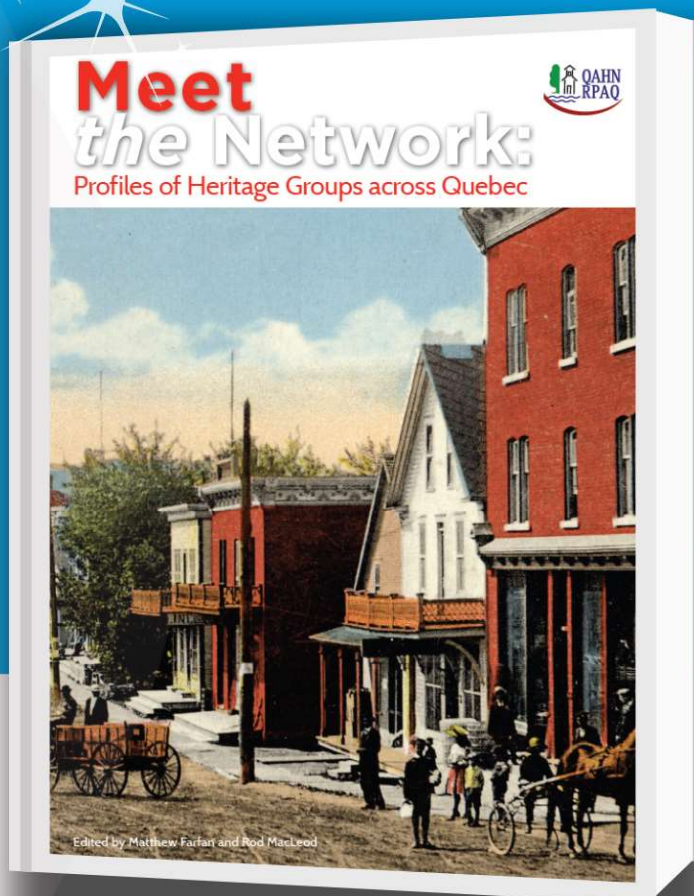


Corey Hart to Coeur de Pirate. It isn’t a majority *culture* that overwhelms newcomers to the Rest of Canada; it’s the English language.

And when it comes to the question of integration, I think we have to be very careful. When I hear people talk of the need for integration, I always wonder: what are we supposed to integrate to? What is the “majority culture” of Canada that Pratte refers to? Surely the beauty of Canada is that one can sport a maple leaf and other feel-good symbols without foregoing a love for gefiltefish, a passion for Isabel Allende, or a belief in Vishnu? (I should point out that the law of the land is not its culture: laws are deliberate constructs intended to facilitate civil society, and they can supersede cultural particularities. A policy of multiculturalism need not condone every feature of every culture.) In Quebec, however, the belief in an overarching culture needlessly complicates the pursuit of civil society, since cultural diversity is seen as an implicit challenge to the official “culture.” People from other backgrounds are welcome, it seems, so long as they integrate. The discourse from premier and pundits goes far beyond the need to adopt and respect Quebec’s official language; it focuses, rather, on the apparent need to embrace an official culture – which is presumably the backbone of the Quebec nation. But if we truly embrace that culture,

arguably, we must eschew every other cultural trait. We cannot “integrate” without denying cultural difference. If I identify with other cultures, then I must not be a part of the nation. I can not be a true citizen of Quebec if I do not listen to Marie-Mai (to cite that infamous chesnut from a decade ago) and rarely eat poutine or watch the Bye-Bye. And, even if I did, should all that really be criteria for citizenship? I’m sorry; I may choose to partake in any of these things, and many more cultural features that this province produces, and it may well make me a more rounded person, but I should feel no compulsion to *integrate*. And nor should anyone just getting off a boat or plane. What I will do, and what they should do, is speak French, and respect its status in Quebec, and promote its vitality.

Statements like this, I suppose, are likely to enrage the supporters of recent legislation and to send pundits and politicians into apoplectic rants, all of it for the benefit of people whom we have come to think of as “the base.” Appealing to voters with polemic and hyperbole wins elections these days. I find that chilling. We often characterize the outpourings of politicians as just a lot of hot air, but when I hear so much disingenuous discourse, I feel a wind blowing down my neck that is very cold indeed.



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BOOK LAUNCH AT BÂTIMENT 7

by Sandra Stock

Finding an appropriate location at which to hold an event is often a challenge, especially at present as we are still somewhat limited by the effects of Covid. However, on Sunday, August 28, the official launch of Steven High's outstanding social history from McGill-Queen's University Press, *Deindustrializing Montreal*, was held at the vast, nascent Point St. Charles community centre, "Bâtiment 7" – Building 7, once a site of the Canadian National (formerly the Grand Trunk) Railway's shops and offices.

This example of a truly deindustrialized building, saved and redeveloped by local residents and their supporters, is per-



haps an ideal outcome and positive benefit for The Point in particular, and Montreal in general. Bâtiment 7 offers a co-op grocery store, lessons and workshops in a wide variety of arts and trades, activities for children, and a pub-cum-performance venue called Sans-Taverne-Coop et Brasserie Artisanale, which features a wide selection of beers, wine and a simple healthy menu.

High's book was available, of course, and appeared to sell very well indeed. In attendance at the launch was a very mixed crowd of about 200 people, including local residents, academics and heritage enthusiasts. As *Deindustrializing Montreal* focuses on local history, social and cultural development, and the results (positive and, all too often, negative) of what follows the end of industry in cities, this location and its mission was more than suitable.

Among the speakers addressing the many achievements of



Deindustrializing Montreal were Nancy Oliver-Mackenzie, a retired schoolteacher and active member of Union United Church, and David Austin, author of several key works on the Black experience in Montreal and beyond. At the culminating moment in the proceedings, High gave a moving speech,



thanking the wide variety of community partners who had contributed to the research – including *Quebec Heritage News*, which had partnered with High's honours class at Concordia University to produce the special Winter 2018 issue focusing on the Negro Community Centre.

Bâtiment 7 is located at 1900 LeBer, Point St. Charles, Montreal. For information: www.batiment7.org, info@batiment7.org, 438-774-7558.

See our review of Deindustrializing Montreal later in this issue.

ODD OBJECTS

THE IRON CASKET*Missisquoi Historical Society, Stanbridge East*

by Isaac McNeil



Grief can weigh on the psyche long after a loved one's death. Perhaps the most striking physical manifestation of the heavy burden a loss of life can have on those left behind are the heavy cast iron caskets produced in the nineteenth century.

The iron casket in the collection of the Missisquoi Historical Society is particularly saddening. From the artefact's size, we know it was intended for a young child. Unfortunately, there are few records accompanying the casket, so we don't know if it was used for viewing, transportation, or preservation. Nevertheless, the artefact immediately calls to mind the sad reality of infant mortality, a phenomenon which was all too common in the 1850s when this object was created.

Although the rate of child mortality was highest among the urban poor, it was endemic throughout Canadian society in the nineteenth century. When we consider that approximately one-third of all children died before the age of five, we begin to understand the presence of such artefacts as this infant's casket (Roser et al.).

The first patented iron casket was created by Almond Dunbar Fisk in 1848. This invention was the industrial era's response to industrial-era problems. Designed to be airtight, these caskets were better able to preserve corpses, as the limited air supply could delay decomposition. They could also be used to quarantine corpses, while their viewing ports allowed the body to be identifiable for spiritual or other reasons (Warnasch).

With the growth of steam-powered travel, increasing numbers of people were leaving their place of birth by ship or railroad, and as a result, more people were dying away from their

families. The notoriously poor sanitary conditions in nineteenth-century cities meant that quarantining bodies served a valuable function. Iron caskets first became popular among the American elite as a means of securely transporting the remains of the dead to their place of rest in a constantly expanding country (Warnasch).

Although we know little about it specifically, the iron casket at the Missisquoi Historical Society serves as an important link to a time when child mortality was high and when disease made it necessary to have safe, secure transportation and viewing of the dead – at least for those who could afford it.

Bishop's University History student Isaac McNeil interned for QAHN in the winter of 2022.

Sources

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Local Built Heritage Restoration Initiative

The following are two further instalments in a series of five articles spotlighting QAHN's "Local Built Heritage Restoration Initiative," a project designed to assist QAHN member organizations carry out restoration work or upgrades on their heritage facilities. The project has been generously funded by the Secrétariat aux relations avec les Québécois d'expression anglaise (SRQEA).

**Secrétariat aux relations
avec les Québécois
d'expression anglaise**

Québec 

PUTTING THE SPARKLE BACK INTO A 290-YEAR-OLD FAMILY HOME

Greenwood Centre for Living History
by Corinna Pole

It's a lot of little things. Things you might not even notice unless you look closely. A little paint here, a dust-free surface there. But altogether the little touch-ups have a historical Hudson residence sparkling like new.

The Greenwood Centre for Living History is a treasure trove of architecture, local history, and artefacts, all connected to the home's past. Its story started nearly 300 years ago in 1732 with the Sabourin homestead. The family held the property for nearly a century before it was sold in 1821 to John Mark Crank Delesderniers.

With each new generation of Sabourin, then Delesderniers, the property grew and adapted. Besides a homestead, it has been a trading post, a post office, a general store, a summer home, and a family home.

Five generations of Delesderniers descendants lived there before its final resident, Phoebe Nobbs Hyde, bequeathed it to the non-profit heritage conservation group, Canadian Heritage of Quebec. Her intention was to share her beloved home and its history with others. As a heritage house that welcomes the public, it is doing just that.

Phoebe's love of Greenwood has been infectious, inspiring patrons and volunteers to lovingly restore the house room by room and share its story with visitors.

Geneviève Grenier's adoration began 19 years ago, when she scouted the site for her wedding photos. A few years later, she volunteered and gave tours. Now she is Greenwood's executive director.

We asked her why people seem to



have a special attachment to Greenwood.

"I think there's a connection because the stories of this house are so fleshed out," she said. "We know so much about every object and every detail of the house because Phoebe wrote

everything down. In fact, just this morning we were looking at a collection of things and we have her travel diary of how much she spent on her travels. The house and the family story speak to people in a way that they can envision their own family history in this house. It's almost like an elastic that kind of ties them to the house."

Those ties have created a bank of dedicated and resourceful volunteers, some with special expertise, who preserve and maintain Greenwood's authentic appearance.

"We've been fortunate over the years to have a lot of the house conserved in big projects," Grenier says. "But we had a laundry list from our conservation team, which is a group of lovely volunteers, and a few little touch-ups here and there. There were four kinds of mini projects that were on our nice-to-have need-to-get-done list. But it's always a question of timing."

With funding from QAHN through the Secrétariat aux relations avec les Québécois d'expression anglaise (SRQEA), the timing was just right for the Centre to tackle those "little touch-ups."

Inside, the guest bathroom had a new floor installed and labourers completed several minor painting projects that amounted to three days of work. Greenwood also had a professional

Greenwood before restoration.

Photo courtesy of the Greenwood Centre for Living History.



cleanup, inside and out.

The exterior work was more extensive. The garage had new shingles and a fresh coat of paint on its outside walls, including cut-outs of the garage doors, two other side doors, some windows and a little portico across from it.

A mausoleum on the grounds dating back to the end of the nineteenth century was touched up. The final resting place of the general store's original two owners had its wooden eaves replaced and capped with aluminum.

"It's not part of our tour, but it's such an important part of the history of the house and the families that lived here," explained Grenier. "This grant allowed us to do that because it was something that kept getting pushed aside. It looks so clean and fresh, and now it's going to last forever."

The restoration project has taken time but it has been worth it. The people who work in and around Hudson have knowledge

and experience with old homes, so finding expert help wasn't a challenge. But with a high demand for skilled workers, and a short summer season for the centre, it was hard to book them. The last project, to replace the ridge caps on the roof and gables, wrapped up in August

"We're really stoked. It looks beautiful," Grenier enthused. "People who have been here for the last 20 years have said the house looks gorgeous. It sparkles. Everything is as it should be in a historic home."

From June to September, Greenwood hosts house tours with knowledgeable guides, which takes about 45 minutes and includes tea on the porch for an additional fee. Throughout the summer the grounds come alive with many artistic events, including theatrical readings and family painting workshops. Every autumn since 2002 Greenwood hosts a big literary festival: "Story Fest."



Restoration in progress; the mausoleum; freshly painted floor. Photos courtesy of the Greenwood Centre for Living History.

COME FOR THE TEA, STAY FOR THE HISTORY

Heritage New Carlisle

by Corrinna Pole

Old houses have stories to tell. Tales about the people who worked and lived there. The Kempffer House (built circa 1868) peels back the layers to reveal the stories of its former residents and the people of the Gaspesian village of New Carlisle.

The historic Victorian-era building has operated as a private residence, a general store, a law office, a telephone company headquarters, and then apartments before tottering on the brink of demolition. It was saved, moved and restored by volunteer-run Heritage New Carlisle. In the summer of 2008 the Kempffer Cultural Interpretation Centre opened its doors.

“It really was grassroots people starting it and it’s always been bilingual, that’s always been important for us,” explained volunteer Sandi Beebe. “One of our objectives is bringing people in, having inclusivity and trying to have a balance on the committee. Sometimes things go more one way or the other, but in general, we want to make sure that the two cultures, Francophones and Anglo-phones, are shared.”

English or French, the small village



has a fantastic array of colourful characters in its past.

With an engaging flair, the heritage group tells these stories, rich in history, creating an appreciation for those tied to New Carlisle through adversity, achievements, and extraordinary real-life exploits.

Characters like famous-reporter-turned-war-correspondent-turned-Quebec-premier René Lévesque, a failed World War II German spy, a nineteenth-century Irish sailor tragically hanged, or a little bunny named Scamper.

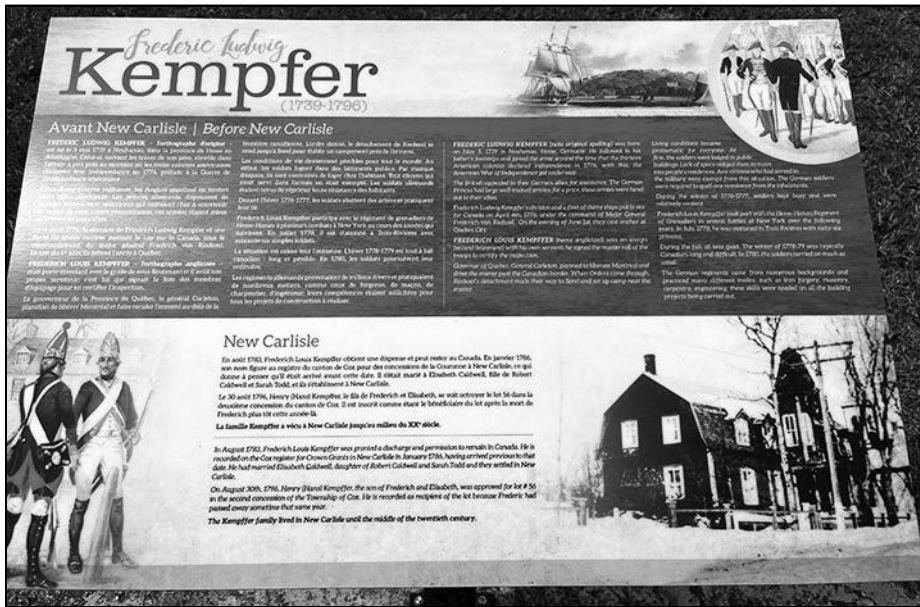
The story about Scamper starts with a young Marion Nelson from Surrey, British Columbia, enlisting in the Air Force – to her mother’s mortification. While in training at the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) Station at Mont-Joli, Marion met Gerard Poirier, a young Acadian from New Carlisle, training to be a pilot.

Coincidentally Marion and Gerard were deployed to London, England, together and their love ripened. As Marion switched from nursing to office work, Gerard was piloting Lancaster bombers.

“One day she went downtown to

Harrod’s and she buys this little bunny,” Beebe recounts. “It’s got leather on its little paws and everything. She has the team that Gerard works with sign the bunny and she gives it to him, saying it’s good luck for all the guys. At that time they flew these bombers out at midnight and it was very dangerous; you just didn’t know if you were going to make it back or not. He always had the bunny in





his pocket but this one night they go out and Gerard can't find Scamper. The rifleman then says he's not going out without Scamper. So they come back in, Gerard gets Scamper, and they felt they were okay."

After the war, Marion and Gerard settled in the village and raised their family. The signed bunny and their uniforms are on display on the second floor of the centre.

Now, historic properties have a lot of character. But historically, people with disabilities were not accounted for when it came to building de-



sign. The 154-year-old Kempffer House is no different. Until recently the only way to access the upper level with its archive room, permanent exhibition and the signed bunny was by staircase.

QAHN's SRQEA-funded Local Built Heritage Restoration Initiative made it possible for everyone to access the second floor with a new stair lift. Specially designed for public buildings, the motorized chair is the centre's latest chapter in their ongoing accessibility plan. The volunteers at Heritage New Carlisle are pleased they can offer accessible services for those with mobility challenges.

"That's basically our most important area," said Beebe. "This building, it's beautiful, but really, having the chairlift makes everything so much more accessible. It's unbelievable. So it was fantastic to have QAHN and the Secrétariat [aux relations avec les Québécois d'expression anglaise] pay for that."

Open July and August and then by reservation the rest of the year, the tourist centre is often at its peak during the construction holiday. It welcomes guests from the local community and from much farther away -- Switzerland, South Africa, and France, to name a few.

The exhibits are a popular draw. But the afternoon teas are especially sweet.

Serving lemonade, coffee and "properly" made tea with scones, muffins, tea biscuits with homemade jams on cups and saucers has been the centre's main source of revenue for the past four years. On their busiest day in 2022, they booked nearly 40 people for tea service.

Before or after teatime, stroll outside to view the interpretation panels sharing the village's lesser-known 1776 European connection when skilled soldiers, like German lieutenant Frederick Kempffer, arrived and settled. Frederick's grandson is the one who built the Kempffer House. Temporary exhibitions on the first floor and permanent exhibits upstairs share the village history through objects donated by locals.



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2022 QAHN HERITAGE ESSAY CONTEST WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE

Slate

by Jesse Roberts

Grade 5/6, St. Francis Elementary School
Richmond, Quebec.

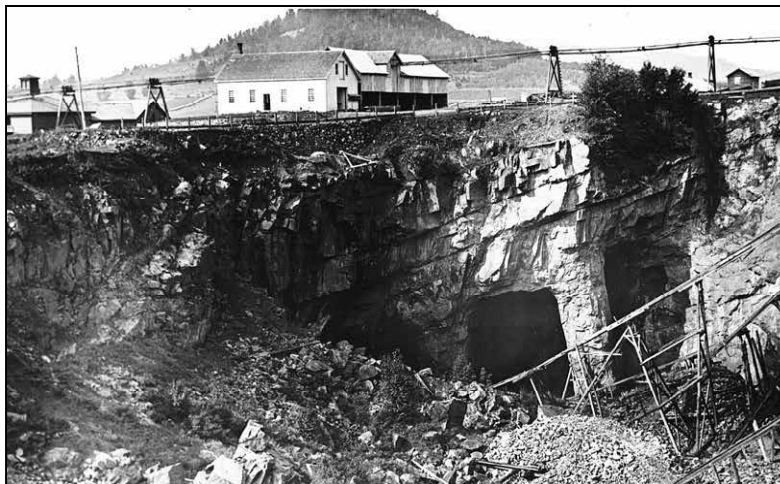
Slate is the historical item that I chose because I think that slate is very important and has been for hundreds of years. People have been using slate for roofs, black boards, flooring and for roads. People use slate for painting like my grandma, Sandra Picken Roberts, she is a recognized slate artist internationally.

Did you know that Richmond, Quebec, has the one and only slate museum in Canada?

I am talking about slate because I have had many slate adventures with my grandma and cousins and it's a very special time.

In the 1800s kids used to read, write and do math on slate instead of wooden tables. Thousands of years ago people used to make knives and blades. Slate is waterproof that's why we use it for roofing tiles. My great great grandfather Robert Dionne lived in South Durham, his house was built in 1901 with slate tiles was used for roofing tiles. The Dionne house displayed on a wine bottle still has the same roofing tiles that prove the durability of slate. Slate is used outdoors because it resists water.

I really hope I win [the contest] because my grandma



would be very proud of all our adventures. I hope this made you learn more about my historical items.

Thank you for this opportunity.

SECOND PRIZE

My Uncle Grant

by Sofia Romeo

Grade 6, Gardenview Elementary School
St. Laurent, Quebec

My uncle's name is Grant
He trains soldiers in case of a war
For example, the ones in Ukraine
But wait, he does much more
He is a captain in the military force
Who made a discovery
That will never be forgotten, of course
A couple years ago, my uncle won an award
Because he identified an unknown soldier
And that's why he will never be ignored.
He knows about all the wars in the past
Including the great ones
From the first war until the last
He's been helping out in the army for over 30 years
Since he's been working there
I bet he has no fears
He participates in the parades on Remembrance Day
He never missed one
And he still goes to the parades today
My uncle helps Canada out
He trains the new generation
Every time, without a doubt.
My uncle has been helping out Canada for a while



He still enjoys it
 And everyday, comes back with a smile
 With a bright red poppy on his shoulders
 He slowly marches away
 With all his friends and soldiers
 I'm very proud of my uncle and I'm proud to say
 That if Canada's ever at war
 I'm sure he'll save the day!

THIRD PRIZE

Alisia Dale: An Author that Honours her Childhood Neighborhood

by Félix Paquin

Grade 5, Harmony Elementary School
 Châteauguay, Quebec

In the 70s, the Dale family moved in Châteauguay. 174 Wagner Street was their new nest. There, Alisia lived a happy childhood. No internet, no TV on-demand nor smart phone. A simple bike ride, an afternoon at the park or a masterpiece she made with mud, life was easy and filled with moments of joy. This bright girl became a lawyer, a linguist, and a great mother of three. With them, she shared her childhood memories as they were asking questions about how it was back in the "good old days." It gave her the idea to create books with characters that live in the exact same neighborhood she did. Alisia called her main character Sela Blue. In her books, we can recognize many places that exist for real in Châteauguay. For example: Mary Gardner School, the Musical Village (where all the streets are named after famous musicians) and the Mercier Bridge. She wanted to write books about what people have in common, regardless of their skin color, with characters that kids could relate to. Unlike most books based on how black people must overcome countless obstacles, her stories would be inspired by her own experiences and would reflect the true happiness of the ordinary little black girl that she was. Her greatest wish is that her books will touch people and make bridges between all generations and cultures. Nowadays, Alisia Dale lives in Switzerland. Never will she forget Châteauguay and the little house on Wagner Street.



HONOURABLE MENTION

My Favourite Spring Day

by Julianna Douek

Grade 6, Gardenview Elementary School
 St. Laurent, Quebec

I love my neighbourhood. I have lived in it my entire life.

One of my favourite events that goes on every year is our community garage sale, which I absolutely love. This sale happens every year during the month of May.

We start by gathering all the stuff we have in our house that we no longer use or need. Then we reserve a table or two and wait patiently for the day. Finally, on the day of the sale we get up bright and early and start setting up.

I have been selling my old stuff at the sale for as long as I can remember. I can remember 6-year-old me getting very excited for this yearly event! We get to spend the day outside with friends and family. We also get to meet a lot of new people from our neighbourhood. I recognized a lot of kids that go to school with me from the area.

We would be outside selling for hours. My mom would always bring snacks and lunch, so we ended up having a big picnic. Near the area where the sale is being held, there is a depanneur where we would buy popsicles and ice cream for when it got too hot out.

Another reason why I love the sale is because we get to reuse items that might have been thrown out in the trash. So, in addition of being fun, it is good for the environment!

The yard sale taught me a lot about the value of money. My mom used to give my sister and I ten dollars each to spend. We would buy toys and books. I remember one time buying a little necklace with a heart pendant. I still have it!

One year, my sister and I got even more excited because my mom set up a table of toys for us to sell alone for the first time. She said that any money that we made, we got to keep or buy new toys with! We made close to one hundred dollars and split it in two. I was an awesome trip to Toys'r'Us! I am very sure that my mom regretted telling us that we could keep the money.

These are some of the many reasons I love this yard sale and my community. Everyone is so friendly. I already started gathering some items I no longer use for this year's sale, and I cannot wait to meet new neighbours and spend time with old and new friends!



2022 QAHN HERITAGE PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS



FIRST PRIZE

Justin Bouchard
Grade 11, Stanstead College
Stanstead, Quebec
Title: "Evening Church"

This is a photo of the United Centenary Church, one of the at least five churches that can be found in the small town of Stanstead. This specific church was built in 1866, though it was rebuilt in 1884 following a fire. This is one of the largest buildings in town, along with the other churches mentioned. The number of churches in such a small area shows not only the importance of Christianity in Quebec history, but also the amount of disagreement between denominations. Stanstead is right next to the American border, meaning there would have been a variety of French Catholic and English Protestant populations. This would have prompted the construction of churches so each denomination could have their place of worship. The photographed church was named the Stanstead Wesleyan Methodist Church and went through several name changes before receiving its current name. The establishment has been long connected to Stanstead College. In fact, many Stanstead principals were also the local ministers. The school was also once associated with the Wesleyan Church. Though the school has been secularized, it acquired the church in 2015 and now uses it for assemblies and other special events.

SECOND PRIZE

Kayla Sivilla
Grade 11, Rosemere High School
Rosemere, Quebec
Title: "Pastry and Coffee"



This is a photo of my great grandmother's coffee maker. This coffee maker represents what it was like to grow up inside an Italian home. Having coffee and pastries is an integral part of any dinner in an Italian family member's home. This is the part where after the main meal is finished, everyone sits around the table and gossips about what is going on inside everyone else's life. This is such an important part of every dinner that as one person is doing the dishes, someone else is already taking out dessert and preparing the coffee in the coffee maker. I chose the coffee maker because I felt like it represented a crucial part of my heritage and my family. It makes me think of Sundays at my grandmother's house, and how she used to use the coffee maker my great grandmother had left her to prepare coffee for everyone around the table.

THIRD PRIZE

Justin Bouchard
 Grade 11, Stanstead College
 Stanstead, Quebec
 Title: "Canadian Depanneur"

This is a photo of a local depanneur owned by a Chinese family. Interestingly, it has signs in both English and French, all while being Chinese owned. Québécois culture has always been the product of many other cultures which have found their way to the province. This depanneur represents the contribution Chinese immigrants have made to Canada. Whether it was difficult labor constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway, creation of businesses, or cultural contributions, the Chinese diaspora has had a significant impact on Canadian and Québécois history. Stanstead is an especially multicultural town with it being located right next to the American border. Stanstead College is a boarding school, so it has students coming from around the world, many of which are Chinese. The depanneur is a very popular place among Stanstead students as it is the closest place



to buy snacks or drinks. In the photo, a wooden door is replacing what would normally have been glass. This is the result of some unfortunate vandalism and robbery. In response, a kind Stanstead staff member raised money to help repair the damage and to thank the owners for all they had done for the Stanstead family. In short, this small depanneur is a big part of Stanstead.

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Frederick Simpson Coburn, *Cow Winter*, oil on canvas, 40 x 50.5 cm.
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A DIFFICULT LENS

Tales of Two Soldiers

by Heather Darch

The photograph is troubling. It depicts a young man lying facedown on a dirt road still clutching a rifle while three soldiers stand nonchalantly over him. The intentionally fashioned scene created a graphic image that would help sensationalize the invasion of the Irish-American Fenians into Canada and bring the realities of the front lines to those at home. The photograph served to fuel the propaganda surrounding the victory of the newly established Dominion of Canada over the “Fenian scare.” As evidenced in Civil War photography, sometimes the most effective means of elevating one’s cause while demeaning the other was to create a scene by posing bodies and then crafting a dramatic narrative to accompany the picture.

While this photograph is frequently used to depict the Fenian raids into Canada for both the 1866 and 1870 incursions, there was actually a more poignant photograph taken following the second raid in Missisquoi County, Quebec. The image is a solitary soldier standing guard over a makeshift fieldstone grave. It is the one image from the invasion at Eccles Hill that represents the emotional and quiet aftermath of a ruined attack by the Fenians. The photograph of the soldier keeping watch over his fallen enemy still serves as a reminder that this raid, while seen by many to be reckless or even amusing, had severe consequences. Even though the two men have been connected by the graveside image for over 150 years, only the name of the young Fenian sympathizer was known while the sentinel

soldier was left unidentified. The route the two men took to Eccles Hill was very different.

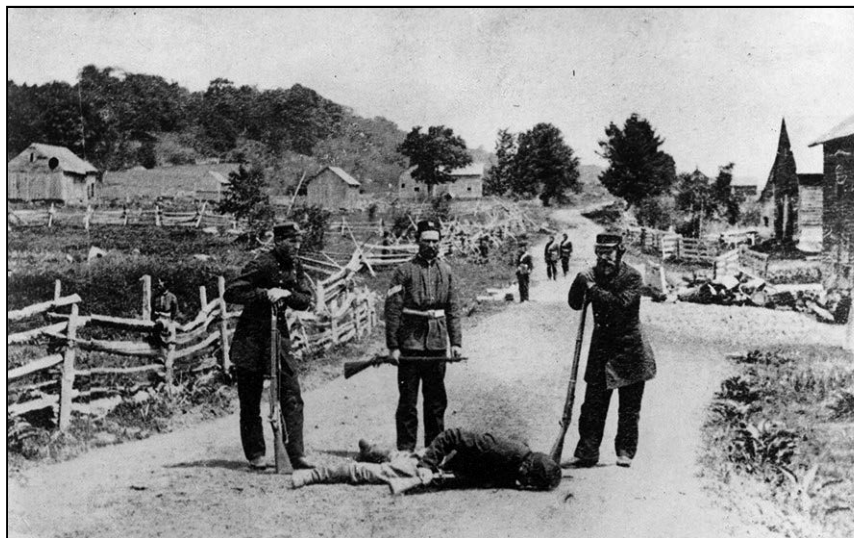
John Rowe did not have to be convinced to fight. Along with nearly 400 men involved in the Fenian cause of liberating Ireland from centuries of British

1866, there were a number of fire brigades in service. Besides fighting fires, they all functioned as social clubs. As one observer wrote, “Those gallant men... became an integral part of two universal brotherhoods – a brotherhood engaged in defense of a potential, natural enemy and a brotherhood engaged in an interchange of ideas, social contact, companionship, and ultimately, friendship.” Rowe’s attachment to the Fenian cause was certainly solidified during the Civil War; it was no coincidence that he served under then Lieutenant and Fenian sympathizer William Cronan (1838-1910), of Burlington, Vermont.

On May 25, 1870, the 25-year-old Private Rowe was part of a company of Fenians representing Burlington, under the com-

mand of Captain William Cronan. Rowe would have witnessed his captain tipping his hat to the Fenian General, John O’Neill, commander of the Fenian army, and saying: “General I am proud that Vermont has the honour of leading this advance. Ireland may depend on us to do our duty.”

Like many of his comrades, Rowe was wearing a green woollen jacket when he passed the iron post marking the international border and crossed the bridge over the Chickabiddy Creek. “They came on four deep” and, as soon as the last column had passed the line, “crack, crack went the rifles” from the Missisquoi home guard (called “the Red Sashes”) and 14 soldiers from the 60th Missisquoi Battalion on Eccles Hill. At the first volley, Captain Cronan was injured and Private Rowe was killed by the home guard marksman James Pell (1825-1913) of



rule, he eagerly made his way to the Canadian border at Eccles Hill (Frelighsburg, Quebec) in the spring of 1870 to take up arms against the Crown. Like his fellow band-of-brothers, he believed that the capture of Canada would result in a free Ireland.

Rowe was born in Vermont in 1845. He served as a private in the 1st Vermont Infantry Regiment from Rutland, Vermont, which was mustered in May 1861. On June 10, 1861, the regiment saw action and defeat at the Battle of Big Bethel in Virginia before it was mustered out in August.

Following his service, Rowe became a member of a fire brigade in Burlington, Vermont, called the “Boxer Engine Company.” He also became involved in the Fenian Brotherhood. The two were not necessarily separate events. When the City of Burlington was incorporated in

Soldiers of the 52nd Brome or 60th Missisquoi Btn stand over the body of Fenian John Rowe. Photo courtesy of the Missisquoi Historical Society.

Dunham, Quebec, who fired his Ballard rifle directly at him. Rowe was positioned at the deepest point of the Fenian guard, as accounts state he was shot “after the last of the Fenians crossed the line.” His body lay on the road and across from the James and Phoebe Eccles house for the rest of the day.

The Fenians fled for cover and retreated back across the border, where they continued to shoot into Canada from American soil. They even fired their “2” rifle cannon three times; an obvious violation of the United States Neutrality Act of 1818. By the afternoon, the fighting had ended and Rowe’s body was repositioned on the road so that a photograph could be taken before he was buried. Evidence that he was posed for this photograph is demonstrated by the fact that he is not holding his United States Bridesburg rifle, but is instead lying across a Canadian militia Snider Enfield rifle, exactly like the guns held by the three militiamen in the photograph. His Bridesburg had already been retrieved as a souvenir by Phoebe Eccles who “came out of her dwelling, waved a white cloth, and walked down the road to where Rowe’s dead body lay, took the gun from the corpse and returned home with it.”

The death of Rowe was recorded in *The Pilot*, a newspaper with a pro-Fenian bias. According to its reporter, the body of John Rowe was treated with disgrace by the Canadian forces:

The Canadian Volunteers came down to the Line last evening, and took away the body of the dead soldier, John Rowe. They carried it up on the heights in triumph, threw the body, as it was, into a shallow hole amongst rocks, and piled a high heap of stones over it. They acted in a most unsoldierly and disgraceful way ... some amongst them pushing fire squibs and cartridges into his mouth, and driving them in with their rifle muzzles.

Likewise, in another issue of the same paper:



This morning... the corpse was dragged by the hair of the head to the hill... the body was buried, the remains being thrown into the grave without blanket or cover of any kind... A red-coated guard paced to-and-fro around the grave during the day...

A toned-down account was presented to the Vermont Historical Society in 1880 by Edward A. Sowles of St. Albans, Vermont. In Sowles’ report, Rowe was buried “under about two feet of soil, dressed, as he was, in his Fenian uniform, and with his pocket handkerchief spread across his face.” About his grave the Canadians piled “a cairn ...fearing doubtless that the spirit of this young man might take wings and bring forth ghosts, or his ashes, like those of Napoleon at St. Helena, might bring forth crops of soldiers and again revive the Fenian cause.”

Sowles also maintained that a Deputy Marshal crossed the line and asked Lieutenant Colonel W. Osborne Smith, Deputy Adjutant-General at Montreal, for permission to remove Rowe’s body. Smith replied that it would be “given up to the friends of the deceased, but that no Fenian should be permitted to cross over for it.” An undertaker from Vermont later exhumed the body and on June 2, 1870, the funerals of Rowe and fellow Fenian

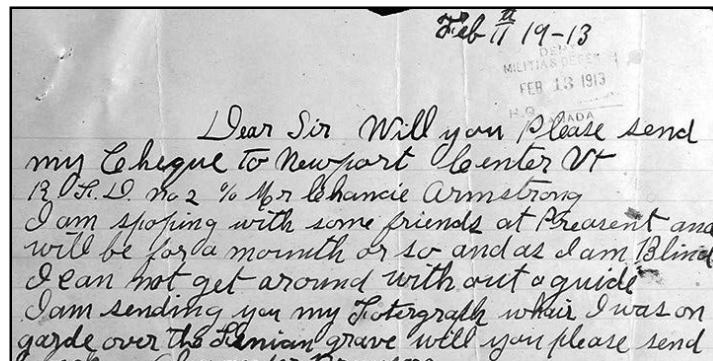
William O’Brien took place from St. Mary’s Cathedral in Burlington.

Canadian reports concerning John Rowe indicate that his body was not treated “with the indignities commonly reported.” His body lay on the road for the day, and “when darkness fell and the drama drew to a close, the militia retrieved Rowe’s body from the road and buried it by moonlight under a rock cairn on top of Eccles Hill.” According to Francis Waylaid Campbell, the Deputy Surgeon-General of the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry, “Rowe’s accoutrements and uniform were removed, and a grave dug into which the body was placed, and a cairn of stones erected to mark the spot.” He noted that “the burial was impressive, the shade of evening was fast gathering, as without prayer or ceremony, the deluded man found his grave in the soil on which he had forfeited his life.” This sounds dutiful enough, but what is missing from the Canadian observations is the time that was taken to pose with the body before it was removed to the temporary grave.

Rowe’s green jacket was presented to HRH Prince Arthur along with a certificate of authenticity signed by Dr. Hunt of the Rifle Brigade, and Campbell himself. The Prince, who was serving as an officer in the Rifle Brigade, kept the coat as a “trophy of his first active service.”

Private Alexander “Sandy” Bronson was the soldier who “paced to-and-fro around the grave” at Private Rowe’s cairn. Bronson was born in 1828 near Caldwell Manor (St. Georges de Clarenceville), Quebec. He was an illiterate day labourer of Loyalist lineage, a husband to Nancy Hopson (1830-1911) from Sutton, Quebec, and a father of seven children.

The Bronsons worked hard for their living in the Eastern Townships, raised their growing family and, on four occasions, grieved for a child who died. On April 6, 1870, at the age of 42, Bronson heard the call to arms and joined the 52nd Brome Volunteer Battalion, No. 6 Company. He was mustered out on June



Top: Private Alexander Bronson keeping watch over the grave of John Rowe, Eccles Hill, 1870. Photo courtesy of Jane Hopson.

Bottom: Letter from Alexander Bronson instructing officials on where to send his Fenian Raid Bounty payments, February 1913. Photo courtesy of Jane Hopson.

2, 1870, but not before his photograph was taken keeping watch over Private Rowe's grave. During the actual raid, Bronson was stationed with the 52nd Brome in Frelighsburg as a precautionary measure to protect the town. The 52nd arrived at Eccles Hill after the initial attack and when it was safe to leave the town unguarded.

While he appears in the Census records, and in the Nominal Rolls and Paylists for the Volunteer Militia of Canada until 1875, Private Bronson also appears in the Fenian Raids Bounty Applications. The applications were reserved for veterans who claimed compensation for having served during the Fenian Raids into Canada from 1866 to 1871. On May 14, 1912, a neighbour and a commanding officer named John A. Robinson of Sutton, declared under oath that Bronson served in the 52nd Brome Battalion between April and June of 1870 and was in the village of Frelighsburg and at Eccles Hill. The application indicates that he had already received his long-awaited Canada General Service medal. Bronson signed the application with an X and, to remove any doubt of his service, he attached a note to the application, perhaps written by Robinson, requesting that his compensation cheques be sent to Newport, Vermont, where he was residing. For added proof, he included his photograph standing guard over Rowe's grave.

In a document dated January 24, 1913, Bronson was again required to provide his testimony. By the time this document was submitted, he was blind and almost 85 years old and was still waiting for his military compensation for service rendered 43 years prior. Talk about red tape! He outlived the delays caused by government inefficiency and died on August 31, 1928, in Newport, Vermont, at the age of 99.

Photography changed the way society viewed war. It allowed families to have a keepsake of their fathers or sons as they headed into battle and it enhanced war's severe realities. Alexander Bronson kept his photograph as a memento of his service to Canada and the Crown. The photograph of John Rowe lying on a road in Canada leads to poignant reflection on the mission of the Fenians and what the invasions into Canada cost them.

Heather Darch is the former curator of the Missisquoi Museum and a heritage consultant working for the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network.

Thanks are extended to Fenian Raid military historian and historic weapons expert Ross Jones and to Jane Hopson (great grandniece of Alexander Bronson and Nancy Hopson Bronson) for always knowing who was in the photograph.

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OPEN TO SETTLEMENT

Rawdon Township, 1820

by Daniel B. Parkinson

When the “Waste Lands of the Crown” at Rawdon Township officially opened for settlement in 1820, newcomers were ready to make claims.

The availability of this territory north of the seigneurie of St. Sulpice had been public knowledge for years, but the bureaucracy at “Castle St. Lewis” (as the governor’s office in Quebec City was often designated) was slow and not well-coordinated. We know from surveyor Samuel Holland’s comments on his 1795 *Diagram of the Township of Rawdon* that portions had already been rewarded to Loyalist investors and speculators. “It might be expedient,” Holland wrote, “to lay down a rule that no further grant shall be made... until a return of the admeasurements... have been [registered with] ... the Surveyor’s General office.” Holland may well have been referring to the case of Captain William Dun-

bar, who in 1787 had petitioned for 3,000 acres of land situated “on the east side of the River l’Assomption, bounded on the north by the Seigneurie of La Valtrie, on the west by the Seigneurie of the Priests [St. Sulpice] and being opposite the Accadian [sic] settlement of Ruisseau Vaché [Ruisseau Cacher near St-Jacques de l’Achigan]” (LAC, C-2512, C-2523). This land was granted to Dunbar in 1789, by which time he was dead; letters patent for the grant were not issued until July 1899. Dunbar’s heirs, Ralph Henry Bruyeres and George Selby, petitioned for his estate at Rawdon; they claimed

4,200 acres, which included a portion of land reserved for Crown and Clergy, arguing that if any of it has been granted to others, they should receive land at Auckland Township in compensation. Bruyeres (c.1765-1814) was Captain of His Majesty’s Corps of Engineers; Selby (1760-1835) was a doctor, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh and chief surgeon of the Hopital Général de Montréal, who had served the colonial

wrote: “notwithstanding [that] the limits between L’Assumption & La Chenaye [sic] and Rawdon had been established by survey and clearly marked, the Seigneur of L’Assumption has considerably encroached upon the First Range of Rawdon where he has placed *Censitaires* [tenants] under Seigniorial Titles. The encroachments in question extending as well to the Crown & Clergy Reservations in that Range as to the Tract granted under Letters Patent to the Bruyeres [and Selby]” (LAC, C-2503). Possibly these settlers withdrew; they have not been identified to my knowledge. There is no evidence of settlers from that area on the 1825 Rawdon census.

Squatters, who were impatient, or ignorant of the bureaucracy, made their way into the township without the permission of an Order-in-Council. Starting in 1820, permits were

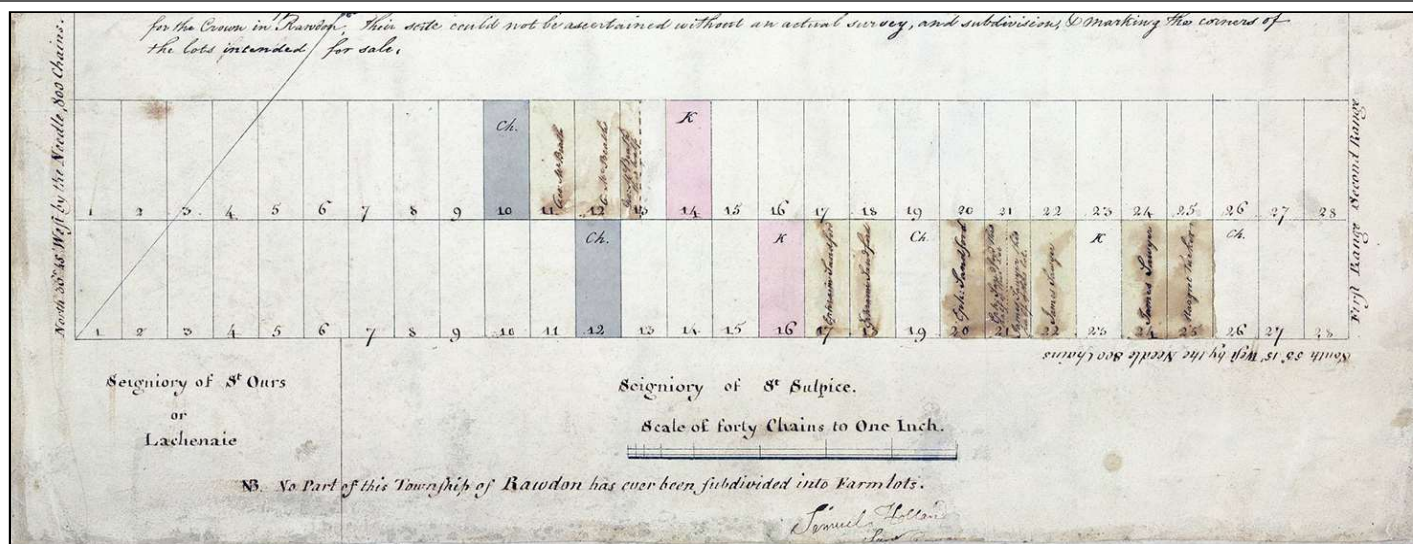
issued to a variety of mostly Irish immigrants. It appears that settlers were already on the First Range. One man, Joseph Dugas, an Acadian from Massachusetts, swore in his petition to the governor “that he was a resident of the Township of Rawdon in the year 1816 during one year previous to any other inhabitant in the Township within eight miles” (Parkinson, 201). The road he cleared to his land allowed access for others. He had arrived at St. Jacques de l’Achigan around 1810, and children were born there in 1812 and 1815.

Who were the followers who used



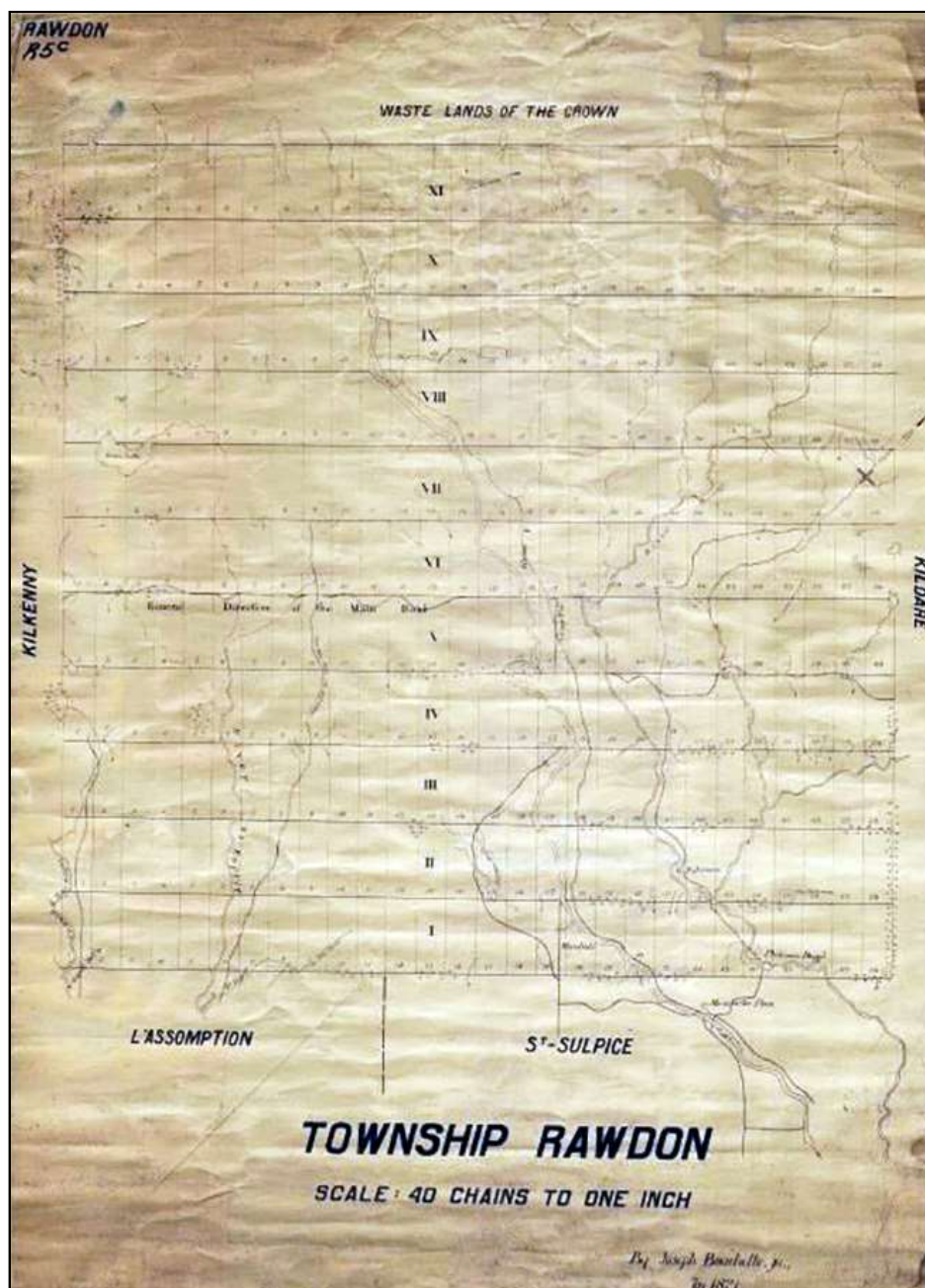
government as the Town Major of Quebec. It was only in 1805 that Bruyeres and Selby’s claim to the grant was confirmed. Their property included what would become Rawdon First Range, lots 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10 and 11 and Second Range, Lots 2, 4, 5, 6, 8 and 9, and would later become the Parish of St. Julienne.

An 1815 map by surveyor Joseph Bouchette shows the topography, the ranges and the lots, but no evidence of settlement. Bouchette’s map does not include the designations for Loyalist speculators that are on the map by Holland. In his 1824 Report, Bouchette



this road to reach the First Range? One was Joseph's brother, Philemon Dugas, who was to become one of Rawdon Township's leading citizens. Philemon was recorded on the enumeration as Firmain Dugas; although he and his wife, Martha (Patty) Edwards, were literate in English, and soon also in French, the parish priests were inconsistent in their spelling of French names and confused by Irish and English names, often translating them. Philemon and Patty, as English-speaking Protestants, made a lot of adjustments in their new life as immigrants from Massachusetts. The first was to accept the local Acadian, French-speaking, and Roman Catholic community as their own. In 1815, they baptized their three daughters at the parish church of St. Jacques-de-l'Achigan. Their other children were baptized there over the following years, as was Patty herself, in 1828.

Although he lived in St. Jacques de l'Achigan, Philemon Dugas had helped build a sawmill with Pierre Richard and Isaac Dugas at Lot 24 of the First Range in Rawdon. The other two men held the deed to the property, having purchased it from the heirs of James Sawers, who had been granted it in 1799. On March 9, 1818, in the office of St. Jacques notary Pierre Mercier, Philemon Dugas and Patty Edwards took ownership of the sawmill, with the right to add a grist mill, without the other partners having any claim to that operation – a privilege that had previously been guaranteed to “Sieur et Dame Richard.” Dr. Martin Strong Parker of St. Jacques appears to have been the guarantor, and he acquired the shares held by Pierre Richard and Isaac



Top: Samuel Holland, Diagram of the Township of Rawdon, c.1795. BAnQ E21, S555, SS1, SSS1, PR.5A.

Bottom: Joseph Bouchette, Township of Rawdon, 1821. uptorawdon.com/rawdon-1821.

Dugas in the timber that had been produced and was to be transported to Quebec by Philemon under a contract. Philemon later asked for a Crown grant, and on November 23, 1820, received a Ticket of Location for Lot 23, south of the First Range of Rawdon Township. Letters Patent followed.

There are a few names connected with Philemon Dugas, people who may have been with him at Rawdon before 1820. One is Zacharie Cloutier, who became his son-in-law in 1823. He was born and baptized at St-Joachim on November 23, 1791. Another is Pierre Routhier (in some documents named Rukie), who had children in the school at the Forks; he is recorded as Pierre Routier on the 1825 Rawdon census and used the same address as Cloutier.

The earliest map I have showing settlement at Rawdon is by Bouchette, dated 1821. "Marshals" is designated on portions of Lots 17 and 18 of the First Range. I believe this refers to Aron Foster Marshall and Moses Marshall, who appear on a petition, dated March 5, 1821, from twenty-nine "loyal British subjects who have immigrated at different periods" requesting land at Kilkenny or Rawdon (LAC, C-2534). (Curiously, Zach (or Zachire) Cloutie [sic] was named as one of these "loyal British subjects.") The lots marked 'Marshals' had been granted to Loyalist Ephraim Sandford in 1799, and later they were part of the holdings of John Jefferies and John C. Turner. The Marshalls may have had other land at Rawdon: in an 1827 letter to Mr. Cochrane, Civil Secretary, the Reverend James Edward Burton claimed to have purchased Lot 16 from Mr. Marshall, an American. Other names on the 1821 petition, who were granted land in Rawdon, are Thomas and Andrew Smart (tickets for 2/23 in 1823), Jonathan Mottashed junior & senior (granted 5/S13 and S14 in 1823), and William and Henry Phillips, who appear to have had tickets to lots on the 2nd, 4th and 5th ranges, and perhaps sold them to incoming settlers. William and Henry were sons of Seth Phillips, a

soldier under the command of Major Rogers in the Revolutionary War (LAC, C-2553).

Also indicated on Bouchette's 1821 map is "Manchester Place," comprising four buildings at St. Sulpice on the north



side of a road to the centre of the Township, beside the Ouareau River. This mill, operated by David Manchester, was owned by Roderick McKenzie, Seigneur of Terrebonne, where Manchester had lived since before 1807 and where his eldest five children were baptized; his youngest was born in 1818. We know David Manchester lived at St. Sulpice because it was recorded that in June 1824 he had resided "15 acres [sic] from the line of Rawdon" for ten years (LAC, C-2566). In 1824, Manchester settled in Rawdon, occupying lots 3/17 and 3/18.

The 1821 map shows a road running from "Manchester Place" almost directly to the mills of "Philémon Dugal" (Dugas) on the Red River, at Lots 23 and 24 South of the First Range, where three buildings are indicated on the south side of the river and on both sides of the road. "G. Robinson" is named at 2/21, and a portion of 2/25 is attributed to "Tho. Robinson." (George and Thomas Robinson were brothers, formerly of County Cavan, and were at Rawdon with families by 1820, supporting church and school; both received grants in 1823.) The road then goes straight north and wanders eastward to lot 6/26. This would have been the route that the Burns, Copping, Smiley, and Eveleigh families took to reach their Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Range locations. It must have been the route the

Brown and Petri families took going to the Seventh Range and other families took to get to concessions beyond that, such as Scroggie (Eighth Range) and Corcoran (Ninth).

The road beside the Ouareau River ran north to the proposed "village plot" at 5/17. Here, it connected with the "Main Road" to Kilkenny Township on the line between the Fifth and Sixth Ranges. The road follows the river and crosses it in the north half of 9/11 and terminates where the river divides in the Tenth Range, Lot 11. The Glebe, reserved as Church of England property, is marked at 6/16; it was of foremost importance to the Reverend J. E. Burton (LAC, C-2513) and was claimed by the Reverend Milton in 1834. The road is significant because it made the lots that it passed through, and those nearby, more attractive and increased their value.

Josiah Morgan, a native of New Hampshire, was the brother of Hannah Morgan, the first wife of Joseph Dugas. These Americans were not Loyalists, but had been lured north by the opportunity to acquire free land for farming. They were required to swear an oath of allegiance to the Crown. Morgan did not receive his Ticket of Location until 1826; perhaps he had not signed the oath before then. Morgan and Dugas, and many others, signed a Rawdon Settlers' Petition on June 21, 1824, complaining of "disappointments and serious inconvenience... from the want of an agent residing among them" (LAC, C-2535). Had Morgan, like Dugas, been a squatter and an early arriver? His fourth son later claimed to have been born in Vermont, in 1822; if this is true, it suggests that Josiah arrived in 1823. He signed the May 1824 petition requesting a teacher, and by August his eldest three sons were attending school (Royal Institution).

Historian Marcel Fournier identified Robert Rodger as an early United Empire Loyalist settler at Rawdon (Fournier, 35, n7). Rodger appears on the 1825 census, and in the Christ Church Anglican register, where he is listed as "Roger." He lived at Lot 16 of the First Range until after 1842; he had received his Ticket of

Location in 1823, after he arrived from Ireland. He was not a Loyalist. Fournier perhaps confused him with an elderly Loyalist couple Stephen and Elizabeth Rogers from d'Ailleboust, who apparently lived near George Copping in about 1840. Stephen Rogers was baptized at Kildare in 1842, at age 90; his father was named Robert Rogers.

Thirty families of settlers received lots in the months of May, July and August 1829, as a result of an Order-in-Council authorizing settlement at Rawdon. They were almost exclusively Irish Protestants. They are named on a list compiled by Joseph Bouchette on March 10, 1824 (LAC C-2515). Although too numerous to name here, they were the founders of the long-standing English-speaking community. It seems doubtful that any were at Rawdon before 1820; some, however, like David Petrie, had settled in Montreal some years earlier.

George McBeath, a fur trader with the North West Company, had asked for 3,000 acres but was granted only the 500 that are marked on Samuel Holland's 1795 *Diagram of the Township of Rawdon*. McBeath (c.1740-1812) was Scottish-born and an early member of the North West Company; in 1785, he was a founding member of Montreal's noted Beaver Club. He was a partner of Nicholas Montour, whose name appears on the club medal (see illustration).

Ephraim Sandford was rewarded for his services to the Crown with land in the first two ranges of the township. Sandford was a reduced Captain (1783) of the Queen's American Rangers. Among the memorials in the Lower Canada land papers is one, undated, stating that Sandford sent "Acadian Settlers" to Rawdon as soon as he had permission, but when they could not find the "butts and boundaries in the woods...they abandoned the enterprise and dispersed." His curators offered the Rawdon property for sale on February 1, 1807, describing it as "laying immediately alongside the Acadian settlement" (St. Sulpice?), where there was a "very good mill from which timber may be floated" to l'Assomption, six miles distant, and "the lots were accessible from l'Assomption by "excellent roads." Sandford had "at heart a desire to establish a real and permanent settlement

in Rawdon" (LAC, C-2560).

Sandford's son, Ephraim junior, married Ann Rea at Montreal in 1810. Ann was the eldest sister of Alexander Rea, who was a Loyalist from Prince Edward Island through his mother, Phoebe Fraser; Phoebe was a daughter of James Fraser of New Jersey. Alexander Rea was the first Crown agent at Rawdon, replaced in 1823 by Captain Guy Colclough after a "just cause of complaint" from the settlers," according to a report by surveyor Joseph Bouchette, dated December 20, 1824 (LAC, C-2503). There are many instances of Rea's mismanagement and callous, self-serving ways; not all Loyalists were the virtuous upstanding



refugees of Canadian folklore. Rea handed locations to family members, including one to his brother-in-law, Sandford, and one to his brother, William Fraser Rea; they did not perform their settlement duties and the locations lapsed. Another brother, Eliphalet Rea, appears to have been a legitimate settler for a few years around 1825.

Merchants and businessmen were quick to see Rawdon First Range as a place to invest in land. Several Montreal butchers were eager either to purchase or rent as a place to raise livestock. One of the first was John Jefferies, of St. Mary Street in Montreal's Quebec suburb. A Wiltshire man, Jefferies petitioned for land in 1821 and may have purchased lots from the estate of Ephraim Sandford. In a brief time, Jefferies amassed several hundred acres on the First and Second Ranges. He took an active interest in the community and its administration.

John Charles Turner, a Montreal

native, is listed as an inspector of beef and pork in the 1819 and 1820 Montreal City Directories. Turner and his eleven-year-old son Henry had been recommended for half lots in the Townships of Rawdon and Kildare in December 1820. This lengthy petition, containing several hundred names, was initiated by Alexander Rea on behalf of himself and other Loyalists from the Maritimes, as well as recent arrivals from England and Scotland. The petition included several men who were granted places at Rawdon: Hobs, Kirkwood, Melrose, and Torrance; it also included a request from Ephraim Sandford junior (LAC C-2556). Rea nabbed the job of Crown agent for himself.

The Turners lived on their Rawdon property, Lot 20 of the First Range, and added to their holding by purchase. In August 1830, John Charles Turner was offering four farms at Rawdon, with excellent buildings and a stock of cattle, for rent to "respectable tenants." Thomas Day was his agent in Montreal and future son-in-law (*Vindicator*). On the 1831 census, Henry Turner was listed as the proprietor of 1,500 acres, with 42 horned cattle, 8 horses, 48 sheep and 12 pigs. Four families used this address either as labourers or holding small plots of land (*Quebec Gazette*). The Turner property was scheduled for Sheriff's sale, February 7, 1832.

Thomas Day was a Montreal master butcher, and a nephew of John Jefferies, according to the register of Christ Church, Montreal, where he married Mary Ann Turner, the daughter of John Charles Turner, in 1828. Day signed a Settlers' Petition in 1824, and the Statistical Survey of that same year suggests he was at 2/19 S; this lot had been "passed over to Jefferies, who made principal improvements." Letters Patent were granted to Thomas Day in 1831. Although not named on the 1825 or 1831 censuses, the Rawdon property was apparently part of Day's business operations. In 1830, his address was Main Street, St. Lawrence Suburb, Montreal. From 1842 to 1847, Lovell's Directory placed Thomas Day at Stall One of the fifty-two butchers serving at the New Market.

Two grocers appearing on the 1820 petition were John Tiffin and John Torrance. Both had been in the Montreal

area for several years. They applied for, and invested in, Rawdon farmland in 1820 and 1821. Both had large families and were active in the township for many years.

The 1825 census is confusing, with many misspellings, but was certified as correct and signed by the enumerator, Philemon Dugas, "overseer for the township Rawdon" (there was no Crown agent at this date), and the report was filed with the Reverend J. E. Burton on October 20, 1825. The census contains 103 family heads; the majority were Irish, both Catholic and Protestant. Twenty surnames that were not on the subsequent 1831 census were either squatters or short-term settlers, who found the conditions too difficult, or who fell afoul of the bureaucracy and gave up trying to obtain Letters Patent.

The French-Canadian names on the 1825 census include:

Thomas Bro [sic], about whom there are no other records. He had a household of nine. However, Bouchette named the following men with permits on adjoining lots, on April 24, 1823: Augustin Breau at 3/8 east, Joseph Breau 3/8 west (he is on the 1831 census) and Paul Breau 4/8 east. That these men are connected to Thomas Bro is possible, but it has not been determined (LAC C-2515).

Francois Larivière, who had a family of eight, but was not counted on the 1831 census.

François Charlebois, with a family of six, according to the census; he received Letters Patent in 1836 for 7/S19, which was later sold to Andrew O'Rourke.

Jean Pierre [sic]. No last name was given, although Fournier identifies him as Daigle. He was named John D'Eagle on the 1831 census. He received Letters Patent in 1845 for 4 S/9. An Alexandre Daigle at 3/7 on an 1828 Settlers' Petition signed as 'Alexy Daigle' and is on 1831 census as Elix D Eagle.

It is not possible to say if any of these families entered the Township before 1820. There are a handful of other possibly French-Canadian names in various records who did not establish themselves as permanent residents.

Daniel Parkinson is the author of Up To Rawdon, the story of the early settlers of Rawdon Township, with an emphasis on family history.

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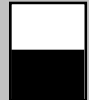
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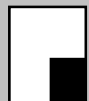
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HERITAGE LIVE 2022



LACHUTE, OR HOW BARRON LAKE GOT ITS NAME

by Joseph Graham

Lachute is at the centre of the early English-speaking settlements of the Laurentians, and many historic trails lead back to it. There is no mystery as to where its name came from, though. Both La Rivière du Nord and La Chute appeared on maps made during the French regime, prior to 1760, and the land was designated as a part of a seigneurie as early as 1682. All the same, the area where the town is today and some of its surroundings was once described as Lane's Purchase and was first officially called the Parish of St. Jerusalem.

Under the seigneurial system, the seigneur did not sell his property, but simply rented it, and then lived on the rental income. While the British did not immediately abolish the system, their policy of selling land did influence the management of the seigneuries, and sometimes parcels were sold. When Jedediah Lane visited his sister and brother-in-law on their property at Carillon in the 1790s, he saw a development opportunity, and decided to buy a stretch of the Ottawa riverfront for resale. So much of it had already been sold or leased, though, that he finally settled for a large parcel on either side of the North River around the falls, or La Chute, ideally located because rivers were the main corridors of transportation. Lane was from Jericho, Vermont, a town high in the Green Mountains and he marketed his land there, bringing settlers up from the United States.

Jericho was not a farming area. These mountain people were rugged, but they did not come for the rich fields that hid under the canopy of the old forests. They came for the trees, and they cut and burned the forest for a dozen years. Their primary revenue came from potash made from hardwood. To make potash, they burned maple and beech trees and



leached water through the dry ash. This resulted in a liquor that was evaporated in an iron pot until it crystallized. The crystals were composed of potassium hydroxide, or lye, which was shipped off down the river and sold to the highest bidder, and ultimately used in bleaching cloth. To produce enough lye to be marketable, a lot of trees had to be burned. The appetite for hard currency was the driving force that cleared the fields, and, while they grew some corn and potatoes for their own consumption, these early settlers did not have the skills to establish sustainable farms. Their techniques earned them money, but food was soon in such short supply that pork quadrupled in price over the ten-year period ending in 1811. In theory, settlers were supposed to create homesteads, groups of farms that would evolve into communities, but many of these early settlers were focussed solely on the cash that could be obtained from the ashes of the once majestic forests. They had no long-term plans and little understanding of Lower Canada. In 1807, Captain James Murray, the owner of the seigneurie of Argenteuil, was forced to sue the American residents of Lane's Purchase for his seigneurial dues, and in 1810, the remnants of the community collapsed under the weight of a famine.

When Thomas Barron arrived in Lachute in 1809, a lot of Americans were eager to sell their wood. By the time the War of 1812 began, those who

saw themselves as Americans were glad to take what they could get and leave. Those who stayed behind, who had successfully adapted to this new environment, would form the core of what became Lachute.

Barron, arriving in this period of rapid decline, saw only opportunity. When he first arrived in North America, he stayed with his uncle in Hawkesbury, and the earliest reports show him marrying Eliza Hastings, the sister of a successful Lachute resident. So it is safe to imagine that he could count on some local connections and backing. He encouraged others to come from Scotland and apply their Scottish agricultural techniques to the fields of stumps that the Americans had abandoned. There was a glut of such properties and so the prices were reasonable. The Scottish Lowlanders had developed modern farming techniques and strategies, inspired in part by Lord Kames, who for years had cajoled Scottish landlords to encourage experimentation and innovation in their farming practices. As a result, these farmers were well suited to the task of converting the fertile lands around Lachute into prosperous farms.

Barron did not 'found' Lachute but his family, originally from Morayshire in the Scottish Lowlands, was very influential in Lachute's early development. In *A History of Lachute*, G. R. Rigby wrote that "if Jedediah Lane was the founder of Lachute, Lieutenant

Colonel Thomas Barron was its first squire." A testament to Barron's influence is the fact that the land that he acquired eventually became the centre of the town of Lachute. Among other undertakings, he joined the militia during the War of 1812 and proved himself as a soldier, rising from major to lieutenant colonel. After the war, his influence increased and he became Justice of the Peace and eventually Crown Land Agent for the surrounding townships of Chatham, Wentworth, Gore, Morin and Howard.

Among those who followed Thomas Barron from Scotland was his brother John.

Thomas and Eliza were childless, but his brother had two sons; the first, also named Thomas, was born upon the family's arrival in Lachute. This namesake of the colonel followed in his uncle's footsteps, holding important positions in Lachute society and eventu-

ally rising to the post of mayor. He had 12 children and thus the clan of the Barrons of Lachute was established. In 1864, upon the death of Colonel Thomas Barron, the Scottish and Irish settlers of the region of Gore named Barron Lake in his honour, and many of the streets in



the core of Lachute were named in memory of his nephew and descendants. Thomas, Robert, Mary, Barron, Henry and Sydney Streets were all named in this manner and serve as a reminder of

this influential family.

Joseph Graham's new book, *Insatiable Hunger, reinterprets our historic understanding of the colonial period, here and in New England. It tells some of the stories that we were not taught in school.*

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REVIEWS

South-Central-West: Decline and Renewal

Deindustrializing Montreal: Entangled Histories of Race, Residence and Class

by Steven High

McGill-Queen's University Press, 2022

Steven High's *Deindustrializing Montreal* is the latest in the McGill-Queen's University Press series, Studies on the History of Quebec. High is a professor of History at Concordia University's Centre for Oral History and Digital Storytelling and has focused much of his career on the Montreal communities surrounding and adjacent to the Lachine Canal. These are primarily Point St. Charles and Little Burgundy-Griffintown, with some references to St. Henri, and two "disappeared" neighborhoods, St. Cunégonde and Victoriatown, also known as Goose Village.

We should mention that QAHN, and especially the *Quebec Heritage News (QHN)*, received special acknowledgement in the opening pages of this work. High's students collaborated in two important QAHN projects, resulting in two special issues of the *QHN* that featured their studies of Little Burgundy's Black Community and oral histories related to Point St. Charles. Dorothy Williams, a QAHN director and historian of Black Montreal, is often cited and much appreciated as a valuable source.

This is a big book in several ways. It is hard cover with 419 large pages, has copious and excellent illustrations – maps and photographs, both public (newspapers, archives), private (family collections), and recent (taken by the author and his students). There are very comprehensive chapter notes, an index and a massive bibliography. The writing style is accessible, even friendly, in tone and certainly not overly academic, although the scholarship underlying it is really impeccable. This book delves into the detailed histories of these districts that have been so often ignored. These were, and are, real neighborhoods where real people lived, worked and still, in spite of enormous changes, reside. However, much of the historic population has left, leading first to great population decline and then with redevelopment, an increase, but with a very changed demographic mix.

Deindustrialization is a new term, describing what happens when industry, in the broadest sense, leaves an area of a city, and then what happens when large factories, commercial waterways and social infrastructure (schools, churches, stores, community organizations) remain behind, serving a kind of remnant population in decline. We also see what happens with the greening and gentrification of such areas and the effects of subsequent development and the arrival of new types of residents.

Alternating chapters compare and contrast the histories and economic and social developments of Point St. Charles with Little Burgundy. With the latter, the main focus is on the Black community centered along St. Antoine Street and how its ultimate perception has been changed from an area of working class railway porters and their families, living close to the rail yards and stations, to a more recent emphasis on cultural history of jazz musicians and early music clubs. The not so palatable realities of racial discrimination in hiring have been downplayed by official heritage presenters (usually government related) to create this "tourist-friendly" version of the area. Blacks were not hired at the many factories located here, thus the concentration of Black men as railway porters – an idea of course originating in the United States. This was a kind of tacit apartheid that never would be tolerated today.

However, the working conditions in the many factories of Point St. Charles that hired mostly Irish and Francophone labourers were hardly better than this and many were much worse. Worker health and safety were never top considerations and wages not much above subsistence until the rise of labour unions, which at least demanded better conditions and much better remuneration. Again, with these improvements, the workers and their families could afford to live outside the Point



David Wallace Marvin, "Side wall of St. Anne's Church during demolition, 1970." McCord Museum MP-1978.186.1.2413.

and this contributed to the decline of the area's population.

It is very interesting to note that when redevelopment began in the 1980s and 90s, the Quebec government ruled that the developers, not the departing industrial companies, pay for the clean-up of the contaminated soil. These companies faded away, leaving their now empty, often gigantic, buildings to the elements and vandals.

The Lachine Canal has been preserved, cleaned up, and reborn as an attractive urban linear park with bike and walking paths and some recreational boating. The banks of the canal are lined with high-end condominiums, many of them having had former lives as industrial buildings. As much as this rebirth of

the area as an appealing place in a historic part of Montreal is positive in many ways, the original inhabitants were further pushed out from the canal edges by its redevelopment, as they could not afford to live in the new buildings.

Deindustrializing Montreal is an important history and an in-depth cultural analysis of the South Central West sector of Montreal. These areas are among the oldest settled areas outside Old Montreal (Ville Marie) and the sites of Montreal's industrial and commercial development.

-Reviewed by Sandra Stock

The War Behind the Plains

The Plains of Abraham: Battlefield 1759 and 1760

by H el ene Quimper, translated by Katherine Hastings

Baraka Books, 2022

National foundational myths are generally based on a simplistic version of actual history and can be manipulated in various directions over time to suit particular political outlooks and ambitions. In *The Plains of Abraham* by H el ene Quimper, we see part of Canada's "foundational story" presented clearly, in detail and inclusively in a way that has avoided all the traps of myth-making.

This extensive coverage of the Seven Years War in North America is well written and seamlessly translated from French by Katherine Hastings. The over 100 illustrations and maps greatly enhance this work and engage the reader perhaps more than the text itself.

The colonial competition between France and Britain for North American resources and for increasingly new agricultural lands was the main cause of this part of the war, although sniping among European powers had been going on for the almost 300 years since the first encounters with "new lands" (ignoring the fact that these lands already belonged to Indigenous peoples). France and Britain emerged as the dominant powers by the eighteenth century, at least in the North. This ultimate faceoff was inevitable.

Another main theme that emerges throughout the book is the difficulties caused by the lack of understanding of the North American climate, weather, geography, living conditions and especially military conditions. Fighting in the forests along the Ohio and St. Lawrence Rivers was totally different from the orderly battles fought on European terrain, which was generally flat, cleared land. The sizes and distances of North America were so much greater than those of Europe. The style of warfare had to adapt to this new reality and we learn that most European military strategists, French and English, had trouble adapting to this.

There is detailed information about the siege of Louisbourg, and about the campaigns of fort building and fort destroying from the Ohio Valley to  le aux Noix on the Richelieu River. We meet George Washington when he was a

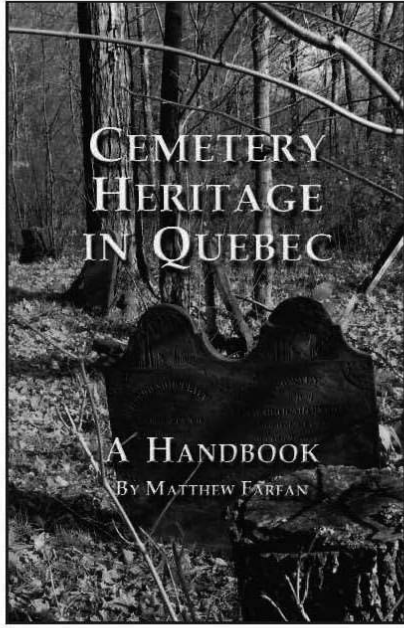


British general, along with many other important participants such as Vaudreuil, de Levis, and Monckton (sic), who are usually only mentioned briefly, in contrast to Wolfe and Montcalm – the "foundational myth" heroes of this drama. Questionable actions, such as the treatment of prisoners at the fall of Fort William Henry and the ongoing attacks on civilians and their property, are fully explained and not glossed over as in many standard history texts. The appalling destruction of the town of Quebec and the famine conditions suffered by both the inhabitants and the occupying British army are clearly illustrated.

The rather tricky problems that arose in the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries regarding what to do with the battlefield itself, and how we have continued to celebrate the Plains, are outlined at the conclusion of this history. This spectacular site, abutting the old stone walls of Quebec City, stretching along the high river bank, is now a bucolic park that hosts music festivals and family picnics – no more war.

For the wonderful maps alone (these cartographers of course didn't have access to aerial views!), this is an outstanding book about the origins and development of Canada.

-Reviewed by Sandra Stock



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