

D-DAY REMEMBERED: OKILL STUART ON THE BEACH

\$5

Quebec Heritage

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News



A Canadian Mystery

Timothy O'Hea and his monument

Who We Are

Introduction to the Quebec Family History Society

Honouring a Quebec Artist

The Christening of the Fredrick Coburn Bridge

Quebec Heritage News

EDITOR

ROD MACLEOD

PRODUCTION

DAN PINESE

PUBLISHER

THE QUEBEC ANGLOPHONE
HERITAGE NETWORK
400-257 QUEEN STREET
SHERBROOKE (LENNOXVILLE)
QUEBEC
J1M 1K7

PHONE

1-877-964-0409

(819) 564-9595

FAX

(819) 564-6872

CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR@QAHN.ORG

WEBSITE

WWW.QAHN.ORG

PRESIDENT

KEVIN O'DONNELL

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

DWANE WILKIN

HERITAGE PORTAL COORDINATOR

MATTHEW FARFAN

OFFICE MANAGER

KATHY TEASDALE

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Cover: Canadian soldiers disembarking and unloading their equipment on Juno Beach, 6 June 1944. Conseil Régional de Basse-Normandie, Archives Normandie, p004591

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Borderline Crazy

by Rod MacLeod

No, I haven't gone completely off the deep end since stepping down as the President of QAHN, but I have taken on two interesting "retirement" projects: (1) breaking a 30-year run as a non-actor, and (2) assuming the duties of editor of the Quebec Heritage News. I chose the accompanying photo because it reflects my recent alternate persona viz (1) above and because there is a tradition started by my predecessor Charles Bury of depicting me on this page in bizarre ways, including a shot of me sliding into view on a zipline and (my children's favourite) standing at a podium with my face half-hidden by a large carrot-shaped microphone. Perhaps my "King Gama" getup (they called me Sauron and Edward Scissorhead behind my back) tops these...?

At any rate, I am now putting pen to paper, figuratively speaking, wearing a different (ahem) hat than on past occasions. Let me take the opportunity now to thank the contributors to the current issue and hope you find their work of interest.

Matthew Farfan's book on the Vermont-Quebec border brings to mind a number of border-crossing stories, including several having to do with the infamous crossing at Stanstead, home of the Haskell Opera House. Every year, the Montreal West Operatic Society does a "road show" to Haskell, and it always involves a certain hassle at the border.

The situation has gotten predictably worse since 9/11. This year, despite much effort to avoid trouble, I got into hot water in more ways than one.

You need to know that the Haskell Opera House sits solidly on the border, a

ing a run-through in the afternoon, and performing at 7:30pm. Normally, we leave our cars on the Canadian side and enter the building through the stage door, but it's usually a good idea to check in at the official border crossing on the main drag 100 yards from the Opera House, just so the authorities know we are in town and not up to no good.

This year, horror stories had been circulating that patrols were out in force and that one's vehicle and even one's liberty were at risk if a false move were made, so we were all careful.

The set in place, and it being a long time since a very quick breakfast, I and our stage manager's boyfriend Anthony volunteered to get coffees and teas for them as wanted it. We took eight orders and climbed into Anthony's car which he

and Stephanie had parked in the lot beside the Opera House (ie on the American side) as they had camped the previous night in the USA. I directed him down Church Street and then left onto the (Canadian) main drag, Dufferin, which took us to a gas station near Highway 55.

There, we found a Van Houtte dispensary which also offered hot water and convenient 4-cup cardboard carriers. We had a moment's pause over whether or not to put the teabags immediately into the hot water; we decided to do so, figuring the 5 minutes it would take us to get back to base would allow the tea to steep nicely rather than let the water



monument to good neighbour relations – at least, so its creator intended back in 1903. Its front doors open onto Caswell Avenue, Derby Line, Vermont, but if you walk westward 20 yards around the corner you are on Church Street, Stanstead, Quebec.

The main parking lot on the east side of the building is in the USA and the stage door, accessible up a very steep fire escape, is in Canada. Inside the theatre a line is painted on the floor to indicate which side of the border you are on, but outside you can cross from one country to another without realizing it.

We all go down in convoy for the day, setting the stage in the morning, do-

cool off before the bags could be inserted.

5 minutes. Right.

We rolled back down Dufferin, me with the eight hot beverages on the floor between my feet and Anthony apologizing for the car's occasional clunks; he

blandly ask what I'm doing. In fact, I was hoping the hot drinks would speak for themselves as I was as jittery as if I'd already had a caffeine fix. Dealing with law enforcement types always takes me uncomfortably back to confronting my high school vice-principal.

I couldn't deliver.

"The officer told me I wouldn't need it," I declared, realizing with a sinking feeling just how dumb this sounded.

I got a beady-eyed stare.

"Now, what officer would that be who told you you could cross the border without ID?" He didn't add the "booy" but I heard it. Not only was I clearly lying, but I was impugning the sanity of one of their finest.

It was my very good luck at that point that the officer in question appeared.

The two conferred inside the booth for a few minutes. At length the guard leaned out his window again, nodding grudgingly. He advised us in future not to go "back into Canada" from the Opera House but rather to find supplies at one of the many convenient stores in Derby Line. (I, of course, hadn't actually left Canada, except for getting in and out of Anthony's car. Had I gone in my own car, which was parked on Church Street, and had I reparked there, presumably nothing would have happened.)

The guard handed Anthony back his passport and asked if he had any meat or fresh fruit with him. Anthony dutifully rummaged around in the back seat and produced two mangos which he handed over. The fact that he'd bought them in the USA the previous day didn't matter; he was crossing into the country now and couldn't import fresh fruit. We did not wait to see whether the guard made a meal of the mangos – along with the proverbial black-eyed peas and hominy grits – but did a U-turn on the main drag and headed back to Caswell Street.

On the way we passed two members of our group who were walking over to the border to check in. One of them had ordered a coffee, so we handed one of the lukewarm cups over. Whether he ended up having to surrender it at the border I never heard.

Back inside the Opera House we distributed the rest of the drinks (the teas quite well-steeped by this time) to a very worried company who had been wondering why it had taken us almost an hour to fetch coffee. Everyone was sympathetic and appropriately indignant, especially Stephanie who had done the actual first crossing into the USA with Anthony. Then she found out about the mangos, which apparently she had been



was not used to driving standard, this apparently being Stephanie's car.

We retraced our route to the bottom of Church Street, but continued past it so we could go up the next one, Lee, and make a right-hand turn into the Opera House parking lot. At the top of Lee Street, while Anthony was fumbling with the gears, I noticed a sign saying something to the effect that we were about to enter the United States and should proceed directly to the border crossing. We didn't, Anthony having already done so the previous day, and rolled into the parking lot.

As we did, I noticed a patrol car coming up Caswell Avenue, and by the time we were opening our doors it had pulled up behind us and two troopers were standing there with that look of unflappable scepticism that figures of authority are good at.

They asked us our business, even though I had made a show of dragging the coffee trays off the car's floor and placing them on the roof. It was not the time for a sarcastic remark such as I always make to my kids when they catch me up to my elbows in something and

These officers were actually very polite, but at moments like that one tends to hear a growl and a Southern accent: "Jest where yoo goin', booy?"

We explained our circumstances, Anthony describing having crossed into the USA the previous day. He said "we" – probably giving the impression he meant me rather than Stephanie. At any rate, the troopers seemed to buy it but insisted that we go directly to check in at the border.

Could we drop off the drinks first?

No, sorry.

So much for delivering hot coffee and moderately-steeped tea.

Could I get my passport which I'd left with my stuff inside?

The officer thought a moment and said it would be better just to go straight to the border.

"Crossing's not like it used to be a few years back," he reflected with something verging on a smile.

We got back in the car, repositioned the drinks on the floor, and drove the 100 yards to the lineup at the border. As we waited, warning bells began going off at the back of my mind. Sure enough, when it was our turn the guard in the booth asked for our passports and



looking forward to eating. Stephanie is diminutive, but...well, a stage manager. And a high school drama teacher. Most of us slunk away, leaving Anthony to his fate.

Border hassles. Now a part of our heritage.

Things were different 75 years ago when my father was a student at Stanstead College and reputedly made money on the side by smuggling beef into Canada. His buddy John had a contact in Vermont who would slip them chunks of meat in the course of a weekend jaunt which they would then bring back into Quebec, using the traditional method of getting illegal substances across the border: lying. So far as I heard, this operation never required secreting the beef under the seats of a borrowed car, or any other Checkpoint-Charlie-type manoeuvre. Once back in

the dorm they would use a hand-held meat grinder (which no boarding school student should be without) to produce patties which they would then grill on some sort of improvised hibachi and sell to fellow students for an outrageous profit.

A decade later, John, an intelligence officer, debriefed my father when he got back to England after his two-year stint as a POW in Germany. My father often cheerfully referred to himself as a “D-Day Dodger” – not, naturally, out of disrespect for the thousands who were engaged in battle in parts of the war other than the Normandy coast in early June 1944, but rather out of stunned admiration for those who landed and fought their way up those beaches. Many years ago I did go with my father (and our re-

spective spouses) to Normandy and explored the Canadian cemeteries there. The countless rows of small white markers, each with its distinctive bas-relief maple leaf, was a stirring sight and remains a sobering memory. At the time, I was about the age of most of the men when they’d died.

Okill Stuart was one of the ones that stormed those beaches and lived to tell the tale – and I am happy to have that tale told in this issue of the QHN. Even apart from his war record, Mr Stuart has an enviable resumé, and I was impressed to discover him among the guests at the launch for my book on the Quebec school boards a few years back. When we were introduced, he proceeded to cheerfully berate me for having referred to the “Fraser Highlanders” rather than the “78th Fraser Highlanders” as having formed one of the first Protestant communities in what had been New France. It goes without saying that I took the critique in stride.

Mr Stuart was at the launch on the suggestion of his friend and colleague Eardley Dowling, who chaired the foundation that had spearheaded our school board project. Another of the foundation members, Lise Cooper, had been active with Mr Stuart in establishing the Juno Beach Centre, which opened at Courseulles-sur-Mer on June 6th 2006 – the only Canadian museum in Normandy, as their website says. It certainly looks to be an appropriate commemoration of our role in the landing, and of those that ended their days on that coast.

That, of course, is another part of our heritage – a tiny corner of a Norman field that is forever Canada.



Photo above: Burtonpe
Photo left: Albert Campbell Collegiate Institute

Letters

Aunt Mae's antics

I read "True Confessions" by Kevin O'Donnell in the latest edition of Heritage Magazine [March-April issue] with a smile on my face. I too was there on September 21st, 1975 at St Dominic's closing ceremony.

As a long ago student at the school (1939-48), I had always kept in touch with Sister Francis of Alverno who was still teaching. She gathered a group of her former choir members. We sang at the closing event.

An amusing conversation I overheard: A lady (your aunt maybe?) said to Bourassa jokingly: "You used to deliver my paper every day. You had trouble speaking English then and you still seem to have trouble now." He just laughed.

It was a lovely September day – do you remember?

Although I attended school at St. Dominic's, we were never parishioners. I lived on Delormier near Ontario Street. I remember when I was about to start school my parents were trying to decide whether to send me to St.Mary's School down around Dorchester and Papineau or to St.D's. They decided on the latter because there was less traffic and less busy streets to cross. Thus I have many fond memories of the school and the "boys' side" as my three younger brothers also attended.

The first stage musical that I saw was HMS Pinafore. I was 8 yrs old and fell in love with Ralph Rackstraw. Circa 1940 I think.

I have many more stories about my school days that I have written down.

*Patricia Delaney (Bissonnette)
Montreal*

Kevin O'Donnell writes: "I'd like to point out that it was not my Aunt Mae who made the comment to Bourassa; she was living with one of her daughters in Ontario by that time. She was not an 'Anglo Flight refugee' but merely elderly. In fact, she died in 1977 – a couple of weeks before Bill 101 was announced, for whatever that symbolism might be worth. Also, laughter aside, I wonder what Bourassa thought about that comment about not being able to speak English – 'maudits anglais, ils ne comprennent rien' maybe?"

Editor's Note:

In our March-April 2009 issue we neglected to attribute the photos on pp.14-15. They were printed courtesy of Barbara Lavoie. The *QHN* apologizes for the omission.



*The Papineau house, Bonsecours Street, Montreal
[Photo: Jean Gagnon]*

More to the conspiracy

I just wanted to tell you that I was moved by Kevin O'Donnell's piece on Clayton Gray. Conspiracy in Canada was the first history book I owned. It was given to my parents by Gray's wife Ruth, inscribed by Clayton, when their daughter Judy spent a weekend with me at our country home in Alburg, Vermont, when we were in about Grade 4, c.1963. Judy and I were friends all through elementary school, but we went to different high schools and lost touch. The blockhouse museum on St Helen's Island was the family pride and joy and we were able to go there during its reconstruction and preparation for opening to the public. As a sidebar to your story, my father was the structural engineer who worked on the Papineau house for Eric MacLean. As you can see, my involvement in heritage goes back to before I even knew what it meant!

*Sheila Eskenazi
Ste Agathe*

TIMELINES

Rare round barn to receive protection

By-law to ensure repairs of Mansonville icon

by Matthew Farfan

The old round barn in Mansonville, built around the turn of the twentieth century, will soon be designated a historic site at the municipal level. The municipal council of the township of Pottou, where Mansonville is situated, adopted a by-law to this effect at their May meeting. A public meeting will take place before the by-law comes into effect.

The by-law read (in part): "The site of the barn occupies a strategic location at the heart of the village of Mansonville and actions will be forthcoming in terms of the improvement and development of this site to make it accessible to the general public."

Municipal citation confers a number of important benefits and responsibilities upon both the property owner and the municipality. In terms of protecting the building, the property owner will have to go through more scrutiny if and when he renovates or alters the barn. Permits will be given only if the work to be carried out is in keeping with the historic character of the building. Fines may be is-

sued in the case of non-compliance with the new municipal by-law, or if a building is allowed to fall into disrepair. Conversely, citation renders the property owner eligible for municipal and provincial funding and technical assistance in order to preserve the building. All municipal historic sites are added to a provincial registry.

The Pottou Heritage Association had recently been lobbying to have the round barn protected. Members of this group had even suggested that without immediate action, the barn could collapse, such is its state of disrepair. Hans Walser, president of the association, was pleased with these developments.

Matthew Farfan is the author of The Eastern Townships: In Town and Village (2006), The Eastern Townships: On Lake and River (2008) and The Vermont-Quebec Border: Life on the Line (2009 – See Review later in this issue.) He is the editor of QAHN's Heritage WebMagazines.



Photo: Matthew Farfan



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Rebuilding Danville's O'Hea monument

A Canadian Mystery

by Stephen McDougall

A 49-year-old stone monument dedicated to the memory of Irish soldier Timothy O'Hea, who put out a fierce fire on a munitions train at the Danville station in 1866, will be rebuilt by the town at a cost of \$1,200.

The town council authorized the spending at its May meeting. The decision was backed by Councillor Francine Girard, who said the monument must be in good shape when the town celebrates its 150th anniversary next year.

"We will have many visitors coming and we want this monument ready for them," she said. "O'Hea saved this town from disaster and we have to remember him and let others know how proud we are he committed his heroic act here."

The project is to be supervised by town volunteer Charles Giguere.

O'Hea came originally from Bantry, County Cork, Ireland and was a private in the British army when he was posted to Canada in 1866. In charge of several guards on a secret munitions train being driven through Danville at the time of the Fenian raids, the 20-year-old O'Hea discovered a fire on one of the cars that held

army ammunition and 95 barrels of gunpowder.

Realizing the fire could lead to a massive explosion that could kill local residents and 800 German immigrants locked in other cars on the train, he sprang into action.

Ignoring the pleas of fellow guards to abandon the train, O'Hea found a bucket, a short ladder and some water and proceeded to put out the fire. According to army records, he mounted the burning car 19 times in the space of an hour to feed water onto the flames.

For his gallant action, he was awarded the first British Victoria Cross ever given out during peacetime. The medal came with an annual special pension of 10 pounds, a small fortune at the time.

The monument was erected in front of the former town hall on Daniel Johnson Street in 1960, at the time of Danville's centennial celebrations and was financed by a donation from then-resident David Crockett.

But the O'Hea legacy did not end there. Four years ago, Vancouver author Elizabeth Reid raised the possibility that O'Hea died two years after his brave deed from tuberculosis, and that his younger brother John assumed his identity in order to keep on collect-



ing the pension.

According to historical record, Timothy O'Hea left the British army soon after receiving his medal and went to Australia to join their police force. He then volunteered for an expedition into that country's barren hinterland to find some lost explorers. He reportedly died of thirst in those hinterlands when his expedition got lost.



Reid argues, however, that Timothy was not the one who died of thirst, but rather his brother John.

Seamus O'Hea, a distant relative of the brothers in County Cork, has vowed to find out the real story.

"I would like to see if there is a DNA match between the remains of the two O'Heas," he said in an e.mail to the author. "Then I would see if the handwriting of the two brothers, which is stored in English and Australian archives, tells me anything."

Stephen McDougall is a writer for The Sherbrooke Record.



Photos far left and left: Jean-Philippe Boulet
Photo above: Neil Hutton

Danville calling on all its former residents to celebrate its 150th anniversary

The town of Danville is calling on all its former residents to help celebrate its upcoming 150th anniversary in 2010.

Anyone who ever lived in Danville is asked to send in stories and lend us photos about their time here. They are also being asked to consider visiting their old homestead next summer when the bulk of the celebrations will take place.

"We are an historic town and that history was made by the thousands of residents who lived here," said Everett Taylor, head of the anniversary committee set up earlier this year to plan the celebrations.

"We need to hear from people who grew up here and who want to relive their youth with stories and photographs and maybe a visit. We're sure we can make this a great welcome back for you because we want this to be the greatest celebration we have ever had. The more that come back, the greater the celebration."

Danville was incorporated in 1860, having adopted its name from pioneer settlers who came here from the town of Danville, Vermont in the early 1800s. Some famous people who came from the Danville area include the famed Hollywood producer Mac Sennett and the Johnson family, which provided Quebec with three Premiers, Daniel and sons Pierre-Marc and Daniel Jr. Danville native Yvon Vallieres has represented our municipality in the Quebec legislature for the past 30 years and is presently the assembly's oldest member and its speaker.

The main event for the celebrations will take place on the Canada Day weekend, 2010 with parades, exhibitions, concerts and dinner-dances.

For more information, contact Celine Lambert at 819-839-1414.

The O'Hea monument stands in front of the former Danville town hall and will be rebuilt for \$1,200 by the town. The Cement holding the stones of the O'Hea monument together are crumbling and need to be redone, says Danville volunteer Charles Giguere.

Saving the Ste Agathe railroad station...again

Difficult decisions for local heritage

by Joseph Graham

On the evening of October 14, 2008, the day we were all preoccupied with the federal election, kids playing with matches set fire to the Ste Agathe railroad station.

In 1995, the federal government recognized two heritage railroad stations in the Laurentians, lending the Ste Agathe and St Jerome stations a certain level of protection and notoriety. It was during this same period that a volunteer bee of some eighty people in Ste Agathe gave up three successive weekends to redo the roof. Aided by professional contractors, who also gave freely of their time, and the local RONA store, which gave materials at cost, the station was secured from the weather. The town, once saved from disappearing by the arrival of the railroad, had rescued this vital link to its past. Today, we are asked to do it again.

Reaching Ste Agathe in 1892, the railroad was a lifeline thrown out to a threatened pioneer hamlet. A remote mountain village faced with a rapidly declining population after years of failed harvests, Ste Agathe suddenly became a destination, a place to visit.

Through the following decade, inns were expanded, health centres were developed and Montrealers bought farms, building summer residences on the shorelines of the many surrounding lakes. To complement its newfound importance, Canadian Pacific Railway graced the town with a beautiful new station in 1902. Built originally where Préfontaine and Demontigny Streets meet, it was subsequently moved to its current site. That station, with its rotunda, its simple lines and striking cedar shake roof, was the gateway to Ste Agathe during its Golden Age, from 1902 to 1913.

The two-storey 1913 extension, stretching the building north, was not a part of the original architect's conception but was essential to accommodate the enormous number of passengers and goods.

Today, one of the obstacles to salvaging the building that burnt last fall has been dealing with the volume of the building, especially given the much lighter traffic on the linear park compared to the heyday of the train. Architects working for the city have shown that the authentic 1902 building can be more easily restored if the 1913 extension is not included. The Heritage Committee has examined this option and



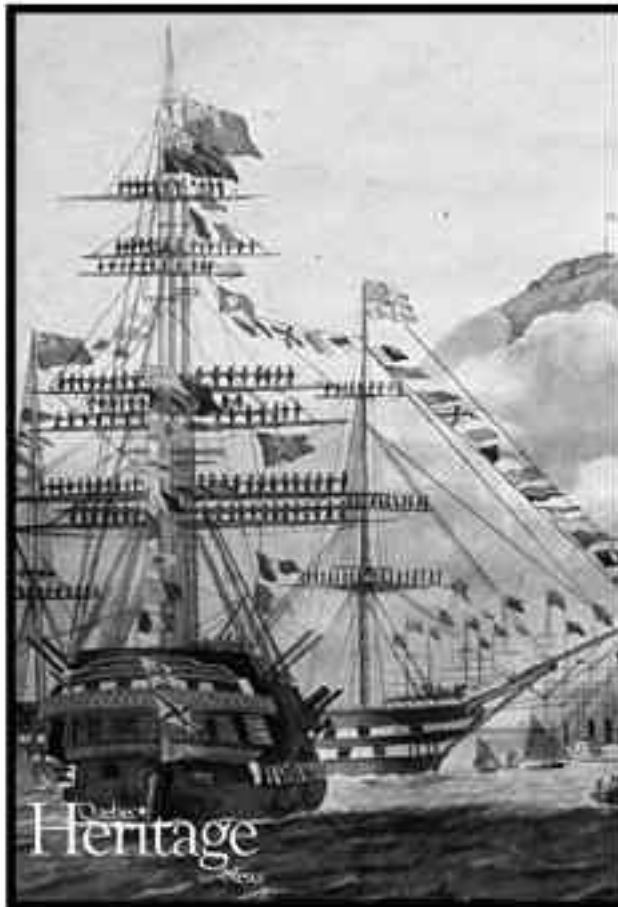


has strongly endorsed it. Not only is it more suited to our needs, but from an aesthetic and historic point of view, it is a more important building, and it exists in the remnants of what we see today. The rotunda and the rectangular structure, on one floor instead of two, was the original architect's vision.

Even so, this building will not be salvaged without public support. The Heritage Committee, the small group of volunteers that organized the construction bee in the 1990s, has found the municipal council to

be a cooperative partner with a real interest in saving this historic building. These volunteers will no doubt be busy going forward, working to see the salvaged building become a genuine historic restoration and have strongly encouraged the Town to restore the 1902 station seen in the picture accompanying this article.

Joseph Graham (joseph@doncaster.ca) is the author of Naming the Laurentians (2005) and a frequent contributor to Quebec Heritage News.



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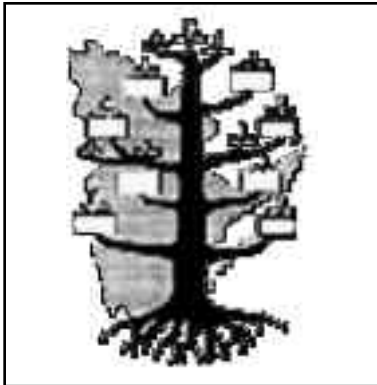
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THE QUEBEC FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY

Quebec's Anglophone genealogy society

Part I: Who we are

by Robert Dunn



This is first in a series of articles about tracing your ancestors and learning about the world they lived in. Finding the answers to who your ancestors were, where they lived and worked, where they came from and when they arrived in Canada requires excellent resources. The Quebec Family History Society (QFHS) has outstanding resources for researching all these questions in its Heritage Centre.

The value of genealogy societies such as QFHS is not only getting expert help but also in fostering essential networking among an active group of researchers. Researching your roots in Canada, the USA, England, Scotland, Ireland, France or elsewhere can be made easier by learning from our genealogy experts. Need help finding information about ancestors in the military in Canada, the UK or in either world wars? Our experts can help. Do you have native Canadians in your ancestry? We have specialists in this area.

The internet is now one of the most powerful tools used by genealogists. The amount of information available is increasing at a phenomenal rate. Finding your way around has become increasingly complex. QFHS provides a series of

all-day seminars on specific topics by experts that help researchers focus in on quality and trustworthy websites. For example two seminars have recently been held, one on researching Irish roots and another on Scottish roots.

QFHS also has monthly free public lectures given by invited guests. For example, a recent talk was given by Gordon Morley, the principal driving force responsible for the Mount Hermon Cemetery project in Quebec City. We also hold "Meet the Experts" panels where any and all questions on genealogy research are answered. These lectures provide an environment for the exchange of ideas in an informal setting.

Our QFHS Heritage Centre has over 8,000 books in its library, a large collection of microfilms and microfiche, a



book store, and internet access to many subscription websites. For example we have four computers that have access to the deluxe edition of Ancestry.

A large number of databases are available on Ancestry.ca and finding your way around can be very time consuming. Similarly, you may require help with websites such as Library and Archives Canada, Quebec National Archives, National Archives (UK) and many others. Which ones to use at our library, which to pay a subscription for and which ones to investigate in depth

are all questions QFHS can answer.

Our members keep informed about QFHS activities both through our website www.qfhs.ca and through our publication Connections. Contained in each issue of Connections are several articles of interest about people and places, as well as a section called "Computree" which lists new and interesting websites.

QFHS will be presenting an international genealogy conference, "Roots2010," which will take place in downtown Montreal in June 2010. This three day conference will present a large line up of well-known speakers.

Our QFHS website is where members can access our databases of Quebec births, marriages, deaths, cemetery headstones, Quebec land grants, seigniority tenets and various census records.

There are currently over a million records available online and more are being added daily.

Our goals are to provide genealogists with all the information they require for researching ancestors, regardless of where their roots may be.

Come and see us or visit our website. Guests are always welcome

Robert Dunn is an active member of the Quebec Family History Society, manages the QFHS bookstore, has written or co-authored several church repertoires and is part of the team working to make all QFHS databases available on the QFHS website.

*Quebec Family History Society
173 Cartier Avenue
Pointe Claire, Quebec
www.qfhs.ca
514-695-1502
email: admin@qfhs.ca*

NEW BOOK



The Vermont-Quebec Border: Life on the Line

 by Matthew Farfan

 Arcadia Publishing, 2009

“From Ottawa or Washington this international community is something that can not possibly exist officially. But it does still exist at the community and personal level. Our fire departments [...] stand ready at all times to assist one another. Our churches and service clubs see no border when someone is in need. We all have friends and relatives on both sides of the border and few of us ever think of the other as a Vermonter or a Quebecer. This is as it should be, and how it can be if we can keep the bureaucrats out of our lives.”

—Lloyd Bliss, Editor, *The Stanstead Journal*, 1977.

So begins the preface to chapter 1 of a new book by Matthew Farfan. The title of the book is *The Vermont-Quebec Border: Life on the Line*, Arcadia Publishing’s latest release in its popular “Images of America” series. Introduced in 1993, this series spotlights the history of local communities all across the United States. Each book in the series contains over 200 rare early photographs, many of them never before published. These images, and the texts that accompany them, bring to life the places and events described in each volume.

The Vermont-Quebec Border: Life on the Line is a visual record of life in the villages, towns, and countryside in a unique part of the world – the region that spans the imaginary line separating Quebec from Vermont. Never before has a book in this series been devoted specifically to the international border.

The Vermont-Quebec Border: Life on the Line is timely. In recent years, issues relating to the border have been thrust to the forefront as never before. This is due not only to growing security concerns but also to an increasing scrutiny in the media of border issues and of how heightened security is impacting life in communities all along the border. The border has played an important role in the history and the everyday lives of people living along its length – in communities in both Vermont and Quebec, and it will undoubtedly continue to shape these communities in the years to come.

The Vermont-Quebec Border: Life on the Line in-

cludes rare images from both northern Vermont and the Eastern Townships of Quebec. Many of the photographs in this book are taken directly on the border, with a view of both sides of the line. The author offers insights on a range of issues, including customs and immigration, security, smuggling, dual citizenship, cross-border trade, international friendship and cooperation, and much more. The book also features excerpts from interviews with longtime border residents and other figures connected with this part of the world.

While the focus of the book is on the past, clearly there is a message here: modern security concerns should not be allowed to destroy the unique international community that has evolved along this 145-km (90-mile) stretch of the Canada-U.S. border. Or, as the Derby Line-Stanstead Joint Municipal Committee on Border Issues stated in 2007 (as quoted in the introduction to the book): “We are proud of the spirit that exists here on the border, and we do not accept to be penalized for a simple accident of geography which, for us, is all that the border really is.”

Matthew Farfan is a writer, editor, translator, heritage consultant, and collector of early photographs. He is the author of several books, including *The Eastern Townships: In Town and Village* (2006) and *The Eastern Townships: On Lake and River* (2008). He lives – not far from the Vermont border – in Stanstead, Quebec.

The Vermont-Quebec Border: Life on the Line (128 pages; softcover) is available at bookstores and other retailers across northern Vermont. Signed copies are available directly from the author at: Matthew Farfan, P.O. Box 594, Derby Line, Vermont, 05830. The book sells for \$21.99 U.S., plus \$5.00 shipping to anywhere in the U.S., for a total of \$26.99. In Canada, please mail payment to: Matthew Farfan, 531 Dufferin, Stanstead, Quebec, J0B 3E0. The total in Canadian funds is: \$27.00, plus shipping (\$11.00 to Quebec or Ontario; \$14.00 to Western Canada; and \$15.50 to Atlantic Canada). For more information, call (819) 876-5047, or email: mf@qahn.org.

THE FREDERICK COBURN BRIDGE

Honouring a Quebec artist

by Nick Fonda

When I received the invitation to a bridge christening (an event I'd never before attended), I asked if a bottle of champagne would be involved, as when passenger liners are launched.

Teri Coburn, who had extended the invitation, laughed, "If there is a bottle of champagne, I certainly won't break it!"

According to the Annals of Richmond County, May 24, 1903 was the last time there was a bridge christening along this stretch of the St. Francis River. There was no champagne that day either. On that occasion a bottle of "clear sparkling water" was broken "in full consistency with the temperance sentiment of the majority concerned in the ceremony." As recounted in the Annals, the major figures of the ceremony were "the wives of the mayors of the three municipalities (Richmond, Melbourne and Brompton-Gore), Mesdames Hayes, Ewing and Weed," who cut the symbolic ribbon to open the bridge.

The Annals describes the event in 1903 as "an all-day celebration at which cabinet ministers were present. There was a parade, a luncheon, speeches, culminating finally with a banquet and a concert." The bridge was named "in honour of the honourable member, Mr. P.S.G. MacKen-

zie, who has done so much to bring about its construction." MacKenzie, a graduate of St. Francis College who went on to become a lawyer and politician, had evidently been instrumental in obtaining a grant of \$15,000 towards the completion of the bridge,

re-opened, it was as a toll bridge and it served the community for over three decades before being condemned and eventually demolished by dynamite.

In 1882 a steel bridge, erected at a cost of \$45,000, came into operation. It too was a toll bridge and, like its

predecessor, suffered at the hands of Mother Nature. In 1889, two of the bridge's five spans were "taken out by ice on the Melbourne side." Then in 1901, "the whole bridge was carried down the river by the ice. Again the people of Richmond and Melbourne resorted to a ferry in order to communicate."

None of the sceptics at the inauguration of the MacKenzie Bridge lived long enough to say, I

told you so. The structure operated as a toll bridge for the first ten years until 1913, when the citizens of Richmond and Melbourne had another fete to celebrate "freeing the bridge." After World War I, it accommodated the transition from horse drawn wagons to tin Lizzies and later high horsepower cars. At some point, a sidewalk was added to allow pedestrians to cross without worrying about horses and cars. The steel bridge weathered floods and ice jams, but by the time the baby boomers started driving their parents' Fords and Chevies, it was clear that traffic had changed dramatically and increased radically. Traffic no longer meant what it had when Dominion Engineering had riveted the



the total cost of which was \$51,000.

It's easy to imagine that there were at least a few sceptics in the crowd that day, back in 1903, who looked askance at the new bridge and predicted an early demise for it. Up to that time, bridges were prone to mishaps and were short lived.

The first bridge built across the St. Francis River was erected in Sherbrooke in 1846. The following year, a bridge was erected spanning the river from Melbourne to Richmond. It was a wooden structure and crossed the river about a mile upstream from the emplacement of the 1903 bridge. In 1848, still new, it suffered severe damage during spring flooding and had to undergo major repairs. When it

steel structure together at the beginning of the century.

A new bridge was clearly needed to accommodate the three secondary highways—the 116, 143 and 243—that converged in Richmond to cross the river.

The structure that went up and opened for traffic on August 17, 1964, was constructed by Quebec Engineering Limited. According to Hélène Beauchesne, spokesperson for the Ministère des transports du Québec, the estimated cost of construction was \$393 964. Yet, the *Annals*, published in 1966, cites the cost of the new bridge as \$1 019 879.

Cost over-runs would not be new. Both the first wooden bridge and the first steel bridge turned out to be more expensive than projected. “We do know that when the blasting was done to prepare the footings for the bridge, they ran into problems,” said the MTQ spokesperson. “We also know that the bridge required 2.5 million pounds of steel to support the cement structure. The bridge is 337 meters long, the roadway 10.3 meters wide with another 3.9 meters of width to accommodate two sidewalks. One of these is open to snowmobile traffic in the winter. The bridge was refurbished in 2007-08 at a cost of \$4.4 million.”

The decision to christen the new bridge, 45 years after it was built, followed a somewhat circuitous route which began in the Windsor offices of the cultural agent of the Centre local du développement économique de la MRC du Val St-François, Annie Vincent.

“Next year,” said Mme Vincent, “will be the 50th anniversary of the death of Frederick Coburn, one of the country’s major artists. We approached the Town of Richmond with the idea of doing something to honour him. We also wanted to do something that would acknowledge our own heritage and allow us to take pride in it.”

The request to name the bridge went from the Town to the Commission du toponymie du Québec and eventually to the MTQ which had the appropriate signs made.

There were other names suggested for the bridge, including that of John

Hayes, a medical doctor who served on several occasions as mayor of Richmond and who wrote extensively about the area.

In an age when name recognition is considered of primary importance, and in the context of an area seeking to make its cultural heritage a key component in the attraction of tourists, Coburn’s name was clearly the best choice.

In art circles, especially in Quebec, Frederick Simpson Coburn needs no introduction. When Sherbrooke’s Musée des Beaux Arts opened a decade ago, it was with a Coburn exhibition, a part of which remains on permanent display.

Coburn died in 1960 no more than a few hundred yards from the house in which he’d been born, in 1871, in what was then the village of Upper Melbourne. When Coburn was ten, a local bank manager bought one of his sketches for the equivalent of a week’s wages. After graduation Coburn studied art in New York and then Berlin and London. He married a Belgian painter, Malvina Scheepers and the two spent time in both Europe and Canada until her death in 1933, after which Coburn remained in Canada, sharing his time between Montreal and Melbourne. He became well-known during his lifetime, first for his illustrations and then for his paintings, in particular winter scenes featuring horses.

“I think it’s particularly significant that his name was given to a bridge,” said Teri Coburn, the painter’s great-niece. “In his life he bridged cultures, languages, continents and art forms.”

Coburn was English-speaking but married a Belgian woman. Later in life he mixed and mingled with writers, artists, musicians and dancers in Montreal’s multilingual and multicultural cauldron. At a time when few people did so, he travelled extensively. He was a painter but also experimented successfully with etching and photography. Even in his painting style you can see elements that reflect both realism and impressionism. He was a man of his time, but he was also

avant garde in many ways.

The morning of the christening of the New Bridge, May 21, 2009, dawned bright and sunny. The air was cool but held the promise of warmth. The sky was dotted with just enough cumulus clouds to be considered Coburnesque. The west wind, especially on the bridge, was warm but often gusty.

Quite punctually, at 9:00, some twenty people—more than half of whom were carrying cameras—arrived, shook hands, exchanged pecks on the cheek, chatted amiably on the east bank of the bridge. Then, Mario Mayette, who had organized the ceremony, quietly nodded at Marc-André Martel, the mayor of Richmond.

After two decades in office, and four practicing law, Mr. Martel’s oratorical skills were up to the task of overcoming the noise of both the wind and the passing traffic. He spoke briefly, and with humour. Gilles Bourque, the Chef de service inventaires et plans for the Estrie office of the Ministère des transports, unlike Mr. Martel, wasn’t quite able to compete with the wind the traffic. Annie Vincent spoke next and was followed by Teri Coburn, the only of the speakers to address the small crowd in both of Canada’s official languages.

Accompanied by the mayor, she then proceeded to remove the white placard hiding the new sign that proclaims Pont Frederick Coburn/Rivière St-François. For a moment the wind threatened to turn the placard into a kite, but gravity eventually pulled it to the ground. A dozen cameras clicked furiously for a few minutes, and then the ceremony was over.

The contrast between the inauguration of 2009 and 1903 was as great as the contrast between the two bridges involved. Indeed, the absence of champagne was about the only thing the two christenings had in common

More information on the life and work of Melbourne’s best-known artist is available in the book F.S.Coburn: Beyond the Landscape, written by his niece (by marriage), Evelyn Lloyd Coburn. Nick Fonda is the current president of the Richmond County Historical Society.

THE IRISH PATRIOTS

A non-nationalist view of the rebellions

by Stephen McDougall

As a follow-up to the recent QHN series by Marjorie A Fitzpatrick on the role of Edmund Bailey O'Callaghan in the 1837-38 rebellions, we present the following article adapted from a story which originally appeared in The Record newspaper, based on an interview with Marianna O'Gallagher.

Quebec media and historians are doing a disservice to Irish residents of the province by ignoring their role in the 1837 rebellion that helped bring about responsible government in Canada, according to noted historian and author Marianna O'Gallagher.

"They have created a distorted history of the rebellion because they see it as only an English vs. French conflict and a struggle for separation, which it was not," she declared. "It was a struggle for reform and democracy and several Irish Quebecers played a key role in it, despite what most Quebecers today have been told."

In a recent speech at the Eastern Townships Canadian Club, O'Gallagher listed many Irish names and communities that had been in Lower Canada since before the start of the 19th century. These people had come to Quebec long before the rebellion and the potato famine of the mid-1840s, which brought a large wave of Irish immigrants to the province.

"Many came to Lower Canada because of the

failure of the rebellion in Ireland against English dominance of the 1790s," she said. "By 1832, there were over 8,000 Irish immigrants in Quebec City alone. They also established smaller towns such as Stoneham, Tewkesbury, St Malachie and Shannon nearby. Many more went to Montreal to find jobs in the construction and transport trades."

She admitted most Irish were more concerned with finding work and farmland than taking up arms against the state when western Quebec landowner Louis Joseph Papineau called for a popular rebellion.

Papineau made his move after years of advocating political reforms as leader of the Lower Canada assembly, the colony's legislative body whose decisions were often ignored by the all-powerful governor's council.

When a protest march in Montreal turned violent, Papineau and several other leaders, including a Paris-trained Irish doctor and two English brothers, took up arms.

"They called themselves Patriots, but they had no intention of making Lower Canada a country; they only wanted a fairer system," she said. "But today, the Patriot movement has been taken over by Quebec nationalists and portrayed as a struggle for independence. There is no mention of Irish or English names in their recounting of the event. That is a total distortion of history.

"At the time of the rebellion, Irish Catholics were not allowed to hold office and women, despite some being land-owners, could not vote, and the



elected assembly had little or no powers. It was not just the French-Canadians who were being oppressed. It was most residents other than the friends of the governor.”

The rebellion, which saw several major battles between the Patriot militia and British soldiers, ended in failure late in 1837 at the battle of St Eustache. A resumption of the cause the following year was also put down by British troops. Several militia leaders were hanged, some imprisoned and others expelled to a penal colony in Australia.

One of the key Irish players in the rebellion in Quebec was Dr Edmund Bailey O’Callaghan, a Paris-trained medical doctor who advocated political reforms in a Montreal newspaper called the *Vindicator*. He had come to Montreal from Quebec City after a colleague, fellow reformer Dr Daniel Tracey, died after treating immigrants suffering from the cholera epidemic.

“O’Callaghan became an important leader of the rebellion and an ally to Papineau because he printed Louis-Joseph’s speeches as well as those of Irish rebel leader Daniel O’Connell in his paper,” O’Gallagher said. “He also advocated resistance to English trade in the colonies. He was often seen wearing a red tuque that encouraged the idea of the *Les Etoffes*, the buying of local products rather than English goods as a means of resisting the state of government at that time. He would often wear the toque when he was telling Irish labourers not to unload English goods from the ships in the Montreal ports.”

O’Gallagher also listed the names of several Irish and English men who were arrested by the governor for their work in the rebellion.

“Men such as Michael Green, Michael Connolly, Michael Quigley and John Tead and the Nelson brothers were all imprisoned for their rebellion involvement, then set free by a French Canadian judge on the grounds of habeus corpus, the right not to be imprisoned without charge that the British legal system did not recognize at the time.”

O’Gallagher admits most of the Irish population

THE CANADA PATRIOTS.

A Public Meeting of the Citizens of Washington friendly to the cause of Civil and Religious Liberty in Canada, will be held in CARUS'S SALOON, this evening, at half-past six o'clock, to express sympathy towards a cruelly oppressed people on our Northern Frontier, struggling for Independence and Liberal Political Institutions.

Dr. Theller, a Prisoner who recently effected his escape, under circumstances of unexampled peril, from the Castle of Quebec, and Mr. Mackenzie, from Upper Canada, will attend the Meeting.

Washington, Tuesday, Nov. 20, 1838.

did not take part in the rebellion because of the violence and because of the Catholic church’s strong opposition to it. She recounts that O’Callaghan, when he joined the rebellion, was denounced by elders from the same St Patrick’s church in Quebec City that he had helped establish before coming to Montreal.

She said the majority of the violent confrontations occurred in the Montreal area because Quebec City was then full of British soldiers guarding the governor.

“Though there was much sympathy for the rebellion amongst the Irish, they could not do much because Quebec City was a garrison town,” she said.

“Most of the Irish rebel participants came from Montreal. They paid the price because if they were not imprisoned and banished from their church, they were exiled. Doctor O’Callaghan had to live in the United States for the rest of his life, while Papineau was allowed to return to his home at Montebello, Quebec.”

Though the rebels paid the price with their lives and their liberties, the slow march to responsible government also had Irish influence. An Irish political organizer named Francis Hincks introduced reform politician Robert Baldwin, an immigrant from Ireland, to Louis-Hippolyte Lafontaine, a Montreal reform politician. Together, they established the first truly democratic Canadian government and led a movement that pushed for the establishment of Canada as a nation.

Stephen McDougall is a writer for The Record based in Sherbrooke

ON THE WATER, ON THE BEACH

D-Day remembered

by Okill Stuart

[This article is reprinted from the Legion Magazine, May 2009]

It was shortly after noon on June 5, 1944, when we left the south coast of England. We didn't know where we were heading until a couple of hours later when we opened sealed orders after clearing the boom between the mainland and the Isle of Wight.

From then on we knew exactly where we were going, and while we did not know it at the time, the operation would change the course of the war. We were part of the largest combined land, air and sea forces ever assembled, and we were en route to Normandy, France.

Today I sit comfortably in my home at Saint-Lambert, Que., contemplating

in my 88th year the huge block of time—65 years to be precise—that separates that day from today. And while a lot of detail has faded from memory, I can recall specific events—as well as faces—from June 5-6, 1944.

I was 23 years old—just a kid with a background in trigonometry, serving in the Royal Canadian Artillery as an officer's assistant in one of the troops of the 14th Field Regiment.

We were crossing the English Channel in a Landing Craft Tank (LCT), a flat-bottomed vessel built to run up on land (or more likely close to shore) where it would drop its bow ramp and then deposit men and machines in the

midst of battle. I can still remember—early on during our crossing—the inch-to-a-mile map showing key locations, including where our first gun positions would go. There were approximately 40 of us on board, including the LCT's crew, sharing space with four self-pro-

they got 'cleaned out,' including the senior brass. Others watched and I ended up with the equivalent of \$3,000 Canadian stuffed into my pockets. That was a lot of money in those days, and my winnings left me feeling—rightly or wrongly—more than a little vulnerable to

those who did not do so well. My success was beginner's luck because it was the only time I ever played Red Dog. I had put down everything—English pounds and French francs.

As the game ended and night turned to day we witnessed one of the most amazing sights. In every direction—as far as the eye could see—there were Allied ships, drawn into a massive armada.

Soon we were given the task of firing a barrage in front

of our infantry as it assaulted the Normandy beaches at Bernières-sur-Mer. We were still well off shore at that point, and so it was a challenge to aim well above the heads of the assaulting infantry. The LCT continued to bounce around in the rough water, and so the trick to acquiring a good line of fire was to maintain your course and speed. Our job was to provide harassing fire for the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada which landed on Juno shortly after 8 a.m.

I remember seeing the Duplex Drive amphibious tanks. Equipped with propellers and a buoyancy capability, these machines were designed to power through the water and stay afloat while



pelled 105-mm guns, a command tank and a Bren gun carrier with an infantry liaison group.

The sea was rough that morning, and many of the men had to take leave from playing poker or shooting dice to relieve upset stomachs over the side of the LCT as she bounced and pounded on the waves. Balloons—the size of large automobiles—were hoisted on cables to create havoc for low-flying enemy aircraft.

We could not sleep, and I got into the biggest game of Red Dog in my life. It was a high-stakes poker game that lasted throughout the night. Pretty well everybody on board played until

heading to the beach. Unfortunately, some of them sank in the rough seas. I also noticed barges with rockets firing away, and heard the heavy locomotive sound of huge shells passing overhead from a warship we could not see. With all the noise I experienced, I never felt shameful years later applying to Veterans Affairs Canada for a pension for hearing loss.

It was around 9 a.m. when our craft hit a mine. We were in approximately six feet of water and the LCT's ramp was destroyed. We went right down, but our vehicles didn't stall because they had extended sides and extended exhaust pipes. The Bren gun carrier of the infantry regiment we were supporting got off the sinking LCT, but was blown up after hitting a mine.

I was on the tank—standing up in the turret, and I saw the Bren gun carrier rise up and then go upside down. It was like a huge whale jumping out of the water and then falling back down. A little later we tried to check for survivors, and possibly tow the wrecked carrier onto the beach, but we were warned by the beach master to keep moving.

While looking toward the shore and across the sandy beach I noticed many dead and dying soldiers on our side of a concrete seawall. It was a terrible sight.

Our group was on the beach by 9:25 a.m. and remained there for a good hour, sitting ducks with shells and bullets fly-



ing over our heads. Eventually, we took our turn getting through a narrow gap in the seawall at Bernières-sur-Mer. We were strafed only twice by enemy aircraft while on the beach.

While stuck in traffic inside the town one of our guys got shot in the head by a sniper. He was in front of us and the bullet came from a house which was later flattened. The sniper was a woman, and the rumour we heard was she was French, the girlfriend of a German soldier.

The field our battery had been allotted to was occupied by another battery

so we ended up entering a field that had been mined. Our success at manoeuvring safely into the field was made possible with the warnings we received from a French boy of about 14 or 15 who had told us the Germans had forced him to lay the mines. With a little persuasion from the end of my rifle the lad sat on the front of our tank and showed us the way through.

That evening German planes arrived and created havoc with the ammunition dumps. It was a wonderful fireworks display, but damn scary. We also discovered around that time that our French francs were of little use. The only acceptable currency was in the way of cigarettes.

From the generals down, mistakes were made, but we did win the day. And we must never forget those brave young men who were left behind 65 years ago.



Okill Stuart is a Second World War Veteran and currently serves as Officer commanding of the Fort St Helen Garrison of the 78th Fraser Highlanders Regiment in Montreal. He has been very active in preserving the memory of the war and the sacrifices made by Canadians, and is a founding director of the Juno Beach Centre. This past June 5th Mr Stuart was awarded the Legion of Honour medal from the French government for his wartime services.

A BACHELOR'S LIFE

A busy young man in Quebec City, 1837-1846

by Anne Joseph



[Further details from the life of Quebec City's Abraham Joseph as revealed in his private diaries.]

Excursions throughout his bachelor years were fun social occasions. Boat trips and picnics provided an extra element to the seemingly endless round of parties.

[I] left Jones' Wharf in British America at 10½ A.M. on a pleasure trip to Gross Isle. We went down the North & returned by the South thus going completely round Isle of Orleans and giving the passengers a view of the most magnificent scenery throughout the North Channel. The country on this side is hilly but the scenery not surpassed. St. Ann's Mountain is 2687 feet in height. Landed at Grosse Isle at 2 P.M. Left Gross Isle at abt ½ past 3. At 5 we had got up a quadrille for dancing when the steamer grounded – where we remained till ½ past 9 – reached home about ½ past 12 midnight. Danced a good deal while ashore – altho' the hour of arrival was late night dark and windy – few grudged their 10/- for the trip. (16 July 1838)

A certain outing rated a long entry in Abraham's diary for 8 August 1838, beginning with:

On a picnic to Lake St. Charles – it was not one of those large parties where one hardly knows half of the persons present but a social party of 15 – 7 ladies & 8 gentlemen – all single without one being singular – unless indeed it be the singularity of a pretty girl not being married.

The ladies in Abraham's life throughout these years were many, and he seems to have greatly enjoyed their company. Often he referred to them by an initial, such as the "delightful Miss W" (11 Mar & 1 Nov 1838), "Miss S" (14 Nov 1839), "Miss R" (14 June 1838), and so on.

Was there any hanky-panky? I am neither judge nor jury, so will let Abraham speak for himself, through his diary.

Ann Ross, who has more than once shared my bed, took leave of me this morn'g on the occasion I gave her a few presents & a little money – Altho' not a beauty – a very fine girl – I rather think Mrs. Payne has of late suspected an intimacy between us – I was one eveng caught by Mrs. P talking to her – but as it was not in my own room & I happen'd to be fully dressed, very little was said to her about it. (22 December 1841)

Later on, there is mention – albeit not totally explicit – of another occasion of a lady staying overnight:

Emilie ... who remained with me till morn'g – is a fine girl – her history – a very short one indeed – 4 months since another 'debauchery' – of that strange man DeBleury. (9 Oct 1842).

Before he married Sophia David, Abraham had found himself in the position of having loved and lost at least twice. The names of these ladies were Harriet Ann Ross and Fanny Michaels David. Always the gentleman, he maintained totally correct social behaviour whenever he was in later contact with these ladies and their chosen partners.

Abraham knew the Ross family well. Whether or not he ever seriously considered marrying Harriet is open to conjecture, but there is little doubt that he was very fond of her. He wrote that Harriet would be making a big mistake if she married the man she had become attracted to, Dr. Fred Gilder. After bidding farewell to Harriet, Abraham wrote:

An acquaintance of 13 or 14 months with that dear family has almost made me wish I had never known them – True the many and many pleasant hours – nay

even evenings – that I last winter enjoyed so much in Harriet’s company – would not have been known to me but the parting after our present intimacy is a wound in my heart deeper felt than she perhaps or any one else imagines.

And then there was Francis (Fanny) Michaels David. Fanny’s brother Aaron Hart David was married to Abraham’s sister Catherine. By the summer of 1840 Abraham and Fanny’s friendship had grown into a different kind of relationship, and they were often teased by family members: Isaac Valentine apparently assured Abraham “I should not only get the finest Jewess but the finest girl in Canada”. (7 April 1841) This was heady stuff. Nonetheless, Abraham was still playing the field in Quebec with other lady friends, to some of whom he gave rave reviews. Then Fanny fell for her cousin Theodore Hart, and when their engagement was announced, Abraham commented to his sister Catherine that “Fanny Michaels David was the only girl I have ever loved ... I had never given her reason to suppose that – but still I entertained a hope that at some future day I should have had the happiness of making her my wife”. (30 Oct 1841).

After 3 years at Lemoine’s, Abraham moved on 28 April 1840 to Payne’s Hotel, on the Esplanade in Upper Town. He was now 24, and even though his desire to find a suitable wife was very much on his mind, success eluded him. His social life in Quebec continued at a fast clip. In addition to the theatre, dinner parties, racing, regattas, riding and dancing that have already been mentioned, Abraham became more and more involved in societies that offered a specific focus of activity. Gradually added over the years were memberships in the Literary & Historical Society (14 Nov 1838), the Library (27 Nov 1838), the Debating Club (21 Feb 1840), and the St. George’s Society (19 Sept 1840).

But family life with wife and children remained Abraham’s heartfelt wish. This he finally achieved on 18 November 1846 when he married Sophia David. In Abraham’s own words, written one week later, “This day week I was made happy – I became a married man and as I have every earthly reason to believe – really & truly a ‘happy man’ for the remainder of my days.” In the fullness of time they had 13 children, raised in comfort by loving parents.

Five generations of the Joseph family lived in Quebec City from May 1837 to April 1981, when the last resident died. That was the end of an era, but certainly not the end of Abraham and Sophia’s progeny, more than 360 of whom are carefully recorded in my family tree database.

Anne Joseph was born in England in 1935, arrived in Montreal in February 1959, settled here and married William K. Joseph, a 7th generation Quebecker, in 1974. Her 30-year working life always seemed to in-

clude research and writing. Retirement years have been filled with a variety of volunteer projects, and for the last dozen or so years most of her spare time has been focused on researching and writing about the earliest Canadian Jewish families who arrived in Quebec in the 18th and 19th centuries.

Payne’s Hotel: Then and Now



Payne’s Hotel, where Abraham Joseph lived and entertained (not always with the approval of his landlady), lay on the east side of Côte du Palais. Considered the best in town in the 1830s, the hotel charged \$1.50 per night. After incarnations as The Albion and The Stadacona, the hotel was bought in 1895 by innkeeper Benjamin Trudel, who rechristened it Hotel Victoria.

Trudel expanded operations across the street with a Turkish baths, and built a pedestrian overpass for the comfort of his guests. After the hotel was destroyed by fire in 1902, new owners rebuilt and progressively enlarged it on the west side of the street. It is now the fashionable Hotel Manoir Victoria. (www.manoir-victoria.com)



BEAUREPAIRE-BEACONSFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S TENTATIVE CENTENNIAL 2010 CELEBRATION PLANS

from Barbara Barclay



A century of heritage recipes

To mark Beaconsfield's forthcoming hundredth anniversary during Heritage Days in June-July 2010, the Beaufort-Beaconsfield Historical Society is planning to publish a book of heritage recipes.

We are appealing for the submission of treasured recipes which have been passed down through local families and which utilized local foods, whether they be from Beaconsfield farms or gardens, or Lac St-Louis fish or shell food, locally-picked fruit, feathered or furry creatures, or even funghi/mushrooms.

Please join with us and submit your family's favourite recipe(s). Complete credit will be given, and we would also like where available to publish a picture of the originator or recorder of the recipe. Les Thorpe has promised his mother's recipe for blackbird pie just as soon as he finds it.

All recipes will be tested, and tasted, prior to being included in the book and three prizes will be awarded for those judged to be the most delicious.

Instructions: Recipes may be submitted electronically to: barbara.barclay@concordia.ca or mailed/

delivered to Societe historique Beaufort-Beaconsfield, c/o 13 Thompson Point, Beaconsfield, Quebec, H9W5Y8
Send them now!

Other plans:

- 100 Years – 100 Voices: Oral History, with Concordia University

- Establishment of the Elsie Reford Memorial Garden with the agreement of Alexander Reford of Les Jardins de Metis, Elsie's great-grandson, who is also writing a biography of her.

- The planting of a resistant Elm tree at the Thompson Point Tennis Court. Invitations will be extended to as many original inhabitants or their descendants as possible to identify. Jean Lemire is a prime example: he is in direct line from the Jean Lemire who was granted the Anaouy concession in 1678.

- Special Lecture in May 2010 about Jean Guenet, Sieur de Beaufort, by Yvonne Cousineau.

Women's Work or Hopes and Dreams: A longitudinal exhibition of how women prepared for the future and repaired from the past

by Barbara Barclay

This idea has been a long time in gestation and it is with great gratitude to NOVA, the West Island auxiliary devoted to the Victorian Order of Nurses, without whose unfailing thoughtfulness it might never have come to fruition, that the So-

cieté historique Beaufort-Beaconsfield Historical Society welcomes you to the display. Special thanks also to Ruth Willison, Elizabeth Abbott, and Pauline-Faguy Girard.

The aim throughout has been to display items that were made by women, and the occasional child, roughly between the second half of the nineteenth and the middle of the twentieth century, to beautify and furnish their homes and enrich or facilitate everyday life. It encompasses an interesting range of fibre, textile and leather

products. What these items all share is that they are the product of individuals of varying skills, and abilities who wished to beautify special-occasion as well as everyday items.

These artifacts – and certainly art is involved in all regardless of skill level – were conceived and produced for domestic use and enjoyment, as well as for display.

They range from trousseau finery, through baby clothes, bedlinens, tablelinens, wall hangings, rugs, mats, blankets, and more, some of which you may be familiar with but others, we hope, may surprise and amuse you (see the display of teacosy covers, for example).

The individual items are labelled as precisely as is presently known; however, if you know more or differently, we would truly appreciate being corrected and updated. Please fill out the form before you leave indicating if there is some information you can add to our exhibit. And thank you for coming along to share our hopes and dreams.

Barbara Barclay is the president of the Beaufort-Beaconsfield Historical Society.

EVENTS LISTINGS

Eastern Townships

Société d'histoire de Sherbrooke,
275 Dufferin, Sherbrooke
Info: 819-821-5406
Email : info@socetehistoire.com
Website :
www.shs.ville.sherbrooke.qc.ca

Permanent exhibition,
Sherbrooke 1802-2002, Two centuries
of history

Uplands Cultural & Heritage Center
9 Speid St.(Lennoxville)
Info: 819-564-0409

Till September 7, Tuesday-Sunday, 10
am. to 4:30 p.m.
Traditional English Tea, served in peri-
od costumes

Till-August 30
Group Art Show
Bonheur d'été 2009: Recent works pro-
duced by eight local artists

Stanstead Historical Society/Colby-Cur-
tis Museum
535 Dufferin, Stanstead
Info: 819-876-7322
Email: info@colbycurtis.ca

June 22-September 7
Monday-Friday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat-
urday-Sunday from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.
Grand Reopening of Carrollcroft House
built in 1859 restored interior in the
fashion of the 1890-1910.

Exhibition
Till October 12
Memphremagog: Leisure & Cruising
upon the Lake
19th century cruises and marine activi-
ties for lakeside residents on Lake
Memphremagog

Exhibition
Till October 12
Steamers on the Lake
Steam navigation ventures by
Georgetown summer residents

Brome County Historical Society
130 Lakeside, Knowlton
Info: 450-243-6782

Email: bchs@endirect.qc.ca

July 10-19
Art Exhibition, Stills by Susan Pepler

July 19
Antique Market on museum grounds

July 24 - August 2
Art Exhibition, l'Expression de la
Matière
Artists : Regina Godbout / Micheline D.
Villemaire

Georgetown Historical Society
Info call Steve Moore: 819-562-8036
Email: moore@netrover.com

July 22, 10 a.m.
Historical Walk of Fitch Bay
Historical tour led by Steve Moore

August 12, 10 a.m.
A tour and picnic of historical Birch
Bay
Car pool from Murray Hall

Montreal

McCord Museum
Info: 514-398-7100
Email: info@mccord.mcgill.ca

Permanent Exhibit
Simply Montreal Glimpses of a Unique
City
Over 800 objects from McCord's fa-
mous collection

Till October 4
Exhibit
Wathahine: Portraits of Aboriginal
women by documentary of photogra-
pher Nance Ackerman

Summer
Outdoor Exhibition
1 image 2 eyes 3D; Stereoscopic pho-
tography
The exhibition is installed along the
west side of McGill College Avenue,
between de Maisonneuve boul and Ste-
Catherine St.

Westmount Historical Association
Westmount Public Library
Info: 514-925-1404 or 514-932-6688

Email: info@westmounthisorical.org

For Information Requests:
Archives are open to researchers by ap-
pointment
Questions related to the history of West-
mount will be answered by writing, by
telephone, or by email.

Material Donations:
Donations of photographs, memorabilia,
or other material relating to the history
of Westmount accepted.

Exporail, Canadian Railway Museum
110, rue Saint-Pierre, Saint-Constant
General Information: 450-632-2410

Permanent Collection
160 Unique railway vehicles on display

August 15-16
Model train layouts built by railway
modelers from Quebec and Ontario

Beaurepaire-Beaconsfield Historical Society
Info: 514-428-4460

June-July, Mondays from 1 p.m. to 9
p.m., Tuesday-Friday, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.
Exhibition, Women's Work
Showing at the Beaconsfield Library,
303 Beaconsfield Blvd

Quebec City

Morrin Center
44, Chaussée des Écossais Quebec
Info: 418-694-9147 or 0754
Email: info@morrin.org
Website: www.morrin.org

Every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday at
2 p.m.
Guided tours
Cost: \$4/person

Musée des religions du monde,
900 boul Louis-Frédérique, Nicolet
Info : 819-293-6148
Email : musee@museedesreligions.qc.ca

Till September 13
Exhibition given in English and French
Same Cloth, Different thread; the Jews
of Quebec City

THE TOWNSHIPS TRAIL

DISCOVER OUR HERITAGE IN WORDS AND MUSIC

27 suggested stops at beautiful villages – 8 off-trail stops



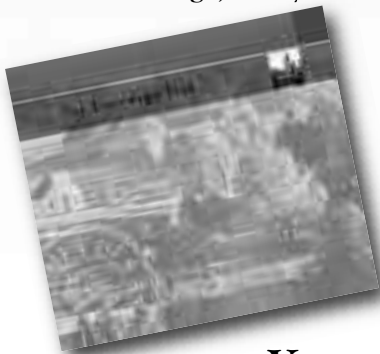
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3 DISCS

Narrated by Rita Morin and Michel Garneau
With guest hosts : Jake Eberts, Tery Coburn, Jim
Corcoran, Armand Russell, Bernie St-Laurent,
Bob Laberge, Mary Martin and Charles Bury

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and architectural heritage

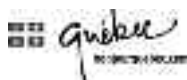


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