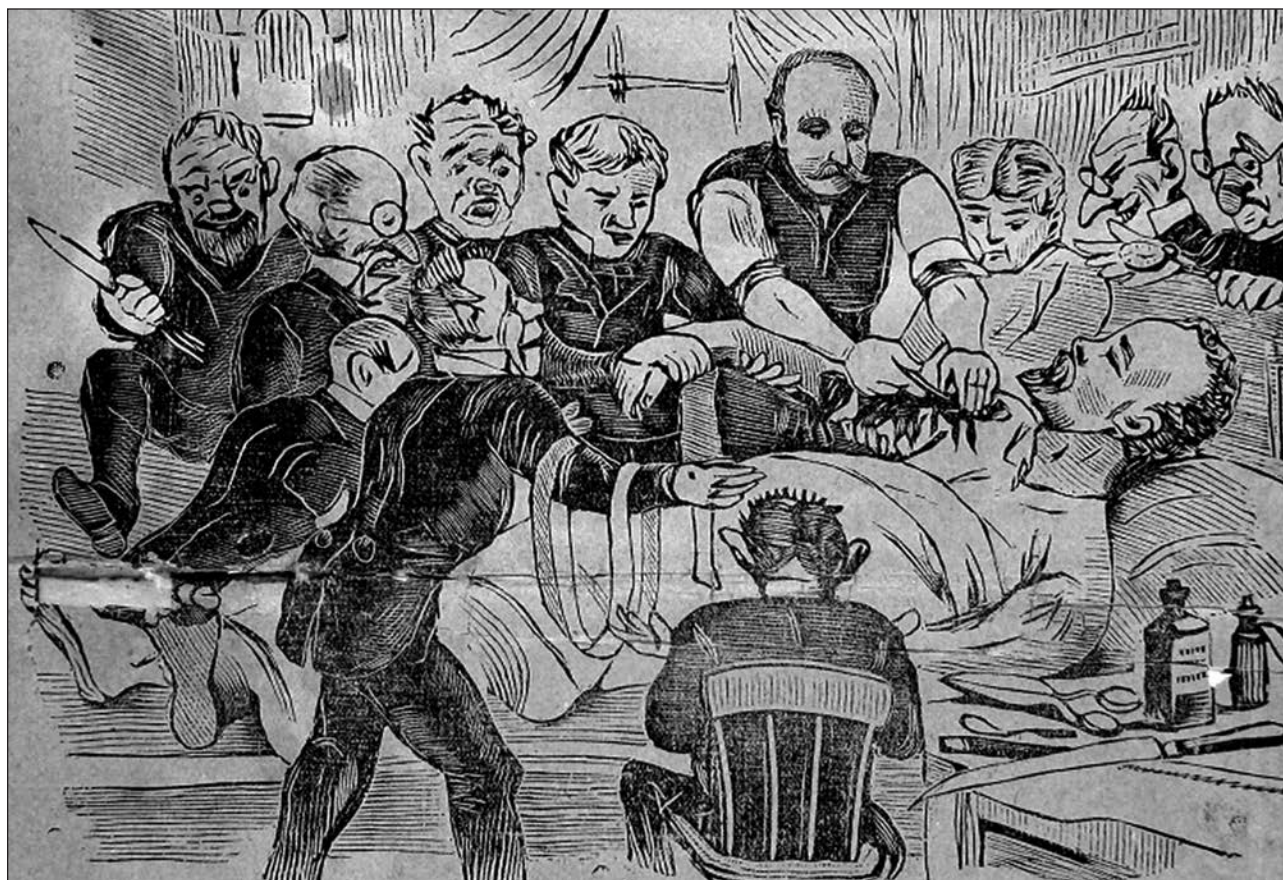


Quebec Heritage

VOL 5, No. 4

JULY-AUGUST 2009

News



Joe Beef and John Richardson

Point St Charles Celebrates Unlikely Pair

Pickles Cradles

Donald Davison recreates an exciting incident from American Civil War days

Jewish Mechanics

Susan McGuire on some early Jewish members of the MMI

Quebec Heritage News

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Editor's Note:

Delays within government funding circles, as numerous community organizations have noted over the past few months, have made it difficult to release recent editions of *The Quebec Heritage News* in a timely fashion. We apologize to readers for the lateness of this and the previous issue.

Cover: "Dr James Bell of the General Hospital, Montreal, Sewing Joe Up." Wood engraving by John Henry Walker, c.1885. McCord Museum of Canadian History: M995X.5.35.11. (Note that this is not the only connection between Joe Beef and the Montreal General Hospital: see p.6.)

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

All Heart

by Rod MacLeod

At a slightly more innocent time of my life – last April 18th, to be precise – I enjoyed an amazing dinner at McKiernan’s Restaurant on Notre Dame Street in St-Henri. It is the sister bistro to “Joe Beef,” named after the 19th century personage who also lent his name to the historical market in Point St-Charles – which you can read about in this issue. (You can also read about Maude Abbott, the famously groundbreaking female doctor who was a specialist in congestive cardiac disease and who, if she’d lived a century later, might have played a part in my story.)

My connection with Joe Beef and McKiernan’s (the restaurants) was Tatiana Blazevic, who had worked at both as part of an internship, helping her on her quest to become one of Quebec’s great chefs. The occasion of the amazing dinner was Tatiana’s eighteenth birthday.

I and my family sat at one long table, interspersed with extended family members and a number of college friends – about twenty people. (We filled the restaurant, which gives you some sense of how intimate the scale of the place is.) We were special guests, having known Tatiana and her family for thirteen years. There were bonds that linked on several levels, including the unenviable one of having close family members with life-threatening health problems. Tatiana’s eighteenth birthday was a significant occasion in large part because there had been plenty of moments over the previous eighteen years when many doubted she would live to see the day.

Tatiana was born with a defective heart – one that, it was at first thought, would not see her beyond a few days of

life. When it did, surgery became an option, and when she survived the surgery there was hope that, with good luck and more surgery down the road, Tatiana would have a reasonable chance at something of a life. That hope brought Tatiana, her mother and older sister, to Montreal (from the west coast) and into a long relationship with the cardiology department at the Children’s Hospital – an institution for which I have infinite

a particular toy a terrible outrage. Not complaining was second nature to Tatiana, and trying everything she could was another. It wasn’t advisable for her to get into a sweat in gym class, but she did her best. She even took part in the annual Terry Fox run, although in her case it was more of a stroll. Most of the time my son walked with her – partly out of laziness, but also out of loyalty; he understood that it is easier to see others

racing past you when you have company in the slow lane.

In Grade Two, Tatiana missed a great deal of school in and out of the hospital with angina and difficult breathing. This crisis was eventually overcome by the insertion of a pacemaker. Her classmates sent her cards and toys and cheered her return to school, but my son was one of only a few kids that visited her at the Children’s throughout this process, gaining wisdom by finding the right things to say and do at a difficult moment.

Our family and Tatiana’s had become close right from the beginning by finding ourselves members of a committee planning the redevelopment of part of the schoolyard as a

natural play area we eventually dubbed “The Green Zone.” This project was a complete disaster: neighbours were up in arms, parents were horrified, town councillors shrieked in fear – mostly out of a conviction that creating a beautiful space behind a school would only attract hooligans in off hours. Tatiana’s mother weathered this onslaught with admirable aplomb; with the possible exception of her daughter she is probably the strongest person I know. Years later I



Joe Beef’s canteen was a landmark of 19th Century (working-class) Montreal but has a curious counterpart in the 21st century city. A few years ago, food entrepreneurs Allison Cunningham, Frédéric Morin and David McMillan opened the eponymous gourmet bistro at 2491 Notre Dame Street in St-Henri, which has since spawned the nearby Liverpool House (after the great man’s home town) and the aptly named McKiernan’s – geared towards hungry people.

respect, much of it acquired first hand.

A milestone was reached in the fall of 1996 when, after several further operations, Tatiana was able to start Kindergarten. There, she became close friends with my son, who seemed quite fascinated by this skinny girl who didn’t run around very much or whine or complain or burst into tears at the slightest provocation like many tots. Tatiana understood about intense pain and did not seem to find having to wait to play with

saw her chatting with someone I couldn't stand, a person who had stood up at a town hall meeting and made nasty accusations at us. I asked Tatiana's mother afterwards if she remembered what that person had said at the meeting. "Oh, I remember," she told me knowingly. "But I cross paths with her every day – what's the point of maintaining a feud? It's too much work." I had to concede the point and defer to her wisdom. What need had I to get in a tizzy over one comment made years before? Resentment certainly can take up a lot of precious time.

When our kids went on to high school – Tatiana to Villa Maria, my son to Royal West – they saw much less of each other except on birthdays and Thanksgiving when her family had us up to their cabin near Morin Heights for a groaning repast and several rounds of – well, giving thanks. Had it not been for these larger festivities I suspect my son and Tatiana might have completely drifted apart. As teenagers, they had rather little in common: she liked pink fluffy animals and romance movies; he was into Dungeons & Dragons, video editing, and eventually KISS. They went on one "date," which I gather wasn't particularly successful: half way through the movie Tatiana got bored and went to see what some friends of hers were watching in the adjacent cinema. At times I believe she thought he was her soul-mate. This was certainly not the way he saw things, but he continued to be motivated by a significant dollop of respect, despite discomfiture at Tatiana's girlish ways.

Last year, Tatiana's conviction that my son should escort her to the "Prom" caused him a great deal of consternation, mostly because it wasn't his scene and he felt set-up. To his great credit, however, he agreed to go, having realized how important the occasion was to her and that it was part of the friendship to which he had signed on years before. He went dressed to the nines in a Tuxe-

do and real shoes but was entirely outshone by Tatiana in effervescent chiffon that only just fit into the car and a hairdo that had taken several days to get right. For us, this was a quaint and to some degree silly moment, but we knew it meant the world to Tatiana – and to her mother, for whom this graduation was yet another milestone. When a day does not go by without you wondering if your child will be around tomorrow, you learn to mark the milestones carefully.

For some years, Tatiana had been showing a remarkable skill at cooking, and after high school enrolled at a prestigious school for chefs, where she excelled. She also apparently won every-

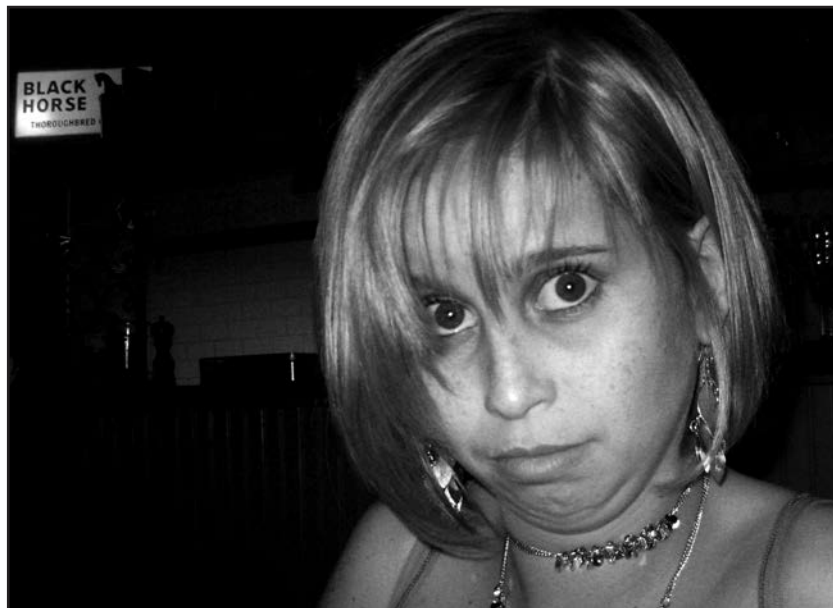
received a call from Tatiana's mother saying Tatiana had gone for yet another operation that day – her eighteenth, it was, symbolically – and had died in the middle of it. We had thought she was set for life – a life full of ups and downs and considerable limitations but as long a life as anyone might expect to have – but no. Apparently pain was becoming a constant in her life, the pain of congestive heart failure such as is supposed to be the preserve of old people.

The operation ought to have relieved the situation, but her heart wasn't up to it. Tatiana's mother's eighteen years of wondering were over, and Tatiana was free.

Her family held a commemorative service a few days later, the funeral home devoting two huge rooms to the occasion – and still having to add chairs. Over two hundred people poured in, including most of the elementary school class – people we hadn't seen since they were twelve, now lanky kids spiffed up in black and pink (Tatiana's favourite colour, so we all had to wear something that shade) with sombre red faces. There were also many friends from high school along with par-

ents – some, like us, friends of the family – as well as teachers, students from cooking school, and doctors and nurses from the Children's. The presence of all these people was one of the most moving things I've seen for some time, proof that if it takes a village to raise a child, it takes a very dedicated one to raise a child with problems.

At the funeral, my son did what he does best: handled the audio equipment at the back of the room and played some of Tatiana's favourite music on a keyboard while a slideshow of her life unfolded before us. Stoic in his own way, he has said very little about his thoughts concerning this complex and somewhat odd relationship that had gone on for just about as long as he could remember. His only comment in my hearing was that some part of him had fallen away.



one's hearts with her stoic cheerfulness and bold defiance of the rule that students must never eat the ingredients in front of them: Tatiana had to eat, she carefully explained, or she would faint. Although her appetite was always hearty (at our house she would eat heavily, especially salad which our kids merely picked at – prompting the sort of shameless comparisons that exasperated parents are wont to make) Tatiana remained small for her years, and she continued to have periods of worrying health when her ticker acted up. Still, she forged ahead, and on the occasion of her eighteenth birthday we learned she had won a scholarship to spend a year in Paris, studying under one of the world's leading chefs.

We had people over for dinner one evening a couple of weeks ago when we

Letters

Enchanted by the News

I commend you on the thoughtful and interesting addition to the page at the end of my article on Abraham Joseph's bachelor days in Quebec City (in the May-June issue of the *Quebec Heritage News*).

The edition which reached me yesterday is filled with entertaining and instructive articles on life in Quebec or of Quebecers. As a granddaughter of a full-blooded Irishman, I was mightily interested to see Stephen McDougall's contribution, and as a long-term member of the Quebec Family History Society, I was very pleased to read Robert Dunn's piece. Further personal interest for me was sparked by Okill Stuart's reminders of D-Day, since as a child I watched the beginnings and follow-up of all this from my hometown in Hampshire. I could go on and on, but will end with a mention of your piece on that crazy borderline: enchanting.

Anne Joseph
Montreal

Diaries need wider audience

The *Quebec Heritage News* has become a really valuable journal. I was particularly pleased, and surprised, to find Anne Joseph's article on Abraham Joseph, in the latest issue – my old friend Annette Wolff, who is now 97 and not closely in touch with the world, spent much of her life trying to find a publisher for her Great-Great-Grandfather's diaries. I believe the originals are in Ottawa. Another project dear to her heart was the History of The Quebec Steamship Company, of which Abraham Joseph was a founder. The company ran ships to New York, and, later, Bermuda.

David Freeman
Montreal

...and the purpose of your trip, sir?

I particularly enjoyed "Borderline Crazy" in your May-June edition of the *News*.

Having performed with the Georgeville Occasional Choir at the Haskell Opera house a few years ago where we staged *John Rutter's Wind and the Willows*, the border was quite an experience. I think I was the only one who took the high road across the border and down into Derby Line. Even so, I was still subject to scrutiny by the border patrol and I was watched carefully entering the theatre. Everyone else in the choir seemed to know 'their way around' by staying in Stanstead and driving straight to the theatre. What fun performing on stage in Canada and the audience watching in the United States (I think that's the way it is!).

I have my sister's family in Wolfeboro, New Hampshire, where I have been traveling for 50 years. Throughout this time, there were many funny moments, which increased my respect and affection for the U.S. Border Patrol. All I had to say was, "I have an aging sis-

ter living in Wolfeboro." You could just see their eyes losing interest, and then ... "Have a nice day."

Since 9/11 of course times have changed.

The most notable experience was when the producers of the musical Chickasaw persuaded James Levy, a local lawyer in St Albans, to stage a concert version (no props or dialogue, just singing) of Chickasaw at the St. Albans Historical Museum.

This decision prompted many meetings with the movers and shakers of St Albans to promote and assist in the production. One of the results occurred in the local newspaper, the St Albans Messenger, which provided a feature article on the show demonstrating how the performance could promote local theatrical activity. We couldn't have asked for more support.

While James Levy started this whole enterprise, it was the show's musical director, Donald Patriquin of Eastman and Lennoxville, that really was our leader. This production succeeded because of Donald's enthusiasm, his energy and of course his musical genius.

We had heard about a regional choir in the Townships that were turned back at the border and denied the chance to perform a scheduled concert in Newport. This setback caused us some concern. So we decided to focus on the Frelighsburg/Franklin border and do some PR.

I presented their border office with a gift of my book that was the basis for Chickasaw, Raise the Flag & Sound the Cannon. Roger de la Mare had a meeting over the terms and conditions of passing through successfully and Donald Patriquin and I had several meetings, the first being with a young officer who sat us down while she typed up a report that took an hour to complete. We were scheduled to appear on live TV in St Albans that night—and all we could do was count the minutes. However, it was our final meeting in Franklin that was so important. The officers were about to turn the whole project down because they claimed that Americans could perform the show!

Donald Patriquin, brought out the edition of the St Albans Messenger showing how important this show was to the community. That made them pause. They read the article—it was hard to argue the point. After a few moments, they said, "O.K., but give us the names of everyone who will be passing through here and at what time! If any one of them has a criminal record—it's over!!" They were nervous.

So when the day came all eight of us passed through without having to leave our vehicles.

As we were leaving the border, one of the officers came running out to our cars, waving and shouting!! I shuddered and said to myself, oh God, what now!!

He ran up to us and shouted, "Break a Leg. Hope it all goes well!"

Indeed it did.

Don Davison
Knowlton

TIMELINES

Joe Beef Market to honour John Richardson

Point St Charles celebrates unlikely pair

by Fergus Keyes

On Saturday, September 12th 2009, the PSC Community Theatre and the Société d'histoire de Pointe-Saint-Charles will hold their 2nd annual Joe Beef Historical Market.

This open air bilingual event takes place at the Joe Beef Park on the corner of Centre and Richmond Street in Point St. Charles with the actors from the Theatre dressed in period costumes.

Last year the market attracted about 30 artisans who displayed and sold their various artworks. It also included displays by both the Montreal Fire Museum, and the Montreal Police museum - and the organizers hope for an even bigger and better event this year.

Joe Beef's real name was Charles McKiernan and he was born in 1835 in Ireland. He arrived in Montreal in either 1861 or 1864. He was married twice – first to Margaret McRae and after she passed away, he married her sister Mary McRae . He is best known for his canteen (pub) that he operated first on Saint-Claude Street and then moved it to Rue de la



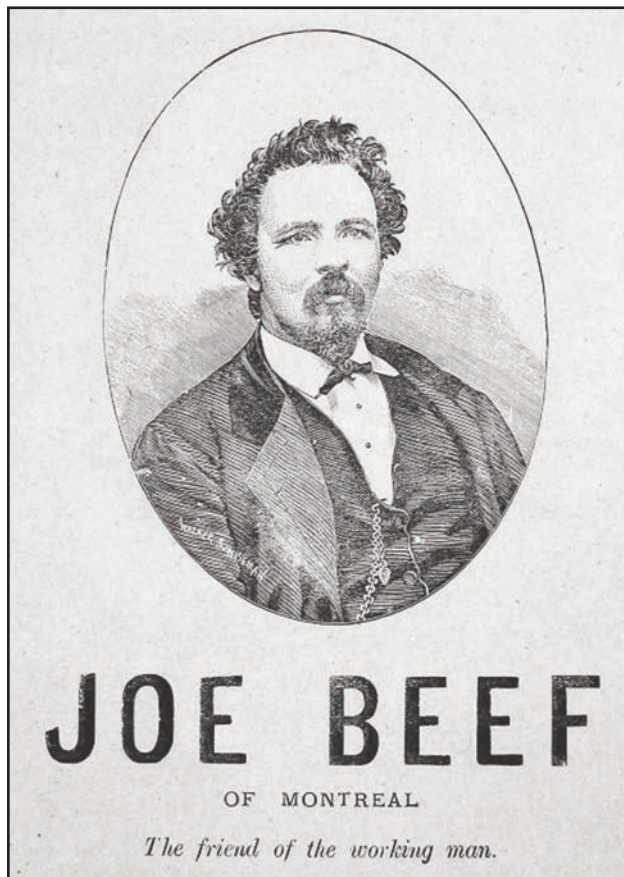
Commune. He would offer food and sometimes shelter to anyone for free if they did not have any money. His most famous quote is:

“No matter who he is, whether English, French, Irish, Negro, Indian, or what religion he belongs to, he’s sure to get a free meal at my place even if he can’t afford to pay for it.”

He also supported the strikers with literally tons of free bread during the big labour dispute during work on the Lachine Canal in 1877. When he died, at 54 years old, in 1899, the city of Montreal came to a standstill for his funeral.

Although the organizing groups agreed to continue with the name “Joe Beef Market”, they also decided that in addition to having Joe Beef on hand, they would dedicate each year to a different Montreal historical figure that contributed to our collective history. The concept is to research a different personality each year and preferably highlight someone that has a street named after him/her in Point St. Charles. And the decision for this year is to honour John Richardson (Richardson Street is on one side of the Joe Beef Park).

Although John Richardson (who was born in Scotland in 1754 and died in Montreal on May 18, 1831) is not a well known name, his influence and dedication to Montreal can still be found today almost two hundred years later. In his day he was considered truly a “man of energy and action par excellence”.



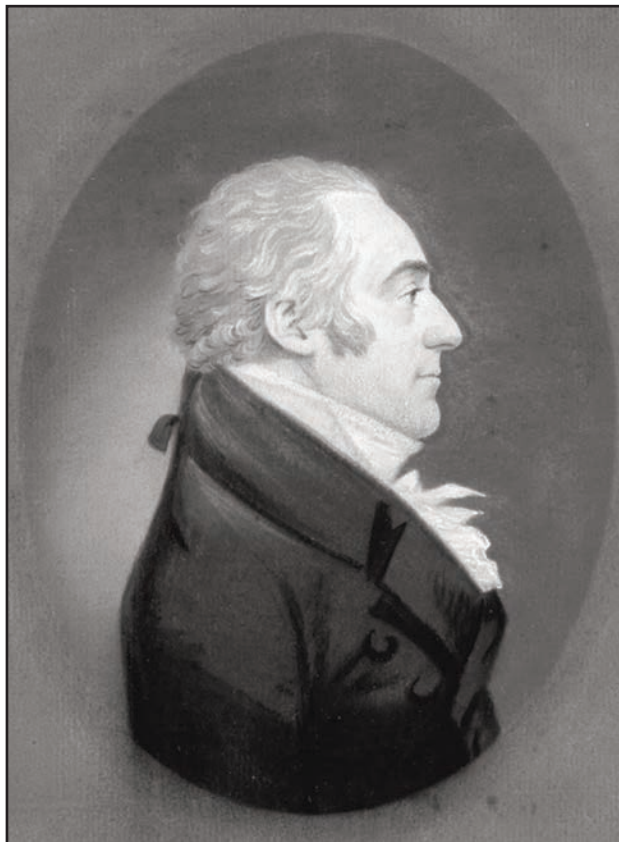
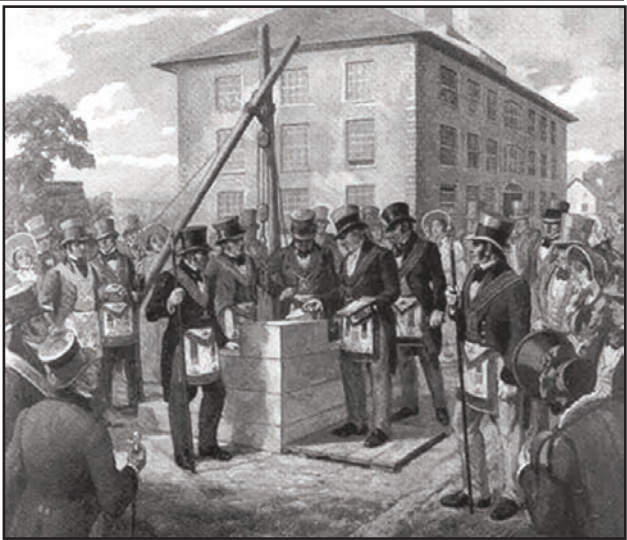
Above: Joe Beef Canteen (McCord Museum: M930.50.8.589)

Below: Joe Beef (McCord Museum: UAPT5014)

John Richardson spearheaded the project to start the building of the Lachine Canal as early as 1795 and finally on July 17th 1821 he had the honour of turning the first sod that commenced this work on the canal that became so very important to both Montreal and the rest of Canada.

He worked with a couple of others to purchase the land and then build the Montreal General Hospital. He became the Chairman of the committee to supervise the construction and then became the first president of the Hospital.

His speeches and overall effort resulted in the Bank of Montreal – the first real Bank in Canada. And he also became Chairman of first Montreal Saving Bank and was instrumental in setting up what is today the Montreal Board of Trade.



ment to Wolfe & Montcalm in Quebec City.

It was also at his insistence that the Bank of Montreal included the four well known statues on the front façade that depict agriculture; arts & crafts; commerce and navigation.

At some point there was some discussion of if McGill Street in Montreal should be named Richardson Street - but it would seem that name McGill prevailed and Richardson instead was given a little street in Point St. Charles.

The Joe Beef Market is intended to be a fun event that brings history alive with the plan to have both Joe Beef & John Richardson at the event.

If you would like to reserve a booth at this event or for any additional information, you can e-mail info@psccommunity.com or contact the Point History Society at: 514-937-4756

English Media Info. Contact: Fergus Keyes, (514) 949-2710. French Media Info. Contact: Gisèle Turgeon-Barry, (514) 937-4756

Fergus Keyes is a member of the Société d'histoire de Pointe-Saint-Charles and the PSC Community Theatre.

John Richardson's accomplishments both large and small are very long to list. In addition to the activities mentioned above, Richardson was:

- One of the commissioners entrusted with removing the walls around the original city of Montreal
- A politician representing, along with Joseph Frobisher, the East Ward of the city in the first parliament of Lower Canada
- A member of the commission formed to improve the highway to Lachine
- The "main intelligence officer" responsible for the colony's security
- A Justice of the Peace
- Involved in the building of the Nelson Monument in Old Montreal, as well as the monu-



Above: Laying the corner stone of the Richardson wing, Montreal General Hospital (Grand Lodge of Quebec). Left: John Richardson (McCord Museum: 75440). Below: Point St Charles Community Theatre (photo: Fergus Keyes)

EARLY JEWISH FAMILIES

Active in Montreal's Mechanics' Institute

by Susan McGuire

Few people are aware that the Jewish community has been an integral part of Quebec society for two and a half centuries, according to Dr. Victor Goldbloom's letter to the editor in *The Gazette* of April 10, 2009.

The Mechanics' Institute of Montreal (MIM, now the Atwater Library and Computer Centre) doesn't go back that far, but an examination of its early records reveals that the tiny, closely-knit Jewish community of Montreal, then numbering about 100, began participating in Institute activities 180

years ago.

Aaron Philip Hart was to become a prominent and controversial lawyer in Montreal. As a youth in 1824-25, he attended the Montreal Academi-cal Institution, owned by the Rev. Henry Esson, founder of the MMI. As an MMI member in January 1829, Philip Hart read an essay on "Prison Discipline"—while still only 17 years old (as verified in a Hart family bible). In July 1829, he announced to the weekly meeting that he would read an "Essay on the Discovery and Progress of Architecture" at the

next meeting. However, by September 1, he had not yet produced the essay, and the Secretary was asked to ascertain by letter whether Mr. Hart intended delivering the essay and when. Mr. Hart's written reply did not please the other members, and on September 15 he was chastised for his letter "so derogatory to the dignity of the Institution." The MMI minutes then note, "Mr. Hart, after speaking a few words, took farewell leave of the Society." The Dictionary of Canadian Biography says that he was "imbued with both panache and hot-headedness."

During the 1837-38 rebellions, Aaron Hart took time out from his law practice to raise recruits and serve as an officer in a loyalist militia regiment, along with many of his extended family. Then, at age 27 and in company with Lewis Thomas Drummond, he defended the 12 Patriotes on trial for their lives for their actions during the rebellions. Ten of the twelve were condemned to death. In their final appeal, which fell on deaf ears, Hart and Drummond said that, in their opinion, "the proceedings followed in regard to the prisoners were illegal, unconstitutional, and unjust."

By 1841, he evidently thought better of having walked out of the Mechanics' Institute. The April minutes report his lectures on "Vegetable Physiology" and on "St. Jean d'Acre from its earliest history down to the recent destruction of its forts, impregnable to all but British valour." The minutes continue, "We may also state the generous intention of that talented gentleman to devote the profits arising from a pamphlet published by him on the latter subject to the Institute."

Joseph family.

Samuel Joseph was a young man of 26 when he joined MMI. He was based primarily in Berthier-en-haut (now Berthierville) where he was running family enterprises, and his father Henry Joseph had extensive businesses in





Magasin Jesse Joseph 386 rue Lemoyne Montréal, Québec

Heritage Designation

Designated in 1965 as part of Montreal's historic district, the building located at 386 Le Moyne Street, is part of the Magasins Jesse Joseph, a group of seven similar buildings constructed for the same owner. It stands in a densely built-up neighbourhood in the northwest section of Montréal's historic district the cradle of Quebec's economic and cultural capital.

Historical Background and Use

The group of stores and warehouses was built as rental property for businessman and Belgian consul Jesse Joseph (1817-1904). Built from plans by architect James K. Springle (1819-1877), it holds architectural significance in its façade and "protorationalist stone frame design. The Magasins Jesse Joseph were a groundbreaking group that set a new architectural standard for warehouse stores, a class of multipurpose commercial buildings that first appeared in Montréal in the middle of the 19th century. In this particular case, the avant-garde technique was combined with architectural elements that were forerunners to the Neo-Renaissance style that would become prominent in the 1860s. Like most buildings in Old Montréal, the store is built of Montréal's famous grey limestone.

Proposed New Use and Its Impact

The owners of this building, 9143-0751 Québec inc. and 9123-2843 Québec inc., are planning to convert it to large deluxe residential rental units on four floors with retail space on the lower level.

Estimated Costs and Government of Canada's Contribution

Total project costs are \$1,749,972. The Government of Canada's contribution reached a total of \$350,764.45.

Parks Canada

<http://www.pc.gc.ca/eng/progs/plp-hpp/plp-hpp2a/plp-hpp2h.aspx>

Montreal. Having become an MMI member on July 7, 1829, Samuel Joseph chaired a meeting on July 21, and the following year he donated to the MMI museum an Indian carved pipe in the form of a monkey—at which time his address was listed as St Jacques. In 1832 Samuel was stricken with cholera in Berthier. His father rushed home to be by his side, but was too late; Samuel died on June 15. His father too was stricken with the disease and died on June 18, 1832.

About 1840, another of Henry Joseph's son, Jesse Joseph, commissioned architect James Springle, also a Mechanics' Institute member, to build a series of warehouses at 386 Lemoyne, one of which has recently been declared a National Historic Initiative site, and

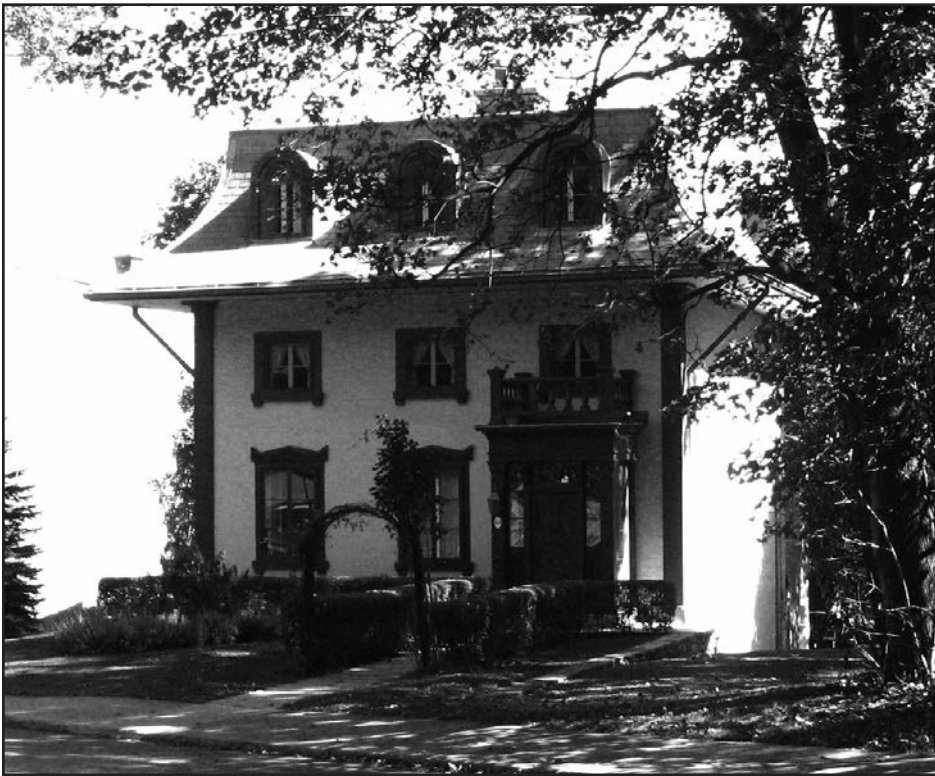
the building will be turned into luxury condominiums.

Samuel Joseph's sister married Reverend Abraham de Sola in 1852. His brother Jacob Henry Joseph became a life member of MIM in 1867.

Hays family (Hayes).

Moses Judah Hays was a man of extraordinary energy and enterprise, had a sense of civic duty, and he had rotten luck. Born in Montreal in 1789 into the successful Andrew Hays family, he entered the Royal Engineers in 1814, but soon resigned to become involved in family enterprises.

He joined the fledgling Montreal Mechanics' Institution in 1829 where he



played a small but continuing role. When it was organized as the Mechanics' Institute of Montreal in 1840, he acted as auditor for the election of the new officers, and soon afterwards became a life member. In the MIM guest-book, his name is listed as host in 1854 for Mr G Thompson of New York.

A cousin in Philadelphia, the renowned ophthalmologist and editor

Dr Isaac Hays, was a founder and long-time secretary of the Franklin Institute. Dr Hays was proposed as an MMI corresponding member in September 1829 by Aaron Philip Hart and ordnance officer William Holwell. On November 26, 1829, Dr. Hays donated a copy of the "Constitution and Laws of the Montreal Mechanics Institute" to the Franklin Institute. There was continuing communication between the two organizations.

In 1830, with the help of the influential Peter McGill, Moses Hays was successful in raising money in England to purchase and upgrade the Montreal Water Works Company. A man of practical vision, he petitioned Parliament in 1831 to run a ferry from Montreal to St Helen's Island and then a bridge to Longueuil, but was refused. It would be 29 years before the much more elaborate Victoria Bridge project was completed which would put into place the efficiencies he had anticipated

In the mid-1830s, he was made a judge of the Court of Special Sessions, a position he held until 1840. He helped to establish the Hebrew Philanthropic Society in 1847 to assist Jewish immigrants arriving from Germany. He held the office of sword bearer in the Masonic Provincial Grand Lodge. The owner of a farm in what is now Westmount, he was president of the County of Montreal Agricultural Society 1846-51. On part of that property, he built Metcalfe Terrace: a group of four houses, of which two still exist: Nos. 168 and 178 on Cote St. Antoine Road.

In 1845, the Corporation of the City of Montreal bought Moses Hays' Montreal Water Works. Two years later, in the major project of his life, he built the Hays Block in tony Dalhousie Square. It comprised a shopping area, a fashionable hotel and a comfortable theatre that could seat 1,500. In 1852, the result of a hot spell and poor municipal planning, a terrible fire broke out, which destroyed 1,100 homes in Montreal, along with the Hays Block.

Moses Hays was financially ruined. But later that year, he was appointed Montreal's Chief of Police, a position he held until his death in 1861.

Solomons Family.

Lucius L. Solomons was proposed as a member of Montreal Mechanics' Institution by Samuel Joseph and turner James Poet in July 1829. In September 1829, he donated a "box containing several specimens of mineralogy, also an analysis of the Saratoga Water."

Solomon Solomons became an MIM member in December 1840. He may not have been a relative of Lucius Solomons.



Above: Metcalfe Terrace, Westmount. Below: Hays House burning, Dalhousie Square, Montreal (McCord Museum: M310)



Samuels Family.

Little of the Samuels family is revealed through the MIM minutes. These men may or may not have been related: Arthur and Steven Samuels joined MIM in 1841; Henry Samuel became a 3rd class member (apprentice furrier) in September 1869; J. Samuel became a 2nd class member (journeyman) on April 11, 1870.

De Sola Family.

The Reverend Abraham de Sola arrived in Montreal from England in 1847 at the age of 21 to take up duties as rabbi for the Corporation of Spanish and Portuguese Jews of Montreal. He was to hold this position for 36 years.

Born into a prominent London rabbinical family with roots in Spain and Portugal, he early on gained international recognition for his writings on Eastern languages and literature, and on Jewish history and scripture. The year after his arrival in Montreal, he was ap-



pointed lecturer in Hebrew & Oriental languages at McGill, and in 1853 was made professor. An active member of English Montreal's intellectual community, he gave talks at many organizations, including the Mercantile Library and the Numismatic & Antiquarian Society. He collaborated with Sir William Logan and Sir William Dawson in the work of the Natural History Society.

He spoke several times at the Mechanics' Institute, including in 1851 on "The Ancient Hebrews as Promoters of the Arts and Sciences," and in 1856 on "The Arts and Sciences among the Ancient Jews." He was a life member of MIM.

In 1872, at the age of 46, he was asked by the American government to deliver the opening prayer for that year's session of the United States Congress, the first non-American citizen and the first non-Christian to perform that ceremony.

Two of his sons, Meldola and Clarence, became members of the Mechanics' Institute.

Meldola de Sola, who later succeeded his father as rabbi, joined MIM in September 1872, and among those signed in as his guests in the 1870s and 1880s were E. P. Cohen of Philadelphia, S. Belain and James Davies of New York, and the Rev. H. P. Mendes

Clarence de Sola became a successful Montreal businessman active in large construction projects, and served as Belgian consul in Montreal beginning in 1905. In 1880, along with Maxwell Goldstein (later the first president of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies), Clarence de Sola, then 22 years old, was active in MIM's Literary and Debating group. The MIM guest book lists Percy David as his guest on December 28, 1890. His substantial home, at 1380 Pine Avenue, still exists.

Women pupils.

The first female pupil recorded in the MIM minutes was Isabella Sternberg. She joined MIM in 1869 as a third class (pupil) member, and it is likely that she was registered in one of the architectural, mechanical and ornamental drawing classes then offered at the Institute. She was followed in 1870 by Miss Carry Lazarus, Miss Himes, Miss K. Franklin and Miss P. Teichman (all 3rd class members—i.e., under 21 or ap-

prentice/pupil).

Acknowledgement: With thanks to Anne Joseph, chronicler of the Joseph family, for reviewing this article.

Susan MacGuire grew up in Knowlton, attended Bishop's University, and currently is historian for the 181-year-old Atwater Library and Computer Centre in Montreal

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Above: First Spanish & Portuguese Church, Montreal (NewtonBosworth, Hochelaga Depicta). Lower Left: Abraham de Sola speaking to the US House of Representatives (Library of Congress). Lower Right: Clarence de Sola house (photo: Images Montreal)

PICKLE'S CRADLES

An incident from American Civil War days

by Donald J Davison

West Farnham, Sunday, Oct 23, 1864

Augustus Pickle, stood waiting for a special train. He looked worried because he had just received an urgent telegram from Governor General Monck telling him to reserve three seats on his best Stanstead stagecoach for some important government representatives; a solicitor and two Federal judges.

The train pulled in right on time and three tall, austere men descended onto the platform. One of them, Percival Robertson, the solicitor, walked purposefully over to Mr. Pickle and presented him with another communication from Governor General Monck.

What Augustus read astonished him. Canada had arrested some confederate soldiers called rebels who robbed three banks in St. Albans, Vermont, on October 19th.

Mr. Robertson, who had been waiting for a response from Pickle, leaned over and whispered, "Monck claims the arrests threaten the extradition clauses of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty, between Canada and the U.S. whereby we must return or extradite these men if they have not done any harm. Union General John A. Dix has ordered his troops to invade Canada and bring these men back,¹ and Governor John G. Smith has sent 1400 troops,² the entire Vermont State guard, to St. Albans. Finally, there is a bill being prepared in Congress to admit all of British North America into the United States of America and another to cancel our free trade agreement.³

The U.S. considers our position a tacit recognition of the Confederacy because we haven't delivered the rebels to them. The Confederacy is mad at us for the same reason."

Augustus turned to Robertson



ADVERTISEMENT

The A.B. Pickles Transportation Company assures its travelers of the fastest and most commodious daily stage from St. Johns to Stanstead. Pickles has added extra thick leather straps cured to the toughness of steel and strung in pairs to support the body of the coach. Called thorough-braces, they ensure a smooth ride. The cradle like motion absorbs the shocks of the road.

That's why Mark Twain calls them 'Cradles On Wheels'.



and confided. "Things are starting to get out of hand. Did you know that Britain has already sent Canada 14,000 new troops to guard our border along the St. Lawrence River from the Yankees?"⁴

Robertson leaned closer to Pickle and said, "As a result of this international conflict, Monck has arranged a secret meeting with three of the U.S. Secretary of State's men to resolve any disagreement we may have on the interpretation of the treaty. He has sent the three of us to represent Canada. The peace of our country hangs in the balance. We must be taken to meet the members of the U.S. State Department at Mr. Hugh Allan's estate at Bellemere near Georgeville tonight. To get there safely, you have to pass through Knowlton, stop for supper at the Exchange House and then take the ferry at Knowlton Landing to Georgeville, where Mr. Allan's stagecoach will be waiting."

So the peace between Canada and the U.S.A. hangs in the balance, muttered Augustus to himself. He looked at Robertson, "Monck claims that Canada's destiny is in my hands!"

Robertson continued to stare intently at Pickle. "We must be in Georgeville by nightfall. The State Department is so nervous that they have ordered their delegates to return home immediately, if we don't show up tonight. War could result. He told me to tell you to send him a telegram when you have successfully delivered the men to Georgeville. Mark it urgent and secret. If he doesn't receive a wire by morning, he will make the necessary military preparations!"

Judge Caron interrupted the two men to say impatiently, "We had better be going."

Knowlton Exchange House, later

Albert Kimball, sheltered from the pouring rain by the porch of his hotel, couldn't stop thinking about the two young men who had arrived the night before at his Inn. There was something about them. One of their horses needed a new shoe, but the blacksmith behind the hotel was so busy that he couldn't shoe the young man's horse until the next day. Stagecoach exchanges, like the 4.10 due this afternoon, always came first.

The stage arrived on time and Mr. Robertson stepped down from the stage and went directly to Mr. Kimball. "I have a personal letter for you from Governor General Monck. Please read it."

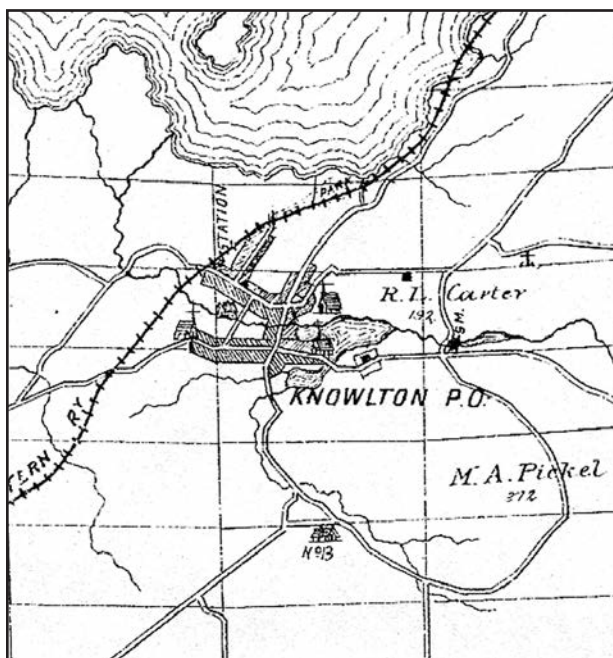
After waiting a few minutes, Robertson added, "The good news is that thirteen of the rebels have been arrested. The bad news is that apparently, eight escaped."

Albert was suddenly in the picture. He rushed around to the stables where his son Ethan and Sunny, the stable boy, were exchanging Mr. Pickle's tired and hungry stage horses for fresh ones. Ethan looked up, "Dad, who is E.D. Fuller?"

Albert stopped cold and stared at Ethan. "Why do you ask?"

"The name is burned onto the saddle straps of the horses belonging to your two guests."

Mr. Kimball's eyes widened. "Those horses are from a fine stable in St. Albans. Both of you take those two horses across the Coldbrook to England's Tannery and hide them in his stable. Stay with them until you see me again." Short of breath and eyes blazing, Albert Kimball marched, back to the hotel and into the dining room to confront the young men.



A fragment of Henry Belden's 1872 Atlas of the Eastern Townships showing the village of Knowlton and a nearby property owner labelled as "M.A. Pickel."

The Webster - Ashburton Treaty 1842

ARTICLE X.

It is agreed that the United States and Her Britannic Majesty shall, upon mutual requisitions by them, or their Ministers, Officers, or authorities, respectively made, deliver up to justice, all persons who, being charged with the crime of murder, or assault with intent to commit murder, or Piracy, or arson, or robbery, or Forgery, or the utterance of forged paper, committed within the jurisdiction of either, shall seek an asylum, or shall be found, within the territories of the other:

Provided, that this shall only be done upon such evidence of criminality as, according to the laws of the place where the fugitive or person so charged, shall be found, would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial, if the crime or offense had there been committed: And the respective Judges and other Magistrates of the two Governments, shall have power, jurisdiction, and authority, upon complaint made under oath, to issue a warrant for the apprehension of the fugitive or person so charged, that he may be brought before such Judges or other Magistrates, respectively, to the end that the evidence of criminality may be heard and considered; and if, on such hearing, the evidence be deemed sufficient to sustain the charge it shall be the duty of the examining Judge or Magistrate, to certify the same to the proper Executive Authority, that a warrant may issue for the surrender of such fugitive.

The expense of such apprehension and delivery shall be borne and defrayed by the Party who makes the requisition, and receives the fugitive.

Proviso

Following the engagement to surrender fugitives charged with specified offenses, which reads as follows: "Provided that this shall only be done upon such evidence of criminality as, according to the laws of the place where the fugitive or person is so charged, would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial ...

“What is your relationship with Ed Fuller?” Albert demanded.

They both looked stunned and pleaded ignorance.

“I thought so, you don’t even know him, you just steal his horses — you are part of the rebel gang who raided the banks in St Albans on the 19th. You should be arrested and sent along to the St. Johns jail where we have the rest of the robbers”

The rebels turned sheet white, sweat began to show on their shirts as they slowly stood up and tried to leave as quietly as they could.

“Will you please arrest these men,” declared Kimball, glaring at the judges who were dining at a nearby table. Then he turned again to the departing rebels and shouted at them, “You’re not going anywhere. I have

hugged the satchel that held all the letters from Knowlton that he had just received from Kimball.

Justice Caron asked nervously if the gun was loaded. Solomon replied, “Certainly not!”

By the time Pickle arrived at the back of the inn, the two rebels had released his stagecoach from the hitching post and had climbed up onto the driver’s seat. When Pickle approached, one of rebels pointed his revolver at him.

“Not one more word. Get in the carriage or I’ll shoot you.”

“Where is Solomon?” cried Pickle looking around urgently. He saw no alternative but to stay with his stage. If he didn’t go along, he would never see his coach again. As the rebels turned the stage onto the road, he jumped in and shut the door.

“Take the high road, the Magog Road,” shouted Pickle. “The lower one to the left is flooded a mile or so from here. When the low road is wet, water covers the corrugated wood that fills the potholes. Coaches can get severely damaged.” — And people like me can drown, he whispered to himself! With a quick sigh, he sat back in total bewilderment, fear and anger.

Shotgun was frozen to his chair, clutching the satchel, muttering about the Royal Mail and fingering the trigger of his gun. Kimball and the three representatives continued to shout at each other. Was there nothing they could do? No telephones, no telegraphs, no messengers and no stages? Then, through the window, they saw the stage wheeling rapidly out of the back yard with the rebels up on the driver’s seat and Pickle huddled inside the carriage.

Shotgun continued to protect the satchel ... “They can’t go anywhere I have all the letters from Knowlton. They have to be delivered ...” He looked blankly at Caron.

Caron with a slight twinkle whispered, “Then why don’t you deliver them?”

“Deliver the mail? The letters to Knowlton were delivered a moment ago. These letters are from Knowlton. What do you expect me to do...walk to Magog??”

Caron smiled ever so slightly.

Kimball, enraged, cried out, “We could be going to war! Who wants to write letters to the governor general? Who wants to write a letter to Hugh Allan? Who wants to write a letter to the U.S. Secretary of State? Who wants to call out the militia? The stagecoach is stolen — and they took the owner along! Its war I tell you!” shouted Kimball.

The judges and Robertson were speechless.

The stagecoach with four fresh and lively horses

Knowlton Exchange House, 1850s (photo: Auberge Knowlton)



impounded your horses and hidden them.” Kimball again turned to the judges and waited for a response.

All three were huddled and talking quickly and quietly to each other.

Then Judge Caron stood up and spoke for the three of them.

“We cannot arrest them without prejudicing our position in our meeting with the Americans on the Webster-Ashburton Treaty. We can’t do anything. We simply must not get involved. If we did, we couldn’t go to our meeting in Georgeville, which is under the direct orders of Governor General Monck. Mr. Kimball, I’m afraid we are helpless. We might, as magistrates under the treaty, be in a position to arrest with just cause, but there is no evidence. Besides, we are simply *ex parte*.⁵ A very inadvisable position for us indeed.”

Justice Entwistle, looked down at Kimball and whispered, “*Culpae poenae par esto*.”⁶

“Oh shut up,” yelled Kimball, completely exasperated.

Pickle rose quickly and without looking at his partner turned and left the room. Solomon “Shotgun” Jones, was Pickle’s protector of the Royal Mail Moroccan satchel that carried the mail on his stage. Solomon stared blankly at his shotgun, fingered the trigger and

climbed steadily up Echo Road and then as they passed the summit, started to go faster and faster down the long hill to the turn onto the Magog Road.

After a few agonizing minutes they came up on the infamous "Big Hill" and stopped to let Pickle out, at gunpoint, so that he and one of the rebels could grab the two lead horses' bridles. He threw off his heavy overcoat, tossed it into the carriage and, in shirtsleeves, went to work. They started down the series of steep hills. Pickle hung on desperately. He found himself being dragged along in the dirt and gravel.

With all the bruises that Pickle was receiving from being hit by the horse's harness of leather and brass, his head started to bleed badly and his shirt became torn. He was getting desperate.

The rebel driver couldn't stand up without falling. So he grabbed the reins and jumped down onto the whippetree to guide the horses. All he could see were swinging tails. He'd forgotten the brakes! Frantically, he clambered back up onto the seat and grabbed the brakes with both hands and guided the stagecoach down the hill to the new Knowlton Road in Bolton Pass.

At the corner, the rebel partner jumped up onto his seat beside the driver. They turned the stage east and whipped the horses. Pickle was left standing and watching them.

With no one in the carriage to warn them how violently the stage was swaying back and forth, they didn't realize the danger they were in. Nor did they notice how close to the edge of the road they were swinging.

Then they hit Dead Man's Curve.

Suddenly the right wheels dropped into the ditch and the coach and four horses were slowly pulled over the edge. The horses started to scream out in pain and fear.

The chains holding the whippetree in place snapped and the coach capsized completely tumbling the two rebels into the dense roadside bush. The carriage was smashed badly and the horses floundered

helplessly. The rebels hadn't heard horses howl like that since the first battle of Bull Run.

They ran away as fast as they could from the broken carriage and the injured horses.

All Augustus Pickle could see in the falling darkness, were two fleeting shadows merging with the blackness of the woods. He just stood at the corner, bleeding, shivering and freezing in the twilight. "War's coming ... war is coming sure enough!

"Damn them anyway ... and they have my overcoat!"

Donald J Davison is the author of Raise the Flag and Sound the Cannon: The Northernmost Battle of the Civil War (Shoreline, 2008).

1 Hoy, Claire, *Canadians In The Civil War*, (Toronto: MacArthur & Co., 2004): 322. Secretary of State William Seward threatened to resign if Lincoln did not rescind the order. President Lincoln ultimately agreed to avoid bloodshed. He commented that, "There will never be war with Canada as long as I am President."

2 Claire, 321.

3 Claire, 373.

4 Claire, 7.

5A legal proceeding brought on by one person in the absence of and without representation or notification of other parties. An improper unilateral contact with a court or arbitrator without notice to the other party or counsel for that party.

6 Let the punishment fit the crime.

7 Whiffletree is a northeastern U.S.A. expression. The pivoted horizontal crossbar to which the harness traces of a draft animal are attached and which in turn are attached to a vehicle or an implement. Also called regionally whippetree. Random House.



William Bartlett, *The Bolton Pass*

THE EMERGING ROAD

Building a Lifeline across the Townships

by Heather Darch

Poor Reverend Cotton! When he moved to Missisquoi Bay in 1804, he was burdened with homesickness and a longing to remain connected to a family and a level of civility left behind in England. A persistent complaint from the good Reverend in his letters to his family besides his “thousand inconveniences” was his inability to move through the “hideous wilderness” from one community to another with relative ease. His efforts to travel to major centres such as St Johns (Saint-Jean-sur-Richelieu) or Montreal in order to find some familiar comforts of home were always thwarted by hardships along the way. His descriptions of roads and travel were usually punctuated with phrases such as “long and tedious” or “inconvenient and difficult”. Charles Cotton’s letters even had to be directed through the United States to a coffee house in Philadelphia for ships heading to England. It was not unusual for a letter from his sister to take eight months to reach him in return. It is a testament to his faith and mental fortitude that he remained in Missisquoi County for the rest of his life despite his complete sense of isolation.

Initially, travel across the Townships was through a trackless wilderness of forest and swamps. Settlers had to cut and break their own roads to find their land claims. As there were no roads, there were no wheeled vehicles and all hauling, even in summer, was done on sleds which carried loads for short distances for further transport by water. The route to travel into the Eastern Townships was limited to one principle trail known as the Magog Road. It stretched from the shores of Missisquoi Bay to the shores of Lake Memphremagog.

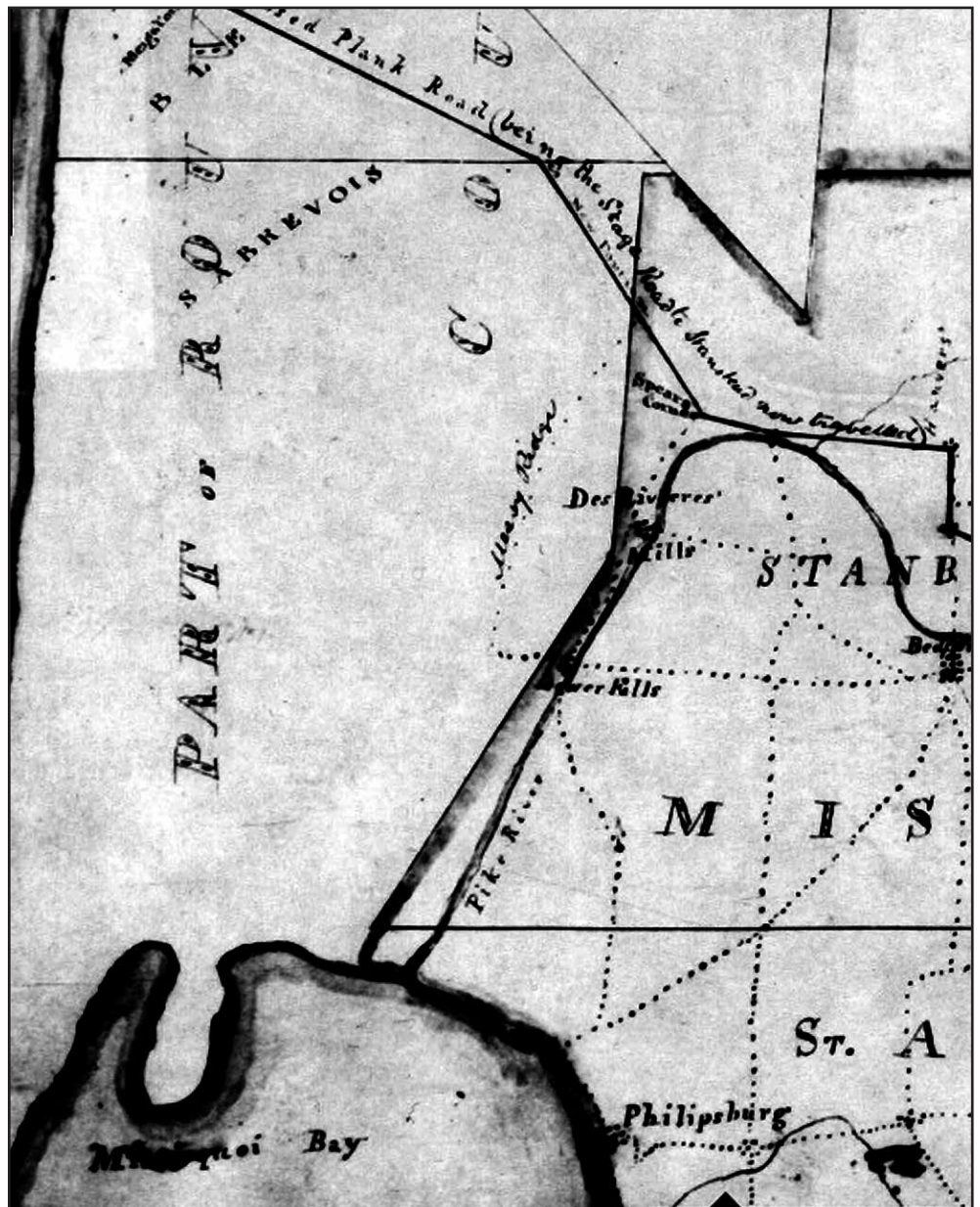
Those going to Hatley crossed the

lake on the ice or on a ferry which operated in the better weather to Georgeville which was then known as “Copp’s Ferry”.

For many years the Magog Road was only a blazed or “spotted” trail in the forest with scarcely a cabin along the route. To travel the “road” was a trial of endurance and unfortunately, early accounts of the route all involved treacherous conditions

or tragic endings. In 1799 for example, a Dr Frisbie left St Armand on horseback in winter. He was followed the next day by a traveller on snowshoes. The second man met up with the ill-fated Dr Frisbie in Bolton Pass who had frozen to death during the night.

Until 1820 the route was not considered passable for wheeled vehicles but could only be travelled on



horseback or on foot. In 1826 a united effort was made to improve the road. A subscription of \$1,100 was raised by concerned citizens and work was done to enhance its condition. In 1830 a government grant was secured and the road was developed into a state so that wagons could pass on it tolerably well.

The mail stages started to pass over the route beginning in the late 1830s but what really made the road a major connecting route was the emergence of the railway from Laprairie to St Johns in the 1840s. This meant that mail and travelers from Montreal could be taken from St Johns to Stanstead Plain where they could change to the American stage heading to Boston. The hotel

keepers along the Magog Road set up "stage lines" which meant a regular schedule of wagons crossed over the Townships to accommodate freight and people. From Montreal, one would travel in the evening to St Johns so as to catch the very early stage for Stanstead the next day. "Through in one day" the advertisements read and horses were changed every 20 miles.

After leaving Mott's Hotel in St Johns the stage crossed the Richelieu River to St Athanase (Iberville) over the Jones Bridge built in 1837. From here the road passed south east of Mont Sainte-Thérèse on the left (formerly Mount Johnson and now Mont Saint-Grégoire) and straight along the plank road built

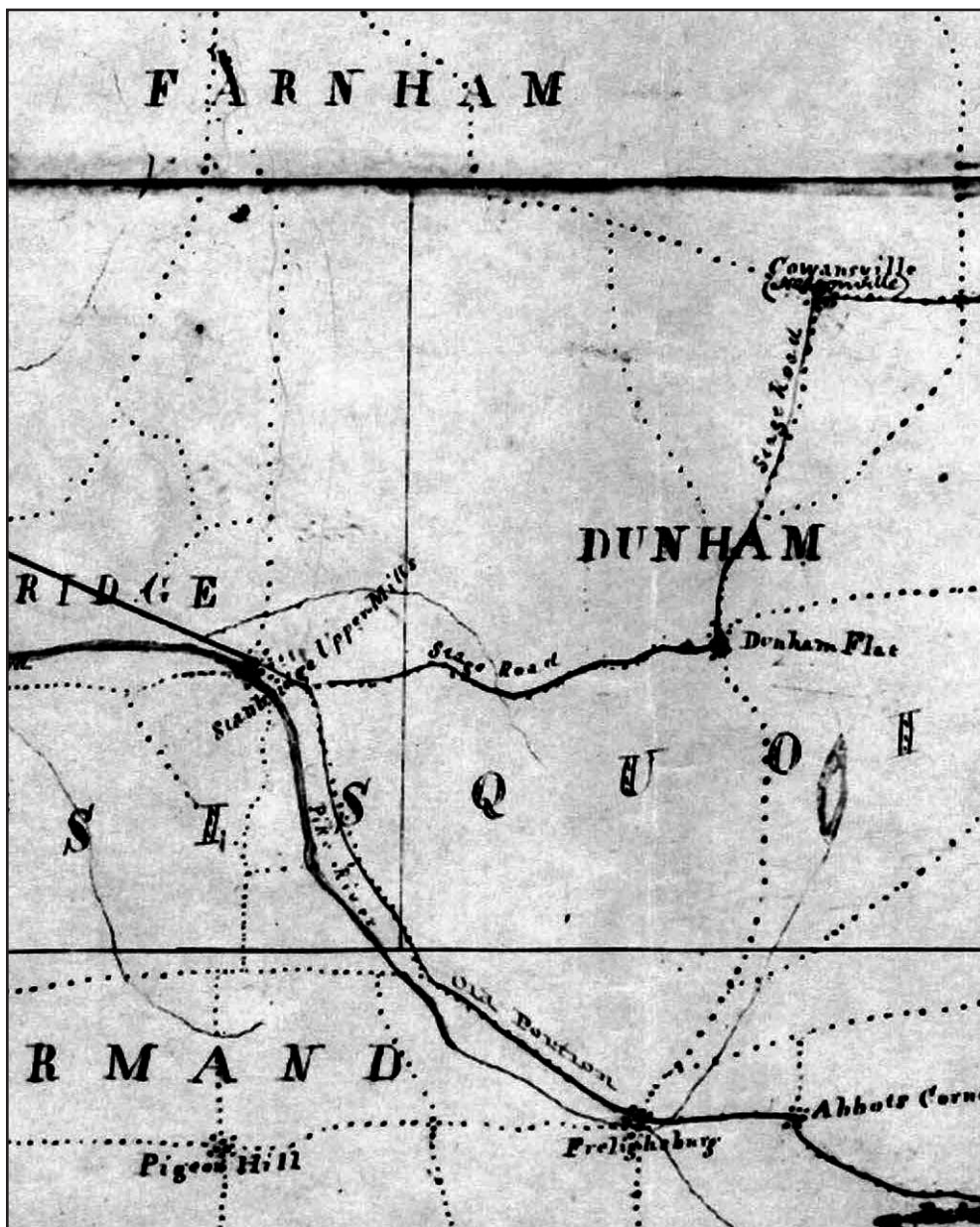
by Sir James Kempt. The Kempt road made its way to Stanbridge Township, through Notre Dame de Stanbridge south to Mystic, to Riceburg and to Chandler's Hotel in Stanbridge East. At Levi Stevens' Hotel in Dunham, another stop was made for passengers and then onward to Brome Village at Gilman's Corners (Junction 104 & 215). The road is still marked today as "Stagecoach Road." William Clement and later Thomas Prime operated a tavern just east of the village. Prime's Tavern was considered "new and modern" in the 1840s. The rough ride on the stage road would head to Bolton and drop into the Bolton Pass. The road descended 300 feet in half a mile and the steep grade often required an additional team of horses to climb when travelling the opposite direction up the grade. Originally this section of the road was a trap line and was not improved into a road until the 1840s. Once across the lake to Copp's Ferry, Friend Bigelow's tavern offered friendly and comfortable accommodations to the weary traveller. The road then continued over to Stanstead Plain where it stopped at Benton's or Studdert's Hotels.

It is hard for one to imagine today what being isolated truly means. In this world of internet, cell phones, mass media and super highways, we are always connected. Travelling to Stanstead today can be accomplished easily across the Eastern Township's auto route. For the settlers of Missisquoi Bay, communicating with loved-ones or reaching markets was nearly impossible until the gradual emergence of the life-line known as Magog Road.

Heather Darch is curator at the Missisquoi Museum, Stanbridge East.

Sources:

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Then and Now in Missisquoi, Volume 10, Missisquoi Historical Society, Stanbridge East, QC, 1967
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Missisquoi County Map (Missisquoi Museum)

THE QAHN HERITAGE ESSAY CONTEST WINNERS, 2009

The Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network's annual Heritage Essay Contest yielded over thirty entries from half a dozen schools across the province.

Essays were judged by the committee in terms of writing style (competence with the English language), the choice of subject matter (how well it dealt with heritage, notably Anglophone heritage), flair (whether it caught the readers' attention through unusual turns of phrase or rhetorical devices) and overall effort (if the writer added images or showed evidence of having done additional re-

search). Good essays do not require all of these elements, of course, but the best ones tended to succeed on several levels.

After due consideration, the committee awarded first place (with a \$150 prize) to Kerry-Ann Babin-Lavoie of Jonquiere, second place (a \$100 prize) to Maryha Gerty of Cowansville, and third place (\$50) to Sean McRae of Greenfield Park. Congratulations to the winners and best wishes to all our writers!

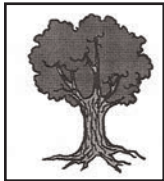
We are pleased to print the winning entries.

All About Arvida

by Kerry-Ann Babin-Lavoie

Grade 6, Age 11

Riverside Regional Elementary School, Jonquiere QC

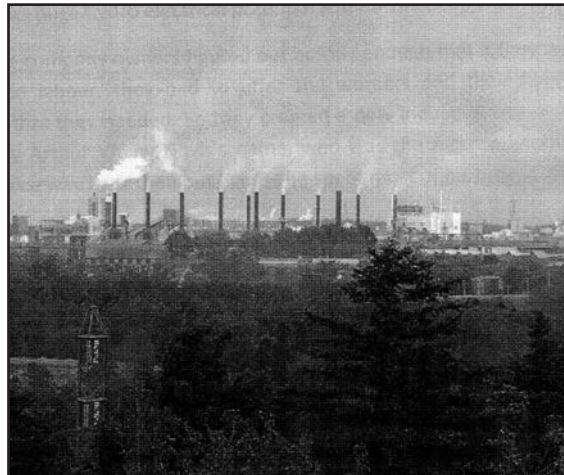


This is me. That's right! I am a tree. I've been standing here for many years and when I look around, I can tell you that things have really changed.

At first I was here surrounded by all my friends. Many of them disappeared in 1925 when the aluminum Company of Canada chose my region to operate an industry they called: Alcan. I overheard a man say that they chose the Saguenay region for its huge hydro electrical potential and for the deep water rivers nearby.

I guess the company owners figured out quickly enough that if they wanted good steady man labour,

they had to offer the workers and their families all the resources that they needed. So they created a new industrial city named Arvida, inspired by Arthur Vining Davis's name, who was the Alcan pioneer. I saw him once or twice way back then but I guess he spent most of his time in his office.



I truly believe that they created a very cozy town. From where I stand, on one side I can see a welcoming church, a grocery store, a school, a park where children get together to play, recreational spaces, a hospital, and beautiful houses. A couple walking by one day were looking at them and mentioned that the houses were inspired by the English style architecture, and of course in each yard there are trees, who, like

me, are standing tall and proud.

Now on the other side, I see Alcan! It is a huge smelter with tall chimneys, there is sure a lot of smoke and gases coming out of them. It might create some pollution but I've witnessed changes and it is not as bad anymore as they have been upgrading equipment in order for the smelter to reduce the pollution it was creating. As for the workers, they work really hard as the production is on 24 hours a day. The transformation process seems to be a long one. I regularly see trains ride in as they carry a kind of brown reddish mud found in tropical regions. I am not quite sure what it is, but someone referred to it as "bauxite." It actually comes in by boat to a nearby marina at Port-Alfred, and then it is delivered by train to Alcan. I heard that those great big cargos can carry tonnes of bauxite. It seems that once they add a special solution to it, it transforms to alumina and then to aluminum by an electrolytic process. Yes! I know. I do not really understand much of it either, but I know that trucks loaded with aluminum bars are exported from Alcan throughout the world.

So you see, all of this starts here in Arvida! It makes me feel special to witness all that production and see how happy those families are. Take a look! Here I am standing proudly with some of my friends in Arvida as you see the Alcan Smelter in the background.

Walking Through the United Empire Loyalist Cemetery

by *Maryha Gerty*

Grade 6, Age 11

*Heroes Memorial School,
Cowansville QC*

The cold spring air touched my face gently, making my hair blow in my face as I walked through the cemetery. I noticed tombstones with faint writing. Out of the corner of my eye I spotted a faded little flag with the colors of red and blue. I turned my eyes and read "John Ruiter." A few moments later when the wind died down, I pushed my hair out of my face as an older woman came and stood beside me.

I whispered in a light voice, "What's all this about? Why is there a flag on the tombstone?"

She turned her head to face mine, and then sighed while looking at the tombstone. "The flag represents people who were loyal to Britain and who had to leave the United States once it became

independent in 1886. It's sad that people today don't recognize what these things mean."

She then told me that John Ruiter's father, Jacob Ruiter, was the first settler in Cowansville. He gave a piece of land in 1811 for the building of the first school, and later he gave another lot for the Union Cemetery. She also told me that he made a flourmill and sawmill that was used for years. The settlement was first known as Ruiter's Mills and then in 1805, Jacob named this new settlement Nelsonville, in honor of the British Admiral Lord Nelson who died in battle of Trafalgar.

I was amazed at what she knew and then understood her sorrow. What a sad thing not to know our history.

A Hard Act to Follow

Sean MacRae

Grade 6

Greenfield Park Primary

International, Greenfield Park QC

I recently had the opportunity to meet Dr Curtis Lowry in person. I was astounded to learn that, not only is he a relative of mine, but I was shaking the hand of a medical doctor who has delivered approximately 2,400 babies in his 55 years of practice. This averages one baby for every working week of his medical career. In fact, I wouldn't be here telling you about him if one of them was not my Dad, who was born on a cold, spring morning 53 years ago.

Things did not come easy to him. Born in 1918, and raised on a farm outside of Sawyerville, Curtis Lowry graduated from Bishop's University with an Arts degree. He taught high school for 4 years to accumulate funds for medical school. He attended Laval University, which required that he learn French and medicine simultaneously.

What makes him a living inspiration to me, in addition to his medical talent is his continuous love for the Townships, practising tirelessly in Sawyerville for all those 55 years, where he still resides. Seeing patients at all hours including weekends and holidays, none were abandoned. He showed the true spirit of doctoring the sick and the injured. He always said, "If you see my car in the driveway, then I'm open for business."

Although retired as of 6 years ago, Dr Lowry remains active with family and personal interests, yet still lends an empathetic ear to the concerns of the local residents. The living legend of Dr Curtis Lowry continues.

THE ABBOTTS OF ST ANDREWS

Two pioneering brothers and their remarkable offspring

by Elizabeth Abbott

In 1818, brothers Joseph and William Abbott, Anglican missionaries, left England for an uncertain future in Lower Canada. From Montreal they took a flat-bottomed lumber scow to Carillon on the Ottawa River. Their mission post would be at St Andrews, two miles along the road.

They had imagined this to be the land of promise. But at the first sight of the vast interminable forests the Biblical phrase "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread" came to Joseph's mind.

He left William with the baggage while he walked along the road toward St Andrews, hoping to find a conveyance. He stopped to rest under a tree. A wind stirred the leaves and he fancied that he heard the voices of those he had left behind. Overwhelmed by a sudden wave of homesickness, he hung his head and wept, remembering the hills and dales of his native Westmorland. "The hills, how I love them. The sight of them to me is as life from the dead."

With a colossal energy that would characterize some of their descendants, the two men took the gospel on horseback and by canoe to far-flung settlements.

Fully forty years later, after 'improvements' had been made to the roads, a fellow churchman described his travels to the mission stations in that wild and hilly country. He remarked that no one could have any conception of what travel was like even then. Each eminence he scaled must surely be the last. Exhausted, he forced his way through wind and rain until he was overtaken by night. After some time the sound of rushing water reminded him of the 'bridge' which he knew to be several logs side by side, but which he could not distinguish in the pitch darkness. It was 50 feet above the

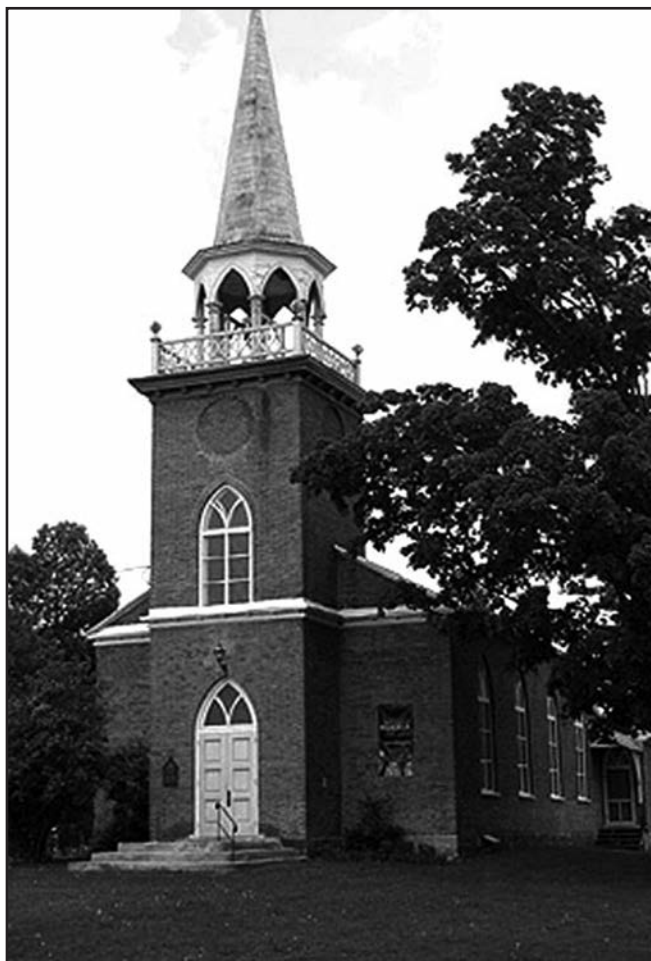
stream and not protected at the sides. He lifted up his heart to the Almighty and gave reins to his horse, whose feet slipped and slid alarmingly on the wet surface. Such as this, and worse, had long been the travels of William and Joseph Abbott.

istry at the church. He bought land on a life annuity and farmed it with good success. He was popular with the local farmers and always came out to lend a hand if there was trouble or sickness of 'man or beast.' He married Frances Smith, who was said to be a descendant of the first Marquis of Hertford.

They lost two teenaged children to tuberculosis. Joseph came out to conduct the funerals, remarking that "my poor brother has been dreadfully cut up by it." Indeed, William was now often seen with tears in his eyes, and a few short months later he was on his own deathbed.

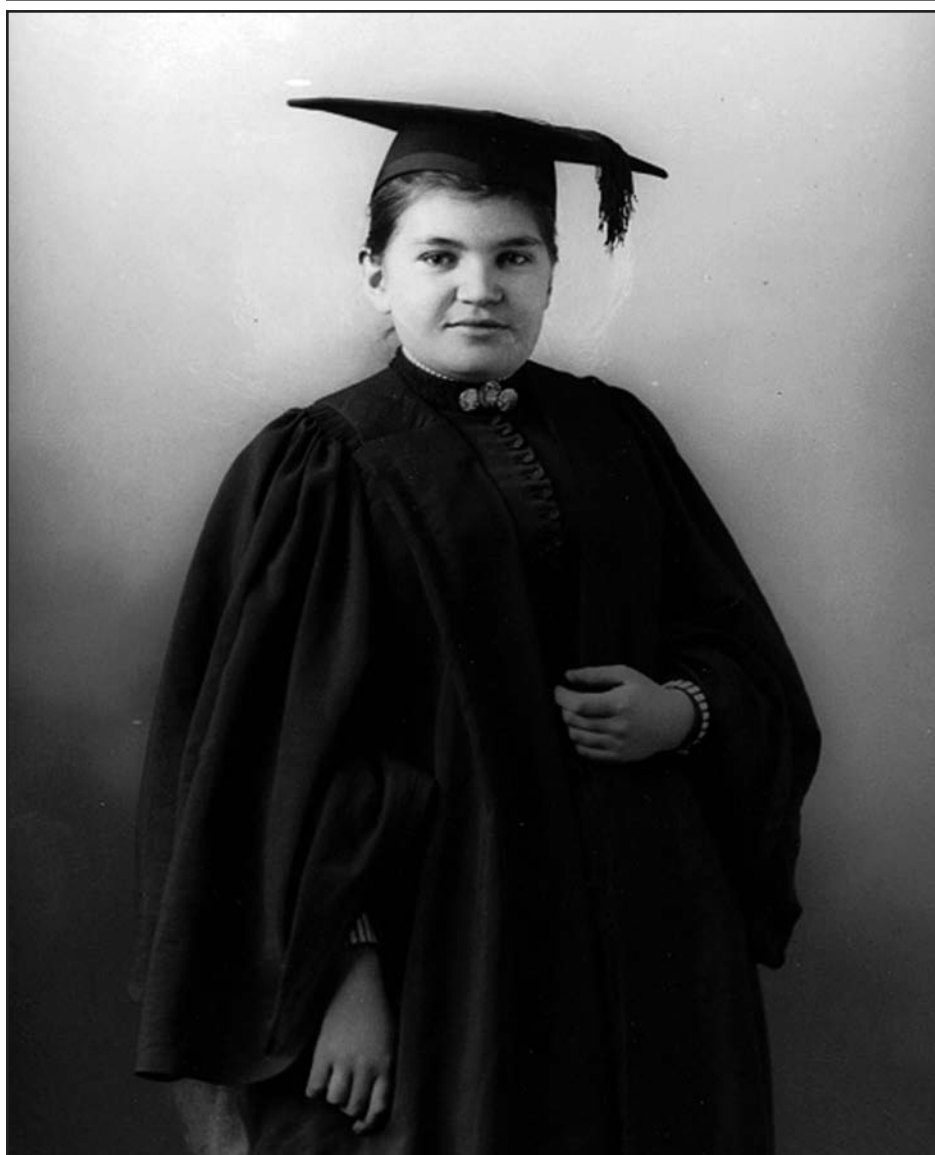
The rest of William and Frances' children soon suffered the same hard fate. Frances had a stained-glass window installed in Christ Church, St Andrews to "the Memory of her husband and children, all of whom it had pleased Almighty God to remove from this world before her." Out of her large family, there remained to her only two little orphaned grand-daughters. One was to become famous as Dr Maude Abbott, the world expert on Congenital Cardiac Disease.

Frances raised Maude and her sister Alice, and named John Abbott as their guardian. He was by now the best known commercial lawyer in the country, having for clients the Molsons, Allans and Lord Strathcona, the financier of the Canadian Pacific Railway. As Professor Frost of McGill has said, John Abbott was the brains behind the CPR. He was also a governor of McGill. But his prominence here and as Prime Minister did not ensure acceptance at the university for his young cousin Maude. She eventually secured for herself a place in history as the author of the Atlas of Congenital Cardiac Disease, which



Joseph married Harriet Bradford. Their eldest son, John was born in 1821 at St Andrews. He was to become Canada's first native-born Prime Minister. Joseph built Christ Church, St Andrews, the mother church of the parish and now a national historic monument.

Eventually Joseph moved his family to Montreal, where John studied law at McGill. William remained behind in St Andrews where he took over the min-



moved heart surgery ahead by some twenty years. Thousands of Blue Babies were saved because of her work.

She was forever grateful to Sir John Abbott, who she said had made her go on when she was ready to give up her work. She arranged a memorial to him in St Andrews, in October 1936. Journalist Harry J. Walker was there and said that "When the Governor General and an impressive cavalcade of church and state dignitaries... honored the memory of the first Canadian native son to don the mantle of Prime Minister, they indirectly paid homage to another man - the father of the distinguished statesman. Reverend Joseph Abbott labored in a remote vineyard and never heard the applause of listening senates. But he deserves, in our opinion, greater credit because of his pioneering achievements; he cleaved wood and made the path more fair for the subsequent success of his statesman

son. If Sir John possessed the driving power to fashion the Canadian Pacific Railway into an instrument of national unity, then his father was imbued with the same quality to conquer insuperable difficulties in advancing Christianity and civilization in the Lower Ottawa hinterland."

The same could be said for William, who shared his brother's work, with all the attendant joys and sorrows. Things had come full circle, back to the small church in St Andrews. It had all begun here.

Elizabeth Abbott has assembled a compendium of information on Sir John Joseph Caldwell Abbott under the title of "The Reluctant PM" and has written and narrated a text and audio CD on Dr Maude Abbott entitled "An Inner Grace."

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Eastern Townships

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

Wednesday to Sunday, 1a.m. to 4:30p.m.
Fall opening hours

Saturdays and Sundays 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.
Weekend Afternoon Tea
Reservations are preferred

September – October 25
Exhibition: Le soleil dit bonjour à la lune
Artist, Louisette Gauthier Mitchell invites you to discover her contrast works inspired by shadow and light.

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

October 3, 10:30 a.m.
Anglican Church Hall, 550 Dufferin St, Stanstead
Fall Lecture Series
Speaker: Dr. Monique Nadeau-Saumier
William Stuart Hunter 1823-1894: An Early Promoter of Cultural Tourism will be discussed in this illustrated lecture.
Cost: \$15. members, \$20. non-members
Info or to reserve: 819-876-7322

Till October 12, Monday to Friday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Memphremagog: Leisure & Cruising upon the Lake
19th century cruises and marine activities for lakeside residents on Lake Memphremagog

Missisquoi Historical Society
Info and reservation: Pamela Realffe, 450-248-3153
Email: info@museemissisquoi.ca

Till October 11, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Exhibition
Down by the Bay: 400 Years of the Use and Abuse of Missisquoi Bay
This 2009 exhibit looks at the uses and abuses of Missisquoi Bay over the past 400 years and the rich history that can

be found along its shoreline.

The Missisquoi Museum will partner with “La Corporation basin versant baie Missisquoi” to present the museum’s collection of early 19th Century objects from the community living by Missisquoi Bay as well as the current environmental issues facing this region.

FESTIVAL ARTS & HERITAGE POTTON
40 ch du Mont Owl’s Head, Mansonville (Ski Chalet)
Info : 450-292-3342 or 800-363-3342
Email: info@owlshead.com
Website : www.owlshead.com

September 26 and 27, October 3, 4, 10, 11 and 12, 9:30 a.m. to 5 P.m.
Autumnfest at Owl’s Head
Antiques, arts and crafts as well as other activities.
Rain or shine

Laurentians

Morin Heights Historical Association
Email: mhha98@hotmail.com
www.morinheightshistory.org

Panel Discussion
Reliving the 1940s and 50s in Morin Heights
Morin Heights of the 40s and 50s through storytelling and photo exhibition and panel discussion.
Presented by Bunny Basler, Owen LeGallee, Rowena Blair, Dawn Nesbitt and others.
Cost: \$5. (Members and students: free)

Montreal

Fédération des sociétés d’histoire du Québec
Le Conseil de la culture des Laurentides
L’Abbaye d’Oke, 1660, chemin d’Oka, Oka
Info: 514-252-3031 or 1-866-691-7202
Email: fshq@histoirequebec.qc.ca
Website: www.histoirequebec.qc.ca

October 17, 8:30 a.m.
Journée spéciale de formation sur les archives privées
Workshops on documents: treatment of preservation, saving and uploading to the web etc...

Reserve by October 9
Cost: \$35. per person

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

Permanent Exhibition
Simply Montreal Glimpses of a Unique City
Over 800 objects from McCord’s famous collection

Till October 4
Exhibit
Wathahine: Portraits of Aboriginal women by documentary of photographer Nance Ackerman

Westmount Historical Association
Westmount Public Library
Info: 514-925-1404 or 514-932-6688
Email: info@westmounthistorical.org

October 15, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Lecture Series
The James K. Ward Family and Photographic Album
Speakers: Gary Aitken and Denis Longchamps
Gary Aitken will be tracing the genealogy of the Ward family, followed by Denis Longchamps and the role photographic albums play in learning about the past presented.

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

Permanent Collection
160 Unique railway vehicles on display

Quebec City

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

October 28, 7 p.m.
Lecture (presented in English)
Lord Bury and Sophia MacNab
The scandal of Lord Bury, Sophia MacNab and the link to the Morin Centre and Quebec City.
Cost: \$8. members, \$10. non-members

Heritage Canada Foundation Launches

SPERO-L

SPERO is Latin for HOPE—a fitting name for a free email-based discussion tool about places of faith at risk in Canada.

Increasingly, historic places of faith—both urban and rural—are threatened with deterioration and demolition. The reasons are many: shrinking congregations, years of deferred maintenance, shifting demographics and rising urban land values.



Why should I join SPERO-L?

Find answers to questions about building maintenance, community outreach and fundraising, or share how re-purposed places of faith are being preserved and reused in your community. Either way, it's a chance to mobilize the will and resources to help save our sanctuaries.

How do I join SPERO-L?

Simply send a message to spero-l@heritagecanada.org. A validation email will confirm your request to join.

La fondation Héritage Canada présente

SPERO-L

SPERO signifie ESPOIR en latin – ce qui en fait un nom tout indiqué pour un outil gratuit de discussion par courriel sur les lieux de culte menacés au Canada.

En milieu urbain et rural, les lieux de culte historiques sont de plus en plus menacés de détérioration et de démolition. Les raisons en sont nombreuses: congrégations en baisse, années de retard dans les opérations d'entretien, évolution démographique et hausse de la valeur des terrains en ville.



Pourquoi s'inscrire à SPERO-L?

Trouvez des réponses aux questions sur l'entretien des bâtiments, l'action communautaire ou la levée de fonds, ou faites savoir comment des lieux de culte historiques ont été préservés et servent à de nouvelles fins dans votre collectivité. SPERO-L vous donne un moyen de mobiliser la bonne volonté et les ressources qui vous aideront à sauver nos sanctuaires.

Comment m'inscrire à SPERO-L?

Il vous suffit d'envoyer un message à spero-l@heritagecanada.org. Un courriel de validation confirmera votre participation.

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