Pine River: Lost But Not Forgotten

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Quebec Heritage News

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King and Country

History of the Royal Montreal Regiment

War Records

Lennoxville's Murphy-Gordon Museum

Bayanihan

Montreal's Filipino Heritage

25 Years Ans QAHN RPAQ

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Cover photo: Conway's Rock identifies original families of Pine River, Quebecc. Photo: Allison Kirkwood.

EDITOR'S DESK

Counting Stars

by Rod MacLeod

"Are the stars out tonight?" sang Dick Powell in *Dames*, back in 1934. "Do I know if it's cloudy or bright?" He did not, of course. He was busy gazing at Ruby Keeler, the gamine screen actress and dancer who went from humble origins in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, to the heights of Hollywood, where Busby Berkeley superimposed her features onto the faces of hundreds of twirling chorus girls, all echoing Powell's sentiment: "I only have eyes for you!"

Ruby Keeler was a star. She also received a star, to prove it – on the Hollywood Walk of Fame. Powell got one too, of course, and one assumes he appreciated it despite the indifference he appeared to show towards stars in that famous song. Getting a star on Hollywood Boulevard may not quite represent the prestige of winning an Oscar, but it is a definite mark of success in the motion picture business. Those who do not receive such recognition can assume they simply lack sufficient talent – since, as we all know, the fault is not in the stars but in ourselves.

Now, speaking as someone who has received stars only in sticker form, I must say I do not hold with these indicators of recognition. We give stars (or medals, plaques, ribbons, pins, etc) to people deemed to have surpassed a certain threshold of excellence, but I suspect that most of the time we would have difficulty explaining just what that threshold is. Sure, the person who crosses the finish line first or who vaults the furthest over the bar or who lifts the heaviest weight may justifiably be labelled fastest, highest, strongest – but how do you give marks to an artistic performance? Hitting the right notes and remembering lines are certainly marks of skill, but we don't reward artists for just that. Top honours are about going above and beyond – but how far above and beyond are we talking? We can single out a performance (or a poem, or painting, or editorial) for special qualities, but that does not mean it should be considered better than all others in its category. Beyond measurable achievement, surely any claim to excellence is subjective. By that I do not mean it is a matter of opinion: everyone may be entitled to their opinion, but a claim to excellence requires argument, preferably expert and articulate. That is hard to do, of course. Easier just to give stars.

Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler in Dames. *IMDb.com.*

We live in a world where everything is rated, typically by stars and almost always out of five. We rate movies, restaurants, hotels, flights, professional services, teachers, and (if bumper stickers can be believed) other drivers. Such reviews are highly subjective, and often specific to circumstance, often to the detriment of the person or thing reviewed. A restaurant that did not sufficiently accommodate an eccentric order or a teacher who gave a poor grade might be severely penalized, completely out of proportion to the restaurant's quality or the teacher's talents. A low rating might have a significant negative impact on a business's success or a person's career. Of course, there have always been critics, and concomitant complaints that artistic viability can be made or broken by a positive or negative review. The difference now is that everyone is a critic, and that consumers look not to detailed reviews but to stars. The stars themselves become the review.

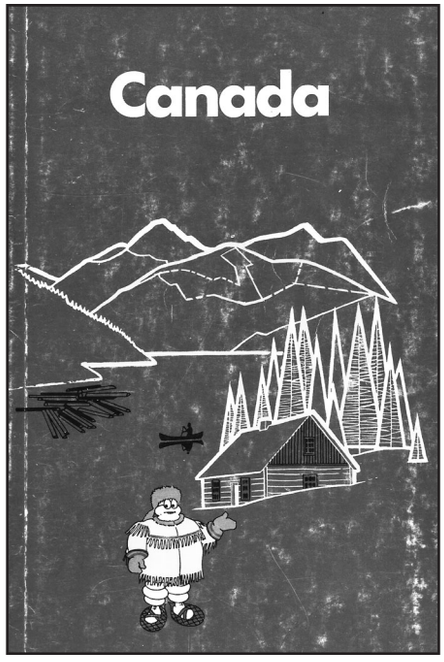
At the highest level, we still have marks of distinction awarded by respected and powerful bodies: gold medals, Nobel prizes, Oscars and Emmys, the Order of Canada. Here, while the choice of winner can be contested, there is usually a sense that care and consideration have gone into the selection. For many awards there is a shortlist, and of course it is always an honour just to be nominated. In some cases, there are several levels (usually three) to indicate degrees of achievement: silver and bronze medals as well as gold, or Officers and Members of the Order of Canada as well as Companions. And Michelin gives its one, two, or three stars (actually *rosettes*, but we seem to have forgotten the term) to the world's top, and almost top, restaurants.

On that note, there has been a great deal of fuss lately over Michelin's decision to, at long last, give out stars to Quebec restaurants. As viewers of *The Bear* will acknowledge, securing a Michelin star for his or her restaurant can be a career-defining objective for a chef, although the pursuit of said star can also drive said chef into obsessive madness. I cannot imagine the dedication of the chefs at the nine Quebec restaurants that received Michelin stars (three in Montreal, five in Quebec City, and, curiously, one in Rimouski), but I congratulate them for whatever they did to wow the judges. Equally, I cannot imagine the fits of despair and self-loathing no doubt experienced by those who work in every

other restaurant in the province, but I encourage them keep trying. Mind you, no one in the restaurant business has any, er, business taking advice from me. I enjoy cooking and eating, but I suffer from discernable disabilities: I lack a sense of smell, and that compromises my taste buds. To paraphrase the proverbial philistine, I know what I like but don't ask me to tell cumin from coriander or a Merlot from a Matayac. The pursuit of Michelin stars takes place in a world so far above my head it might as well be quantum physics.

That said, I find this pursuit fascinating, much as I have always been intrigued by the ultra ultra rare category that constitutes Michelin starred restaurants. During my earliest visits to France half a century ago, I would occasionally track down rosetted restaurants, if only to peruse their menus and marvel at the prices they charged for dishes I could hardly get my mind around. By way of example, let me cite my 1971 "red" Michelin Guide (yes, I still have it), which lists a certain three-star establishment's specialties thus: *Brioche de fois gras*, *Filet de turbot au Champagne*, *Poularde de Besse en vessie*, with *Condrieu* and *Juliénas* to wash it down; for this, one could expect to spend from 130 to 150 Francs – about ten times what I would have considered an affordable meal out at the time. Even then, I understood that many people appreciated this level of refinement. I also came to realize that cultural chauvinism was at play: the criteria for Michelin stars always reflected French gastronomic standards. In the early 1970s there were no two or three star restaurants outside France, and only a handful with one star. Since then, the culinary world has expanded considerably, but, according to some, Michelin's criteria have not. Was the recent allocation of stars in Quebec largely determined by French gastronomic standards? Not for me to speculate.

Even as I shook my head at these daunting 1970s menus, I was intrigued at the idea of rating things. While the "red" Michelin guides (hotels and restaurants) held minimal interest for me, since I could never afford to eat or stay at anything they listed, the "green" guides (sights) proved fascinating. Like Baedeker before it, Michelin awarded stars (and they were stars, not rosettes) to places one ought to visit. Accompanying this rating system were phrases to guide your selection: one star sights were considered "Intéressant," two stars meant the sight "Mérite un detour," while a three star sight was "Vaut le voyage." This ranking implied that you might find it interesting to visit, say, the Archbishop's palace in Narbonne, but you would not likely get off the highway to do so. The Château de Chinon along the Loire, however, would presumably justify using the off ramp. And a three star sight, such as the cathedral in Strassbourg, was worth getting on a plane to France just to see it before flying home. Anything without stars, but



still mentioned in the guide, was "a voir eventuellement," implying that you had to work your way through all the starred attractions in the land before considering taking in, say, the Chagall museum in Nice. But never mind the judgy guidelines: the stars themselves were helpful when it came to planning. They were also infuriating when you realized that a beloved spot had only garnered one meagre star. And, as with the food, there was clear bias: Michelin had a fondness for stately homes and Gothic cathedrals, barely finding "interesting" the ruined castles and Romanesque chapels I loved. Ah well. Again, like acting and unlike weightlifting, the pleasures of travel are not quantifiable.

It may have taken Michelin until 2025 to award restaurant stars in Quebec, but it handed out stars for sights here long ago – 1982, to be precise. I remember acquiring the first ever green guide to Canada with much curiosity and some trepidation. What, I wondered, would the legendary bestowers of stars make of our cultural hotspots? I was soon reassured, at least to an extent. Quebec City and Montreal both earned a three star rating, as did Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria. Canadians being Canadians, of course, there was much offence taken and much wry scepticism expressed. (When asked what he thought of Ottawa getting three stars, *Maclean's* columnist Allan Fotheringham remarked that he assumed that Michelin had forgotten to put a minus sign in front of the stars.) I myself noted a bias in favour of the West, a bias I imagined reflected the European preoccupation with what art historians call the "Sublime." OK, the Rockies are spectacular, but did the Saguenay fjords really only warrant two stars, and the Eastern Townships as a region only one? The Gaspé peninsula did garner a whopping three, as did its crown jewel, Percé – the only small town to do so in the entire country apart from Jasper. Two stars were bestowed on both the Magdalen Islands and the Laurentians – though in the latter case the only actual two star sight was the Autoroute, while the only places to receive one star were St. Agathe and the Village de Séraphin outside St. Adèle. As for individual sights, well-deserved three stars went to Quebec City's Dufferin Terrace and Place d'Armes. In Montreal, the guide acknowledged several two star attractions: the Underground City, the McCord Museum, the Fine Arts Museum, Mount Royal Park, Jacques Cartier Square, St. Joseph's Oratory, the Olympic Tower, Château Dufresne (there was that Michelin fondness for stately homes), and the still-extant Man and His World site. Apparently, however, Montreal could only boast one sight worthy of three stars: the observatory at the top of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce building in what was then Dominion Square. Go figure. (Like the Village de Séraphin, the observatory has been closed for decades.) Notre Dame Church and Château Ramezay were

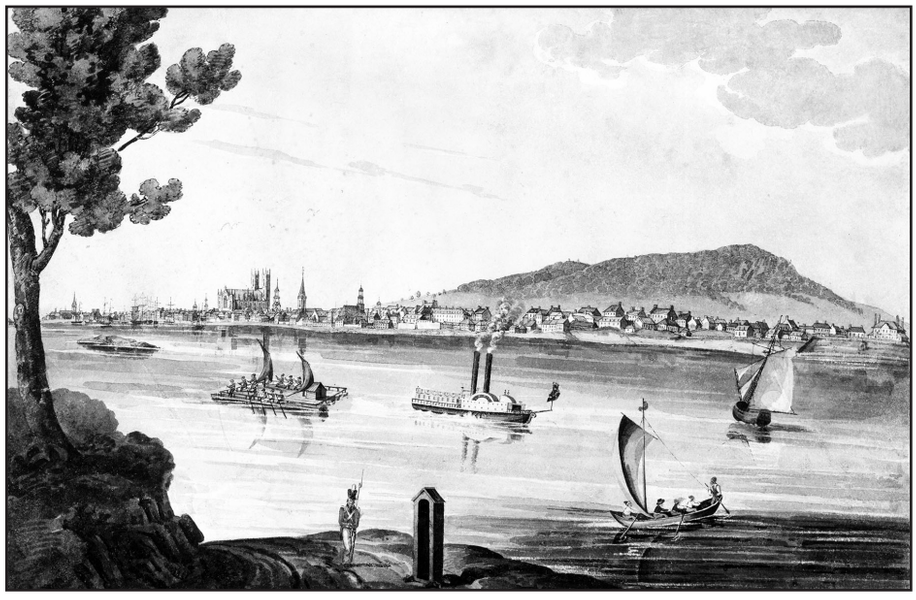
Cover, Michelin Guide to Canada, 1982.

considered only "interesting," as were Granby Zoo, the Laurier Museum in Arthabaska, the Plains of Abraham, and Fort Lennox. Sherbrooke was mentioned only in passing, as the hub of the Townships – which at a stretch could be said to mean that you might get around to visiting it eventually.

The notion of "Vaut le voyage" did inspire me a few years later during a grad school seminar when I decided to experiment with what scholars call "content analysis" – the scientifically dubious practice of counting how often certain terms are used within a text and drawing conclusions about the writer's attitudes and biases. I drew on the accounts of people who visited Montreal during the first three decades of the nineteenth century, hoping to get a semi-quantifiable sense of what sights most intrigued them. For every account I tallied up all the sights mentioned (including the "site" of Montreal itself, meaning the prospect of the city from a ship or the south shore of the river) and gave each a value depending on how impressed the writer was: one star for a simple mention (which implied that the sight already stood out in some way), two for a mildly positive reaction, and three if the writer found the sight beautiful. I also took away marks if they found it ugly. Most visitors were very taken with the site itself, noting especially the light reflecting off the town's tin roofs and the crag of Mount Royal rising behind. Unlike Michelin, they were generally impressed by Notre Dame church, often stating that it was the largest church in North America – which was possibly true, if one excluded Mexico. The array of other religious buildings also impressed many writers, although here I assumed cultural expectations were at play: visitors from the United States or England were not used to seeing so many Catholic institutions in such a small area. People from New England, where brick is king, were taken with how many houses were made of stone. Most found the streets narrow and dark. All in all, the project proved highly enjoyable, and if it did not entirely win me over to the merits of content analysis I felt I had gained some insight into the minds of early travellers and their preoccupations. I called the essay "Vaut le Voyage," more in tribute to Michelin-style star allocation than out of a sense that anyone at the time thought Montreal a worthy destination in itself.

My bottom line about stars, and ratings in general, is that it can be entertaining to award them, but that we shouldn't take them seriously, since they ultimately reveal more about the star giver than the star recipient. And beyond the level of parlour games and informal debates, claiming that some cultural sight should have a higher rating than another can be hurtful to the low-rated sight and unhelpful to anyone seeking interesting places to visit (or dine at). Ratings and rankings are always subjective, dependant not only on individual taste but on mood: sometimes I want to look at paintings, but at other times I want to look at butter churns – just as sometimes I feel like chowing down on *filet de turbot*, but at other times I'd like a burger. Again, I am not denying the existence of quality, merely that it is a matter of debate for people who know and care deeply about it. It can be fascinating to follow such debates, and satisfying to take part in them, if we have the necessary expertise. We should always be willing to learn and try new things. But we should not be basing our choice of experience on how many stars something was given in a guidebook, let alone on social media.

Besides, there is more to life than quantifying content and constant calculation. Are the stars out tonight? I do not know, dear reader, and I do not care. I only have eyes for you.



Robert Auchmuty Sproule, "Montreal from St. Helen's Island," 1830. McCord Museum, M301.

Letter

I just wanted to note my appreciation for Rod MacLeod's "Altered States" (*QHN,* Spring 2025). The argument hit the nail on the head about both the challenges and reality of defining Canadian, Quebecois, and Anglo-Quebecer culture. I greatly appreciated too the fact that he made his argument without actually naming the current U.S. leader. I too have taken a similar approach in my writing, refusing to feed the ego beast that he is, by merely referring to "the current U.S. administration." Great issue as always, and thanks for your efforts in keeping our story alive.

Shawn MacWha
Ottawa, Ontario

Correction

I would like to correct an error in the text of "Rawdon: Ready for Development (1830)," (*QHN*, Spring 2025). My ancestor Robert Brown was a native of County Antrim and not the county that, in a careless moment, I stated erroneously.

Daniel Parkinson
Toronto, Ontario

The "Best-Kept Secret" Museum

A Trove of Townships Treasure

by Julie Miller

Every damn thing up there has a story. If we don't tell it – who the hell will?

– Ron Murphy, 2010

There are many treasures in Lennoxville's Murphy Gordon Museum, but search for the place on a map or on the street and you will find no signs directing you there. The only way to find the museum is by word of mouth.

Your chances increase if you are, or have been, in the military. The museum sits on the top floor of a building called the "Hut," which is the homebase and social club of the Army, Navy and Air Force Veterans (ANAVET), Unit 318. Mention the "Hut" to English-speakers in the Eastern Townships and you will often get smiles and nods of recognition. I was surprised when a friend of mine from a town over 30 minutes away said: "Oh yes, of course, the Hut! I used to go to dances there with my parents when I was a teenager!" The dances still happen, about once a month, but there's a lot more to the Hut than dances. The social club hosts regular brunches, conferences and talks, and is open six days per week so that veterans and community members can simply visit, play darts, cards, or cribbage together in a safe place. And of course, it has its own museum.

Once you have found the Hut, you have found the museum, and you join a surprisingly diverse group of people who have visited it over the years from across Canada, including a Brigadier General, the curator of the Canadian War Museum, and many other interesting folk. As you step into the museum's single room chock full of displays, photos, and a wide range of unique artefacts, you begin to get a sense of what a vital space it is. It draws back a curtain on the deep roots of the local English-speaking community and showcases its long history of military service.

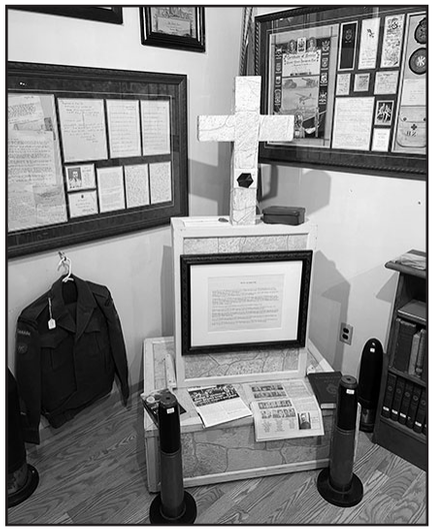
Today, we live in an era when context is increasingly lost. We are bombarded daily with disjointed streams of images of everything from everywhere, all at once – think of a Facebook stream where a video of a kitten is followed by a scene of devastation from Gaza, which is followed by a recipe for cookies. The Murphy Gordon Museum offers a sort of antidote to this lack of community and context, for it has an abundance of unique, local stories that tell of a deep sense of belonging to a place. This place: the Eastern Townships.

Every single object in the museum – and there are hundreds of objects – has a connection to the Eastern Townships and its people's military service for their country. Examples abound. Take the musket from the American Revolutionary War; it was carried up here by the Loyalist Atto family, who have at least one park named after them. Or the ship flag from the frigate HCMS Magog, which was torpedoed by a German submarine in 1944 in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There is a lace tablecloth hand-made by a local woman who had three sons overseas in World War II; she would work on it each night while listening to the BBC world service to glean news about her sons' safety. The delicate lacework bears witness to the worry and uncertainty lived by all families as they tried to keep busy at home while not knowing if their loved ones were safe overseas. The museum also boasts letters and postcards sent to and from prisoners of war in Japanese camps: "Dear Mother, Father, and Dan, Just a few lines, to let you know that I am well…" This letter was sent from Ray Smith of Bury, who when captured in Hong Kong weighed 175 lbs, but when released four years later had dropped to a mere 112 lbs.

This gem of a museum was founded in 1976, when Ron Murphy and Charlie Gordon, two veterans of the ANAF Unit #318, looked around and realized that the numbers of local veterans were dwindling. To keep their stories and collective memories alive, they gathered together some objects: uniforms, equipment, helmets, arms, and medals. They convinced Carole Guthrie to become a volunteer curator and go through the "piles of stuff" they had collected. She arranged them in two glass showcases on the second floor of the Hut. Local people continued to drop off items of all sorts, and the collection grew over the years until it filled the entire second floor.

About ten years ago, Guthrie approached Tim Belford to take over as volunteer curator. Belford was recently retired from CBC Radio, but he had a background that made him almost perfectly suited to the task. "I was recently

Certificate of Service for Ray Smith, Murphy-Gordon Museum. Photo: Julie Miller.



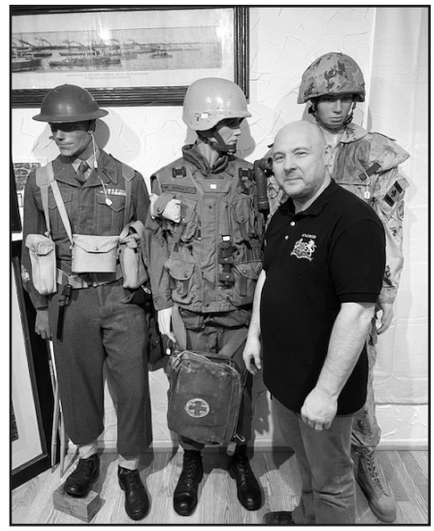
retired, and felt I was still young enough to accept. I had the energy. Also, I love history. My undergraduate and graduate degrees are all in history. I've written on it; I taught Russian history and political science for a while at Champlain. I also come from a family with a lot of military connections. I was raised on stories from the First World War and the Second World War." Belford also spent some time as a lieutenant in the Canadian Navy during the Cold War.

A big part of the attraction of the Murphy Gordon Museum are the personal stories passed on to the curators. Tim Belford shares a story of his own, one he heard as a child:

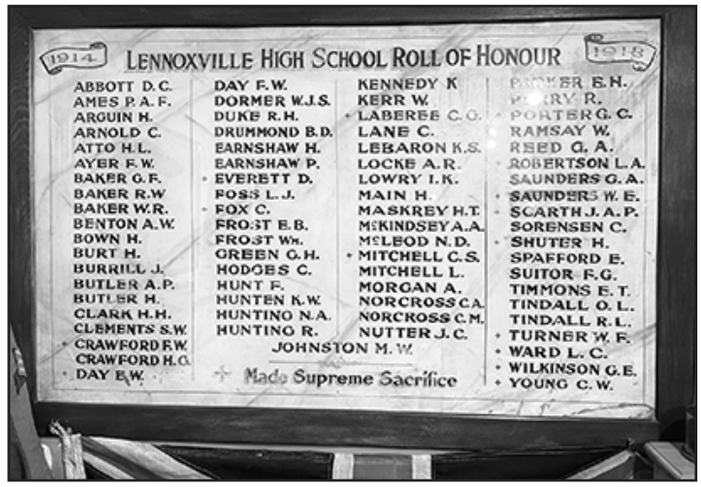
> *My grandfather died in France. His younger brother was also in France. The oldest brother, Uncle Harry, would never talk about it, except for the funny things. Uncle Harry told this one story: their father was an Anglican minister in Richmond. Three sons went overseas. In those days, they let brothers be in the same company, the same regiment – these days they would never do that, but back then, it was done. My uncle Harry said that one day they were in the trenches, when a shell buried half of the trenches, including my grandfather. "So," Uncle Harry said, "I grabbed a shovel and started to dig. When I uncovered your grandfather's face, I hit him with the shovel as I was digging. The words that came out of your grandfather's mouth! I almost thought of covering him up again." And he would laugh and laugh. No stories about pain and killing and mud; only the silly little things. For how could they talk about it, especially the First World War? Thousands and thousands of people – all the young men – that were killed…*

A few years ago, Belford began to pass the responsibility for the museum to a new person, Maurice Goulet. Goulet has now taken over as volunteer curator, and he, too, is particularly suited to the job. "I love history," he says. "My dad was a World War II veteran, and I'm a veteran myself, of Rwanda and Afghanistan. I like to share history, and since I am fully retired, I can devote myself to this." Originally from Montreal but with Franco-Ontarian roots, Goulet became a Townshipper during Covid when he came to help a friend who ran a small, private school, and decided to move to the area. He discovered the Hut and was hooked after his first visit to its museum with Belford as his guide.

Goulet has been learning the many stories associated with the artefacts from Belford, and together they welcome groups of schoolchildren – whose "eyes get big like THIS when they hear our stories," they say. Goulet donated his own kit to the museum, the uniform he wore in Rwanda as a medic. He is open about the struggles faced by a younger generation of veterans, and has his own stories to share. "When I joined [the military], it was pretty quiet – in 1984. There was nothing going on. Most of my senior NCOs had never seen any combat. Then in 1990: the First Gulf War, then Bosnia in '92, Somalia in '93, Rwanda in '94, and it went on and on." Shaking his head, he adds: "'Peacekeeping' was not peacekeeping at all; it was active combat." He was in Rwanda during the massacres, and later in Afghanistan with the first group of Canadian soldiers for Operation Apollo. As a medic, he survived stressful experiences, which were made even more worse by the lack of awareness in Canada of what soldiers were actually doing and going through. He tells this story:



> *I was Roto 0 in Afghanistan [the first group, Operation Apollo] with the soldiers from the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry from out West. When I came back to Canada for a break, I arrived in Trenton, Ontario, and was waiting for my transportation to Pearson Airport. We shared a taxi – a sort of minibus – with 12 other people or so. There was an older woman seated next to me who asked me where I was coming from. I told her Afghanistan. She said, "Oh, right, that's where the Canadians are on a peacekeeping mission." I said, "No, actually, we were shooting at [and being shot at] and killing people; it was a warzone." No one knew about it – she was shocked.*



Both Belford and Goulet understand and respect those

Murphy-Gordon Museum: Ray Smith collection; Maurice Goulet; Service plaque. Photos: Julie Miller.

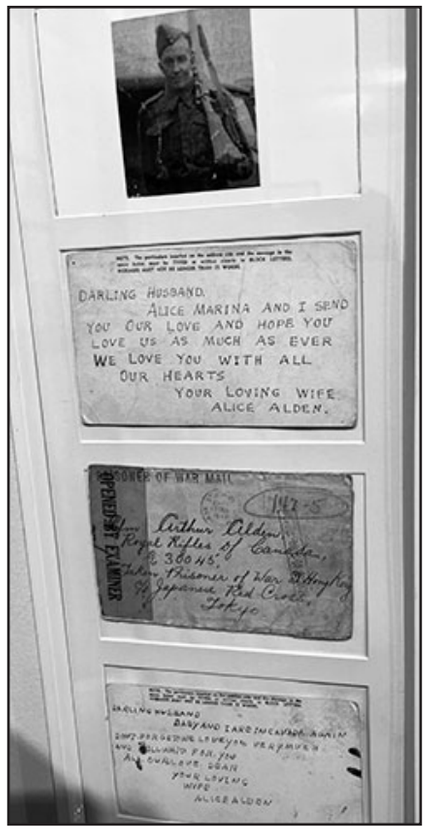
veterans who never want to talk about their experiences in the military. "Everyone is affected differently," they agree. For their own personal reasons, however, they have chosen a different path. Belford explains: "Like Maurice, I think it's important that these things are preserved – not just locked up and preserved, but shared… It is important that young people know. I sound so old, but once my generation is gone, and they are going rapidly, the direct connection to all of that is going to be gone. I had fathers, grandfathers, great-grandfathers, who served in the military… but now… Maurice [is] one of the few modern veterans that we have. Veterans now are far fewer in number, and a lot of them don't want or need that connection – they went through horrible things, like everyone else." The original founders, Ron Murphy and Charlie Gordon, would have agreed. They would have been pleased that the stories that were so important to them are being kept alive through Goulet, who is adding his own.

In this new chapter of Goulet's life, his service is to the museum. He is generous with his time and is always on call, taking visitors around the museum on short notice. He continues to receive donated items from families – most recently, three postcards sent from a young wife to her husband in a POW camp in Japan. The brief and handwritten cards, written in capital letters, testify to the depth of her feelings:

> *DARLING HUSBAND, BABY AND I ARE IN CANADA AGAIN. DON'T FORGET WE LOVE YOU VERY MUCH AND I'LL WAIT FOR YOU. ALL OUR LOVE, DEAR. YOUR LOVING WIFE, ALICE ARDEN.*

Within days of receiving these postcards, Goulet had arranged them in a glass frame for display.

Goulet takes the preservation of the museum's artefacts very seriously. He invited QAHN's Heather Darch, who is the former curator of the Missisquoi Museum, and Rachel Lambie, the curator of the Lake Brome Museum, to visit the Murphy Gordon Museum through QAHN's "MATCH" program. Darch and Lambie made suggestions on how to prolong the life of the museum's artefacts, including improving air circulation, installing fans and humidity control, insulating the two glassed-in display alcoves (temperatures dip in the winter and soar in the summer), and purchasing some UV curtains to block the sun's rays. Goulet applied to and was awarded a "SHARE" grant to purchase the materials. All the work is being done by volunteers – mostly by Goulet himself. Through his work, his love for the region and his passion for history, and through his personal connection to the subject, Goulet is ensuring that the stories preserved in the Murphy Gordon Museum continue to educate and touch all who visit. For more information, contact "The Hut" at 819-346-9122.

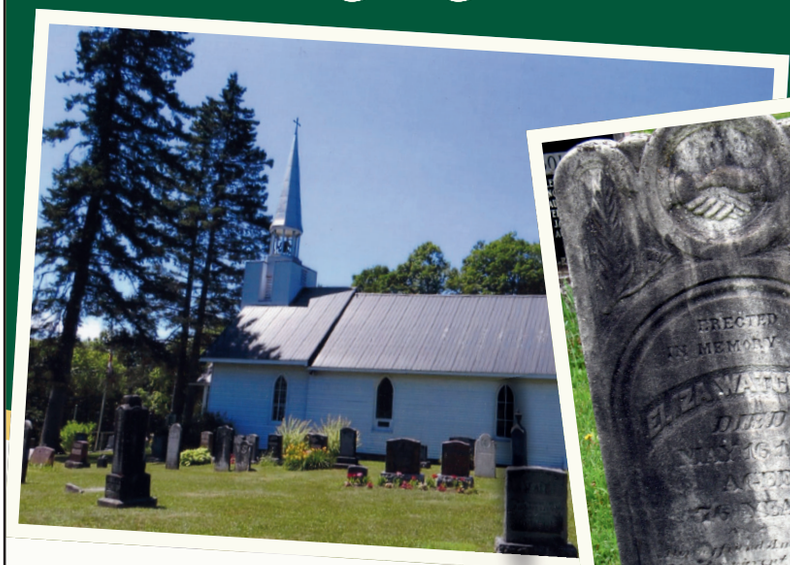


***Julie Miller** is a storyteller, musician, and coordinator of the QAHN's "SHARE" program. Supporting Heritage Awareness, Recognition, and Engagement (SHARE) strengthens and supports QAHN's member organizations in their programming and outreach through micro grant funding opportunities, helping them to innovate and go forward in a dynamic way. The program is funded by the Department of Canadian Heritage.*

Murphy-Gordon Museum: Postcards to a prisoner of war in Hong Kong. Photos: Julie Miller.

The Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network is Celebrating its 25th anniversary with a Fall Event

Stones and Stories: cemetery heritage in a changing world



25 Years Ans
QAHN
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Save the Date!

Saturday October 4, 2025
10 am to 4 pm
Trinity Anglican Church
757, chemin du Village
Morin-Heights, Qc

Free! Presentations by heritage cemetery enthusiasts and a hands-on cemetery "cleaning bee" with skilled instructors

Contact us at home@qahn.org

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Events That Might Otherwise Be Lost

Henry Joseph Martin and his Private Journal

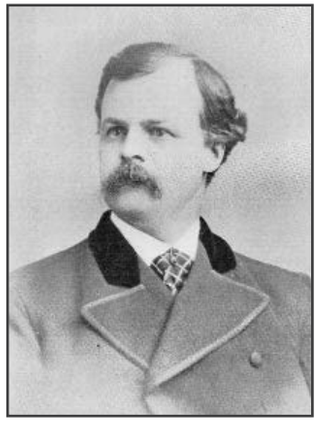
by Matthew Farfan

"Believing that a Journal may be of use in recording Events that might otherwise be lost, as well as of use in establishing ones whereabouts and what one was occupied about, I have resolved to devote this volume to be used as a private journal."

-Henry Joseph Martin, August 21, 1859

The texts in this series have been excerpted from a "Private Journal" kept by Henry Joseph Martin, a resident of Stanstead, Quebec. Martin's journal, a large, leather-bound volume, has been in the archives of Stanstead's Golden Rule Lodge No. 5 since Martin's death a century and a half ago. The journal covers the period from 1859 to 1868. Original spelling and grammar have been retained.

A momentous one in the history of North America, this period includes Canadian Confederation, the United States Civil War, the Fenian Raids, the Temperance Movement, and many other important social and political events. These events and others far more local are mentioned in detail in this diary, in particular the way they impacted life in Martin's beloved Eastern Townships.



This second excerpt spans a seven-month period between March and October 1860. Martin's main preoccupation during these months is his family's move from their home on Stanstead Plain to their farm, a property that had been in the family for twenty years but that the family had never occupied themselves. With the help of various contractors, his father Joseph, his younger sister Carrie, and their servant Jane, and Martin clearly doing much of the work himself, the farmhouse is completely renovated.

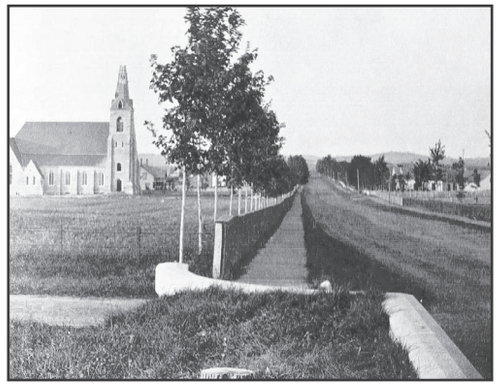
Fixing up the farm

1860

Wednesday. March 28th. Cloudy Stormy day. Mooving Lumber etc etc from the Plain to the farm. Hard Snow storm in the afternoon. Walked to the Line in the eve' to mail some letters…

Friday. March 30th. Pleasant day. Forenoon drawing wood to the farm. Afternoon gathering Sap in the Sugar place...

Wednesday. April 4th. Pleasant day. Sugared off in the forenoon. Afternoon at work on the frame to the Hop-house.



Thursday. April 5th. Rainy day. At work taring down old house at the farm, in which was held the first school I ever attended. I am sorry to see it demolished…

Thursday. April 12th. Pleasant day. At home all day demolishing the old house. Have been nearly dead for the last two weeks with a bad cold…

Tuesday. April 24th. Pleasant day. At work tearing off plastering in the house on the farm, that we intend reparing. Spent the evening at Bro' Tim Winn's…

Thursday. April 26th. Pleasant day. At work all day on the old house. Good Lord deliver me from again ever attempting to repair and fix up an old house.

Friday. April 27th. Beautiful day. At work on the old house, perfectly horrid! Sowed about two acres of wheat today. Went to the Line in the eve'

Saturday. April 28th. Lovely day. At work all day on the old house. Most dead from lime dust and fatigue.

Sunday. April 29th. Glorious warm day. Attended Church in the forenoon. Walked to Beebe Plain in the afternoon and Rufus took me home via Ruiters Corner in the evening.

Monday. April 30th. Delightful day. All day clearing the old plastering from the house on the farm. Charles S Hazeltine arrived in town on a visit...

Saturday. May 5th. Lovely day. At work on the farm and old house all day. Commenced planting potatoes...

Top: Henry Joseph Martin. Golden Rule Lodge collection.
Bottom: Stanstead Plain, 1866. Matthew Farfan collection.

Monday. May 7th. Pleasant day. All day moving Shrubery etc etc from the garden in the Village, to the farm. Mr Bullock took his Deed to day…

Wednesday. May 9th. Pleasant day. All day planting Corn Potatoes, Peas etc in my new garden. Went to the Line in eve'

Thursday. May 10th. Cloudy windy day, trying hard to rain. Engaged all day in getting Cranberry bushes from the Swamp, planting Potatoes etc. Sanborn & Felch commenced raising old house

Friday. May 11th. Beautiful day, with a strong South wind. At work all day about the farm. John Heath's and Edson York's houses burned up in the afternoon. Blistered my feet running to the fire...

Monday. May 14th. At work all day dooing a little of everything.

Tuesday. May 15th. Fine day. Planting Corn and at work in the old house all day.

Wednesday. May 16th. Pleasant day. Commenced moving furniture from the Plain and stowing it away in the Hophouse and Barn, as the house is not ready to move into yet…

Friday. May 18th. Pleasant day. Moving all day. Last night was the first time Father ever slept on his farm during the twenty years he has owned it.

Saturday. May 19th. Rainy day. Moved a Pig-pen to the farm. Went to the Line. Like to frose to death last night.

Sunday. May 20th. Cold snowing, raining day. Hardly able to cook our meals. Father, myself and the men, are living in the Hop-house. We do our own cooking out doors by an old Stove. Mother is at the Line. Carrie is at Capt J Gilman's, and the Servant girl (Jane Patrick) is stoping with the Methodist Minister (Mr Bakewell.) She keeps us supplied with Bread and we doo the rest of the cooking ourselves. Spent the forenoon and took dinner with W S Hunter. [Note: Artist William S. Hunter was a personal friend and fellow lodge member of Martin's.] Afternoon and Supper with Bro' Kathan

Monday. May 21st. Cold cloudy day. Planting potatoes all day…

Thursday. May 24th. Pleasant day. At work all day lugging Brick and Mortar onto the roof, to Annis who is topping out the chimney. D---d hard work…

Saturday. May 26th. Pleasant day. Painting all day. Completely used up. Went to the Line and stoped all night with Kathan.

Sunday. May 27th. Beautiful day. Took breakfast with Kathan after which we walked down to Stewarts and not finding Rufus had gone to Church (!!!) We came back and lunched in the Store. Went up to A Bigelow's where I took dinner. Took Tea with Henry S Hunter and Wife at Capt. Edington's. Stoped all night at Bigelow's…

Tuesday. May 29th. Pleasant day. Painting in the forenoon. Attended Lodge in the afternoon. Slept with W B Colby…

Thursday. May 31st. Pleasant day. Rained hard in the evening. At work in forenoon Harrowing in Oats. At work in the house in afternoon.

Saturday. June 2nd. Pleasant day. Painting all day. In the evening I walked to Beebe Plain and stoped all night with R P Stewart…

Tuesday. June 5th. Fine day. Nearly all day painting. Washed one Sheep in the forenoon. Evening went down to Alonzo A Young's where I stoped all night…

Top: "View from the Artist's Residence, Stanstead, C.E."
Hunter's Eastern Townships Scenery, Canada East, 1860.

Bottom left and right: Vignettes from "A View from the Artist's Residence, Stanstead, C.E.," by William S. Hunter, 1860.

Thursday. June 7th. Pleasant day. At work Painting and cleaning up about the old house. Baker and his hands left off work today...

Saturday. June 9th. Cloudy day. Painting all day. Jerry Young sheered our Sheep. Went to the Line in the eve' and stoped all night with J H Baxter...

Monday, June 11th. Pleasant day. Hays commenced to plaster the House. At work all day drawing Water and mixing mortar...

Friday. June 15th. Pleasant day. At work all day moving our furniture from the Barn into the house, tacking down Carpets etc etc. Carrie and Jane both assisting. All glad once more to get a home. This is the first move we have made for fifteen years, and I hope it will be the last. Father took mother as far as Island Pond on the way to Portsmouth NH where she is going for her health.

Saturday. June 16th. Pleasant day with a hard shower in the afternoon. Drove the two Gray Cows to Sheafs at the Line in the Morning. At work moving into the house, all day. Evening went to the Line and got my Cows...

Tuesday. June 19th. Pleasant day. At work all day, picking up about the buildings.

Wednesday. June 20th. Cold cloudy day with rain in the eve'. Moving things from the Graniry and back chamber on the Plain to the farm. At Mr. Bigelow's in the eve'

Thursday. June 21st. Beautiful day. Marked the Sheep and took them to the back pasture in the forenoon. At work in the garden in the afternoon. Went to the Plain in the eve'

Friday. June 22nd. Hot day. Walked to the Line twice during the day. Picking up rubbish about the house. Sister Carrie took my mare Fanny and went to Compton to a Musical Convention on Wednesday. She returned today with another mare not so good as mine.

Saturday. June 23rd. Hot cloudy day. Picking up about the buildings. Father went to Compton today and got my mare from the man who took her in exchange for his own. Made him pay three dollars damages...

Thursday. June 28th. Went to the Line in the forenoon. Painting floors in the afternoon, at Mr A Bigelow's in the eve'

Friday. June 29th. Rainy day. Papering Bed-room all day. Porty Chamblin called. Went to the Line in the eve' when it rained so hard I stoped all night with Bro' Kathan

Saturday. June 30th. Cold cloudy day. Papering the Sitting room...

Monday. July 2nd. Pleasant day. Papering the rooms all day. Towards night I walked to the Line and got paper for another room.

Tuesday. July 3rd. Warm pleasant day. Papering the Kitchen today. Moved one load of plunder from the cellar of the old place on the Plain, eve' at Bigelow's

Wednesday. July 4th. Pleasant day. Horse-trot day. Father attended the trot. Carrie and I finished papering Kitchen...

Friday. July 6th. At work all day making Carrie a "whatnot." Attended a called meeting of the Lodge in the eve'...

Thursday. July 12th. Pleasant day. Painting in the forenoon, in the afternoon took Carrie & Jane to a Menagerie which was a poor one. There was any quantity of whores about town...

Thursday. Sept 13th. Pleasant day. At work all day leveling down the dirt that has been thrown from the cellar in front of the house. Naomi Hubbard spent the afternoon with Mother. Went to the Line in the evening where I stoped all night with Bro' Kathan...

Saturday. Sept 15th. Pleasant day. In the woods nearly all day getting out timber for a frame to a Kitchen and woodhouse. Carrie came home from Sherbrooke...

Thursday. Sept 27th. Pleasant day. Made mortar for Wallingsford in the forenoon, who finished underpinning the House. Raked up the Oats in the afternoon. Went to the Line in the eve' and stoped all night with Kathan. Raised frame to Kitchen and Shed...

Tuesday. Oct 9th. Rainy cold day. At work about the Barns in the forenoon. Afternoon on the Plain getting pipe made for Franklin Stove...

Thursday. Oct 25th. Cloudy day. At work in the Garden and making front yard, all day. Went to the Line in the eve' and slept with Kathan. R P Stewart returned from his trip West. Father went to Derby for lumber.

Friday. Oct 26th. Rainy day. Commenced drawing Chip-dung from the Plain, to make terace in front of house Father went to Derby for lumber…

Next: Fire at the Terrill Mansion.

Matthew Farfan *is a historian and administrator. He is also the executive director of the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network and the president of the Colby-Curtis Museum. He is the author of* The Eastern Townships: In Town and Village *(2006);* The Eastern Townships: On Lake and River *(2008);* The Vermont-Quebec Border: Life on the Line *(2009); and* Tradition and Fraternity: the Continuing History of Golden Rule Lodge *(2020).*

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Caroline "Carrie" Martin, with calligraphy by Henry Joseph Martin. Archives of Golden Rule Lodge No. 5.

Legacy Within Their Walls

The Royal Montreal Regiment

by Julien Lehoux

Despite being firmly established at the centre of the Island of Montreal, the municipality of Westmount has always been historically different from the rest of the metropolis. Westmounters take great pride in their city's history, and their attachment to the Royal Montreal Regiment (RMR) and its armoury is a demonstration of that pride.

A jewel in the crown of Montreal's military heritage, the RMR's armoury has been comfortably housed at 4625 St. Catherine Street, close to magnificent Westmount Park, for over one hundred years. Founded during the Great War, the RMR has become a fixture on the city's skyline, with a legacy as strong as its battle feats. From its soldiers to its armoury, let us explore the regiment's history and its place within Westmount's landscape.

World War I and the founding of the RMR

Like all Canadian regiments, the RMR has a long and sometimes complex lineage. It is the result of several Montreal-based units merging over the years. Complicating things further, there were numerous changes in name, functions and structure from one conflict to the next. The creation of the first two corps of the RMR occurred in the second half of 1914, in direct response to the outbreak of the First World War a few months earlier. It was founded at a time when the federal government was increasing the number of soldiers in the army to meet the needs of this new conflict.

At the time, the Island of Montreal had several militia regiments to protect its territory from enemy invasion. As Canada was still a young nation, it was rare for its army units to be sent overseas. The First World War changed this situation, and the creation of the RMR was part of this trend, with the establishment of two distinct corps: an expeditionary corps and a reserve corps. While the reserve's mission was to protect the city, the expeditionary corps was sent to Europe shortly after its creation.

Both corps of the RMR recruited their members from the young men of the Westmount and Montreal areas. What set the new regiment apart, however, was that it was one of the first officially bilingual units. Indeed, the RMR integrated elements from two English-speaking regiments (the 1st Regiment of the Canadian Grenadier Guards and the 3rd Regiment of the Victoria Rifles of Canada) as well as one French-speaking regiment (the 65th Regiment of the Carabiniers Mont-Royal).

The RMR spent six months in intensive training in Europe before being sent to the trenches. There, the regiment first saw combat during the Battle of Ypres, from April to May 1915. This first litmus test was, however, particularly terrible for the new recruits as it was there that the German army used poison gas for the first time on the Western Front. The attack resulted in heavy losses for the Canadian army, with over 5,000 casualties in just a few hours.

The terrible losses at Ypres were fortunately followed by more heroic victories. The Battle of Vimy Ridge (April 9 to 12, 1917) was one of the most glorious episodes for the Canadian Army, and for the regiment in particular. On April 9, in harsh weather conditions and under heavy machine-gun fire, the men of the RMR threw themselves on the German positions. According to their war diary, on their piece of no-man's land:

> *The German's opposition…was particularly severe, both from their riflemen and machine guns, four in number. Many of the enemy…fought strongly to the last, showing no inclination to surrender.*

But with strong artillery support, the regiment's infantry troops succeeded in their charge:

> *Two machine gunners were put out of action by the use of Wills' Grenades, one on our extreme right…was rendered useless by Lieut. B. F. Davidson shooting the crew, who fought him with bombs, and one gun on the left was charged by Company Sergeant-Major J. F. Hurley, who unassisted bayoneted the crew of three men and captured the gun, saving many casualties to his men.*

The following day, the men of the RMR were given the opportunity to withdraw from the front line for several days and go into reserve, concluding the battle for them.

Although Vimy was a success for the RMR, casualties remained high. Indeed, mirroring the appalling conditions of the Great War, the RMR suffered almost 50% casualties at Vimy alone, with 98 killed and 176 wounded.

Despite their losses, the RMR spent

Royal Montreal Regiment logo. Public Register of Arms. gg.ca/heraldry'/public-register.

the entire war at the front and were mobilized for major battles right up to the end. With battle honours such as Festubert (1915), Mont Sorrel (1916), the Somme (1916), Passchendaele (1917) and Flanders (1918), Westmount soldiers were among the most present of the entire Canadian Army during the war. The cost of victory was terrible, however: of the 6,270 soldiers mobilized, an estimated 75% were killed or wounded during the war; 1,193 were killed at the front and a further 3,277 were wounded.

The Westmount Armoury

In 1919, at war's end, an association was created to raise funds to build an armoury for the RMR. This happened well before the federal government had any plan to do so. Until that time, Montreal regiments were forced to train in public parks or had to share the sole armoury in the city: the drill hall on what was then Craig Street. Members of the regiment felt they needed to have their own place in their own city.

The association was well ahead of the game when the government authorized construction of the Westmount armoury. Indeed, while the federal government usually covered the majority of construction costs for a new armoury, funding for the future RMR armoury came mainly from local fundraising activities. Thanks to the association's hard work, the municipality of Westmount and several private donors succeeded in raising the $180,000 that architects estimated was needed. The municipality also granted a lot of land to the RMR with a 99-year lease at a symbolic rent of $1 per year.

On July 17, 1925, construction began, with workers starting to lay the floors and first walls. That December, six months after construction began, the armoury opened for business.

The Westmount Armoury's architectural style is inspired by the Tudor Revival movement, which was particularly popular at the time. Although its Tudor features are less pronounced than in other military buildings in Montreal, the Westmount Armoury nonetheless features several characteristic elements, with a wide, almost medieval-looking doorway and turrets dominating its front façade. The interior is also very spacious, with a training room taking up most of the space. Spread over two floors, the building also houses offices, meeting rooms and messes for special occasions.

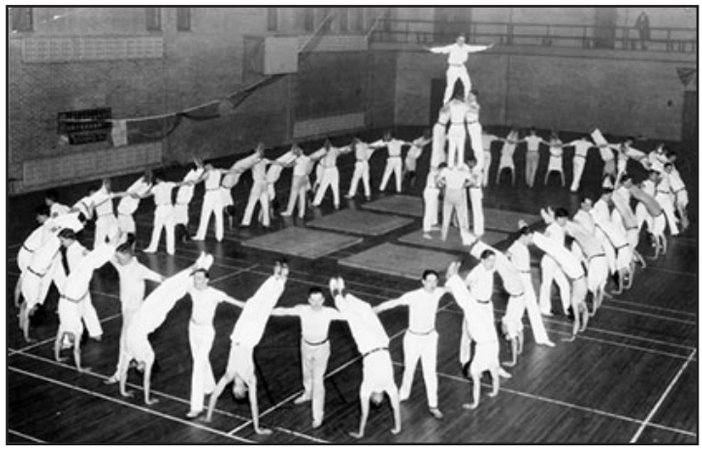
For the soldiers of the RMR, whether veterans of

Top: Shaving in a Shell Hole. Middle: Armoury: preparing to pour main floor, 1925. Photos courtesy of the Royal Montreal Regiment Museum.

Bottom: Royal Montreal Regiment building. Photo: Jean Gagnon.

the Great War or new recruits, the construction of the arena meant above all that they could centralize their activities in one place. After all, the war had shown the necessity of having a well-run unit. The Armoury is used primarily for troop training. A photo on the next page shows members of the regiment perform a particularly impressive gymnastic exercise in the gymnasium, in March 1930.

The Armoury also became an important place of remembrance for the regiment, beginning with the installation in the main hall of a commemorative plaque bearing the names of the victims of the Great War. The Second Battle of Ypres is also commemorated. The photo at right depicts RMR officers gathering at the armoury in April 1945 to honour those who fell in the battle. (The plaque commemorating the Great War victims can be seen in the background.) The spirit of the fallen is always with new recruits.



Continuous service

The news of Canada's participation in the Second World War came as no surprise. The RMR was sent to Great Britain in December 1939. Garrison duty and training quickly became routine for the troops: a photo (below, right) shows two soldiers from the RMR training with a Bren light machine gun. Some soldiers even helped local farmers tend their fields (below left).

Soldiers were gradually transferred from one unit to another. It was only on July 28, 1944, that the regiment was deployed to France, where it joined the 1st Canadian Army. The first few weeks were relatively quiet; soldiers stayed busy with small tasks such as patrols, escorts and reconnaissance missions. The regiment's real baptism of fire came on September 17, 1944. At that time, the RMR was attached to the Regina Rifles and ordered to accompany it to the front in the vicinity of Cap Gris-Nez, in the Pas-de-Calais. This position, then held by the German army, was attacked by the Regina Rifles and 30 soldiers from the RMR. To quote from the regiment's official book:

It would be a satisfaction to state that the attack on [Cap Gris-Nez] on September 17 in which the 30 men of the R.M.R. took part was an immediate and overwhelming success. But the statement would be untrue. Actually, after initial success, the attack was checked by the ferocity of the enemy's defensive fighting.

Indeed, with their elevated position and reinforced defenses, the Germans had no difficulty in stopping the Canadian attack. However, the RMR could take comfort in two things: despite the defeat, their losses were extremely low, with only one casualty, and their performance was greatly noticed by their comrades in the Regina Rifles.

Having demonstrated that they were not afraid of grit, the regiment was kept

Photos courtesy of the Royal Montreal Regiment Museum.

at the front throughout *Operation Undergo* (September 22 to October 1, 1944), which aimed to liberate the French coast from German occupation.

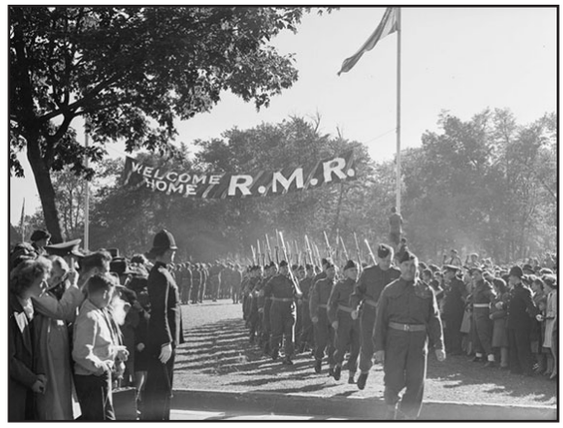
On October 5, in preparation for the liberation of Belgium, the RMR was involved in what was to be its most important operation of the war: the crossing of the Leopold Canal. The mission was initially entrusted to the Regina Rifles, but several RMR soldiers, keen to take part in the fighting, asked to be included in the operation. On the night of October 5-6, the Canadians set off across the canal in small landing craft. However, the German defense was fierce: machine guns hit several boats, inflicting heavy losses on the Westmounters. Despite this adversity, the RMR managed to reach the opposite bank and maintain a bridgehead under heavy fire. The small group was severely weakened by the lack of ammunition and the many wounded. However, they held their position until reinforcements from the Regina Rifles arrived. With their support, the Canadian forces were finally able to regroup and rout the Wehrmacht.

Although the RMR continued to fight in the days that followed, in what became known as the Battle of the Scheldt, the losses incurred in crossing the Leopold Canal were immense. As historian Hudson Halcro notes, on October 6 alone the RMR suffered almost 280 casualties – dead and wounded. However, this did not stop the regiment from fighting on until the end of the war.

The Regimental Museum

After the Second World War, the RMR returned as a reserve regiment. Although its participation in military operations has dropped drastically since the biggest conflict in history, its members are still active in various missions led by Canada and the United Nations; in recent years, several soldiers were mobilized in Afghanistan.

Over the course of the world wars and its missions, the RMR has built up a strong heritage with numerous accumulated objects. In 1974, in order to collect these objects and celebrate the regiment's stories, members founded the Royal Montreal Regiment Museum within the walls of the Westmount Armoury. The museum occupies one room, but every nook and cranny is packed with artefacts of all kinds.



In recent years, museum staff have updated the permanent exhibition, which puts a strong focus on the social aspect of military life. For example, alongside old uniforms and firearms, exhibits feature sports equipment and war finds. In this respect, the museum is very dear to veterans and their families, and it regularly receives new donations. As a result, over the past few years, several employees have been working on cataloguing the collection, in order to document it properly and make it publicly available. Some of the results of this important work can be found on their website, where dozens of objects may be consulted virtually.

*

The RMR armoury is a perfect example of a building that serves both the regiment's military activities and its heritage. Within the building, as new recruits train in the gymnasiums, over 100 years of regimental history are carefully documented and meticulously preserved for posterity. The armoury still houses a strong and rich heritage that represents, for many, the memory of all those who have trodden the ranks of the regiment, from the Great War to the mission in Afghanistan.

Since its foundation, the Royal Montreal Regiment has made significant sacrifices on the battlefield. Today, these contributions can be found within its walls. Through its artifacts, commemorative plaques and stories, the regiment embodies an entire section of the military history of Westmount and, more broadly, of the country.

***Julien Lehoux** holds a Master's in History and another in Museology from the Université du Québec à Montréal. His research centres on Canadian participation in the Second World War (particularly on the Asian front), the experiences of imprisonment and internment, and remembrance issues. Since 2021, he has worked as the content coordinator at Je me Souviens. He would like to thank Anthony Badame, Marina Smyth, Colin Robinson and Ron Zemancik from the RMR Museum for their help in writing this article.*

***Je Me Souviens** is a learning program from Canada Company that works with several Quebec regimental museums to provide free teaching materials to supplement the Quebec History curriculum. Offering turnkey activities, travelling exhibitions, and interactive online exhibitions, Je Me Souviens strives to help students gain a greater knowledge of Quebec's role in military conflicts throughout the last 100+ years. For more information: jemesouviens.org.*

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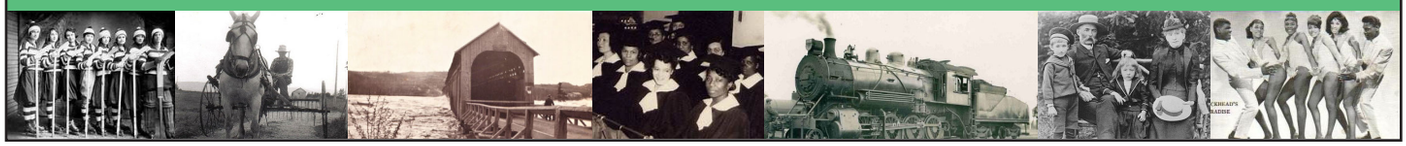

The Source of the Gatineau

by Joseph Graham

Nicolas Gastineau Duplessis arrived in New France in 1649 and began work as a clerk for the Company of One Hundred Associates. He may never have known that the company had been created to capture trade and the colony from French Protestants who had imagined and founded the colony in a quest for religious freedom. His employment brought him to Trois Rivières, and he soon found business opportunities across the St. Maurice River at the Indigenous markets in Cap des Trois-Rivières. The word 'cap' indicated a point of land extending into the water, the opposite of a bay. At the time he was there, the point of land was in the process of housing a Jesuit project to convert the Indigenous people who were present. It then became Cap de la Magdeleine, and later, Cap de la Madeleine.

At that time, La Madeleine was a marketplace where the Algonquin Indians from the Ottawa Valley and the upper Laurentians came to trade with the French. These same Algonquin had shared peacefully with their Wendat neighbours to the west of the Ottawa River on Lake Huron since time before memory, but the arrival of Europeans upset those trading patterns. The Wendat, whom the French called Huron, were Iroquoian farmers capable of supplying grain to the Ottawa, the Algonquin and the other nations that surrounded them. As an expression of their appreciation, these nations would offer their products – canoes, clothing, dried fruit and meat – leaving them and the Wendat access to a shared wealth.

The Algonquin met Champlain and the Company of One Hundred Associates, and they tried to act as intermediaries between the huge Wendat culture and the French. Their easiest route to get to the French at Quebec and Trois Rivières was to go down the Ottawa and then up the St. Lawrence rivers. The problem with this route, though, was that the Mohawk nation, trading with the Dutch and later the English, controlled the St. Lawrence River and were experiencing pressure to supply their European partners. These Europeans were happy to trade in guns, upsetting the balance that the Indigenous nations had lived in for a long time. Neither they nor the Mohawk were welcomed at French ports. Being allied with the European enemies of France, the Mohawk were unwillingly and unwittingly perceived as taking sides in the European Wars of Religion that had raged ever since King Henry VIII, Martin Luther and Jean Calvin left the Catholic Church. The Mohawk and other Indigenous nations did not have to know about European politics and wars to find themselves in the middle of them.

For the Mohawk, who possessed guns, Algonquin canoes laden with Wendat, Ottawa and Algonquin furs being transported to the French were easy pickings. The Mohawk waited in ambush, taking the booty and thereby fulfilling their obligations to the Dutch and English.

In some seasons the Mohawk were not a danger, but it was difficult to predict, so the Algonquin began to use different routes, to the north. One such route took them up the Gatineau River to the small mountain lakes that feed it. From there they would follow streams and portage across to the mountain lakes that feed the St. Maurice River. The trip down the St. Maurice brought them to Cap de la Madeleine, where the St. Maurice empties into the mighty St. Lawrence – and downstream from incursions that the Mohawk might inflict. It was with these traders that Nicolas Gastineau Duplessis established his credentials.

From 1651 until he disappears from the records in 1681, Gastineau Duplessis became known as an important fur trader, and no doubt he, too, would have made the arduous trip up the Mauricie and across the lakes, travelling from his home on the St. Lawrence River to theirs on the Ottawa River without using either of those two important arteries.

Gastineau Duplessis's son, Jean-Baptiste, started his career in the employ of the explorer Daniel Greysolon Dulhut, working later for the intendant Jean Bochart de Champigny, both occupations taking him to the upper Mississippi and the Detroit area. After that, he was involved in business in Trois Rivières and in iron works in the Mauricie. It is hard to confirm if he traded with the Algonquin in Cap de la Madeleine or if he travelled up along the Gatineau. Some sources state that the Gatineau River was named for his father, and at least one authoritative source, Pierre Georges Roy, writing in 1906, suggests that Nicolas Gastineau Duplessis probably drowned in the river, thereby connecting his name to it. Other sources mention that both the father and some of his sons maintained a trading post, but no mention is made in the record of his son Jean-Baptiste, and no other son is specifically named.

The spelling of the river's name without the 's' may be significant in that it was also spelled 'Lettinoe' on a map prepared in 1783, and later, Colonel By spelled it Gatteno, while Jean-Baptiste Perrault's maps from 1830 used an Indigenous name, spelling it Àgatinung. This would lend credence to a completely different naming origin suggested by Jean Cournoyer in *Le Dictionnaire des Noms Propres de Québec (Le Petit JEAN)*. Cournoyer describes the naming as having possibly come from the Algonquin whose name for it – spelled 'tenagatin' – meant 'the river that goes up forever.' The name suggests that the source of the river could not be found – or at least could not be defined. They could always find an alternate source, a stream or creek that suggested they were not yet at the beginning of the river. This naming legend seems to fit well with their use of the river and their detailed explorations of it, the lakes that feed it and the many navigable streams that allowed them to travel across a mountain range to reach the St. Lawrence at Cap de la Madeleine. Such a naming story would be a worthy way of commemorating the skills of the Laurentian and Ottawa Valley Algonquin.

These explanations came into our history because

Indigenous nations allied with the French, but unaware of the Christian wars across the Atlantic Ocean, needed to find a way of avoiding enemies who were also unwittingly being driven by these same religious wars. These northern river valleys and lakes served as a refuge from wars that were opaque to them, a history whose origin carried less meaning than the flow of the river and the security it afforded them. As with the river itself, we may never find the source of its name or where it originated but we may be able, one day, to put aside old differences and learn to live together without disrupting the lives of our neighbours.

***Joseph Graham**'s 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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A Cause for Celebration

The Filipino Heritage Society of Montreal

by Julie Miller

"Bayanihan" is a Tagalog word, which expresses the deeply held value and Filipino cultural practice of assisting one another in the community. It is about providing help without expecting a reward, and it is this spirit than undoubtedly guides and inspires the ten members of the governing board of the Filipino Heritage Society of Montreal. The group is led by its chairman, Alfonso "Al" Abdon, who has been in that position since 2018, the year when the Canadian government unanimously passed Motion 155, declaring June to be Filipino Heritage Month.

Prior to the federal government's decision, there had already been a movement at the municipal level in several cities across Canada to establish Filipino Heritage Month. One of the first cities to do so officially (and unanimously) was Montreal, in February of 2018. This is perhaps surprising, given Quebec's relatively small Filipino population. The number of Filipino-Canadians living in the province has grown significantly, from 14,965 in 1996 to 44,880 in 2021. Even so, the communities in Ontario, B.C., and Manitoba are much larger, totalling almost a million people across the country. Nevertheless, Filipinos in Quebec have made important contributions to society, notably in nursing and caregiving, but in other sectors as well, and there is a lot of support from community and business leaders for this to be recognized. The Montreal motion was spearheaded by former NDG and Côte-des-Neiges borough councillor, Marvin Rotrand, who prior to being a town councillor had been a history teacher. "Marvin is very close to the community," Al Abdon explains. "His support has been outstanding."

Top: The upper Gatineau River. Photo: Nick Close.

Bottom: Image courtesy of the Filipino Heritage Society of Montreal.

"We were all elated when the motion passed!" Abdon laughs. "But then we wondered, what do we do now?" The answer was to establish an organization to promote heritage not only in June but throughout the year – and the Filipino Heritage Society of Montreal (FHS) was born.

The Montreal Filipino community has been a very active one: "There are at least ten to twelve Filipino groups and associations, some active in sport or culture, others in education or social services," Abdon says. "In total, these groups put on about thirty events over the whole year. We've developed a collaboration with these groups. We brought them all together and supported their activities with sponsorship or volunteers to help out. But our number one mandate is to promote Filipino heritage. What we are trying to do is unite all the Filipino-Canadians together. Before 2018, the groups did their own thing. Now, one by one, we try to collaborate: we have events, we reach out to them personally and we build bridges."

One of the ways the Filipino Heritage Society brings people together is through an annual award for excellence and recognition. Each year, the ceremony rewards six to eight individuals whose contributions raise the visibility of Filipino-Canadians. Opportunities for community involvement are numerous: there is a choir, a traditional dance company, and a newspaper; there are nursing support groups, groups for seniors, and others for workers rights; there is a Filipino basketball league, and even a chess group who play in the evenings in Van Horne Park.

Al Abdon's family began to put down roots in Canada when his wife, Corazon Diaz Abdon, arrived in 1974 to work as a nurse. She sponsored her husband to come two years later; now their daughter is a nurse, and their granddaughter is studying to become one. "Very few hospitals here do not have Filipino nurses," Abdon states. "Filipinos are known for caring; loyalty is an important value. There is this idea of caring that is unique to our culture." This thought is echoed across the country. York University's Dr. Ethel Tungohan, a Filipino-Canadian who holds the Canada Research Chair in Canadian Migration Policy, Impacts and Activism, has been quoted as saying that Filipino culture is "grounded in the ethics of care."

The very first known Filipino immigrant to Canada was fisherman and trapper Benson Flores, who settled in B.C. on Bowen Island in 1861, eventually becoming the owner of the first boat rental operations on the island. However, immigration from the Philippines and other Asian countries was increasingly restricted by a series of xenophobic policies beginning in the 1880s. These were finally lifted in 1967.

Corazon Diaz was part of the first wave of Filipino immigrants that began in the 1950s and increased in the early 1970s in response to openings in the job market. Many were professionals, including nurses, teachers, and engineers, who came on their own initiative; garment workers were also recruited at this time, mostly to work in Manitoba. The labour needs in Canada coincided with increasing economic and political instability in the Philippines due to fallout from a long colonial past and the declaration of martial law in 1972 by the autocrat Ferdinand Marcos.

The second wave of immigration took shape in earnest in the early 1980s, with Canada actively recruiting Filipinas as domestic workers, as they were well-trained and spoke English (one of the official languages of the Philippines; the other is Filipino). From 1980 to 2009, these programs were responsible for 25% of total Filipino immigration. "Most of these people were very smart, dynamic and hardworking," Abdon explains. "After fulfilling their caregiving contracts, they became entrepreneurs and business owners. They had experienced hardship in the Philippines, which made them want to succeed as a point of pride. There are many Filipino-owned businesses in the Côte-des-Neiges area."

The third wave is ongoing and includes international students and workers who are recruited according to Canada's needs in the job market, such as truck drivers or butchers. Here in Quebec, Filipinos rank third after Guatemalans and Mexicans as temporary foreign workers. Currently, Quebec has seen the highest increase of foreign temporary workers in Canada, but the lowest rate of those going on to achieve permanent residency; the low rate is mostly due to French language requirements. Despite this, Filipino communities outside of Montreal are growing; there is a community of about 300 in Thetford Mines, many of them employed by Metallurgie Castech. A smaller community thrives in Richmond, while up in Chibougamou, Filipino workers represent 20% of the workforce at Chantiers Chibougamou.

Frédéric Verreault, executive director of Corporate Development for the company, is quoted in *Le Devoir* as saying that the Filipino workers are essential for the company, as they are able to deliver its orders and are essential for their contribution to the Quebec economy. "François Legault has said [concerning immigrants] 'We need to accept fewer but take care of them.' We feel that we need to accept more and take even better care of them."

For more information about the Filipino Heritage Society, visit filipinoheritage.ca.

Julie Miller *is a storyteller, musician, and coordinator of the QAHN's "SHARE" program.*

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Lost Corners

Where in the world is Pine River?

by Heather Darch

In the spirit of QAHN's popular "Raising Spirits" documentary film series that searches for cemeteries, crossroads and vanishing places in rural Quebec, this series of articles called "Lost Corners" explores disappearing communities across Quebec.

The community of Pine River stretched from Saint-Gabriel-de-Valcartier to Sainte-Catherine (now Shannon) in the Capitale-Nationale region of Quebec. As Debbie Chakour of the Saint-Gabriel-de-Valcartier Historical Committee says, "Think of Shannon to the west, Saint-Gabriel-de-Valcartier to the east, with the military base in-between, and you will have a good idea of the geography." The military base she references is CFB Valcartier, and it is at the centre of the story about a community that was wiped off the map.

Beginning in 1816, politician John Neilson (1776-1848) began settling Irish and Scottish immigrants, as well as a number of Americans, into the forested Jacques Cartier River valley. By 1828, he had attracted 500 people to the region and a similar number to nearby properties of the former Jesuit Estates. Settlers with names like Maher, Donovan, Barry, Guilfoyle, Neville, McGlennan, O'Shea, McCarthy, Campbell and Conway represented the first intrepid families living in the settlement of Pine River.

The Pine River settlement had access not only to the river running through it (Rivière aux Pins), but to at least eight lakes that supported numerous saw and lumber mills. Delightful oral history accounts tell how Pine River residents gave their own names to water sources and roads and creatively jumbled the languages. Lac à l'Île was sometimes called "Patience Lake" because "one needed a lot of patience to fish there." Bullow Lake (Lac Bouleau) had the region's fire tower. The Rivière aux Pins was often called "River aux Pins" and was sometimes pronounced "River aux pa." The road furthest north was called Rushabuck Range, pronounced "Roosh-a-buck" – the usage likely originating from the Irish words "rua uisce a bosq," meaning reddish-brown water and forest bush. The southernmost road called Lake Hayes Range, was known as the Rock Range because "there used to be rocks and terrible blueberries."

In 1912, with the Great War looming, Canada's Department of Militia and Defence needed property for the training of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces. Land in St. Gabriel and Shannon were expropriated for the future site of Camp Valcartier. In 1914, a second wave of land acquisitions resulted in one hundred farmers in St. Gabriel losing their land and some 1,153 acres and ten families expropriated in Shannon. At the time, people saw the expropriation as part of their service to the war effort. The third wave of expropriation, much later, became quite another matter.

In 1965, the Federal Government expanded Camp Valcartier northward into Pine River and Shannon. The expropriation involved 10,000 acres of land, including rivers, lakes, and forests, from the 7th to the 11th Ranges, and it also took 2,600 acres belonging to the Murdock Lumbering Company, resulting in the loss of income for many families.

Danny Neville, who grew up in Shannon, remembers how his parents and grandparents were

Top: Conway Bridge on Gosford Road, Pine River. Photo: Allison Kirkwood.

Bottom: The empty territory of Pine River. Photo: Allison Kirkwood.

affected by the expropriation. His paternal grandparents, John Neville and Mary Ellen Guilfoyle, had died before the takeover, but their farm on the 7th Range had passed to Danny's parents, Michael Neville and Mona Conway, who rented out the house every summer to people longing to spend their summers in the country. "It was cruel," Neville says. "The government just laid down eviction papers and told people they couldn't cut their wood anymore, use the bush or farm the land. You need to sell your cattle, horses and farm animals and take your household belongings and move out. It was a disaster for everyone concerned." Danny's mother, Mona, was interviewed at the time and said, "When the army warned us that everyone would have to leave their properties, it was a real shock… the government is forcing us to leave."

The disproportionate price offered for compensation was also viewed by Shannon and Pine River residents as "underhanded." As Danny Neville explains, "If someone owned less than an acre, they received $7,000, but if the land was 180 acres, including a house, woodlot and farm buildings, a person received only $13,000 for everything." Government officials warned that "the more land that gets confiscated… the less someone will get per acre." It was a strategy designed to remove the smaller pockets of land first and then isolate those with larger properties. Without access to the river, the lakes and the roads, the landowners were cut off from their own property and livelihood.

"There was something unjust," Neville says. His grandparents' widowed neighbour, Therese White, who lived on the 8th Range, lost everything. He was there when she closed the door on her home for the last time. "Emotions were running high! It was horrible." Raymond McGrory of Valcartier summed up the affair to a reporter when she said, "It is the dirtiest deal we ever got."

Pine River scenes, 1930-1955.
Photos courtesy of Saint-Gabriel-de-Valcartier Historical Committee.

Bottom: Canadian Forces Base, c.1914.
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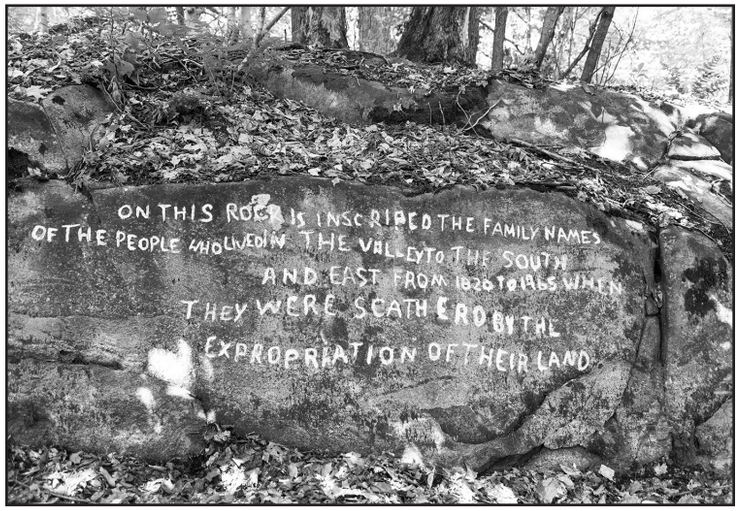

As for Danny Neville's maternal grandparents, William Conway and Mary Griffin, the expropriation stopped just short of their land on the 8th Range. This happened primarily because of the relentless efforts of their daughter Mona, who was determined to save her parents' home in order to protect their disabled son Steven. She saved their property, but the stress was terrible for everyone involved. Many people became sick and were under a doctor's care afterwards. Young people left and older people settled as close as they could into the English-speaking communities in the region. Their way of life forever changed. Shannon was greatly diminished and Pine River, as they knew it, was gone.

In a final act of defiance, Pine River resident Eddy Conway slipped back into the restricted area of Camp Valcartier and carved the names of all the expropriated families on a rock along with the message: "On this rock is inscribed the family names of the people who lived in the valley to the south and east from 1820 to 1965 when they were scattered by the expropriation of their land."

Danny Neville's recollections of his youth in Pine River include his Grandma Conway's pet turkey that followed her everywhere, large family gatherings at Christmas, toboggan sliding "even on grass," fishing and hunting small game in the pine forest, and even the telephone's party line ("one long, two short!").

His thoughts on the government's actions reveal the profound loss beyond the physical structures of homes and farms: "They took away memories, traditions, and the spirit of the land. They took away moments like watching the fog settle on the fields in the evenings or rising in the mornings. They took away the smell of the forest bush, the wild raspberries, the swamps with their tadpoles. The people of Pine River lost their whole lives, everything they worked for, everything they died for."

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.*

Thank you to Debbie Chakour and Danny Neville, and the Saint-Gabriel-de-Valcartier Historical Committee and the Shannon Historical Society

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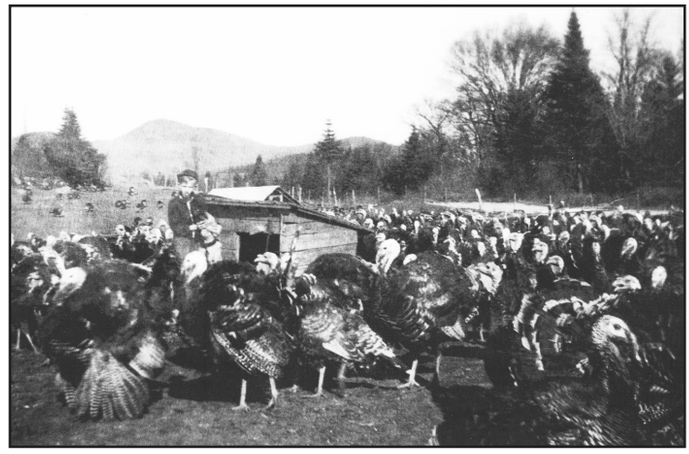


Top: Conway's Rock, Pine River.
Photo: Allison Kirkwood.

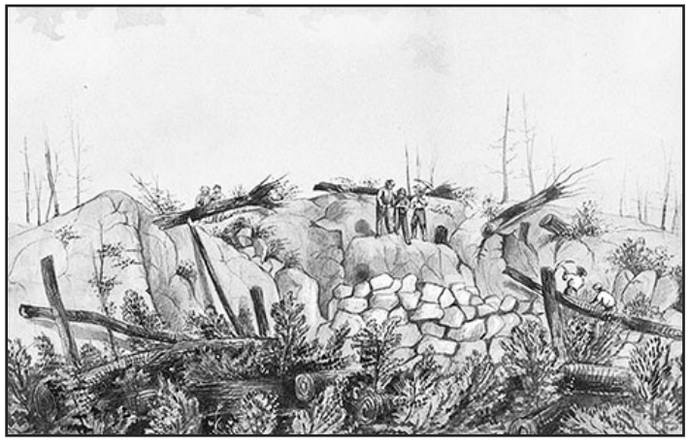
Bottom: Pine River turkey farm, c.1947.
Photo courtesy of Saint-Gabriel-de-Valcartier Historical Committee.

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.

I am keen to make contact with publishers who might be interested in printing the full unedited version of this small, somewhat unknown piece of Canadian history.



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Acton, Upton, Brompton, Marmora and New York

Having prospected without much success at many sites throughout the Eastern Townships, Josiah Holman set his sights on Acton. It was now late October, and winter chills greeted him as he set out at dawn. After some delays, Holman reconnected with John Cummins, an agent for the British American Land Company (BALC) who had previously identified a promising source of copper near Upton, west of Acton.

> *Drove out North of Upton 2 h miles and saw the Copper Vein which we intend to make a trial of. It shows good specimens of rich yellow ores stained with green Carbonate of Copper near surface on Limestone formation but I fear very much that it will not be found to concentrate in any great body of Ores. The veins are split up and distorted. Nevertheless such indications may be thrown up from a large deposit underneath and as it is probable that 2 or 3 weeks labour will either make a great change in the speculation either for better or worse. I have recommended such trial being made. The Proprietor of the Land was from home, consequently Mr Cummins will call on him on 24th inst. and will let me know the result at Sherbrooke on the 26th inst.*

Having agreed to this course of action, Holman made his way back to Sherbrooke and the Magog House Hotel.

Calling in at the BALC, office he was informed that company secretary Alexander Galt had returned to Montreal, but had left a message saying he "had written the Mining Co. in London advising them to allow myself & 2 Men to come out next Spring to continue our exploration." Galt was of the view that the cost of such a venture was inconsequential in relation to the significant result that might come about, especially as Holman was now more acquainted with the country and its terrain.

> *As Mr Galt has left this part of the business with me to manage, instead of giving them a months notice before the trial is made of the veins at Acton and Upton I shall enter into an agreement with them to pay them their full time till arrival in Liverpool.*

This arrangement would allow for the two to three week completion of the trial of the copper veins north of Upton, should Cummins receive permission, and would also cover any time the men spent in New York, plus the week and a half to cross the Atlantic.

This being Sunday, Holman spent time writing letters to England: one to his father, one to his wife, and a third to his old friend John Tregonning. He indicated that he expected to be home around the middle of December. To Elizabeth he said how thrilled he was that she and the new baby were both well; the boy, to be named Josiah, had been born on October 10. After posting the letters Holman "attended English Church at Sherbrooke in the evening. As usual a collection."

Holman woke to a rainy morning. He arranged for a wagon and drove about 18 miles toward Dudswell. Just after midday, he encountered his team of prospectors, who were busy exploring several small creeks around Stoke Mountain. They had panned some specks of gold but had not uncovered any mineral veins during their digging. By mid-afternoon, light rain had turned to snow, and Holman instructed the men to return to their accommodation at William Sutcliffe's in Dudswell.

Next day, the miners were forced to stay indoors, since the snow had

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continued to fall through the night and morning, and by midday lay around six inches deep. It had melted enough by the following morning for them to leave Dudswell and head towards Sherbrooke. On the way, they stopped in the Township of Westbury, where Holman left the men to explore while he pressed on.

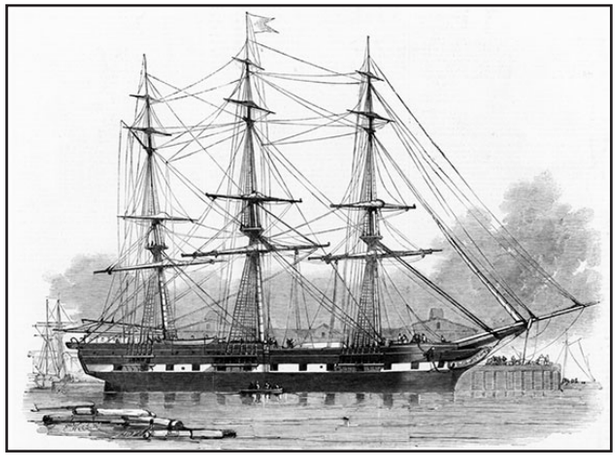
> *[I] was driven on a Wagon to Sherbrooke, called on Mr Galt but not having seen Mr Cummins could not decide anything about disposing of our men either at Acton or elsewhere. At 8 p.m. Mr Cummins called on me at the Magog Hotel. He said that he saw Mr Galt at the Railing Depot here, and that I must go and examine some Copper reported to exist at Brompton Lake. Mr Cummins stated that the owner of the Land at Upton wanted 300/-/- currency for the Mineral Right or 600/-/- for Mineral and Land. Shall see Mr Galt on the 31st to settle this business. For my part I would not purchase the Mineral right or land either before proving of the Mineral appear to be lasting in depth - and this can only be ascertained by making a trial of it by Miners.*

The following morning, Holman checked in at the BALC office and collected £15 on account. He then visited a number of liveries to find a cart or wagon to take him to Brompton Lake, some 13 miles to the west. He also "made enquiries of a Mr Ross about a canoe for going down Brompton." As the snow had mostly melted, he left by wagon at nine o'clock. After negotiating around a number of trees that had fallen on the road after the heavy snowstorms, Holman arrived at the head of Brompton Lake in the early afternoon. He located a guide who had a canoe and agreed to take him across the lake. They paddled some four miles before reaching an open log shanty on the far bank at four o'clock. "In the evening made a fire on the beach and drew a net catching 2 large trout & 10 herrings." While the shanty was welcome, it did little to diminish the freezing temperatures.

After an uncomfortable night, Holman and his guide rose early and headed for Carbuncle Mountain on the southern side of the lake. Landing, Holman observed two or three small patches of copper greens on the face of a vertical rock some 150 to 200 feet above. He directed the guide to climb up and break away a number of yellow rock pieces about the size of a French nut. Examining these, as well as others nearby, Holman could not see any veins in the hard greenstone type rock. He decided that no further research was necessary, and they returned to the shanty.

> *At 10 - tried the net but took no fish. Our guide said we should not get any in the daylight. Left at 1 o'clock and got to the head of the river in 1½ hours.*

After paying and thanking the guide, Holman returned to Sherbrooke through partially thawed muddy snow. There, he met the men who had returned from Westbury. They had explored a quarry with some very fine specimens of slate and found a five foot vein of quartz nearby, but there were no traces of any significant mineral. After a Sunday spent relaxing, examining maps, updating notes, and attending church, Holman took the cart and drove seven miles to the slate quarry in the hope that the slate would be of a quality to manufacture for roofing. Unfortunately, it was not. At this point, given the imminent onset of winter, Holman decided that there was no opportunity to carry out more detailed investigation. If the Upton venture did not proceed, he would recommend to Galt that the men return immediately to England.



The Cornelius Grinnell, from Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion, 1852.

Back in Sherbrooke, Holman eventually met with Galt, who informed him that BALC in London did not wish him to proceed further with the Upton mineral lease proposition. Holman then "gave the Men notice that they would leave Sherbrooke for New York on route to England on Wednesday where they one and all appeared to be glad to return." He then "Paid off some Bills owing on the Mining Company's Accnt." He spent most of the next day packing his valise and carpet bag. Most of the heavy tools would be left behind, along with the mining equipment needed for next year's exploration; the BALC arranged for all this to be stored in a barn nearby.

Holman and the other men met early at the station in Sherbrooke to catch the seven o'clock train to Montreal.

> *Mr Galt went by same car to Montreal and I had a long conversation with him relative to future operations in the event of the Company sending us out in the Spring of 1854.*

The train arrived at eleven o'clock and Holman promptly went shopping for a pair of comfortable moccasins to take home. Next morning, he met the men at the station in Longueuil and purchased rail tickets to Burlington, Whitehall, and then Troy, where they would catch a boat down the Hudson River to New York. Unfortunately:

> *Arriving at Troy the Boat had left half an hour previous and no Boat being about to follow until the next evening I determined to stop overnight at Troy and start next morning by Rail for New York.*

They all rose early to catch the eight o'clock train to New York, completing the 150 mile journey in just over four hours. They then took a carriage to the Glasgow Steam Packet office, only to find there were no steerage berths available and that the second-class berths cost $50. After some discussion among the men, it was agreed they would receive $55

each, thus allowing them to make their own way home to Cornwall as they choose. The men purchased tickets on board the Cornelius Grinnell packet ship, which was expected to leave for Liverpool during the ensuing week. Then they all walked to William Robertson's, 62 Greenwich Street, New York, a commercial building with businesses at street level and accommodation on the upper floors.

After thanking the men for their assistance and wishing them well in their journey home, Holman walked for five minutes along Vesey and Church Streets to the Western Hotel at 9 Cortland Street, where he booked a room. The Western Hotel was one of the finest in New York offering a high standard of service with bellhops and attentive waiters. A spacious lobby led to an elegant restaurant and a fine bar.

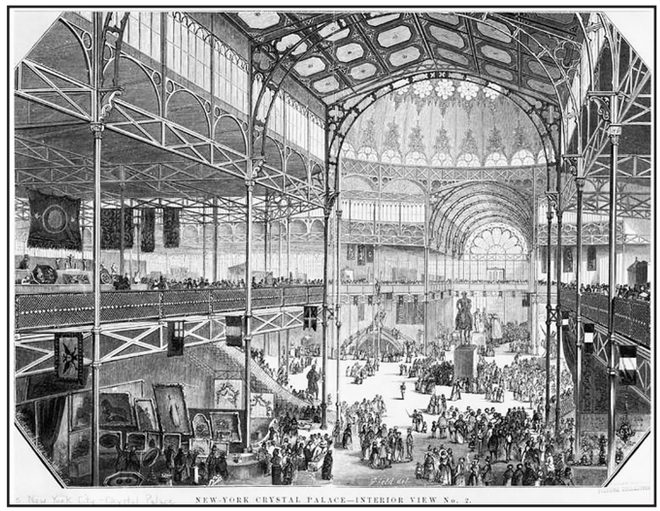
Holman then took a carriage to Crystal Palace, which had been recently opened in Bryant Park on 42nd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenue. From the street the structure rose over 100 feet and covered seven acres. Holman was particularly impressed by the huge iron columns, girders and glass dome interior. He spent the day examining the machinery and mineral exhibitions provided by the State Department, as well as the picture gallery. He stayed until nine o'clock in the evening.

> *The foreign stalls were not so filled as I expected. Nevertheless it gave me great satisfaction. The picture gallery excellent, and the interior of the building was very tasty. About 10000 people admitted. Refreshment rooms good.*

Holman spent Sunday writing letters. One was to John Tregonning, requesting that the six miners be paid five months full pay less what had been advanced through the Miners Bank. He also wrote Elizabeth, informing her of his plans and the likely day he would arrive home in Chacewater.

But Holman's journey had one final leg. Next day, he rose early, ate a quick breakfast, and arranged for the bellhop to hail a cab to the station, where he bought a $6.95 ticket for the six o'clock train to Cape Vincent, on the New York side of the St. Lawrence River. It was a 400-mile journey, via Troy and Rome, which took a full day. Holman had time to walk to the wharf at Cape Vincent and catch the seven o'clock steamer across the river to Kingston, Canada West, which arrived at nine o'clock. He found accommodation at the North American Hotel, 77 Princess Street, near the docks, $1.50 per day.

Snow had started falling, and by morning there were heavy drifts, which were slowly being dispersed by rain. The cold weather was taking its toll: Holman came down with a heavy cold. He rested until mid-afternoon, and then took a carriage to the wharf to catch the four o'clock steamer to Belleville. Unfortunately, a late evening storm had built up across Lake Ontario, forcing the steamer to take shelter in a nearby bay. By morning, the waters had calmed enough for the steamer to continue, reaching Belleville at three o'clock. Holman disembarked, walked to his accommodation, and then arranged for a horse for the following day.



At 8 a.m. on a fine but frosty morning, Holman left Belleville at travelled thirty miles on horseback to Marmora, Canada West. The road was not much more than a track. While crossing

> *a plank bridge the horses hoof slipped through a board. The horse fell and with difficulty saved a broken leg to it. I was thrown. Had my wind knocked out for a short time but received no other hurt.*

After walking for a while, Holman then mounted and continued on through to the small village of Stirling, arriving in Marmora mid-afternoon. He booked a room for two nights at the St. James Hotel, 33 Forsyth Street, an impressive establishment that offered 40 elegant guest rooms and stables for horses. Holman arranged to visit the Marmora Iron Mine the following morning.

After breakfast, Holman rode to the Blairton iron mine site some five miles to the west on the shores of Lake Crowe. He was immediately impressed by the scale and size of the open pit construction. Walking a little further, he examined several fine iron ores on a farm belonging to the mine site and inspected some of the marble and lithographic stone formations at Marble Point at the entrance of Crowe River.

Finding shelter from the cold and wind, he spent some time writing notes, which would form part of his Iron Mine Report for the gentleman in Montreal who engaged him. He then returned to his hotel in Marmora, but early the following morning he rode to the smelting works alongside the Marmora River. Here, he examined the many water wheels, some of them measured over 25 feet in diameter, with paddles over six feet wide used to pump two massive bellows. There were few people about; the area was mainly deserted, the smelting works having been closed since 1849. Holman took notes while viewing the two well-constructed stone furnace houses. He was back in Marmora just before midday, collected his valise from the hotel, and rode to Belleville, where he returned his horse to the livery.

The following morning, he took a carriage to the Belleville dock and caught a boat at noon to Kingston, where he arrived at 11 p.m. While the boat may have been slow against the headwinds, the excellent accommodation on the well-appointed steamer more than made up for a longer voyage. He then took the 7 a.m. steamer 70 miles up the St. Lawrence, arriving at Prescott by noon. From Prescott, he took another

Interior, Crystal Palace, New York, 1853. Boweryboyshistory.com.

steamer across Lake Ontario to Ogdensburg, where he had a quick dinner at the stately St. Lawrence Hotel, on the corner of Ford and State Streets. A train at two o'clock took him to Montreal, where he arrived at 10 p.m.

Holman had hoped to collect any letters that might have arrived for him at the BALC office before he left Canada, but after much searching was unable to find the address of the clerk who might open up the office. Holman took the 6 a.m. train to New York, where he arrived at 9 p.m. and caught a cab to William Robinson's at 62 Greenwich Street.

Josiah Holman returned to England in early December. He made his way to London and discussed his report with Thomas Devas, a director of the BALC who had first recruited Holman for the expedition.

On December 19, 1853, at the BALC special general meeting held at the London Tavern, Mr. J. J. Cumming stated:

> *Capt. Holman and six miners had proceeded to the estates of the company in June last in order to make an exploration for minerals. The search, on the whole, was not of a very satisfactory character, because although gold was found in various localities, and, also, they were not found in sufficient quantities to warrant extensive working. The survey, however, was of a very hasty character, and Capt. Holman had scarcely reached Montreal on his return home, when Mr Galt, the Commissioner, telegraphed for him to say, that important information had been received of gold deposits and washings of a very great value. The message, however, was too late, as Capt. Halman had left Montreal. Mr Galt then dispatched the company's surveyor with some assistance to the place, and they had succeeded in procuring and sending home a box of specimens, which, when examined by competent persons in this country, were declared to contain gold of a rich quality, and very similar to that found in California. The specimens were sent a few days ago to Messrs Johnson and Mathey to be assayed, but their report has not as yet, been received.*

***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 Cornwall where Holman was married and baptized. This Canadian expedition is just one chapter in the book he is writing.*

Review

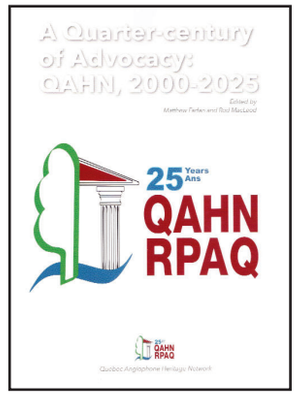
Celebrating 25 Years

A Quarter of a Century of Advocacy: QAHN, 2000-2025

Edited by Matthew Farfan and Rod MacLeod Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network, 2025

This year QAHN is celebrating twenty-five years of presenting, preserving and promulgating the vastly diverse, creative and evolving history and heritage of the many English-speaking communities of Quebec. Through a quarter-century projects, outreach events and especially our excellent publications – both digital and print – QAHN has contributed to the total of all knowledge of the history and heritage of all Quebec and, by a kind of cultural osmosis, to all of Canada.

In honour of this special anniversary, we have produced a glossy, lavishly-illustrated 50-page publication. Titled *A Quarter-century of Advocacy: QAHN, 2000-2025*, this book, which includes reminiscences by all of QAHN's current board members, has been edited by Matthew Farfan and Rod MacLeod. Matthew has been our executive director since 2011 and Rod has, among other positions, been the editor, and one of the chief writers, of *Quebec Heritage News* since 2009. A number of QAHN's directors, staff and other contributors have been with QAHN since our early years. Our retention rate of participants, contributors and members (both institutions and individuals) is very high – an excellent sign for a non-profit network like ours.

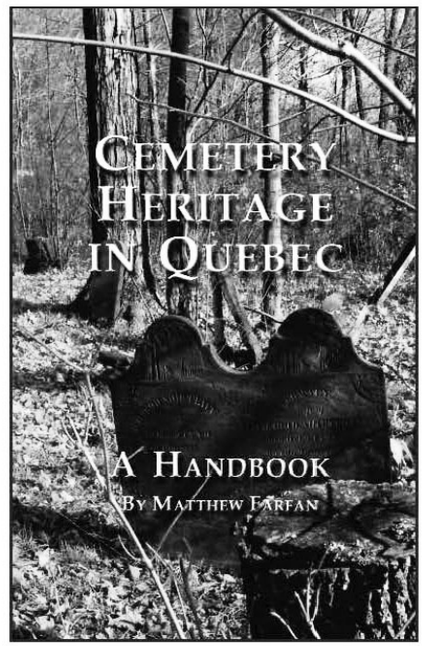


This new book is a visually stunning record, with outstanding photography of a wide variety of places and people throughout Quebec. It proceeds chronologically, noting the main events, accomplishments and positive improvements made since our inception.

The digital world has been a great asset for QAHN – especially as we are spread out over the enormous geography of Quebec. This has proven vital to our continuation and in our communication with our membership even in far-flung regions of the province like the Magdalen Islands, the Gaspé, Northern Quebec, and small towns in the Townships, the Laurentians, the Ottawa Valley and elsewhere.

A Quarter-century of Advocacy will be available throughout the year at QAHN events or at our offices in Lennoxville. This book will also be made available by mail upon receipt of $10 to cover postage. Payment may be made by cheque to: QAHN, 3355 College, Sherbrooke, QC J1M 0B8, or by Paypal or etransfer to: home@qahn.org.

-Reviewed by Sandra Stock



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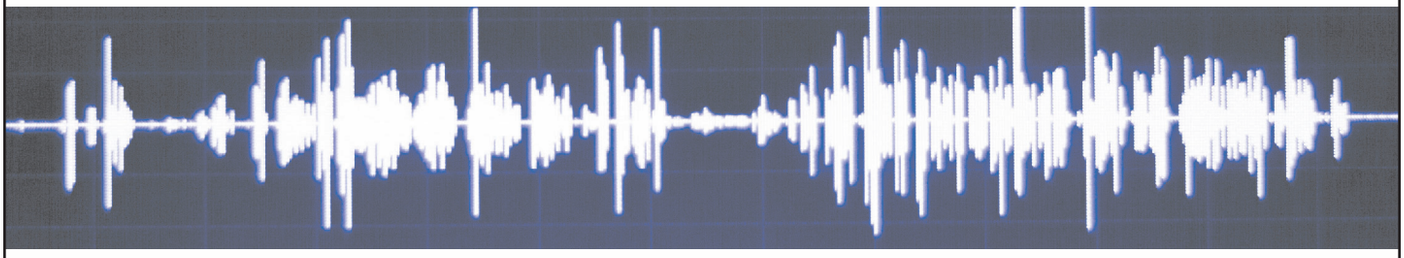

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