

# Quebec Heritage

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## News



### **Vagabonds and Scoundrels**

History on the line in Missisquoi County

### **Immigrant Imprints**

Townships history, architecture and art

### **Beef or Beans, Pudding or Pie**

When Jefferson Davis sojourned in Canada

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# Quebec Heritage News

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Cover Image: Village Line, Derby Line, VT, and Rock Island, QC. Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec: CP 4268

### Correction

Biographical information for legendary Canadian lumber merchant Sir William Price was wrongly given in an article that appeared on page 12 of the July-August edition of *Quebec Heritage News*. Price was born on 17 September 1789 and died on 14 March 1867.

## EDITOR'S DESK

*I can believe it's been that long*

by Rod MacLeod

I don't know about you, but I had more than a frisson of warm and fuzzy when I sat at the banquet last September in Orford hearing all the nice things being said about QAHN and how far it has come in ten years. It was a great conference (those of you who weren't there can read Matthew Farfan on it in this issue) and a fitting way to celebrate a decade, but more than that it really felt as though the mutual backslapping was about real achievement. All too often, anniversaries are an occasion to think "I can't believe it's been that long!" or "What I have I got to show for all that?" even if the public sentiment is festive. But QAHN has genuine reason to be proud—not because it has always been successful and done everything it has set out to do, but rather because the road has, in fact, been rocky at times and outcomes have often been less than were hoped for, yet much groundwork has been covered and much learning taken place and QAHN is in a much better position than ever to carry out its objectives. I have been a part of that (hence the warm and fuzzy) and so took a kind of pleasure in slapping my own back that I don't find myself feeling all that often.

Ten years. Regular readers will know I love anniversaries. Those of you at the QAHN banquet will have heard me reel off a list of important ones that this year marks—but all the same, here they are, for posterity. 2010 was:

- the 10th Anniversary of QAHN
- the 20th of the collapse of Meech Lake Accord and the founding of the Bloc Quebecois

- the 30th of the first Quebec referendum
- the 40th of the October Crisis
- the 50th of the start of the Quiet Revolution
- the 70th of the right for women to vote in provincial elections in Quebec
- the 100th of the first airplane flight over Quebec
- the 150th of the construction of the Victoria Bridge
- the 170th of the Union of the Canadas
- the 250th of the fall of New France to Britain

The theme of this issue, the American Influence on Quebec, was inspired by the conference's keynote speaker, Jim Manson, and his engaging talk on the early settlement of the Townships by New Englanders. Ahead you will find Loyalists, Fenians, supporters of both sides in the Civil War, parks, railways, art and architecture, and even television. I guess we aren't as insular as we thought.

I would also like to say welcome to the *Quebec Heritage News* as a quarterly publication. In an ongoing effort to make the magazine more sophisticated and focused, it was decided to produce four issues a year instead of six, which will facilitate planning issues and securing a wider variety of writers. Don't worry—as you can see, this edition runs to 36 pages, which actually works out to roughly the same number of pages you'll be receiving over the course of a year. That's for those of you with mathematical inclinations. As for the quality of the content, well, you be the judge. Enjoy. Here's to the next ten years.

## LETTERS

**There goes the neighbourhood**

I recently returned from a visit to Rivière-du-Loup, where I learned that Gîte Les Rochers, the house where Sir John A. Macdonald spent the summers from 1873-1891, is no longer being run as a guest house, but as a youth hostel. Many of the people I met there expressed concern about the house and



its contents. For the ten years before this, it was being managed by Meredith Fisher. Apparently she did not receive adequate financial support to hire and keep competent staff to run the guest house.

According to your website ([quebecheritage.com](http://quebecheritage.com)), Les Rochers is the property of the Canadian Heritage of Quebec. I was told that its funding comes from the Molson Foundation, and that a

member of the Molson Family would have been responsible for determining how much money it allocates to the property.

When I visited Les Rochers a year ago, I found that it contained several pieces of fine furniture contemporary with the period when the Prime Minister lived there. Many of those pieces were purchased and donated by Meredith Fisher herself. There was also a collection of books dealing with Macdonald, purchased by a retired librarian, Derek Robertson. How much care is being taken to see that these things are not being damaged or stolen?

A recent letter to the editor of the *Toronto Globe & Mail* notes that this coming year will mark the 195th anniversary of Sir John A. Macdonald's birth.

*J. Wendy Scott  
Westmount*

### Hometown surprises

I would like to share with you some of the remarks that were, unsolicited, stated to me after my students had completed and published their essays. After listening to his classmate recount their stories, one student commented that he didn't realize there were so many important people "just around here." Another student thought that successful people (i.e. people who have achieved important goals that have had an impact on others) only came from the States.

As a Language Arts project, the effort was a resounding success in my classroom. What a wonderful way to develop writing skills through a highly motivating exploration! I hope that there will be another Hometown History Contest next year.

*Marion Hodge  
Arundel Elementary School  
Arundel*

### Barns so noble

I enjoyed the article in the May-June issue on Louise Abbott and Niels Jensen's new book, *The Heart of the Farm*. The Jones' high-drive dairy barn with its bull-shaped weathervane is in my memories of late. I was in it when I was one of those rural school-age girls. Sorry the barn had to be moved, regardless of method. We are fast losing our landmarks.

Personally I was not familiar with the term "high-drive." Hill Haven barn has what has been spoken of as a "bank-barn bridge" at the end of a gable barn, held in place by the security of a hill. Another barn owned by my son Allan Jewett has a bridge going up to one end, but the bridge was secured by a stone wall. Hill Haven has another historical feature: it was, and still is to a degree, held upright by wooden pegs. Upper Canada village took a photo of this one. I saw the lady take it.

Recently I wrote my mayor Jacques Marcoux to inform him of this historical structure. The Mansonville Round Barn is not the only piece of history hereabouts.

*Pearl Brown Jewett  
Vale Perkins*

### Agitprop in Lachine, too

I enjoyed your review of *The Trotsky* by Jacob Tierney, especially the idea that Anglo Montreal can look good in a feature film without pretending it's Washington or Moscow. I look forward to the release of Tierney's *Good Neighbours*, which was originally entitled *Notre Dame de Grace* and is set there.

As a resident of Lachine, however, I must point out that the school that stood in for Montreal West High School in the film was not Royal Vale but Lakeside Academy, in Lachine. I heard that the English Montreal School Board hadn't allowed any of its schools to be used in the film, so Tierney had to go to the Lester B. Pearson School Board, which was apparently more obliging.

*George Blair  
Lachine*



### Postcards from Rawdon

I want to thank you for publishing my "Jerseys and Genealogy" in Volume 5, No. 10 (July-August). Its placement next to my friend and cousin Beverly Prud'homme's article on the Rawdon Railway celebration was apt, given my Rawdon connections. By several twists of fate and time, I was in the Eastern Townships when the magazine was mailed out, staying with my cousin, Doris Banfil, and helping to sort through more than a century's worth of memorabilia and photos when my hand fell on this postcard. It was written by my great aunt, Aggie Morgan, at Rawdon, to her cousin's widow, my grandmother, Mrs. Daniel Parkinson, at Waterville, Christmas 1910.

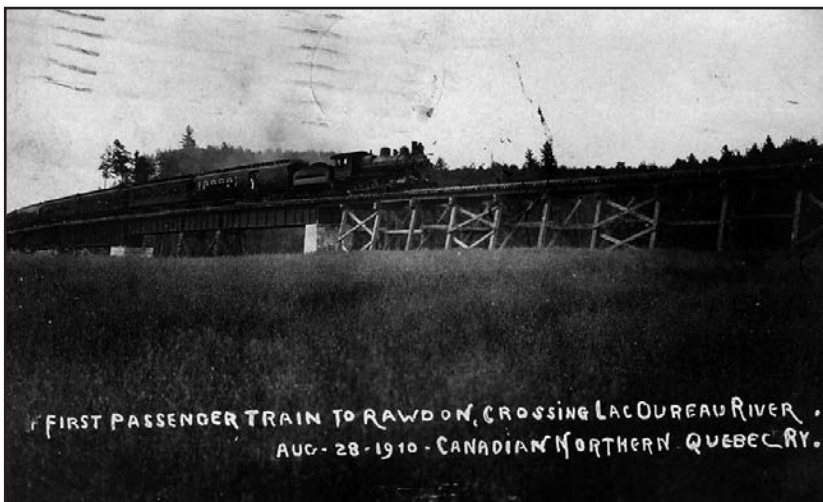
*Lakeside Academy. Image courtesy the Lester B Pearson School Board*



The message on the card reminds one of how people communicated quickly and efficiently before email and texting. My aunt expressed concern over her aunt's broken arm and invites her to visit. She named the family members who will come for Christmas dinner, which she is busy preparing, and wishes my aunt a Merry Christmas and a Happy New year—all in a 3-inch square space. No reference was made to the new train service, although I am sure my aunt made regular use of it.

The second photo came from a different cousin and is labelled CNR Station. It may have been taken around 1920 after Canadian Northern was absorbed by Canadian National and before a new telegraph sign was put up because the sign says GNW Telegraph. (Or it may be an older photo, re-labelled for later use.) Control of GNW Telegraph was acquired by the Canadian Northern Railway. When the Canadian Northern Railway was amalgamated as part of the Canadian National Railway, GNW Telegraph was integrated with CNR and thereafter known as Canadian National Telegraphs.

*Daniel Parkinson  
Toronto, Ontario*



# Hometown Heritage Student Writing Contest

What's  
your story?

Win cash prizes for true stories about local history in your community.

For complete contest details, visit our website,  
[www.qahn.org](http://www.qahn.org)

**Deadline for submissions is**

Please mail entries to: QAHN, 400-257 Queen Street, Sherbrooke, Quebec J1M 1K7

TIME LINES

# Ten years on

## *The heritage network marks its anniversary in style*

by Matthew Farfan

The Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network (QAHN), which was founded in Lennoxville in 2000, returned to the Eastern Townships in September to celebrate its tenth anniversary, staging a day-long conference at the Chéribourg Hotel in Orford.

To mark this important anniversary, QAHN, which is a non-partisan, non-profit umbrella organization made of museums, historical societies, community groups, and individuals from across the province who share an interest in preserving and promoting the history and heritage of the province's English-language minority, organized a two-day conference, with participants and speakers from as far away as the Gaspé, the Ottawa Valley, and other parts of Quebec.



exhibit on the Home Children, presented by the Compton County Historical Museum Society. A keynote address was delivered by Eastern Townships historian Jim Manson, who spoke of the coming of the United Empire Loyalists and of how they created a brand new community in the wilderness.

Richard Evans spoke as well, giving a spirited, sometimes humorous, overview of the first ten years at QAHN, which he served as founding president and which he continues to serve as treasurer.

“This organization has come a long way,” Evans told the crowd of about a hundred. “When we first started, we thought that it would take us about ten years to hit our stride. Well, we’ve hit our stride now.”

The title of this year's conference was “Ways of Memory: Inspiring, connecting and informing communities through heritage stewardship.” Presentations and workshops included “Breathing Life into Local History,” a talk by Louise Abbott; “The Ins and Outs of Publishing,” a panel discussion moderated by the Kevin O'Donnell of the Hudson Historical Society; “Opportunities and Challenges for Quebec's Heritage Sector,” with panelists Rachel Garber and Dwane Wilkin; and “Leadership Renewal in Volunteer Organizations,” a workshop led by community-sector consultant Lise Palmer.

There were also presentations pertaining to current QAHN initiatives related to the internet and the digitization of oral history, and displays by historical organizations, including Sarge and Pauline Bampton's



Participants included Sharon Moore (top right) of the Compton County Historical Society and Sophie Turbide from the New Carlisle Cultural Heritage Centre, shown above with Megan Switzer, QAHN project manager. Photos: Gerry McNab



# For love of home and family

*Phyllis Emery Skeats, recipient of the 2010 Marion Phelps Award*

Phyllis Skeats, this year's recipient of QAHN's Marion Phelps Award, was born on a farm in Compton Township, a farm that had been in the Emery family since 1803 when her ancestor William Emery arrived with his wife as settlers from Fisherfield, New Hampshire. One of William's descendants was Willis Jonathan Emery, who took over the family farm generations later.

One of four children born to Willis and Geneva Emery, Phyllis' October 13th birthday has proven to be lucky for her. She was born with a very curious mind which has carried her through a busy, creative and exciting life full of achievements. Her first was to become the mother of three children: Sharon, Russell and Joanne Pocock. Russell is one of the first organic farmers in this area; Joanne lives in Ottawa where she researches and writes on the English community in Quebec; Sharon lives in Cambridge, Ontario, where she worked for many years as a librarian.

Another of Phyllis' achievements was her work for over twenty years as a reference librarian at Bishop's University, where she met her current husband, Terry Skeats. After marrying Terry in 1980 a new life of researching her family history began. As a gift to her mother, who wanted a family history, she and Terry made numerous trips to libraries in Concord, New Hampshire, Haverhill, Massachusetts and Boston. In Concord, they visited the New Hampshire Genealogical Society Library where they discovered a genealogy of the Emery family, published in 1891, which linked her ancestor William with John Emery of Romsey, England, who came to Massachusetts in 1635. Her mother was delighted. That trip triggered many others to New England. She and Terry would leave work on Friday, drive to Havehill, and from there look for people and places connected to her ancestors. Five trips were made to England between 1983 and 1998, several of which involved visits to Romsey, the home of her ancestor John before his departure for New England.

Phyllis began writing about these trips and doing genealogical research for the family.

From these research trips came the desire to write about her own home, in particular the Eastern Townships, which she came to love as a result of many trips and conversations with her father, Willis. Hatley Township became a place where she chose to live with Terry and she has spent many hours researching and writing the history of the place and people. When they first moved to North Hatley in 1986, she and Terry ran a bed-and-breakfast, "Sunsetview," and then built their first house in the village, for which she won a heritage award in 1991.

In the early 1990s, Phyllis was one of several people who formed the North Hatley Historical Society (Now the Lake Massawippi Area Historical Society) which she served as secretary for several years. She is

also secretary for Heritage Huntingville, an organization that restored and now maintains the Huntingville Universalist Church. However, the most important group for her was the Old North Church Cemetery Association, of which she has been president since its creation and leader of its restoration. This cemetery is the first one created



for the first settlers in Hatley Township. The church nearby (built in 1818 and taken down in 1928) was her father's church and several of her ancestors are buried there.

Throughout the years Phyllis has written several books; a history of the village of Hatley, a history of the Old North church and cemetery, and also a history of North Hatley to which many village residents contributed pieces. She has also written shorter works on churches (such as St John's in Waterville and the North Hatley Unitarian-Universalist Church), walking tours of Hatley and North Hatley, historical sketches of North Hatley and Ayer's Cliff, an annotated transcription of the diary of Lyman Hunting and a longer history of the village of Hatley. To all of this must be added a deep and lifelong love of music.

# Kudos for teamwork

## *New award pays tribute to groups of heritage achievers*

To mark the 10th anniversary of the founding of the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network, directors voted earlier this year to expand QAHN's annual volunteer recognition program. The Marion Phelps Award was created in 2001 to honour a person each year who has made a lifetime volunteer contribution in the field of heritage. However, outstanding volunteer accomplishments also spring from the combined efforts of many hands working together.

Each year in communities all across Quebec, groups of committed local volunteers make worthy and unique contributions towards the preservation and promotion of Anglophone heritage. They do so in a variety of ways, from working with municipal council to save local built heritage, to putting on museum exhibits and organising cultural and educational activities. What is most remarkable is that by addressing challenges and tackling projects together, these volunteer groups actually help shape the communities in which they live. This certainly seems to be the case in the rural municipality of Austin, where cultural heritage is clearly regarded as a valuable community asset.

In September, QAHN marked its 10th anniversary by bestowing its new group recognition award, the Richard Evans Award for Outstanding Community Heritage Achievement, on the Austin Cultural Committee. Named for QAHN's founding president, the award will be granted each year to a volunteer community organisation making significant contributions to the field of heritage somewhere in the province.

Over the past seven years, the Austin Cultural Committee has been responsible for the research, writing, translation and design of eight brochures describing different aspects of the municipality's history, ranging from churches to mills to, most recently, 17 of the public and private cemeteries scattered around the area. For example, not only did the Committee research and describe the current state of these cemeteries, many of them neglect-

ed, it has also organized a public information session and provided invaluable information on how to look after them, so that many of these historic sites can be restored or maintained.

Since the Austin area was originally settled mostly by descendants of the Loyalists, it can certainly be said with conviction that the work of the Committee has been outstanding in its long-term contribution to Anglophone heritage in Quebec. Moreover, by ensuring that all the brochures are published in both French and English, the Committee has reinforced ties of understanding between the two linguistic communities.

As its name implies, the Austin Cultural Committee's mandate is to promote various forms of culture in the municipality and surrounding region, a particular challenge since many people are newcomers and much local history has been forgotten. The committee is now at work planning a new brochure, one which will propose short excursions linking many spots of historical interest. The documents as a whole will be used – indeed are being used – to gather public support for expanding these preservation efforts.

The brochures produced so far include:

- A History of Bolton Townships and the Municipality of Austin
- A biography of Lily Esther Butters
- A biography of Reginald Aubrey Fessenden
- A history of the Abbey of St. Benoît-du-lac
- A description of the arrival of the French in the Townships
- A tour of Austin's churches, shedding light on the role of the Protestants who built most of them
- The forgotten village of Thompson's Mills and Millington
- The Cemeteries of Austin



Richard Evans presents the first Richard Evans Award for group achievement award to three members of the Austin Cultural Committee. Madeleine St. Pierre is the current chair of the Committee, Serge Wagner is the Austin Cultural Committee's current secretary and chair of the group's Heritage Subcommittee. Donald Fisher, a descendant of the original settlers of Austin, has played an active leadership role for many years in efforts to conserve Lake Memphremagog.



# A tree grows in Snowdon

*The life and spirit of Anne Frank commemorated*

by Elisa MacLeod Cerrolaza

Throughout our lives we all face struggles and hardships that truly test our abilities to cope. Although it does take strength and perseverance to get through them, the amount of comfort an inanimate or animate object can give us is truly remarkable. Whether it is a beloved toy or a memory that allows us see past the complications in our way, we all have something in our lives at one moment or another that allows us to get through each day. This was the case for Anne Frank, a 13-year-old Jewish girl living in German-occupied Amsterdam during the Second World War, whose family had sought refuge from the Nazis by going into hiding. In her now famous diary chronicling this experience, Anne Frank wrote about one of the only things she could see from the window of her family's secret lodgings: a large horse chestnut tree. The sight of the tree comforted and gave hope to her. In one diary entry she notes: "As long as it exists, I cannot be unhappy."

Although Anne's life would be brutally taken from her by Nazis and their collaborators, the chestnut tree lived on for more than 60 years. Millions of people have visited the office building where the Franks hid, and viewed the Anne Frank tree. For some time, officials at the Anne Frank Museum had worried that the 150-year-old tree, weakened by age and reaching the end of its life, was in danger of collapsing. Seeking a way of preserving the tree and the spirit of hope it signified, the museum came up with the idea of sending a dozen saplings originated from the tree to Holocaust memorials around the world. Montreal was the only Canadian city to receive one.

On August 23, 2010, the Anne Frank tree was brought down by violent winds during a summer storm. A sapling derived from the very same tree was planted on the grounds of the Montreal Holocaust Memorial Centre on September 27, 2010.



A couple of years ago, when I was finishing elementary school, my English teacher gave our class a lesson about the Holocaust, then introduced us to a survivor who spoke from personal experience of Nazi Germany's racial persecution and systematic murder of six million European Jews. I had been completely oblivious to the Holocaust before that class, and found myself on the verge of tears throughout the lesson; at home I cried late into the evening. This new knowledge completely changed me. I felt ashamed that I hadn't known about the Holocaust before, and I immediately absorbed myself in all the books, photos, people and films I could find that might help me learn and better understand this horrific period in history. My interest soon led me to Anne Frank's "Diary of a Young Girl," published posthumously after the war. And which is why I was very eager to go and witness the planting of a sapling from her tree.

Although the planting ceremony at the Holocaust Memorial Centre was bittersweet and extremely moving, I could-

n't help but notice that I was in fact the only person under 25 in the group. Many of my friends had never heard about the Holocaust until the subject recently came up in my eighth-grade class. In many ways it hurt to realize that the majority of my peers seem to care more about their appearances and cell phones than such a defining and important period in history.

I hope now that with Anne Frank's tree growing in the heart of Montreal, people of all generations will stop to admire it and to reflect on the spirit of life and hopefulness that it has come to signify. Gazing on the chestnut tree from her bleak hideout gave Anne solace and strength under unimaginable personal strain; hers is a story that also offers hope to young people today who may be suffering or experiencing troubles. By planting this tree, the spirit of Anne Frank lives on.

*Elisa MacLeod Cerrolaza is a student at Villa Maria High School in Montreal.*

# Thompson Point celebration

*Beaconsfield marks 100th in presence of seigneur's descendant*

by Barbara Barclay

**O**n a truly memorable June day, the Thompson Point Association gathered together around the nearly century-old tennis court to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of Beaconsfield on Montreal's West Island. However, long before there was Beaconsfield there was Beaufort, a name which goes back to the seventeenth century and before that to medieval French literature. Indeed, Beaufort was the name chosen by Jean Guenet for the land grant he received from the Sulpicians in 1678, when an adjoining grant sometimes known as Anaouy was given to his cousin. Both men were from Rouen far away and long ago...and you ask how this ties in with 2010.

Do remember that a thousand years ago, the greatly feared Vikings swept across Europe and also down into France, becoming the very powerful Normans (read Norsemen) and adopting French as their language. They were great rascals, fighters and fearless explorers. Some of their descendants, among other feats, crossed the English Channel in little wooden boats in 1066 to conquer England; remember William the Conqueror? Then a few centuries later some of their other descendants, again in little wooden boats, left Normandy and dared the Atlantic to discover a new world which they proceeded to claim and settle. And the rest, as they say, is history—which brings us to June 20th, 2010.

In the presence of Francis Scarpaleggia (MP), Geoff Kelley (MNA), Mayor David Pollock and other local notables came a direct descendant of that cousin of Jean Guenet, by name Jean Lemire, who is an acclaimed adventurer of great range and reputation as a sailor, biologist, cinematographer, an environmentalist, and a true folk hero to Quebecers. He came to mark Beaconsfield's centennial in traditional manner by planting a tree in the roundel surrounding the green space and tennis court.

Now not only is he an environmentalist; he has also been named Ambassador of Diversity (The Green Wave) to the United Nations with offices in Montreal, located here in part due to the work of former local MP

Clifford Lincoln. In 2007 Lemire was appointed Officer of the Order of Canada for his contributions to raising public awareness of key environmental issues. In 2006 he completed a 15-month voyage to the Antarctic on the SEDNA IV, a unique 51-metre full-rigged yacht with high-precision scientific and filming equipment. The voyage was documented in the film *The Last Continent* and students in hundreds of schools followed the expedition through satellite and internet links to learn about the vulnerability of marine and polar ecosystems. His next multi-year voyage on SEDNA IV, planned to begin in the fall of 2010, will focus on biodiversity and involve schools and communities taking part in The Green Wave. Oh yes, he has also taken the SEDNA up to the Arctic. Incidentally, bibliophiles can purchase his wonderful books *Le Dernier Continent* and *Mission Antarctique*.

To return to June 20th: there were, of course, all the usual other events that form part of a celebration such as this: races and games and barbecues and children playing and adults smiling and talking and eating and drinking. There was also a very special visit from a rather special lady who was very happy to finally encounter Jean Lemire. Madame Rachel Lemire is the

president of the Lemire Genealogical Society; she came down from her home near Trois-Rivières specially to meet him and they formed an instant bond.

Curiously, Lemire had not previously known of his connection with this part of Montreal Island and seemed genuinely pleased to have been apprised of his heritage here. The Thompson Point Association underlined its delight at welcoming him home to the "terre de ses aïeux" and made him an honorary member of the Association. Indeed, one little old lady was heard to express regret that he could not be given the long lost title of Sieur d'Anouay. Such are the thoughts that sunny days and heroes engender.

*Barbara Barclay is President of the Beaufort-Beaconsfield Historical Society and of the Thompson Point Association.*





# SOUTH WINDS BLOWING

*American rebels, traders and reformers in Montreal's past*

by Sandra Stock

Even islands can't be islands in the "No man is an island" sense. The outside world always manages to find a bridge, a ferry or water wings of some sort to encroach upon the most isolated of islets, even ones that erect walls, either of stone or of culture, to exclude...

And Montreal, in spite of all sorts of governmental attempts from all sorts of governments since earliest European settlement, has never been the type of town to shut out the new, the interesting and, most especially, the profitable. This seems to have been the attitude of the inhabitants from the time of the French regime in regard to the famous stone city walls—the fortifications designed by Chaussegros de Léry, started in 1716. These walls were constructed in the style of European military defenses, not at all suited to North American reality where, by the eighteenth century, any warfare around Montreal Island would have been small skirmishes with native groups, no longer much of a threat. When Montreal fell to the British in 1760, there was hardly any material damage and no loss of life. The fur

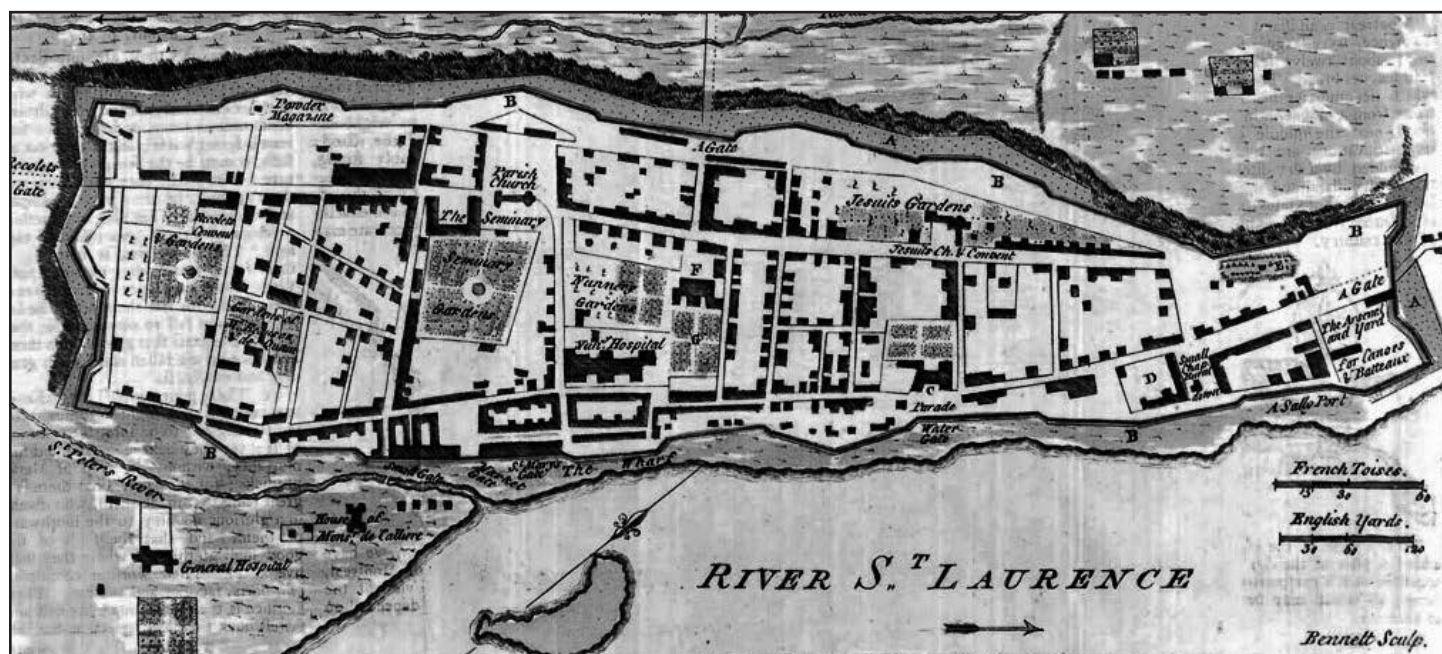
trade continued as before and the whole change of government seemed more like a corporate takeover than a result of an actual war. The walls were, by then, viewed more as a nuisance that hampered growth of Ville Marie town and, within fifty years, were demolished completely. From their beginnings, Montreal merchants had complained that the walls blocked both access to, and a view of, the river. There were only five modest gates on the river side of the fortifications, making movement difficult.

In Jean-Claude Marsan's history, *Montreal in Evolution*, the relationship of Montreal citizens to their wall is shown by an excellent description of both things to come and also things as they are: "Montrealers were not very interested in fortifications, mainly because they had to pay for a substantial part of the costs erecting them... To the inhabitants, Montreal's calling was not military, but commercial. Aside from invasions by the natives, Montrealers would never resist foreign invaders, on the contrary, they seemed to welcome them inasmuch as their economic inter-

ests benefited." (Marsan, p.83)

Among the first "foreign invaders" welcomed to Montreal after 1760 were wealthy merchants from the then Thirteen Colonies to the south. British North America had suddenly more than doubled its territory with the acquisition of New France. Although eighteenth century travel was arduous at best, at least now, after the fall of Louisbourg and Quebec, there was no opposition to sea traffic from Boston and New York, the two important colonial ports of the Thirteen. For a brief period, until the American Revolution of 1776, north eastern North America was, on one level, unified and Montreal, as ever, was open for business.

It is, however, important to note that there were probably more social and ideological differences between the American-born merchants at Montreal and British colonial and military officials than between the British newcomers and their former French counterparts. To the average *Canadien* living at this time, the Americans were far more alien than the new ruling elite, most of whom could speak French.





There was conflict, of course, as the ideas of democracy and self-government circulated among this American group. They wanted a legislative assembly with elected representation as did many people in the Thirteen back home. However, this was not to be under the existing colonial regime of Canada at that time.

In 1775, as separation from Britain became actual warfare, one of the first moves by the Americans was to invade Canada, hoping to win the population over to their cause. Through what has to be certain ineptitude on the part of the British military leadership, the Americans managed to advance as far as Quebec City—a real fortress that stood firm. Montreal was now American. In an effort to gain the support of the Canadiens the Continental Congress (revolutionary government) sent to Montreal three commissioners, led by the famous Benjamin Franklin. However, after spending a winter in Montreal, this poorly supplied takeover attempt failed: the army of liberation had become one of occupation, badgering townspeople and merchants to turn over food and merchandise. Very few people still supported the rebel cause and by June, when Britain sent more troops, the Americans ended up retreating back to the Thirteen Colonies.

One of the odd spins of history occurred through this revolutionary period. Franklin had brought the French-born Philadelphian printer Fleury Mesplet with him to Montreal. After the American withdrawal, Mesplet decided to stay, was imprisoned for a month, then released. He opened up a print shop and bookstore on rue Capitale near Place du Marché, now Place Royale. In June 1778 he launched the *Gazette du commerce et litteraire*. After some further problems with the authorities, Mesplet relaunched a bilingual newspaper in 1785: the *Montreal Gazette/Gazette de Montréal*, the ancestor of the present *Montreal Gazette*. This was the first newspaper in Montreal (Quebec City's *Chronicle & Telegraph* is older) and certainly one of the few bilingual efforts anyone has ever tried. Indirectly, Montrealers can thank Ben Franklin for starting theirs off as a great newspaper town.



There were two further serious clashes with the Americans: the War of 1812-1814, when another failed attempt at capturing Canada occurred, and, on a smaller scale, the Fenian Raids between 1865 and 1872. Throughout the nineteenth century there always was an element in the United States that wanted to take over Canada and couldn't understand why Canada didn't want to be taken over. At first opposition to this came

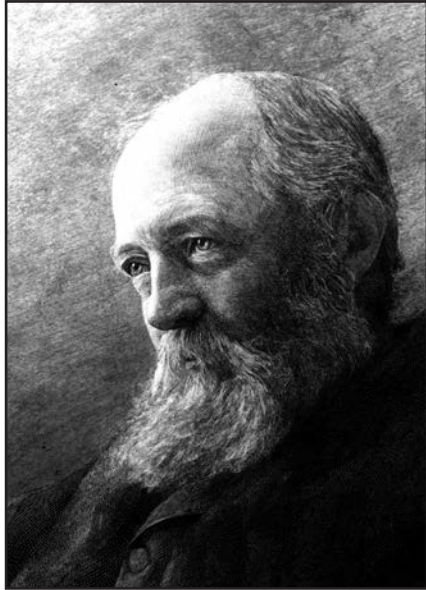


directly from the United Empire Loyalists who had chosen, or felt compelled, to leave the United States as they wished

to maintain British identity and had not supported the revolution. Also, the French-speaking inhabitants felt little or no sympathy with American culture and ideology. As time went by, especially after Confederation in 1867, citizens of Canada developed their own identity, not particularly British or American, but unique, and our country followed its own path.

Yet here we were—small and frosty, far less populated than the United States and relatively less economically developed. The social and cultural influences from the States could not help but be both all-engulfing and irresistible. Montreal, as ever, was open to the new and, for the times, unusual. In the nineteenth century, as cities grew more congested and industrial, a movement arose to preserve what “wild nature” remained within or close to city limits as areas for recreation for the citizens. Although influenced by European and especially English landscape gardening, and the whole Romantic movement of literature and music, Montreal was more directly affected by urban developments in the United States.

The first was the creation of Mount Royal Cemetery, opened in 1852. This Protestant burial ground was a direct imitation of Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge, Massachusetts, started in 1831. Mount Auburn had winding paths, ponds, trees and bushes placed to create deliberate vistas in the Romantic fashion. A cemetery was seen as a park, not just a burial ground, and the living were welcomed to picnic and stroll through its leafy glades. Mount Royal Cemetery, in this imported New England fashion, was Montreal's first park. “The superb landscaping of this realm of death made it the most romantic and picturesque place in Montreal.” (Marsan, p.300) Very soon afterwards, the Roman Catholic Cote-des-Neiges Cemetery was established in a similar style next door on the Mountain. The cemeteries were even advertised as tourist attractions. Today, the total cemetery acreages much out-do those of Mount Royal Park itself. The now mature trees and time's accumulation of both grandiose monuments and mausoleums, and generations of regular tombstones have made Montreal's cemeteries attractive and important heritage sites.



More influence from nineteenth century American urban trends is seen in the eventual creation and layout of Mount Royal Park, an intentional copy of Central Park in New York. The same landscape architect, Frederick Law Olmsted, was hired to do the project, working on it from 1873 to around 1881. He respected the natural topography of the site and emphasized working with the natural environment as it existed. Given the pressures on our Mountain over time since Olmsted, it is still very much the park of his design and one of the best assets of our city.

By the time of Olmsted, communications with the United States had become much easier, mainly because of



the proliferation of the railways. Montreal was at the hub, and this only increased its position as the transportation and economic lead city of Canada. "In 1836, a mere six years after history's first railway, in England, the colony inaugurated its first rail line...named the Champlain and St Lawrence that linked Saint-Jean on the Richelieu to La-pairie...to facilitate communications between Montreal and New York." (Marsan, p.172) In 1853, Montreal was linked by rail via the Eastern Townships to Portland, Maine. Victoria Bridge, the first bridge to end Montreal Island's watery isolation, was built primarily for the Grand Trunk Railway. It led to the South Shore, pointing the way towards the United States border. Trade and commerce flowed more easily north-south rather than east-west as is obvious from our continental geography. Plus the larger markets were to the south and New York was the closest major ice-free port for Montreal.

**T**he mid-nineteenth century was a time of contrasting social and political movements for Montreal, and some of the most conflicted issues appear to relate to the American Civil War and its aftermath. There was always a very strong anti-slavery feeling in the British North American colonies. Slave owning had been illegal for some time and there was vigorous opposition to its persistence in the southern United States. In *Montreal Yesterdays*, by Edgar Andrew Collard, specific cases relating to slavery, runaway slaves and so on are closely examined: "Through about half a century of British rule, Negro slavery had continued in Montreal. Many prominent citizens, including James McGill... owned a slave. Negro slavery did not die out in Montreal until near the end of the eighteenth century, after decisions in the Canadian courts had cast doubt on its legality...However tolerant of slavery Montreal had once been, sentiment turned profoundly against it in early Victorian times. This sentiment grew more and more bitter as runaway slaves reached the city. Their appalling injuries and harrowing stories destroyed any attempt to represent slavery as a mild and just institution." (Collard, p.119)

## SPIRITED COMMITMENT

The Samuel and Saidye Bronfman  
Family Foundation

BY RODERICK MACLEOD AND  
ERIC JOHN ABRAHAMSON

Showing how the Samuel and Saidye Bronfman Family Foundation has balanced its commitments to Jewish charitable causes and to Canadian culture, *Spirited Commitment* explores how the Foundation dealt with the challenge of respecting the wishes of its famous founders while still making a difference in contemporary Canadian society.

### PRAISE FOR *SPIRITED COMMITMENT*

"The name Bronfman and the word philanthropist are synonymous to many ... *Spirited Commitment*, which features many sources and an extensive bibliography, chronicles the history of the foundation, which wound down in 2007, and its accomplishments. Although a work commissioned by the family risks reading like a hagiography, this one doesn't. It's clear-eyed."  
—*Montreal Gazette*

 McGill-Queen's University Press





There were several celebrated cases involving fugitive slaves in Montreal in the 1850s. In all cases that have come to this writer's attention all were eventually granted asylum and usually strongly supported by the population following the leadership of local churches. In 1861, the American Civil War started with slavery as its chief cause. The imminent breakup of the American union and the vicious warfare between the states probably was the tipping point for at least four of the Canadian colonies, and by 1867 they united to form Canada. Suddenly north-south wasn't so attractive and the (by then) industrial and political centre of Canada, Montreal, started to look west and built our transcontinental railway.

Yet there was also considerable sympathy for the southern Confederacy in Canada during the Civil War. The ambiguous trade and foreign policy of Britain at this time probably influenced this. The South at the time was a major supplier of cotton for the mills of industrial Britain and, as history shows, money has no social conscience. There was also a complex trade in forest products, cotton, sugar and rum that linked Quebec and Montreal with southern ports such as Mobile and the West Indian colonies. Trade doesn't like war and many ships, some originating in Montreal, ran the Union blockade against the South.

After the defeat of the Confederacy in 1867, its former president, Jefferson Davis, came to Montreal with his family and resided here for some time. The Davis family was welcomed by many prominent citizens, such as the Lovells of Lovell's Directory with whom they lived for a period. Davis was a rather sad figure in defeat, but decided to write the history of the Confederacy during this exile. Many documents had already been smuggled into Montreal and kept in the vaults of the Bank of Montreal for safe-keeping. Jefferson traveled about in Canada, even visiting Niagara Falls, but was essentially based in Montreal. A house was found for the family on Mountain Street. Eventually, they went to England and the Continent after the general amnesty granted by the once again united United States. Montreal, once again, had had difficulty welcoming what must have been a very politi-

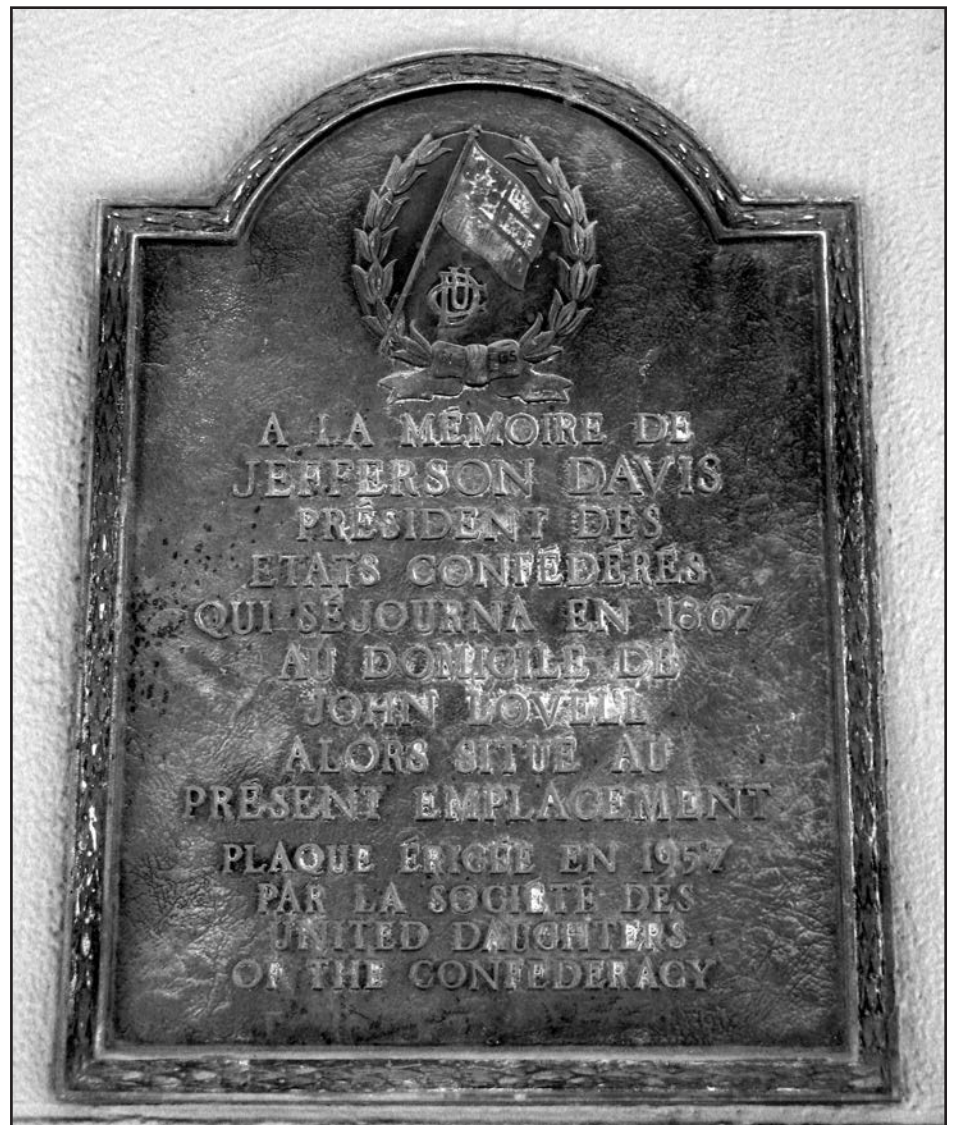
cally awkward individual and his family.

*Continuing and increasing American influence on Montreal in the 20th century will be outlined in the Winter 2011 edition of Quebec Heritage News.*

*Sandra Stock is the former president of the Morin Heights Historical Association and is now Vice President of the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network.*

**Sources:**

- Edward Andrew Collard, *Montreal Yesterdays*. Longmans Canada, 1962
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Left: Image from Samuel R Ward, *Autobiography of a Negro* (Chicago: Johnson Publishing Company Inc., 1970); [www.northcountryundergroundrailroad.com](http://www.northcountryundergroundrailroad.com)

Right: Plaque on Union Avenue in Montreal commemorating the spot where Jefferson Davis lived. Photo: Donald J Davison



# BEEF OR BEANS, PUDDING OR PIE

*Defeated Confederate chief Jefferson Davis savoured Lennoxville's northern hospitality*

by Donald J. Davison

When the American Civil War was won by the northern states in 1865, the leader of the southern Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, found himself and his family on the run. He couldn't find work and there was no pension available for all his past service before the war. He and his family were destitute, depending on financial gifts from sympathizers. It wasn't long before he was captured and placed in prison at Fortress Munroe in Virginia, and his family put under house arrest in Savannah, Georgia.

Jefferson Davis's Mississippi family had a long history of service to the United States in the Continental Army. Three of his older brothers served in the War of 1812, and it was only normal for his family to send him to West Point for a career in the army. In 1835 he left the service when his brother gave him a gift of a plantation—a tangled wilderness of 800 acres along the Mississippi named Brierfield, complete with slaves.

Davis had married Sarah Knox Taylor, daughter of General and President Zachary Taylor, but she had died after only three months of marriage. It took him nearly ten years to meet another charming young southern lady, Varina Howell. At 36, Davis was a tall, good-looking, aristocratic plantation gentleman running for public office, and it didn't take Varina long to fall in love. They were married on February 29, 1845.

Varina Howell was born in 1826 in Natchez, Mississippi to a prominent family; she was the granddaughter of Richard Howell, former governor of New Jersey. She attended a girls' academy in Philadelphia for a few months in 1836, which seems to have been the ex-



tent of her formal education. Varina was as complex and contradictory as her husband was simple and consistent. She was intense, prejudiced, proud, brave, generous, possessive, jealous and affectionate. Above all she had an Irish wit and loved a good laugh. She enjoyed society and felt that she was made “for the world.”<sup>1</sup>

Their life was genteel and they entertained prominent Southerners on a regular basis. They were comfortable meeting important people and thrived on attending public meetings and events. Davis ran for office and was elected U.S. Congressional Representative from Mississippi in 1845.

A year later he left public service to serve in the Mexican War. This experience led to Davis's assignment as the Secretary of War (1853-1857) during the administration of President Franklin Pierce. After completing his term as Secretary of War, Davis served as a Senator

from Mississippi. It was during his second term of office that the Civil War broke out and Davis would soon become president of the Confederate States of America. Here is an excerpt from his farewell address to the U.S. Senate on January 21, 1861:

*I rise, Mr. President, for the purpose of announcing to the Senate that I have satisfactory evidence that the State of Mississippi, by a solemn ordinance of her people, in convention assembled, has declared her separation from the United States. Under these circumstances, of course, my functions are terminated here. It has seemed to me proper, however, that I should appear in the Senate to announce that fact to my associates, and I will say but very little more.*<sup>2</sup>

Four years later, in April 1865, Robert E. Lee and his Confederate army surrendered and, after Davis's capture the following month, the Confederate States of America ceased to exist. Davis was imprisoned at Fortress Munroe in Hampton, Virginia. His wife Varina and their four children—Margaret, age 10, Jeff Jr., age 8, William, age 4, and Winnie, age 1—were placed under house arrest in Savannah, Georgia.<sup>3</sup>

It has been recorded that Davis suffered from depression and severe headaches during this time, and that at one point he was prohibited from using a fork or knife lest he attempt suicide. His condition eventually deteriorated into pneumonia, and he was transferred to Carroll Hall, the officers' quarters. About this move, Davis would comment later:

*The dry air, the good water, an occasional fire, are helping me already. My room is eighteen by twenty feet, I have a fireplace, an iron frame bed, a water bucket, basin and pitcher and a folding screen to perform my toilet in private.<sup>4</sup>*

Davis's wife Varina and their children arrived at the Pulaski Hotel in Savannah and were not allowed to leave the area or communicate with officials or friends. Varina was cut adrift from her husband of twenty years—and found little sympathy in Savannah for her and her children. Yet that August, a man named Octavus Cohen provided her with \$800, which was desperately needed to help cover her expenses.

The children were harassed continually. Billy at four was forced to sing on the streets: "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree!" Jeff Jr. was threatened with whipping and told that his father was to be hanged shortly. But Varina's complaints to the authorities started to pay off. She was finally allowed to send her elder children to Canada with her mother, Margaret Louisa Howell, and their servant Robert.



**M**argaret Louisa arrived in Montreal in September and promptly found schools for the children: Margaret went to The Sacred Heart Convent at Sault aux Recollet in Cartierville, Jeff Jr. went to Mrs. Morris' School in Lennoxville across the St. Francis River from Bishop's College, and William went to Bishop's College Grammar School, also in Lennoxville.



The family were no sooner settled than the *Montreal Gazette* reported on their arrival to the public on September 6. So much for a low profile.

In the spring of 1866, Varina was allowed to visit her children in Montreal and Lennoxville and her husband at Fortress Munroe in Virginia. U.S. president Andrew Johnson had given her permission to see her husband for the first time in a year. However, within a few weeks, Davis was indicted a second time for treason by a grand jury in Virginia and refused bail after U.S. Circuit Court Judge John C. Underwood deemed him to be a military prisoner.

Later that summer, Davis's wife returned to Montreal, where she lived five months. She was very concerned for her mother Margaret Howell, who was living in a cheap, smelly downtown boarding house where she had to mop the floors, bake bread and cut wood for the stove.

On May 13, 1867, Davis was released on bail of \$100,000 provided by several Confederate sympathizers, including Horace Greeley, owner and editor of *The New York Guardian*, a leading

newspaper in New York at the time. Greeley must have had substantial influence.

**A**fter visits in New York City and Niagara to see their old friends James Mason and General Jubal A. Early of the Confederate Army, Davis, his wife and their youngest child Winnie were reunited with the rest of the family in Montreal, where they stayed with Margaret Howell. Varina's concern for her mother's poor circumstances was heard by a prominent publisher in Montreal, John Lovell, whose large house was on Union Avenue (current site of The Bay department store). The whole family was invited to stay while they got settled in the city.

A short while later, the Reverend Henry Wilkes, a Congregationalist minister, left on a trip to England and offered his home to the family at 1181 Mountain Street a few blocks up St. Catherine Street from where they were staying with the Lovells. It was noted that poet Dr. Henry Drummond had stayed there.



On June 26, 1867, Davis was invited to speak at the University of Bishop's College (as Bishop's University was known then). He would write of his impressions that he found Lennoxville to be very attractive with less noise and commotion than Montreal.

*A pretty little place with the Massawippi River winding between the village and the shaded grounds of Bishops College. On the heights less than a mile away one could see surrounding the town; green hills, sleek cattle, wheat fields and appealing bucolic vistas.*<sup>5</sup>

When the children were preparing to return to school for the winter, the Davises decided to move to Lennoxville. They left their daughter Margaret with her grandmother to attend The Sacred Heart, while William returned to Bishop's College Grammar School and Jeff Jr. returned to Mrs. Morris' School. The boys stayed with their parents at Clarke's Hotel (now the Lennoxville Public Library) with Winnie, who was too young to attend classes.

During this period, the Davises were able to meet and befriend a number of people, including the family of Stephen S. Cummins who lived at their home, Rock Grove, on Belvedere (now College) Street. The Cummins had four children of their own.

An Englishman, the Reverend Christopher Rawson, an early Bishop's University graduate, also entertained the Davises. He and his family lived at Elmwood (now the parsonage of the first Anglican Church, St James', in Lennoxville).

The defeated Confederate leader also enjoyed many days playing chess

with the Reverend William Richmond at Bishop's University. Bishop's students supported Jeff Davis wholeheartedly. A common song was:

*"Oh the muskets they may rattle,  
And the cannon may roar;  
Buy we'll fight for yon Jeff Davis  
Along the southern shore."*<sup>6</sup>

Montreal because Davis was bound by law to stay in Richmond for the hearing, scheduled for November 26. On that day, Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase couldn't attend the hearing so it was postponed till March and Davis was released on his own recognizance.<sup>7</sup>

Just before Christmas, while Jefferson and Varina were still in Richmond, they received a letter from their daughter



One incident that reflects the family's financial affairs was Jefferson selling his gold watch for a pair of fine leather handmade boots from the Balfour Shoe Shop. The Balfour family passed the watch down to the Thomas Courchene family who eventually donated it to the Jefferson Davis Presidential Museum and Library in Biloxi, Mississippi.

According to the indictment against him, Davis was summoned to report to Richmond, Virginia in October. So he and his wife left Lennoxville and returned south to await the court hearing, while Margaret Louisa stayed in Montreal to look after all the children as she had initially.

It was on November 24, 1867, that they received the news of Margaret Louisa Howell's death. She had been visiting with friends in Bennington, Vermont, when she was struck ill. Neither Davis nor his wife could attend the funeral at Mount Royal Cemetery in

Margaret who had traveled with her Aunt Margaret to be with her brothers William and Jeff Jr. in Lennoxville for Christmas.

*I have not been very well but am improving greatly. The doctor ordered porter for me. Since I cannot drink a whole bottle every day, Aunty helped me as the doctor had ordered for her too... You have no idea what a nice time I am having here, for I do snow shoeing, sledging, tobogganing and go for midnight drives. We have such fun for you know all the little girls in the village come too. Your most affectionate little daughter, Polly.*<sup>8</sup>

Since leaving Richmond at the end of November 1867, the Davises had traveled extensively throughout the south. After learning of the continual arguments and postponements of his trial, they left on March 27, 1868, for Lennoxville where





they stayed for four more months. Davis was notified of a new trial on April 27, and learned that it had been postponed again on April 29.

On June 25, while staying at Clarke's Hotel in Lennoxville Davis tried to carry his daughter Winnie down the steep stairs from the mezzanine. He stumbled, threw Winnie back up to the mezzanine and fell the whole way to the main lobby. Winnie was fine, but her father broke two ribs.

**M**ost of Davis's travels were related to investments, partnerships and loans. So when the doctor recommended travel (on broken ribs!) to the continent, Davis decided that the time was right to explore a business offer from some exporters in Liverpool, England. The family traveled to Liverpool on July 25 and spent the rest of the year touring Great Britain and Paris.

In early December, while the family was touring, Chief Justice Chase and U.S. Circuit Judge Underwood announced that they could not agree on whether the indictment against Davis should be quashed. Chase gave his legal opinion that the U.S. constitution's 14th amendment, which included a number of clauses dealing with the Confederacy and its officials, exempted Davis from further punishment. No further action was taken in the case.<sup>9</sup>

The family toured until September 1869, despite Davis's being offered a position with the Carolina Life Insur-

ance Company in Baltimore. They continued to travel throughout the east and England for several years. It wasn't until 1878 when they inherited a beautiful home called "Beauvoir" in Biloxi, Mississippi, on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico that the family were able to settle down, and it was then Davis that started to write his memoirs.

**T**raveling to look for work and money was only possible thanks to Jefferson's lawyer, Charles O'Connor, a prominent Manhattan lawyer, who kept in touch with Colin J. McRae, the Chief Financial agent of the Confederate States of America in Europe. It was through them that considerable sums were passed on to Jefferson and Varina.

It was a sad life, because they kept losing their children to disease, notably yellow fever, diphtheria and pneumonia. Only Varina and her daughter Margaret survived the rest of the family. Later in life, Varina reflected upon the one peaceful time they had in their lives until Beauvoir came along: Lennoxville.

*The old days in Lennoxville return to my memory and I wonder if I shall wake up and find I have had a long dream with my husband and children again. Lennoxville I suppose has changed very much since Mr. Redpath's servant at Clarke's used to prod us on the ribs and say: 'Beef or beans, pudding or pie?' There is said to be a good house there now and many fashionable people frequent it. Dr. Robertson I hear is old and, like myself,*

*quite feeble. In May I shall be seventy-seven, and I feel a hundred years.*<sup>10</sup>

Jefferson Davis was often on the verge of eternity—but he was never able to reach out and grasp it.

**Donald J. Davison** is the author of an historical novel *Raise the Flag & Sound the Cannon*, published by Shoreline Press, that is based on the *St. Albans Raid*. He was also a partner in the musical comedy based on the book, *Chickasaw*.

### Acknowledgement

The author is indebted to Lu Rider of the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical & Museum Society for her assistance in researching and editing this article and for the photographs of Jefferson's watch and the Cummins home, Rock Grove.

### Footnotes

1. Hudson Strode, *The Jefferson Davis Private Letters 1823–1889*, 1966, p. xiv
2. Many Americans from both the south and the north considered their home state more important than the country. So in 1861 at the outbreak of war, it was normal for people to opt for supporting their home.
3. The Davis family had suffered from the death of two of their children: Samuel in 1854 at age 2, and Joseph in 1864 at age 5. Ishbel Ross, *The First Lady of the South*, Harpers, 1958, p. 278.
4. Rosh Ishbel, *The First Lady of the South*, Harpers, 1958, pg. 278
5. Phillip Henry Gosse, *The Canadian Naturalist Magazine*, 1840
6. Bernard Epps, "On the Verge of Eternity in Lennoxville," *The Sherbrooke Record*, August 25, 1980
7. Bartley N. Holtham, QC, Sherbrooke, had a gravestone placed on her plot in 1959. The Davises were too poor to afford one in 1867. Even in 1881 after Jefferson had visited the site, he was saddened but couldn't pay for anything.
8. Strode, *The Jefferson Davis Private Letters, 1829-1889* (1966), p.287.
9. *The Jefferson Davis Chronology, Post War Life and Career*. [http://jefferson-davis.rice.edu/Chron.cfm?doc\\_id=1467](http://jefferson-davis.rice.edu/Chron.cfm?doc_id=1467)
10. Bartley N. Holtham, "Jefferson Davis," *Lennoxville, Vol.1* (1975), p.44.



# CANADA'S SHARP YANKEE

*William Van Horne's diverse legacy*

by Rod MacLeod

**N**ovember 7, 2010, marked the one hundred and twenty fifth anniversary of the taking of the most famous photograph in Canadian history.

The photo shows a group of working men in coats and felt hats, looking pretty miserable in the bitter weather. Only a couple of them are aware of the camera; the rest are watching a group of dignitaries posing in far from ideal conditions and looking not much happier. The elderly gent in the middle is struggling with a heavy hammer; the men around him wait patiently, conscious that a false move could render this symbolic moment a fiasco. In the end, fortunately, the hammer struck its target successfully and Canada was united from coast to coast by a national railway.

The large man standing behind the CPR's hammer-wielding official (both in the photo and politically) was William Cornelius Van Horne, one of the most influential Americans to move and shake in Canada's industrial economy—to say nothing of Montreal society as a resident of Quebec. Van Horne's long journey to Craigellachie began, in a sense, when he boarded his private railway car in Montreal for the trip west to the Rockies, but in another sense it began in Joliet, Illinois, where he grew up and first went to work as a telegraph operator at the age of fifteen. Technical proficiency soon led to a lucrative career in railway management throughout the Midwest. Van Horne's reputation was such that in late 1881, when the fledgling Canadian Pacific Railway Company needed an experienced general manager to supervise the construction of track from central Canada to the Rockies, he was strongly recommended. CPR president George Stephen was eager to engage Van Horne. The American quickly proved his salt by completing the track across the prairies in record time, and delighted the government of his

adopted country by enabling it to use railway line and stock for the suppression of the North West Rebellion in early 1885. One assumes the Prime Minister was being complimentary when he referred to Van Horne as a "sharp Yankee."

Three years after the Last Spike was struck by CPR executive Donald Smith, Van Horne succeeded Stephen as president—and not the elderly Smith, which everyone expected; for some time it had been Van Horne calling the shots. Since his arrival in Montreal, Van Horne had been living in considerable com-

fort in a large semi-detached house at 1149 Dorchester Street (which would later be acquired by another American railway manager who had risen to fame within the CPR, Thomas Shaughnessy), but within months of getting the top CPR job, he purchased a larger and much more prestigious house at 916 Sherbrooke



West and set to work making it larger still.

For this task he hired American architect Bruce Price, whose expertise in grandiose late-Victorian design had been clearly shown in the just-completed Windsor Station, the CPR's new Montreal terminus. Price would go on, with Van Horne's indirect patronage, to create what became known as the "CPR style" in such iconic buildings as the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec City and the Hotel Viger in Montreal. Price enlarged the Van Horne mansion to 52 rooms, including a number of galleries to show off the ever-growing Van Horne collection of Old Master paintings, Japanese pottery, and models of antique ships. For his new home's interior design, Van Horne hired the German-born American decorative artist Edward Colonna, who for some years had been employed by the CPR to design railway cars and stations. Colonna decorated the mansion's walls with Art-Nouveau plaster and gilt work, which over half a century later was considered



among the finest ever created. There were other Montreal mansions that sported fine collections and unusual decor, but few homeowners equalled William Cornelius Van Horne in his zeal for making his home a cultural castle.



The cause of built heritage in Quebec owes a debt of gratitude to the Van Horne mansion – ironically, not because it was highly valued as a structure but because its infamous destruction galvanized the heritage community. William Cornelius’s descendents lived in the house until 1967, after which time the search was on to find an owner willing to meet its enormous maintenance costs.

The purchase of this property by developer David Azrieli, who intended to tear it down and replace it with an office tower, went at first unnoticed by Montrealers long accustomed to witnessing the destruction of old buildings in the interests of urban renewal, freeways and skyscrapers. By 1973, however, with Azrieli’s scheme greenlighted, the Van Horne case proved the modernist straw that broke the heritage camel’s back. The enthusiasm with which Azrieli was opposed and, even more, the anger focused on the various levels of government that seemed unable and even unwilling to stop him in the name of cultural preservation, turned a public that had never had much sympathy for heritage into a committed citizenry eager to preserve what was left of Montreal’s architectural past and human-scale urban layout. Thanks to the efforts of Save Montreal, a grassroots organization formed in the wake of the Van Horne mansion’s destruction, and Heritage Montreal, its more formal offshoot, Montreal now has fame as one of North America’s most aesthetic and liveable cities.

Railway heritage has benefitted more directly from Van Horne and the CPR, whose legacy is featured at the National Railway Mu-

seum (Exporail) in St-Constant, Quebec. Among its collection is the “Saskatchewan,” William Van Horne’s private railway car in which he rode to the Rockies in the autumn of 1885. On November 7, in celebration of the 125th anniversary of the Last Spike, Exporail opened up this car for public tours – only the second time in the past 15 years it has done so owing to the car’s fragile state. This full-service accommodation included bedroom, bathrooms (men and women), kitchen, dining room, and living room, all with ornate furnishings and wide windows through which Van Horne would have watched the rugged Canadian Shield give way to vast prairie and then finally to the all-but-impenetrable mountains.

Thirty years after it headed to Craigellachie, the “Saskatchewan” took William Cornelius Van Horne on his last journey, this time festooned with funereal ribbons. A few days after Van Horne’s death on September 11, 1915, a special CPR train left Montreal for Joliet, Illinois, where Oakwood Cemetery awaited one of its most famous sons.

*Rod MacLeod can testify that the hammer Donald Smith wielded, now on interactive display at the museum in Craigellachie, BC, is pretty darn heavy.*

**Sources:**

- Pierre Berton, *The Last Spike* (Random House, 1971)
- Donna Gabeline, Dane Lanken and Gordon Pape, *Montreal at the Crossroads* (Harvest House, 1975)
- David Johnston, “All aboard to tour Van Horne’s railcar,” *The Montreal Gazette*, November 6, 2010
- Donald MacKay, *The Square Mile: Merchant Princes of Montreal* (Douglas & McIntyre, 1987)



Above: “Hotel Frontenac, Dufferin Terrace, Quebec City,” C.1900. (Photo: McCord Museum, MP-1979.22.188). Below: “Living room, Van Horne house, Montreal,” 1920. (Photo: McCord Museum, VIEW-19338).

# IMMIGRANT IMPRINTS

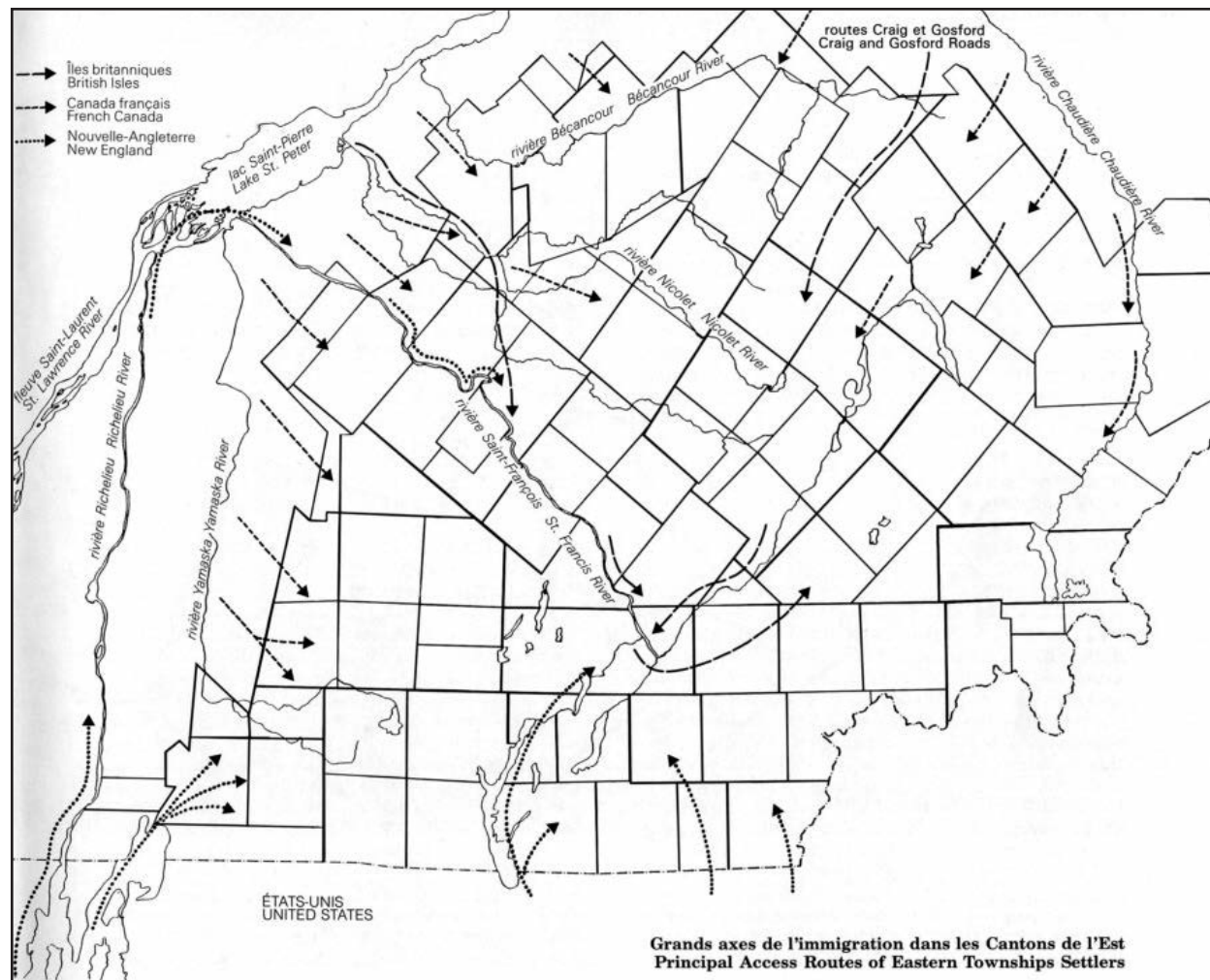
*Eastern Townships history, architecture and art revisited*

by Monique Nadeau-Saumier

*This article was first published in the Stanstead Historical Society Journal, Volume 22, 2007 and also appeared in Histoire Québec, Volume 11, 2, 2008. It is reprinted here with the author's permission.*

The Territory of the Eastern Townships covers some 15,000 square kilometres to the east of the Richelieu Valley, sandwiched between the St Lawrence Valley to the north and the American Border to the south. During the French Regime, the area was largely untouched, a wild country which served as a buffer zone between New France and the hostile New England colonies. After the British conquest, settling in the area was strictly forbidden on account of the antagonistic attitude of the new Republic against Great Britain. This policy was reversed in 1791 when the territory was opened to settlers and the area

was surveyed in approximately 100 square mile townships. One seventh of each township was reserved as Crown Land and a similar portion for the Clergy. This cadastral division, originating from England and based on freehold common soccage, was radically different from the seigniorial system of the lowlands of the St Lawrence Valley and is probably the main factor that characterized the identity of the Eastern Townships. Of the many descriptions of the Eastern Townships, I have picked that of the historian Jean-Pierre Kesteman: "this area is an in-between territory, an intermediate country, located through geographical and historical hazards between the valleys of the St Lawrence and the Connecticut, between the seigniorial stronghold of New France and the New England colonies, between Montreal and Quebec on the one side and Boston and New York on the other."







### First settlements

Initial settlements in the Townships do not start before 1792 when British authorities decided in favour of land grants. There are three distinct phases of occupation of the territory. First, the Americans, from 1784 to 1845; then, immigrants from the British Isles, from 1819 to 1856; and finally, French Canadians, from 1850 to 1920.

#### *The Americans*

The Americans were the first to come, among them, a small number of Loyalist refugees, but mostly people looking for good land to farm and settle on. Held back between the Atlantic shoreline before the Erie Canal opened the way to the West in 1825, New England settlers worked their way north, seeking good farming lands. Momentarily halted by the War of 1812, American immigration kept on going until 1845.

In his sketch, Bouchette, who was the first surveyor of the Townships, wanted to show the presence of prosperous settlements, cleared lands, farms, cattle, mills, solid and convenient homes. The typical American vernacular architecture of the homes scattered on both sides of the road was thus described by him in 1831: "The Village of Stanstead is built near the province line and consists of 23 houses and 200 souls; the houses are in general neat and substantial, many of them two stories high and several are built with bricks. The style of building is very different here and throughout the township to what is practised in the seigniorial settlements of the province and borders considerably, if not absolutely, to the American Style as practised in the adjoining state of Vermont."

Vermont being so close, it was easy at the onset for American nationals to set roots in the territory. The towns of Stanstead and Georgeville received the first settlers at the end of the eighteenth century, soon after the opening of the territory. Johnson Taplin travelled by foot to settle in Stanstead in 1796.

Moses Copps came to Georgeville with his family

in 1796 by waterway. With his partner, Nicholas Austin, from across the lake, Copps planned a ferry operation between the east and west sides of the lake that would be eventually incorporated in a route connecting Montreal to the American border. This initiative was the beginning of navigation on Lake Memphremagog.

The New Englanders who were the first settlers of Stanstead and the adjoining Townships had a good basic education, if not an advanced learning. At the onset of the nineteenth century, they were the most literate nation in the world. They established and managed their own schools in each Township,

taxing themselves for their sustenance and they founded their own academies, as that of Stanstead College, established in 1817. Churches, schools, cemeteries abound. "One school for every 5 homes," noted Lady Monk, wife of the General Governor. There were more schools per capita in early nineteenth century in Stanstead Township than anywhere else in Quebec.

#### *Immigrants from the British Isles*

The end of the Napoleonic Wars resulted in a surplus population made more stringent by the agricultural reforms in Scotland and the famine in Ireland.

In 1832, a group of British merchants founded the British American Land Company to bring nationals from the British Isles to develop lands in the Townships. 800,000 acres of land were granted to the BALC by the British Government. Some 3,000 Irish nationals formed the largest group of immigrants. About 1,000 more followed from each Scotland and England. These figures are not important when compared to the 20,000 Americans already settled in the Townships. While it was rather easy to enter the area by the waterways if you came from New England, the settlers from the British Isles arriving in Quebec had to face a difficult trip by land (Craig and Gosford roads were poorly kept because they crossed sparsely populated areas).

The British, newly arrived in the Townships, found themselves in a completely foreign cultural environment, which they had difficulty to understand and accept.

#### *French Canadians*

The French Canadian immigration to the Townships, thwarted during the first half of the nineteenth century by the opposition of the Catholic clergy, gained strength after 1850 when parishes were created beyond the old seigniorial lands. The first migration phase was mostly in the north part of the area, the townships of Ely, Roxton, Milton and the north part of Richmond County, the first area to see French Canadian settlers enter the Eastern Townships.

By the end of the century, French Canadians were

found just about everywhere, and in 1900 only Brome County still counted a majority of English-speaking population. The Americans had chosen to settle on high lands, more recent arrivals settled in the valleys, as they were more familiar with this type of land where drainage and such conditions were similar to those of the lowlands of the St Lawrence Valley.

## Means of access

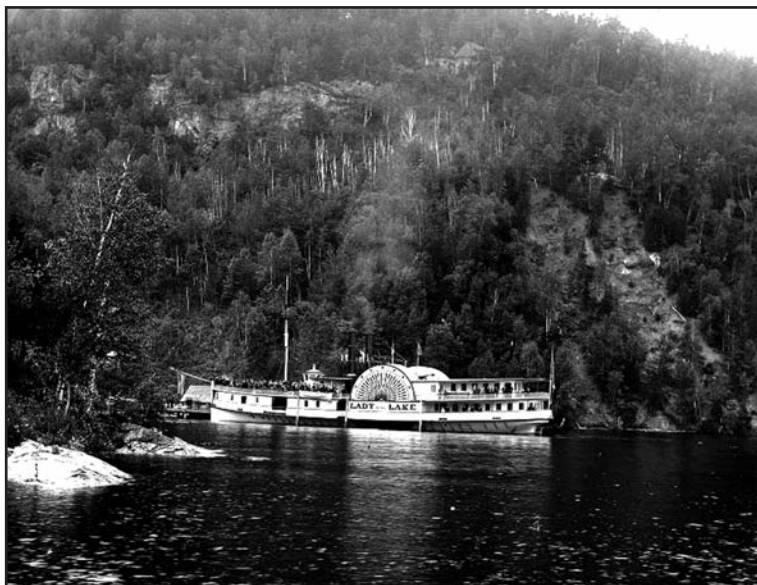
Joseph Bouchette provided an excellent description of the St. Francis River in his 1815 book *A topographical description of Canada*: “it also serves as a way of communication for a considerable amount of trade that grows every day with the southern townships and the United States. Navigation is difficult on account of the great number of rapids and falls on its course, but since it offers a direct route to send products from these districts to a sure market, the industrious inhabitants courageously surmount the difficulties, and every summer they ship towards the St. Lawrence large quantities of pot ash and other merchandise.”

### *Stagecoaches*

In 1811, a year after the opening of the Craig Road, a first stagecoach line connected Quebec to Boston. To get to the States, the coaches had to go by the Townships to Richmond, Sherbrooke and Stanstead. Since the roads were practically unfit for travel, traffic was mostly in winter time. A road connecting Stanstead to Georgeville and then Montreal was built in 1824.

### *Railroads*

In 1852, the first international railway line left from the south shore of Montreal to reach the port of Portland, Maine. The arrival of the railway marked the end of the isolation of the Townships and heralded the region’s industrial expansion. The rail network that was quickly



built during the second half of the nineteenth century provided access to the Townships for Montreal and American Northeast travellers and helped develop a budding tourist industry, notably in Magog and Newport, Vermont, by giving access to Lake Memphremagog and in North Hatley to Lake Massawippi. Many other subsidiary lines crisscrossed the Townships until the second half of the twentieth century.

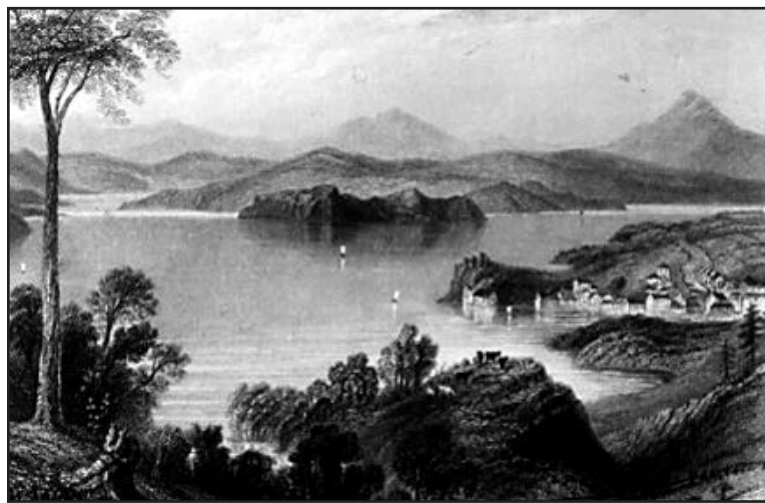
### *Steamboats and summer resorts*

With its fifty kilometres of navigable waters, from Vermont to the heart of the Townships, Lake Memphremagog has a long history of water travel with boats of every kind.

In 1851, the *Mountain Maid*, the first steamboat to navigate in the south of the Province, was launched at Georgeville. This was the beginning of a full century of steamer operations on the lake and was used mostly to carry resort visitors (among which was painter Cornelius Kreighoff) to the *Mountain House Hotel*, set at the foot of *Mount Owl’s Head*.

During the second half of the nineteenth century, seven other steamboats operated on the lake. The most important were the *Lady of the Lake* and the *Anthemis* that offered a regular shuttle between Newport, Vermont, and the town of Magog during the navigation season, with stops at various docks along both shores.

Now the emblem of the City of Newport in Vermont, the *Lady of the Lake* cruised Lake Memphremagog for fifty years from its launch in Magog in 1867 until it was put on the stocks in 1917. This large steamer with a steel hull had been built in the shipyards of the River Clyde in Scotland, taken apart and shipped to Montreal. Larger than its predecessor the *Mountain Maid*, the *Lady of the Lake* had a 167 foot deck and was powered by two







boilers of seven and a half feet in diameter.

The last of the big steamers on the lake was the Anthemis, launched in 1917. During one full summer season, the Lady of the Lake and the Anthemis shuttled together on the waters of Lake Memphremagog.

The Anthemis provided a regular service till 1951 but mostly as a cruise boat during its remaining years.

### Artistic Panorama

Embellished throughout its territory by marvellous mountains and lakes, the Memphremagog region offers one of the most spectacular topographies of the Townships.

The first artist to capture the sublime scenery of the Memphremagog region was William Henry Bartlett (1809-1854). Between 1836 and 1842 he made four trips to Canada and the United States. Bartlett was particularly attracted to the Townships largely because of its still unspoiled and pristine scenery. The engraving “Lake Memphremagog near Georgeville” is typical of Bartlett’s romantic approach to the Memphremagog landscape, where the topography of the mountains is greatly exaggerated.

Largely inspired by Bartlett but with a more pragmatic rendition of the topography, William S. Hunter (1823-1894), a largely self-taught artist from Stanstead, published Eastern Townships Scenery in 1860, which included 13 views of the region, including “Lake Memphremagog.”



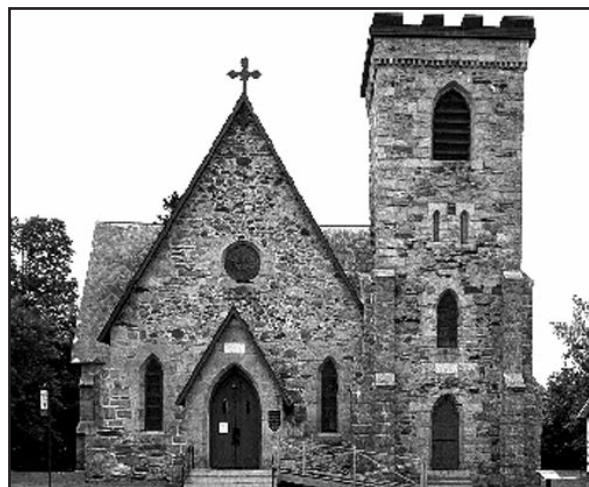
Many American artists travelled to the lake by the railroads, and then the steamer. The spectacular vistas were recorded by many of the most important landscape artists of the time, including John Douglas Woodward, whose Picturesque America, published in 1872, includes an etching of Lake Memphremagog.

### Architecture

The town of Stanstead, where a remarkable display of heritage architecture can be seen, offers several important institutional building with marked influence from American, British and French settlers.

*Stanstead College*

Designed in 1939 by the American-born architect Ernest Isbell Barott to replace the main building of Stanstead College, recently destroyed by a fire, this handsome red brick pavilion shows the influence of American colonial architecture. The symmetrical, rectangular block features three arches at the centre of the main



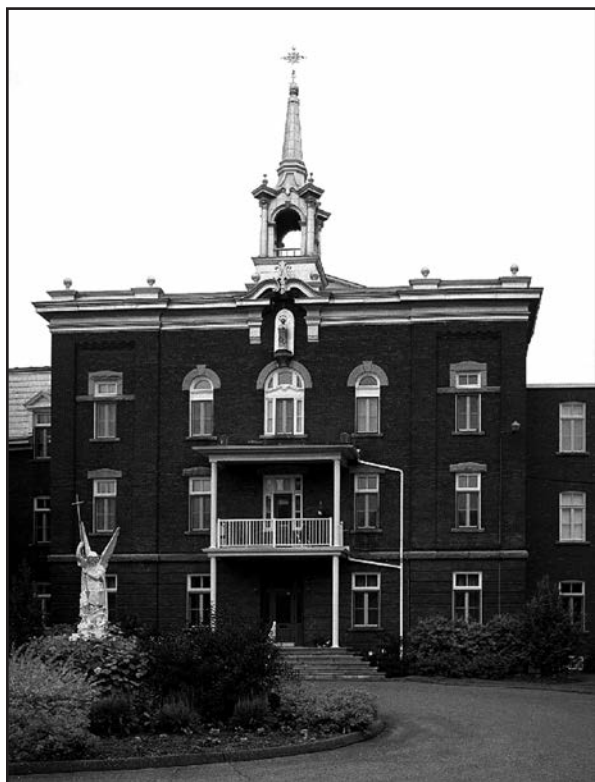
façade, with a gable roof pierced by dormers and crowned by a cupola. Set back from Dufferin Road and enhanced by an attractive green lawn, the main building of Stanstead College evokes the American origin of this important teaching institution whose creation in 1829 was largely inspired by the New England academies.

*Christ Church*

This charming Anglican church on Dufferin Road presents the architectural vocabulary of fourteenth-century country churches in England. It is built of fieldstones in the simple English Gothic style, proposed by the Ecclesiological movement, active in the mid-nineteenth century in Cambridge and Oxford Universities, which favoured a return to “Gothic” architectural forms for Anglican churches in the United Kingdom and English colonies. The Neo-Gothic characteristics of Stanstead’s Christ Church were further enhanced in 1909 by the addition of the crenellated Norman tower.

*Couvent des Ursulines*

Also set on Dufferin Road, the Ursulines' Convent, first erected in 1884, is in the Neoclassical style favoured by most Catholic convents in Quebec. The original building with its mansard roof recalls the Ursulines' long history as the first teaching order in New France. As the enrolment of the convent grew to more than a hundred students, a second wing was erected in 1894. The third building, Sainte Famille, built in 1907, is featured in the photograph. As the convent's chapel is located in this wing, the roof is adorned with an elegant steeple, a traditional feature in Quebec convent architecture.



Among other buildings of interest in Stanstead, the 109-year-old Haskell Opera House and Library is unique in this country on account of its geographical position right on the border line. Further down on Dufferin Road, the picturesque Butters residence shows the influence of Italianate villas that graced the Hudson River Valley in mid-nineteenth century New York State.

**Historical Societies**

The traditional Historical and Museum Societies of New England have influenced the foundation of several historical societies in the Townships. These historical societies with museum facilities are largely responsible for the preservation and safekeeping of important artefacts and archives collections, significant witnesses of the history of the Eastern Townships.

*Carrollcroft*

The stately granite heritage home of the Colby family, Carrollcroft, today houses the Colby Curtis Museum.

*The Missisquoi Historical Society* was founded in 1897 and is located in Stanbridge East. It has operated a museum complex since the early twentieth century in the Cornell Mill, built in 1830 on Pike River, and a General Store, dating back to the start of the twentieth century, its contents mostly intact since it closed in 1950. Missisquoi County is the part of the Townships where can be found traces of the first Loyalists refugees who arrived here at the end of the eighteenth century by way of Lake Champlain and Missisquoi Bay.

The Missisquoi Museum holds collections of exceptional value, including many artefacts related to the first Loyalists settlers. Many of these Loyalists were of German ancestry, and some of their descendents are still in the area. The Missisquoi Museum also takes pride in its important regional archives collection.

One of the major landscape painters of the nineteenth century, Alan Edson (1846-1888), was born in Stanbridge East of American parents.

*The Butters Residence*



*The Brome County Historical Society*, established in 1897, manages a museum complex in the town of Knowlton, consisting in five different buildings where is displayed part of its rich collections, including Amerindian artefacts and objects from the pioneer area. The Brome County Historical Society maintains a collection of archives that are highly prized by researchers and genealogists.

*The Richmond County Historical Society* operates a museum in Melbourne in the summer season. The museum is set in an American vernacular architecture home that was one used as a stagecoach relay. The house is furnished in a Victorian style and has a garden featuring rare cultivars salvaged from old time gardens. The village of Melbourne was the home of Frederick Simpson Coburn (1871–1960). One of the better-known artists of the Eastern Townships, he immortalized the landscape of the St Francis Valley, concentrating mostly on log transportation during winter.

*The Compton County Historical Society* operates a charming seasonal museum at Eaton Corner, in an old Congregationalist church dating from 1841, a building that has been classified by the Ministère de la Culture. Open during the summer season, the museum presents artefacts related to the lifestyle of the region's pioneers.

*Uplands Cultural and Heritage Centre* and *Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society*. Both institutions are located in Uplands, a stately neo-Georgian heritage home built in 1862 and set in a quiet wooded area, yet close to Lennoxville's Queen Street. Visitors to Uplands can enjoy regular changing exhibitions, besides a variety of traditional arts and crafts workshops. Tea is served on the verandah during the summer.

The *Stanstead Historical Society* and *Colby-Curtis Museum*. Founded in 1929 to record and publicize the history of the original Stanstead County, the SHS has acquired over the years a large repository of archives and an important collection of artefacts. Since 1992, thanks to the generosity of the late Helen Colby, both museum and archives are housed in a magnificent Victorian residence, built in 1859 by Charles Carroll Colby, and bequeathed to the SHS with its entire furnishing, including a significant collection of the Colby family archives.

## Regional Identity

Pluralism is at the very root of art and culture in the Townships. Artefacts of varying sources are united by their presence in a single workplace which in this case is our own region. To truly obtain a clear picture of its cultural and heritage diversity, one must put to naught frontiers between American, English and French Canadian cultures and thus obtain a definition of the Townships specificity. To quote the noted Townships historian, Jean-

Pierre Kesteman: "These three units have exercised an influence over the region, on its demography as well as on its economy and its culture. However, neither group has imposed its hegemony over an area that had to do with a diversity of influences. We prefer to speak in terms of space and time, that is of a spatial-temporal model where space is not frozen from the start, but constitutes a variable that evolves with time."

## Conclusion

A new expression has been put forward in English, that of "Learning Travel," a tourism that expresses at once a desire to know and a will to learn. The Eastern Townships, as we have tried to demonstrate in this article, constitute a splendid place to develop this new form of cultural tourism that seeks to link together the history and the intimate fibres of the cultures that have shaped this country. Here, its memory has been safeguarded by Historical Societies, by the many museums, heritage sites and interpretation centres, by the cultural tours, and by institutions of upper learning. These organizations have given us all we need and more, so that our region can position itself as a powerful agent to promote Cultural tourism in the Province. This new route, promoted by both the governmental instances in culture and tourism, is called *Chemin des Cantons / Townships Trails*.

*Monique Nadeau-Saumier* was born in Sherbrooke and educated at Bishop's, Concordia, and UQÀM universities. She has taught courses in Art History at Bishop's and Université de Sherbrooke. She is a past Executive Director of the Eastern Townships Research Centre, and a former Director/Curator of the Colby-Curtis Museum in Stanstead. A heritage and museum consultant, she was involved in the creation of the cultural and tourist route *Chemin des Cantons / Townships Trail*.

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# VAGABONDS AND SCOUNDRELS

*History on the line in old Missisquoi County*

by Heather A. Darch

*"This place has been from time to time the scene of considerable excitement...in consequence of its proximity to the frontier."*

-C.M. Day

The border line cutting across Missisquoi County and the states of Vermont and New York represented a permeable passageway between two nations. Historically the border was an oddity rather than a hard demarcation line. In terms of culture, community and ancestry, the line barely existed

From the early 1780s and throughout the nineteenth century, Missisquoi County saw its border crossed an incalculable number of times for reasons of settlement, economics and trade, family ties and freedom. The new American Republic pushed out "loyal-hearted" men and women across the line in the late eighteenth century. "Vagabonds and scoundrels" knew a good opportunity to profit when they traversed the line in the early 1800s. The War of 1812 saw several lightning-quick invasions into Missisquoi Bay as an act of aggression against the British Crown. Patriots hoped to support their leader and their cause for a better future when they crossed from exile. Black slaves navigated the web of the Underground Railroad and followed the route to freedom and the Fenians marched over believing they were saving their ancestral homeland from centuries of political domination.

Regardless of the fact that the border was unguarded and open, the valiant and perhaps audacious crossings of the border by Americans into this region, even if brief, permanently changed the historical record of Missisquoi County.

Historian Jimmy Manson has written that in terms of physical geography, the Eastern Townships represented, at the end of the eighteenth century, the northern extension of the New England frontier and its last remaining unsettled boundary. "Geography had determined that in settlement this Canadian-American area was to be a unit".

The conclusion of the American Revolution in 1783 established the 45th parallel to the south and the span of land to the east as the boundaries between this part



Quebec and the newly formed republic. In addition to these specific boundary agreements, close to 10,000 persons loyal to the British Crown immigrated to lands west of the seigneuries upriver from Montreal. A small minority of the King's soldiers, familiar with the shores of Missisquoi Bay from their military forays, occupied the region along with their families despite government directives that this land was to remain an unsettled buffer zone between the farms of the seigneuries and the United States.

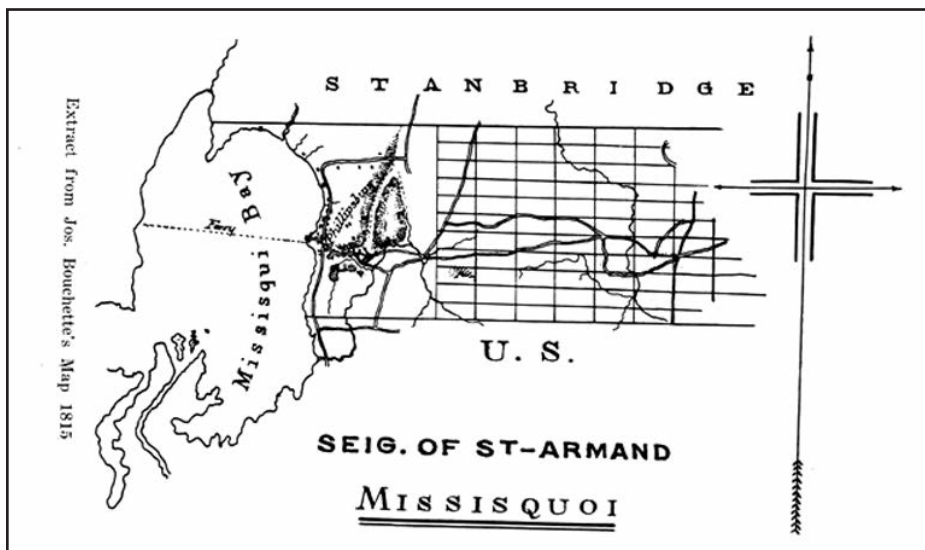
By the spring of 1784, there was a sizeable settlement of Loyalists already established at "Missiskoui Bay." They shared the same story in that they had all been forced to leave their homes because

of political and social pressure. Andres Ten Eyck, for example, claimed he was "much harassed by the Rebels," and Philip Luke was imprisoned, persecuted and "hid in the woods" before removing to Canada, "a stranger, destitute of money, clothes and support." As one petitioner exclaimed, "We suffered during the unhappy troubles in North America which losses were very considerable with some of us and very sorely Feel'd by Every One of us."

The conflict with the Missisquoi Bay Loyalists was not resolved until the Constitutional Act of 1791 which divided Quebec into Upper Canada and Lower Canada. In 1792, a royal proclamation surveyed the Crown Lands into townships and granted the land to the United Empire Loyalists.

Notable nineteenth-century historian Catherine M. Day wrote that the American Revolution brought "numbers of worthy and desirable inhabitants," while at the same time "others came in, who could only be regarded in the light of unavoidable evils, being of that irresponsible ill-regulated class who neither feared God nor regarded man." In the Jacob Ruiter papers of 1803, a petition was presented to the Governor from the magistrates, militia officers and inhabitants of the Seignury of St. Armand concerning the disruption of tranquility by "unprincipled men," who commenced in the practice of counterfeiting bills of different banks in the United States. "Since that year," Ruiter argued, "the counterfeiters have become exceedingly numerous inasmuch that a gang of them is established in almost every one of the newly settled Townships and...they have openly proceeded to the commission of every species of villainy and fraud." Justice of the Peace Philip Ruiter identified William Babcock



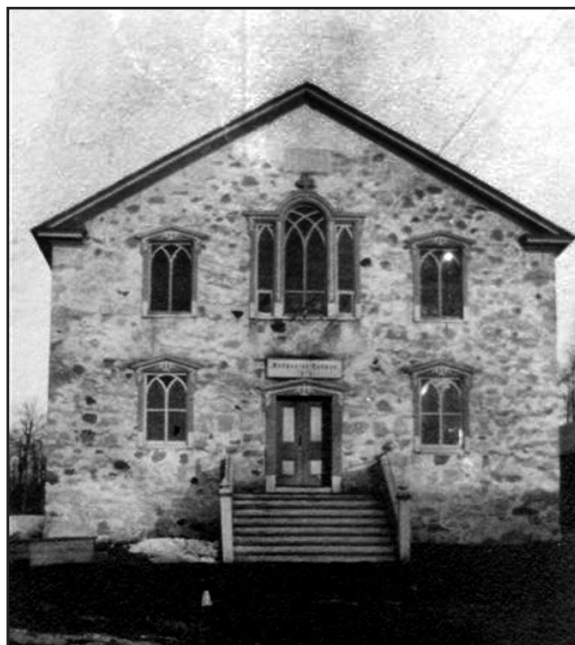


as a “rogue and a vagabond,” who made spurious notes on banks in the United States and practised a “subtle craft to deceive.” He sent him to the house of correction at the Bay along with his accomplice and co-conspirator Rumabout Mandigo.

The 1839 Gore map of Missisquoi County marked a meandering road in the hills of Dunham. Both on the map as well as in the secret counterfeiting circles this road was called “Cogniac Street.” By the 1830s, an extensive network of counterfeiting wholesalers, distributors and dealers lurked in the margins of the lawless border and looked to Cogniac Street to supply them with money. Dealers who visited Cogniac Street purchased notes in a variety of ways and payment for the bills was taken based on current rates or in payments of goods such and stolen horses. Gangs of horse thieves doubled in number along the border in the 1820s. To counteract the rise of this activity, communities on both sides of the line founded “Horse Thieving Societies,” to track down and at the very least find the horses. For thirty years Missisquoi County was the nucleus of counterfeiting in North America as the “coniackers” were allowed to operate with impunity across an unregulated and porous border.

Champlain Valley residents depended heavily upon trade with Lower Canada, so it was not surprising when most of the valley residents in Vermont and New York ignored the 1807 Embargo Act that essentially negated all foreign trade. As a result, a stream of smuggled goods such as tea, coffee, pork, molasses and salt became a

part of the ebb and flow of illegal commerce. Special “embargo roads” were cut through the forests to facilitate smuggling and wharves were purposely built astride the boundary, so that Americans could unload their goods in the United States, and Canadians, out of reach of American customs, could reload the material on boats docked in Lower Canada. Border commu-



nities had far more interest in maintaining trade than they did in the war effort.

The War of 1812 came to Missisquoi in the evening of October 11, 1813. A fleet of American vessels under the command of Colonel Isaac Clark entered Missisquoi Bay with the intent of bringing a halt to the smuggling of American goods to British troops, an estimated two-thirds of which came from Vermont. The American

raiders took supplies and captured 100 men from the village of Philipsburg. On March 22, 1814, Philipsburg was again captured and remained in American hands for four days before the arrival of British troops. A few weeks later, Clark made a raid on Frelighsburg, where he collected about 80 head of cattle, most of which had been smuggled from Vermont in the first place.

Throughout the war, northern Vermont and the Townships represented a neutral cordon across the boundary; smuggling took place on “a colossal scale” and brought increased prosperity to local merchants on both sides of the line. The war did give settlers a sense of community in their new homeland yet it did little to sever ties with friends and relations.

In the 1830s, disturbances along the Canadian border resulting from the rise of the Patriote movement certainly challenged relations across the line but in the end, resulted in little change. For a few weeks in the autumn of 1837, Patriotes controlled parts of the countryside near Montreal. British troops were called to restore order and many Patriotes were arrested while others fled across the border. In northern Vermont and several Missisquoi communities such as Stanbridge East, the Patriotes were regarded as political refugees and were given sanctuary along the border regions on either side of Lake Champlain. Vermonters held meetings in the winter of 1837 and 1838 to encourage these outcasts and their cause and most certainly, weapons and money reinforced this moral support.

On December 6, 1837, Patriotes set out from Swanton, Vermont, equipped with two cannons and munitions, not realizing they were marching into a well-prepared and protected border region. Volunteers from Missisquoi County met throughout the day at the Philipsburg Methodist Church which had been converted into an arsenal. A skirmish between 80 Patriotes and 300 Missisquoi volunteer militiamen occurred at Moore’s Corner (St. Armand). Severely outnumbered, the raid was a complete failure for the Patriotes, who retreated across the border after one of their number was killed.

This same decade also saw the border as an important line of freedom when the Slavery Abolition Act of 1834 was passed.

The Philipsburg Methodist church became a terminus on the Underground Railroad and although it is not known how many refugee slaves and oppressed free Blacks were welcomed within the walls of this sanctuary, it can be assumed that the congregation played an important role bringing refugees into the small Black community in this region from the 1830s into the 1860s. The Underground Railroad in northern Vermont was a network of safe homes based on family, religious, and friendship ties that crossed the invisible borderline rather than a linear road of anonymous stations as often suggested. Collaborating Quaker and Methodist congregations on both sides of the line facilitated in bringing fugitive slaves to freedom.

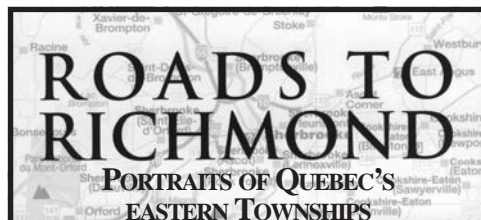
The last militarized crossing into Missisquoi County came with the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870. Irish-American revolutionaries known as the “Fenian Brotherhood” believed that Irish independence from Britain could be achieved by capturing Canada and holding it for ransom. On June 7, 1866, Fenians crossed the border at St. Armand and held the region without opposition for several days until they were disarmed by Canadian and American troops. The raid at Pigeon Hill was not the battle the Fenians

had envisioned but the boasting of how easily they could capture Canada because of its unprotected border.

Fear of a Fenian return initiated the formation of a home guard called the “Red Sashes.” Although they utilised their own arms and ammunition initially, breech-loading Ballard sporting rifles were purchased in Massachusetts because of their accuracy. There was, of course, no difficulty in taking the rifles across the border.

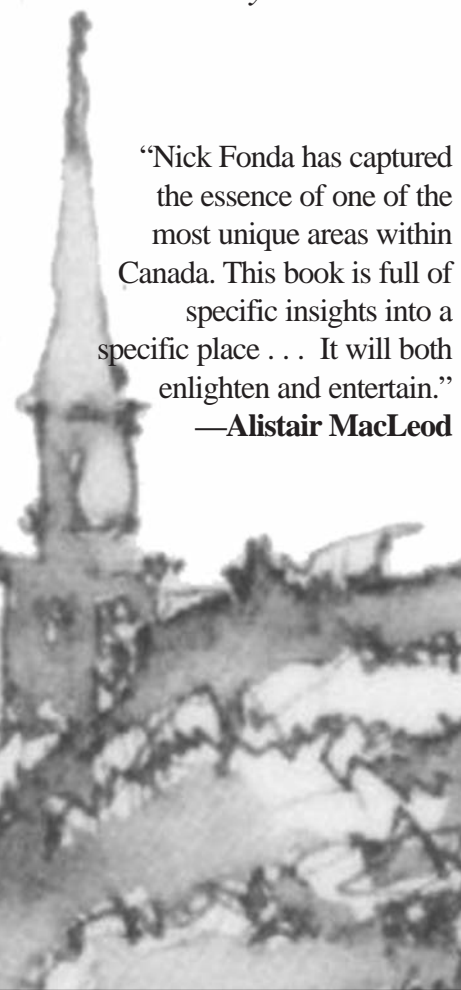
On May 25, 1870, the Fenians once again advanced across the line from their headquarters in Franklin, Vermont. Unknown to them however, the element of surprise was not in their favour. Home Guard leader Asa Westover had established a network of scouts in Vermont to give him timely warning about Fenian activity at the border. Amusingly, as the day of the incursion at Eccles Hill approached, people from both sides of the line arrived in wagons to view the battle.

The Red Sashes met the Fenians at Eccles Hill and broke their attack in a “withering hail of bullets.” When the Victoria Rifles and the 60th Missisquoi Battalion arrived to bolster the home guard, the Fenians surrendered. By 1871, the Fe-



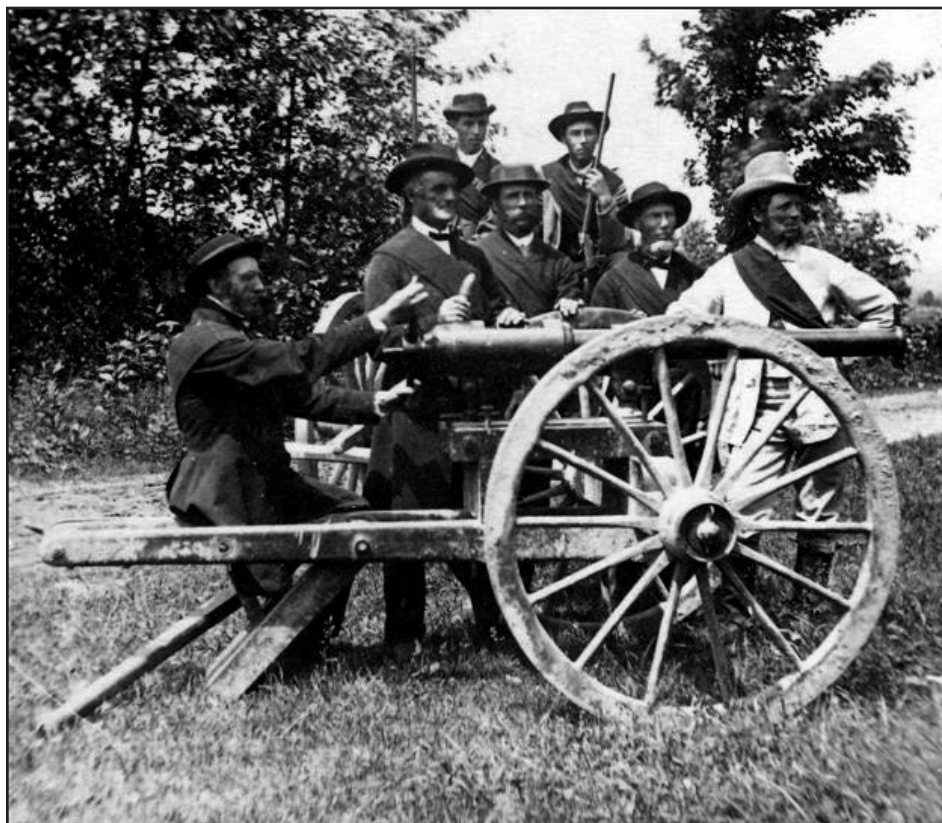
BY NICK FONDA

*This unusual, sometimes quirky, road book works like a mosaic. Its stones are the brief histories, candid snapshots, curious anecdotes, insights, reflections, and stories to make you smile.*



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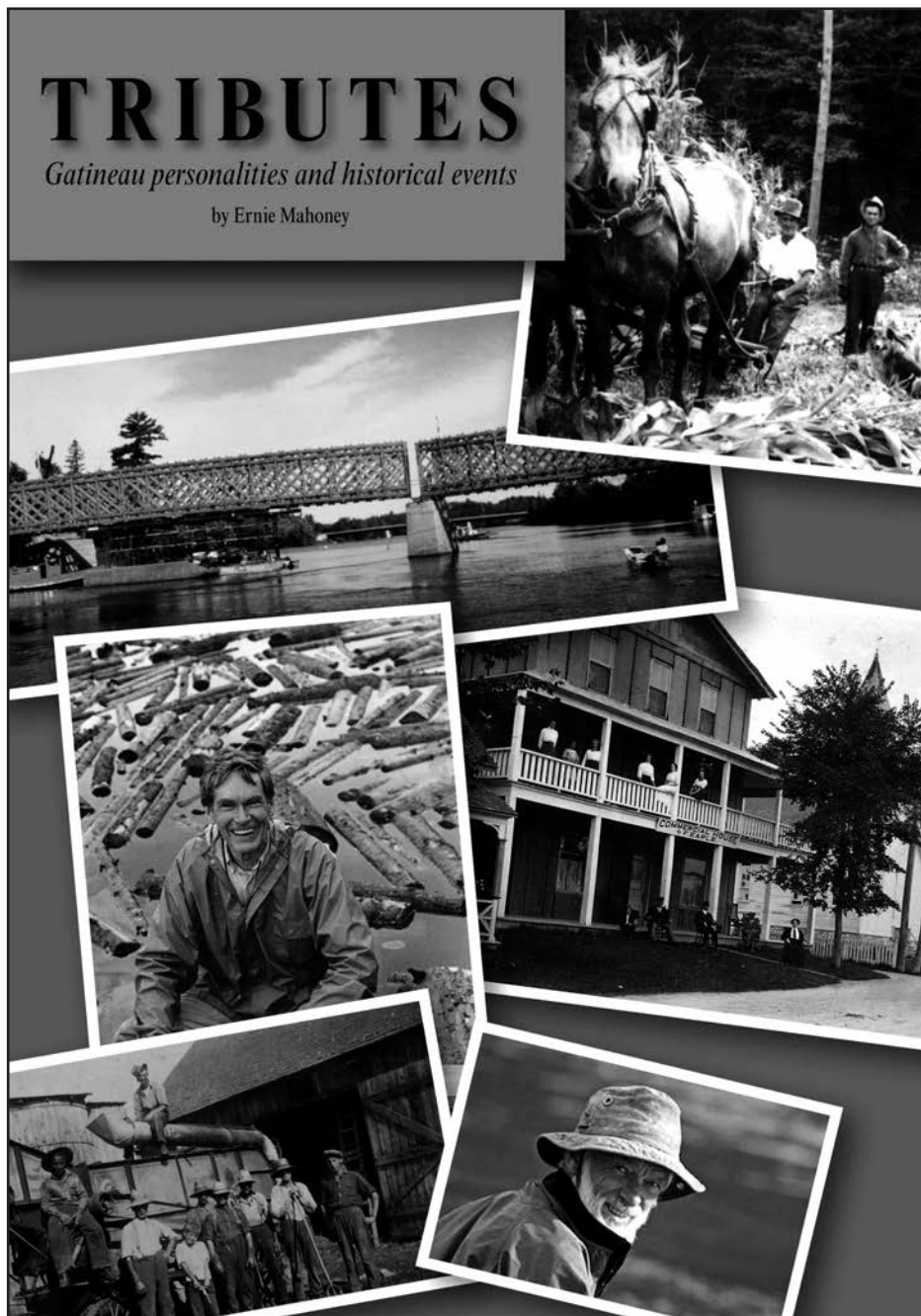
nians gave up their dream of invading Canada but never relinquished their fidelity to Ireland.

As the Lake Champlain corridor and the border regions of Vermont and New York would demonstrate for centuries, Missisquoi County was a smuggler's dream, a place of opportunity, and a land of refuge. The artificial boundary that was established in 1783 was largely ignored by Americans as this region was seen as an economic, social and linguistic appendage of New England. Government officials on the Quebec side of the border failed to consider how closely Vermont and the Townships shared the natural environment and water routes, language and customs. There was great concern that Americans hostile to Britain would settle in Missisquoi, and yet the majority who did settle here were not keen about taking up arms against former friends and family members. Americans who came to Missisquoi County brought their traditions and customs, language, religious beliefs, skills and ambitions, and forever marked this corner of Quebec.

**Heather A. Darch** is curator of the Missisquoi Museum in Stanbridge East, Quebec.

**Sources:**

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# TRIBUTES

*Gatineau personalities and historical events*

by Ernie Mahoney

**A new book presenting a selection of stories from journalist Ernie Mahoney's body of work during his 25-year career as a writer and historian in Quebec's Gatineau Valley.**

**His writings capture the vibrant nature of life in the hills and of the heritage and culture he found there, touching on events and traditions from a way of life that were changing forever.**

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## REVIEWS

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**THE DESERTER**

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by Paul Almond

McArthur &amp; Company, 2010

Reviewed by Kathy Teasdale

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**M**any books arrive at the office to be reviewed and when I opened the package containing this latest work from Paul Almond I was intrigued. Being a great lover of historically based novels I quickly read the brief description on the back and this was more than enough incentive to read it.

Paul Almond is a film and television director and has produced over 130 television dramas for the CBC, BBC, ABC and Granada Television. He lives on the Gaspé Peninsula in the summertime and in Malibu, California during the winter. This promises to be the first novel of several to follow in the Alford saga.

The story opens in the early 1800s with Thomas Manning faced with the decision either to jump ship into the freezing waters of the Gaspé in early spring to a new life or to remain on board with the dangers there. As a deserter he would be subject to a thousand lashes if caught and a life of constant fear of being flogged for minor offences as others had been. With no experience of how to survive the harsh wilderness, the wild animals and the “savages,” Thomas’s dream to have a settler’s life drove him into action.

Almond’s descriptive style of Thomas’s thought process that led to his final decision to brave the New World follows throughout this novel.

Once Thomas made it to shore, he headed westward towards Paspébiac.

Terror gripped him as he ran, trying not to leave a trail that the Indians could follow. The only information he had on the Mi’kmaq Indians was sailors’ tales of how they would strip the flesh off a man while he was still alive and eat it in front of him. Only concentrating on running quickly and

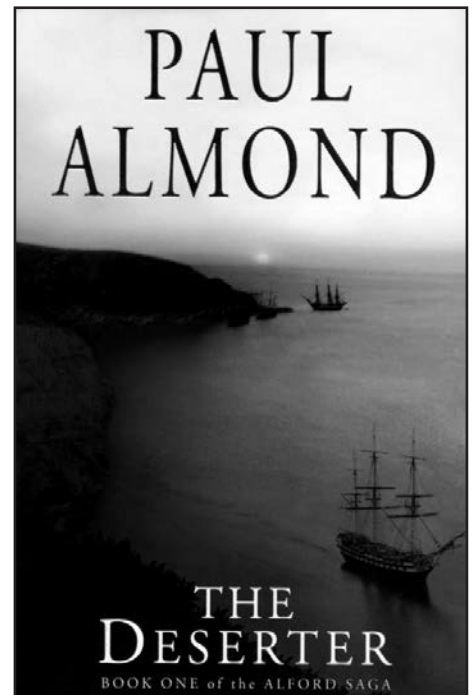
surely, Thomas neglected to look up, and when he did it was to see four Indians standing in the Maple wood. Thomas tried to appear friendly and non-threatening, but was captured by two Mi’kmaq natives and taken to their village.

Later, Thomas comes to realize that his survival in this New World has depended on the very “savages” who had initially captured and ultimately befriended him.

As I followed *The Deserter* I learned about history, especially ship building, and even a sprinkling of the Mi’kmaq language. I also learned that there is a connection between Thomas’s times and mine. As we do in our fast-paced world, Thomas had to adapt to ever-changing situations and customs, including having to learn three different languages.

On a recent working trip to New Carlisle, I recall standing by the shore, as Thomas did, amazed by all the different coloured stones. I, too, had lingered and searched for that one special stone to give as a gift when I returned home. This connection to my own life experience of the Gaspé added to my reading experience.

This fictional classic tale of struggle, uncertainty, adventure and survival in the wilderness was an easy fast read that went from scene to scene, flowing as a movie while historical events played out in the background. With the characters and events in place, this novel left me wanting to know what happened to Thomas and his dream of living the pioneer life. I eagerly await the next chapter in this saga honouring Almond’s three ancestors: his great grandfather who had jumped ship in 1805 to build a home in the Gaspé, his grandfather and his father.

**NOTES**

The HMS Bellerophon, a 74-gun man o’war launched on October 6th, 1786, toured the New World on two occasions to chase privateers. Her crew affectionately referred to her as the Billy Ruffian.

A Privateer was a private warship authorized by a country’s government by letters of marque to attack foreign shipping to interrupt enemy trade. This was done without commissioning naval officers and spending public money while mobilizing armed ships and sailors.

The Mi’kmaq people are indigenous to North Eastern New England, Canada’s Atlantic Provinces and the Gaspé Peninsula of Québec. The Mi’kmaq nation has a population of about 40,000, many of whom speak Micmac or Mi’gmaw.

They were once semi-nomadic and spent summers by the shore harvesting seafood and winters inland to hunt by bow and arrow for animals such as moose, deer caribou, bear, rabbit and beaver.

*Kathy Teasdale is a Lennoxville artist and Executive Secretary of the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network.*



## BOOKS

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# THE LATEST IMPRINTS AND PORCUPINES

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Reviewed by Sandra Stock

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In September two very different but equally interesting new publications on heritage themes were released. The fourth book (and unfortunately the last) in Ray Baillie's Imprints series, *Scottish Imprints in Quebec* was launched by Price-Patterson Ltd. Publications, Westmount. Also the Morin Heights Historical Association has made available its ninth edition of *The Porcupine-Le Porc-épic # 9*, its bilingual historical magazine that focuses on Laurentian heritage.

*Scottish Imprints in Quebec* (soft cover, 302 pages, \$30.00) is truly encyclopedic in scope – more than anyone ever thought existed about the history and legacy of the Scots in Quebec. It is very well written and illustrated by a profusion of photos, both vintage and new. The contents are based on remaining built heritage, and offer in-depth background on a wide array of individuals of Scottish origin who have contributed to the development of Quebec and Canada for over two hundred years. Although some of the Scottish imprints are a bit of a stretch as “Scottish” – for example the iconic Montreal Guaranteed Milk Bottle and the Chateau Ramezay – there is still always a connection, even if minimal.

The main impression from Baillie's research is definitely that these Scots people certainly knew how to build for the ages. One cannot avoid observing that many of the churches (see First Presbyterian, Verdun) looked like banks and the banks (see Bank of Montreal, Place d'Armes) looked like religious structures, but the architectural face of Montreal is undeniably Scots. The use of local stone and the practicalities of our climate, along with a mountain in the middle, has always reminded observers of Edinburgh anyway.

However, Baillie does not just concentrate on Montreal but has shown Scots heritage throughout Quebec. For example, the Cuthbert Chapel, rue Notre Dame, Berthierville remains the oldest existing Presbyterian church in Quebec, erected in 1786 and well maintained in a park as an important tourist attraction. There is extensive coverage of sites in the Laurentians, Ouatuouais, Chateauguay Valley, Hemmingford, Richelieu Valley, Eastern Townships, Quebec City and re-

gion, Trois Rivières, Charlevoix, Saguenay, Lower St. Lawrence and Gaspé. Scots led the way in resource and industrial development from early in the nineteenth century as well as often being the first settlers in several remote and isolated regions of Quebec like the Rouge River area of the Laurentians. It's all here.

Very much out of proportion to their numbers (about 10 % of the Quebec population at the very most in the mid nineteenth century) the Scots contributed remarkably to Quebec in the realms of business, publishing, architecture, farming and especially, education.

*The Porcupine-Le Porc-épic # 9*, (magazine, 58 pages, \$15.00) is a collection of articles, all dealing with historical themes, about Morin Heights and district in the Laurentians. The Morin Heights Historical Association has been publishing these journals since 1997 more or less annually or semi-annually. All the writers are volunteers, although some, like Joe Graham, (Naming the Laurentians) are well known writers who have produced book length works. Many of them have written articles on heritage issues for local newspapers like Main Street (Lachute) and the now defunct Laurentian Sun (Ste Adele). Editor Don Stewart has been a



long time participant with both publications and historical endeavors. His traveler's guide to the Lower Laurentians, *Off the Beaten Path*, 2000, has an informative focus on local history.

The items in this issue range widely from personal recollections of farming life over sixty years ago to hippy days in the 1970s to the radar base at Lac St Denis. The magazine is very attractive visually with many interesting photos and illustrations. Even though Morin Heights is small – it has only recently reached the 3000 mark in population – it has always been unique and even notable, mainly as a recreational and artistic hub in the Lower Laurentians.

*Scottish Imprints in Quebec* is available through Price-Patterson Ltd. A list of bookstores where it is sold is on their website.

*The Porcupine-Le Porc-épic # 9* is available at Vaillancourt's store, Morin Heights, the town office, Morin Heights, and through the Morin Heights Historical Association website [www.morinheightshistory.org](http://www.morinheightshistory.org)

## HINDSIGHT

*An Imported Childhood*

by Rod MacLeod

Canadian television, it is widely acknowledged, never had a particular talent for generating situation comedies or slick dramas. I know, everyone will have their favourites from the old days—but even fans must admit that back then you could always tell a Canadian production by the studio hollowness of the sound and the slightly stilted quality of the camera work. Plus, Canadian game shows were cheap, offering toaster ovens as grand prizes while their American counterparts sent the winners home with Buicks. Canada was (and still is) very good at the News (featuring such innovations as... well, news) and documentaries, and of course children's programs.

I can claim lots of Canadian brownie points for the hours I spent as a preschooler enraptured by Johnny Jellybean, the Friendly Giant, *Chez Hélène*, and *Mr Dressup*. These shows all conjure up fuzzy warm feelings, mostly because I associate them with my mother—who was never far away and often watched them with me, explaining some of the trickier concepts such as that when Johnny Jellybean got pie all over his face it was funny. When Ted Zeigler died some years ago I cried—mostly because it seemed to put the final nail on my relationship with my mother, whose departure had preceded his by only a few months.

For many of my generation, coming out from under our mothers' watchful eyes was in major part a process of Americanization. Going out into the world brought us into contact with other children, exposing us to influences our families could not control—although they had to deal with them. Above all,

there was television—not wholesome Canadian fare, but American imports. Not television as part of a pre-school ritual with Mom, and definitely not the “let's see what's in the tickle trunk” variety, but something much harder core. It was a revelation. In American television, things blew up, people punched each other, and eyeballs bulged out like New Year's Eve noisemakers. Even more dangerous were real *commercials*, featuring loud and brightly-coloured toys (TV was in black & white, yet my mind filled all the hues in, Crayola-style) and sugary cereal. My mother accepted this discordant turn in my lifestyle with one very strict proviso: If you see it advertised on TV, we can't



buy it. Eventually I developed a twisted pride in our sugar-free breakfasts, looking down my nose at friends who dug shamelessly into Captain Crunch—even as I envied them their unregulated diets.

My parents were also strict (again, relatively) regarding cartoons. Going to school meant that weekends were now a time of precious freedom, and we took as much advantage of it as we could. Saturday morning was a distant country to which my generation bleakly emigrat-

ed as of the wee hours and soon became lost, little voluptuaries in a mindless limbo. However, unlike some, our set only went on around 9am and went off sharp at 11a.m.—though once *Jonny Quest* premiered that period was extended by a half hour. Mind you, I often cheated by wandering over to my friend Nick's house, where the TV would go on as soon as the stations were on-air and would stay on well into the afternoon. I'm quite sure most of the morning fare was trash, but the shining star of cartoondom (and still in my mature judgment one of the greatest products of American culture) came on Saturdays at 5 p.m., when my parents grudgingly permitted the set to be switched on again:

*The Bugs Bunny Show*. Even so, 5 p.m. was a tricky time, as my family was as apt to be out shopping or hiking on Mount Royal as home by the set; I can still picture myself in the back seat goading my father on like some crazed charioteer as we raced home, the hands of the car clock (yes, it had hands) ticking agonizingly towards the golden hour. There was a phase of my life when time was measured by the length of Bugs Bunny cartoons and by how long it was before they started.

At school, we talked incessantly about what we'd seen: the antics of Bugs and Daffy, of course, but also, with hushed voices as it was occasionally the stuff of nightmares, *Jonny Quest*. Tom, my closest school friend (Nick was younger and in a different school) was the only one who had seen the dreaded “Mummy” episode of *Jonny Quest*—an honour we did not begrudge him, just as we respected him for admitting how scared he'd been. Tom was a big guy, clearly no sissy; his room was



festooned with model airplanes and model sports cars and models of The Wolfman and other Hollywood monsters that made my skin crawl, and in his basement there was a big gym mat and a punching bag which Tom tried without much success to get me to attack. With his parents, Tom watched things like *Rat Patrol*; with mine I watched *Jackie Gleason* and *Carol Burnett* and occasionally *Laugh-In*—though I found Goldie Hawn’s giggles annoying.

Television was not just something to watch and talk about, however; you could *play* it. In my backyard, we played Jonny Quest with the help of lawn chairs, boxes, and whatever gadgets we were allowed to bring out. Tom played the action hero, Race Bannon, while I played Dr Quest, the scientist; Nick, who’d been born in England, played Hadji, the exotic Indian boy who wore a jewelled turban and could charm snakes. (No one played Jonny, whose all-American blond looks robbed him of much appeal.) Nick spent most of his time trying to master the accent. On one occasion, which he and I still recall with hilarity, Race Bannon had received a severe gunshot wound and Dr Quest was performing a lifesaving operation on the chaise-longue; the situation was at its most critical when both became suddenly aware of Hadji sitting next to them on the grass muttering “How do you do? How doo you doo?” à la Peter Sellers, completely breaking the spell and reducing us to helpless giggles.

As my circle of friends expanded, the repertoire grew larger, though it took us a while to find the ideal drama. *Star Trek* took over from *Jonny Quest* when it came to the queasy factor (ooh, that Gorn!) and we loved the gadgets, but it was hard to reproduce the feel of the original. Even when armed with the “phasers” from Mattel that fired razor-thin plastic disks with startling force (they stung if they hit skin; did no kid ever get one in his eye?) and even given the admirable quality of Nick’s Kirk and my Spock, somehow the suburban streets failed to pass for distant planets. We were losing some innocence. One legacy of my performance, however, was the nickname “Spock,” which stuck

right through elementary school, aided in part by my rather pointy left ear. Apparently, it is a genetic feature I have passed on to my son; his mother immediately remarked, with what I assumed was not relief, on his “spock ear” as she cradled him for the first time.

In the last two years of grade school my best friends were Chris and Terry, and we found we shared a love for *Get Smart*—a program to which, I still at



times feel, the rest of television has been but a footnote. We tried doing *Hogan’s Heroes* and *Gilligan’s Island*, but we needed a bigger cast and, besides, the plots were silly. At another, unspoken level, there was something disturbing about Ginger’s sultry slinking and Mary Ann’s farmgirl shorts—foreshadowing of late-night gawking to come—but there was nothing sexy about “Agent 99.” (Again, my middle-aged self looks back aghast: can one even speak of Barbara Feldon and Tina Louise in the same sentence?) We fell comfortably into adapted *Get Smart* episodes every recess, dragging the story out to a climax that had to arrive just as the bell rang and continuing the next day where we left off. We needed no props, fashioning every necessary implement or gadget, from the Cone of Silence to the Electro

Retro-Gressor Gun to the infamous Laser Blazer, out of thin air—or schoolyard debris, which in those days was all organic. My Chief may not have been as polished as my Spock, but I got to think up the missions; I also stood in for the villain-du-jour. Terry was a perfect Max: cheerful and a bit naive, but a wiry fighter. Chris—I can only find this marvellous in retrospect and hope it has left him with no psychological scars—played “99,” complete with her walky-talky compact and death-ray lipstick. I might have become a more balanced person playing Champ or Dodgeball, but I don’t for an instant regret the fifteen minutes every day that I was a spy.

You can rant all you like about the corrupting influence of American culture on young minds—and to a large extent I would agree with you. It’s sad, yes, that someone like me (and there were thousands of us) could go through the elementary school years in late-1960s Quebec unaware of any role-models from Canadian television, and unfamiliar with anything from French Canada—save for Hélène, and even there we had Suzy the Mouse to translate. Even more telling is that this was long before cable. Not until my early teens when we inherited my uncle’s colour set that seemed not to function without it did I realize that CBS was some-

thing other than a snowy image one could get by lugging the TV to the attic and twisting rabbit’s ears for twenty minutes. And it was long before the CRTC. All this American content came blithely on Canadian channels, shoving fragile home-grown shows out of its way or, depending on your point of view, filling a cultural vacuum.

From my innocent perspective, what mattered was that *Get Smart* gave us a lingo we didn’t hear on *Front Page Challenge*, one that we could work into everyday conversation with the nod and the wink that comes from being in the know. That our parents didn’t entirely approve was just part of the fun. To those who might argue I somehow let my country down by living an imported childhood, I can only say:

“Sorry about that, Chief...”

# COMMUNITY LISTINGS

## Eastern Townships

Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society

9 Speid, Sherbrooke (Lennoxville)

Info: Tel: (819) 564-0409

lrider@uplands.ca / lahms@uplands.ca

Starting November, Wednesday through Sunday from 1:00 p.m. to 4:30 p.m.

Exhibition

From the Chores of Your series: What's for Dinner?

The exhibition will showcase the preparation of a meal, beginning with the shopping, moving on to the cooking and finishing with the serving of the meal. Visitors will be visually compelled by the clothing, utensils, cook-books and many pictures from the era.

Reservations for Group Visits & Tours: 819-564-0409

## Colby-Curtis Museum

535, Dufferin Road, Stanstead, QC

Tel: (819)876-7322

Permanent Exhibition

Displays give visitors a glimpse of the gracious domestic lifestyle enjoyed by several generations of a prominent border family of American origin.

With over 3,000 artefacts, includes all of the furnishings that were in Carrollcroft when the Colby family donated the house and its contents to the Stanstead Historical Society in 1992. This collection includes furniture, works of art, books, household implements, decorative art objects (china, glass, and silverware), textiles, and Colby family photographs and correspondence.

## Montreal

St. Patrick's Society of Montreal

18th Annual Charity Christmas Concert

December 1

A wonderful evening of music and song at the Saint Patrick's Basilica includes the Imani Gospel Singers, the McGill Chamber Music Without Borders, along with Harpist Kathryn Humphries and the Bernadette Short Irish Dancers.

For details on the concert and performers, please visit the St. Patrick's Society website at [www.spsmtl.com](http://www.spsmtl.com).

Tickets are available at the School of Canadian Irish Studies, Concordia University, 514-848-2424, ext. 8711 or [cdnirish@alcor.concordia.ca](mailto:cdnirish@alcor.concordia.ca).

Tickets can be picked up at 1550 de Maisonneuve West, 9th floor, Room 903-23.

Nov. 1 - Dec. 1 - \$17.00; At the Door ticket price is \$18.00.

Westmount Historical Association

Westmount Public Library, 4574 Sherbrooke St. West

December 16, 7:p.m. to 9:00 p.m.

Lecture Series

Victoria & Sherbrooke: 3 Banks & a Liquor Store

For many years, the intersection of Victoria Avenue and Sherbrooke Street epitomized the character of Westmount – 3 banks & a liquor store. The Royal Bank, the Laurentian Bank of Canada (formerly the Montreal City and District Savings Bank) and the CIBC (Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce). The SAQ replaced Cantors Bakery and has been replaced by Hogg Hardware on 3 August 2010. This western shopping hub of Westmount began to develop around 1900. The speakers will discuss the changes in the businesses at this corner.

Speaker: Caroline Breslaw WHA researcher and others.

Info: 514-989-5510 or 514-932-6688

Cost: members free, non-members \$5.

Quebec Family History Society

QFHS Library, 173 Cartier, Pointe Claire

Info: 514-695-1502

Website: [www.qfhs.ca](http://www.qfhs.ca)

ROOTS HERITAGE 2011 in JUNE 2011

This international conference on family history research will be held in Montreal. All events are open to the public (Registration Required)

All lectures are in English

McCord Museum

Info: 514-398-7100

Email: [info@mccord.mcgill.ca](mailto:info@mccord.mcgill.ca)

November 14 to March 6, 2011

The McCord Museum displays its impressive collection of toys. A fun, interactive exhibition designed for children 3 to 10, but that will also enchant the young at heart.

Free admission for children 12 and under

Children must be accompanied by an adult at all time in the exhibition room.

Reservation is required for all groups of 10 children or more.

[reservation@mccord.mcgill.ca](mailto:reservation@mccord.mcgill.ca)

(514) 398-7100, ext. 222

Family Sundays

From December 5 to February 27, 2011

Creative workshops and family movies

Grandparents Week-Ends

January 22 and 23, 2011

Free admission for grandparents and grandchildren

March School Break

March 2 to 6, 2011

LEGO Days, giant chess set, movies and crafts.

Exporail, Canadian Railway Museum

110, rue Saint-Pierre, Saint-Constant

General Information: 450-632-2410

November 27 to December 19

Letter to Santa

Send your letter to Santa Claus aboard the mailcar.

November 27, 2010 to January 3, 2011

Railway Christmas

Eaton's miniature train exhibit, crafts and storytelling for children, model train layout and rides on a miniature railway

Permanent Collection

160 Unique railway vehicles on display

## Outaouais

Gatineau Valley Historical Society

80 ch Summer, Cantley

Info: 819-459-2004

Email: [info@gvhs.ca](mailto:info@gvhs.ca)

"A Tribute to Huguette Poulin"

October 3rd to November 30th, Chelsea Library

100 Old Chelsea Road, Chelsea QC

## Gaspé

The Kempffer Cultural and Interpretation Centre has launched its new multimedia exhibition, Passages.

This exhibit uses a variety of media to explore linguistic borders and the dynamics which governed social links between Francophones and Anglophones of New Carlisle from the 1920's until the adoption of Bill 101 in 1977.

For more information, please contact Sophie Turbide, coordinator, at (418) 752-1334. The Kempffer Cultural and Interpretation Centre is located at 125, boulevard Gérard-D.-Levesque, in New Carlisle.

This exhibit is made possible through the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network's "Spoken Heritage Online Multimedia Initiative" with the support of the Department of Canadian Heritage.



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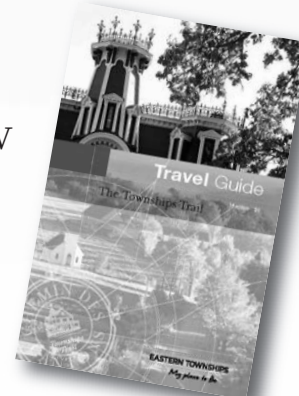
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