

HISTORICAL REVIEW 6

1987 - 1988



COBOURG AND DISTRICT
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

COBOURG AND DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY PROGRAMME 1987-1988

April 28, 1987

Speaker: Dr. Mary Rubio
The Factual Basis of Anne of Green Gables page 1

September 22, 1987

Speaker: Jennifer Bunting - Curator of the Lennox
and Addington County Museum
The Architecture of Napanee page 18

October 27, 1987

Speaker: Peter Cortesis
The Ethnic Connection - Chapter One page 24

November 24, 1987

Speaker: Dr. Ian Wilson - Chief Archivist for the
Province of Ontario
A Tribute to the Past,
A Resource for the Future page 29

January 26, 1988

Speaker: Brian Musselwaite - Royal Ontario Museum
Co-sponsored by the Art Gallery of
Northumberland
Canadiana Antiques Collecting plus
Treasure I.D. Clinic page 37

February 26, 1988

Speaker: Percy Climo
Epilogue to Celebration page 44

Speaker: Norma Martin
Catharine Parr Traill - Botanist page 47

Audio-visual Presentation: Barbara Garrick
Sesquicentennial Railway Walk

March 22, 1988

Film Night: Drylanders NFB
Speaker: Ken Burgess
Archibald Cecil Burgess - Western Tour page 55

April 19, 1988

Speaker: Joyce Lewis
Visits to Cobourg 1822-1826
(letters of Frances Stewart)

page 62

APPENDIX

page 75

Draft of a Speech by His Worship
Angus Read, Mayor of Cobourg
Duke of York Square, Cobourg, Ontario,
July 19, 1987

EXECUTIVE - 1987-1988

Past President	Peter Delanty
President	Barbara Cameron
Treasurer	Tom Hawke
Recording Secretary	Dennis Clarke
Corresponding Secretary	Donna S. McGillis

Committee Chairpersons

Programme	Peter Tulumello
Archives	Marion Hagen
Membership	Jane Greathead
Publications	Norma Martin
Publicity	Brenda Thurston
Newsletter	Yvonne Green
Sesquicentennial Railway Walk	Peter Parker
Banquet	Brenda Thurston

Cover illustration from Canadian Wild Flowers (1868)
Painted and Lithographed by Agnes Fitzgibbon with
Botanical Descriptions by C.P. Traill

THE FACTUAL BASIS OF ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

Dr. Mary Rubio

I am going to begin tonight with a picture [of Lucy Maud Montgomery] which appears on the dust jacket of our book. We chose this picture for its symbolic value. Her hand is on the curtain and we like to think it is the curtain that reveals the mysteries behind her life and her creative genius. Much of this is explained in the journal. I want to start then by reading a passage that she wrote in 1904 about why people keep journals.

In order to set the scene for this you need to think of her house in Prince Edward Island. A very small, frame, farmhouse - not very far from the winds that blow off the Atlantic Ocean. It is January 3rd, the middle of winter, and she is in the house with her grandmother, unable to get out of the house and walk, which is something she took a lot of pleasure in. She says:

What a day! One huge snow storm from one end to end and the thermometer at zero. I feel smothered. Even the windows are so thickly covered with snow and frost that the sensation is of being literally imprisoned. This has seemed as long as three days! The other day I came across this sentence in a magazine, "It is the unhappy people who keep diaries. Happy people are too busy to keep diaries". At the time that rendering impressed me as clever but after thinking it over I have decided that it may be epigrammatic but it is not true. To be sure I am not exactly a happy person. But I kept a diary and I enjoyed doing so when I was quite happy. Besides, if being busy makes people happy I ought to be a very happy mortal. No, the epigram should have read, "It is the lonely people who keep diaries, people who live solitary lives and have no other outlets for their moods and tensions". When I have anybody to talk it over with I don't feel the need of a diary so strongly. When I haven't I must have a journal to overflow in. It is a companion and a relief.

L.M. Montgomery's journals were many things to her during her lifetime. Sometimes they were a confidante, when she needed someone to talk to. But more important, they were a way for her to keep contact with her childhood - and childhood was obviously very important to her because it was the creative thought from which she drew her books. In her journals she speaks of childhood as being a fairyland and this is what she says:

There is such a place as fairyland but only children can find the way to it and they do not know that it is fairyland until they have grown so old that they forget the way. One bitter day when they see it and cannot find it they realize what they have lost and that is the tragedy of life. On that day the gates of Eden are shut behind them. Henceforth, they must dwell in the common mind of common day. Only a few who remain children at heart can ever find that fair lost path again. Blessed are they above mortals. The world calls them the singers and poets and artists and storytellers but they are just people who have never forgotten their way to fairyland.

L.M. Montgomery's journals were her own private passport to fairyland. They served her as a lifelong access to memories of childhood. Her memories of growing up in the small rural community of staunch Presbyterians were very mixed memories. There was much happiness and some underlying sadness.

Now I am going to take you on a little tour of Cavendish. Maud's house was right in the centre of the picture - a very rural community with fields laid out and houses in the areas where it is darkened with trees. It was a thriving little community back then. Those of you who have been to Cavendish in the last thirty years know that it has shrunk a great deal. It has become a tourist site and it does not have the same character it had then.

The house that she lived in and the nearby barns with old-fashioned barnyard were near an orchard. A picture inside the Kitchen shows one of her beloved cats immortalized. In the sitting room can be seen a bed off to the corner. I think it was probably quite a well-appointed house because her family had been fairly well-to-do in the community. Her picture can be seen on the wall. It must have been taken after Anne of Green Gables was published because it is one of the pictures that was used for promotion. Her son kept this picture all his life. It is now in the Archives at Guelph along with her other memorabilia.

In the dining room area the glass in the corner is the cabinet she talks about in the journals - seeing her reflections and imagining it was an imaginary playmate.

In her bedroom are some of the books she had collected. As soon as she started selling things in the mid-1890s she started spending her money on books and built her library.

A winter scene shows how difficult it would have been to get out

and walk in long skirts in that snow.

Montgomery dipped into her journals for many of her characters - Emily of New Moon and even the dark and angry Valancy of The Blue Castle. She fed these characters into books which took their texture from the real community of Cavendish and she sought them for sharp portraits with comedy, the comedy that arises when people take themselves too seriously. Anne of Green Gables, her first book, draws on most of the happiest aspects of Montgomery's childhood and we meet this in volume one of the journals.

Anne was drawn from her author, the loveable, frightened, bright, emotional and talkative little girl inside Maud Montgomery.

It is not uncommon for artists to fragment their complex personalities and make characters from the different people within themselves. Sometimes they even play off warring sides of themselves within the same book. Montgomery put her sides into Anne. Little Maud was an imaginative chatterbox - just like Anne of Green Gables. She also had a darker side and that side came from inside little Maud who felt unloved and unwanted underneath a happy exterior. The first half of her journals show a happy, effervescent, little girl. But she was a very spirited little girl. Later, there are reflective passages which reveal the darker side of her childhood. I think the appeal of Anne of Green Gables comes from the tension between these two sides, the very happy child and the child who is not loved - who feels she is not loved and is not wanted.

Now on the surface it is very surprising that little Maud Montgomery should not have felt unwanted, because both sides of her family were very prominent on the Island. They were definitely uppercrust as far as the Island society went. Her paternal grandfather was a senator and a good friend of Sir John A. Macdonald.

Grandfather Montgomery looks very stern. I now have a picture where he is smiling and he looks kindly. He was a very kindly man. She loved him dearly and said that even though he was hard of hearing and could not hear what she told him, he was always just wonderful to talk to.

Her Macneill clan, with whom she lived, were also distinguished in Island history. However, she did not feel these distinctions as much as she felt her isolation. She had to wear fine shoes to school for instance, when other children, who did not have any shoes, went barefoot. But she felt her isolation for more important reasons. Her mother had died when she was twenty-one

months old and her father went to Saskatchewan where he remarried. He left her to be raised by the maternal grandparents, Alexander and Lucy Macneill.

The Macneills lived in Cavendish. They had raised six children of their own. They were in their fifties and they were very rigid personalities who must have found it rather distressing, when they had raised their own family, to suddenly inherit lively little Lucy Maud to raise.

From her earliest childhood Maud longed for her mother, her dead mother, and her distant father and fantasised tremendously about him.

The next passage that I am going to read tells of her longing for a sympathetic mother and of the emotional starvation she felt with her grandparents. Now the passage I am going to read would be significant at any time in her life but she writes it when she is thirty years old - just a few weeks before she begins writing Anne of Green Gables in 1905. The passage is very reflective, and I think, very sad. It is again in winter, just a year after the last passage in January. She tends to get depressed because she cannot get out, cannot go for walks, does not have friends and could not have them in.

January 2, 1905

This fall in town I spent an evening with a Mrs. Campbell, a second cousin and girlhood friend of my mother. She told me that my mother did not resemble Aunt Annie or Aunt Emily in the slightest respect physically, mentally or emotionally. She assured me if Mother had lived I would have found in her all I could wish from a mother. She spoke of her as a beautiful, spiritual, poetical girl full of fine emotions and noble impulses. I cannot express how glad I was to hear this. It seemed to me that Mrs. Campbell had given me a talisman to make life beautiful. There was now no hindrance to the wish that went out from my heart for my mother. She would have understood. She would have sympathized. The older I grow the more I realize what a starved childhood mine was emotionally. I was brought up by two old people neither of whom, at their best, were ever very sympathetic and who had already grown into set and intolerant ways. They seemed to cherish and acted on the contradictory opinions that a child of ten or a girl of fifteen was as old as themselves and as young as a baby. That is, she should have no wish or taste they did not have and yet she should have no more right to an independent existence than an

infant. Grandfather Macneil, in all the years I knew him, was a stern, domineering, irritable man. I was always afraid of him. He bruised my childish feelings in every possible way and inflicted on my girlish pride humiliations whose scars are branded into my very soul and which were not at all atoned for by his rare and spasmodic treats of arbitrary kindness.

I seemed to myself in all those years to be alone with all the world, my world, against me. My childish faults and shortcomings, of which I had plenty, were all detailed to Macneil uncles and aunts whenever they came to the house. I resented this more bitterly than anything else. Other children's faults were not exploited by their parents in family conclave. Why then should mine be? Again, these aforesaid aunts and uncles arrogated the right to reprove me at their own will and pleasure as they never would have dared to do had I had parents to resent it. I had a remarkably keen sense of justice even then. I acknowledged the right of Grandfather and Grandmother to correct me. But I felt no such right in the others and my revolt against it did not heighten me in their good opinion at all. I thought then, and I still think for that matter, that they had better have devoted their reforming energies to their own children. Judging by the way some of them have turned out they must have needed it quite as much as I did. As for Grandmother, she was very kind to me in a material way. I was well cared for, well fed, well dressed and I may add that these benefits were unfailingly cast up to me whenever I showed any rebellion. But nature never made two people more dissimilar in every respect essential for mutual comfort. I was impulsive, warm-hearted, emotional. Grandmother was cold and reserved, narrow in her affection and sensibilities. When two such people are compelled to live under one roof, one of them must invariably be uncomfortable and that one is the dependent one.

Grandmother was kind to me in her own way. But her way was very often torture to me and I was constantly reproached with ingratitude and wickedness because in childhood, before I had learned self-control or understanding of my position, I sometimes rebelled against her ways. I would not, however, convey the impression that my childhood was actually unhappy. It was never as happy as childhood should be and as

it easily might have been and there were times when it was fiercely unhappy. But between these times I got on very well.

It has always seemed to me, ever since I can remember, that amid all the commonplaces of life I was very near to a Kingdom of ideal beauty. Between it and me lay only a thin veil. I could never draw it quite aside but sometimes a wind fluttered it and I seemed to catch a glimpse of the enchanting realm beyond. Only a glimpse, but those glimpses have always made life worthwhile.

I had, besides Dennis now, two great refuges and consolations, the world of nature and the world of books. They kept life in my soul. They made me love my home because of my dreams and rambles and the deep joy and delight they gave me, because of the halo they threw over what was otherwise bare and savourless.

At this point in her life, age thirty, she has behind her two years in Halifax, three years teaching schools in rural Prince Edward Island and two disastrous love affairs. Behind her also, are six years of caring for her aged grandmother and there are to be six more years caring for her grandmother. Maud has watched her girl friends marry and settle and the Island's most energetic young men have headed for the mainland and the Canadian west. Life for her is going past and it is monotonous and it is discouraging.

Taking care of her grandmother was one thing but she had worse pressures. Both Maud and Grandmother Macneill were in danger of getting shoved out of their own home, the home they had both lived in all their lives. This unfortunate situation arose because her grandfather Alex Macneill, who is dead by now of course, had willed their house to his son, John Macneill, with the provision that Lucy Macneill, her grandmother, be allowed to live out her life in it.

Unfortunately, John did not like his mother and he did not like Maud who was much more intelligent than he or his children were. He wanted to dislodge his mother from the house so that he could have it for his eldest son who was old enough to marry, and wanted to marry and needed a house to move into. But his mother, Maud's grandmother, was firmly determined to live out her days where she had raised her children. She could only do this if Maud agreed to stay with her, which Maud did out of a sense of obligation, and Uncle John resented both very bitterly. As a result of a deep altercation between John and his mother he

did not visit his mother again during the last five years of her life. But his house was only across the field and Maud could not help feeling the pressure of his resentment.

Houses were very important to her. She took photographs inside her house because she always wanted to carry those with her. There were houses that she dreamed about - the house where her mother and father lived and she was born, the Park Corner house where her happy Montgomery relatives lived, thirteen miles away. There was another happy house in her lifetime but that was when she lived in the Leaskdale manse here in Ontario.

The feelings of being unwanted and being resented were something that she was feeling at the time that she wrote Anne of Green Gables - because of all the altercation with her Uncle John and the fact that she and her grandmother were worried that they were going to get dislodged from the house. You see in Anne of Green Gables the very strong feeling that Anne has to find a home where she herself will be secure. These feelings come out of Maud's feelings which were reactivated when she is thirty years old and writing the book. These longings are part of what makes the book so effective to her and to us.

Maud's grandparents clearly had loved her but they loved her in their own stern way. I think she must have been quite a handful as a child. She says so and I don't find it hard to believe. I can understand why her grandparents resorted to reminding her, however unwisely, that she had better hold her tongue and be glad that they had taken her in when her father had all but abandoned her.

This method of discipline, however, left a very deep emotional scar because it left her as a child with the feeling that the home was not quite secure. We can see how in fiction she brings this into Anne's life and she shows us Anne who begins by feeling unwanted but ends up finding acceptance and love. Of course, we know that between the beginning and the end, the novel is full of funny disasters, things that happened to Maud in real life - the linament cake, dyed hair, the school concert and so on. She devotes quite a number of pages in her journals to talking about all of the factual basis for the anecdotes in Anne.

I should round out the picture talking about where Maud found the rays of approval that nurtured her during her childhood. Some came from teachers (she had some very good teachers), very good friends and a lot of approval came from her maternal grandfather Montgomery and from her own father.

Despite the fact that her father saw her only a few times in his

world. He did this partly by letters and then when she was sixteen she went out to spend a year with him. He is newly married and we do not find out for awhile but his wife is expecting their first child.

Unfortunately, it was not a good year. I will read an entry from when she just arrived:

August 30, 1890

It is lovely to be with Father again. He is such a darling. His eyes just shine with love when he looks at me. I never saw anyone look at me with such eyes before. But to speak plainly, I am afraid I am not going to like his wife. I came here prepared to love her warmly and look upon her as a real mother but I feel it will prove impossible. [The new Mrs. Montgomery, by the way, was not that much older than Lucy Maud. She was in her early twenties and the father was quite a bit older. You can certainly see the picture.]

I have been here only three days and already my eyes have been opened by several little things. For instance, this morning at breakfast she did not pour any tea for me. Of course, I knew this was just an oversight and I waited a minute or two after the others had begun eating before asking for it, as Grandpa was speaking and I did not want to interrupt. But before I could speak she turned to me and said in a most cutting and insulting tone of voice I ever heard and with the blackest look, "What are you waiting for, Maud?" I suppose she must have imagined that I was expecting something to be on the table that was not on it but what a way to speak on mere suspicion. I shall never forget that tone and the look that accompanied it. I answered quietly, "My tea, please," and she looked silly enough, poured out the tea, slammed it down before me with such force that the tea spilled out of the cup into the saucer and she hardly spoke a word to anyone for the rest of the meal.

She also informed Father yesterday that she wanted him to stop calling me Maudie as it was entirely too childish. I believe it is the affection implied in the diminutive of which she disapproves.

In my short sojourn here I have already seen several

displays of temper and sulkiness on her part towards Father which were utterly unprovoked. She seems to have a dreadful disposition, sulky, jealous, underhanded and mean. Why, she never goes out of the house without locking the pantry door for fear, I suppose, that either Edith or I will help ourselves to a bite to eat in her absence. Oh, I know I am not going to be happy here. I have been as nice and respectful to her as I could be but already I find myself disliking and fearing her and that is not a pleasant prospect.

So again, at age sixteen, Maud is in a house where she does not really feel welcome. It is not a happy year domestically but it was a good one professionally for it is at age sixteen in Saskatchewan that she first saw herself in print.

I will read another entry, from December 7, 1890:

Well, this has been the proudest day of my life! I feel at least three inches taller than I did yesterday. About three weeks ago I wrote a poem about the Legend of Cape Perforce and sent it down home to the Charlottetown Patriot. I did not dare hope it would be printed so I never squeaked a word about it to anyone. Today when I came down ready for Sunday School Father held out last night's mail and among it a Patriot. I siezed it with a beating heart and trembling fingers and opened it. I grew dizzy. The letters danced before my eyes. I felt a curious sensation of choking for there, in one of the columns was my poem. I was just too delighted to speak. Father was so pleased and I am so glad and elated and happy. I can't find words to express my feelings.

Mrs. Montgomery looked as if she conceived the whole thing a personal insult to her and she has never mentioned the poem at all.

We see in passages like this the dramatic behaviour of Anne and the language also and I think you could see that little Maud is a bit peppery like Anne.

Of course, when Anne uses words that have two edges to them we are never quite sure she is aware of the irony but the words have their comic effect. Young Maud also developed the ability to fork her words and she learned how to deliver sly digs with unspoken innuendo. I think this is best illustrated in a short scene of the Halifax years. Here she is attending college at Dalhousie, living in a residence at Halifax Ladies' College. We

December 24th.

Really, this is a somewhat monotonous existence. An account of one day's program will furnish a pattern for all the holidays here at Ladies' College. Holidays, bah! Eight o'clock found me sleepily dressing, for early rising rules are in abeyance during vacation, and eight-thirty found us sitting at the breakfast table with as prim and proper expression as my somewhat vivacious physiognomy can assume - hardly daring to smile. We have our meals in the library now as the heat is shut off in the dining room. In severe state at the head of the table sits Miss Kerr. Nature must have meant Miss Kerr for a man and got the labels mixed. She might have made a fairly good one but as a woman I consider her a woeful failure. She is guiltless of corsets and her dress is in strict conformity with the rules of hygiene and ugliness. Her iron-grey hair is always worn in a lopsided coronet and she possesses a decided mustache. She is a Girton product and no doubt very clever but she has not one atom of charm or magnetism. Opposite Miss Kerr sits Miss Claxton who is her very antitype. Miss Claxton is a fussy, nervous, little, old maid with a hooked nose and inquisitive expression and a thin rattling little laugh that sets my nerves on edge. I am really frightened to speak for both Miss Kerr and Claxton seem to be lying in wait to pounce on any unguarded word or expression and a snub from either of them is a rankling thing. They seem able to instill such cold venom into it.

Now, if I were a Ladies' College girl they would be within their rights however ungracefully exercised. But as I am of Dalhousie and merely a boarder here I rather resent their bossing.

I did get square with Miss Claxton the other day, though, beautifully square. I went into the teachers' parlour and seeing Miss Whiteside and Miss Tiltsy there alone, [They were younger teachers that she liked] as I supposed, I said:

"Isn't this a lovely morning, girls?"

Up popped Miss Claxton from a low chair where she had been squatted unseen.

"You should not call us girls!" she piped frigidly.

"It is not respectful."

"Oh, I beg your pardon Miss Claxton," I said politely. "I did not see you there. Of course, I would never refer to you as a girl."

Miss Claxton liked it very little for she does not relish an allusion to her age any more than ordinary people but she had to take it for my apology was perfectly courteous in tone and manner and she had no excuse for resenting anything in it.

Maud is also very romantic, just like Anne. She read incessantly and she showered a romantic haze over all of Cavendish. The journals are full of beautiful descriptions of the sea, the sky, the trees, walks in Lovers' Lane and flowers and all the natural beauty of the area. I will read a passage about trees.

Something I read today set me thinking about trees, especially the old trees that used to be around this old house. Some of them are very dear to me. I have always loved them and when I have lived with a tree for a long time it seems to me like a beloved human companion.

She goes on and to talk about many of the trees and here is her description of two that she is particularly fond of.

In the south-east corner of the orchard was a spot I liked. I called it no man's land, a comparatively open space with some fine maples and a beautiful birch in it. Close to the fence grew a pair of trees I called "the lovers", a spruce and a maple - so closely intertwined that the boughs of the maple were literally interlaced with those of the spruce. I remember I wrote a poem about them, THE TREE LOVERS. They really did seem fond of each other and they lived in happy union for many years. They are dead now. The little maple died first and the spruce held her dead form in his faithful green arms for two more years. But his heart was broken and he died, too. They were beautiful in their lives and in death not long divided; and they nourished a child's heart with a grace-giving fancy.

You can see from that passage that Montgomery had been deeply affected by her reading of the English romantic poets who turned to nature for inspiration and solace. She also read a lot of American writers and she liked those writers who were in touch with their emotions. At age seventeen she writes:

January 10, 1892

I went to church this morning like a dutiful Presbyterian and spent the afternoon and evening reading Emerson's essays. To be interested in Emerson you must get right into the groove of his

thought and keep steadily at it then you can enjoy him. There can be no skipping or culling if you want to get at his meaning. I admire and appreciate Emerson, although I do not always understand him. I suppose I am too young. His style is clean, precise, cold with all its beauty. I think his ideals are rather impractical in this sort of a world. He doesn't seem to take human nature sufficiently into account. What a difference there is between Emerson and Washington Irving! Yet each is a fine writer in his own way. Emerson had the greater intellect, Irving the greater heart. Which is better the gods alone know, but for my own part, I go in for the heart. I like the jolly loveable folks ten times better than the clever brainy folks who are not loveable or liveable.

You will remember, of course, that Anne of Green Gables is able to enrich the lives of Matthew and Marilla and to humanize the whole town of Avonlea because she teaches people to loosen up and show their feelings for other people. The town, in turn teaches little Anne to tone down her enthusiasms and to use her head to control her heart. Maud Montgomery had learned the same lesson. She had been a child of unbridled enthusiasm and emotional extremes. Her entire adult life was a constant struggle for her head to control her heart. This makes for some vivid love scenes in early parts of the journals and I will let you read them. But in the middle of the passionate romance with Herman Laird, a young farmer whose family she is living with at one of the teaching positions, she writes:

I have a very uncomfortable blend in my make-up, the passionate Montgomery blood and the puritan Macneill conscience. Neither is strong enough wholly to control the other. Their puritan conscience can't prevent the hot blood having its own way, in part at least, but it can poison all the pleasure and it does. Passion says, "Go on, take what crumbs of happiness fall your way". Conscience says, "Do so if you will. Feed your soul on those blood-red husks. I'll scourge you well for it afterwards". I listened only to the former voice that night again with Herman and had a couple of hours of happiness that were worth, yes, were well well worth the afterglow of conscience. I will say it for I think it.

L.M. Montgomery lived a life of suppressing her volatile emotions, especially after she became a Presbyterian minister's wife. And like Anne, she alternates between rapture and the depths of despair. Towards the end of the first Oxford volume

she talks about the extremes of her emotion when she is rejecting yet another suitor.

It was all very beautiful but tonight I realized that I must walk no more in Lovers' Lane with Oliver Macneill. Tonight I found that I was playing with fire. Oliver Macneill told me he loved me and asked me to be his wife. Now, I would not marry Oliver Macneill for any inducement that could be offered to me. I do not feel the slightest wish or temptation to marry him. There is another reason, a humiliating one, why I must put an end to our companionship. Tonight I realized clearly that Oliver Macneill is one of those men of whom I have met a few in my life, men who without being able to inspire in me one spark of real love or even admiration yet have the power to kindle in me a devastating flame of the senses. Oliver Macneill is a curious compound psychologically, an odd mixture of the most contradictory characteristics. And must not the same thing be said of myself? Do not extremes meet in my nature also? Can it be that the woman who stood on the shore last night and felt her very soul caught up to the seventh heaven in an unspeakable rapture of pure aspiration and unearthly joy be the same woman who walked in Lovers' Lane tonight and burned with the wild flame of sense that scorched me? How can such things be? Is it because the higher the tree reaches toward the stars the deeper must its roots strike into the soil of earth? Perhaps, that is the explanation.

Like Anne, L.M. Montgomery divided the world into kindred spirits and those who were not. She developed her own stratagems for coping with uncongenial people and situations and Cavendish furnished many. She retreated into reading and writing. She retreated into her imaginary childhood and laughter in her books about it. Laughter can be a very powerful release and you find it in the first volumes of her journals. There are many anecdotes about people who take themselves too seriously. She does not spare herself either, because she was a very serious person.

There is an account of her visiting a rural family where she is the country school marm. She casts herself as the refined school teacher who sweeps grandly into the home of some dirty uneducated people. But she is almost taken off her pedestal by the old man who asks her a question that she cannot answer. He asks her, as I will read, what the word in Latin is for newspaper.

June 6, 1895, Ellersly, Prince Edward Island

I have had THE experience of my life to chronicle, at least, I am very sure that one such experience is enough for a lifetime. Every tale must have a beginning no matter how it is spelled so I will have to go back to my first arrival here to come to the roots of mine. Soon after I came to Bedford I noticed on a hill not far from the Post Office a large old-fashioned house of a very shabby genteel appearance situated in once-beautiful but now sadly neglected and overrun grounds. On inquiry I found that said house had once belonged to a well-to-do family but reverses came to them and after several changes, all tending downward, the property had passed into the hands of the present possessors who, I was told, were the byword for oddity and dirt. When little Amos MacKay came to school I found he lived at this place, old Mr. and Mrs. MacKay having adopted him. Well, last Tuesday morning Amos appeared with a letter addressed to me. The letter was an invitation to dinner. Well, of course, I had to go so I sent word that I would go Thursday evening. To make things pleasanter, Maud Hayes [who is one of the older girls in the school] and all the rest immediately began to prophecy what I would get to eat and really, among them all, they succeeded in driving me wild.

She describes the house when she arrives, the family, the conversation before dinner, and the dinner comes.

Words fail to describe my feelings as I sat down to that meal. Did they really expect me to eat such stuff. I wished the floor would open and swallow me up. But as it didn't I grimly threw myself into the fray, determined to eat something or perish in the attempt and I rather believed I would do the latter. The old lady poured out the tea in cups which looked as if they had never been washed since the day they were bought. Inside and out they were liberally endowed with ancient tea stains. I tried vainly to find a clean spot to drink from and failing, shut my eyes and took a wild gulp. The taste nearly finished what the sight had begun for it was an atrocious brew with huge lumps of sour cream floating round like icebergs in a muddy sea.

As soon as I had partially recovered from this dose I

opened my eyes and I examined the contents of my plate to see what I could dare eat. It was nearly filled with a huge lump - well, I suppose it was intended for pie. Peering out timidly was a leathery edge of thick brown crust. Inside this was a slimy mass of pale green stuff, presumably stewed rhubarb, and a huge spoonful of coarse brown sugar mingled with sour lumpy cream was spread over this. This inviting mixture was furthermore crowned with a huge splurge of cranberry "sarce". Well, that was hopeless. I did take one spoonfull but had death been the penalty I could not swallow another. So I took a huge slice of bread, fully an inch thick, plastered on some butter. Such butter! I found three hairs in it and I washed down each mouthful by a gulp of tea.

Well, when it was all over we went into the parlour where I had to sit for the rest of the evening and talk to my host and hostess. The floor was covered with hideous red mats and the chairs were equally hideous with crocheted tidies. Dirty lace curtains hung in the windows and the walls were adorned with a marvelous assortment of newspaper prints, cards, almanacs, prize pig cuts and so forth. Would that I could depict our conversation but one example must suffice:

"Ye understand Lating and all that?" demanded the old gentleman.

"Oh yes," I responded glibly and rashly.

"What's that?" darting a very dirty finger at a newspaper I held. "What's that in Lating?"

"This?" I gasped feebly, wondering if he expected me to translate the whole sheet extemporaneously.

"Yeah. What's newspaper in Lating?"

Now considering newspapers are rather more modern than the empire of the Caesars I might be pardoned for not knowing. But the old man could not be made to understand this and my reputation for classical learning was at stake. But I solemnly aver that every word of Latin I ever knew fled from my mind - every word except papyrus and I blurted it out as a drowning man might clutch at the proverbial straw. But it answered the purpose for poor old Archie thought it was simply wonderful and remarked, "Dear, dear!" in a tone of profound marvel at my erudition.

But everything comes to an end sometime if you only live to see it and at last I got away and I crawled

home. Verily, we school marms have troubles of our own and I have acutely realized the truth of Pope's line, "A little learning is a dangerous thing".

The humour in Anne of Green Gables is one of the best features of the book. I began this talk by reading the section about Maud's emotionally deprived childhood. It is interesting that the very night that she began the novel a new suitor entered her life. Anne of Green Gables begins on a rather sombre note but the tone of the novel gets happier and happier with pranks and laughter. It ends with promise of love.

Ewan Macdonald, the rather handsome minister she was to marry, entered her life on the very night that she began the book, Anne of Green Gables. She writes about this in 1914 after they are married and living in Leaskdale, Ontario.

I remember well the very evening I wrote the opening paragraph of Anne of Green Gables. It was a moist, showery, sweet-scented evening in June ten years ago. I was sitting at the end of the table in my old kitchen, my feet on the sofa beside the west window because I wanted to get the last glances of daylight on my portfolio. I'd not felt for a moment dreaming the book I'd just begun was to bring me the fame and success I had long dreamed of. So I moved the opening paragraph quite easily, not feeling obliged to write up to any particular reputation or style. Just as I had finished my description of Mrs. Lynde, Ewan Macdonald walked in. He had just moved to Cavendish from Standley where he had previously been boarding and this was his first call since moving. He stayed and chatted most of the evening so no more of Green Gables was written that night.

Ewan Macdonald was a handsome, eligible, fairly suitable suitor. His visits lightened her spirits and I think they freed her to write out the happy child that was within her and to use her full range of humour because she was happier. She was not in love with him then or even when she married and their marriage was a troubled one because of his mental illness. But his visits brought companionship and happiness to her when she was writing Anne of Green Gables.

Her success with Anne came three years later. She writes about

Saturday, June 20th 1908, Cavendish, Prince Edward Island

Today has been, as Anne would say, "an epic in my life". My book came today fresh from the publishers. I candidly confess that it was for me a proud, wonderful, thrilling moment. There in my hand lay the material realization of all the dreams and hopes and ambitions and struggles of my whole conscious existence, my first book - not a great book at all but mine, mine, mine - something to which I had given birth. Something which but for me would never have existed. As far as appearance goes the book is all I could desire, lovely cover design, well bound, well printed. Anne will not fail for lack of suitable garbing, at any events. On the dedication page was the inscription, "To the memory of my father and my mother". O if they were living to be glad and proud. When I think how Father's eyes would have shone!

There is the phrase again - "Father's eyes shone". So we return full circle to Anne the orphan. Anne who articulates a loneliness and insecurity that L.M. Montgomery carried with her unto her grave. Only her journals knew of it.

Montgomery was a very proud woman and she did not want the world to know of her vulnerability. She has left us quite a legacy in her journals. It is in her beautifully articulated longings and joys that we find human traits that bind us all. And we find a woman who is, I think, more interesting than any of the characters that she created in her books.

NAPANEE, ITS ARCHITECTURE

Jennifer Bunting

In 1985, the LACAC committee of the town of Napanee began a comprehensive project concerning the architecture of the town. With the help of a Province of Ontario grant they decided to prepare a manuscript for possible publication on the architecture of Napanee. I was lucky enough to get that contract and I spent the last year working on the manuscript.

Napanee is different from Cobourg in many respects. It is a red brick town. It does not have the variety of stone work and brick that you have. Also we have no one, single, prominent building.

Napanee was founded in 1785 with the building of a mill which was intended to serve the Loyalists. I wish I could tell you more about the very early portion of our history and about the buildings that were there then but the records are scanty. Those of us who have been working on the project for some time are now convinced there was quite a sizeable little settlement there as early as the 1790s - a little wooden settlement served by a very efficient sawmill, the first building built in Napanee, in 1785. But unfortunately, we cannot prove that any of the present buildings date that early.

While I was preparing the book I came across three things that I thought were significant!

Firstly - for much of the nineteenth century a lot of land in Ontario was leased rather than bought. We labour under a misconception when we are researching architecture in Ontario if we think the date on the first deed that shows any amount of money changing hands is when a house was built. I have discovered while working in Napanee that quite frequently a house was built on leased land and might have existed twenty or even thirty years before the first transaction on the land. This was a very common British practice in the eighteenth century and was the way things were done by the Loyalists before they left New York State. One could lease a piece of land on a long lease and build upon it. The lease could even be inherited by a son. Eventually, of course, the land did change hands but by then sometimes it already had a very old building on it.

Secondly - buildings were moved. I was surprised at how often this happened. Our forebears were really thrifty people. When somebody decided that he wanted a brick shop instead of a wooden one, he wouldn't tear the wooden one down, he put it up for

sale. The wooden building could be purchased, dismantled and erected on another lot. Sometimes a building was moved three or four times, if it was particularly well built and well known. In fact, one fellow in Napanee used to run an ad in the newspaper in the 1870s claiming that he had moved two hundred and fifty buildings in his lifetime. Considering the number of buildings in Napanee at the time, that meant he must have moved some of them twice.

Thirdly - Napanee is dominated by a certain style of architecture, the Italianate. Napanee has a close association with Sir John A. Macdonald whose distant cousin built one of the finest houses in the town, MacPherson House (now a historic home that you can visit). Sir John A. visited the town frequently. He made his last political speech in the town. So it may not be a surprise to find that his favorite style of architecture is the Italianate.

The Italianate style of architecture is closely linked with Confederation. It was the fashionable style when Canada was becoming a nation in the early 1860s. In the 1850s Napanee was a wooden town. According to the 1851 Census there were only three stone buildings in the early 1850s. There may have been some brick kilns, but as far as dwelling houses go it was a wooden town. The majority of the buildings were less than two storeys, about a storey and a half, to keep the taxes down. We know from memoirs of the time that most of the buildings were either painted white or left to weather grey.

Most of the lots were at least a quarter of an acre in size. We also know that they were fenced and that there was a lot of livestock. Almost everyone kept a pig or some chickens, a horse (if you could afford one) and a cow. It had a commons which one associates with New Hampshire or Vermont. The commons was a green space of land in the city core which would one day be the town centre with a town hall and market-place. If one kept a cow a town employee took it to the commons for the night. Even after the Town Hall was built, cows and horses were still taken to the commons for the night to ensure their safety. It was very pastoral.

Between 1851 and 1861 the appearance of the town started to change dramatically. People began to build brick houses of all sizes, partly because of the appearance of a brick factory but also because of fashion. I believe that if the brick factory hadn't been there bricks would have been brought in because brick houses were so popular. Napaneeans were looking at what Kingston and Belleville were doing. Belleville had a great influence on Napanee and this is where the Italianate architecture comes in.

The 1860s were really prosperous for Napanee. It was rather like the 1950s. Everyone could get a job. Money was available for home improvements. A massive rebuilding started in Napanee which lasted until almost 1870 and totally transformed the town. Letters from Napanee have stressed the difference in the town within a decade.

By the time of the 1861 census over a third of the town was brick. By the 1871 census, more than half was brick - an incredible volume - and it was all red brick - very little yellow brick in Napanee. Most of the buildings were in the Italianate style.

During the 1870s, with a feeling of sophistication among Napaneeans, they began to employ architects rather than having a builder copy a building. The Italianate, however, is not a very sophisticated style.

In the 1870s, there was a severe depression in Ontario and money began to run out. It is amazing how gloomy the architecture became with gloomy towers and corners. A darker brick was chosen. The pointed gothic windows appealed to people. There was no feeling of lightness and gaiety. Then in the 1880s when prosperity returned to Napanee, instead of going with the rest of Ontario and copying what other people were doing with more exciting forms of architecture, Napaneeans went right back into their past and picked up the architecture of the 1860s and stuck with it right up until the nineties.

The Italianate style has some very effective features: the use of carved wood with the brick, the dropped finials, the wide eaves and the carved brackets. Napanee went wild with these. Unfortunately there aren't enough examples left. As the wood rots, people remove these embellishments.

COMMENTARY FOR SLIDES

The Red Lion Tavern (otherwise known as the Scotch Lion Tavern or the Scotch Tavern) may possibly be the oldest building in Napanee. It is very badly disfigured. It was stuccoed in the '50s and renovated in the '60s. Hidden under the stucco is a very simple wooden building, probably built in 1804. Certainly the building was in its present location by 1827 and well used. It is the first tavern in Napanee. The raised basement was always popular in Napanee.

The John Stevenson House is probably the most important house in Napanee (although the Macpherson House people would disagree). This house was built by John Stevenson, a prominent local

citizen who was the first Speaker of the House of Commons, [Editor's note: John Stevenson was the first speaker of the Ontario assembly.] Stevenson was a wealthy man who dabbled in many things. His house is one of our earliest examples of the Italianate architecture. Believe it or not, with such a prominent man building the house, we still have trouble dating it. We know that it was in place by 1860. It may be a little earlier than that. If it is earlier it is one of the earliest examples of Italianate of this style in the province. We would like to push the date back if we could.

The Roman Catholic parsonage was built around 1864. We believe that it was done under the supervision of a Kingston architect by the name of Coverdale, who worked with the Cartwright family. He did ecclesiastical architecture and also liked the country cottage milieu which was then more common in Kingston. The parsonage was nearly two storeys with a charming, almost cottage effect. It is long and narrow and much different in form from the Stevenson House.

Fountain Hall was built in 1864 for B.C. Daley, the first mayor of Napanee after it became incorporated as a town. He was a close personal friend of Sir John A. Macdonald. In fact, he died of pneumonia campaigning for Sir John A. Daley went to all the parties at Bellevue House - Sir John's Italianate house in Kingston. Fountain Hall was an attempt to imitate what Sir John had.

A house for the working class on Camden Road was built by Richard Cartwright to rent out to various tenants. He was very much in favor of giving special leases to his political supporters. It is a working class interpretation of Italianate architecture - rather boring to look at.

A photograph of Irish immigrants which shows the type of costume commonly worn in Napanee about the time of Confederation - very significant dress - a blocky wide appearance rather than a tall narrow one. We will see how all that changes.

The little working class houses on the River Road built in 1870 are about as close as Napanee got to gothic. They are a combination of the simple architecture of the Scotch Lion Tavern and the Italianate. The little peaks on the front with the centre tower were a concession to the Italianate influence.

Another house on Bridge Street West (built in 1872 and typical of the 1870s) has small half windows under the roof. I thought at first that it had been a storey and a half and the half windows had been added but I have since discovered this is the way it was built. It is as if people had become used to

building a storey and a half although it was no longer necessary. Small windows were placed in the top storey.

Another little workman's house is 176 West Street. This is the type of house that was built in Napanee in the 1870s for a very young family. The family were Irish Catholics and the house was built close to the Catholic church. It may be small and humble but it is brick. In the early 1870s there was enough money around for this kind of house. It has delightful proportions. There is a small gable at the front - the influence, again, of the Italianate centre tower creeping in - and a gothic window.

A Conger building (named after the builder) is a typical perpendicular Italianate style. We have about a dozen of these houses built for prosperous citizens about 1876. The tower in the front (a popular addition) gives it a long narrow appearance. Instead of a flat roof on the tower, as in the 1860s, there is a pointed roof, making it like a church tower. The architect, Bartlett, was prominent in the Napanee area. His designs all feature these tall centre towers.

A fashion plate from the late 1870s is rather interesting because fashion went perpendicular, too - long narrow skirts instead of the former voluminous ones.

A photograph taken in the late 1870s, shows Napaneean working-class girls wearing Italian bonnets. The soft hat, worn on the side, was supposed to have been taken from various Italian portraits of the Renaissance period. There was a short time when everybody wanted an Italian look.

The vernacular house is a type of architecture you will find more often in Cobourg. It did not appeal to Napaneeans. Vernacular houses are irregular with different shapes joined together and a tall pitched roof with steep gables. We have a few good examples but the rest of Ontario became very excited about it in the 1870s. When we were building cubes with towers in front, elsewhere vernacular houses were being built.

In the 1880s, as prosperity came back, the tall, narrow, central towers were abandoned. The blocky look of the 1860s with steep roofs and brackets returned; but drop finials were added. The carving was sophisticated. Also, the square blocky shape was varied by making curved or octagonal dormer fronts which mark them out as the 1880s. But essentially, it is a return to that same type of architecture as the Stevenson House of about 1860.

Our Registry Office is a late example of Italianate architecture.

There is only one example of Queen Anne Revival in the town. (It was essentially an American style). The plans could be ordered, or even the entire house broken down into component parts ready to reassemble. The style is very common in Ontario but not popular in Napanee. It is typical 1890s, usually associated with close ties with the United States (which Napanee had), but it was still not popular in that town.

In summary, the exciting thing about Napanee is that because the Italianate style in architecture was so popular for a period of twenty years it has stereotyped the town. You can't miss it. We are unique. I have not seen another Ontario community that has so much of this style built over this period of time in red brick.

Associated with this period were a number of very fine craftsmen who did the woodwork for the houses. As well, there was a major iron foundry in the town which did fantastic wrought iron fences and ironwork to decorate the houses. Unfortunately, most of the citizens stripped their iron fences and their decorations from the houses in one of the two wars and turned it in to be made into armaments. Consequently, very little of our ironwork is left today.

THE ETHNIC CONNECTION, CHAPTER ONE

Peter Cortesis

Chapter one is not a beginning of the story but a part of it. There are many chapters or ethnic connections that should be discussed, such as the Italian, the Jewish, the French, the Chinese, Russian, Polish, etc. My presentation tonight is of the Greek connection, namely, the Cortesis family.

Angelo Cortesis was born in 1890 in an area called Asia Minor. It was a part of Turkey inhabited by the Greeks since the year 2000 B.C. or beyond; but to the Greek government (even in modern days) it did not matter where a Greek was born; one was still Greek. Around 1910, when Angelo Cortesis was about twenty, he left home because there were no jobs. (His father was a baker so the family was not starving but times were not good.) Dad then worked on the ships and saw most of the world.

1914 brought the war and after being torpedoed a few times Dad wondered, "Is this really for me?" An acquaintance had written to him about a good boat on Lake Ontario and suggested he apply for a job there. The next time Dad landed in North America (at Norfolk, Virginia) he jumped ship and in 1917, made his way up to Rochester. He was hired on the car ferry and was an oiler for most of his eight years as a crew member at fifty-five dollars a month. According to his diaries, fifteen dollars went to his mother, five to his dad, five here, ten there and always three or four dollars to save for himself. He did what he said he would do - he tried to look after his folks.

In 1926, Dad wrote a letter back home to his parents in Athens, Greece. (They no longer lived in Asia Minor because the Turkish government had expelled the Greeks.) Through correspondence, a marriage was arranged with Mother, Stella Skordialou. Mother was born in 1904. Her well-to-do family had also been expelled from Asia Minor. They had left their wealth behind and were living in Athens as refugees. Mother agreed to go to Canada because she wanted to make a better life for herself and her family. Since Greece had no Canadian Embassy at that time Mother sailed to Marseilles, France, thence to Halifax where Dad met her.

Mother was not allowed to land as an immigrant in Canada until she was married. A Baptist minister, I believe, performed a marriage ceremony in a small room at the dockside. They proceeded on to Cobourg. A few days later they were remarried in Toronto in the Greek Orthodox Church.

Dad had started a hat cleaning and shoe-shining business with a tobacco shop at 6 King Street West, Cobourg. (There is still a tobacco shop on the site.) Almost every gentleman wore a fedora, if not every day, certainly on Sundays. Cleaning those hats was Dad's main business.

My parents' first home was on Hibernia Street where my brother, George, was born in 1927.

When my parents first arrived, there were a few Greek families here but soon they left for other centres leaving only two Greek families, the Cortesis and the Stovers. Without family and with Dad working six days a week from eight until ten, Mother found it very lonely. Because of her Christian background she looked for a church to attend and was advised to go to the "established Church". She walked into the tall church - a young girl unable to speak English - and was not befriended. It was her one hope of fellowship. Can you imagine how she felt when she went home that day?

There was a neighbour on Hibernia Street, Mrs. Dominique Allen, who took Mother to the Baptist Church. We grew up in the Baptist Church because this is where she found warmth and friendliness.

The tobacco-shoeshine shop had two shoeshine areas - one in the front of the store with bench-type seating for the men and one in the back (with curtains) for the ladies. The hats were cleaned in the back and pressed in the front.

I remember three distinct times of the year in our shop: Easter - I am sure, we shined every pair of shoes in the county Easter Saturday; Roseneath Fair Day - when it had rained I did not know how a person could walk around with so much mud on one's shoes; and Christmas - The Imperial Tobacco Company sent men around to clean the shop windows and Mom and Dad would string red and green ribbons around the shop. What a warm memory that is!

By 1931, Mom, Dad and George had moved to the apartment over Ralls's Feed Shop and there I was born.

Mother's brother, Gus, emigrated from Greece and he was set up with a popcorn outfit but he did not succeed. Mother, George and I accompanied him on his return trip to Greece in 1933.

Immigrants left the homeland for two reasons - one was freedom, the other was the opportunity to work and make a better life for relatives back home. From their meagre earnings they learned to do all this as well as save a little. By 1936 or '37 my parents had saved enough money to make a down payment to Mrs. Pomeroy

for a building, 16 King Street West. Joe Lean owned the Cobourg Cafe at that location. It was later renovated to become the smartest restaurant between Toronto and Kingston.

Again, around 1940, after saving many pennies, another down payment was made on the other half of the first building, 18 King Street West. The business was moved to this location and our family lived upstairs. A pool room was made in the extra space in the building. Initially there were two tables and a third was added in 1941. I think Sol Margles was one of the first players.

Growing up as an immigrant in Cobourg was not easy. Our friends could be friends in school but not in their homes. It was a tough period in our lives but our parents made up for it. They certainly set standards for us to live by and become decent citizens.

There is a picture of a group of boys in 1936 or '37 with their wooden swords and sling shots. It was taken on Covert Street and it was called The League of Nations. They were the Heenan, the Cortesis, the Fardella and Cullen boys. As a group they were known as the Nigger Alley Gang - very ferocious. Their territory was the area behind the store on King Street North. Their name came from an alley which ran to Division Street between Ball's grocery store and the feed shop. In the early years there was a great camaraderie between these immigrant youths.

Our family life was a very close one. Sunday was a day we spent together. In the morning, Dad would take us, George and me, walking hand in hand around the town - the harbour, the beach and perhaps a ride in a rented rowboat. After dinner we would have a snooze and then the family walked, sometimes to the east-end houses, but often to the pier where we met other families taking their Sunday walk.

Sunday could not end without a visit to Russell's ice cream parlour. Then we would walk up to visit Stover's who lived on a large lot at King and Ontario Street where there are now two apartment buildings. Later George would be allowed to take me home to listen to the Lone Ranger etc. on our Rogers [radio].

Mother and Dad became a large part of life on King Street because of the time we spent there. Dad enjoyed politics, history and theology. He could keep his end up in any conversation.

Mother was never called Stella but was always referred to as Mrs. Cortesis. She had a longtime friend, Dorothy Woods, and

never, in all my life, did I hear her call Mother Stella. It was always Mrs. Cortesis. She enjoyed being a part of the downtown - looking and shopping.

1945 saw the end of the war and the beginning of huge shipments of clothing, medicines and food for our relatives in Greece. This lasted until the fifties when Dad made his first trip back. After that smaller shipments were made two or three times a year.

George and I have often mentioned the greeting Dad had for us upon his return from that trip. We met him at the train and after hugging us, his first words were, "What a great country and town this is!" We have never forgotten them.

To return to the discussion on immigrant status and our acceptance in the community, two stories come to mind. In order to further my education I needed a letter of recommendation from my school. The letter stated that I had shown "some of the finer qualities of my race even though I was raised in a pool room". I went on to Ryerson. The other story involved Mother, who never lost her accent, but was accepted as not being a foreigner. One day on the street a lady was talking to her and began to complain about the foreigners in the town.

I remember certain instances that showed we were finally accepted by the community. One time when I was telling Dad about an incident, he looked at me with tears in his eyes and said, "We have finally made it, we have been accepted." We do not know why it took you people so long to accept us. We had accepted you long before.

In the fifties my folks bought more property - a house on George Street for my brother and a house on Durham Street for me. In 1953, George married Anne Patricia Kays from Woodstock and they started their new life in Cobourg. They have four children, Patricia, Estelle, Elizabeth and Stephen. They now have three grandchildren, Anne, Rachael and Elise.

I went to the altar in 1955 and Helen Vlachos of Caledonia became Helen Cortesis. At the time, I was working as a jeweller in Toronto. Mother and Dad located a store in Cobourg for us to rent. It had been the barber shop in the Plaza Hotel. My parents, having walked along King Street to view the fire that had been at Macklin's or Moon's garage, were returning home when they saw Fred Franklin moving out of his barber shop. Upon enquiry they learned from Fred that the shop was available. They soon phoned me to tell me they had found a place for me. "Come home!"

In March of 1956 we opened our doors as CORTESIS JEWELLERS. In 1957 and 1958 Michael and Harry were born. They both, like their parents, married Greek-Canadian girls. Michael has a girl, Elaine, and a boy, Peter. Harry has three children, Peter, Nicole and Alexandra. They all live in Cobourg.

We are now into the fourth generation of Canadian Cortesis in Cobourg. When we reach the Cortesis Centennial in twenty-nine years we will likely be into the fifth generation.

In 1962, Dad persuaded us to move our store to its present location.

In 1964, Dad passed away suddenly. At that time we realized how many friends our family had in Cobourg.

After a long illness, Mother passed away in 1984.

Although Dad had travelled the world it is our good fortune that he settled in Canada and made his home in Cobourg.

A TRIBUTE TO THE PAST, A RESOURCE FOR THE FUTURE

Ian Wilson

My talk tonight is about preserving the heritage of this province and about some of the concerns, visions and hopes for archival service across Ontario.

An anecdote about three umpires comes to mind. One umpire said that he "calls 'em as he sees 'em". Another stated that he "calls 'em as they are", and the third umpire declared, "I'm in control on the field and they ain't nothin' until I call 'em." Here are three different views of reality and I am going to use these three approaches in my talk tonight.

Firstly, "I calls 'em as I sees 'em" is the view of the first part of my talk tonight. My mandate as Provincial Archivist is twofold. On the one hand, it is to run an institution, the Provincial Archives of Ontario, with a staff of forty-five and a budget of two and a half million dollars. On the other hand, my mandate is to ensure that the full archival heritage of Ontario is being preserved and adequately maintained in one hundred to one hundred and fifty archives that now exist in different parts of the province.

Secondly, I want to talk about archives "as they are". There are concerns about archival services and about our archival heritage in the province.

Finally, in the third view, "they ain't nothing 'till I calls 'em", change that "I" to "we". This is the more visionary controlled approach. What is the full potential of archives? How can we as a society develop archives to their full potential? How do we use the latest high technology which stores and retrieves information. Storing and retrieving information is what archives are about.

In travelling around the province I have found, surprisingly, that archives continue to be a neglected aspect of heritage conservation. The proposed demolition of heritage buildings arouses great public controversy but the gradual decay, the quiet destruction of business records, of family papers, photographs and architectural drawings takes places out of the public eye.

Only twenty years ago while walking around the catwalks of the Queen's University Library we found the original subscription list for Queen's University, dated 1839. Oliver Mowat subscribed 40 pounds, John A. Macdonald 50 pounds. Here was a key document tossed off in a corner, ignored for almost a century and a half.

One of the great industries in Kingston, the Canadian Locomotive Company, a major employer providing locomotives for railways across North America, has disappeared without a trace of its

records - ledgers, minute books, account books, engineering drawings.

The disappearance of the Rathbun Company at Deseronto is another similar story. It was a major resource company that was into timber rafting as well as developing a railway into the northern part of the county. Many people were employed during the latter part of the nineteenth century. The company's buildings burned around the time of World War I and apart from some old docks and a few photographs no records remain, not a scrap of paper.

The loss of many legal records, political papers, municipal records, school records and business papers is significant, both individually and cumulatively.

The entire records of a business or a union, the accumulated negatives of old photographers, the diaries and letters of a family, recording rhythms and patterns of life, or the tape recordings of television and radio broadcasts speak to us in a most immediate way of the nature of everyday life over the decades. Records of the thoughts, hopes, concerns, achievements and failures of those who have gone before, their impressions and images of their society link the generations in a vivid, direct, articulate way. Unfortunately, archivists have not been numerous enough or perhaps outspoken enough to focus public attention on the preservation of this vital part of our heritage.

I have to admit that returning to Ontario after ten years in the west I am very surprised. Ontario supports heritage - LACAC, the Ontario Heritage Foundation, Museums and Art Galleries, public libraries, the Genealogical Society, the Historical societies; but I find that archives are struggling. Archives have been overlooked. What has happened to archival services in this province? Why is it not of the same nature as other provinces are offering and what can be done to rectify this situation?

There are three areas to be addressed namely - 1. our image, 2. our visibility and 3. the lack of understanding about archives.

1. Our image

In this age of television and radio, image is all-important. Archivists are stuck with a difficult image problem. The word archives brings to mind medieval imagery. Archivists themselves are expected to be old. Furthermore, I have been referred to as a provincial architect and even as an anarchist.

2. Our visibility

The second area to be addressed, quite apart from image, is the matter of visibility. Buildings are out there in full view. Museums are attractive to the public. Archives, on the other hand, are in the background. They are part of the research infrastructure. We deal with interpreters, those people who have the time and energy to come and use our archives and who then take that information gleaned from the archives and make it available in books, articles, films and documentaries. How many

people realize the contribution of the archives in making that book or documentary? Without the intellectual and documentary foundation the film, book or documentary could not have been produced. The museum exhibit could not have been assembled, that building could not be restored accurately. It all depends on the integrity of the archival records.

We need to devote the same amount of attention to the preservation of records as to other aspects of our heritage. It is cost-effective. I can preserve the entire architectural drawings of an architectural firm over many decades for far less money than it would cost to preserve one building. I obviously do not argue against preserving buildings; they are part of our interest in heritage, but the archival record in the attics of buildings is out of sight, out of mind. We need more people informed, concerned and aware of the long-term intellectual value of that material in attics.

People need to be aware that when they see a footnote in a Pierre Berton book or on an NFB film to the Archives of Ontario or another archives, that may represent days, weeks, months of work on the part of archival staff.

3. Lack of understanding

The third area of concern (I have talked about image and visibility) is a lack of understanding about the role of archives. Whenever I take someone through the archives - at Queen's, in Saskatchewan, or in Toronto - the comment is frequently, "I did not realize that was here." People who use the archives often do not know the full extent of the treasure that lies within. Part of the problem is that people do not know exactly what we are doing. Let me give you a brief definition of what archives are by an archivist. Archives are documents created in the course of day-to-day activity which are then kept as a record of that activity. All through life we are keeping records - minutes, invoices, financial records, school and institutional records. By selecting and gathering together those records, one can have hard original evidence that one needs to understand what happened in the past. After a period of time current records are no longer needed and that is when they should be identified, selected and find their way to the archives before someone takes them to the dump.

To elaborate on that definition a few things should be said. Firstly, there is no cut-off point in time. If there is no longer a need for records in administration or the daily running of affairs, then those records are candidates for the archives. Secondly, archives are multimedia. Records are not only created on paper but on all the documentary media of our society. Archivists are preserving the recorded memory of society, allowing the generations to communicate. Thirdly, there is a problem of conservation. In most cases there is one copy only of a record. With some of the documents all that is wanted is the information which can be transferred onto microfilm or copied in

some way. But others that have artifact value need to be maintained in the original, conserved and protected. Archives have to be a little more systematized and security conscious than perhaps libraries have to be.

I would like to sketch for you what a major archives would hold. The records of government form a major part of our operation. The Government of Ontario is producing masses and masses of files - paper files, photographs, maps. Under the archives act it is our responsibility to review all records before they are disposed of, to appraise and select for preservation those records that are of long-term value and to authorize the destruction of the remainder of the records. We keep approximately five percent and we want to make sure it is the right five percent. This duty is becoming increasingly important. The Freedom of Information Act which comes into effect on the first of January will have little benefit if there are no records to be made available. The archival role of selecting, preserving and making accessible is highlighted in this legislation. This legislation is going to apply to municipalities in about three years time and some municipalities are going to have difficulty finding their records in order to comply with the new legislation.

The archives also tries to obtain records of general provincial interest from individuals, associations, businesses, clubs, whatever. This past month the full records of the Women's Christian Temperance Union have been donated to us. Mr. Justice McRuer, distinguished juror in this province, served overseas in the first World War. While overseas from 1915 to 1918 he wrote weekly letters to his fiancée, later his wife. These are a superb detailed record of week-by-week accounts of one soldier's view of what was happening during that war. His wife has just recently donated these letters to the Ontario Archives. Last Monday, the Toronto Typographical Union, one of the earliest unions established in North America, donated their records which include their minute books dating from 1845.

The archives also has a quarter of a million photographs of people, places and events from the 1870s onward.

We have architectural drawings. The superb Horwood Collection dates from the 1850s, '60s and '70s.

The map collection includes the original surveys of the province as well as maps showing power distribution, highway development, electoral boundaries, etc.

Oral histories are reminiscences of individuals recorded on tape as well as radio broadcasts of news and programmes.

Computer records are a great challenge to archivists. Computer tape has a shelf life of only a few years. Floppy discs are fragile. The paper used for computer printouts is of poor quality and will not last. There are possibilities now of using

video disc and laser technology in preserving computer records.

The information in the Ontario Archives is available to people who visit the facilities as well as by correspondence. Very few people have any real sense of all the dimensions of the collection.

The effect of these three areas of concern - our image problem, our visibility and the lack of information about what archives are and do, is that archives struggle. Even the largest archives in the province lack basic services and resources which today would define a modern archives - things like environmental control and access to conservation services. I am pleased to note that this is changing. It is a time of transition for archives. Our Minister of Culture and Communications, Dr. Lily Munroe, has indicated her government's interest in supporting and assisting archival services. The Ontario Archives has been looking internally in an effort to develop our own strategic plan for development.

We brought the whole staff together this past year to look at where we have been and where we want to go. We looked at the strengths and weaknesses of the institution.

The strengths are:

a solid staff of some of the best experts in the history of Ontario and Ontario genealogies,
strong collections dealing particularly with the loyalists and the War of 1812, the early Scottish and Irish immigrations to Ontario in the nineteenth century.

The weaknesses are:

difficulties in terms of public service and availability as a public service agency,
an over-burdened staff (compared with the Federal Archives in Ottawa where there is one archivist for every seven thousand cubic feet of holdings, our archives has one for every eleven thousand cubic feet of holdings),
the collections because we have not done so well in the twentieth century. I moved from Saskatchewan, where history is largely of the twentieth century, back to Kingston, Ontario, where history seemed to end abruptly on June 6, 1891, at the death of Sir John A. Macdonald. The records of the Kiwanas' Club, the Lions' Club, the Board of Trade, the Curling Association were overlooked as being of no historic importance. The twentieth century is rapidly becoming historical; we do not have much left of this century. We need to ensure the documentation of those great themes of this century - industrialization, continuing immigration and the development of a multicultural society.

We developed a mission statement -

The mission of the Archives of Ontario is:

1. to ensure the identification and preservation of the documentary heritage of the province,
2. to facilitate and encourage public enjoyment and

understanding of this heritage.

We do not have to bring this heritage into Toronto. For years the attitude was that there would be one large archival service in Toronto and material to be preserved would be sent there. In Kingston, when a number of documents were being considered for preservation the advice was to send them to Toronto. The view of Kingstonians was, however, that it would be better to burn them than send them to Toronto. Local archives have sprung up out of a sense of community heritage and identity. They preserve more material in better ways than we can do at a central archives in Toronto. Over the next ten years we want to assist and encourage the development of a system of archives similar to the system of libraries. We would like to see municipalities pick up their fair share of the burden of preserving their own official records.

The second part of our statement (to facilitate and encourage public enjoyment) gave us pause to consider. The word "enjoyment" is not usually associated with archives. We use it in two senses - firstly, in the legal sense and secondly, in the popular sense.

As citizens we enjoy certain rights in society. The most ancient role of archives, back to Sumara and Mesopotamia, the most ancient civilizations, was to document the rights of individuals, corporations and governments within a society. This is reflected still in the letters we receive every week from people searching for proof of age for their right to the Old Age Pension. In another case, a dam built in northern Ontario in the 1890s flooded land where minerals have been discovered. Who owns the land? What was the original understanding when that dam was built? Another case, involving millions of dollars, related to the building of landfill into a harbour. The resolution of ownership partly depends on where docks were in the 1840s. The archives can document how far out the various docks were built in the 1840s. The very borders of Ontario are based on the archival record.

We also want people to enjoy the archives in the popular sense. Using archives can be a lot of fun. If you enjoy reading other people's mail or diaries you will find thousands of letters and many diaries for your indulgence. Many people are turning to original historical research as an interesting leisure-time activity. The boom in genealogy now is the great growth hobby in North America. At the Ontario Archives our heaviest use periods are in the summer and at the Christmas holiday when people are coming to Toronto to visit the family and also do some genealogical research in the Archives.

We have developed four broad areas of activity in the Archives of Ontario.

1. Leadership in the Ontario archival system

We are involved in:
establishing the Ontario Council of Archives which is attempting to bring together and provide a voice for all the archives in the province,

providing advisory services to assist developing archives,

providing grants for capital projects and special projects similar to those available for museums,

developing a conservation strategy for archives, including common access to highly specialized central staff and facilities,

establishing agreed upon acquisition mandates for records of local/provincial significance,

planning and implementing a computerized data bank on archival holdings in Ontario,

undertaking cooperative microfilm projects for records of common interest, or duplicating our microfilm for deposit locally,

encouraging the preservation of archival material of local significance in the region or context in which it was created. This will include returning material already in the Archives of Ontario to appropriate local archives,

providing training and educational opportunities for volunteers and paid staff in Ontario's archives,

working with the archival system to increase public awareness of archival resources, assisting both in the preservation of documents and in developing broader public use.

2. Documenting Ontario's past

There are gaps in the collections of the Archives of Ontario. The collection is best in detailing Ontario in the first half of the 19th century and the activities of the government in this century. The role of the archives is to document society, ensuring that the collections mirror Ontario society in all its complexity. Such a programme needs to begin now. In the age of computers, video and audio tapes, information is erased negligently and with ease.

3. Leadership in government

One of the key roles for the Archives of Ontario is analyzing and selecting records and information of enduring value from amongst the administrative files of the government.

We might play a role in assisting the government in learning from the past. It has been said that "those who do not learn from the past are doomed to repeat it".

4. Public access to the collections

Archives are the recorded social memory and like any memory, they must grow and be used. Fortunately, modern copying technology helps us in various ways to duplicate records. Our quarter of a million photographs could be duplicated on five video discs. We could increase our staff to extend the hours the collections are opened to the public. We could establish an archives in northern Ontario to preserve records there and to assist research. Other possibilities could be - developing major exhibits for showing in Toronto and for touring around the province; establishing a 1-800 number for reference inquiries, linked to a public service unit; issuing publications designed to assist researchers in making effective use of archival resources.

Most exciting of all is to consider the full potential of the collection. Very few people know what is in the archives. We have not told them. Even so, fifteen thousand people a year find their way to Grenville Street and another six or seven thousand people write letters to us asking for information. On some days our reading room and microfilm facilities are overwhelmed. What would happen if we ever told people what was in the archives?

If archives are really the social memory of society how do we make that a lively, living, active, dynamic memory that people can draw on and use in various ways. This is our challenge.

The government is responding by indicating in the throne speech their commitment to revitalizing and redeveloping archives.

We in the Ontario Archives are doing a variety of things - putting up new signage; moving space around to present better public services; publishing new brochures; looking at new ideas for archival legislation; working with the new Council of Archives to effect a cooperative system of archives across the province.

One hundred years ago this year Dr. Springer, the first Dominion Archivist, worked in three basement rooms in Ottawa. We now know how successful his dream has been realized. At the time he said, "It is a dream, but at least it is a noble one". I trust that you may find these proposals for archival services for Ontario to be a similarly noble dream, one in which you can share, help elaborate and revise, a noble dream with room enough for all of us.

CANADIANA ANTIQUES COLLECTING and TREASURE I.D. CLINIC

Brian Musselwaite

My lecture will be on Canadiana and on the English decorative arts.

The Victorian period has been with us for quite awhile. Many people say that the period is not over yet. Certainly, it is still with us in many twentieth century objects that we see.

Queen Victoria came to the throne in 1837 and her reign lasted until her death in 1901. The Victorian period, however, did not really end with the death of Queen Victoria. Certain styles and ways of decorating that started during her reign continued into the twentieth century. Her own influence on designs and designers was important. Prince Albert was also extremely important in design and in implementing new patterns - forms for silver, for decorative objects in the home. Unfortunately, his influence died with him in 1861.

When we think of the Victorian period we picture Queen Victoria in a cluttered setting such as her sitting room in Windsor Castle. The Victorian period lasted for such a long time, however, (it was very influential in Canada) styles and designs continually changed. When the Queen came to the throne in 1837 that same sitting room (designed by John Ash) in Windsor Castle contained the same major pieces of furnishing without the clutter that accumulated over the years. The mere fact of living in a house for over sixty years and having fifty-four immediate relatives (many rulers of other countries and extremely wealthy in their own right) made inevitable a vast accumulation of objects. The result is not entirely due to style.

A view of the private dining room of Queen Victoria at Balmoral Castle shows that the Queen was not above her own people in her taste. Anyone with money could have had such an interior. She followed styles and designs as well as instigating a number of them. She reintroduced the tartan and, to popularize that design and pattern, she introduced her own Victorian tartan.

We tend to ignore the aspect of fragility when we look at Victorian furniture but, indeed, some of our twentieth century forms of furniture originated in the nineteenth century. For example, the Thonet rocking chair of the last century has remained popular until the present. The simple Thonet chair can be seen in many restaurants to-day. By the late Victorian period the middle classes and even the lower classes could

aspire to the Victorian taste. The delicate forms had won over the heavier ones.

A common trick used by the Victorian was to mix two varieties of furniture - one overstuffed and over-patterned type with very simple elegant forms.

Ceilings were very important in the Victorian period. We tend to ignore them in illustrations.

One major change from the eighteenth century to the nineteenth century was the migration of the furniture from the wall to the centre of the room. Until 1840 only the front legs of furniture were decorated because all furniture was left against the walls, never out in the room.

If we think of the Victorians as being sentimental there is evidence to confirm that notion - sentimental paintings on tilt-top tables, trays, etc. or hanging on parlour walls.

The Victorians introduced quite a number of new designs. The Crystal Palace built in 1851, designed by Joseph Paxton, was basically a large greenhouse. The greenhouse design was chosen because no trees could be chopped down in Hyde Park; they were accommodated within. The palace incorporated not only the exhibitions from England but also exhibitions promoting the rest of the world to England. It was the prototype for such modern designs as the Toronto Eaton's Centre.

There were many inventions produced during the Victorian period. In 1838, bed-springs were introduced in England and Europe. Another major invention was the photograph. The earliest ones were introduced in 1839. The early daguerreotypes with their thin layer of silver over a thin layer of copper, preserved history that had never been recorded before. The photograph also disseminated information to many parts of the empire and has produced records for succeeding decades.

The Victorian period is famous for the Industrial Revolution although the Revolution began in the eighteenth century in the textile industry. The Victorians did not instigate the Industrial Revolution but they certainly promoted it in such romantic pictures as Iron and Coal (1861) by William Bell Scott. Noise and other discomforts would be experienced by the workers but the Upper Class Victorians romanticized the Industrial Revolution from whence came their wealth.

Going back further to the eighteenth century, the middle part had three major styles. One was the classical that looked back to the ancient world. The eighteenth century called that style

Modern. Another favorite style was gothic or gothic revival, as it came to be known. It was introduced by Sir Horace Walpole in 1750 for his home, Strawberry Hill. The third major style of the Georgians was the Chinese or chinoiserie. This style was found in interiors; it rarely found its way into architecture.

The latest taste in the 1750s and '60s shows the influence of Thomas Chippendale - cabriole carved legs with ball and claw feet (the dragons claw clutching the pearl of China). England played around with styles and Queen Anne features could be combined with an earlier Chippendale style. Mahogany was popular up until 1800 when the supply of that wood was running out. Hepplewite and Chippendale forms have cupid's bow backs, straight legs with reintroduced stretchers at the bottom indicating late eighteenth or early nineteenth century.

Lighter coloured woods became popular around 1800-1810 when mahogany was going out of fashion. Sometimes bands of mahogany decorated furniture made in light wood.

One way to determine the origin of furniture is by identifying the kind of wood used. For instance in Canada, birch was stained to look like mahogany.

The Regency around 1800 ushered in a new type of design to the masses. Brighton Pavilion introduced a new form of chair, the sabre-legged chair which became very popular among the upper classes. This is a design from the ancient world of the fifth century. The vertical form on the back changed to horizontal because it was copying Greek form.

Kitchens were important but they usually had furniture discarded from other rooms in the house. However, the craze for collecting ceramics had started by the 1820s and '30s.

By the 1840s and 50s there was a great variety of chairs from which the upper and middle classes could have chosen - papier-mache on wooden frames inlaid with mother-of-pearl and varnished, balloon-backed chairs, baroque turnings.

In the 1940s, '50s and '60s the Victorian period was looked down on but in the last years there has been more information on the Victorian period. The Victorian period, especially in Canada, is going through a revival again. We are fortunate to have hundreds of books on the period that have been produced recently. Let us hope that the Victorian period will continue to gain in popularity as we go toward the end of the twentieth century. When collecting, one should look for objects that are of the best quality and in the best condition.

When we look at the history of Canada we were not totally in the woods all the time. Paintings such as the William Ronwolp Berczy of the Woolsey family of 1809 shows a fairly sophisticated interior. The floor is covered with wall-to-wall carpeting in the fashion of the early nineteenth century, the mirror on the wall between the windows is placed in the exact place it would have been found in many English homes from the sixteen, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The stylized table with tapered legs is fashionable for the period as is the white mantelpiece in neo-classical form. The bisque figures upon it are exact copies of ones in the collection at the Royal Ontario Museum. These things were being imported into Canada for use of the upper classes. Throughout our history we have continued to import finer objects.

Canadians hungered for all the designs popular on the continent in the nineteenth century. The popular English and European styles were followed. In the early years of our history we were possibly forty or fifty years behind the times but by about 1800 we were only about ten to five years behind the height of fashion in England and Europe.

Mary Ellen Best was an amateur painter in watercolours who lived in England and travelled to Germany. She painted interiors and, fortunately for people documentaing interiors, before the paintings were sold at auction not long ago in England, they were photographed for a book which is now available. A watercolour by Mary Ellen Best of an interior in York, England, could have been in York, Ontario, so similar are the patterns in the furniture and textiles.

By the 1830s, even in Canada, there were still vestiges of the Regency style - horizontal back but the legs are no longer sabre. That style went out around the 1820s and the turned leg became fashionable.

Square-backed Sheraton chairs have similarities to their English prototypes. They were extremely popular by 1795 to 1800. Canada also copied other styles of chairs. The fragile forms carved in beech but made to look like bamboo were popular in the 1860s and '70s.

Springs changed the form of padding for furniture. Victorians in Canada not only stressed the beauty of wood but also comfort. Padding and upholstery were popular in the 1850s and '60s.

In Canada, William Morris promoted one of the major movements, the Arts and Crafts movement. He was read avidly. He did not admire the machine-type of furniture. He wanted all levels of society to have well-designed furniture but his pieces proved

too expensive for everyone.

Another important promoter of design in Canada and North America was Oscar Wilde who came to Canada on a lecture tour. His style was the Aesthetic Movement of the poets, writers and artists - art for art's sake. Beautiful things were expected to raise the level of mentality and therefore of society. Hence, oriental porcelain and Japanese fans became popular in the 1860s and 70s.

Most people in both England and Canada mixed and matched to their hearts content. Clarence Cook's book, The House Beautiful, was published in New York City in 1881. The frontispiece by Walter Crane shows an opulent interior. It is a total mixture. A table is a take-off of an eighteenth century spider gate-leg table. A chair is more Arts and Crafts; another chair is French eighteenth century; two cabinets in the background are English late eighteenth century; Japanese fans and oriental porcelain give the ultimate effect, the eclectic look. The eclectic reached its epitomy in the late nineteenth century.

If you lived in the 1870's and '80s what style might you choose from? Of course England was the prototype for the many fashions we followed and there was great variety. If you admired the French influence you might choose that style. By 1860 oriental fashion entered the western world and a craze for Japanese (Japanesque) and Chinese (chinoiserie) styles ensued. If this movement did not appeal you might have liked the Aesthetic Movement influence. A favorite motif for this movement was the peacock along with lillies and sunflowers. The Arts and Crafts style espoused the willow pattern. Another style was the heavy luxurious style in which surfaces were highly decorated.

Sideboards also changed dramatically in their form following Sheraton-type sideboards. The prototype for the earlier 1790-1800 sideboards had a serving table centre flanked by a pedestal on either side. An 1810 New Brunswick sideboard displays mahogany veneer similar to European makes. Sometimes you can identify a Canadian piece by the type of wood; e.g. an Ontario sideboard in a Hepplewhite design carried out in curly maple veneer which was much more accessible in North America than it was in England.

The English produced a variation of the French eighteenth century Rococco by the 1830s but the Canadians never did. Canadians admired the richness of wood rather than the painted decoration of that style.

The best pieces of furniture reflected English styling and, to a certain degree, also American styles. Sometimes our pieces were

confused with those of other societies. A small sewing table in the collection of the Canadiana Galleries was considered for many years an example of an American piece of furniture. It was in a museum in Delaware until someone realized there was a Canadian label inside. Thomas Nesbitt was the maker. Another Thomas Nesbitt piece, a sofa table, is much nicer in design than a similar English one. Canadians have produced many important pieces of furniture.

Two books on the subject of Canadiana and on eclectic:

The Book of Canadian Antiques edited by Donald Blake Webster who works in the Canadiana Galleries in the ROM. Several authors have each written a chapter on a particular subject - furniture, glass, pottery, photographs, etc. It is a good general book.

The Grammar of Ornament by Owen Jones has just come on the market. It was first published in 1857 and was one of the prime sources for design in the Victorian period. It contains hundreds of illustrations. We know from our collection that some of the glass pieces in the European department's collection have their basis in this book. For students of the Victorian period this book is one of the prime sources for patterns used in that period.

Many other Victorian books that have been out of print have been printed again.

There are a number of Dover reprints of books - the Thomas Chippendale Book, the Hepplewhite Book and the Sheraton Book.

ID CLINIC - COMMENTS

The difference between porcelain and pottery is that porcelain is translucent; pottery is not. Colours are important in differentiating periods. Nile green was an important colour around 1800 and 1810 because of the wars in Egypt at the time and the skirmishes between the English and the French. The colour was also very popular in the late nineteenth century. The marking "Sevre" was often copied. Most pieces of ceramics have numbers on the bottom. They may refer to a specific factory but in most instances they refer to the decorator who could be held responsible for the work. The painted number is almost always one of the colours used on the objects itself. The impress mark is information for the factory. Factories that have disappeared destroyed that information and if the factory still exists the company wants to keep the information secret from their modern competitors. If the name of a country appears on a piece of ceramic it has to date after 1891 because in that

year the McKinley Tariff Act came into being in the United States. Anything entering the United States had to have the country of origin marked on it. After 1920 imports said "Made in" the country of origin.

Sterling silver flatware made in England bears its hallmarks. A piece bearing its makers mark is Canadian-made.

There has been a craze in the last few years for collecting Chinese silver.

There was a major craze for Chinese objects in the 1920s.

Old prints should be removed from frames and examined for watermark to indicate their age. Acid-free paper should be used to protect old prints.

In the late nineteenth and early twentieth century there was a material called French ivory which was not real ivory. Real ivory is inclined to curve. One simple test for plastic, which was first produced by the Victorians in the 1860s, is to touch the material at an unseen spot with a hot needle. Ivory will not melt.

[A lantern footwarmer made by the Lantern Footwarmer Company of Cobourg was a curiosity. Noone had heard of that company.]

Turkish design became popular in North America and England around the 1880s. By this time furniture was not mixed in the various rooms but rather separated into a French or Chinese room or gothic. For instance, the smoking room and the billiard room would be Turkish. The Massey house in Toronto had a Turkish room.

EPILOGUE TO CELEBRATION

Percy L. Climo

In this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and eighty-eight, one cannot help but review and reflect on the great changes that have taken place space-wise, worldwide, across the nation and in that little grey town nestling on the north shore of Lake Ontario with its artificial harbour, and its fine beaches and parks. Cobourg is the recipient of our comments.

Today, the population of the town is nearly three times that of the 1930s. A whole new generation calls Cobourg home. Since the "dirty thirties" many changes have come about with desirable improvements that were not considered possible fifty years ago. Developments outside and away from the town have forced some changes here. The Seaway, anticipated at that time, instead of making our commercial harbour an ocean port-of-call, destroyed all local commercial harbour enterprise. The huge leviathans of commerce, the lake boats, with dimensions of 730 feet in length, of 80 feet in beam and drawing 25 feet-plus of water, carrying their cargos of iron ore, steel, coal, grains and merchandise, finally sent the smaller lakers to the scrap yards. The big boats now pass by well out of sight of land. Our harbour is too small, too shallow for the accommodation of such boats. Fortunately for the town, the harbour has another use in accommodating small pleasure craft. This change is a big asset and growing as a permanent feature. Today, the piers and docks no longer are untidy and dirty with piles of coal. The area presents a park-like appearance. Sewage treatment has cleaned up the filthy, stinking, harbour water of earlier years. Today, sincere capable officials and citizens are desirous of putting in place a well-planned, attractive, useful harbourfront. This is all encouraging.

The airport, illustrated on my proposed town plan of 1943 never came to pass. The site I had selected has become a beautiful industrial park, at first a depot, then changed to industries segregated and away from other land uses. The recent second industrial park, down east, is likewise a big asset.

Since World War II, many new fine-looking houses have been erected in well laid-out housing subdivisions. Many of the older houses have experienced a 'face-lift' with applications of new siding materials. Very few older dwellings remain with that dilapidated look. The streets, too, have improved. The whole town has a bright cheerful appearance.

The major change has taken place in the downtown sections. The

old store buildings have been spruced up; dirty back yards have been replaced with tidy parking lots. The most wonderful change, not thought possible a half-century ago, is the restoration of Victoria Hall. Back in the '40s and '50s the idea was rampant to remove the building completely. What a prized possession it is today!

Transportation has changed. Railways now operate much differently. The steam locomotives are gone. The car ferries have long since been scrapped. The powerful, oil-burning, diesel, traction machines of today haul long lines of railway cars. At one time, all trains made a stop at Cobourg. Now, only a few of the passenger trains make a quick stop here. The four-lane highway to the north of the town took through-traffic away from the then-choked King Street artery - a great improvement.

Cobourg today has more parks and playgrounds for leisure hours. There are more good organizations for social life. The various arts are well organized and flourishing. Some of these groups have been recently established.

The Sesquicentennial celebrations of 1987 far exceeded any expectations I had entertained. I knew from past celebrations that Cobourg people can put on a good show. I was in town for part of the Centennial Old Home Week in 1937. I recall the former Cobourg Horse Show years, the visits of vice-regal personages and the Diamond Jubilee Celebration of Canada's Confederation in 1927. Cobourg always rallies for special occasions. I was expecting a good celebration in 1987. Today, the general population is much better informed on Cobourg's history than any generation heretofore. Today, more of the earlier facts are available that were stored away in old vaults, files and archives and forgotten by former residents. The present cultural societies have done fine work in bringing forth and making available to the general public a lot more of our local history. With that knowledge in their minds, citizenry realized what a fine old town they were living in and an old story, rich in content, gave inspiration to go out and celebrate.

The people of Cobourg did celebrate, continuously, throughout the year, taking part with enthusiasm and great support to all events, never flagging or failing in their many demonstrations, shows and programmes. It was Cobourg's finest year. A great community spirit manifested itself in many ways, the events of the whole year were well organized, well patronized and it is unlikely the like of which will be surpassed for many, many years to come.

Now to the future. With a community spirit like that

demonstrated in 1987, with the present generation of business people, entrepreneurs and citizens, plus the excellent leadership of elected representatives, there is every possibility that the future developments will be very rewarding.

Early Cobourg forged ahead by the dint of hard work and the entrepreneurship of its merchants and citizens. Today, that same type of spirit appears to be in place. The future of the town looks bright.

CATHARINE PARR TRAILL - BOTANIST

Norma Martin

It is appropriate that a copy of Canadian Wildflowers (1868), illustrated by Agnes Fitzgibbon with text by Catharine Parr Traill, has been purchased by the Cobourg and District Historical Society and the Art Gallery of Northumberland. Not only did Mrs. Traill gather much of her information for the book in this area, she also began work on the manuscript while living on the Rice Lake Plains. She stated that the unfinished manuscript, along with one or two books, were all that the family saved from the disastrous fire that destroyed their home at Rice Lake in 1857.

Catharine Parr Traill has long been associated with the Lakefield area because she lived there during her early years in Canada as well as for the last forty years of her life. During the eleven years between those times, however, the Traill family lived on the south shore of Rice Lake. It was there that their last child was born and the family was raised. Although they were years of great poverty and hardship they were, perhaps, the best years for the family. After their home burned and the family moved away, life was never the same again for them.

Catharine Parr Strickland found botany boring and it was not until she arrived in Canada that the study of plants aroused her interest. Today, she is, perhaps, best known for her contribution to the study of Canadian wildflowers. She was self-taught. The only text book at her disposal was written in Latin and she had never studied that subject.

There were, perhaps two reasons for Mrs. Traill's new-found interest in botany. Firstly, it was an escape for her from the harshness of her life. It gave her hours of relaxation and satisfaction. Secondly, she discovered that plants were useful. Not only could some plants be eaten, many others could be used effectively as medicines. The Traills lost two children before Mrs. Traill learned about an Indian remedy that could have saved them - the liquid from the root of spikenard boiled in milk. Mrs. Traill became a botanist not in spite of her isolation but rather because of it.

In 1863, thirty-one years after her arrival in Canada, Mrs. Traill submitted a manuscript on botany to a publisher. Since there were no pictures or illustrations the publisher was not interested. Enter Agnes Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Traill's niece and daughter of Susanna Moodie. Agnes was widowed in 1865 and supplemented her income by painting watercolours. In '67 she

showed a series of paintings at the Provincial Exhibition in Kingston when it was reported that she was planning to produce a book of wildflowers. It was really Agnes Fitzgibbon who brought the book, with her illustrations and Mrs. Traill's text, into print. She did, however, face several obstacles in her endeavour.

Agnes was told that the lithographing for the book could not be done in Canada. She had neither the money to send the work to the United States nor the desire to have the book published anywhere except in Canada. She obtained a lithographing stone and drew the plates herself. There were ten pages and the title page. Each of the coloured plates (5000) in the 500 copies was hand-painted by Agnes with help from "two or three young friends".

The Canadian publisher, John Lovell, demanded a list of subscribers before he would undertake the work. Agnes and her aunt obtained five hundred subscribers from among their friends and acquaintances.

The first edition of Canadian Wildflowers (1868) is rare; less rare is this 1869 edition which was purchased for \$1100.00; but the 1870 edition, re-titled Wildflowers of North America for acceptance in the American market, is so rare that a price has not been established.

It is the first botanical book written, illustrated and published in Canada and was called the first Canadian "coffee table book".

In 1885, Mrs. Traill published Studies of Plant Life in Canada, the book which established her reputation as a serious botanist. The illustrations were again painted by Agnes, now Mrs. Brown Chamberlain. (Agnes had married the Queen's Printer, Lt. Col. Brown Chamberlain, in 1870.) This work revealed "studies carried on with such thoroughness as to give her a place among scientific botanists".

In Mrs. Traill's last book, Pearls and Pebbles (1895), published when she was 94 years old, we find her still extolling the "varied beauties in Canadian woods".

COMMENTARY FOR SLIDES OF PLANTS OF THE SEASONS FROM
STUDIES OF PLANT LIFE IN CANADA BY CATHARINE PARR TRAILL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CATHERINE MILNE

EARLY SPRING

1. COLTSFOOT

The first flower that blossoms is the Coltsfoot, which breaks the ground in April with its scaly leafless stem and single-headed, orange-yellow, rayed flower. It is a coarse, uninteresting plant, not common except in wet clayey ground.

2. HEPATICA, LIVERLEAF, WIND-FLOWER

The common name among our Canadian settlers is "Snow-flower". What the daisy is to England the snow-flower or Liver-leaf is to Canada. It is very probably that its healing virtues in complaints of the liver gave rise to its common name in old times.

3. BLOODROOT

Just at the margin of the forest and in newly-cleared ground among the rich, black, leaf-mould, may be seen in late April and May the closely-folded vine-shaped leaf of the Bloodroot, enclosing in its fold one pure white bud. The juice is largely used by the Indian women in their various manufactures - for dying porcupine quills and moose-hair, both red and orange and also to stain the baskets of the better sort for sale in the stores; they use the juice for cutaneous eruptions of the skin and internally in other diseases.

4. SPRING BEAUTIES

Partially hidden beneath the shelter of old decaying timbers and fallen boughs, its pretty pink buds peep shyly forth....They come in with the robin and the song sparrow, the hepatica and the first white violet.

5. BLUE COHOSH, PAPOOSE ROOT

There is no beauty in the blossoms of the Blue Cohosh, yet the plant is remarkable for its medicinal uses....It is not poisonous but there is something that looks uncanny about it. The round, rather large, blue berries are not the portion that is used but the thick-knotted root stock.

6. MITREWORT, BISHOP'S CAP, GEM FLOWER

An elegant forest flower.

7. FALSE MITREWORT, WOOD MIGNONETT, FOAM FLOWER

Light graceful blooms, evergreen leaves.

8. **BELLWORT, WOOD DAFFODIL**
Elegant but not very showy.
9. **SQUIRREL-CORN, WOOD HYACINTH**
The sweet scent of the flowers suggested the last name, the first name is indicated by the clusters of orange bulblets under the ground. This family contains another very charming species to which the outlandish and vulgar name of "Dutchman's Breeches" has been given, and I am sorry to say, this name has been retained in Dr. Gray's Manual.
10. **WHITE TRILLIUM, EASTER FLOWER, ASPHODEL LILIES, DUORO LILIES, MOOSE-FLOWER, DEATH FLOWER**
Nature has scattered these remarkable flowers with no niggardly hand over hill and dale, wide shrubby plain and shady forest glen.
- PURPLE TRILLIUM, BIRTHROOT, RED DEATH FLOWER**
Tannin and bitter extract are taken from its roots.
- DOG TOOTH VIOLET**
The name Adder's Tongue is more significant. This name must refer to the red pointed anthers rather than the foliage, as some have suggested. The name Dog-tooth refers to the shape of the small pointed white bulbs of the common European species.
11. **WILD GINGER**
A singular herbaceous plant, much used in Indian medicine craft.
12. **MARSH MARIGOLDS, WATER COWSLIP**
Used as a pot herb by early backwoods settlers before gardens were planted.
13. **INDIAN TURNIP, JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT**
Root juices are hot, acrid and poisonous if eaten raw but can be roasted and eaten safely. The root is used for violent colic. It is also boiled in milk as a remedy for consumption.

JUNE

14. **STARFLOWER, CHICKWEED, WINTERGREEN**
In olden times, when the herbalist gave all kinds of fanciful names to the wild plants, they would have bestowed such a name as "Herbe Innocence" upon our modest little forest flower.
15. **FRINGED POLYGALA, FLOWERING WINTERGREEN, FLY-FLOWER, GAYWINGS**
The plant which merits our attention more particularly for its beautiful flower is the beautiful fringed or crested polygala.

16. ROSE TWISTED STALK
This is a graceful plant belonging to the lily family.
17. WILD SARSAPARILLA
Can be used as a wholesome tonic.
18. WILD LILY OF THE VALLEY, CANADA MAYFLOWER
19. SOLOMON'S SEAL Polygonatum biflorum
[Incorrectly called False Solomon's Seal by C.P.T.]
20. FALSE SOLOMON'S SEAL Smilacina racemosa
[Not mentioned by C.P.T.]
21. EARLY SAXIFRAGE
22. GOLDTHREAD
Has orange thready rootlets, intensely bitter, used in fever and ague, also as a wash for sore ulcerated mouths and sore gums in teething. The evergreen leaves I have seen trimming evening dresses of pure white muslin and did not wilt in the heat.
23. MANDRAKE, MAY APPLE
The fruit is a large fleshy berry, the outer rind when ripe is yellow, the inner is white, soft and can be eaten. I preserve the inner part with lemon peel and ginger. The root is used in complaints of the liver but so powerful are its properties that it should not be used by unskillful persons. The leaves are poisonous and are sometimes mistaken for marsh marigold leaves that are used for a pot herb.
24. SHOWY ORCHIS
One of the lovely native orchids.
25. YELLOW LADY'S SLIPPER
26. SHOWY LADY'S SLIPPER, MOCCASIN FLOWER
Remarkable for the singular beauty of their flowers.
27. WILD GERANIUM, WOOD GERANIUM
Most worthy of notice.
28. PINK PYROLA
Noted for the fragrance of their flowers.
29. TWIN FLOWER
Has been immortalized by the great botanist Linnaeus, for whom it has been named.

30. EARLY WILD ROSE Rosa blanda

Note rounded leaflets.

DWARF WILD ROSE Rosa lucida

The bark is of a bright red and the flowers carmine pink. This beautiful red-barked rose grows in great profusion on the plains above Rice Lake, clothing large tracts of hill and dale and scenting the evening air at dew-fall with its delicate fragrance.

31. CANADIAN ANEMONE, WIND FLOWER

The classical name "Anemone" is derived from a Greek word which signifies the wind because it was thought that the flower opened out its blossoms only when the wind was blowing.

32. POISON IVY

There are various opinions regarding the way in which the virus is communicated, and also in what part of the plant it exists, some persons thinking actual contact is necessary, others that it is emitted from the leaves when wetted by dews and given out in sunshine; again it is asserted by some to be the pollen of the flowers floating in the air and resting on the skin which is the cause, while others say the poison is given out in a gaseous vapour at dewfall. I am inclined to think the poisonous qualities of the plant are given out in the heat of the day...and float freely in the atmosphere. I have gathered it for my herbarium in all stages of its growth without receiving from it the slightest injury while other members of the family have suffered severely from having been near it or walking among the shrubs where it is growing. Some doctors [treat it with] belladonna, others give alkalies, soda, ammonia and cooling medicines. The old settlers apply the succulent juicy leaves and stalks of the wild Canadian balsam

33. CANADIAN BALSAM...also known as JEWEL WEED, SPECKLED JEWEL and TOUCH-ME-NOT. This last name alludes to the sensitive nature of the seeds which burst at a slight touch.

34. BUNCHBERRY, SQUAWBERRY

It is a truly lovely little plant - a perfect forest gem. The berries are sweet but insipid. The Indian women and children eat them. The taste of the Indian is so simple and uncultivated that he will eat any fruit or vegetable that is innocuous, apparently indifferent to its flavour.

35. HERB ROBERT

This pretty species is notorious for its rank and disagreeable odour.

36. CARRION FLOWER
Another plant with a disagreeable odour from the flowers which smell like carrion.
37. BUTTERFLY WEED
The root is used in medicine as a powerful vermifuge [to expell worms from the intestinal tract] by the old settlers who say they learned its medicinal virtues from the Indian herb doctors.
38. ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE
One can hardly imagine so inoffensive a little flower being introduced by the ancient sibyls into connection with their unholy rites, nor understand why its classical name, Circaea, after a horrible old enchantress, should have been retained by our modern botanists.
39. INDIAN PIPE, WOOD SNOW DROP, CORPSE-PLANT
The whole plant turns perfectly black when dried, even a few minutes after they are gathered.
40. FLOWERING RASPBERRY, PURPLE SCENTED RASPBERRY
The fruit, popularly known by the name Wild Mulberry, consists of many small red grains, somewhat dry and acid.
41. JOE PYE WEED, TRUMPET WEED, THOROUGHWORT
Bitter, somewhat resinous scent when leaves are crushed. [Its nectar when carried to the hive by bees spoils the honey, rendering it uneatable.]
42. BINDWEED
On the flowery Rice Lake Plains I have seen this lovely flower mingling its hoary foliage and white fragile bells with the gay bracts of the Scarlet Cup and azure blue spikes of the Wild Lupine, Sweet Pyrola and Wild Rose.

LATE SUMMER

43. WILD BERGAMOT
One of the handsomest [of the mints] and most agreeable in scent.
44. FIREWEED, WILLOW-HERB
This handsome showy plant...adorns old neglected fallow-lands that have been run over by bush fires. It is cultivated in gardens in England.
45. CONEFLOWER
One of the handsomest of the rayed flowers.

46. PEARLY EVERLASTING

Many of the backwoods settlers' wives employed the light dry flowers as a substitute for feathers in stuffing beds and cushions. It is pleasantly fragrant. The French peasants still hang up wreaths or crosses of it in churches and upon the graves of the dead. [When Mrs. Traill prepared her little grandson's body for burial at Gore's Landing in 1864, she placed a bouquet of these flowers in his tiny hands.]

47. CARDINAL FLOWER

One of the most striking of our native flowers. I saw it growing in all its wild beauty on the margins of the Otonabee. [It is the reddest red in nature.]

FALL**48. NEW ENGLAND ASTER**

The large-flowered, branching, many-blossomed, purple-rayed asters are chiefly found in dry fields, by wayside fences and among loose rocks and stones, giving beauty where all else is rough and unsightly, making the desert to blossom as a garden.

49. DOLL'S EYE BANEERRY, WHITE COHOSH

Berries very poisonous.

50. RED BANEERRY, RED COHOSH

Also very poisonous.

51. FRINGED GENTIAN

With the Gentians I have brought to a close the floral season of the Canadian year.

ARCHIBALD CECIL BURGESS - WESTERN TOUR

Ken Burgess

Our family did not move to the west. I was born in Vancouver, myself. My remarks will be about an uncle, my father's eldest brother (not a farmer) who worked his way west to the Dakota Territory and to Manitoba in 1879.

Archibald Cecil Burgess was born in Baltimore, as were all his brothers and sisters. At this time he was twenty-five years of age and operated a road show of one or two nights standing. It was called "An Evening in Spiritland, Spiritualism Exposed and Explained". His advance agent, Fred Wager, would make the contract for the hall, hotel rooms and the cartage agent to deliver the equipment from the station to the hall and return it. Mr. Wager also distributed handbills and posters ahead of the show in the various towns. I am always amazed at the amount of colour that appears on the posters. He had a five-hundred-dollars challenge for anyone who could disprove what he was putting on. One of the posters is for Brockville, Ontario; another for Concord, New Hampshire and another from Maryland, New Hampshire. Uncle Cecil went under the name of Professor A.A. Cecil. I guess you could get away with that in those days.

Columns from newspapers such as the Free Press in Ottawa, 1980, the Journal in Plymouth, New Hampshire, a paper in New York State and another from Milton, Pennsylvania, describe the shows. They are quite interesting.

Uncle Cecil had worked his way across southern Ontario to Windsor and then to Monroe, Michigan. I will read parts of two letters he wrote to his father at that time. He used the hotels' stationary but his own envelopes with his picture and Spiritualist Exposure, Permanent Address C/ The New York Clipper.

STRONG'S HOTEL
and mineral bathrooms,
Strong & Sons, Prop.
Monroe, Michigan,

Mineral Baths of the celebrated Monroe Mineral Springs can be had at all hours at this well-known summer resort. Invalids will find the most beneficial and surprising results from the use of these marvelous baths. The bathrooms are in the hotel and thoroughly adapted to the requirements of either sex. Monroe has the finest hunting and fishing grounds on Lake Ontario.

March 2nd, 1879

Dear Father,

Your letter with Jennie's recieved in due time. You will see by the heading of this letter that I am on the war path again. We arrived here on Friday and played Friday and Saturday nights to good houses, which makes me feel better than to get a cool reception after my eight day lay-off. This is the only town I play in in Michigan for the present. We go from here to Perrysburg, Ohio, then to Fremont and Bowling Green, then Lima. Will be in Lima in about ten or twelve days. Would be pleased to hear from you there.

I sent two valises to your address, Cobourg, or at least I left them for the porter of the Crawford House, Windsor, to express to you. I did not pay the charges not knowing how much they would be, so am enclosing two dollars which I think ought to cover the expenses. The valises contain some old clothing. Some of it may come in useful for the boys. You will find the key of the black one in the tail pocket of the dress coat. There are six knives in the black valise which I was foolish enough to make a bid for at an auction and they were knocked down to me. There is also a souvenir (which I got while at Niagara Falls) the shape of an egg made out of the rock under the Falls. Well, how are you getting on with the payment? Have you sold all the wheat yet? I got a letter from Jim yesterday. They are all well out in Bloomington and business is not very brisk with them at present.

The party are all well and I feel much better after my week's rest, although it is expensive to lay off so long with my party. I am going to try and work my way to Manitoba, and if I see a good chance for Robert I will likely leave him there, that is if business continues good with me. I expect a letter from Jennie tomorrow or the next day at Toledo.

Remember me to all the folks at home,

Your affect. son,

Cecil

SHERMAN HOUSE
Centrally Located
Convenient to R.R. Depot
Post Office & U.S. Land Office

New & First-Class in all its appointments

Fargo, Dakota Territory

Aug. 2, 1879

Dear Father,

Being up in this Western Country I thought you might like to know something about it so will try and let you know what I think of it. While in Winnipeg I did a good deal of business but as for Manitoba I do not care much for it. The land no doubt is good for growing wheat and grain generally but the inhabitants are so mixed that I do not care to live there, too many french canadians and foreigners. Then it is so fearfully muddy when there is the least rain and the water is not good. Fargo is the same, being on the Red River, so is Crookstown, Minn., with the exception of the inhabitants - not many french there. We play there tomorrow night, then on to St. Paul, Minn., stopping at several towns on the way.

Before I leave the Canadian West (Manitoba) I would like to read a couple of excerpts I have looked up about the west. They show the typical, crazy pattern of settlement on the prairies at that time (1879):

Ottawa had mounted a lavish campaign in Europe extolling the opportunities on the prairies. But word had spread among potential immigrants that a few dry seasons in the late 1870s and two years of grasshopper invasions had made prairie farming a dicey proposition. Besides, the free homestead lands still available in the American West were more readily accessible - the Northern Pacific RR had reached Bismark in the Dakotas as early as 1873 and Miles City, Mon., in 1881. But there was a couple who were going to try anyway.

Another article I found elsewhere reads:

CANNINGTON MANOR

By the standards the world uses to judge a man, Captain Edward Mitchell Pierce's life was a brave failure. At one time he owned a rambling mansion in the English countryside of Sommersetshire, stood firmly for the Church and Army, and occupied a secure position in English trade and society. But in 1882 he suffered what he delicately referred to as "a financial setback". More plainly put, the captain went broke. Rather than face the humiliation of approaching his fine friends for help, he set out to make a new home for his wife, four daughters and four sons in the empty Canadian prairies.

Near Moose Mountain in southeast Saskatchewan, Captain Pierce established a settlement that resembled his former English estate. He advertised in London papers for "people of my own standing who wished to live like princes on the little money they have and which would go in rates and taxes at home." So they came, remittance men and down-and-out English gentility and at Pierce's Cannington Manor, they made cricket games, fox hunting, stately balls and dressing for dinner the order of the day. They lived in style and left the farming to the hired hands.

You can appreciate what happened to the farming.

Another example follows:

The most colossal venture of commercial settlement and farming, likewise a failure, was the Bell Farm at Indian Head, Saskatchewan. Its founder was a tall, imposing, noble-spirited, Ontario businessman named Major William Bell. In 1883 he purchased from the Dominion and the CPR a huge tract of land said to measure nine miles square, the largest farm of continuous land in the world. The Major equipped the farm in rather a gigantic style. He built a sixteen room stone house, two grain elevators, flour mills and a magnificent circular stone barn forty-five feet in diameter, and he stocked the land with 250 head of cattle and 900 hogs. By 1886 he had 5,000 acres in crop, maintained by 45 reapers and binders, 73 ploughs, 40 seeders, 80 sets of harrows and a staff of more than 200 farmhands from the East.

But every circumstance seemed to work against the Bell Farm. There was a disastrous frost in 1884. The next year Major Bell dispatched most of his labour force and a hundred teams of horses to help put down the Riel Rebellion and he planted no crop that year. The year after that there was a drought and in 1888 the creditors swooped down. He was forced to close down and moved to Bermuda but left behind many skilled farm workers and his mills, elevators and equipment, to the young prairie country.

It wasn't until the 1890s that the solid folks settled the west.

Now back to Uncle Cecil's letter from Fargo:

Last Tuesday I went away into the interior of this state, 200 mile west to the town of Bismark which is on the Missouri River. It is a lively place where drinking and gambling have full swing. It is the present terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway. There is a stage line from there to the Black Hills and a great many rough fellows stop over for a few days at Bismark to spend there money in gambling, but that will cease in a year or so as soon as the railway goes further on. Fort Lincoln is just opposite Bismark on the west side of the river. The U.S. has about 260 soldiers stationed there. I don't like the land about Bismark. I rode twelve miles on horseback while there and I am not over the effects of it yet. I left Bismark on my way back to this place [Fargo] on Thursday morning but stopped off at Jamestown, a small place about 93 miles from here. It has only about 30 houses at present and it is the prettiest place for a town on the Northern Pacific RR that I have seen or the best place in my opinion in the North West country. The town is just below where the Pipestone River or creek joins the James River, both clear water streams with gravel bottoms. The water around the James River valley is splendid, lots of limestone on the bluffs and in the streams. The soil is not so heavy as it is in the Red River valley but is of a more black sandy loam. I think it is the finest country I have come across for a long time. Of course there is not much timber around it but wood sells for around \$3.00 to \$4.00 per cord and any kind of wood will grow there if planted. I have decided to make Jamestown my future home if all goes well. I have bought 3 town lots 50' x 140' and have selected 320 acres for a farm, 160 acres as a homestead about 3 miles from the railway station and 160 acres, about 7 miles, as a tree claim. I have to sow 10 acres in trees in four years and in eight years I get a clear title, for

the land; for the homestead I get a clear title in five years. The people that are taking up land about Jamestown seem to be a nice lot, mostly Americans and well off. I think Jamestown in a year will contain twelve to fifteen hundred inhabitants. The land is being taken up very rapidly. I expect to take out my papers tomorrow and become a citizen of the United States. I will want Robert to come out here with me next spring and possibly some of the others as I believe this is the place for a young man that has any push in him. The spring is the time to come out here and go to work at once. If Jim McDonald was to come out in the spring I believe he could do well. It is no use for a person to come out unless he has a few hundred dollars to back himself with so that he can get a start.

My tree claim is very nicely situated having a large pond in one corner of it and not more than 3/4 of a mile from the Pipestone stream. This is the country that has the large farms. There are several around here that contain ten thousand acres and there is one 30 miles from here that contains 79,000 acres. It is called the Grandow Farm - 40,000 acres for grain and 39,000 for stock:

54 single plows	11 gang plows
64 harrows	32 seeders
6 mowers	4 horse rakes
32 self binders	7 steam thrashing machines
50 wagons	3 windmill pumps
1 steam feed mill	
	1 steam cockle separator for cleaning seed wheat
150 horses	260 men

The steam thrashers which are mostly straw burners while thrashing around 1100 bus. per day each.

Another farm close by which I passed through has 10,000 acres in wheat this year and next year will have more.

The thunder storms up this way are grand, any amount of lightning and noise.

How would Magnus like to come out as door-keeper until Robert can come?

Now that September is coming I will be playing almost every night and will need another man and I suppose you could spare Magnus better than Robert at present. If he would like to come let me know. Write me to St. Paul, Minnesota. Also let me know how you are getting on with the farm and how the prospects look in regard to the payments.

With best respects to all at home,
I remain your affect son,
Cecil

P.S. The land and deed is made out to A.C.B. [Archibald Cecil Burgess] and not to A.A.C. [A.A. Cecil].

P.P.S. The Grandow Farm has besides what I have written on the other sheet:

1 steamboat
4 miles of telephone wire
4 miles of water pipe
5 store houses which will hold 100,000 bus. of grain
The machinery alone cost over \$37,000.

From Fargo, Uncle Cecil worked his way back across the Northern states to New Hampshire in 1880, ending up in Montreal where he gave up show business and leased the Canadian Pacific Railway's station restaurants from St. Agathe, Quebec, to North Bay. Eventually, illness caught up with him and his brother, Arthur, took over the restaurants and he returned to the homestead, and passed away in 1905.

VISITS TO COBOURG

Joyce Lewis

While taking a course at Trent University I started out to do a paper on Mrs. Traill. As your local historians know, Mrs. Traill is a perfectly charming lady but I discovered the whole world had done papers on Mrs. Traill. Consequently, I thought I would see what had happened to this person called Frances Stewart who had been mentioned along the way.

I am delighted to have been asked to speak tonight about Frances Stewart's visits to Cobourg in the 1820s when she was just settling herself near Peterborough. Cobourg was an important place to her. She had many friends here.

In all, I brought thirteen of her references to this town, or village as it was then, both from her book, Our Forest Home, and unpublished letters. I will end with a particularly good one written in 1828.

Frances Stewart was born in Dublin on May 24, 1794, the second daughter of the Church of Ireland clergyman, the Rev. Francis Browne. She was effectively orphaned at the age of two and was raised by an older cousin, Harriette Beaufort, who remained her firm friend and correspondent until Harriette's death in 1865.

As a child and young woman, Frances lived in comfortable middle class circumstances. She was taught by Harriette, who was something of a Bluestocking and later became an author of several children's books. Frances learned grammar, spelling, mathematics, simple chemistry, mineralogy, geology, natural science and botany. Those are quite interesting subjects for a young girl in those days. Frances became fluent in French and started to learn Italian. Music was her special talent. She played well enough that her Irish relatives thought it important to send out a piano to her in 1826. After nearly going through the ice on Rice Lake it reached the log house in Douro. It gave her immense pleasure.

In 1816, at the age of twenty-two, Frances met and fell in love with a distant relation, Thomas Alexander Stewart, the eleventh child and second son of William Stewart of Wilmont, near Belfast. In that December they were married and they moved into Wilmont to begin, what should have been, a contented and probably uneventful life together. Unfortunately, within four years the linen manufacturing business in which Thomas was a partner became bankrupt leaving him with considerable debts possibly compounded by the fact that his elder brother, John, is

said to have squandered Thomas' share of inheritance from their father.

Thomas had an energetic brother-in-law, Robert Reid, also a partner in the same firm, who was keenly interested in immigration as a solution to their problems. Against the advice of all their friends and the distress of his wife, he decided to join Reid in coming to Upper Canada. You can appreciate their friends' concern when you consider that by 1832 Thomas was thirty-six, well past middle age. In fact, the average life expectancy for somebody of that class was forty in those days. He was lame and in continual pain after physical exertion. He was taking his wife and three daughters, aged five, three and six months to a place they knew as much about as we today know about the back of the moon. The lure, of course, was the promise of free land and the opportunity to make a fresh start instead of scraping on in Ireland with a shabby genteel life.

The cost was high when you think of the privations they lived through, particularly in the first years. But by his death in 1847 Thomas could feel that he left his family much more comfortable and secure than they would have been had he stayed in Ireland. This did not last into the next generation which ran into troubles but the family is still around. I wonder if any of the seventeen Stewarts in Cobourg are related? There are descendants doing great things for Canada - Dr. Stewart Browne is professor of chemistry at Trent University and Karen Kane is another descendant.

Frances survived this experience because she obviously had great self-discipline, a generally cheerful disposition, a firm belief in the workings of divine Providence and a resource of letter writing. She wrote once a month to Harriette Beaufort and to her own sister, Catherine, as well as frequently to her mother-in-law and a number of other relatives. They all wrote back. It took six months for a letter to come and go in those days but even so you still get a feeling of a conversation which is quite delightful.

In 1889, seventeen years after Frances' death, her daughter, Ellen Dunlop, with the help of her brother, Henry, and possibly others, edited the letters and published them privately for the family as Our Forest Home, Being Extracts from the Correspondence of the Late Frances Stewart. In 1902, a second edition with added appendices was edited by a niece in Montreal. There were only 86 copies of the first edition and I do not know how many of the second but the latter is the one that can sometimes be found in second hand bookstores.

It took the Stewarts seven weeks to cross from Belfast to Quebec

and by late August they were in York. After some considerations, Stewart and Reid decided to look for land in Douro because, as it was still unsurveyed, they could receive a larger land grant there. Frances' first mention of Cobourg occurs in a letter of September 21, 1822, when Reid had returned to York without Stewart who was left behind "ill", she said, "with an attack of bile". The poor man had a galloping case of ague. He had been lying in a noisy inn and had been found and removed to a clergyman's house about a quarter of a mile from the village and was under the care of a good physician. I wonder if that was Dr. Hutchison because he was here at that point. Frances describes Cobourg as a nice pretty village about twenty-four miles from Douro (she was a little out there) and she says that they have taken two houses there, themselves and the Reids, until the log houses are finished in Douro. Frances' rent was twenty pounds a year. Mrs. Reid was pregnant with her twelfth child and delivered soon after their arrival. The child died and within the month Maria Reid had moved up to Douro where she and her family all spent the winter in an open shanty with a fire on the fourth side. In an October 30th letter, Frances described their Cobourg house as "pretty and neat-looking on the outside with a fenced-in grassy place in front, but as nasty and inconvenient a little cage inside as ever was". It had three rooms downstairs including a Kitchen the size of a closet, four very small rooms upstairs, no doors on any of the rooms and the only fireplace was in the Kitchen. She said it would not do for a winter residence but little did she know. They had no furniture, but Tom had knocked together some temporary shelves and tables from boards he found in the barn. Of Cobourg itself she said:

This is a sweet, pretty, little village. It has a brisk thriving appearance and is increasing very rapidly. Four years ago there were but two houses here in the midst of woods. Now there is a very flourishing town - a neat church, a large schoolhouse opposite to it with another one around, two very good shops, or stores as shops are all called here. It has a sheriff and two inns and there are two more shops fitting up to be opened this winter. There are, besides, many trades going on - shoemakers, cabinetmaker, tailors, blacksmith, carpenters, wheelwrights and a number more which will make this a respectable town in a few years more. There are two butchers so that although there is no regular market there is always an abundance of good meat.

The houses are very neat, in general, and the neighbourhood to the lake adds to the beauty of the situation. The ground lies prettily about here, too,

in nice undulations - so very different from York.
[She did not like York at all.]

Three families are mentioned in particular - the Henrys, the Boswells and the Bethunes. Frances was especially taken with Mrs. Bethune. "A fine, merry, old lady," she said, "who lives in the dear little cottage just opposite Mr. Henry's". Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Bethune showed Frances how to make barm and then bread. "They have the best bread in the neighbourhood," she said.

Mrs. Bethune's cottage was neatly fitted up in the English style and she had the second tea urn Frances had seen since she left home. Two sons and a granddaughter lived with her. "The eldest son is the proprietor of the largest store here".

There were many invitations to drink tea, sometimes with dancing afterwards. She reported:

The Cobourg ladies dress in smart suitable styles. They think nothing of giving fifty guineas for a fur muff or tippet. Indeed, fur is much used. The sleighs are delightfully lined with it and so comfortable. One evening Mr. Falkner gave us and the children a drive to the village of Port Hope, nine miles off. The stars were most brilliant - Orion in great glory, brighter than I ever saw it at home. The people here have a book society among themselves. Each member pays four dollars per annum. The Rev. Mr. Macaulay has lent us some books - a few old indeed but as we read them again they bring to mind many things which happened when we read them first.

On November 10th she commented:

The weather has been much wetter than usual and the roads, as a consequence, very dirty...In general a road is made by clearing a passage through the woods and if it wants repair it is just ploughed up and then harrowed and left for driving on so you can guess what bogs these roads are in wet weather.

The Stewarts had planned to leave for Douro about a week later. They packed to go but their eldest daughter, Anna Maria, who had been ill, became so much worse that they decided to wait until after Christmas when they could go by sleigh. Frances was pleased to have the prospect of attending church on Christmas day as there would be no clergyman in Douro. She said:

If a nice pleasant good man could be persuaded to

join us he could live like Mr. Macaulay, who got two hundred pounds a year from the government, one hundred and twenty pounds for keeping a school and fifty pounds a year apiece for his five or six boarders. [He is] a Canadian, educated by Dr. Strachan, who went to Oxford to study, an excellent young man, most active in establishing religion amongst his parishioners. [I find that use of the word Canadian interesting. Although he was born here, ordinarily at that time the term "Canadian" referred to a French Canadian.]

Cobourg was growing before the Stewarts' eyes. In the two months since they arrived in October, there were three new buildings, one of them another shop, and five more houses built and inhabited. By February 24th, 1823, Frances was writing from the Douro log house announcing that she is at last home.

Before they left Cobourg they had been taken on two more sleigh rides, one by Mr. Bethune into Haldimand Township where they called on a Mrs. A. MacDonald and the Boswells. The second one was with the Boswells who said they thought the Stewarts might like to meet the Sowdens that they might see how comfortably, how very comfortably, people can live even in an indifferent log house. Frances wrote:

So they appointed the following Tuesday evening for our drive. It was, fortunately, sunny and mild although the thermometer stood at only ten degrees and in the morning at ten was eleven below zero. At half past one Tom, Anna Maria and I set out with Captain and Mrs. Boswell and drove eight miles mostly through woods to Mr. Sowden's farm. His log house is the oldest in the Township of Hamilton and has been built for twenty-five years. It is black and shabby-looking on the outside but I never saw more comfort and cheerfulness than there seemed to be within. There was a larger fire than my poor British eyes had ever before seen within the walls of a house. I am sure the logs on the fire were eight feet long, but since that I have seen many such. I must tell you a curious romantic history about this family.

The father and mother of Mr. and Mrs. Sowden had been attached to each other in their youth but for some reason or other could not marry. They each married other people and afterwards old Mrs. Sowden's son was married to Mr. Sowden's daughter. Some time afterwards old Mr. Sowden became a widower, the lady

a widow and as nothing was in the way then they were united in their old age and came to this country with their son and daughter about three or four years ago. Old Mr. S. died about three months ago. Old Mrs. S. lives in the log house with the young couple and their children. She is more like the picture of an old lady than any I ever saw. She was, of course, in weeds but all her clothes were made and put on in the style of seventy or eighty years ago. She is a fine looking old lady. Her face and complexion reminded me a little of Mrs. Mowtray [a friend at home]. On the whole we were well pleased with our evening and had a pleasant ride home.

Frances' next mention of Cobourg occurs in the spring of 1824 when she describes the difficulty in getting Mr. Macaulay to come to Douro to baptize their new daughter. You will see why Mr. Macaulay did not rush to go up that river; it was a hard trip.

Finally, in September they decided to take Bessy to Cobourg although fortunately, they were dissuaded by Mrs. Rubidge about ten miles into the journey and they left Bessy with her.

Frances wrote:

Cobourg is even more improved by the addition of numbers of houses - two large shops nearly finished, a nice new parsonage for Mr. Macaulay and a neat little Methodist chapel.

They stayed with the Henrys for a week and visited the Bethunes, Falkners, Coverts and Thorps. But they could not find Mr. Macaulay who "had set off for some place unknown."

They were disappointed not to have been able to attend church or to arrange Bessy's baptism. They forgave him when they heard later that matrimony was the cause of this mysterious flight.

The final letter gives such a vivid picture of the trials of travel and the pleasures of Cobourg:

July 6, 1828

When I last wrote to Ireland I was in the midst of preparations and bustle previous to my visits to Cobourg which passed as prosperously and agreeably as my kind friends could make it. Here I am once more in my dear, little, quiet home and here is my history.

It was arranged that on Tuesday, the 17th of June, I should set out in a boat which was going to Rice Lake, having appointed that Mr. Bethune would send a waggon there to meet me and accordingly we all sallied forth on Tuesday. Mrs. Strickland [Sam Strickland's wife] who was going to join Mr. Strickland who is now in Mr. Galt's employment at Guelph, Sally McVitty [a maid who had come out with Frances and was going to Mrs. Falkner], Anna Maria [her eldest daughter], Ellen [her second daughter] and myself. Tom came to see us off as he was to stay at home and take care of the youngest children and premises. Anne McVitty was to be his assistant. We set out at half past one being seven hours later than I intended to have started. Our conveyance was a large flat-bottomed boat called, in this country, a scow. It is fifty feet long and is for carrying luggage. We had a cargo of flour (eighty barrels) to take down and only our own trunks and parcels which served as seats. I felt very odd when I left Tom. It seemed so forlorn to set out on a journey in this strange land without him and more so for me, who for three years and nine months had never been from my own roost. But the principle boatman, who was the only one I had anything to do with, was a very civil man.

Our day was pleasant and the various turns of the river as pretty as all wood and water without anything else to see can be; but it soon became tiresome. When we reached Rice Lake it was nearly dark and quite so when we got to the house at the opposite side. We could distinguish a figure standing in an expectant attitude and two white horses which I concluded to be Mr. Henry's. We soon found that the person waiting was Mr. Bethune. He assisted us all to land and then, as the darkness made it impossible for us to proceed, he proposed that we should have tea and try to make ourselves as comfortable there as we could. He had very kindly come himself with Mr. Henry's waggon to escort us to Cobourg and had, poor man, been waiting all the day for us.

Nothing could be kinder than he was in trying to have us made comfortable at the miserable ferryhouse. We were all dreadfully tired and my head ached outrageously so when we had finished our supper of bad tea and good bread, bad butter and cold potatoes we sat down to arrange about beds. The house

consisted of three rooms - one large kitchen, in which we sat where there were two beds, and two tiny close-rooms within, one for the man and woman of the house, the other I found to be prepared for Mrs. Strickland and me.

The beds seemed clean but the room close to a suffocating degree. I found that Mr. Bethune should sleep in one of the beds in the kitchen and Sally and the two children in the other as, in this country you must know, it is quite common for men and women to sleep in one room. I changed the arrangement. Mrs. S. and I took the two beds in the kitchen and left the room within for Mr. Bethune. The beds looked clean but had a musty old smell and very soon after I lay down the fleas attacked so smartly that sleep fled. Then there were numerous mice or squirrels which began rummaging among peas or Indian corn in the loft above us. So I don't know what time in the morning I went to sleep, probably near two. I was soon awakened by heavy rain which rattled on the shingles as loudly as the mice had rattled the peas. Then came thunder and lightening and my heart sank at the idea of spending a whole day in that place without a book or anything to assist in passing the weary hours.

Long before daylight appeared Mr. Bethune went out to catch the horses. It could not have been more than three o'clock and I felt so lazy that it seemed impossible to arouse myself. However, after some time Mary said she heard Mr. Bethune bring the horses and waggon. We got up and dressed and then, against my will, woke my poor sleeping children, but the waggon was waiting. At ten minutes before four we all tumbled in and off we went.

The rain had ceased. The sky was clearing and looked promising. The plains over which our road lay for the first three miles lay are pretty and quite like a park - very pretty little hollows through which the road winds covered with small scrubby oak trees and brushwood and wild roses, all in blossom - then quantities of blue lupins, pink Lady's slippers, wild geraniums and a pretty scarlet flower whose name I don't know.

Our drive would have been delightful except that after we left the plains it became hilly or rather lay almost entirely down hills, some of which were

very steep and ugly and our horses, I found, had a habit, whenever anyone but Mr. Henry himself drove them, of being rather unmanageable. This time, one of them chose to stop at the top of every hill and stand for some time. George Boulton, however, had a horse that would only start by going backwards. However, if Mr. Bethune let this particular horse stand quietly for five or ten minutes she went very well after but on a long hill she stopped every three steps and backed and attempted to plunge which rather alarmed me because I am now quite a coward - I am so little accustomed to going in a carriage. At one long, crooked, steep hill this mare seemed so cross that I begged to get out which we all did but I did not do so again as it is so troublesome getting in and out of these waggons, some of which have no steps. A little step-ladder is always brought out from the house for ladies to get in and out; but on the road we had no ladder.

On the latter part of the way the road became so bad for about a mile that Mr. Bethune gave me to understand that I might expect an upset in some of the mud holes that were so deep that the horses sink up to their stomachs in mud. But we got on without any accident and reached Mr. Henry's at ten minutes after seven before any of the family were up.

I was very glad for a time to arrange my dress for I was covered with mud and the heat and the damp and the jolting had taken the curl out of my hair. By eight o'clock, the usual breakfast hour, we were all ready and assembled around the kind Mr. and Mrs. Henry's breakfast table. After sitting some time to rest after breakfast I took the children out shopping because I wanted to procure some necessary articles - shoes and gloves - in order to have them appear neat. But I could not find a single pair of ready-made shoes to fit them and I was obliged to appear all the intermediate days in miserable old shoes which was rather vexatious but it was unavoidable and there is no use fretting.

It was so long since I have seen them and my appearance so unexpected that none of the people knew me. When I went to Mr. Thorp about business he looked closely at me 'till, perceiving that he did not know me, I mentioned Mr. Stewart's name and then he shook hands very cordially and insisted on my going in to visit Mrs. Thorp. I did so for a few

minutes and found her dressed as neatly as usual in her nice drawing room which always looks as clean and nicely settled and ornamented as if they never used it. [Poor Frances had something like twenty-two people living in her little log house up in Douro. It is no wonder she envied Mrs. Thorp.] Although they never use it they have no other room for sitting or eating in; however, they have no children to dirty it. She is one of those neat people who never put anything out of the way. She is exceedingly still and stiff, gives very nice parties constantly, does everything herself - confectionary, upholstery, needlework and even attends the shop and does a great deal of business for Mr. Thorp.

I found it was nearly one o'clock so I hurried home as fast as possible for I knew it was Mrs. Henry's dinner hour and had scarcely time to dress and none to cool myself.

After dinner we sat quiet. It was too hot to go out. Some visitors came to call upon me - Mrs. Covert and Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, Mrs. Bethune with Miss Wilkinson, her granddaughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Alex Bethune, also Mrs. Draper which passed the time until six. Mrs. Bethune, Miss W. and Mrs. Draper drank tea and also two very nice little girls, twelve and thirteen, Jane and Harriett Rossen, with whom I was very glad to have my poor gaukeys made acquainted as they were very animated and at the same time nice ladylike children.

Next day after breakfast we set out to spend the whole day at Mr. Falkner's, three miles from Cobourg. We found poor dear Mrs. Falkner looking wretchedly, lying on a sofa from which she seemed to rise with some difficulty. She was so weak. They fear she is in a decline but I have heard since that she has been gaining ground so I hope this valuable wife, mother and friend may be spared a little longer. She had a friend staying with her, Mrs. Banks, whose family came out last year to live near Cobourg. She is a fine handsome woman and seems very good-natured and has a pretty little girl twelve years old.

Mr. Falkner was as agreeable as usual. He had just returned from Niagara and a tour through the States with which he seemed highly pleased, particularly with the manners of the ladies of Boston who, he says, are highly accomplished and cultivated and of a

retired and delicate manners with which he seemed particularly pleased after being long with the poor Canadian housekeepers. He often speaks with regret of the total want of general conversation at the parties in this country where the gentlemen talk of nothing but cattle and crops mixed with provincial politics and the ladies of servants, housekeeping, nursing and a little local gossip and scandal. I was never so much struck with this myself as during this visit to Cobourg. The same people met almost every evening. The gentlemen always formed a separate party to talk of the approaching elections and Judge Willis. The ladies all sat in a row, each trying to find out something to say to their next neighbour. We went to these parties about four or five o'clock and stayed until ten or eleven. The heat was most oppressive. Our whole day at Mr. Falkner's from breakfast time until after tea passed quickly and we had more interchange of ideas than at all the evening parties put together.

Well, Thursday passed and Friday came. During the morning I kept quiet; the heat was tremendous. At four o'clock we all set out and walked a mile to Mrs. Bethune Sr's to tea. Her home is the nicest I have seen in this country. We were first, as is the usual custom here, shown upstairs to a bedroom to take off our bonnets and arrange our dress. This room opened into a very pretty little boudoir ornamented with all sorts of Knick-Knacks, cabinets, paintings, flower baskets, etc. Mrs. B. was seated in an armchair nursing her grandchild, a pretty little baby of five or six weeks old, very handsomely dressed. We all then went down to the drawing-room where we found the Alexander Bethunes. Soon after came the Boswells, Coverts and Thorps, then coffee and tea. Mrs. Bethune took me all over her house to show it to me.

There are four bedrooms, all comfortable and very neatly furnished - handsome calico for windows and bed and pretty paper on the wall [quite good for 1828], neat chests of drawers and dressing tables and good common carpets. The parlour and drawing-room have very handsome paper carpets [this must have been the beginning of paper carpets which became very common in those days] and suitable furniture. The Kitchen is a very nice large room, airy and without the appearance of a Kitchen except for the large fireplace and table. All cooking vessels are kept in presses in a small room outside where there is a

pump. Behind the parlour is Mrs. Bethune's little storeroom which is quite a baby house. It is small, scarcely six feet square. It is surrounded on three sides with nice white presses, a small green table in the middle and floor carpeted.

I mention all these particulars because such neatness and comfort are so very uncommon in this country and because I have never seen anything here so like a good house in our own dear sweet country and because here, if the house has one good sitting room tolerably neatly furnished they think themselves well-off. The bedrooms have only a bed and a few shelves and perhaps a couple of chairs which were generally borrowed for parlour use on company occasions. But I saw a great improvement on my last visit to Cobourg.

Saturday evening we had tea, drinking at Mrs. Draper's; Sunday, one at Mrs. Covert's; Tuesday, one rather more pleasant at Mrs. Thorp's but dreadfully hot. Wednesday morning I was to set off to Rice Lake but I was wakened early by violent thunder and rain. However, by ten o'clock it became fine though still very hot and my dear old friend, Mr. Henry, drove me to Rice Lake himself and put me and all my packages into a boat - not a scow but a small boat which I hired for the occasion.

I was really very glad to find myself on my way home though very grateful for the kindness I met with from so many friends but particularly the Henry's and James Bethune who is remarkably attentive. He is, in general, too much engrossed in business to give up much of his time and thought to ladies.

It took the rest of the day and well into the night to get home. After this there were several later visits to the front but none of them is so fully described. In 1832, the Stewarts came down twice by sleigh, stopping at Captain Anderson's on the way one time. In 1836, they brought two of their boys to see the wonders. The large new gaol at Amherst excited admiration but the best part for the boys was three visits to Mr. Chatterton's printing office as it was the day the Cobourg Star was published. Apparently Thomas A. Stewart had befriended Mr. Chatterton earlier when he was in some difficulty.

On the third day they journeyed home via Port Hope. The boys were astonished and delighted with the stormy day when Lake Ontario looked bleak and angry, covered with waves rolling like

the sea.

Over the next ten years, as the size of Peterborough increased, there was less need to go to Cobourg and the growing poor health of Thomas Stewart kept them at home. There was one expedition by two of the boys to see a fine show of wild beasts under the management of the famous vanAmburg.

After Thomas' death in 1847, Frances remained at her son's house and then at a daughter's home with one exception when she journeyed to Rochester.

She never stopped writing letters. A greatgranddaughter told me that her mother, who was brought up in the same house as Frances Stewart, remembered a constant flow of letters going to the post office and being asked to take the letters herself.

We are lucky that so many have survived and, even though somewhat eccentrically edited by her daughter, are available to us today. They do give one of the earliest accounts we have of life in the new settlements of Cobourg and Peterborough.

APPENDIX

DRAFT OF A SPEECH BY HIS WORSHIP ANGUS READ

MAYOR OF COBOURG

DUKE OF YORK SQUARE, COBOURG, ONTARIO

SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1987

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES:

YOU HAVE GRACED OUR TOWN TODAY ON ITS 150TH
BIRTHDAY. THOUSANDS SHARE IN THIS HISTORIC MOMENT.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUKE OF YORK, WE WELCOME YOU AS

A PRINCE OF THE REALM.

AS THE SON OF THE QUEEN OF CANADA.

AND AS A HERO RETURNED FROM THE WARS.

WE HAVE YOU BACK IN A PART OF CANADA THAT YOU KNOW SO WELL
FROM YOUR STUDENT DAYS.

WELCOME HOME.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUCHESS OF YORK, WE PROUDLY RECEIVE
YOU AS THE WIFE OF OUR PRINCE.

AND AS A NEW MEMBER OF OUR CANADIAN FAMILY.

WE ARE HONOURED TO HAVE BOTH OF YOU HERE.

AS YOUNG PEOPLE OF SPIRIT AND VISION.

AND AS A PART OF THE NEW GENERATION WHICH IS
TAKING ITS PLACE IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD.

WE THANK YOU FOR COMING TO OUR SMALL TOWN WHICH
IS A PART OF THAT BIG WORLD.

WE HOPE YOU WILL RETURN.

YOU SEE HERE TODAY A CROSS-SECTION OF OUR
COMMUNITY.

WE ARE PLEASED TO HAVE ON OUR PLATFORM TO
GREET YOU, ONE OF CANADA'S HEROS, LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN
FOOTE, VICTORIA CROSS, A RESIDENT OF OUR TOWN.

WE ARE SORRY THAT ANOTHER LOCAL HOLDER OF THE
VICTORIA CROSS IS NOT WITH US HERE. HE IS CAPTAIN CHARLES
RUTHERFORD, VC, MC, MM, OF COLBORNE, CANADA'S SOLE REMAINING
VC HOLDER FROM WORLD WAR I.

JUST A FEW HOURS AGO, CAPTAIN RUTHERFORD MADE
THE DECISION THAT HE COULD NOT ATTEND TODAY. BUT HE SENDS
HIS GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES TO HIS PRINCE AND HIS GRACIOUS
WIFE.

WHAT WE CELEBRATE NOW IS THE YEAR 1837 WHEN
THIS OLD DISTRICT CAPITAL WAS ORGANIZED TO GOVERN ITSELF. AT
THAT TIME, COBOURG WAS THE THIRD LARGEST SETTLEMENT IN THE
UPPER CANADA COLONY, FOLLOWING TORONTO AND KINGSTON.

INDEED, ONLY A FEW YEARS EARLIER, COBOURG HAD
MORE PEOPLE THAN TORONTO. IN THE CENTURY AND A HALF SINCE,
WE HAVE ALLOWED TORONTO TO GROW LARGER.

BUT WE CONCEDE NOTHING ELSE TO TORONTO.

WE LIKE OUR LIFE IN THIS SMALL TOWN BETWEEN
THE LAKE AND THE GREEN HILLS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

WE BELIEVE THAT THE REAL ONTARIO IS OUT BEYOND
THE CANYONS OF THE GREAT CITIES.

MOST OF US ARE FROM THE LAND OR ONLY A
GENERATION OR TWO AWAY.

WE NEED THE SPACE AROUND US.
WE LOVE THIS PLACE.
WE ARE PROUD TO SHOW IT TO YOU.

THERE WAS A SETTLEMENT IN COBOURG LONG BEFORE 1837. THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS CAME ALONG THIS LAKESHORE WHEN THEY LEFT THE REBELLING THIRTEEN COLONIES TO HELP TO FORGE A NEW NATION LOYAL TO THE CROWN.

AND LOYAL WE REMAIN.

OUR FOREFATHERS NAMED THIS PLACE COBOURG TO HONOUR THE MARRIAGE OF CROWN PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, DAUGHTER OF KING GEORGE IV, TO PRINCE LEOPOLD OF SAXE-COBURG.

THIS YEAR WE CELEBRATE 150 YEARS OF SELF-GOVERNMENT. BUT 1837 IS ONLY HALFWAY BACK TO THE FIRST WRITTEN RECORD OF COBOURG. THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT QUEBEC WROTE TO KING LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH AT PARIS THAT HE HAD TAKEN TWO THOUSAND MEN IN TWO HUNDRED BOATS ALONG THE SOUTHSHORE OF LAKE ONTARIO INTO WHAT IS NOW NEW YORK STATE. THEY RETURNED ALONG THE NORTH SHORE. ON AUGUST 6, 1687, THEY STOPPED AT COBOURG BEACH TO FISH FOR SALMON.

WE STILL CATCH SALMON OFF THESE SHORES.

AN EARLIER TIME IN PRE-HISTORY IS RECOGNIZED BY THE PRESENCE ON THIS PLATFORM OF CHIEF NORA BOTHWELL, THE FIRST WOMAN TO BE ELECTED HEAD OF THE ALDERVILLE INDIAN BAND. THIS YEAR THE BAND CELEBRATES ITS 150TH BIRTHDAY ON LAND A FEW MILES NORTH OF COBOURG.

THE CHIEF'S PEOPLE WERE HERE FIRST IN OLD ONTARIO. NONE OF US WILL EVER FORGET THAT FACT.

THE ALDERVILLE BAND IS OJIBWAY, ASSOCIATED WITH
THE MISSISSAUGAS.

UNTIL 1784, THE MISSISSAUGA HELD ALL OF THE
LAND ALONG LAKE ONTARIO EAST FROM TORONTO AND INCLUDING
COBOURG.

THANK YOU, CHIEF, FOR PERMITTING US TO LIVE HERE.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, YOUR BEING HERE CONNECTS
US WITH OUR PAST, AS PART OF A LOYALIST COLONY. BUT IT ALSO
LINKS US TO OUR FUTURE. WE WANT TO MARK THE OCCASION WITH
A GIFT IN YOUR NAME.

I WILL READ THE TEXT OF THIS GIFT TO YOU.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES:

"TO COMMEMORATE YOUR VISIT TO US IN THIS SESQUI-
CENTENNIAL YEAR, THE TOWN OF COBOURG, IN COUNCIL ASSEMBLED,
APPROVES OF A GIFT IN YOUR NAME OF THE SUM OF \$3,000 TO THE
COBOURG LIBRARY BOARD.

"THESE FUNDS WILL BE SPENT ON A STAINED GLASS
WINDOW IN THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING. THE DESIGN WILL
INCLUDE THE WHITE ROSE OF COBOURG WHICH IS ALSO THE WHITE
ROSE OF YORK.

"THIS WINDOW WILL FACE INTO THE AFTERNOON SUN.
THE LIGHT RAYS WILL SHINE THROUGH THE GLASS, PAINTING AN EVER-
CHANGING AND COLOURFUL PICTURE INSIDE, DIFFERENT EACH DAY,
DIFFERENT EACH MINUTE, LIKE LIFE ITSELF.

"FOR GENERATIONS TO COME, THIS GIFT WILL RECALL FOR ALL CITIZENS, YOUNG AND OLD, THE HAPPY AND PEACEFUL SUMMER OF 1987 WHEN YOU CAME FROM ACROSS THE SEA, AND HOW YOU STRENGTHENED OUR BONDS TO ALL MANKIND, AND HOW YOUR VISIT REMINDED US OF OUR PAST, AND HELPED US TO LOOK AHEAD AS WE CELEBRATE THE BIRTHDAY OF COBOURG."

OUR MOST RECENT ROYAL VISIT WAS FOURTEEN YEARS AGO WHEN QUEEN ELIZABETH II AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WERE HERE. ON JUNE 27, 1973, HER MAJESTY OPENED A CONSERVATION PARK AND UNVEILED A CAIRN ONLY A FEW HUNDRED YARDS FROM WHERE YOUR HELICOPTER WILL DEPART.

IT SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY.

OUR FIRST ROYAL VISITOR WAS THE PRINCE OF WALES IN 1860. HE LATER BECAME KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

TODAY, WE MAKE NEW HISTORY. WE TIE TOMORROW WITH THE PAST.

WE ARE HONOURED THAT YOU HAVE PERMITTED THE USE OF YOUR NAME FOR THE LAND ON WHICH WE NOW STAND.

HENCEFORTH, IT WILL BE KNOWN AS DUKE OF YORK SQUARE.

THE PLAQUE WHICH YOU WILL UNVEIL WILL BE ATTACHED TO A LARGE BOULDER NOW IN PLACE A FEW YARDS TO THE NORTH. THE GREAT GRANITE STONE, WEIGHING SOME NINE THOUSAND POUNDS, WAS LEFT IN NORTHUMBERLAND WHEN THE LAST ICE AGE RECEDED. IT COMES FROM NEAR HARWOOD FROM THE RIGHT-OF-WAY OF THE OLD COBOURG AND PETERBOROUGH RAILWAY. IT WAS OVER THIS RAILWAY THAT THE PRINCE OF WALES TRAVELLED IN 1860 EN ROUTE TO PETERBOROUGH THE MORNING AFTER HE HAD OPENED VICTORIA HALL IN COBOURG.

A FEW MILES NORTH OF WHERE THIS STONE RESTED,
A RICKETY BRIDGE SPANNED RICE LAKE. THE PRINCE GOT OFF THE
TRAIN AND CROSSED THE LAKE BY BOAT.

THIS WAS A WISE MOVE. THE FOLLOWING SPRING,
THE BRIDGE COLLAPSED! WITH IT, WENT COBOURG'S AMBITION OF
BECOMING A GREAT CENTRE OF COMMERCE ON THE LAKESHORE.

NOW THERE IS A NEW USE FOR THIS HUGE STONE
WHICH ONCE HELPED TO SUPPORT THIS HISTORIC PIECE OF COBOURG'S
PAST.

TODAY, AS YOUR HELICOPTER SOARS INTO THE SKY
AND YOU LOOK DOWN ON THE GREEN HILLS AND THE TREES AND THE
SPARKLING BLUE OF THE LAKE, WE WILL REMEMBER YOU.

WE HOPE YOU WILL REMEMBER US.

I SHALL READ THE INSCRIPTION ON THE PLAQUE
WHICH WILL SOON BE UNVEILED.

DUKE OF YORK SQUARE
NAMED FOR
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK
TO COMMEMORATE THEIR VISIT
TO COBOURG IN THE
SESQUICENTENNIAL YEAR
OF THE INCORPORATION OF COBOURG
JULY 19, 1987.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, WILL YOU PLEASE UNVEIL
THE PLAQUE AND SIGN OUR VISITORS' BOOK?

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS
WORSHIP THE MAYOR, MOVE TO THE PLAQUE AND UNVEIL IT.

AFTER THE PLAQUE IS UNVEILED, THE NATIONAL
ANTHEM IS PLAYED BY THE CONCERT BAND OF COBOURG.

AFTER THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES
SIGN THE VISITORS' BOOK.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THEN LEAVE THE PLATFORM
ACCOMPANIED BY HIS WORSHIP AND MRS. READ.
