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Quebec Heritage News

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SUMMER 2022



Restoration Comedy

Small Museums Modernize Thanks to QAHN Initiative

Irons in the Fire

The Well-wrought Clendinneng Family

Hannah and her Daughters

The Manipulative Mrs. Mills

Quebec Heritage News

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Cover photo: The Sun Life Building in Dorchester Square. Photo: Elena Cerrolaza.

EDITOR'S DESK

Singing in the Reign

by Rod MacLeod

Those of you who are of my vintage will remember singing “God Save the Queen” (for those of you somewhat older, it was “King”) at school and other public events. As a child, I found the words confusing. Why, for instance, did God have to save the Queen? I remember feeling a vague sense of anxiety as to what sort of danger she might be in to necessitate divine intervention. I was also puzzled by the “send her victorious, happy and glorious” phrase, which suggested that something belonging to Victoria, Gloria and (I guess) Happy needed to be delivered to her. But the chief confusion came from the line “long to reign over us,” which created an image in my mind of the Queen taking the form of a sea of water droplets that was about to start pouring down on me and my classmates, and do so for a very long time. This seemed uncalled for. I mean, I *liked* the Queen, but I didn’t see why we wanted her to ruin recess.

In any case, she did. For a very long time. Seventy years, as I write – and counting. Reign, I mean; not *rain*, of course. As an adult I fully understand what it is to *reign*. Or do I? In point of fact, the concept had been open to interpretation over the years. For some monarchs, to “reign” meant ruling with an iron fist. For others, it meant sticking their noses into how states were run, from criticizing laws to bullying cabinets. That the 70 years we have been recently commemorating have been free of such interpretations of “reign” is perhaps the best reason to celebrate. Even allowing for the fact that the current Queen comes by emotional restraint naturally, she has done the states of which she is the head a tremendous service by keeping her cool and staying (to use a slightly obsequious royalism) mum.

Alternative scenarios abound. Few of the world’s monarchies survived into the twentieth century without resorting to more hands-on approaches to reign-

ing: Queen Elizabeth’s distant cousins William of Germany and Nicholas of Russia met sticky ends after marked careers as enemies of democracy, while the kings of Spain, Italy, Greece, Romania, Iran and China all showed an inclination towards right-wing extremism, and paid the price. And one does not have to look so far afield: Elizabeth only came to the British throne because her uncle had abdicated 16 years earlier – a



man who shared much of his fellow contemporary monarchs’ fascination with fascism. In Canada we viewed Edward VIII with less scrutiny, and allowed our anti-Americanism to shine: “Hark the Herald Angels Sing,” my mother would often intone, recalling her own childhood chant, “Mrs. Simpson Stole our King!” Patriotic sentiment aside, I think we were lucky to be rid of him. Edward was a monarch not worth saving; George and Elizabeth definitely were.

I am not what you would call a devout monarchist, but I am obsessed with names and dates, and as a result can rattle off succession lists in my sleep. Well, almost in my sleep – in fact, one of my favourite tricks when lying awake at night is to go through all the names

starting with William the Conqueror and not forgetting poor old Jane, the “nine days’ queen” sandwiched between Bloody Mary and the current queen’s virginal namesake. Like the Modern Major General, I know the kings of England. I can give them to you alphabetically, numerically (there were eight Henrys and eight Edwards, six Georges, four Williams, three Richards, two of Mary, Elizabeth, James, and Charles, and only one Stephen, John, Jane, Anne, and Victoria), and by length of reign. I can go back a bit earlier than the Conqueror, but eventually get lost amid the Ethelreds and Harthacnuts – my anti-Saxon bias kicking in, perhaps. I can also do a pretty good run on the French kings (no queens, alas) with the advantage that they shuffled off after 1848. All important to know as a Canadian, of course, since Louis XIV reigned over Canada just as Victoria did – but not Anne, the first two Georges, or either of the Jameses and Charleses.

Of course I wish Elizabeth II all the best for her grand Platinum party, but more than anything I rejoice that she is in the running for longest-reigning monarch ever. By the time you read this (touch wood) she will have beaten King Bhumibol Adulyadej of Thailand (1946-2016) for second place and will have less than two years before knocking Louis XIV out of the water. It would be a statistical satisfaction to see a woman beat that old son-of-a-gun. With all due respect to Charles (III), William (V) and George (VII), I’m hoping God will go on saving the Queen just a bit longer.

Who needs recess, anyway?

Editor’s Note

In the Spring 2022 issue of the *QHN*, author Jane Jenson’s name was misspelled. We regret the error and disavow our actions.

Atwater Library Celebrates Jubilee with Awards and Cake

by Sandra Stock

June 2, 2022, marked the Atwater Library and Computer Centre's first in-person Thursday Lunch Hour Lecture since March of 2020. It also marked the Platinum Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth II, celebrated with a display, award presentations and a guest speaker.

The event began with a piano concert given by Shirley Wu of the McGill Faculty of Music. Next came the prizes for the library's poetry contest on the theme of Queen Elizabeth. These poems, limited to 70 words, were read and the awards given by writer Mark Abley, the contest judge.

The newly renovated Adair Auditorium then hosted a presentation by Peter McNally entitled "Queen Elizabeth II and Her Platinum Jubilee, 1952-2022," which gave an overview of the monarch's life and career. The talk was illustrated by many interesting slides that ranged from informal family groups to formal portraits showing off the extensive monarchical jewelry collection to vintage royal tours of exotic and not so exotic (Canada) locations. McNally is a retired McGill professor of library science and has an extensive personal collection of royal memorabilia, some of which is part of the Atwater display.

Susan McGuire, a noted contributor to the *Quebec Heritage News*, was then honoured with the Sovereign's Medal for Volunteers. McGuire has been the volunteer historian for the Atwater Library for many years, as well as a writer of articles on heritage themes, often related to her own United Empire Loyalist family background. The medal was presented by Richard Pound, co-chair of the Atwater Library's Capital Campaign. This fundraising effort financed the excellent refurbishing of the woodwork in the auditorium, updated technical equipment and installed a much-appreciated elevator.

Refreshments, including two large cakes and accompanying wine, were expertly prepared and donated by Maura McKeon. The crowd of over 100 people enjoyed these treats enthusiastically;

those viewing over Zoom, unfortunately, had to forego the pleasure.

Congratulations to the Atwater Library for continuing to thrive (the institution dates back to 1828) and to inform and entertain Montrealers. The royal memorabilia display will be on view until September.



Letters

My piece on the Ottawa Valley accent (*QHN*, Spring 2022) is already getting positive reviews out here in the boonies. Here is a comment from Stefani Van Wijk, who owns a business in full-twang country, Eganville, and is Co-director of the Madawaska Kanu Centre:

Well dem der thoughts I ain't neer seen 'afore! Eh, tanks fer sharin Wes!

Wes Darou
Cantley, Qc.



Top: Memorabilia display.

Bottom: Peter McNally and Susan McGuire enjoy the High Tea at the Atwater Library. Photos: Sandra Stock.

Award Winners' Passing



Phyllis Skeats (1928-2021)

The winner of the 2010 Marion Phelps Award, Phyllis Emery Skeats, passed away last year following a lengthy illness. Skeats, who was a native of Hatley, Quebec, and former reference librarian at Bishop's University, was 92 at the time of her death.

Among her accomplishments were a lifetime of genealogical research, and the writing of several books on local history, including *North Hatley: A Centennial Reflection* (1997) and *Hatley 1792-1900* (2000).

Phyllis was active in several volunteer heritage organizations, namely the (former) North Hatley Historical Society, Heritage Huntingville, and the Old North Church Cemetery Association. She was presented with the Phelps Award during QAHN's 2010 annual general meeting, held in Orford.

-Matthew Farfan

Louise Hall (1924-2022)

It was a sad announcement for people in the Eastern Townships when they heard of the passing of Louise Hall. Louise was known for her stuffed-to-the-brim bags of knitted "toutous" and her prize-winning pumpkins at the Brome County Fair, but she was so much more. Throughout her life, she was a leader in her community, a woman who broke the glass ceiling, an inspirational educator, a devoted volunteer, a dear friend to many and a cherished family member.

A graduate of McGill and Bishop's universities in teaching French as a second language, Louise was a teacher, a principal of the Farnham Intermediate School, and a specialist in Educational Sciences. She imparted her love of language and sports to her students and the extra-curricular sports she organized and

coached included golf, bowling, hockey, and track and field.

Louise's second calling was that of volunteering. The shortage of books in the Farnham schools inspired her to establish a public library, located in the basement of Farnham's town hall. The library opened its doors in 1959 and today has more than 30,000 books, in both English and French. In 2018 it was named the *Bibliothèque municipale Louise-Hall* in her honour.

Louise volunteered for the Brome-Missisquoi-Perkins Hospital Auxiliary for more than 70 years. She was deeply dedicated to the BMP and directed the campaign to have local knitters create caps for newborns and women with cancer, as well as hand-knitted toys for patients needing a little smile. Louise made many of the knitted items herself. She also collaborated in the founding of the *Petit musée BMP*, located in the hospital.

As a descendant of Loyalists, Louise was an active member of the Sir John Johnson Centennial Branch of the United Empire Loyalists' Association of Canada, serving as its treasurer for many years. She was a faithful supporter of the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network.

She received many awards for her contributions and excellence in the field of education as well as for her volunteering. In



2012, the Government of Canada awarded her the Queen Elizabeth II Diamond Jubilee Medal. She was honoured by the Townshippers' Association in 2003. And along with her sister Adelaide Lanktree, she was a co-winner of QAHN's 2014 Marion Phelps Award.

Louise and Adelaide regularly welcomed former students, friends and family into their home. Her greatest love was her family who appreciated her unwavering dedication to her community.

-Heather Darch

Local Built Heritage Restoration Initiative

The following are the first two installments in a series of five articles spotlighting QAHN's "Local Built Heritage Restoration Initiative," a project designed to assist QAHN member-organizations carry out restoration work or upgrades on their heritage facilities. The project has been generously funded by the Secrétariat aux relations avec les Québécois d'expression anglaise (SRQEA).

Secrétariat aux relations
avec les Québécois
d'expression anglaise

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MAKING SPACE FOR EVERYONE

Richmond County Historical Society

by Corrinna Pole

As the sun shines and a warm breeze blows, Norma Husk unlocks the rear entrance to the museum of the Richmond County Historical Society in Melbourne, Quebec.

Stepping into the garage of the 170-year-old former manse of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, the first thing you notice is the cold musty air. Then there is the jumble of objects. Old shop signs, books, display cases, and furniture. At the back, a massive wooden counter with cubbyholes that once served as the town's post office, the penciled names of past residents slowly fading.

Husk points at the wooden ramp underfoot. It's easily overlooked but the little slab of wood is one step in a project to make the building more welcoming and safe for people with physical limitations.

A community's heritage is special. Making the heritage of Richmond County barrier-free for mobility-challenged visitors was important for Husk, long before she became the historical society's president.

"It was obvious even back then that spaces like the bathroom weren't accessible," she says, "and the population is aging. This is something we really needed to do. We're all human beings; everyone should have access to places, especially cultural places and places of learning. Of course, there are huge constraints. It's expensive."

When funding became available

through QAHN's "Local Built Heritage Restoration Initiative" (itself funded by the *Secrétariat aux relations avec les Québécois d'expression anglaise*), the historical society jumped at the opportunity to install a proper wheelchair-accessible washroom.

A ramp and washroom may seem

to be realistic and cost-effective. When it came to constructing a modern washroom, it became apparent that the doorways and halls on the first floor of the old manse were too narrow to be up to accessibility codes. In the process of removing a doorway and widening a hallway, they discovered a rotten beam, which tacked on extra costs.

With every adjustment, there were tweaks to the project, such as moving and rebuilding walls, and repainting. In early May, the rooms on the first floor were largely bare, with only a few items, and sprinkled with construction dust. Artefacts filled most of the rooms on the second floor. But work was on track and plans were being made for the season's exhibits.

Despite the headaches, the improvements the historical society has made so far have been worthwhile. And a lot has been learned in the process, particularly the importance of barrier-free access in creating a quality visitor experience.

"I've personally spent time in a wheelchair after an accident so I understand accessibility in a way that maybe other people don't," Husk says. "We had to think about access in a different way. Someone in a wheelchair can't read displays if they are too high; it's these kinds of things we have to be more aware of. It's common sense really, but it's something we ignore until we're actually in that situation where we need it."

Husk feels the changes will benefit anyone who visits the museum, especial-



like little things, but they are vital in making facilities accessible to wheelchair and stroller users. Improving accessibility also helps build a community that is more engaged, inclusive and active.

While Husk would have loved to have the access ramp installed on the other side of the building from the parking lot to the veranda, the pathway would have been much longer and the work more expensive. So the plans had

*Richmond County Museum, Melbourne.
Photo courtesy of RCHS.*



ly wheelchair users and older adults, but also caregivers with children in strollers. It's still a work in progress, she points out, and there is room for improvement, but the space and exhibitions will be ready for the society's summer opening.

Accessibility-minded renovation can go a long way in making spaces available to more of the public. Of course, it will not happen overnight, and there will likely be challenges along the way, but the support of other groups can help to move initiatives forward. The Richmond County Historical Society has taken an important step. Hopefully, the organization's efforts will inspire other heritage sites to think about identifying what improvements they can to create a more welcoming environment for all visitors.



CURATING YOUNG MINDS: AN EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM WITH SOCIAL IMPACT

Colby-Curtis Museum by Corrinna Pole

For years, museums have been popular destinations for school field trips. In these spaces, students enjoy hands-on and experiential education. Museums can do even more to inspire and connect their communities. In Stanstead, a town with a number of socioeconomic disadvantages, the Colby-Curtis Museum uses the stately former home of the prominent Colby family to help local students triumph.

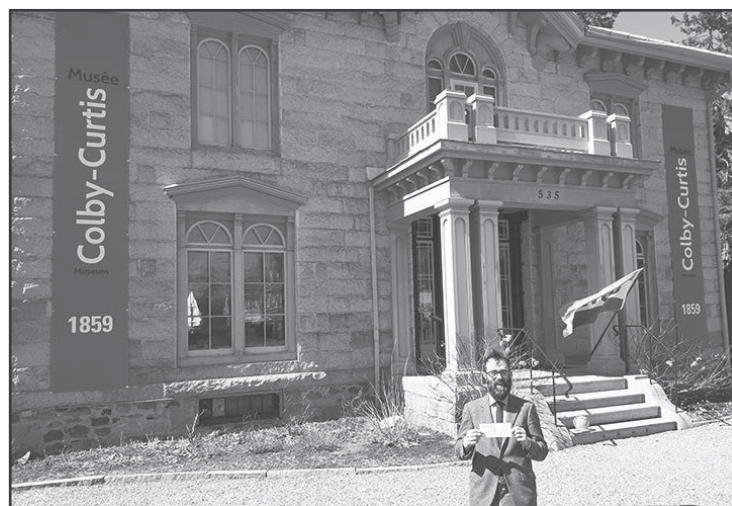
Stanstead is one of Quebec's most beautiful villages, but it struggles with lower education and income levels. In fact, the Stanstead area posts some of the lowest high school graduation rates (51%) in the province. The situation affects the whole community, but

studies have shown that Anglophones are more socially disadvantaged.

The museum's director-curator, Samuel Gaudreau-Lalande, says the idea

the community. Two decades ago, the museum had an education program, but it ceased when funding and interest dwindled. In 2019, discussions about creating a new program began. Supported by fresh fundraising efforts and private partners, the museum has enhanced its educational mission and in 2021 created a new education department to carry out programming.

The first program, "Stanstead Graduates," will bring groups of local elementary school students into the museum about six times a year to develop a project over several weeks. It is estimated there will be around 1,000 visits from more than 200 participating students per year. The frequency of the visits connects to the Colby-Curtis' survey on



museum education in scientific literature. Research has found that students who take part in frequent visits and experiences with art and museums when they are young have better academic outcomes and higher graduation rates. Students who come from a low-income background stand to gain even more from these types of visits.

“The general goal of the project is to instill a love of learning and a pride in heritage, and that’s their heritage because they’re growing up here,” Gaudreau-Lalande says. “Anglophone heritage, which the museum showcases, is the heritage of all the children in this area, Francophone, Anglophone, a first-generation immigrant; it doesn’t matter. It is their heritage because they’re here and it’s part of their identity.”

The nine Grade Four students who first participated in the project conducted historical research and presentations of heritage buildings. “They researched old photographs and historical buildings, and then took new photographs of these buildings today, so they went everywhere. Then they built little panels to



present their project, as a kind of exhibition,” Gaudreau-Lalande explains. “It’s not something you expect of a ten-year-old, normally. And they were all very happy [with their projects].”

The group worked and exhibited their re-photography project in the solarium, a multifunctional room in the museum used for the summer tea service, events, conferences and private occasions. This presented a bit of a problem.

“The solarium is a busy place and it is also very beautiful. As you know, whenever children work with art material they tend to make a mess,” Gaudreau-Lalande chuckles. “We needed dedicated space for the children and this is what QAHN’s Local Built Heritage Restoration Initiative (funded by the SRQEA) allowed us to do.”

The museum selected the newest section in the old building to renovate, a room attached to the former private practice of Dr. John Colby. Unlike the “Doctor’s Office,” which was built around 1906 and has a heritage role, the adjoining space has less heritage value. It did have oddly angled

walls begging to be renovated.

During a spring tour of the museum’s then unfished Education Room, the furniture was covered in plastic, new items were still packed in boxes, and the smell of fresh paint lingered. “We broke down walls and enlarged the room so we could have space to welcome big groups of kids in an environment that is suitable for any types of activities,” says Gaudreau-Lalande. “It doesn’t look like that much when you see it now but it’s expensive work, especially with the price of renovations and materials. Without the grant, this project would not have happened. It’s as simple as that.”

A separate entrance will mean that students using the space won’t have to share it with traditional museum activities. The room is big enough to set up six to eight tables. One area will have sinks and cupboards for supplies. The walls are freshly painted in a light, calming colour.

“It has a soothing effect because, for many children, there’s a lot of anxiety in going to new places. They’re excited, but they’re also very anxious. They don’t know how to behave and they’re afraid of doing things the wrong way,” Gaudreau-Lalande says. “We want to create a spirit that this space is welcoming for them and they feel can be theirs.”

The new area will be ready to use this summer. The plan is to exhibit the children’s works in the doctor’s office in the future.



Top: Students’ re-photography exhibit was displayed in the solarium.

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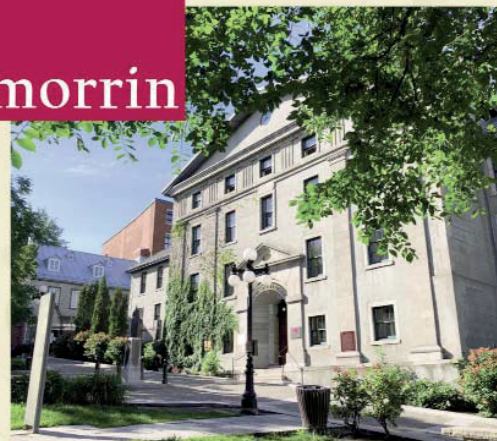


PHOTO: JULIE VOYER

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MILLE ISLES

by Joseph Graham

Part I: The Moyen Legacy

Marie and Élisabeth Moyen watched in horror as a band of Iroquois invaded their parents' farm on Ile aux Oies below Quebec City. It was a spring day, June 13, 1655, and the Moyen family had yet to celebrate its first anniversary in New France. The regular soldiers were away from the settlement and the few remaining adults were quickly overwhelmed and slaughtered as the terrified girls, just 12 and 14 years old, struggled in the arms of the Iroquois warriors.

The colony was small and the news of the massacre spread swiftly up the river, but during the winter of 1655-56, people got on with their lives, and the memory of the Moyen family faded.

In the late summer of 1656, a party led by Lambert Closse routed an Iroquois band and captured some warriors and chieftains. They were bartered for any French prisoners the Iroquois held, and in the course of the exchange a number of children arrived at Ville Marie. They were taken to Jeanne Mance, the courageous woman who had founded Hôtel Dieu, and under her care, Marie and Élisabeth Moyen shared their story.

Young Marie Moyen would attend her sister's marriage to their hero and liberator Lambert Closse a year later. Élisabeth was 16 years old and her husband was 39.

Closse, a legend in his own time, was a bachelor and a man of great stature in the settlement. He had arrived from France around 1648 in a contingent of soldiers chosen by Maisonneuve. Trained by the Jesuits, Closse would win the respect of the governor, rising to his side in command of the colony. Ever a soldier, he would die at the hands of the Iroquois only five years after his marriage, leaving his young wife with a daughter.

The widow Elisabeth Closse attended her sister's wedding in 1667. Marie married another hardened soldier and defender of the colony, Michel-Sidrac Dugué de Boisbriand. The new couple established themselves on the safe haven of St. Thérèse Island, east of Montreal.

Dugué became involved in the fur trade and was a contro-

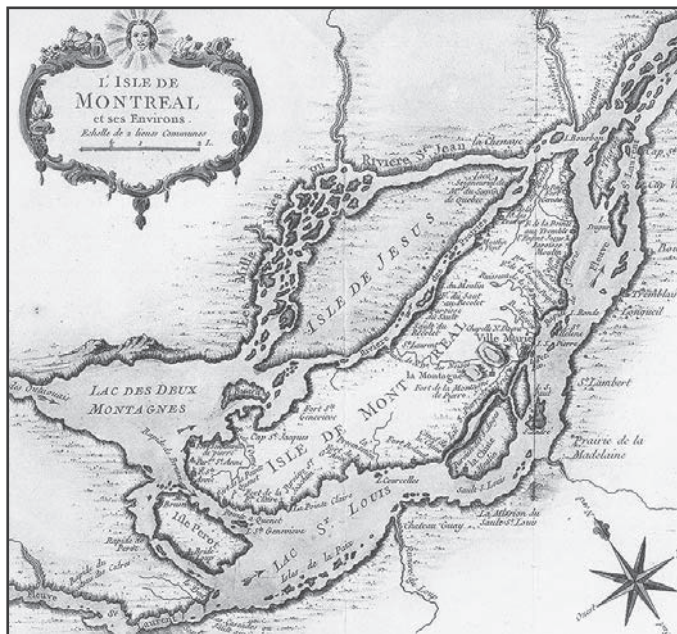
versial figure who promoted free trade in spirits with the Indigenous peoples. In 1683, five years before his death, he was awarded the Seigneurie of Mille-Isles. The seigneurie had been named for the many islands in Rivière Jésus, soon to be renamed St. Jean, but today called Rivière des Mille Îles. The original seigneurie followed the river and comprised most of the flat lands to the north but did not include the area of the present-day hamlet of Mille Isles near Morin Heights.

Dugué died a year after his wife, in 1688, leaving seven children. Despite his reputation and acumen in the fur trade, he had done a poor job of managing his assets. Upon his death, Elisabeth Moyen Closse, a widow for 26 years, won custody of her nieces and nephews. She fought hard for control of his estate.

Élisabeth Moyen Closse, widow of the respected Lambert Closse and survivor of the massacre at Ile aux Oies, chose to stay in New France after the death of her husband. She could have returned to France, to her native village, where she would have been celebrated as a heroine. Instead, she dedicated herself to the development of Ville Marie and is remembered as one of the first lay volunteers in New France. Even today, the *Société de généalogie de Saint-Eustache* honours her memory with their *Prix Élisabeth-Moyen-Closse* given to outstanding volun-

teerism in the community. Still, she was a woman, and in her time she had to fight for the right to raise her own daughter and for the recognition of the rights and privileges of her nephews and nieces.

Dugué had done nothing with the seigneurie of Mille Isles during the last five years of his life. In the declaration awarding him the property, he was obliged to clear land and begin some form of basic development. A seigneur would lease the land to a less fortunate family who would fulfill the seigneur's obligations and pay him rent for the privilege. The seigneur would then take some of the rental money to pay his own living and invest the rest back into improving roads and building mills, which would ultimately increase his revenues. Dugué was a military man, and during this same period he was called upon to



fight in the war with the Iroquois. By 1688, the 50-year-old Dugué was exhausted, and he passed away. The colonial authority would eventually repossess Mille Isles.

After Dugué's death, his three sons opted for a life in the military while two of his four daughters joined a religious order. Élisabeth thus had her responsibilities reduced over time to the care of the remaining two daughters. She had proven herself an able manager, having to personally take two gentlemen to court to force them to honour commitments to the estate of Dugué, and it is very likely that she also played a part in having the Mille Isles seigneurie restored to these two young women, Charlotte and Marie-Thérèse, and their husbands, Charles-Gaspard Piot de Langloiserie and Jean Petit, in 1714.

Sadly, Langloiserie, the husband of Marie-Thérèse, died a year later, leaving the young widow with a large number of children. Élisabeth, her aging aunt, was still there to give courage and guidance, but she passed away in 1722 at 82 years of age.

Marie-Thérèse was left not only with her children, but also with the management of the original seigneurie on St. Thérèse Island as well as the development of the eastern half of Mille Isles. She rose to the occasion, showing a resolve worthy of her aunt. It was she who personally led the first colonists to their settlement in 1730, and over the balance of her life she promoted and managed the growth and colonization of the seigneurie. When she passed away in 1744, her daughter, Suzanne Piot de Langloiserie followed in the tradition of her mother and great-aunt.

Married to Jean-Baptiste Céloron de Blainville, she became known as Suzanne de Blainville and her name figures on the land grants into the mid-1750s. Upon her death, her daughter, who became known as Thérèse de Blainville, another spiritual heir to Élisabeth Moyen Closse, took over the reins and ran the seigneurie until her death in 1806. Her name was commemorated in the naming of the municipality of St. Thérèse. She left behind a smoothly running, well-developed seigneurie.

Charlotte Dugué and Jean Petit managed the western section of the seigneurie, and it was their son-in-law, Eustache Lambert-Dumont, who was accorded the Augmentation of Mille



Isles in 1752. The territory of modern-day Mille Isles falls into the Augmentation, and when the first Irish settlers arrived in the 1830s, they would have acquired leases in the seigneurie. By the time they established the hamlet that we know today, the seigneurial system had been legislated out of existence and the spelling of the territory had been modernized to Mille Îles, but the archaic French spelling of Mille Isles survived, along with the spirit of the matriarchs, in the small Irish village.

Part II: the Scots and Irish

The Seigneurie of old Mille Isles did not originally include that small northern section that we know today as the town of Mille Isles. It was not until the Augmentation of Mille Isles in 1752

that this northern section, unsurveyed and not officially inhabited, became available for homesteading.

By the 1830s, the sons and daughters of the southern seigneuries were still expanding into farmland close to home or pouring into Montreal. Few Lower Canadian Catholics were moving up into the hills above the St. Lawrence valley. There were homesteaders from the southwest, but these settlers were Scots-Irish, Irish, Scottish or the children of people who had come from the British Isles. Some had left places like the stony fields in County Down, County Antrim and other regions of Northern Ireland, evicted as a result of the Penal Laws, and some were willing emigrants, craftsmen and tradespeople moving in family groups ahead of a collapsing, overburdened Irish farm economy.

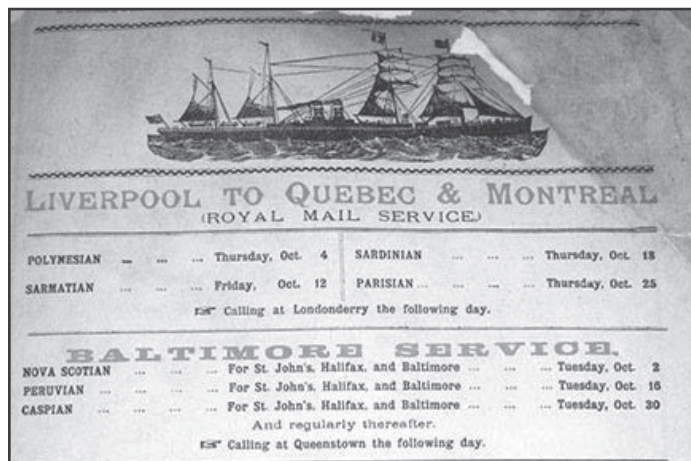
From the mid-seventeenth century, Ireland had been experiencing steady growth. An agricultural economy based largely on the potato, Ireland had become a net exporter to England. Irish prosperity was reflected in runaway population growth, especially during the long years of the Napoleonic Wars. The population doubled from 2.3 million in the 1750s to almost 5 million in 1800. By 1821, it had climbed to 6.8 million and twenty years later it would top 8 million souls. While it was still growing at a rapid pace, after the defeat of Napoleon in 1814 the economy began to collapse. Food prices became more competitive in English markets as mainland suppliers returned, and prices in Ireland crashed. Simultaneously, in 1816-1818, storms destroyed crops and plagues of smallpox and typhus ravaged the countryside, killing 50,000 people. The Protestant Irish Ascendancy responded by protecting its own and the Penal Laws, designed to give preference to members of the Church of Ireland, disenfranchised both Catholics and Presbyterians. In Northern Ireland, the Presbyterian Scots-Irish communities were generally better organized and better educated than the Catholics, and when it became clear that Ireland was heading for disaster, many emigrated, tearing themselves from their homeland.

With the British still boycotting American shipping and ports, these emigrants began to arrive in the St. Lawrence River,



Top: Statue of Lambert Closse, Place d'Armes, Montreal.
Photo: Jean Gagnon.

Bottom: Lambert-Closse and Elisabeth-Moyen schools, Longueuil, 1955. monde.ccdmd.qc.ca.



some hoping to travel overland to the United States, and others tempted to stay, with offers of land readily available for homesteading. Traveling in ill-suited ships that were designed to bring lumber and other materials from Quebec and Montreal to England, they suffered in the empty holds for the return voyage, being treated as little more than ballast that would cover the cost of returning the ships to pick up more raw materials. Soon the colony, importing cholera along with new settlers, forced these ships to stop at quarantine stations set up on Grosse Île. Many never made it that far and many more died there.

The family groups that survived the ordeal came from tough stock and were ready to get on. Among them were the first Kirkpatricks, or Kilpatricks, who arrived in the small settlement in the northern part of the Mille Îles Seigneury. They took on the challenge of clearing the forests and building farms reminiscent of home. While they worked long hard hours to build these homesteads from the woodlands, the women carried the added burden of birthing ten to twelve children and sometimes many more.

Among the Scots and Irish settlers were the families Dey, Kilpatrick, Boyd, Elder, Maxwell, Morrow, Pollock, Simon and many others. The first post office that opened to serve this population in 1857 was called Britonville, a name that would survive into the next century and identify the region. Next came Mille Isles, opened the same year, and then Cambria in 1872 and Morin Flats in 1875.

One of the most prevalent names was Kilpatrick, or Kirkpatrick. While there are a lot of explanations for the two spellings in the family, the most likely one traces back to the Irish *Kil* for church or the Scottish *Kirk* for church, both being the Church of Patrick. The two names reflect how the family lived on both sides of the North Channel, at different times, in both Ireland and Scotland.

Discovering the rocky soil once the forests were gone, the next generation persevered, ploughing around boulders and raising new families. Mary Jane Kilpatrick married Robert Dey and they had the good fortune to have ten sons... and one daughter, Ida. When Robert Dey died of diabetes, Mary Jane and Ida worked tirelessly to feed and support their ten men. Ida went on to marry but found herself a widow with two children at 22 years of age. She married again, survived her second husband, buried a son killed in combat on Christmas Day 1943 in Hong Kong, and lived to the age of 105.

Another Ida first climbed up onto a stool to wash the

family dishes when she was five years old. The eleventh of twelve children, her responsibilities began in earnest when her father died from the kick of a horse the year before. His name was John Ward, the grandson of Susan Ward, who had her first child, also named John, out of wedlock in 1822. She married John Fisher in Ireland, had two more children, arrived in Grosse Île in 1836, became a widow now charged with three children, and survived another husband, John Heath. Ida herself lived to be 97, and two of her elder sisters married Kirkpatrick brothers—well, one was a Kilpatrick—contributing to the gene pool of Mille Isles.

The Scots and Irish descendants of Mille Isles are spread across Canada today. They still remember Mille Isles and many have returned for visits. The older ones recall that their grandparents, or perhaps their great-grandparents, had some influence in choosing the name Mille Isles more than 150 years ago. The names Britonville and Cambria did not survive, and some of the old-timers never did learn to pronounce Mille Isles the French way but pronounced the “I” of Isles the long way, as in “eye.” Whatever attracted these families to this rock-strewn northern corner of the seigneury? When they arrived in St. Andrews in the 1830s and 1840s, why did some follow the rough St. Andrews Road off into the wilderness of the lower Laurentians? Why, when the seigneury was dissolved in 1854-1855, did that French name ‘Mille Isles’ survive while the more British names Britonville and Cambria did not? They could tell you. They told their granddaughter Marion Kirkpatrick Roberts. Back in County Down, a ways north of Downpatrick but a bit south of Bangor and Donaghadee, on the Ards Peninsula, among the towns they left behind, was a water-covered, rocky expanse named Mill Isle (of course, pronounced the Scots-Irish way with the long I, as in “isle”).

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

The author extends his thanks for the large amount of information and help he received from Shirley Dey Captain, Sandra Stock, Judith Kirkpatrick Coulter, Marion Kirkpatrick Roberts, and Elizabeth Crossley. It was a challenge to distill it down to the length of an article. Sources also include the Dictionary of Canadian Biography and La Société de généalogie de Saint-Eustache.



UNDER THE SUN

Dominion Square's Insurance Showcase

by Sandra Stock

A shared characteristic of all iconic structures is that they appear to defy time. Even in battered and fragmented condition, heritage sites and buildings step out of the usual sense of the years passing and come to exist in an eternal, frozen realm of timelessness. This creates an almost supernatural aura around them which continues to attract and impress.

Thousands of people have visited the pyramids of Giza – the epitome of an iconic, timeless structure, even though these are essentially great lumps of stone where nothing much has happened for at least four thousand years. Stonehenge remains an attraction even though we still have no idea of its original purpose and what we see is merely a ruin of the initial construction.

In Montreal there are several contenders for this role of iconic structure: St. Joseph's Oratory, prominently sited on Mount Royal, is the most visually obvious, even though in our increasingly secular society its importance has diminished. Place Ville Marie, with its cruciform shape and dominant height, was slated at its inception in the 1960s to become a modernist symbol for the Montreal of the Quiet Revolution and sunny times culminating in Expo 67. Although still a major downtown business focus, PVM has lost some of its initial luster and cachet over the years as there are so many other newer and more sparkly rivals on the Montreal skyline.

A strong case can also be made for that stolid, stone edifice whose photo once graced the opening pages of thousands of high school algebra texts: the Sun Life Assurance Building on Dominion (now Dorchester) Square. Constructed in three phases from 1913 to 1933, Sun Life has a unique appearance among commercial buildings and has always enjoyed a cultural and symbolic importance beyond its actual function as the home base of an insurance company.

There was, and still is, a predecessor. The first Sun Life Assurance building, designed by Robert Findlay, was erected at the corner of Notre Dame and Saint Alexis streets in 1891. With the ongoing movement of Montreal's business district from Old Montreal towards what is today's Downtown, Sun Life decided to relocate to a site away from the river and closer to the



mountain. The new building would replace many nineteenth century structures facing Dominion Square, including a church and a YMCA.

The square had once been the site of St. Antoine Cemetery, opened in 1799 to provide burial space for a growing population, one that was badly hit by epidemics like typhus and cholera. However, by 1854, as Montreal continued to expand, this cemetery closed and eventually many bodies were moved to Notre Dame des Neiges Cemetery on Mount Royal.

In 1872, the city bought the former cemetery and created Dominion Square – named to celebrate Confederation. At this time, Dominion Square was in the centre of Montreal's (and then also Canada's) wealthiest neighborhood. Since then, this

area has been called the Golden Square Mile although it was spread across a much wider expanse than a square mile on the upper terraces, creeping ever upwards on to the Mountain. There was nothing “golden” about these new domestic, religious and eventually commercial buildings either. Most were made of sober grey Montreal limestone from the several quarries on the Island, and some, from farther afield but still local, like the Stanstead granite of the Sun Life. It was the “golden” wealth of the inhabitants that marked this district.

Dominion Square was the centre of community life in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Here were held political rallies, public ceremonies, fairs and most notably the impressive Ice Palaces of the 1880s, which were a draw for an early tourist trade for Montreal and the focus for many lively winter sports and activities. With an economic downturn in the 1890s, these annual Ice Palaces melted away for good, but Dominion Square retained its social importance

The Company

The Sun Life Insurance Company of Montreal was founded by Matthew Hamilton Gault (1822-1887) who came to Montreal in 1842 from Strabane, County Tyrone, Ireland. Gault was from a large, initially wealthy, landowning and shipowning family that had suffered financial reversals. After his father's sudden death, Gault attempted many different ventures and careers (banking, farming, even a grocery store) and eventually prospered in the insurance field, starting in 1851 as the Montreal agent for firms based in New York and Toronto. This launched Gault into a successful rise in the Montreal financial world and he became an officer with the Montreal Loan and Mortgage Company and later its president. He made many



useful connections and, by 1865, had risen to prominence among the wealthy "Square Mile" business elite of merchants, bankers and industrialists.

In 1854, Gault married Elizabeth Joanna Bourne and they had a total of sixteen children, eleven of whom lived into adulthood and several of whom married into elite Montreal families and even into some minor British aristocracy. This was a period of intense social mobility, especially given the opportunities available in colonial, developing regions. Gault was active in, and supportive of, the Montreal Anglican church as a warden and fundraiser for Christ Church Cathedral. He also was the founder of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, which provided assistance to immigrants. This group, with its now archaic sounding name, still exists as part of Montreal's United Irish Societies.

With all these connections, Matthew Gault had no difficulty assembling a group to incorporate the Sun Life Insurance Company. However, there were some setbacks with general economic uncertainty and a few missteps by Gault himself. The fledgling company was saved and went on to prosper mostly by the interventions of Robertson Macaulay (1833-1915), from the Isle of Lewis, Scotland. Macaulay, who was secretary of the company, then managing director (from 1884), updated the operational practices for life

insurance, created a more professional staff and headed the growth of Sun Life, making it one of Canada's first really global, international companies.

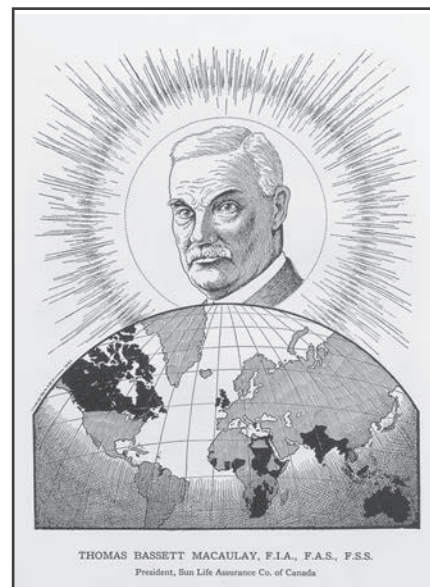
Macaulay's most important stroke, however, was in pioneering foreign expansion. After opening its first foreign branch in the British West Indies in 1879, Sun Life expanded throughout the British Empire and the Far East. By 1900 it held the majority of Canadian life insurance policies issued abroad. For his innovations in management and business organization, Macaulay can rightly be seen as a transitional figure in the move from control of insurance companies by proprietors to control by managers. (Boucher).

The name was changed to Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada in 1882.

The Building

The original structure of the Sun Life is the centre block. It was designed by the Toronto-based architects Darling, Pearson and Cleveland and constructed in a neo-classical style, referred to as "a harmonious blend of solidity and elegance" and fitted in well with the Beaux Arts tastes in public buildings in Montreal at the time. This first emplacement was functioning by 1914. At six storeys with impressive columns marking the front entrance on Metcalfe Street overlooking the square, the Sun Life immediately stood out as the major commercial building in Montreal.

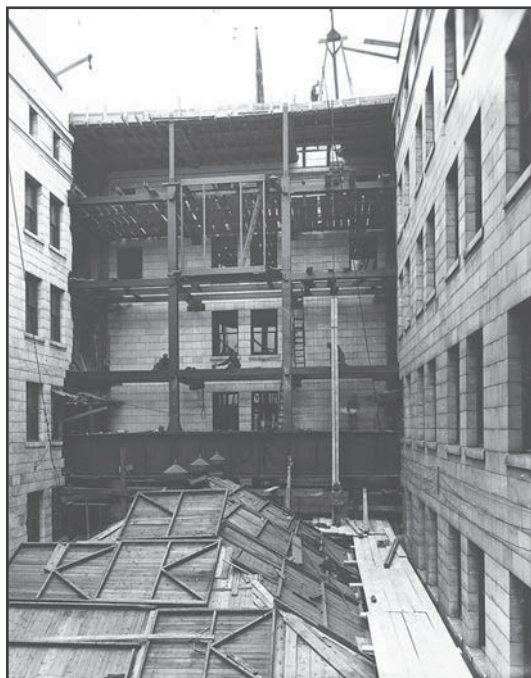
At this time, it had 750 corporate employees. By mid-century this number had increased to nearly 6,000.



From 1923 to 1926, the Sun Life expanded eastward to Mansfield Street, replacing Knox Presbyterian Church which had been demolished. Now the doubled surface of the Sun Life, still maintaining its original style, could accommodate 1,300 workers. As the Sun Life continued to prosper, it was decided to expand on the north side, building a twenty-six story tower to a height of 450 feet. The architects Darling and Pearson were contracted again for this addition along with their Montreal partner, A. J. C. Payne. When completed in 1933, the Sun Life had a working surface of 1,250,000 square feet and could probably hold up to 10,000 people. Its proud claim to fame was that it was not only the largest building in Montreal but the largest in the British Empire.

Although by this time the neo-classical style was generally out of fashion, and new structures in Montreal tended to be Art Deco or the beginnings of what we would call the International Style, the Sun Life just soldiered on, expanding horizontally and climbing skyward with its exterior columns and monumental tiers of small windows. The interior continued to be furnished with luxe materials and sporting Montreal's most fantastically embossed brass coated elevators.

Although after the completion of the third and final phase of expansion the Sun Life had projected a need for about



10,000 employees, this was not how things developed. By the 1930s, automatic business machines such as typewriters and copiers had eliminated the requirement for so many clerical workers. As a result, the Sun Life was actually “over-built” and the interiors of the upper floors went unfinished. The Sun Life then became a multi-tenant building, renting out space to other financial concerns, with the Sun Life Assurance Company remaining the major occupant.

With this plethora of space, all sorts of activities could be offered to the employees. At various times a very wide variety of amenities and pastimes have been available. A cafeteria occupied the entire sixth floor that could accommodate 2,500 people per sitting; this enormous dining space was renovated in 1960 but closed in 1996. An officers’ dining room was on the seventh floor, along with the main boardroom. The seventh floor also featured a gymnasium and a pool room (another was in the basement). There was a medical clinic on the eighth floor, a bowling alley (from 1930 to 1972) on the tenth, and a shooting range (from 1930 to 1950) on floor 16A.

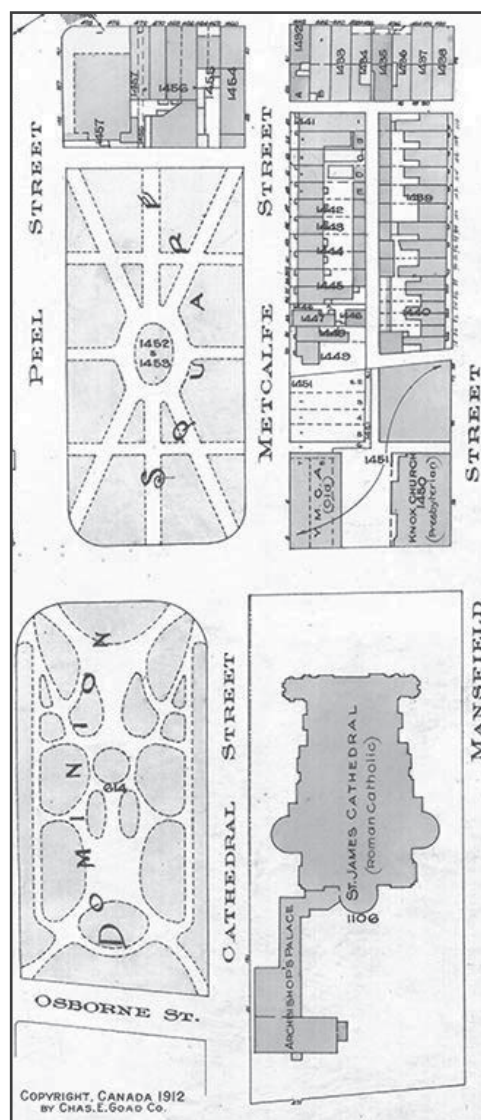
There were porters on the passenger elevators along with formally uniformed elevator operators – originally men, but women took over during the Second World War. In 1969, the elevators became automatic, eliminating operators. Air conditioning was installed

throughout the building in 1955. Sprinklers and fireproofing, along with extensive exterior cleaning and other updates and restorations, were installed between 1986 and 1999 in a major refit, costing \$150 million. Being so large and so commercially important, the Sun Life building always has managed to adapt to successfully maintain itself.

In spite of its monumental and austere exterior and imposing and formal interior, the Sun Life did attempt to be a good corporate citizen. The services and activities offered for employees indicates a governance culture whose intentions were humane, if somewhat paternalistic and slightly eccentric by today’s outlook. Sun Life Assurance, like the majority of the business world of the nineteenth to mid-twentieth century in Montreal, was controlled by the Anglo-Protestant elite – a general term for the wealthy class, even though many members were neither Anglo (meaning English ethnically) nor Protestant. Most were Scots Presbyterians, but there was also a wide representation as time went on, from all denominations and many from other ethnic origins.

Sun Life and the Community

During the Second World War, the Sun Life building acquired an urban myth that still persists today: that it had stored the British crown jewels in its



basement vault. This was not the case. However, the Sun Life did play an important role in what was called Operation Fish. This was the transporting and storing of the United Kingdom's foreign marketable securities in crates marked "fish" that were secretly transported across the Atlantic. In *City Unique*, William Weintraub's book about this period in Montreal, we learn:

One defence against air raids that was kept secret from Montrealers was installed in a third sub-basement of the massive Sun Life Building downtown. Here 850 steel rails were put in as beams to reinforce the walls, making this big chamber indestructible from any onslaught from the air. Winston Churchill had decided that if the Germans overran Britain, the wealth of the country must not fall into their hands but must be preserved to finance the war from abroad. (Weintraub, 37)

This hoard of gold and securities was assessed at five billion dollars and guarded around the clock by the RCMP.



Today, this former subterranean vault is a parking area.

Another very different type of public-spirited action by the Sun Life was to celebrate Canada's centennial in 1967 by purchasing and installing a large carillon. This carillon, which produced music by a complex set of 671 metal bars and hammers, was first set up inside the Levis Tower on St. Helen's Island. Its music marked the opening and closing of every day of Expo 67 by playing "Un jour, un jour/Hey Friend, Say Friend." After Expo, the carillon was permanently installed inside the Sun Life main tower. In the great ice storm of 1998 it was damaged beyond repair

and was replaced by a digital "carillon" that produces over 500 songs electronically. Speakers on the eleventh and twenty-sixth floors now chime twelve bells at noon and play a twenty minute concert at 5 p.m. every day.

The Long, but Only Partial, Good-bye

In January 1978, the Sun Life Assurance Company announced that it was moving its head office to Toronto. This was a stunning political

event that now, looking at it from hindsight, really was not a surprise. Toronto had for several decades been encroaching on Montreal's standing as the top financial and business centre of Canada and Sun Life certainly was neither the first nor the last company to transfer its head of operations away from Montreal, usually to Toronto but also to Calgary, Vancouver and other points west.

Montreal also suffered from political and social unrest, which increased throughout the 1960s and culminated in the enactment of Bill 101 in 1977 by Quebec's sovereigntist government. Bill 101, aka the Charter of the French



Top and bottom, left and right: Entrance, Sun Life Building, 2021. Photos: Sandra Stock.



Language, made the use of French mandatory for medium and large sized companies when communicating with French-speaking employees. This was received very negatively by English-dominated companies such as Sun Life. Officially, Sun Life said it was motivated by the instability and economic uncertainty of Quebec's future, but it was most likely mainly because the management of Sun Life could not see itself adapting to the requirements of Bill 101. Very large, successful organizations, whether in business, academia or the non-profit sector, often encounter this problem. Being "too big to fail" can also mean being too big to change.

As David Thomas, of *Maclean's Magazine*, wrote, "Whether it was, as the company claimed, the language rules or, as the government charges, because Sun Life feared controls on its investment activity, or even, as was speculated, because the company feared its Quebec letterhead was scaring away potential customers, the move is the most spectacular in a series of investment shifts in and out of Quebec during the past year. (Thomas, 4).

Sun Life was at this time the largest employer of English-speaking people in Montreal and was almost "a caricature of Montreal's English establishment and never showed much welcome for French Quebecers despite their proven competence in the insurance business. Only 185 of 1,800 head office employees and two of the 21 directors are French...The

Firm sticks by its claim that the language law cuts off its supply of English speaking recruits." (Thomas, 7)

At the time, Sun Life's decision was the major news item and an ongoing source of annoyance for the very touchy Quebec government of René Lévesque, especially, it appears, for finance minister Jacques Parizeau, who called the company "one of the worst corporate citizens Quebec has ever known." Regarding the building itself, Parizeau said that "the move sticks Quebec with another white elephant," adding that

"We'll have to do something with that building...What do you suggest? An old-age home?" (Thomas, 9). Obviously the tone of discourse about Sun Life left little room for discussion or compromise from either the company or the Quebec government. It was likely a case of an overreaction to an overreaction.

With the passage of time, and given that the building on Dorchester Square continues to prosper with new tenants, including the branch office Sun Life Financial Inc. (an updated name as the company diversified from just insurance





into many types of financial services), this Montreal structure has maintained its iconic identity. The building now officially belongs to the property management company Bentall Kennedy, not to Sun Life, although Sun Life is still the major tenant.

Sun Life continued on its course to becoming a truly global company and has expanded throughout the world. It has committed itself to a policy of diversity and inclusion (having 25% of under-represented minorities and gender parity at senior leader level by 2025) and appears to have reflected this in its current corporate governance list of board of directors (Sun Life Financial).

Oh, Oh: We Forgot to Mention

On February 9, 2012, the *Montreal Gazette* published an article titled “Sun Life now remembers: yes, we left Quebec in 1978.” It appears that a researcher had noticed that this decision, one of the most famous events in Montreal business and political history, had been omitted from the Sun Life website corporate history section. *The Gazette* remarked:

the transfer was the biggest corporate defection from the province since the Parti Québécois had taken power on Nov. 15, 1976. Shocked by the announcement, employees at the Montreal Stock Exchange dubbed the day ‘Black Friday.’ Yet... Sun Life somehow forgot to mention it... on its website. (*Gazette*)

The Montreal office immediately responded by saying this had been a big mistake and that the website timeline had been corrected.

This monumental Montreal building has just kept on keeping on.

Sandra Stock writes about various aspects of Quebec history, focusing on the past because she knows there is nothing new under the sun.



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IRON WILLS

The Legacy of the Clendinneng Family Foundry

by David H. Clendenning

The sustainable production of iron and iron products within Canada and much of British North America had its genesis in the forges, foundries and factories of early industrial Montreal. From these small beginnings emerged the axes of various patterns, weighing scales, cast-iron stoves and ranges, hot air furnaces, railway and builders' castings, grist mills, and iron decorations that helped increase the pace of growth and expansion in Canada. Throughout its rise from the early nineteenth century, this emerging iron industry was nurtured and fostered by the Clendinneng family. This article outlines the contribution made by the Clendinnengs and speaks to the need to preserve their enduring legacy.

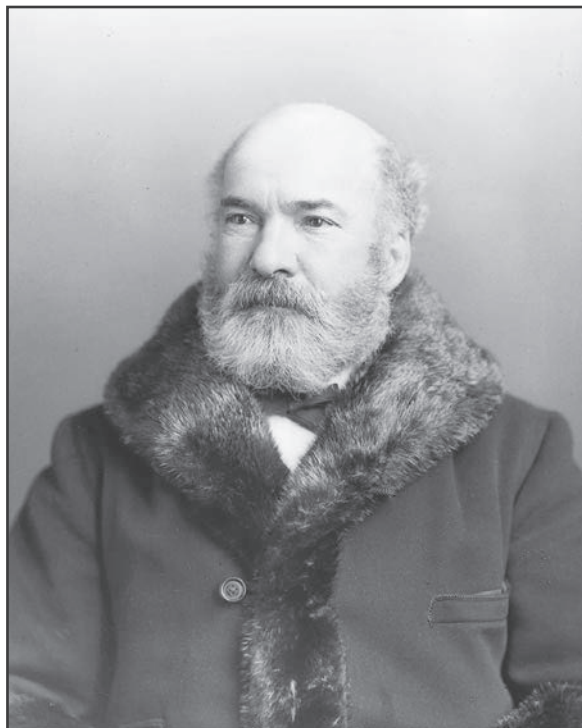
The origins of the company date back to a forge set up in Montreal in 1810 by Samuel Hedge, an American expatriate, making axes and weighing scales for use in the fur and timber trade, as well as for trade with indigenous peoples and settlers.

The forge's rapid growth was due to the owners' access to the latest iron technology emerging from the United States following the American Revolution and the War of 1812. Many Americans saw trade and business opportunities in British North America and especially in Montreal. The forge's early owners were Americans: Samuel and William Hedge, Samuel Bonner and Calvin P. Ladd.

By 1838, the forge had developed into a foundry and was now called Hedge & Bonner. Located in Griffintown near the Lachine canal, the foundry was a significant player in the early industrial growth of Montreal. In 1842, it was acquired by Irish Protestant William Rodden. The firm's name was changed to the Montreal City and Foundry Works

before becoming William Rodden & Co.

William Clendinneng, born on June 22, 1832, in Cavan, Ireland, arrived in Montreal in 1847 at the age of 14. He soon began his rise in society when he joined the William Rodden foundry as a clerk in 1852, at age 19. He became a partner in 1858 and the owner in 1868; the firm subsequently changed its name to the William Clendinneng foundry.



Although the firm had been in a precarious financial position in the 1840s, under Clendinneng's ownership and untiring perseverance and industry, the integrated foundry was now on a solid footing and by 1874 had developed into the most extensive business of its kind, not only in Montreal but throughout the Dominion of Canada. After he brought his eldest son, William Clendinneng Jr., on board in 1884, his company took the name William Clendinneng & Son. Other members of his extended family worked at the foundry at various

times. The foundry was federally incorporated on August 15, 1893.

By 1886, the foundry's 450 workers cast ironworks of all types: builders' casting, agriculture and railway castings, cast drain and gas pipes, stoves, ranges, furnaces, hollow ware and household goods. The firm also produced ornamental decoration (iron furniture, gates and fencing) for many public buildings, residences, parks and cemeteries in Quebec and other parts of Canada. The firm's clients included some of Montreal's most powerful families.

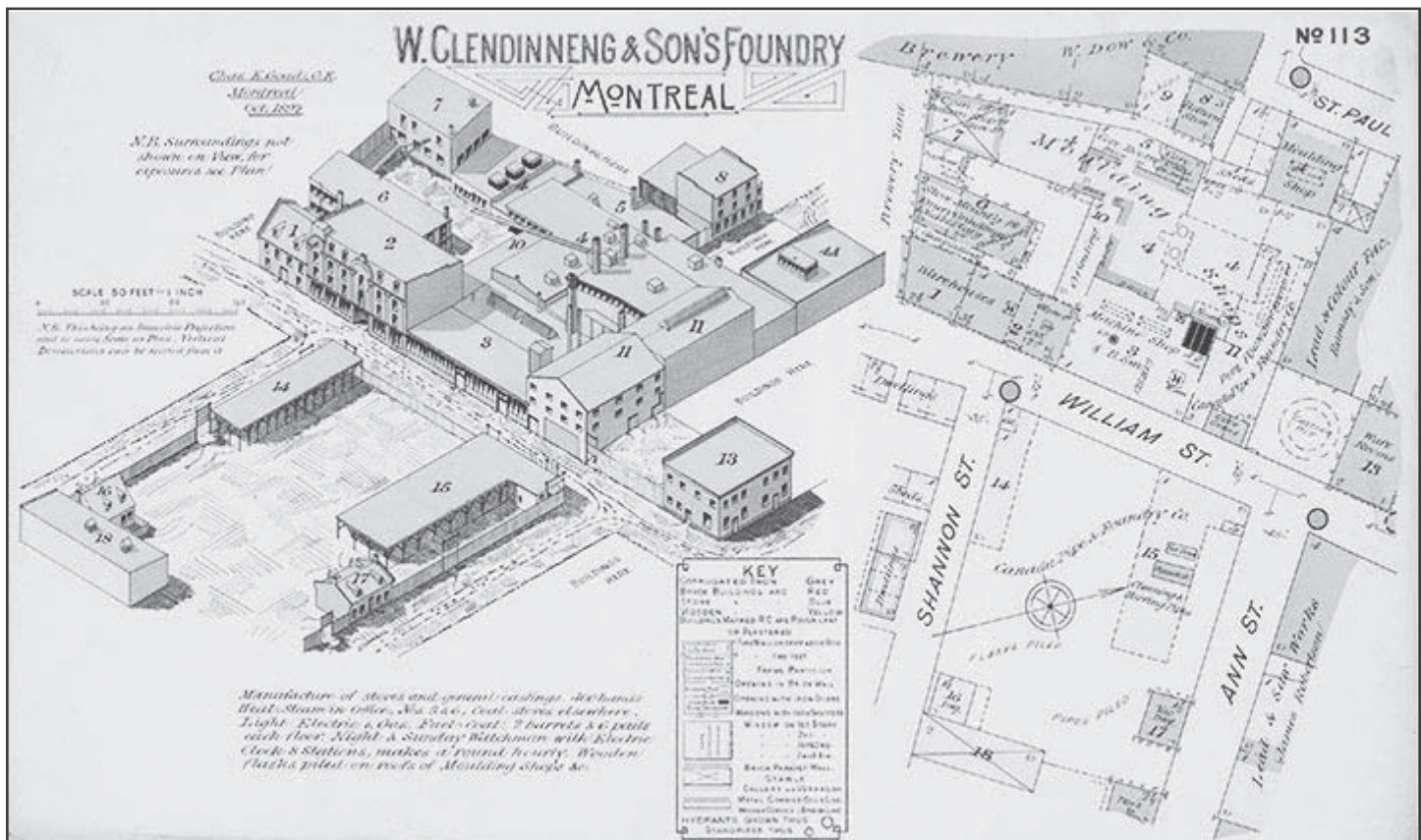
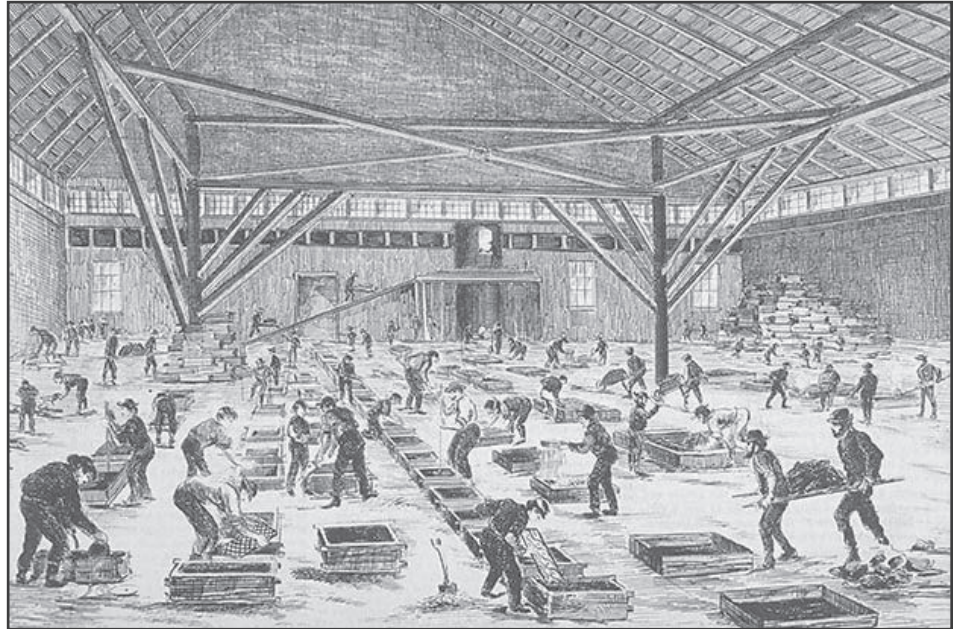
Much of the foundry's work still exists and continues to be of important architectural significance. The foundry designed and cast the stately main gates and original fence of Rideau Hall (the residence of the governor-general of Canada, in Ottawa) in 1868, and the gates of Montreal's Mount Royal Cemetery in 1862. It provided the cast-iron decoration of many residences in Montreal's Golden Square Mile, including Shaughnessy House (1874), now part of the Canadian Centre for Architecture, and the Forget House (1882), on Sherbrooke Street West.

From the beginning of the eighteenth century to the end of the nineteenth, the cast-iron stove was the most popular means of heating the Canadian home. Clendinneng's stoves and ranges were seen in public buildings, as well as residential, and commercial buildings, throughout Quebec, Eastern Ontario and in the United States. Many immigrants bound for the Canadian West had a Clendinneng box stove in their possession, an essential item for survival.

The foundry participated in the 1851 Great Exhibition in London, England, and in the 1855 Exposition Universelle in Paris. Canada's first industrial design, registered in 1861, was the famous Clendinneng double stove,

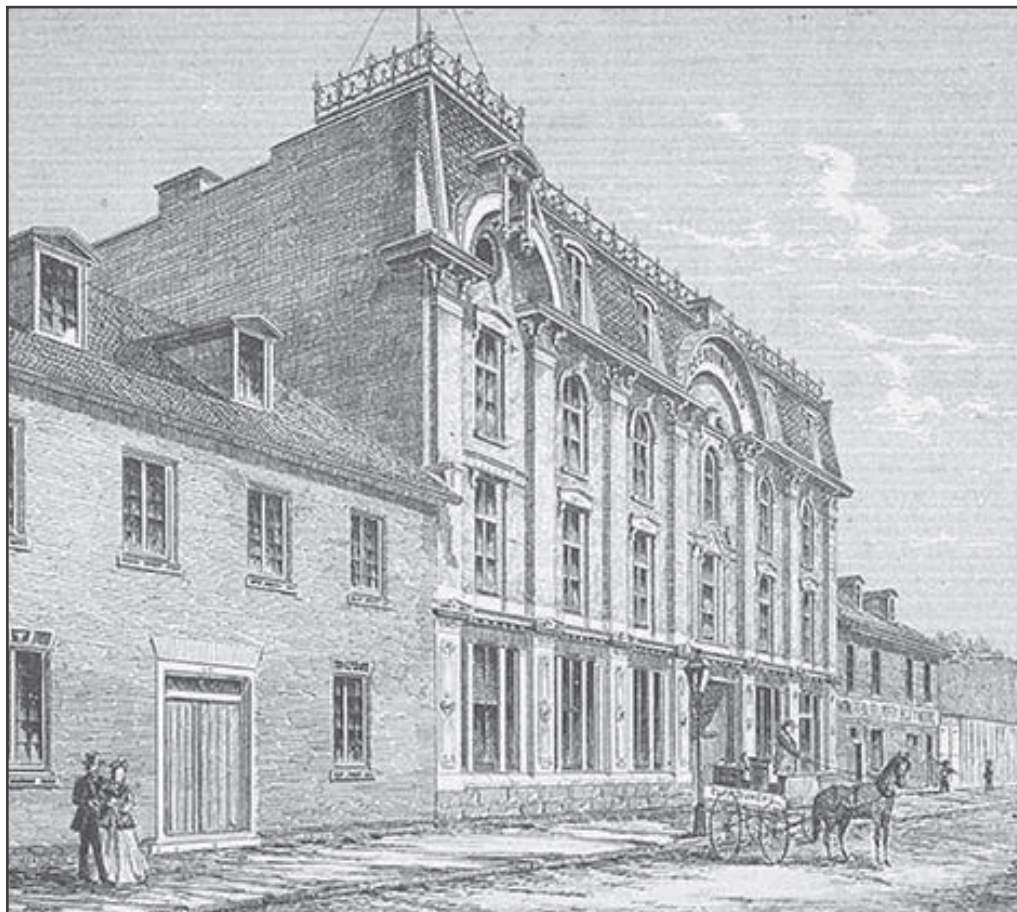
Right: Eugene Haberer, W. Clendinneng & Sons Foundry, William Street, Montreal, 1872. McCord Museum, M982.530.5192.1

This interior view is the only known drawing of an early Canadian foundry. It shows the moulding core room and at the back stand two furnaces (cupolas), one on full blast pouring out hot metal, the other crammed to the throat with pig iron and scrap, ready for firing and commencing operations. This foundry building was built around 1871 and the architect was John James Browne (1838-1893), born in Belfast, Ireland.



Above: Clendinneng Foundry Fire Insurance Map, 1892. Library and Archives Canada, Ottawa. NMC 16283.

Large-scale maps of many North American cities and industrial companies were produced for and by fire insurance companies to help them assess the risk they were insuring. They were constantly updated and contained all manner of information. The introduction of lithography about 1840 meant that these maps could be printed quickly and cheaply. A number of specialized firms sprang up, employing their own surveyors and cartographers. In Canada, one of the most important was the Charles G. Goad Company which produced the Clendinneng foundry map of 1892, with colour-coding on both the plan and the isometric three-dimensional view. Red-pink denotes brick buildings; stone structures are light blue; and yellow ones are wood.



Left: W. Clendinneng & Sons Foundry, William Street, Montreal, 1872. McCord Museum, M982.530.5192.2.

This sketch shows the exterior view of the red brick foundry building with its cast-iron façade on the first floor.

Below: Advertisement, Clendinneng Foundry and Base Burner Stove, 1880. Poster obtained by the Clendenning family from the Montreal Board of Trade, 1965.

The stove shown is a "Carnival" Double Heater base burner, patented August 14, 1884, and listed in the Clendinneng Trade Catalogue of 1894. Created in honour of the 1883 Montreal Winter Carnival.



Above: The Van Horne/Shaghnessy House, Montreal, c.1880. McCord Museum, MP-1981.207.13.

This Second Empire luxury residence (1874-75) consists of two symmetrical houses. The east side house was first occupied by Duncan McIntyre, and was sold to Sir Donald Alexander Smith, Lord Strathcona in 1888. William Van Horne bought the west side house from Robert Brown in 1882, and Thomas Shaghnessy purchased it in 1891. The building's iron decoration came from the Clendinneng Foundry: the window grilles, the semicircular greenhouse/tea house (added in 1890), the roof cresting, and the ornamental fence and gates (Patented June 8, 1881). Sadly, the latter were demolished sometime after 1948.

CLENDINNENG'S FOUNDRY AND STOVE WORKS.

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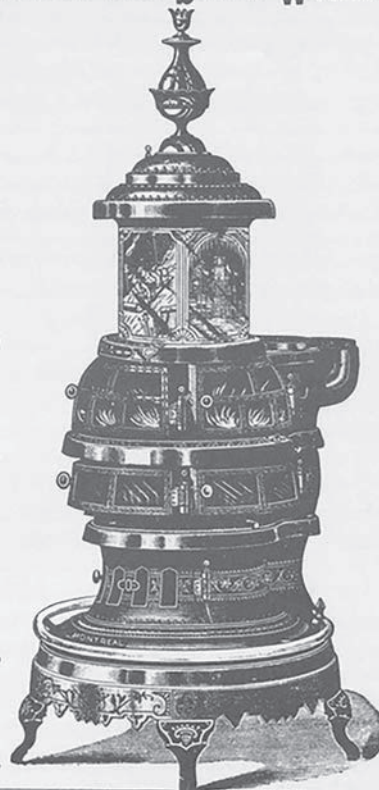
216 & 218 St. James Street,

AND

Corner of William and Inspector Street,

HAY MARKET SQUARE,

MONTREAL.



called “The Prince of Wales” to honour Prince Arthur’s visit to Canada in 1860.

A devout Methodist, William Clendinneng was active in a number of charitable organizations. He was a founding member of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society (IPBS) in 1856 (following its separation from the St. Patrick’s society) and became its president in 1875. The Society was directly involved in helping sick and destitute immigrants. At the time, churches and benevolent societies were extremely important to all inhabitants, Catholic and Protestant alike.

Throughout the 1880s, Clendinneng was a board member of a number of Montreal-area organizations: the Montreal Protestant House of Industry and Refuge, the Canadian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Montreal General Hospital, the Young Men’s Christian Association (the first in North America), and the Montreal Board of Trade.

For over 25 years, Clendinneng played a prominent role in the civic life of Montreal. He served as city alderman for the St. Antoine Ward from 1876 to 1879 and again from 1888 to 1893, sitting on the committees for finance, light

and health. He introduced many improvements in the civic regulations and municipal by-laws. He was a co-committee leader in raising the first civic loan in London, England, and served as the deputy mayor of Montreal in 1888. In Quebec’s Legislative Assembly, Clendinneng represented Montreal division No. 4 from 1890 to 1892 as a Conservative.

Above all, the Clendinneng name was associated with iron manufacturing. The family took pride in the links forged with the ironmasters and master craftsmen of their foundry, and they can be considered worthy heirs of the tradition passed down by the pioneer ironworkers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The foundry ceased operations in 1904, primarily due to the collapse of its major banker, the Banque du Peuple, in 1895, which led to a series of defaults by its debtors.

On June 21, 1907, William Clendinneng Sr. was struck and killed by a Lehigh Valley passenger train in Depew, New York. He is buried in Mount Royal Cemetery. William J. Clendinneng Jr. (1859-1934) is buried in Westminster Cemetery, Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania.

His only son, Lt. Colonel Randall Davidson Lowry Clendenning (1904-1968), grew up in Montreal, moved to Toronto in the early 1930s and served with the Irish Regiment of Canada during World War II; he died in Guelph and is buried with his wife, Dorothy Hamlin (1902-1985), in Lakeview Cemetery, Midland, Ontario. They had twin sons, David and Philip Hamlin Clendenning (born 1941), who live in Ottawa and Worcester, Massachusetts, respectively.

In 2004, the foundry’s 1893 charter was updated, and today the Clendinneng firm is a private family holding company. Note that, following the closure of the foundry, the family changed its surname from Clendinneng to Clendenning for ease of use.

David H. Clendenning is a former career Canadian diplomat and Trade Commissioner with overseas posting in the United States, Nigeria, Turkey and Trinidad and Tobago. He retired in 2011 and is now a fine art architectural photographer based in Ottawa. He is the great grandson of the original Clendinneng foundry owner.

GRANDAD’S MONTREAL

by Robert N. Wilkins

My paternal grandparents met in Montreal in 1901, and this, my most recent book, is dedicated to their memory. Family tradition has it that Frederick Thomas Wilkins, of Birmingham, England, and Léa Emilie Therrien, of Bedford, Quebec, crossed paths during the summer of the first year of the twentieth century in a tourist lodge on Beaver Hall Hill, in the city centre. They married the following January. He was 27, and she was 22.

I never knew my grandfather, as he died eight years before I was born, a fact I deeply regret to this day. I do vividly recall my French-Canadian grandmother, however, and her charming, almost Acadian-like timbre whenever she spoke to me in English. I was twenty when she died.

Perhaps because I am an ardent local historian, I have often wondered what Montreal was like when they started their life together here that year. The streets, the buildings, the green spaces, might they be effortlessly familiar to me, or, at least, to some lesser degree, recognizable?

And the town’s inhabitants in the first year of the twentieth century — Montrealers in their own time and place, my civic ancestors — what were they like? How did they respond to the great issues of the day? When, and about what, did they fret? Did language unite, or further divide them? Through what medium did they grapple with personal crises, when government did essentially nothing for citizens in the course of their everyday lives? These are just a few of the quixotic queries for which I have

been, over the years, nimbly and earnestly seeking answers.

In that regard, I have often pondered, like so many others, I suppose, what it would be like to time travel; that is to say, climb aboard some sort of twenty-first century technological contraption that would take me back to, let’s just say, Montreal in 1901. Emerging from that time ship on a hot summer day, again just conjecturing, at the intersection of Peel and St. Catherine Streets, what would I first notice? How would I be received?

These interrogatives, and many more, are what motivated me to piece together a narrative about Montreal as it was during the first twelve months of the twentieth century. And as time travel does not yet exist, I had to turn to newspapers, two in particular. from which I



took all my information.

In short, to pursue my passion for local lore and to better understand the metropolis my grandparents first knew, I assiduously delved into microfilmed copies of *The Montreal Star* (my Grandad's favourite) and *La Presse* for the year 1901. They were by far the two most popular dailies on the district landscape at that time. I reasoned that, by examining both an English-language and a French-language paper, I would surely obtain two different perspectives of what was transpiring in this community back in the day. Often, as it turned out, I did find two different perspectives, although occasionally the journals were of the same mind on certain seemingly contentious matters.

I quickly came to realize, through this research, that Montreal at the turn of the last century was very much an in-your-face city. This simple fact stemmed surely in part from the very character of its residents: resilient, obtuse, hard, determined, and, at times, even cruel. These conspicuous features applied to children as well, who were certainly not mollycoddled as so many are today — far from it, in fact. Youngsters were often left to fend for themselves, both in the streets and in their homes.

Incidentally, the year 1901 coincided with the decennial Census of Canada taken on March 31 of the same year. That nose count showed the Island of Montreal with a population of 360,838 denizens, while the city itself came in at 325,653. All these individuals are now “with the great majority,” as *The Montreal Star* was so fond of writing.

Speaking of which, the average life expectancy in 1901 in Canada for a woman was 50, while for a man it was 47. Only 44% of females could expect to reach the age of 65 and for males this figure dropped to just 38%. Life was short and, at times, cheap. These were the damning demographic facts with which my kinfolks were surely familiar.

As for the year itself, I quickly picked up that several events occurred that are particularly noteworthy for the borough. The death of Queen Victoria in January (after all, Canada was still a member of the British Empire). A major conflagration that same month in what is today Old Montreal, which rapidly destroyed the relatively-new Board of Trade Building. In June, two of the most bizarre shooting deaths ever to have occurred in the history of the town. In the late summer, a scrupulously-planned City Hall royal reception, which was cancelled at the last moment.

The first and the last of these historic happenings would surely have been of keen interest to my grandfather, who was, true to his English origins, very much a fervent royalist.

And while Victoria's demise at the age of 81 was anything but a surprise, what transpired in Montreal in September of that same year certainly was. In a word, a colourful, much anticipated Town Hall levee for the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York (the future King George V and Queen Mary) was abruptly mothballed due to an event that took place hundreds of kilometres away from the burgeoning municipality. Over four thousand Montrealers had

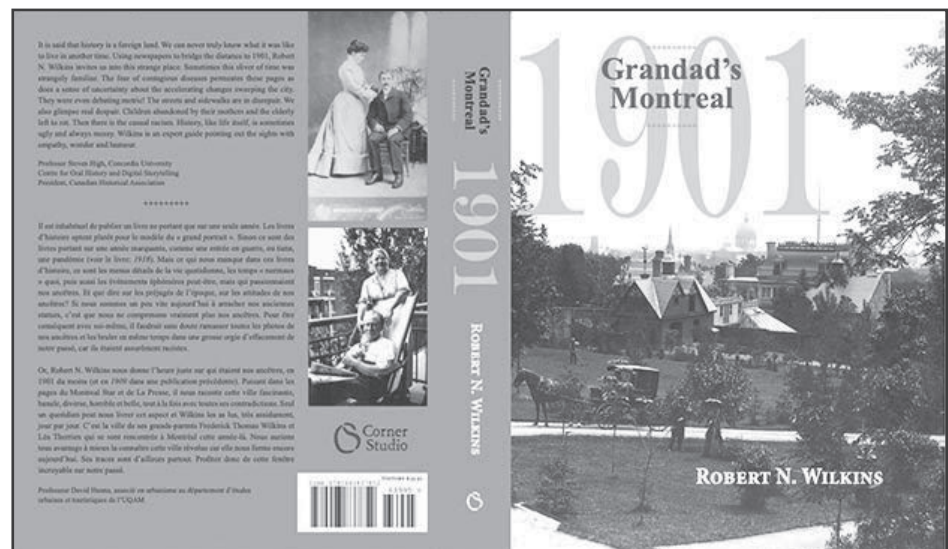
been expected to attend the September 18 eye-catching soirée, perhaps even my Grandad.

Alas, the September 14 death, in Buffalo, N.Y., of United States President William McKinley, occasioned by an assassin's bullet, commandeered the date for other purposes. A day of national mourning was proclaimed throughout the United States for September 18, and the governor general's office in Ottawa thought it best that the Montreal royal gala be deftly and judiciously scrubbed. *Sic Transit Gloria Mundi*.

As strange as it may seem, while masterminding my family history fact-finding, I found myself developing an empathetic, almost enigmatic bond with the people who lived in this town in 1901. Perhaps it was because my grandparents were among them, or maybe it stemmed from the distress I felt for numerous turn-of-the-twentieth century Montrealers, given how arduous and relatively short their lives were.

By and by, in my waning years as a high school teacher in this metropolis, I frequently told my pupils that, in looking back on my own life, I was most pleased with where and *when* I was born. Nothing, in this, my on-going virtuous pastime, has caused me to put into doubt that assertion.

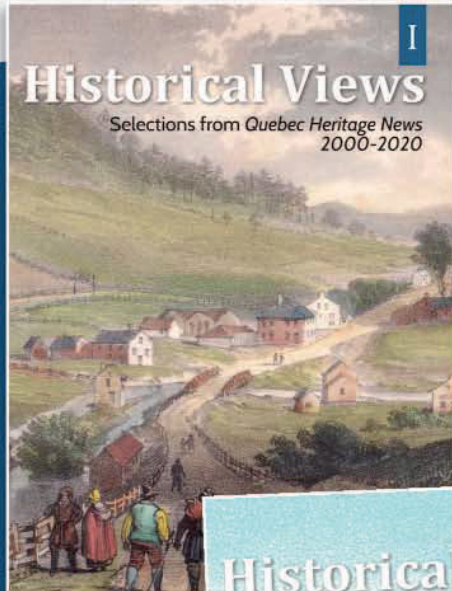
Grandad's Montreal, published by Corner Studio, is available in many Montreal bookshops. Ten dollars of each purchase will be divided between two benevolent societies that cater to the needs of this city's many homeless: Chez Doris and St. Michael's Mission.



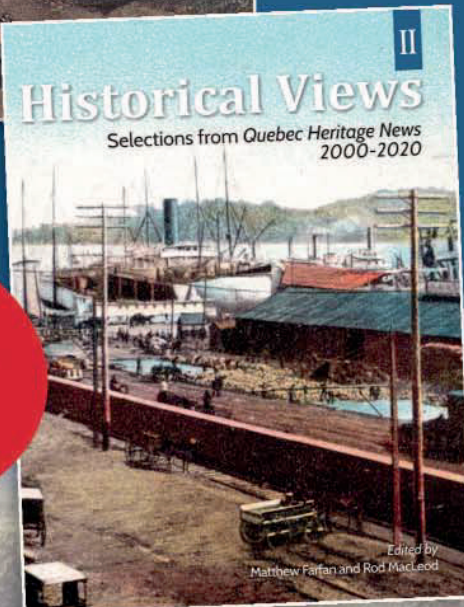
Top: Heinrich von Angeli, Queen Victoria, 1900. National Portrait Gallery, NPG 1252.

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SMUGGLER'S ROCKING CHAIR

Lac-Brome Museum, Knowlton

by Isaac McNeil

This is the first in a series of articles profiling unusual artefacts found in small museums across Quebec.

The Smuggler's Rocking Chair at the Lac-Brome Museum is a creative attempt by an amateur smuggler to outwit the law.

Imagine yourself as a Canadian revenue officer. You've been tasked to visit the Bracey residence in the small town of South Bolton to follow up on a suspicion of illicit tobacco sales on the premises. Upon entering the Bracey family home, you encounter Grandmother Bracey, knitting innocently in her rocking chair. She welcomes you into her home, quite considerate of the nature of your visit. She puts you at ease while you complete your search. After all, you would hardly want to harass a sweet old lady for what is most likely a misunderstanding. When you are done, you thank the Braceys for their understanding and hospitality, and assure them there shouldn't be any more trouble. You are quickly out the door to your next assignment. Little do you realize, thanks to your courtesy for the family and the old lady, that you've been duped

by the sweetest of petty criminals.

The assumption that a revenue officer would be unlikely to suspect or seriously harass Grandmother Bracey was the key to the appeal of the faux-bottom rocking chair used by the Braceys to stash their smuggled tobacco. Upholstered in a light pink fabric that softens its criminal nature, the chair was made from a barrel built in Waterloo, Quebec, and previously used for shipping "Boston Crackers." The barrel's lid, now used as the seat, could be removed to reveal the stash inside. The chair's inconspicuously casual and practical design made it an ideal hiding spot. The simple faux-bottom was clearly not the work of master criminals but rather that of crafty and practical people who needed to earn some income. Despite the folksy charm of small-time operations like the Braceys', smuggling illegal tobacco was, and remains, a criminal offense in Canada. From police patrols cracking down on the selling of loose cigarettes to the prosecution of larger criminal organizations, we can understand why the Braceys would have been anxious when the revenue officers came knocking.

The smuggler's rocking chair no longer serves as an accessory to petty crimes; it was retired long ago to a simpler life of providing museum visitors with a glimpse at the material history of smuggling in their region. Objects tied to criminality range from the charming to the chilling. The Bracey family's rocking chair falls decidedly on the side of charm.

Bishop's University History student Isaac McNeil interned for QAHN in the winter of 2022.



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MRS. MARTYR

Hannah Lyman's Misfortunate Family

by Rod MacLeod

The men in Hannah Lyman's life had left.

Her husband, John Easton Mills, had departed in the most sensational manner, setting an unmatched example for public service and sacrifice: in November 1847, Montreal's mayor died, horribly, of the disease he had contracted in the fever sheds while striving to save others. To honour the "martyr mayor" the city pulled out all the stops, including a lavish funeral procession and extensive newspaper coverage of Mills' heroism. This universal public mourning relegated Mills' widow and children to almost symbolic roles, allowing them little space for private grief. Hannah Lyman stoically bore this central yet supporting role, her public persona one of silent, black-clad widowhood until the crowds had departed and she could let down her guard as she lifted her veil. The loss of her husband weighed heavily upon her – but no less horrible for Hannah Lyman would be the death of her only surviving son, John, at eighteen, a year and a half later. And these losses compounded a tragic week back in 1841 that would have haunted Hannah even as she mourned others later on. In May of that year, three sons had died in quick succession of scarlet fever: five-year-old George, two-year-old Edwin, and ten-month-old Albert. Hannah was left with daughters: four young women she was determined to keep close at hand and under careful scrutiny.

The loss of sons and husband, combined with the strain of acting the martyr mayor's widow, also instilled in Hannah Lyman a need to assert mastery over her private domain. In July 1847, her eldest daughter, Hannah Jane, had married dry goods merchant Nathaniel Stevens Whitney, but instead of setting up on their own the young couple moved into the

Mills home. After the deaths of John Mills senior and junior, Whitney became the token adult male in the household (apart from the groom and the butler) as well as the principal breadwinner – yet, the household revolved around Hannah and her daughters. The pecking order



was indicated in the 1861 census listing: "Mrs J E Mills" was at the top of the household's census form, followed by "Mrs Whitney" (Hannah Jane), then Mary Elizabeth (the second Mills daughter, age 34), Ada Maria (the third daughter, 19), Alice Stiles (fourth daughter, 16), Mrs Avignon (the French governess), and only then "NS Whitney." Beneath him on the census form are his own three children and the household's four servants.

The house was known as Belair Cottage, named for the family that had lived there before John Easton Mills bought the estate in 1836. Straddling the

escarpment that framed the lower slopes of Mount Royal, the farm benefited from a southern exposure: it featured profitable orchards, like most of its neighbours, and (according to the 1842 census, which was more interested in crops than in the names of children) yielded 100 bushels of potatoes, 24 bushels of oats, and four of "Indian corn." An easy climb up a rural lane known as St. Genevieve Street and then along a short tree-lined drive brought visitors to the house's extensive front verandah, where family members could sit of an evening overlooking the city. Despite its modest-sounding name, Belair Cottage was actually a substantial two storey stone villa, with ample space for the four children Hannah and John had when they moved in (Hannah Jane, Mary Elizabeth, John and George), as well as the additional four that came later (Edwin, Albert, Ada and Alice). Belair Cottage would be Hannah's home for the next three decades, the first as a wife (1836-47) and the remaining two as a widow (1847-67). She would only leave the house when a lucrative business venture enabled her to spend the last years of her life in England.

Hannah Lyman was born in 1799 in Derby, Vermont, a village near the border with Lower Canada that her parents had only recently called home. The Lymans came from old New England stock: the extended family enjoyed substantial landholdings in and around Northampton, Massachusetts; their sons were well-educated and followed profitable commercial and professional careers. Hannah's uncles were drug dealers – that is, they manufactured and exported pharmaceuticals across the border, with offices in Montreal. Hannah's father, Elisha, took advantage of the porous border in another way: by



operating a tavern on what would soon become the stage route between Quebec City and Boston. Hannah and her eight siblings attended the Derby Congregationalist Church, of which their father was a founder and the first deacon – earning him the nickname “Deacon Lyman” for the rest of his life. Prior to the heyday of the Temperance movement, operating a public house was perfectly consistent with being considered “a man of sterling integrity, strictly conscientious and religious” (as chronicler Robert Campbell put it).

Trans-border trade suffered with the outbreak of the War of 1812, but at war’s end, as if to start afresh, Hannah’s family moved to Montreal. There, Elisha teamed up with brother-in-law Samuel Hedge to reboot the pharmaceutical business. In practice, it was Hedge who ran the business while Deacon Lyman ran another tavern. Congregationalism had not yet taken root in Montreal, so Lyman, Hedge and others from south of the border established the American Presbyterian Church, a socially progressive institution that operated a free school for all local children. Like the church, Lyman’s tavern became the stomping grounds of the American ex-pat community, a group that always made the British authorities a little nervous despite the oaths they swore to the crown. Appropriately, if somewhat disingenuously, Lyman’s establishment was called the Brock Tavern, named after British war hero General Isaac Brock; it even sported the general’s likeness on a wooden shop sign. The tavern proved a lucrative business, situated as it was on fashionable McGill Street, which had been laid out along the line of

Montreal’s recently demolished fortifications. Like its predecessor in Derby, the Brock Tavern was also an important stagecoach stop, receiving passengers and post from Quebec City.

For Hannah, now in her late teens, living in the midst of so much bustle must have been constantly eye-opening. One item that soon opened her eyes was John Easton Mills, a young man who had also emigrated from New England after the war. John and his brother Cephas had hoped to take part in the fur trade, but soon became much more interested in banking, particularly after the founding of the Bank of Montreal in 1817. Fortunately for the course of romance, Hannah had a younger sister, Fanny, who paired off with Cephas; the two couples married just a few weeks apart in January 1823 – foreshadowing the marriage of Hannah’s youngest daughters to two brothers four decades

later. Fanny and Cephas would have seven children before his death at the age of 49 in 1842; some years later, Fanny remarried and moved to Upper Canada.

John Easton Mills grew wealthy from banking and other ventures, yet he displayed a strong social conscience, which ultimately propelled him into municipal politics. In March 1846, he ran successfully for a seat on city council, and promptly challenged the sitting mayor, James Ferrier, for the top job. Ferrier, a consummate back-room bully, played every card in his hand to stay in power, but by December 1846 agreed to step down. Mills’ first (and last) year in office was marked by the arrival of thousands of Irish immigrants sick with typhus who converged on the river shore. Mills supervised the construction of fever sheds to quarantine these dying families, suppressed rioters attempting to destroy the encampment, and personally supervised the care of those suffering. “He was indefatigable in his exertions to soothe their sorrows and to minister to their necessities,” declared his friend, Reverend Henry Wilkes, who visited Mills at Belair Cottage as he lay dying of typhus. The “martyr mayor of Montreal” left behind “a large family overwhelmed with grief, and an extensive circle of relatives to mourn his loss.”

Hannah Lyman welcomed crowds into her home on November 15, 1847, where her husband lay in state. The massive procession eventually pulled away from Belair Cottage, accompanied



Top: Detail showing Mills estate from James Cane, *Topographical and Pictorial Map of the City of Montreal*, 1846.

Bottom: Detail showing Mills estate from F. N. Boxer, *Map of the City of Montreal Shewing the Victoria Bridge*, 1859.

by dignitaries riding in the governor general's own carriage, and wound its way down to the American Presbyterian Church for the funeral. Wilkes and others gave their addresses, emphasizing Mills' "self-sacrifice on the altar of benevolence and public duty." The mayor's actions stood as a reminder to Victorians that Christian charity meant considerably more than just having good thoughts on Sunday. Throughout, Hannah played the role of grieving widow, her own sorrow buried deep within the public visage of veil and crepe. John was laid to rest in the family plot in the Protestant Burial Ground at the edge of the old town. Hannah retreated to Belair Cottage and closed the door on the spotlight that had been beamed on her during the previous year, especially the previous week. She was 48 years old. Her youngest daughter was just two.

By mid-century, the Mills farm's isolation was giving way to suburbia. The owners of nearby estates were subdividing their lands for profit, and the city authorized the opening of new streets to provide access to building lots. Lagauchetière and Belmont Streets were laid out just to the east of Belair Cottage, and, to the north, McGill College was beginning to offer lots carved out of James McGill's old estate, Burnside. Before going into politics, John Easton Mills had even considered sacrificing part of his estate to building lots, but had never followed through with this plan. One stumbling block for the city's plans was the St. Antoine burial ground, which lay directly in the line of Dorchester Street. The city very much wished to extend this street further west than its current terminus at the level of University Street, but the burial ground was clearly sacred space and also hardly conducive to real estate development. By 1854, however, with the opening of Notre Dame des Neiges Cemetery on the far side of the mountain (the Catholic counterpart to the Protestant Mount Royal Cemetery) and the official closure of the St. Antoine grounds, interest resumed. In early 1856, the Catholic bishop himself petitioned the city to extend Dorchester Street across the old burial grounds, hoping to situate the new cathedral he was planning along this new thorough-

fare. By August, the council authorized this extension.

Hannah Lyman decided to embrace this development, even though it promised further urban encroachment on Belair Villa. Indeed, the new road would cut across the Mills estate some distance north of the house, leaving an isolated 330' x 310' lot above Dorchester Street.



Sensing a lucrative sale, Hannah readily agreed to the terms of expropriation for the required strip of land. She also embarked upon the complicated legal process whereby a widow could sell property. Because Ada and Alice were still minors, Hannah could legally speak for them as their guardian ("tutrix" was the official term), but her older daughters had to give their consent, and this had to be ratified by the Montreal circuit court. Hannah was also required to go through the formality of advertising the sale in two city newspapers, one English (*The Gazette*) and one French (*La Minerve*), over three consecutive weeks, as well as on the door of Notre Dame Church on three consecutive Sundays. Once custom was satisfied, the sale proceeded, and the highest bidder was American merchant Harrison Stephens, who offered £3,000. On November 27, 1856, Hannah proceeded to the office of

notary John Helder Isaacson, accompanied by daughters Mary Elizabeth and Hannah Jane, who publicly agreed to "sell their parts or shares." Also on hand was son-in-law Nathaniel Whitney, who gave his assent to his wife's agreement, as was required when a married woman conducted business. Stephens wasted little time commissioning a team of builders to erect what would be the most prestigious house on the street ("Homestead"), dwarfing Belair Cottage, which it faced across the remaining Mills orchards.

The sale to Stephens was for Hannah Lyman a foray into the world of real estate that she would not repeat for another decade. Despite the growing suburban development around them, life in Belair Villa continued its bucolic existence. As well as revealing the matriarchal nature of the household, the 1861 census shows that the estate still contained such rural elements as a cow and three horses, valued at \$275; the horses, kept by groom Alexander Campbell, pulled the Mills' three carriages. Indoors, family life was made comfortable by a cook (C. McGill), a house maid (E. Ferguson) and a butler (John Glenn). The Whitneys continued to have children, but Hannah Lyman's other daughters remained unmarried. Her decision to leave Belair Cottage came about in large part because by the mid-1860s the suburbs were really beginning to close in on the small farm, with row houses, churches, and other institutional buildings appearing along Dorchester Street and on new streets adjoining the old cemetery – which was now being developed as a public square. But Hannah's decision was also inspired by sudden changes within the Mills family.

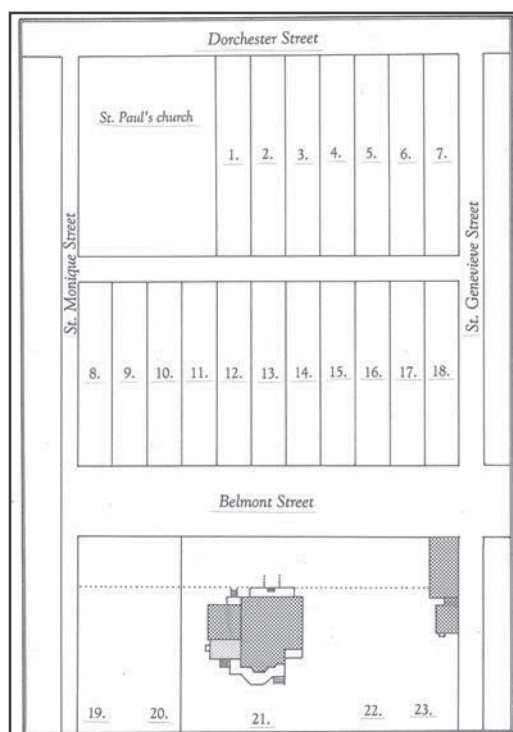
For well-heeled Protestants, especially Presbyterians, it was almost impossible in 1860s Montreal not to associate in some way with the Redpath family. John, the controlling patriarch, was still the driving force behind the city's main sugar refinery; while serving on city council back in the 1840s, he had been responsible for launching the suburban development of the mountain-side that would later be known as the Square Mile. His sons from his first marriage, Peter and John James, were somewhat reluctant participants in the

family business, but they enjoyed sitting on the boards of charities and public institutions. Their step-mother, Jane Drummond, though 16 years younger than Hannah Lyman, may well have been an occasional caller at Belair Villa, and their daughters no doubt interacted socially. At any rate, in March 1866, 20-year-old Alice Mills was a bridesmaid at Margaret Redpath's wedding. Margaret was Jane Drummond and John Redpath's eldest daughter, then 29. The wedding was held at Montreal's Coté Street Presbyterian Church, where the Redpaths worshipped. Also in attendance was Margaret's younger brother George, who had incurred his staunch Presbyterian father's great wrath on two counts: not only had George refused to join the family sugar business but he had fled to England, converted to Anglicanism, and even became an Anglican priest. George was able to boast of his recent appointment as curate (assistant to the rector) of St. Mary's parish church in Putney, near London. While this accomplishment made his father apoplectic, it seems to have impressed Alice Mills, who some weeks later was quite receptive to George's offer of marriage.

Hannah Lyman can hardly have been pleased to contemplate losing her youngest daughter – not only to Anglicanism, but also to England, where the young couple would make their lives. Of the two losses, the latter was probably the more distressing for a mother who liked to have her daughters nearby. Hannah gave her blessing to the marriage (Alice was still technically a minor) on the understanding that she would accompany the young couple to London, along with her 38-year-old spinster daughter, Mary Elizabeth. The remaining daughter, Ada, had other plans: namely, marry another eligible Redpath. Ada had set her sights on George's half-brother, John James, who had also been groomed as a partner in the sugar business but who was contemplating striking out on his own. John James eventually opted to escape his father's domineering presence by moving to England and submitting to his mother-in-law's domineering presence. Alice's wedding would take place in May 1867 at Shanklin, a fashionable coastal resort on the Isle of Wight. Ada's

wedding would take place three months later, at St. Mary's Church in Putney, with George Redpath performing the ceremony; Ada and John James would find a home for themselves nearby. All that remained was for Hannah Lyman to pull up stakes from Belair Cottage, ending her half-century residence in Montreal.

The Mills farm was now valuable real estate. Hannah dove headfirst into



the business by hiring a surveyor, Joseph Rielle, to design a subdivision plan, which was ready by early March 1867. The design featured 18 long lots in two rows fronting on either Dorchester Street or the projected extension of Belmont Street, which would bisect the estate just above Belair Cottage. The plan reserved a large lot for the St. Paul's Presbyterian Church congregation, who were hoping to relocate to the higher ground from their present location in the old town. Belair Cottage was part of the deal, along with the surrounding grounds; future residents would give their address as Belmont Street. There was no question of the Whitneys continuing to live in the house after the matriarch's departure; Hannah Jane, Nathaniel, and their children had moved to McGill College Avenue before the ink was dry on Rielle's plan. Belair Cottage was eventually bought by Edwin Atwater, an

American paint and glass manufacturer whose long period of service on the Montreal city council included the creation of the city waterworks.

Keen to get on with her new life, Hannah Lyman rented a house near the sea on the Isle of Wight that was large enough to accommodate the family for some months as well as most of the wedding party for a shorter period. She then made legal arrangements, as before, marshalling the consent of all family members so that land sales would be legitimate. She also worked things out with her new notary, James Stewart Hunter, giving power of attorney to John Redpath, who would oversee the transactions and sign deeds in her name. In one sense, Redpath was an odd choice, given that, as father of the groom, he might have been expected to attend the wedding himself – but no. His official reason for missing this momentous family event was some administrative issue within the Presbyterian church so dear to his heart, but the extended family would have been well aware of his deep disapproval of his son George. In other respects, Hannah could not have left her real estate project in better hands; Redpath was an old hand at selling land profitably. Within a few weeks, the lots were all purchased, bringing Hannah over \$40,000 to bankroll her “retirement” overseas.

The rest of Hannah Lyman's life began with the extensive stay in Shanklin, where the wedding party assembled on May 29, 1867, for the ceremony. The more immediate family also posed for a group photo in front of the house, providing a rare glimpse of the various (surviving) players in the Mills saga. George and Alice are at the centre, with Ada and John James lurking behind them and various small Redpaths, Drummonds and Whitneys in the foreground. The two seated ladies are the two mothers: the 51-year-old Jane Drummond, looking tired or wistful behind her son, and the 67-year-old Hannah Lyman gazing intently at her daughter. This same party would reconvene in Putney on August 20, when the Reverend George Drummond presided over the union of John James and Ada. Nuptials over, the two couples, along with Hannah Lyman and Mary Elizabeth



Mills, settled into life in Putney, which was fast becoming a fashionable London suburb, its church idyllically located at a scenic bend in the great river. In rapid succession, Alice gave birth to two girls, curiously named Alice Maud and Alice Ethel. Ada was also quick off the mark: her daughter Amy was born just nine months after the wedding, her son Peter the following year. Ada and Alice were pregnant together in the spring and summer of 1869, an idyllic period that Ada described wistfully in her diaries.

Shortly after these births, George was posted to Harbledown, a parish just outside Canterbury. Hannah, of course, accompanied them. Ada and John James did not, preferring to return to Montreal, where they built a grand home on the north side of Sherbrooke Street for their growing family. For Hannah Lyman, one daughter's departure was soon followed by another: in November 1869, shortly after the move to Harbledown, 24-year-old Alice died, from complications giving birth to Alice Ethel. The following year, leaving his two toddlers in Hannah Lyman's care, George returned to Montreal, where he became engaged to Annie Jean Savage, daughter of oil and pharmaceutical merchant Alfred Savage, who was a business partner of one of the city's many branches of Lymans. To make room for the newlyweds, Hannah Lyman and Mary Elizabeth Mills moved to a house just down the road in Harbledown from

the curate's residence, where they could still visit the two little girls. Annie eventually gave birth to two girls of her own, Lucy and Helen. Soon after Helen's birth, the Reverend George Redpath, who had been experiencing respiratory difficulties for some time, travelled to Colorado Springs for the "cure." In November 1877, he died, most likely of tuberculosis. His body was brought back to Montreal for burial in the Redpath family plot, near his father.

Back in England, the two Harbledown households went their separate ways. Annie Savage moved to Rugby with her own two girls. Alice Maud and Alice Ethel went with their grandmother and aunt to live in Upper Norwood, on the southern outskirts of London – a suburban but very comfortable existence, supported by a nurse, a parlour

maid, a housemaid, and a cook. Having lost her youngest daughter, and now living a world away from two of the others, Hannah Lyman spent her last few years in the London suburbs watching her two granddaughters grow up. When she died in 1881, her body was returned to Montreal for burial. Years earlier, she had purchased a lot in Mount Royal Cemetery and had her husband's remains and those of her four sons moved there from the old Protestant Burial Ground. She now joined them. At long last, Hannah Lyman was reunited with the men in her life.

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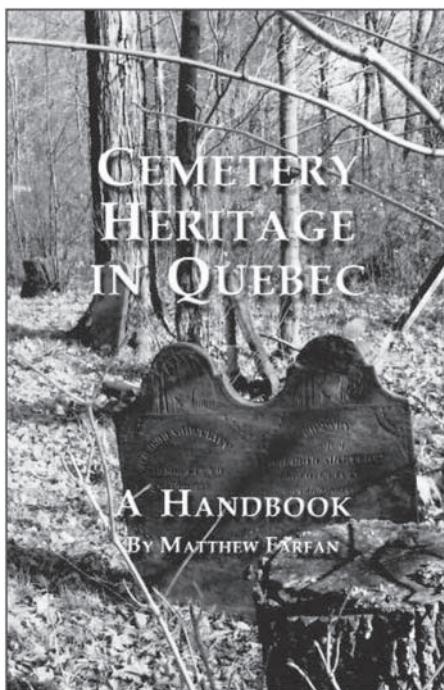
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Thanks to Liz Kirkland and Mary Anne Poutanen for additional information on Ada Mills and her family.



Top: The wedding party, Isle of Wight, 1867. Photo courtesy of the Redpath Sugar Museum, Redpath Sugar Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

Bottom: The Mills family monument, Mount Royal Cemetery, Montreal. Photo: findagrave.com.



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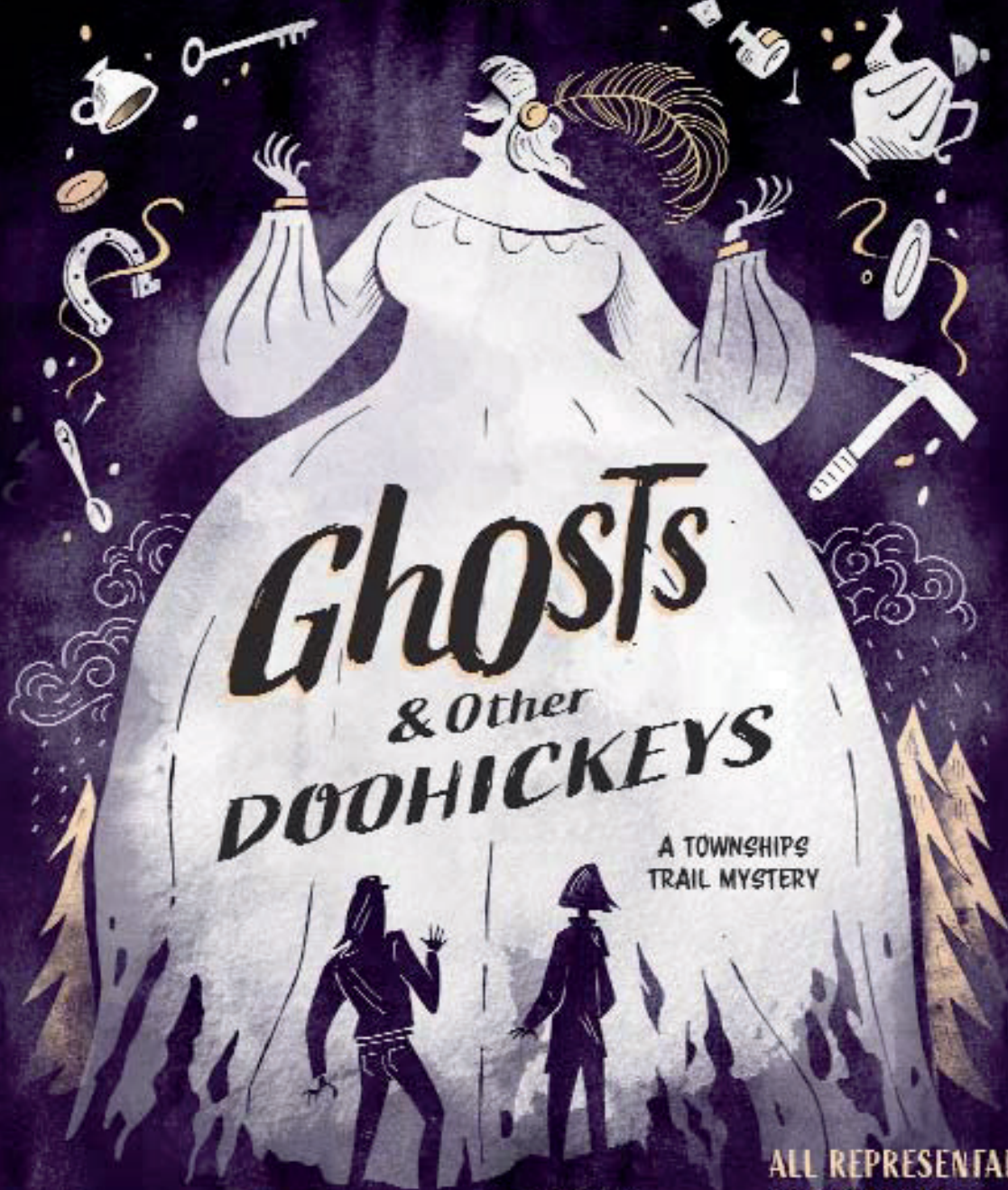
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