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Square Mile Shops

Business Opportunities in 1870s Montreal

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EDITOR'S DESK

True Patriot Love

by Rod MacLeod

In December 1964, after months of acrimonious debate, the "Maple Leaf" was chosen by parliament as Canada's national flag. The debate caught the country in the midst of a larger cultural transition, when a sense of Britishness as a defining value was being replaced by assertive Canadian nationalism. The acrimony came mainly from those who felt the new flag disrespected the monarchy and thumbed its nose at the sacrifice of soldiers who had died for the Union Jack or the Red Ensign. For its supporters, the Maple Leaf represented Canada's independence – not so much rejection of Britain or its monarch as the last symbolic step in a peaceful journey from colony to nation.

Six decades later, a popular credit and loan institution in Quebec provoked widespread vitriol for posting a sign on its door showing a man with a Maple Leaf flag draped over his shoulders the way people do on national holidays. The sign was there to inform customers that the office was closed that day, May 21, the *Journée nationale des patriotes*.

Pundits railed against the sign, and even more against the institution for its "insensitive" and "inappropriate" use of the sign – which was eventually removed, and the institution issued a heartfelt apology. Assuaged, most critics went on to say that the incident showed that Quebecers desperately needed a better understanding of their history. Some saw it as proof that the recently-touted Quebec history museum was sorely needed. No well-informed person, it was argued, would fail to see that the Maple Leaf was an offensive symbol of British imperialism, the very thing the Patriotes in question had fought against back in the 1830s – a fight for which many had given their lives, including the twelve hanged at Montreal's Pied-au-Courant prison.

Let us briefly acknowledge the irony of reading the Maple Leaf, a flag once reviled by British imperialists, as a symbol of British imperialism. Granted, the Maple Leaf clearly packs a political punch in Quebec, where to wave one brazenly in some circles can be seen as provocation. But that tension speaks to the Federalist-Nationalist divide, not to a history of oppression going back to a time long before the Maple Leaf was a gleam in Lester Pearson's prime ministerial eye. Canada's flag has no bearing whatsoever on the *Journée nationale des patriotes*, which, since its creation in 2003, celebrates the opposition to autocratic rule that erupted across Lower Canada in 1837. Both the Patriotes and the Maple Leaf strove for a distancing from British rule: one violently, the other symbolically. Quebecers who see the Maple Leaf as offensive on Patriotes Day are allowing their opposition to Canadian federalism to colour their sense of history. Pearson did not hang the unfortunate twelve at Pied-au-Courant. (His successor, Pierre Trudeau, did arrest hundreds of independence supporters in 1970 on questionable evidence, but that event is apparently forgotten history.)

The identification of Canada's flag with ancient oppression is anachronistic and ahistorical, but what is truly distressing is to see the use pundits make of "history" in order to keep blood at a steady boil. Quite a number of them have asserted that we don't know our history – which is of course painfully true, except that what they mean is that we don't know a certain version of our history. This version is not entirely wrong, but it is devoid of nuance and serves a particular agenda. Calls for better knowledge of history can easily result in the feel-good, Yay Us, project envisaged for Quebec's history museum, which politicians vehemently defend against accusations that it will have an excessively narrow focus. Such calls can also result in the high school History curriculum introduced a few years ago in the face of similar criticism.

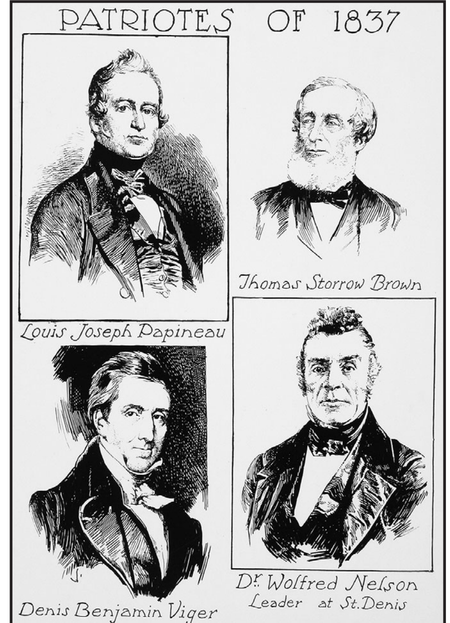
This version of history sees all events in terms of how they have shaped the Quebec Nation. It's what we used to call Whig History, referring to the belief that history marches relentlessly forward, seemingly without blinkers, toward a state of political perfection. For England's "Whig" faction, which first promoted this view, the "end" of history was British parliamentary constitutionalism, achieved by steadily overcoming the forces of reaction (Catholics, mostly). For Quebec Nationalists, it is a state where those outside the Nation are presented as either ephemeral (unassimilable immigrants) or antagonistic ("the English"). Such history validates events that, it argues, contributed to the formation of the Nation, and dismisses those that did not.

The Rebellions of 1837-1838 made the cut. As part of the mythology formulated over the past couple of decades that promotes the idea of "nation" rather than talk openly of separatism, the Rebellions have been recast as a heroic chapter in the national saga. This is all very ironic, given that for most of the last 180 years

Pied-au-Courant Prison Gates, Montreal. Photo: Rod MacLeod

of historical thinking the Rebellions were decried as a dangerous menace to the heart and soul of French Canada – which was to be found in the traditional rural, Catholic countryside, and not in the urban world where foreign ideas (British and American ideas, especially) could take root. The Catholic Church vehemently opposed the secular and democratic goals of the Patriotes, and, after the Rebellions failed, it made sure that everyone remembered this. By positioning itself as a reliably conservative force under the Union (1840 to 1867) and then under Confederation, the Church consolidated its role as cultural arbiter for French Canada, particularly in education, health and social welfare. Now that the Quebec Nation has been cast as secular, and Catholicism as a cultural identifier has been rejected, the Patriotes and the Rebellions can be resuscitated from the bin where the Church had flung them and reinvented as a harbinger of now.

The Patriotes were, of course, a long-standing political party in Lower Canada by the 1830s when they began to challenge the arbitrary power of the British governors and their unelected councils (made up of Francophones as well as Anglophones). The Patriotes represented the largest faction in the Lower Canada Assembly, a body that had the power to enact laws but had no actual governance role. Party membership was largely Francophone, but by no means exclusively so. It appealed mainly to professionals and small businessmen, as opposed to the wealthier merchants and landowners whose interests the governors upheld. Curiously, given its political orientation, the party was led by the extremely wealthy seigneur, Louis-Joseph Papineau. Historians have spilled a great deal of ink over whether Papineau was truly a rebel or more of a Red Tory, but he was fully committed to the issue of representative democracy, though not necessarily to the point of violence. And in the Patriotes' more radical objectives he was supported by a set of even less compromising lieutenants, a surprising number of whom were Anglophone. Robert and Wolfred Nelson, both doctors by training, were from a Protestant Yorkshire family that had settled in Montreal in the 1780s. Edmund Bailey O'Callaghan, also a doctor, emigrated to Quebec in 1823 and became a strong promoter of Irish Catholic rights in the colony. Thomas Storrow Brown, a Protestant of Loyalist stock, came to Montreal from New Brunswick in 1818 and pursued a rather checkered career in small business. None of these men had any reason to support the cause of French-Canadian identity; nevertheless, they found their way into the Patriote party.



The Patriotes embraced republicanism, secularism, and egalitarianism (at least as it was understood in the 1830s). They also opposed the British Empire – not so much because it was British as because its governors ignored elected representatives and its army suppressed dissent. In this respect, they harkened back to the leaders of the American colonies from half a century earlier – whose use of the term "patriots" to describe the enemies of the established order gave the Lower Canadian radicals their name. Similar views, though not the name, could be found in Upper Canada, where William Lyon Mackenzie led the drive for responsible government and was prepared to fight for it. The Rebellions pitted these radicals against the British army and all those who favoured the status quo – a cohort that included wealthy men from both linguistic and confessional groups, who eagerly joined loyal militia units. It was class warfare.

Gloves were off in the Fall of 1837, when protests across Lower Canada led to an army crackdown, which in turn led to brawls and battles – including the one at Saint-Denis along the Richelieu River where Wolfred Nelson proved an able military leader. Despite such efforts, the rebels were defeated by the end of the year. A great many, including Nelson, were caught, but several key figures (Papineau, O'Callaghan, Robert Nelson) escaped to Vermont. There, the cause took a more radical turn: the rebels elected Robert Nelson as their military commander and president of the republic they hoped to form in Lower Canada. Over the course of 1838, he led several forays back across the border, none successful.

Meanwhile, the British government appointed a new governor with a mandate to deal with the crisis. The man who filled this position from the time of his arrival in the colony in May 1838 until his recall six months later was a curious choice: John Lambton, a radical member of the British parliament (a Whig, in fact) who was keen on political reform and reasonably sympathetic to the Patriotes' grievances. Acknowledging that the colonial regime wasted so much time and effort on oppression, Lambton called for a more liberal political structure, the abolition of feudal land tenure, and separation of church and state – all Patriote goals.

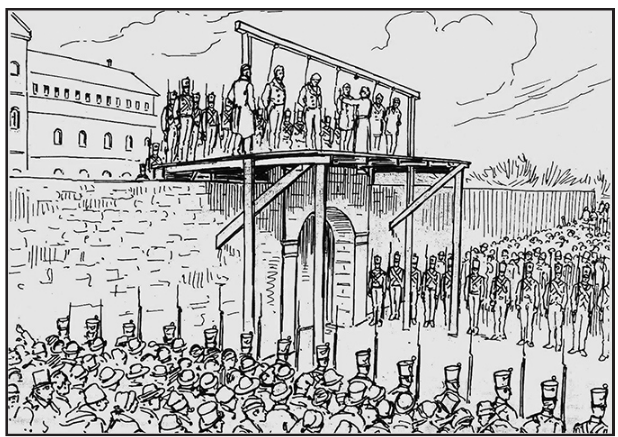
But Lambton was also another "divided soul" (an epithet famously bestowed on Papineau), who had been made Earl of Durham a few years earlier and had clearly developed a reactionary streak. It was as Lord Durham that Lambton earned the undying enmity of French Canadians for his description of them as a people without history or culture. The problem, he famously concluded, was that there were "two

Top: Charles W. Jefferys, Patriotes of 1837, c.1950. McCord Museum, M20430.
Bottom: Robert Nelson, L'Opinion Publique, *4 (14), April 3, 1873*

nations warring in the bosom of a single state." He used "nation" in its nineteenth-century sense of an ethnic group, thereby adding fuel to the prevalent view that the Rebellions were essentially about ethnic differences. In his famous (to some, infamous) Report, Lambton recommended a policy of cultural assimilation. He called for a union of Upper and Lower Canada, thereby guaranteeing a British majority in the united legislature. He also advocated the development of a common school system that would teach Francophone Catholics the ways of the modern world and turn them into good British citizens.

The Patriotes, however, were fighting a different fight. Shortly after Lambton's departure at the beginning of November, rebels based in Vermont and led by Robert Nelson staged a major offensive into Lower Canada. It failed. Hundreds were arrested and incarcerated at Pied-au-Courant. Dozens were sentenced to death, though only twelve were hanged. None of these twelve was Anglophone, although one, Charles Hindenlang, was a Protestant of Swiss ancestry who had come to Canada in 1838 to take part in the Rebellion – rather as idealistic Canadians would join the aptly-named "Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion" a century later and go to fight fascism in Spain. Hindenlang had fought under Robert Nelson at Napierville and Odelltown, but when the company was forced to retreat the former was caught and the latter escaped back over the border. Nelson remained a political agitator in the United States for the rest of his life, refusing to return to Canada even after the general amnesty. O'Callaghan remained in exile also, but devoted himself to the study of history. Other Patriote leaders did eventually return to Canada, including Papineau, who after a period in exile in France (engineered largely by his fellow rebels, who saw him as a liability) resumed his political career, this time in the undistinguished margins. Brown went back into small business in Montreal, and struggled with alcohol addiction. Wolfred Nelson returned earlier than the others, thanks to the intervention of moderate former Patriote Louis-Hippolyte LaFontaine, who convinced him to return to politics and fight for responsible government; Nelson subsequently served as Montreal Mayor for three years and, ironically, as inspector of jails.

The rebel rank and file were not so fortunate – particularly the twelve who were hanged as part of a military policy of intimidation and reprisal. The executions took place in three phases: two men went to the scaffold on December 21, 1838, five on the following January 18, and the final five on February 15 – a date enshrined in memory thanks to Pierre Falardeau's 2001 film, *15 février 1839*. The film underscores the prisoners' common language and culture, making no allowances for ethnic diversity within the larger rebel movement. Falardeau presents the Rebellions in terms of French-Canadian liberation: "Our ancestors," the film's opening message reads, "took up arms to free themselves." The history lesson gets right to the point: "After the defeat of 1760 and the occupation of our land by the English army, British colonialists installed a brutal system of exploitation, just as they did in Africa, in Asia, and in Latin America." Here, not only are the rebels seen as the forerunners of modern Quebec Nationalism, but their situation is placed in the same category as the victims of imperialism around the world. Such FLQ-style myopia is, to say the least, anachronistic, and does great disservice to the struggles of Indigenous peoples everywhere. One indication that the Patriotes did not, in fact, see themselves in solidarity with other oppressed peoples is that, during the November 1838 incursion, some rebels had attacked Kahnawake – and were defeated by a contingent of Mohawk. The film's reading of history is also offensive to the countless individuals who came to Canada in the years before the Rebellions (and after, since they are damned by association) seeking opportunities to survive and often fleeing regimes far more brutal than Lower Canada in the 1830s.



Henri Julien, Hanging of Five Patriotes at Pied-du-Courant Prison. Les Chemins de la Mémoire*, Quebec, 1991*

Clearly, we should know our history better. As proof, one need look no further than the striking degree of historical inaccuracy shown by recent pundits in their calls for a better knowledge of history. A case in point is *Journal de Montréal* columnist Elsie Lefebvre, who cites political scientist Maxime Pedneaud-Jobin: "In 1829 the Patriotes created a public school system [that] rapidly surpassed the schools run by the Church [*dirigées par l'Église*] and those under English control [*sous contrôle anglais*]. In 1836, the colonial regime abolished this system, and 70% of the 1,462 schools were forced to close." Reflecting on this statement, Lefebvre wistfully wonders where Quebec would be today had these schools not been closed and the Durham Report not been applied. To be meaningful, such speculation must be grounded in fact, of course – which Pedneaud-Jobin's statement, sadly, is not. Where to begin?

First: Schools run by the Church were hardly public, catering as they did to the colony's Catholic elite, who were well-served by their dedicated teachers. Schools managed by the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning, a government-mandated body whose board of trustees was largely composed of Anglican clergymen, had grown unpopular by the 1820s in both Protestant and Catholic circles for having an aggressively Anglican agenda. The phrase "sous contrôle anglais" implies that this was the province's "English" system, even though plenty of RIAL schools functioned in French.

Second: In 1829, Lower Canada's assembly passed legislation enabling the establishment of public schools, but these schools were not created by French-Canadians for French-Canadians. Communities across Lower Canada, both Francophone and Anglophone, appreciated this program since they could get much-needed funding for

schooling without having to meet narrow religious criteria. Since the Patriotes were the largest faction in the assembly, one could attribute this initiative to them, but liberal thinkers of all confessional and linguistic stripes had been advocating public schools for decades. Papineau himself had been one of the champions of Montreal's British and Canadian School, which started in 1822 with a mandate to educate the children of working-class families in a non-denominational setting.

Third: This program was not abolished by the colonial regime in 1836. The assembly did have to renew the program's mandate on a regular basis, as well as approve its budget, and by 1836 the assembly and the government were at such loggerheads over an array of political issues that the education program fell by the wayside. Some schools were obliged to close their doors for lack of money, but a great many pressed on, raising funds where they could or simply not paying their teachers wages. The assembly, and its successor the Special Council, did allocate emergency funds to certain schools (the British and Canadian, notably). Following the setback in 1836, a group of liberal citizens, Francophone and Anglophone (including Thomas Storrow Brown), formed the Society for the Promotion of Public Education, calling for the creation of a lasting non-denominational public school system. This society's goals would be echoed a few years later in the Durham Report, which for all of its insensitive talk of assimilation was fully aligned with liberal thought throughout the Canadas when it came to separating church and state. Quebec's seminal 1840s education legislation, however, would contain a provision enabling religious minorities to set up separate schools that would nevertheless remain officially public. This provision was intended to placate the demands of the Catholic Church, which had of course stayed loyal to Britain throughout the Rebellions. It would take the Quiet Revolution, launched over a century later, to counter a situation that the Durham Report had manifestly not advocated.

Promoting a twisted view of history can be laughable – or it would be, were it not offered with such cringeworthy seriousness. L'Impératif français, for instance, posted a video in mid-May showing a little girl chirping about what la fête des patriotes means to her. "It is about spending the day cooking with my mother," she says, as well as "listening to her telling about the history of the Patriotes, who fought for us, our future, our language, democracy, the nation, and freedom." Alicia's delivery is adorable and engaging, although it is hard to imagine a real mom lecturing her daughter on such concepts while they roll out the dough for the traditional patriote pie. Perhaps it was the distraction of baking that kept mom from explaining exactly what she meant when she said that the patriotes fought for people who would live nearly two centuries in the future; she might also have spoken a little about Robert and Wolfred Nelson. Lacking such a nuanced grasp of what the Rebellions were all about, Alicia declares proudly: "Plus tard, je serai patriote de la langue française." This "regard vers l'avenir" is, according to the website's accompanying text, "Une message d'Impératif français." One hopes that when Alicia becomes a patriote for the French language she will learn that "message" is masculine.

Cultural appropriation of the Rebellions has extended to the flag. At this year's celebrations at Montreal's Place du Canada, many participants bedecked themselves with the Patriotes' "Tricolore" with its green, white and red bands. (At one point in history the flag was known, ironically, as the "Tricolore canadien.") Some people even sported the version of the flag with Henri Julien's 1880 caricature of the rifle-toting habitant superimposed on the bands, an addition dreamed up in the 1960s. The celebrations were entirely about Nation: politicians emphasized that the day was for all Quebecers, but most referred to its importance for French Canadians and their history. It was also an occasion to gripe about how much English one hears downtown. There were even calls for renaming the square "Place des Patriotes," largely because some of the Patriotes were buried there, it being the site of the (Catholic) St. Antoine cemetery until the 1850s. "It's our cemetery!" one participant declared, apparently speaking for the thousands of dead under his feet, most of whom would likely have had no sympathy for the Patriotes. And while the rebels themselves would no doubt be delighted to see the enthusiastic flying of the Tricolore, they would surely be puzzled by the ubiquitous presence of the "Fleurdelisé." Introduced by Premier Maurice Duplessis in 1948, the iconic blue and white Quebec flag contains deliberate references to the Bourbon monarchy and Catholicism. One might argue that it is an affront to the Patriotes' memory to fly the Fleurdelisé at all, given its obvious iconography. And yet, it is the Maple Leaf, gently suggesting home-grown foliage and progressive politics (the predominant red colour), that is deemed offensive.

It is perfectly legitimate for Quebecers today to feel inspired by the actions of the 1830s Patriotes (and, of course, for others not to be), just as one may be inspired by all sorts of movements in history. These people fought, and many died, for what they believed in. And for the most part what they believed in were values we cherish today. But let's stop inventing motivations for the Patriotes, or for any historical players, that suit our own agendas, and that by implication exclude others from appreciating such achievements. For that matter, maybe we should all stop waving flags for a moment and actually crack a history book.

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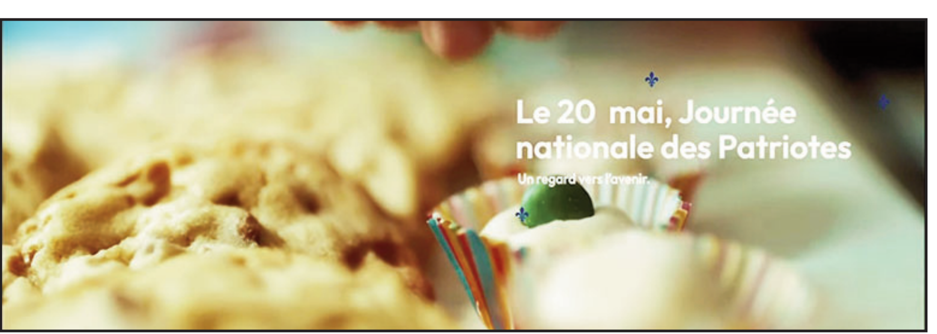

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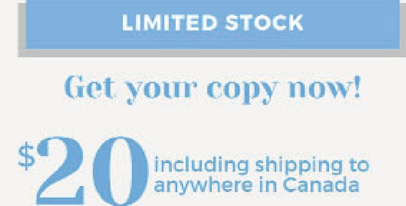

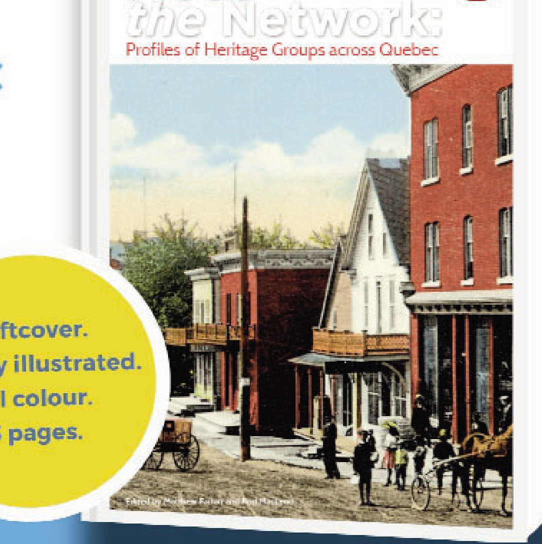

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Heritage News

Rawdon Landmark at Risk

The following letter was sent by QAHN to Rawdon History on April 24, 2024.

It has come to the attention of the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network, of which Rawdon History is a long-time institutional member, that a historic landmark in Rawdon is currently at risk of demolition to make way for a commercial centre. We find this sad and unacceptable, given the building's historical importance. And given the quiet residential nature of the street, we find it utterly inappropriate. It also seems short-sighted that in this day and age such a demolition would even be under consideration.

The building in question, located at 3432 rue Metcalfe, is a fine example of a gambrel-style home, a style of domestic architecture that was once quite common in Quebec at the end of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, but that is now increasingly rare. The Rawdon example, which includes original tin walls and ceilings and many other intact heritage features, is in excellent condition, considering its age.

Used until recently as a florist shop, "Fleurs d'Élysée," the house has been recognized by the MRC de Matawinie as well as Rawdon's own heritage committee as being of heritage interest. It is located in a prime location at an important intersection in downtown Rawdon, and is visible for several blocks. This is precisely the kind of location where such an important heritage building, increasingly rare in communities of Rawdon's size, should be maintained.

In recent years, towns and villages all across Quebec have been swept up in a veritable epidemic of demolition brought on by a blindness to the value of heritage. And make no mistake: heritage has great value, both for its own sake, and as a major contributor to the economy. Heritage and tourism, of course, go hand in hand. Tourists do not flock to Rawdon and other towns in the region to see parking lots and mini malls (they can see those in any generic town or truck stop in North America). They come because there are still beautiful and interesting places to see and visit.

The Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network fully supports the efforts of Rawdon History and others in the community, and we urge the Municipality of Rawdon to do everything in its power to preserve and protect this little jewel of a building.

Yours very sincerely,

Matthew Farfan
Executive Director
Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network

Photo: Google.

Dorothy Williams: Officer of the *Ordre de Montréal*

On April 10, 2024, Montreal's Executive Committee ratified the nomination of 17 prominent Montrealers to receive the *Ordre de Montréal* for 2024. The *Ordre de Montréal* is the city's highest honour, paying tribute to Montrealers who strive for the community and make an outstanding contribution to the city's development and renown.

"I am very proud to announce the 2024 recipients of the *Ordre de Montréal*. Once again, it is my pleasure to pay tribute to 17 Montrealers who share a remarkable determination to build a better world. I invite you to learn more about these caring, courageous and talented people, from diverse background and origins, who stand out in a variety of fields. Each of them contributes to the well-being of our communities, inspires our young people, and has a positive impact on our society. Their commitment and their actions help to shape a stronger, more united and more inclusive metropolis," said Montreal Mayor Valerie Plante.

Dorothy Williams, historian, specialist in Black history in Canada, author of *The Road to Now: A History of Blacks in Montreal*

Heritage Church Destroyed by Fire

Last issue made mention of St. James Anglican Church in Hudson ("Last Call," Spring 2024), which dates from 1842. On April 14, 2024, the church caught fire and sustained significant damage. This represents a major loss to Quebec's religious heritage.

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Bottom: St. James Anglican Church, Hudson. Photo: Elena Cerrolaza

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Samuel Gaudreau-Lalande
Strategies for Small Museums
Improving administration and program delivery

Lost Corners

Where in the World is Puddledock?

by Heather Darch

In the spirit of QAHN's popular "Raising Spirits" mini-documentary series that searches for cemeteries, crossroads and vanishing places in rural Quebec, a new series of articles called "Lost Corners" will explore disappearing locations across Quebec.

We invite any of our readers who happen to know of a "lost corner" in their region to let us know about it so that Heather can contact you for more information. Please make sure there are high resolution historic and modern-day photographs to share and a story of interest to tell. When was the "corner" founded? Who lived there? What happened there and why should we remember this location?

Please send your suggestion to editor@qahn.org.

The hamlet of Puddledock, named after a location on the Thames River in London, England, technically doesn't exist anymore. The once busy neighbourhood in Stanbridge Township is now part of the village of Stanbridge East, Quebec. In its heyday though, Puddledock could claim both industrial and cultural achievements.

By the 1830s, tanneries which processed animal hides to make leather were located all along the Pike River (Rivière aux Brochets) in Missisquoi County. Entrepreneurs understood the potential for success with American leather markets easily reached via Lake Champlain to the south. The profitable trade in leather production resulted in this region enjoying the distinction of being the largest producer of leather in Quebec.

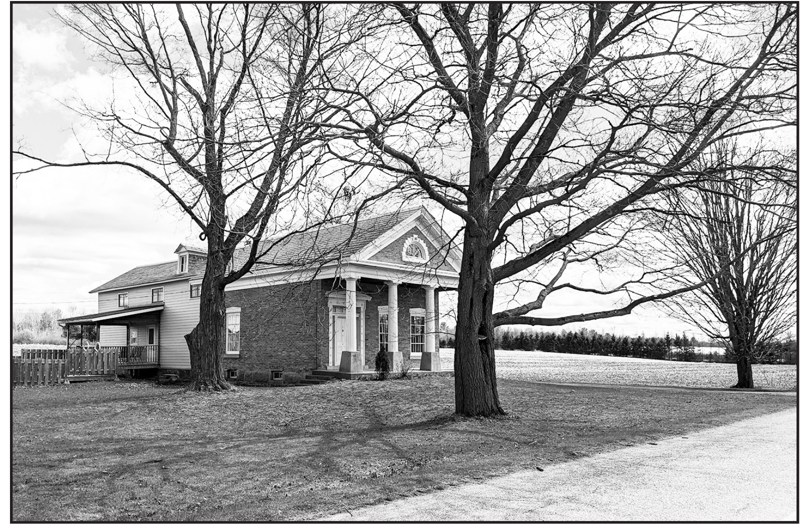
Puddledock, too, had its own lucrative tannery. It was well-situated on the river's North Branch tributary. Because of the significant descent in elevation along its length, there were at least "eight power sites" or places of industry, which harnessed the water's energy along this tributary alone. The abundance of hemlock trees beside the watercourse was also a key component in tannery production. Animal hides soaked in vats of tannic acid made from hemlock bark gave the leather a distinctive red-brown colour.

William Baker (1816-1901) and his brother Thomas Baker (1824–1895) recognized the strategic placement and lucrative opportunities of tanneries in this region and opened the Baker Tannery in 1841. Around 1864, the Bakers turned to farming and sold their tannery to the Dunn Brothers, namely Michael, James, Thomas, and Edward. The Dunn Brothers Tannery increased production, enabling them to tan "six to seven thousand heavy hides yearly." The tannery secured employment for fifteen people, and both water and steam furnished its power. The Dunns operated the tannery until 1908. They sold the business to Montrealers Walter Sadler and George W. Corrigan, who renamed the operation the Sadler Belting Company.

During World War I, the demand for leather-made military supplies resulted in the tannery becoming exceedingly profitable. A rail schedule for the spur line of the Central Vermont Railway indicates that a train ran twice daily between Farnham and Frelighsburg to transport both raw materials and finished leather products. A large hide processing business, operated by the Lavoie family, located in a neighbouring community called Stone, provided the majority of hides to the tannery, although hides were even brought in from Switzerland and South America. Tiers of hemlock bark were "stacked in cords 20 feet high and several hundred feet long and were roofed with the largest slabs of bark" to protect the lower layers. By the end of the war, Puddledock's tannery was the largest producer of belting leather in the British Empire.

With the coming of the electric motor, the need for industrial belts, essential in the age of steam, declined. The necessity

Dunn brothers Tannery, "Puddledock," Stanbridge East, April 2024.
Photo: Heather Darch



dents, but from the 1850s until the early twentieth century the two communities had an extremely active and diverse artistic, musical and theatrical subculture.

Stanbridge East had an unusually large number of stages on which plays, sing-songs, dramatic readings, debates and musical entertainment could be presented. The Goodfellows Hall, the Parochial Hall, the American House, the Academy and the Memorial Hall were all located in the village proper and Thomas Baker's house, a kilometre away in Puddledock, was fitted with a grand stage and dressing rooms.

In addition to local talent, numerous travelling musical troupes, including opera and gospel singers, graced the stages. Surprisingly, at one point in the mid-1860s, so many plays and performances occurred between the two communities that Hobart Butler, the director of the Stanbridge Academy, felt obliged to call a

for saddles and leather-made military accessories also diminished, as did the natural resources of hemlock groves for tanning. This booming industry that was once so important to the region disappeared in the 1930s, and the Sadler Tannery closed in 1936.

Life in Puddledock wasn't just about the tannery, though. The first businesses here included a wheelwright and a carriage factory owned by the Wightman brothers, two saw mills, a wooden rake factory, and a butter tub factory. Alfred Larocque's busy blacksmith shop kept the hamlet well-supplied with farming and forestry implements, domestic tools and, of course, horse shoes and nails. The Gegg Dam, the remains of which are still visible, helped power these trades.

Puddledock's most remarkable building, which has recently been brought back to its original charm, was the Greek Revival house of Thomas Baker. Built in 1851, this remarkable structure seems out of place in the hamlet, but it was at one time a hub for the preforming arts.

According to an 1870s account, the villages of Stanbridge East and Puddledock were "centres of harmony for the presentation of the arts and for cultural pursuits." That lovely description might surprise current res-

halt to all of the performing for a season as the entertainment level in the villages had reached such a height that "it interfered with the children's studies." In the 1890s, the Stanbridge East Dramatic Club presented numerous "very professional" stage productions in both communities using plays and musicals they ordered in the mail. Stage props, elaborate costumes, musical accompaniment and even sound effects could be expected from the club. By the 1920s, however, most of the stages, including Puddledock's, were no longer in use.

Today, there is still some life in this oddly named place. An "artisanal charcuterie" poultry and Mangalitza pig farm operates on the former tannery site which helps to put Puddledock back on the map again.

Heather Darch *is a project director for QAHN and former museum curator who has been wandering happily around abandoned cemeteries and hamlets for years looking for interesting stories and stones – fortunately not as an incorporeal being.*

Top and Middle: Thomas Baker House, "Puddledock," Stanbridge East

Bottom: Gegg Dam at "Puddledock," Stanbridge East
Photos: Heather Darch, April 2024

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Left: Rivière aux Brochets near "Puddledock," Stanbridge East, April 2024. Photo: Heather Darch

Right: The Stanbridge East Dramatic Club, c. 1895. Missisquoi Historical Society Collection

Captain Holman Hunts for Gold

by Michael Webb

I have spent the past decade undertaking ancestral research, and it was while researching my great-great-grandfather, Josiah Holman (1821-93), that I discovered he had written a journal during one of his many mining ventures. While the information written in the journal is historically correct, in many instances I have triangulated dates and places to check for accuracy. Any assumptions are deduced from information sourced and gathered through research as an adjunct to create the narrative. Passages from Captain Holman's journal have, where appropriate, been added in italics to the story.

The Salmon River

After an uneventful crossing of the Atlantic in June 1853 and an agreeable stay in New York City, it was disappointing and somewhat concerning for Captain Josiah Holman and his team of Cornish miners to find themselves on the wrong train on their journey to Montreal. In future, they would have to take greater care if this expedition were to be a success.

Having spent the night in Burlington, Vermont, the men rose early on July 2, determined not to miss their connection and be forced to delay the start of their mining expedition by yet another day. They caught the 6 a.m. train, this time on the correct rail line to Montreal. At the Rouses Point border crossing, their papers were inspected, and their baggage identified and marked. After crossing the St. Lawrence River by boat at Lachine, they arrived at Montreal's Bonaventure Street station at noon.

Holman left the men to collect their mining equipment, which had been put on the earlier train and had presumably arrived the previous evening, and took a cab to the British American Land Company (BALC) office at 60 Great St. James Street. Holman had been given a sealed letter of introduction to present to the BALC secretary, Alexander Galt, to whom he would be reporting while in Canada.

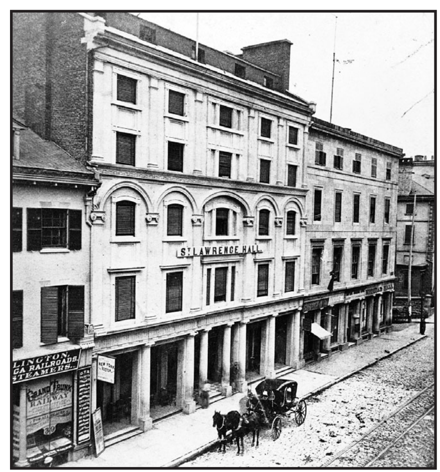
After receiving this letter, and other correspondence from London, Galt briefed Holman on the reports of mineral discoveries and small mining operations that had taken place so far. Galt was convinced that further exploration would reveal additional mineral deposits, but to what extent he was relying on Holman to determine. Galt and others had already established a company, the British American Mining Association, to take advantage of any substantial finds that Holman might discover. Galt had set up a meeting that afternoon with mineral surveyors John Arthur Phillips and Captain Francis Kent, who were from London and Cornwall respectively. Galt had also arranged for Charles Pennoyer to meet Holman at the hotel on Monday morning and accompany the team to Sherbrooke. Pennoyer had spent most of his working life with the BALC, and was now its general agent in Sherbrooke.

Holman returned to Bonaventure Station, and was informed by the men that their tools and equipment had not arrived in Montreal. Apparently these items had been offloaded at Rouses Point the previous evening, and with no one there to claim them inspectors had determined they should stay at the station. Holman quickly bought a return ticket to Rouses Point, some 40 miles away. There, with the help of the stationmaster, he found the mining equipment and tools intact – but a keg containing pestle and mortar was missing; most likely it had been stolen. Holman went back to Montreal with what he had retrieved.

Keeping hold of some of the more valuable equipment, Holman and his men took a carriage to St. Lawrence Hall, a fashionable hotel located at 13 Great Saint James Street. Holman then headed off to meet with Phillips and Kent, the mining and metallurgical experts who had been sent out the previous month through the advice of John Taylor and Sons, London,

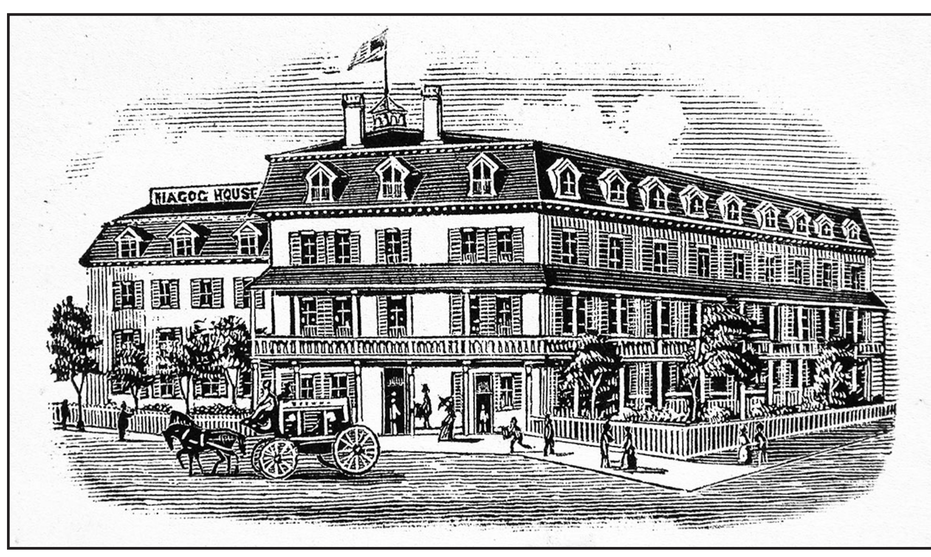
Top: farandwide.com

Bottom: William Notman, Alexander Tilloch Galt, 1865. McCord Museum, I-19217.1



mining company promoters and mine managers. Phillips and Kent were to inspect mines in and around Leeds, including the recent copper find at Harvey Hill, located at the 17th lot in the 15th range. They were also to explore and survey the Chaudière River.

Sunday morning, Holman took a carriage from the hotel to attend the eleven o'clock morning service at Trinity Church, St. Paul Street. He was impressed by the church's interior: there were pews on both the ground floor and the balcony, all facing a raised altar at the front.

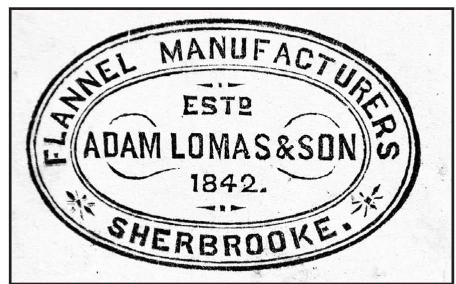


After breakfast on Monday, Holman met Charles Pennoyer, as arranged. They crossed the St. Lawrence River again by boat, this time to St. Lambert, on the south shore. After securely loading all their equipment onto the train (apart from the keg, of course), the men boarded. The train left at 4 o'clock for the 100 mile trip to Sherbrooke.

During the three-hour journey, Holman and the men had the opportunity to find out more about the area they would be exploring from Pennoyer, and to discuss the mining exploration that had been undertaken so far.

In Sherbrooke, the equipment was unloaded from the train and taken to a waiting horse and dray that Pennoyer had arranged. The men then set off from the station on Depot Street for Cameron's Hotel. Pennoyer and Holman travelled to Elias Cheney's Magog House Hotel on Commercial Street (today's Dufferin Street), using the coach service provided by the hotel. ("Every Inn in the country is termed an Hotel," Holman observed.) Along the way, even though the light was fading, Holman took in the well-laid out town of almost 3,000 folk with its established commercial activities. He noted many buildings constructed mainly of timber, including a tannery, small factories, a coach house, an iron foundry, a blacksmith, a general store, joiner workshops, and a number of fine residences.

During the next few days, Holman and the men explored the banks of the Magog and St. Francis rivers, panning for specks of gold from the sandy shoals.



[We] went out on the St. Francis River about 1½ miles, dug 4 or 5 pits – and washed several bowls of sand, which we obtained right over the shelf. The rock being hard, we obtained about 1 gram of very minute size from two bowls of sand.

Another excursion was more promising.

The Miners took the bowls and washed some sand near the junction of the St. Francis on the Magog river. They discovered Gold but from the large quantity of water, the sand was difficult to obtain. They said if the water could be diverted they think a pretty deal of Gold could be had from the centre part of the river's bed. They examined the rock on the left side of the river from the railway bridge to the bridge leading to Mr. Ryleys but saw no indications of regular veins.

They passed a large woollen mill, owned by Adam Lomas, which employed over 50 hands, and then a flour mill near the river rapids. They also came upon a saw mill and paper making factory, whose owner, William Brooks, had recently installed a Fourdrinier machine at considerable cost to make continuous paper. Pennoyer pointed out another large sawmill and pail-making factory, informing Holman that it was owned by the BALC and that Alexander Galt had been instrumental in its establishment and development.

In the evening, Holman met up with John Cummins, a local entrepreneur and

Top left: James George Parks, St. Lawrence Hall. McCord Museum, MP-1975.36.5.1.
Top right: Notman & Son, Old Trinity Church. McCord Museum, II-93397
Middle: John H. Walker, Magog House, c.1850. McCord Museum, M930.50.5.112.
Bottom: John H. Walker, Stamp of Flanel Manufacturers. McCord Museum, M930.50.5.97

agent for the BALC who was keen to discuss the discoveries that had been made along the Magog River. Holman agreed that Cummins should take two of his men, Whitford and Jennings, to explore further areas of the Magog River towards the west.

Holman and the rest of the men would head eastward, towards Salmon River. He sent John Skews, his second-in-command, accompanied by Pennoyer, ahead to Bury to oversee the hiring of guides. The following morning, Holman rose very early to collect the fresh meat, mostly pork, vegetables and biscuits he had ordered, as well as "cooking utensils, provisions, blankets etc for our tour on the Salmon River."

Accompanied by Marrall, James and Treweek (three of the Cornish miners), Holman left Sherbrooke by four-wheel coach at 8 a.m. At Bury, they were joined by Skews, Pennoyer and the guides that Pennoyer had engaged. These guides, local settlers and indigenous Abenaki, were familiar with the area and rugged terrain and welcomed the opportunity to earn extra income. The expedition continued uncomfortably to Gould over what could only be described as a very, very rough road, which threw the passengers about in the coach. Gould was a small village of less than 200 people, with a post office, a general store and an inn. Arriving at 7 p.m., they had time to make camp on the outskirts of the village: "Men pitched their tents on the bank of the river and appeared comfortable in their new and mobile apartments."

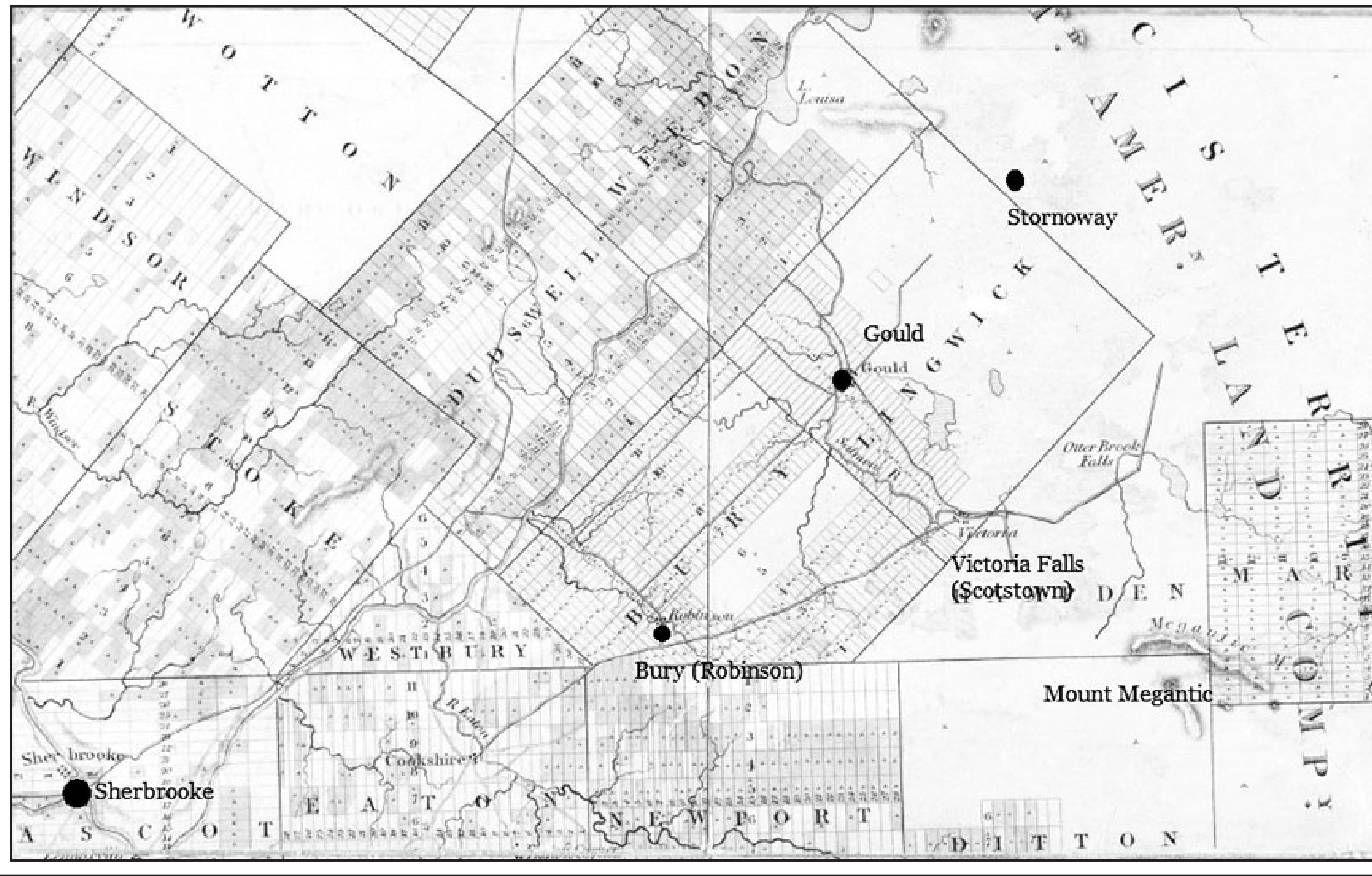
Next day, July 13, the party split up. The men and their guides headed east up the Salmon River towards Megantic Mountain (Mont Mégantic) to map out areas where they were panning and take samples of any minerals of note. Holman and his guide, Bailey, headed north, aiming to rendezvous with Richard Oatey, a mining captain from Cornwall whose *Report of Experimental Gold Streaming Operations on the River Du Loup* had largely inspired Holman's expedition.

Holman and Bailey travelled five miles on horseback across mostly open terrain before reaching dense woodlands. They attempted to continue but soon found that riding was impossible. Fortunately, Bailey knew of a cabin nearby where they could shelter for the night.

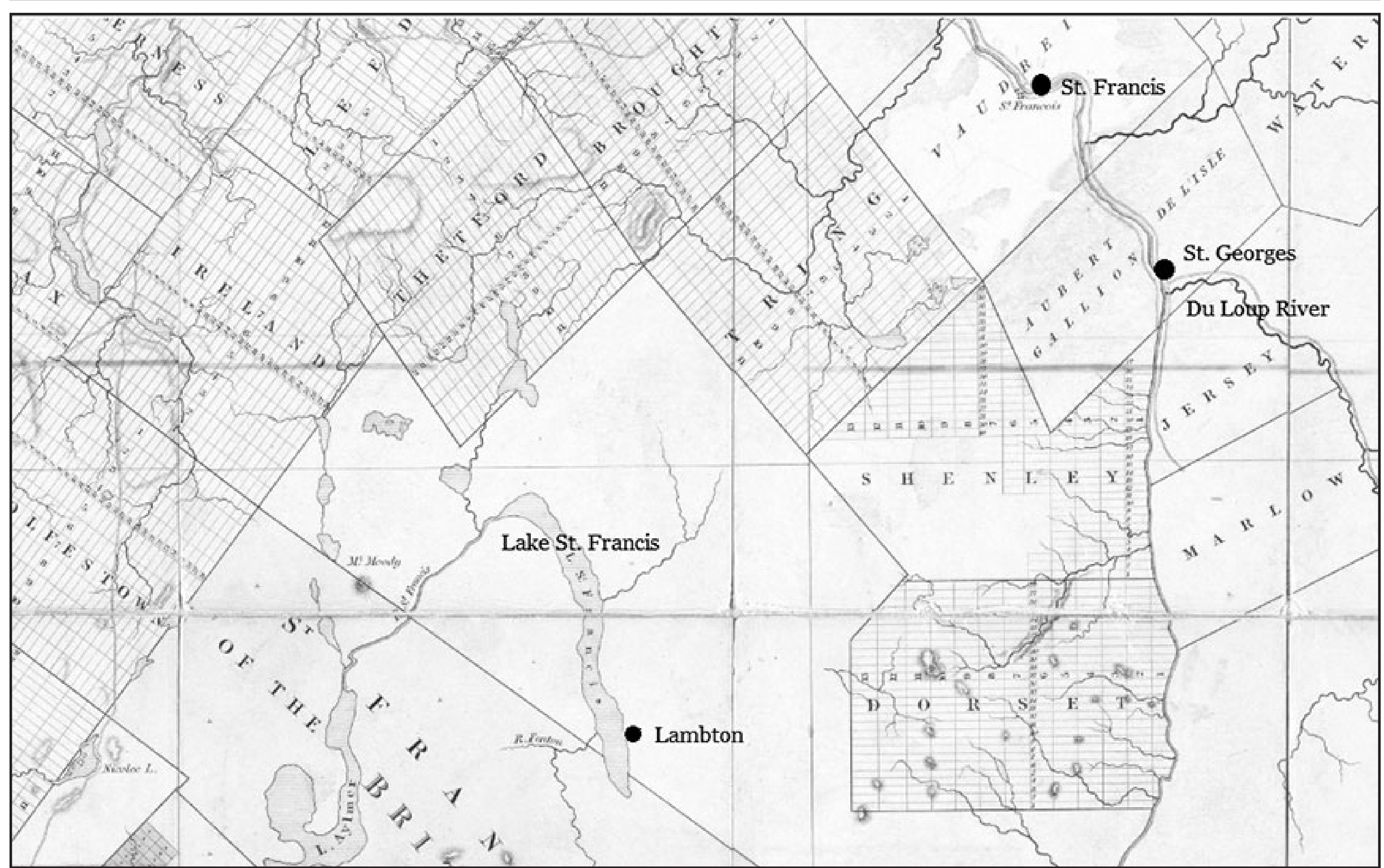
Lodged in a French Canadians house. The Wife from Irish parents could speak English. The Canadian houses here generally contain only one room on the ground floor with a timber loft over. The lower or ground floor does for all the purposes of cooking, eating sitting and sleeping room. Two beds were in the room visible at bedtime three small beds were drawn out from under the large beds. In these three children were placed. Having drunk a good quantity of Tea which I presume was never in China, I went to bed, in the night I had to walk out of the house to make water for want of convenience within. Fleas very plentiful at bed.

At first light, Holman and Bailey bade farewell to the family, thanking them for their hospitality and collecting the horses. They continued through the swampy dense forest, finally reaching Lambton around midday, where Holman paid Bailey and thanked him.

Holman then swapped his horse for what he hoped would be a more comfortable horse-and-cart and continued north. After passing through St. Georges on the Chaudière River, he reached the du Loup river just after two o'clock the following day.



Above and opposite: Map showing Holman's stops. Colton's Atlas of the World Illustrating Physical and Political Geography, *1, New York, 1855*



At 5 called at Mr. Oatey's house, and was informed that he was at the Mine. I proceeded there, and found him conducting the washings with about 30 men and boys. They were at work about 150 yds above the junction of the Shandiene on the de Loup river. Their work extended about 200 yds in length and were washing on the West side of the river bed probably extending about 2/3 the width. The Stream being low was dammed on the East side.

Most of the men were on the west side of the riverbed where the stream was very low. Seeing them remove loose sand and gravel from the riverbed, Holman observed that it was of poor quality and unlikely to contain any minerals of note. However, Oatey was extremely pleased with last season's returns. From coarse black sand dug to about two feet, he had extracted 2,573 dwts of gold, of which 307 were extracted as fine dust. (A "dwt," or pennyweight, is equivalent to 48 grains; 24 dwt equals one Troy ounce of gold.) The balance, including several decent nuggets weighing from 1 to 1½ ounces, returned £624.3.5. Labour cost for the season, May to October, was £472.1.9. This left a healthy profit of £152.1.6, although, as Oatey explained, some of that went into maintaining the dam and building troughs and slurries.

Mr. Oatey was very free, kind and open, told me everything he knew connected with the washings. However the only thing that benefited me by the visit was that I saw in order to get Gold that the shelf has to be broken. Saw several Quartz veins in the bed of the river. Mr. Oatey and the Workmen informed me that they never saw any Gold in the Quartz though. The old Gentleman is of opinion that the Gold is produced from these sources. I do not think so myself from the fact of no Gold being found in the veins. If the veins contained pyrites, I should say they were gold bearers.

The following afternoon they were visited by Thomas Mackie, who had emigrated from Cornwall and was keen to be updated on local stories and news from home. Mackie also invited Holman to meet him at Leeds in a few weeks to provide an opinion of a number of copper lodes discovered in the area. Holman was agreeable, but first he had to join his men at Salmon River.

Holman left around 5 p.m. when the rain had cleared and drove to Mr. Baldoc's at St. Francis, where he spent the night. The following day, he passed through Tring and then Forsyth, stopping briefly to examine an outcrop of quartz he observed from the roadside. He spent the night at Lambton, where he returned the horse and cart. He left Lambton at 5 a.m. on foot, following a rough track. After three hours, having passed St. Francis Lake, which had risen considerably with the recent rains, he found a small dwelling owned by an Irish couple, who offered him lodging and breakfast. He then continued south, reaching Stornoway at 11 a.m.

Got through the woods and swamps by 3.30 p.m. took biscuits on the road and halted about half an hour on this stage, finally got to Gould at 5 p.m. walking 26 miles in 12 hours over the roughest path imaginable - very tired.

His plan to leave Gould in the morning was dashed by persistent rain, which would make travelling even more difficult. He spent the day completing a report to

Galt, which he posted, as well as sending a request to Pennoyer for more provisions: fifty pounds of pork, a bushel each of peas and beans, and 200 pounds of biscuits. In a few days, Holman was planning to meet with the men he had sent to Megantic Mountain on July 13.

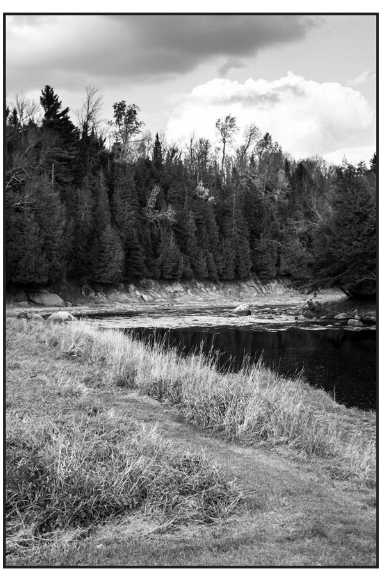
With so much rain, Holman decided he would use a boat for travelling on the Salmon River, but as none were available he arranged for a canoe to be built. It was completed by mid-afternoon and, with a small team of boatmen, he headed up the meandering Salmon River, arriving at the falls at Victoria at seven o'clock. At 6 a.m. the following morning, after a breakfast of tea and biscuits, the party continued up the Salmon River. Although there had been rain during the past week, further upstream there were areas that hardly had enough water to float the canoe. That, and pockets of rocky rapids, meant that the boatmen had to haul the canoe along the river banks.

They arrived at the men's camp around noon only to find the miners were still at Megantic Mountain. Holman instructed the boatmen to make camp alongside the miners' camp and begin preparing the evening meal. Dusk was setting in when the miners returned, exhausted from their long journey. They had collected some small gold specks from a nearby tributary, but mostly found large quantities of black sand in the rivulets leading from the mountain.

Before dawn, after folding up the tents and gathering their equipment, Holman and the men proceeded up the Salmon River for about eleven miles. The first half was slow going: masses of granite boulders and turbulent rapids meant that canoe and equipment had to be carried over difficult terrain. Fortunately, the second half offered them deeper waters and gently sloping riverbanks. Late in the afternoon, they made camp just below the junction of the Ditton River. One of the guides caught about twenty pounds of trout further upstream, providing welcome relief to their diet of pork and biscuits. While the campsite was most amenable, the slow flowing river proved a perfect haven for large mosquitoes. Many of the men got little sleep.

> *Sunday morning was ushered in by a blast of oaths from one of our men, through his being badly bitten and tormented throughout the night with Mosquitoes and other flies. In fact I have found the men very uncomfortable and dissatisfied with their camp life. However I expect they will soon get accustomed to this kind of work. As for myself I find the fly's very annoying but by tying a handkerchief over my head and ears and sleeping on my back they do not bite me so bad.*

Continuing up the Salmon River, they made camp after lunch, and Holman sent one of the guides, Abraham Wait, to Gould, a twenty mile journey, to get more provisions. Wait, in his early thirties, had been born in Noyan, just south of Montreal near the border, but was living with his parents in Lingwick, near Scotstown; he would later serve as secretary-treasurer of the municipality.



Holman and a number of the men packed these provisions for a two day journey, along with blankets and necessary light mining equipment. From the left bank, they headed away from the Salmon River and after two and a half miles crossed a small stream. Here, they spent some time washing sand and examining large porphyritic rocks and rocky outcrops of flinty slate that contained some quartz.

> *Went up 7 miles on foot on the river leading to the Megantic Mountain. Saw large quantity of Iron ores of a peculiar kind with which I am unacquainted with the proper mineralogical name. Should it be valuable any quantity may be had.*

They also wandered up a branch on the right-hand side of the Salmon River leading towards Saddle Mountain, about two miles from the original camp.

> *I went up the river 3 miles beyond this. Here the bed shows boulders of Elvan, Slate and Quartz but little or no Shelf. At about half a mile above the Diggings there is a considerable fall of water and the shelf is visible, being Slate and I believe Serpentine rock showing numerous small irregular poor Quartz with a little Mundic running at right angles with the Strata, being the first instance that I have noticed in this country.*

Breaking camp early the following morning and continuing down the Salmon River, they arrived at Victoria Falls just before midday. Since the men were tired from the exertions of the previous two days, and the village of Gould was less than five miles away, they left their tools and cooking utensils and continued on. They arrived at around 3.30 p.m., and spent a well-deserved comfortable night at the local hotel. After a hearty cooked breakfast, Holman sent the men to the falls by horse and cart to collect the equipment.

They then went to the Mill Brook, where Holman instructed the men to break a number of ledges, only to discover mainly clay slate and quartz pebbles. The next day, they travelled about four miles along the Salmon River from Gould, where they stopped near a number of ledges. Here, they found only very fine particles of gold in the clay slate strata.

Back in Gould, Holman requisitioned a coach for the next phase of their expedition, which would begin following morning.

Next Episode:
EATON, ETCHEMIN AND LEEDS

Michael Webb *began his career in the computer industry in the mid-1960s. Since his retirement, he has been researching the extraordinary life of his great-great-grandfather, Josiah Holman. Living in Sydney, Australia, Michael has travelled to many of the mine sites managed by Captain Holman as well as the church in Gwennap, Cornwall, where Josiah was married and baptized. This Canadian expedition is just one chapter in the book he is writing.*

Salmon River at Lingwick, 2013.
Photo: SamuelFreli

The Guibord Affair

by P. A. Sévigny

On November 18, 1869, Joseph Guibord – a typographer for a well-known Montreal printing firm – died. Known for both his professionalism as well as his honesty, he was a happily married man with ten children whose passing would normally have drawn little attention before he was buried and life moved on. The trouble was that Joseph Guibord could not be buried – at least not in ground that had been consecrated by the Catholic Church – because he had been excommunicated, and so was not allowed to be buried in hallowed ground.

To be fair, excommunication was usually reserved for the worst and most evil men who were well beyond the reach of the church, but in the years leading up to Guibord's death, the church gave a whole new meaning to what was evil and bad for the soul – especially in Quebec.

In a word, Monsignor Ignace Bourget, Bishop of Montreal, had something to say in the matter, and what he had to say was: No! Joseph Guibord could not be buried in consecrated ground as he was a paid-up member of the *Institut Canadien*, and as such was well beyond the saving grace of the one, holy and apostolic church of Quebec. Although the institute was at least 20 years old by the time of Guibord's death, it was also known to be at the cutting edge of enlightenment thinking and had a library for its members' use with such volumes as Voltaire's *Candide*, Marx's *Capital* and other books banned under the Church and its infamous Index. The Church was falling increasingly into the hands of the *Ultramontainistes*, who felt that the temporal power of the state should be subject to the superior, and ecclesiastical, power of the Church. The Church's power was all-pervasive, and there was little anyone could do. Guibord had been excommunicated, the ban on his burial would remain in force, and his family could hope for no better place than his own little plot in a potter's field.

Henrietta (sometimes spelled Henriette) Brown was Guibord`s grieving widow, and she was having none of it. The day after his death, Guibord's body was brought to a downtown church for the funeral, with the intention of taking it up and burying it the family plot up in the mountain's Notre-Dame-des-Neiges cemetery. Not only did Guibord not get a funeral, but the parish priest, Victor Rousselot, told Brown that her husband would not be allowed into a Catholic cemetery, any Catholic cemetery, for a proper burial.

CANADIAN Illustrated News

Vol. XII.—No. 12. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1875. SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

We publish on this page the portraits of the three personages who are most directly involved in the unfortunate drama which has just been creating so great a stir throughout the country.

Joseph Guibord was a printer of long standing in Montreal. He was a man of irreproachable morals, of the steadiest habits, of rigid honesty, and altogether a model workman. His only fault in ecclesiastical eyes was that he belonged to the *Institut Canadien*. This institution was in his day, and is still, under the ban of the Church, and those who die in its membership are liable to be refused sepulture in consecrated earth. Guibord was aware of this penalty, and it affected his spirit at times, but having been suddenly cut off by apoplexy, he had no opportunity, even if so disposed, to make the necessary retraction. What happened is well known. His remains were refused burial from the date of his demise, in 1869, until within a few days ago, and even then, the mob drove them away from the gates of the Roman Catholic Cemetery.

Reverend Mr. Rousselot is Curé or Rector of the Church of Notre-Dame, Montreal, and in that capacity is the official custodian of the Cote des Neiges Cemetery. He represented the Bishop throughout all the phases of this lamentable controversy. He may be regarded as the defendant in the trial of the *Institut Canadien* against the *Fabrique* of Notre-Dame. Mr. Rousselot, is a Frenchman by birth, but has long been a resident of Montreal, where he is deservedly esteemed for his many good qualities and the talents which have raised him to his present responsible position, one of the highest in the gift of his superiors.

Mr. Joseph Doutre, Q. C., has been a notable champion of advanced Liberalism in Lower Canada for many years. He is a lawyer of standing and good practice in this city. He espoused the cause of Guibord from the beginning, pleaded it in the three trials which have taken place, and won it before Privy Council. It is he who is charged with the burial of the remains, and though foiled in the first attempt, is determined to persevere until he succeeds.

Besides these three interesting portraits, we present in this issue two other views of the Guibord affair—the removal of the body from the vault in Mount Royal Cemetery, and the arrival of the hearse at the Cote des Neiges Cemetery, where the mob closed the gates and refused admission. These were the two prominent incidents which occurred on Thursday, the 2nd inst., and since then nothing of importance has happened. The mob was very violent in both language and gesture, and had there been any resistance to its will, there is no doubt that blood would have been shed. The police arrived upon the scene of tumult when it was too late, a circumstance which is usual with our civic authorities. It is expected that when the second attempt at interment is made, all proper preparations will be secured. In whatever way this business is viewed, it can only be pronounced as most deplorable, exciting passions and awakening prejudices which the best men of the country have been trying for so many years to allay.

JOSEPH GUIBORD.

From a Photograph by Gensler.

REV. MR. ROUSSELOT.

From a Photograph by Desmarais.

JOS. DOUTRE, Q. C.

From a Photograph by Grenier.

THE GUIBORD UNPLEASANTNESS.

Cover page, Canadian Illustrated News, September 18, 1875

On November 21, some friends insisted on bringing the body up to Notre-Dame-des-Neiges, but when they were refused entry into the cemetery, up to two hundred more supporters showed up at the gates and were soon joined by a crowd hostile to the *Institut Canadien*. The scene rapidly disintegrated into pushing, shoving and a few blows. Guibord's body was finally taken to the adjacent, Protestant, Mount Royal Cemetery, where it was put into cold storage until people could figure out what to do next.

The widow Guibord then decided to take her case to court, but once it was put under "revision," the Queen`s bench (today's Court of Appeals) reviewed the decision. To no one's surprise, it ruled in favour of the Church. This should have put an end to the story.

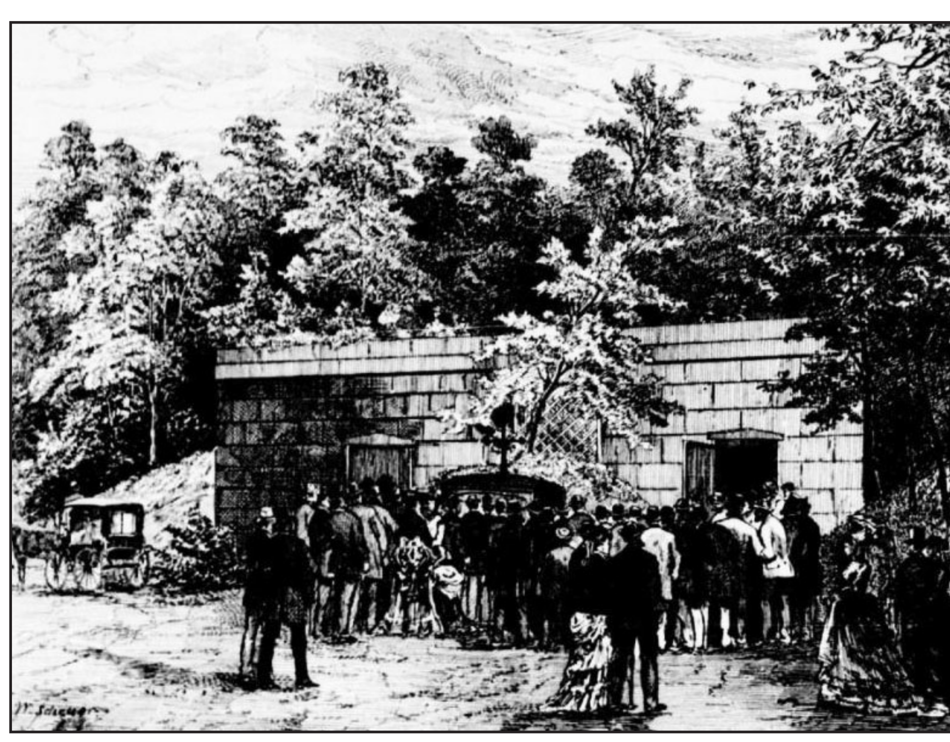
Sadly, in 1873, the widow Guibord died, and was buried alone without having seen her husband laid to rest in the family plot in the Catholic cemetery. Four years on, Guibord`s body was still lying in cold storage. However, Joseph Doutre, another member of the *Institut*, decided to take the case to the highest court, which in this case meant London's Privy Council, as Canada was not yet an independent nation. In a case that still surprises scholars today, the Privy Council disagreed with the Queen's Bench, and ordered Rousselot to accept Guibord's body for burial.

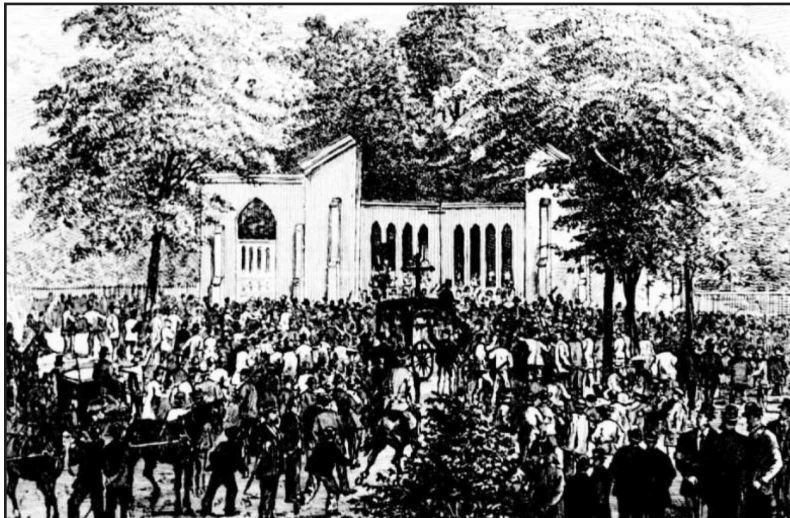
Nearly six years after his death, Joseph Guibord's body was at long last on its way to its final resting place when a fight broke out between members of the *Institut* and the *Ultramontainistes*. Within minutes, the fighting got so bad that the cortege had to retreat back to Mount Royal Cemetery, where Guibord's remains were once again put into cold

storage.

On November 16, 1875, escorted by a military detachment, several nervous police officers and a crowd spoiling for a fight, Guibord's remains were once again loaded into a hearse and taken over to Notre-Dame-des-Neiges Cemetery; he was buried next to his wife at last. However, although extraordinary allowances were made to secure the gravesite, the authorities also decided to seal the grave in concrete so as to frustrate any efforts to desecrate the final resting place of the honest typesetter whose death caused all the fuss. Bourget, however, also managed to get the last word when he went and deconsecrated the ground into which Joseph Guibord was buried.

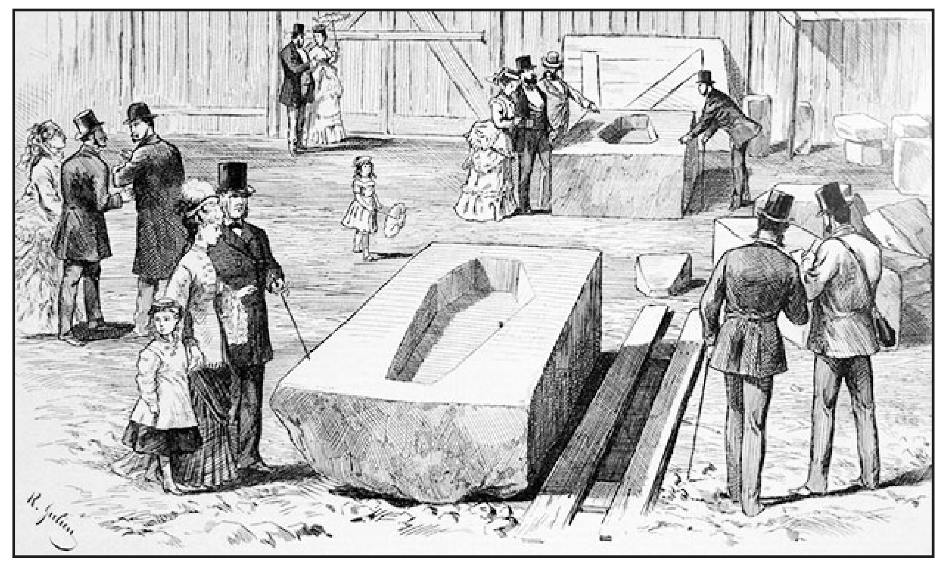
Unfortunately, in 1879, when the city decided to name a street after Guibord, a further error occurred when an honest mistake transformed "Rue Guibord" into "Rue Gilford," which it remains to this day.





As the "Guibord Affair" happened nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, it has largely been forgotten, and new issues have taken up the public's attention. At the time of writing, the quadrangle at McGill University continues to be occupied by students (and others) protesting what is going on in Gaza. And everyone recalls the days when hundreds of thousands of students hit the streets over a rise in student fees. Although times and the issues can change, the crowds especially in Quebec, remain the same.

***P. A. Sévigny** is a Montreal writer and journalist.*



Top, left, bottom: Coverage of the Guibord Affair, Canadian Illustrated News, *September 18, 1875. Joseph Guibord's tomb, Notre-Dame-des-Neiges Cemetery.*

Middle right: Guibord's gravesite. Photo: Lusilier

Sir John's Lake

by Joseph Graham

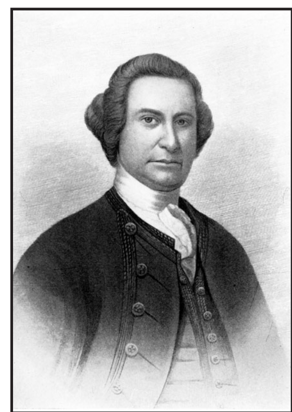
Learning about Sir John's Lake around 25 years ago, I also learned that people were proud to have a lake named for Sir John Abbott, Canada's third prime minister and the first one born in Canada (not counting the prime ministers of the Province of Canada), who was born nearby.

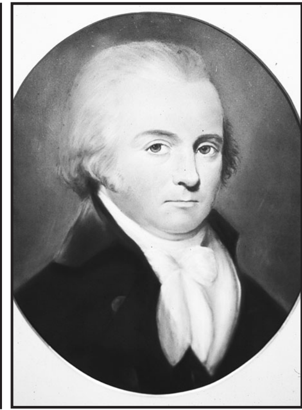
The problem was that I was not sure it was named for Abbott. I suspected that it could have been named for the owner of the Seigneury of Argenteuil, Sir John, the son of Sir William Johnson.

William Johnson was the "Superintendent of Northern Indians," based in New York in the 1750s and 60s, and was a significant military leader during the Seven Years' War. He was a shrewd businessman who won the confidence of the Six Nations of the Haudenosaunee and established one the greatest fortunes in the Thirteen Colonies prior to the creation of the United States. He and his son John were also controversial characters in that period.

Sir William brought his son with him on some of his military campaigns and John became a respected military leader in his own right. Sir William maintained high ethical standards in all of his dealings, and this won him the undying loyalty of the Six Nations. He was among the first traders to petition to stop selling rum to the Six Nations, and, at their request, he acted for them as their liaison with white society. He built a prestigious home and maintained civil relations with the rich and powerful in white society, but he also bought an indentured white servant, effectively a slave, and married her only upon her death bed, to legitimize their children. John was born of this marriage, as were his two sisters, but their mother, Catherine Weissenberg, was a servant almost until her death. Later, around 1752, Sir William was swept off his feet upon seeing a young Mohawk woman as she was coaxed to mount an officer's horse in a show and outperformed the men.

Johnson lived in two worlds, the society of the Six Nations and Albany society, but he was more comfortable in the former. His marriage was recognized and respected in that world, and his new partner was his equal in every way except that her position of equality was not recognized in Albany society. Clearly Johnson's presence at any white social event in Albany or elsewhere must have been accompanied with a lot of gossip. His relationships with the Six Nations, principally with the Mohawk, and his fairness in business, regardless of who he was dealing with, were such strengths that he could not be ignored. His influence in the colonies was as strong as any man's. When the Albany leaders, trying to steal land from the Mohawk, had finally pushed the Six Nations to break the Covenant Chain, the long-standing agreement that had begun with the Dutch, the colonial government approached Johnson and appointed him the Superintendent of Northern Indian relations, making him effectively the British ambassador to the Six Nations. The Six Nations saw it that way, but Albany saw it as an attempt to make a colony that had a preferential relationship with the Crown.





Johnson's new partner's name was *Konwatsi'tsiaiénni* in the Mohawk language, but white history knows her as Mary or Molly Brant, elder sister of Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea) and head of the Society of Matrons, the body that appointed chiefs in the Six Nations' society.

John would have been ten years old when the young Molly came into their lives, and he would maintain a lifetime loyalty to the Six Nations. As a young man, he was sent to England "to try to wear off the rusticity of a country education." Having proved himself already at his father's side, John made such an impression upon the English court that he, too, received a knighthood. This was the only case in British America of such a recognition being awarded twice to the same family. It was extremely rare, even in Britain.

Sir William died in 1774, punctuating a meeting with the Six Nations at his home at Johnson Hall, where he argued in Haudenosaunee style the need to keep the faith with white society. His death rang as a loud bell, ending an epoch for the Haudenosaunee. He left management of his Albany-side legal estate in the hands of John and his siblings and siblings-in-law, respecting his specific allowances for his Six Nations progeny.

It is at this point that the American controversy began to surround Sir John, a controversy so intense that even more recent historians who have tried to

Top left: Sir William Johnson, The Old New York Frontier, *1901.*
Top right: Sir John Johnson, c.1792. McCord Museum M17590

Bottom: Edward Lawson Henry, Sir William Johnson Presenting Medals to Chiefs of the Six Nations at Johnstown. Canadian Museum of Civilization

rehabilitate the memory of the father have drawn the line at the son. When the American War of Independence began, Sir John maintained his loyalty to the Crown, a decision that would cost him dearly, but one that was as ethical as all those made in the course of the family business. It was clear that the American rebels would never have considered the Six Nations as a separate political entity. They were simply Johnson's savages. It is also very likely that the rebels, who for years had resented Sir William's alternative lifestyle, saw the opportunity to grab his estate. Sir William was more than a businessman and soldier He was also the co-author of the Proclamation of 1763, ending the war with the Ottawa and attempting to define a border between the Thirteen Colonies, Quebec and the many Indigenous Nations to the west and south. This border and the idea of political respect for these neighbours were among the causes of both the American War of Independence and the War of 1812.

Sir John married Mary Watts and lived peacefully in New York with a son and two daughters. When the war started, he was arrested and released on bail in an attempt to neutralize his influence in the Six Nations community. Shortly afterwards the bail was revoked and, with the help of his Six Nations allies, he managed to flee to Canada. He arrived half-starved on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River, but he quickly recuperated and offered his service in the war against the rebels. After his flight from the country, Mary Watts was placed under effective house arrest. Rebel officials advised her that, if she did not succeed in stopping her husband, she and her children would pay the price. The rebels literally held her hostage in this way as surely as any twenty-first century dictator has held family members in an attempt to threaten emigrants.

The brave woman organized the burying of the family valuables, including jewellery, silverware and documents. She managed to escape the control of the rebels with the help of their Black slave named Tony. They abandoned their carriage at a crossroads and made their way through snow, eventually hiring a boat to cross a river between ice floes. Tony alternately carried her son and daughter while Mary carried and nursed the baby. Upon reaching the British camp, the baby succumbed, and her elder sister caught a fever and died some days later.

During one of his many incursions into the rebel-held territories, Sir John recovered the buried valuables of his estate, and they were carried back to Canada in the knapsacks of 40 soldiers. From there, they were shipped to England for safekeeping, but, almost as though his heritage was preordained to be lost, the ship foundered in a storm in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Despite the efforts of Sir John, Joseph Brant and others, the Loyalists eventually had to give up their land and homes in New York and settle in Canada. The Six Nations, under the leadership of Molly and Joseph Brant, were promised the Haldiman Tract, a large territory that ran six miles back from the banks of the Grand River for its full length. Some saw it as a reward for their loyalty to the Crown, but it was more of a feeble attempt to gloss over the fact that the Six Nations had not been convoked to the Treaty of Paris in 1783, which ended the War of Independence. Their absence demonstrated that the British had never seen them as a polity and had not bothered to protect their historic home in New York. They already had Europeans who were accepted into their communities and lived there by choice, but that did not stop the lies, cheating and shrinkage of the original Haldiman tract. Molly Brant could not bring herself to live there and neither Johnson nor any other representative has ever resolved the problem, even to this day.

Sir John Johnson settled in Montreal, where he and Mary were blessed with six more sons. Johnson was appointed to command the British Indian Department, a position he held for 46 years. He played a large role in the resettling of Loyalists and was appointed to the Legislative Council of Lower Canada. He fought once more against the Americans, commanding the Township militia battalions of Quebec in the War of 1812.

In 1814, he purchased the Seigneury of Argenteuil and built a family home in the village of St. Andrew's East. He called the house Johnson Hall, after his father's estate in New York. Upon his death in 1842, Sir John's Lake was named in his honour.

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

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Sir John Johnson's house, St. Andrew's East.
Photo: Rod MacLeod

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Uptown Business

by Rod MacLeod

Long before he won the "First-class prize for the Best-variety of plain & fancy candies, cream bonbons, and general confectionery," Alfred Joyce was a humble baker with ambition. He and his wife, Caroline, arrived in Montreal in 1859 from England with an infant son, Frank, and another on the way. They set up shop on Vitré Street (today's Viger Avenue) at the edge of the old town, but soon moved to the corner of St. Catherine Street and Alexander, an area that was convenient to the comfortable residential neighbourhood emerging just west of it around Phillips Square and the streets south of McGill College. By 1865, Alfred Joyce took the additional step of purchasing several lots on the west side of Phillips Square and building a shop at No.2, on the corner with Cathcart Street. Now listed in the city directory as "pastry cook and confectioner," Joyce took on an apprentice, but also began to train his two sons in the craft. In 1871, the business relocated to a new building at the north-west corner of Phillips Square, a much larger space with a second entrance on St. Catherine Street, facing Christ Church Cathedral. Joyce advertised his products and presumably a delivery service – to judge from his official trade mark, designed by engraver John Henry Walker, which showed a natty horse-drawn carriage sporting the business address (16 Phillips Square) and an aristocratic crest.

Delivery was a frill. The real appeal was local. A photo of Joyce's shop interior from 1875 suggests a level of grandeur normally only found on St. James Street in the city's commercial core. The wealthy residents of this "uptown" neighbourhood, particularly the ladies, did not have to make the journey all the way down the hill to the bustling urban centre to get their sugary fixes. They could patronize Joyce – in lavish style. By 1878, the business had grown to the point where Joyce could move again to a grander location. This time, he purchased a large lot on the south side of Phillips Square and built a palatial shop whose gingerbread façade proved a local icon for decades. This much-photographed emporium boasted large windows on the main floor through which the luxury goods were on prominent display to entice passersby.

Joyce's efforts to provide uptown residents with opportunities for shopping and services at the local level were pioneering, and they show that businesses operated in the area much earlier than most accounts suggest. This part of Montreal, known as the "Square Mile," is usually thought of in terms of its iconic mansions and elegant terraced houses, with some acknowledgement of its fine churches and of course McGill University. The arrival of Morgan's (today's Hudson's Bay) department store and Birks' jewellers in Phillips Square in the 1890s is usually seen as the first indication that business would consider moving away from its traditional home in the city's "downtown" core (today's Old Montreal). But Alfred Joyce not only preceded Morgan and Birks by three decades, but inspired a great many other small business ventures (and one not-so-small) to set up shop uptown by the 1870s. The following is a survey of some of these enterprising establishments. It was compiled from Lovell's Directory listings and the 1861 and 1871 censuses. For an uptown address to be considered a business, the owner had to be clearly running his or her own shop and not merely working for a larger business located elsewhere.

A significant number of shops were effectively uptown branches of downtown businesses. A good example is Kenneth Campbell & Co., a firm of chemists and druggists. Well-established on St. James Street in premises often referred to as Medical Hall, Campbell opened what he expressly called a "branch establishment" in Phillips Square, in one of the properties Joyce had vacated. Campbell offered a variety of products at both branches, advertising himself as a maker of patent medicines, trusses, perfume, soda water and ginger ale; the beverages were created in a factory located downtown, but were clearly sold in his uptown shop. In 1868, the Campbell family joined the Joyces as residents of Phillips Square. By that time, another neighbour was photographer Alexander Henderson, who operated a studio at No.10 Phillips Square, above which he lived with his wife, three young children, and two servants. Although Henderson originally strove to compete with Notman as a portrait photographer, he gained greater fame with his urban scenes – including a number he took of Phillips Square at this time, which offer a rare glimpse of its terraced architecture prior to its demolition in the 1890s to make way for Morgan's and Birks'. The impression these photos give is that buildings around the square that served as shops tended to have small scale windows, more in keeping with residential buildings than with commercial ones – by contrast to what Joyce would create for his huge

John H. Walker, Trademark of Alfred Joyce, c.1870. McCord Museum, M930.50.8.353

gingerbread shop.

A couple of streets to the west, on the north side of St. Catherine Street, was the Queen's Hall Block, a row of houses converted into shops and made available for rent in 1872. (It was what later generations of urban dwellers would refer to as a "strip.") Early tenants included James McClure & Co (dry goods), Crawford & Co (grocers), Palmer & Son ("hairdresser & perfumer, manufacturer & importer of wigs, toupets [sic], ladies' braids, switches, etc, in every variety" and provider of "hot & cold baths"), Dangerfield & Son (boots and shoes), Michael Burns (fruits and flowers), Henry F Jackson (drugs), and Charles Alexander (another confectioner). None of these business owners lived above their shops, although some lived nearby. Almost all were originally located in the old town, typically Notre Dame or St. James streets. Indeed, McClure & Co's "importers of general dry goods" on Notre Dame Street stood next door to Charles Alexander & Sons' "wholesale steam confectioners and ice cream rooms." Even after opening uptown branches on St. Catherine Street, both enterprises continued to operate in their downtown locations, where most of Alexander's confectionery was manufactured and where McClure managed the wholesale part of his business.

Relocating a business involved a great deal of strategy, reflecting social as well as economic ambition. David Crawford, a "wholesale and retail grocer and wine merchant," lived with his family next door to his Notre Dame Street shop, an address often referred to in the city directory as the "Italian warehouse." While maintaining this business, Crawford opened his shop in the Queen's Hall Block with a series of partners under the names "Crawford & Co," "Crawford & Hart," and "Crawford & Gordon." Only after three years of uptown success did Crawford, along with wife, sister and mother, move out of the house in the old town to one in Phillips Square. By contrast, Henry Jackson, who had been a partner in the rather small chemist and druggist firm of Munro & Jackson on McGill Street, opened a shop under his own name in the Queen's Hall Block, where he boasted having "a large assortment of perfumery and toilet requisites of the finest quality always in stock." The shop also featured a "Night Bell" and offered "Sunday Attendance, 9:30 to 10:30 a.m. and 5 to 6 p.m.," suggesting that Jackson spent a fair amount of time there, even if he did not officially live on the premises. Being open for business on Sundays might have presented a challenge to customary proscriptions on Lord's Day activities, but the service Jackson was providing was no doubt appreciated by local residents. William Dangerfield's boot and shoe retailer on St. Catherine Street also aimed at a respectable customer base, although he had advertised his original Notre Dame Street business as "patronized by HRH the Prince of Wales, His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, and Suite" – meaning that at least one member of the royal entourage must have had bought shoes from him.

Michael and Lucy Burns represented a more complicated family business strategy. Irish-born Michael grew up in Griffintown and married American-born Lucy, and in 1866, with the first of their many children, they moved to a spot on St. Catherine Street just west of City Councillors Street. There, they opened a fruit shop – although in the city directory Michael is listed first as a labourer, and then as a policeman; the 1871 census resorted to calling him a "trader." By 1869, it is Lucy ("Mrs. M. Burns") who is listed as running the "fruit store and confectionery." When the couple rented a unit in the Queen's Hall Block in 1872, their fruits and flower shop was billed as "Michael Burns," even though the city directory continued to list Michael simply as a policeman and to list Lucy as running a "fruit store and confectionery" at both locations.

Married women could and did run businesses. Jane Allan had been a dressmaker since the mid-1850s, working out of the home on Notre Dame Street that she shared with her husband, John, who was originally a partner in the shoemaking business of Ramsay and Allan but for decades simply listed himself in the city directory as "merchant" or even as having no occupation. It was "Mrs. John Allan" who regularly subscribed to the directory, a process that secured one a distinctive listing with capital letters. After moving uptown to a house near Beaver Hall, south of Phillips Square, the Allans lived with seven children under the age of 15, two servants, and no less than seven boarders, to help with the family income. Another businesswoman living and working nearby was Isabella Reynolds, widow of Richard Stinson, who had been the co-owner of the millinery and dressmaking firm Cox & Stinson. For some years, the Stinsons had lived away from Montreal, possibly in the United States, where their daughter Alice was born, leaving the Montreal end

Left: Alfred Joyce shop interior, 1875. BAnQ 2732193

Right: William Notman & Sons, Alfred Joyce shop, c.1900. McCord Museum, VIEW 3275.1

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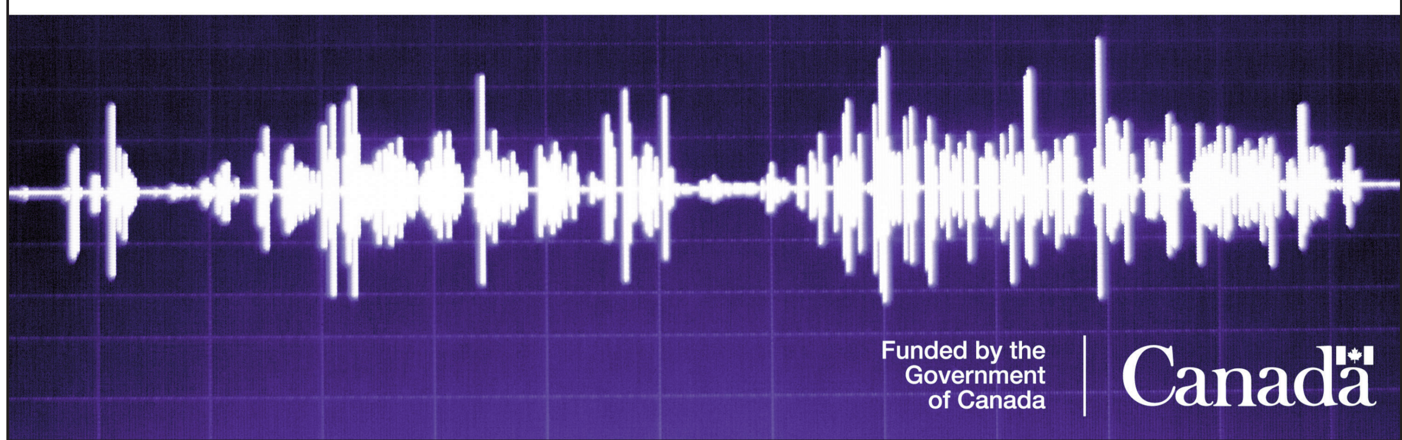

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No. 19 St. Bonaventure Street, Montreal,
IMPORTER OF
FRENCH SILKS, RIBBONS & FLOWERS, REAL LACES,
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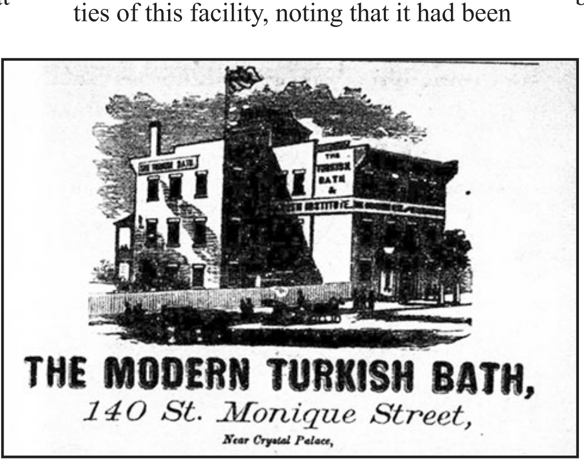
of the business in the hands of Stinson's partner, Philip Cox. In 1870, Richard Stinson died, and Isabella and 10-year-old Alice moved back to Montreal, where they lived with the Cox family: Philip, Christina, and their two daughters who were a little younger than Alice. Despite this connection with her husband's former partner, “Mrs. R. Stinson” (again, in capitals in the city directory) operated her own business as a “milliner, dress and mantle maker.”

An even more independent entrepreneuse was Catherine Prior, who opened a “millinery and dressmaking establishment” on Phillips Place (south of the square) as of 1872. A longtime widow, “Mrs. Dennie” had run a successful business for many years on Bonaventure Street, advertising in Lovell's and newspapers her “French silks, ribbons & flowers, real laces, and the latest Paris and English fashions.” In 1865 she took on an apprentice, Mary Ann Jordan – who may have been related to Alfred Joyce's apprentice, Joseph E. Jordan. Prior's move uptown was a deliberate effort to cater to an elite clientele. While respectable ladies might willingly have made the journey down to the heavily commercial Bonaventure Street to acquire fashion accessories and be fitted for gowns, it was infinitely easier for them to dash over to Phillips Place. Such shops, owned by women and catering to women's needs, became safe spaces for well-to-do ladies to frequent, particularly when their location was on streets that were demonstrably respectable.

One nearby emporium that might have strained respectability somewhat was operated by David MacBean, a young man with enough medical training for him to list “M.D.” after his name in the city directories and the census. In 1854, when MacBean was in his early teens, his father, a clerk with the Grand Trunk Railroad, had built some houses on the south side of Cathcart Street facing up McGill College Avenue; these buildings were grouped around a courtyard and given the pastoral name Sylvan Place. The name proved a suitably soothing one for the business David MacBean opened on the premises in 1868: “Hygienic Medication and the Practice of the Swedish Movement Cure,” a treatment for “Chronic Diseases, such as Dyspepsia and its complications, Torpidity of the Liver, Constipation, Piles etc, Incipient Consumption, Weak Lungs, Imperfect Circulation, Nervous Debility, Uterine Displacements, and other Weaknesses, Deformities, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Paralysis, etc.” through the application of “natural agencies.” The entrance to this place of business was off St. Monique Street, a narrow lane that no doubt afforded a degree of privacy to men and women seeking relief from what ailed them. Whatever success MacBean may have enjoyed, the following year he completely revised his service, calling it an “Improved Turkish or Roman Bath.” The spirit of his enterprise was consistent with the growing Victorian fascination for hydrotherapy, as was the language of his advertisements. MacBean emphasized the cleansing and healthful properties of this facility, noting that it had been “constructed with all the most modern improvements and with perfect regard to ventilation.” The Bath was open to gentlemen from 6 a.m. to 8 a.m. and then from 2 p.m. to 9 p.m., and to ladies from 10 to 12 in the morning.

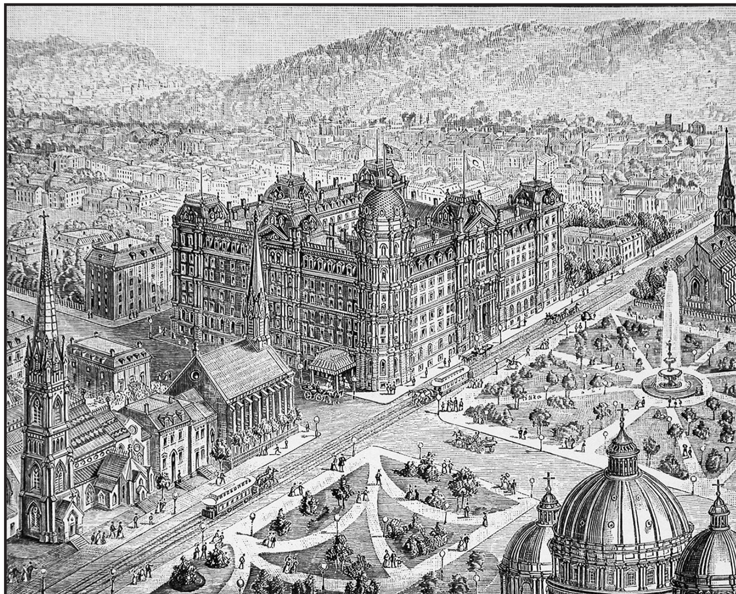
The 1870s also saw the opening up of new residential clusters with the transformation of the old St. Antoine burial ground into Dominion Square. The newly-available real estate around the square also brought commercial possibilities – even manufacturing possibilities, although this was a grey area given that the zoning of this part of town precluded industry. Carpenter-turned-contractor Laird Paton carefully navigated this restriction. Having built a row of housing units on the west side of the square, Paton moved his family into one of them and used another as the offices of Laird Paton and Son. Despite the name, by 1875 there were three sons clearly identified with the business: James, William, and Thomas – the latter shortly to become a pioneer in Canadian hockey and later a founder of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. In addition to the construction business, Laird Paton and Son built sports equipment, most famously toboggans, in their uptown yards. The manufacture of such goods does not seem to have challenged the proscription against industry, perhaps because these were luxury items. The Rutherford family pushed these boundaries further by setting up shop as dealers in lumber in a yard off Drummond Street, west of Dominion Square. Although it is unlikely that lumber was actually cut in this yard, the loading and unloading of wood was inevitably noisy and as such legally dubious. Fortunately, their yard was overlooked by the soaring tower of the American Presbyterian Church, whose presence may have lent the business a respectable air.

Most people opening businesses uptown in the 1860s and 1870s aimed to serve a well-to-do clientele willing to patronize a convenient and, in many cases, elegant commercial establishment. Uptown's largest and most ambitious business enter-



Advertisements, Lovell's Directory, 1868-69, 1874-75

prise certainly took full advantage of its location to attract customers, but its main clientele was not local or even from Montreal. The idea of building a grand uptown hotel took shape along with the emergence of Dominion Square as a choice public space. The earmarked site for the hotel was a huge block of still unsold land on the square's west side. The project was undertaken by a handful of promoters who eventually assembled enough investors to create sufficient capital to proceed. The Windsor Hotel Company, named in honour of the royal family's castle outside London (but more immediately for the adjacent street that had been named in honour of the royal family), was formed in 1875. Its chief promoter was Andrew Allan (from the wealthy shipping family), but also financier Matthew Hamilton Gault and tobacco manufacturer William Christopher Macdonald. Several prominent mechanically-minded men also served as company directors, notably plumber and gasfitter Charles Garth, building contractor James Shearer, and photographer William Notman. Shearer's most notable contribution to the hotel was to implement his own innovative design for a concave roof draining system that would not freeze in Montreal winters. But the overall design, as was typical for projects of this magnitude, was entrusted to a foreign architect, in this case William W. Boyington, famous for his prestigious hotels and other commercial buildings in Chicago.



When completed in late 1877, the Windsor Hotel was the largest structure in the Square Mile, to be surpassed only later by the Catholic cathedral (completed 1894) and then by the Sun Life Building (begun 1913). The hotel's seven story façade towered over Dominion Square, and no less over Dorchester Street on its other side, where there was a secondary entrance. More than the many surrounding churches (St. George's Anglican, Dominion Methodist, the American Presbyterian, Knox Presbyterian, and Erskine Presbyterian), the Windsor Hotel gave final shape to Dominion Square, marking it as attractive urban space and clinching its role as the area's civic heart. At the same time, the nearby churches guaranteed a level of respectability to the hotel above and beyond what was projected by its sheer elegance. Montreal had its share of fine hotels, but this was the only one removed from the congestion and dangers of the city, set at the edge of a respectable park, and next to so many houses of middle-class worship. Moreover, the Windsor surpassed its old town rivals in luxury, with its ornate drawing rooms and dining rooms, its much-touted 180-foot-long Grand Promenade, its Grand Stairway and Rotunda, and above all its Ballroom – which immediately became the venue of choice for the St. Andrew's Ball, the critical public event for socially-conscious Montrealers. Notman took one of his famous composite photos of the first such ball, in October 1878, and he also helped promote the hotel by carefully documenting its various rooms, including the bridal suite and the vice-regal apartments. There is even a photo of the Windsor's bar room, a corner of the hotel that might have undermined the prevailing spirit of propriety had it not been as ornate and immaculate as the rest.

Moreover, the Windsor catered to ladies – not just female guests but local women who found in the hotel a comfortable place for socializing. Ladies entered via the Dorchester Street door, which was "protected from rain and sun by a broad canopy" and led to a "ladies' reception room" located at the base of the building's corner tower, which afforded its patrons a commanding view in all directions. "The gem of the house," a fawning reviewer called it. Female visitors could then pass into the "ladies' ordinary room," where meals were served. Gentlemen had their own drawing room. Otherwise, the Windsor's public spaces were open to all respectable people, and the many grand events patronized by ladies and gents. To mark the hotel's inauguration, in February 1878, the Montreal Art Association chose to hold its annual exhibition at the Windsor Hotel. The guests of honour were the governor general and his consort: Frederick Temple Blackwood and Hariot Hamilton, Lord and Lady Dufferin.

The Windsor Hotel had its share of "boarders," whose wealth enabled them to stay for an extended term. The city directories list them along with Montreal's permanent residents. Many of these were men in Montreal for business or diplomacy; Charles Ovide Perrault, for example, was the vice-consul for France. Even Peter Redpath, the most peripatetic member of that family, called the Windsor home during the 1879-80 season.

Top: John Henry Walker, Windsor Hotel, c.1870. McCord Museum, M911.1.82

Bottom: Notman & Sandham, St. Andrew's Society Ball, Windsor Hotel, 1879. McCord Museum, II-51688.5

Even so, the hotel's main purpose was to accommodate well-heeled guests from outside the city, many of whom provided fodder for the society columns over the years. One of the first to cause a sensation was Sarah Bernhardt, in Montreal at Christmas 1880 for a performance at the Academy of Music, much to the displeasure of the city's Catholic establishment who objected to the actress's flamboyant persona. A year later, Mark Twain gave his famous address at the Windsor Hotel wherein he stated that Montreal was the only city he had visited where you couldn't throw a brick without breaking a church window. Twain may well have gone up to the roof and seen the panorama that Notman's camera captured, which presented a great many churches as tempting targets; one (the Methodists) stood immediately across the street, its windows requiring barely a toss of a brick, let alone a throw, to break. Had Twain needed to restore his equilibrium after such temptation, he would have found a convenient chemist's shop in the hotel lobby: a second uptown branch of Kenneth Campbell's Medical Hall.

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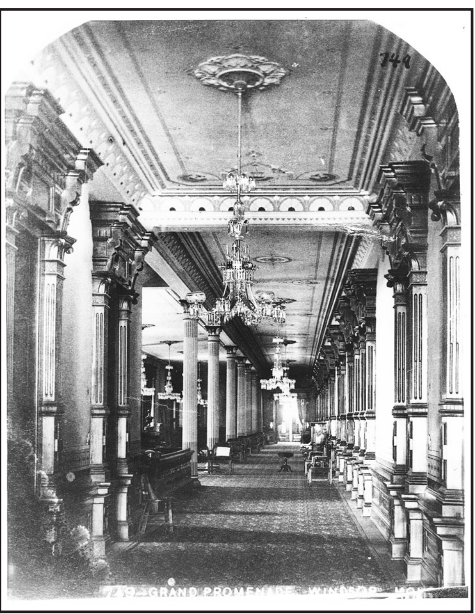


Notman & Sandham,
Windsor Hotel interiors, c.1878.
McCord Museum

Ladies Ordinary (VIEW-784.1)
Bar Room (VIEW-756.1)
Medical Hall branch (VIEW-1152.A.1)
Rotunda (VIEW-751.1)
Grand Promenade (VIEW-749.1)

Fit to Print

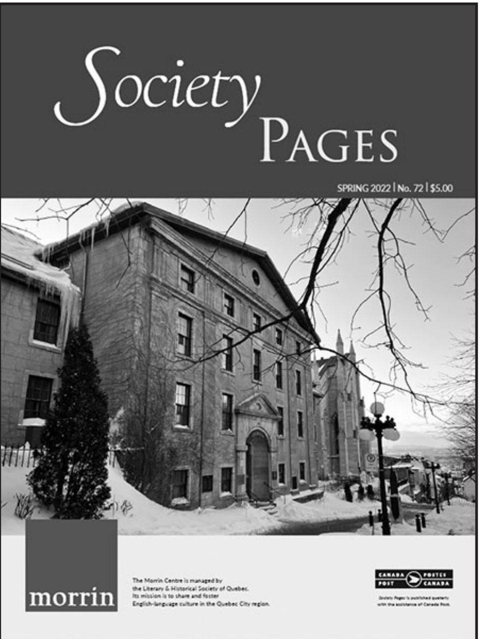
Newsletters from QAHN's member organizations

by Sandra Stock

There is still nothing like print to record history. To have a tangible, physical object that can move about easily with the reader that is no danger of suddenly vanishing into cyberspace at the whim of a mis-tapped finger or some other accident of the digital device, is most satisfying. The quarterly installments from our various member organizations are more than just information sheets. These are really magazines in themselves that reflect the special individual nature of each group.

We have just read *The Westmount Historian*, the bulletin of the Westmount Historical Association, and *Society Pages*, a publication of the Morrin Centre, which is managed by the Literary & Historical Society of Quebec (Quebec City). Both of these very professionally executed productions target a certain demographic. However, in many ways they are quite different.

The Westmount Historian presents entirely local heritage and the "micro-history" of the independent city of Westmount, within the larger context of Greater Montreal and the Island of Montreal. Westmount Library has amassed an enormous archive of local information, records, photographs, art and other materials, the bulk of which has been collected and / or donated by past and present families and individuals.



Society Pages of the Quebec City-based "Lit and Hist," resident at the Morrin Centre, is of course much older and very much broader – with its mission (since 1824) to "share and foster English-language culture in the Quebec City region." The Morrin Centre started life as the city "gaol" (jail) in 1808, and after some purpose-altering morphs became a heritage and cultural centre; the building has housed the library now for over 150 years. Although *Society Pages* has a strong historical bent, mainly through featuring in-depth reviews of historical nonfiction, most of its contents are book-centered. One aspect of *Society Pages* that does stand out from the issue we see (Fall 2023) is the article entitled "Transactions – Quebec City through the Morrin Centre Photo Archives," featuring old photos that show landscapes, the harbour and even an early winter carnival.

This attractive, full-colour publication also advertises cultural events and activities at the Morrin Centre. There is a strong emphasis on outreach to the community, especially many features aimed at children and young people: theatre, book clubs, members' day, tours, beer tasting, magicians – all here at the Morrin Centre and promoted in *Society Pages*.

Issues of *The Westmount Historian* tend to be thematic. For example, the February 2024 (winter) issue looks at the library building itself, tracing the history of this architecturally impressive structure designed by Robert Findlay from its beginnings in the 1880s, along with the adjacent community centre, Victoria Hall, also by Findlay. We read about the evolution of this building complex with its several extensions and modifications, indoors and out, and how it has contributed to the cultural life of Westmount.

Articles in *The Westmount Historian* feature reproductions of postcards, ephemera and art, especially old photos, all presented clearly with detailed information as to vintage and attribution. The staff of *The Westmount Historian* are entirely volunteer, mostly members of the Westmount Historical Association. They have produced a well-researched and well-written publication of serious interest beyond just the local scene of Westmount.

For more information:

Society Pages, Literary & Historical Society of Quebec, Morrin Centre, www.morrin.org.

The Westmount Historian, Westmount Historical Association, west mounthistorical.org/newsletters.

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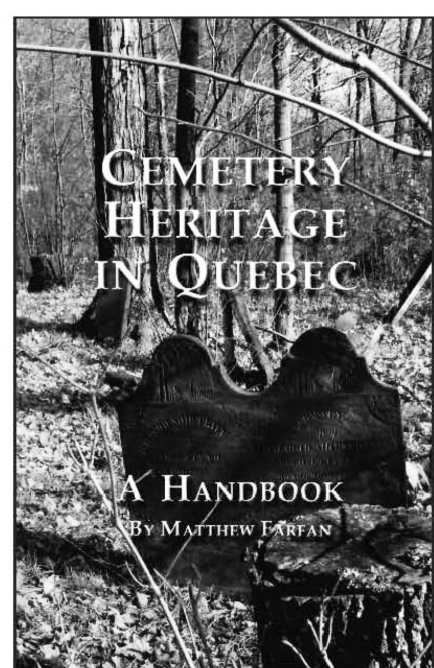

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