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HERITAGE GAZETTE OF THE TRENT VALLEY

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www.trentvalleyarchives.com

Cover picture: Champlain, the Wendat and their Algonkian allies, August 1615. (Watercolour by Neil Broadfoot)
This watercolour was prepared for Trent Valley Archives new publication: Finding Champlain's Dream. Join us on September 5, 1-4 pm, for the book launch, and a chance to meet the authors.

TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES

Fairview Heritage Centre

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Reading Room open Tuesday to Saturday 10am to 4pm

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President's Corner

Summer greetings from Trent Valley Archives executive and Board of Directors!

Something new is evident in this issue of the Heritage Gazette. In an effort to help with the costs of producing and mailing the Gazette we have decided to generate some revenue through advertising. We invite you to peruse the ads in this issue and, if convenient, support the merchants and businesses who have advertised.

On May 7, Heather Aiton Landry, Elwood Jones and I traveled to Napanee to visit and tour the new Lennox and Addington County Archives. This is a very impressive facility with the new archives building built on the north side of the old jail, which was converted to a great historical museum. We visited the reading room, the vault with amazing banks of rolling shelves and the lower level that houses all the climate control equipment and a state of the art fire suppressant system. We also had a guided tour of the museum. We were very envious of their building, organization and equipment and their comfortable arrangement as a County Archives funded, staffed and housed by the County.

Recent additions at TVA include the Ed Arnold papers that contain some good stuff that was formerly in the Examiner Archives but used by Ed for producing the special issue on the centennial of Peterborough as a city. This includes some really excellent new clippings and photographs. Another major collection is Carl Doughty's exceptional collection of materials related to dairying and milk bottles throughout the county.

TVA is actively sponsoring the Champlain 400 project. Work is in progress on a number of initiatives related to the commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the 1615 travels of Samuel de Champlain as he passed through the Peterborough and Kawartha Lakes region. This topic will be the mail theme for presentations and displays at our annual Open House on September 5. Plans call for the launch of a book on Champlain, the First Nations and the Franco-Ontarian connections edited by Elwood, along with Peter Adams and Al Brunger.

We are pleased that Cody and his mom, Karen Starr, have been making some terrific changes to our landscaping.

Guy Thompson

The Crowley Book and the Guiry Album

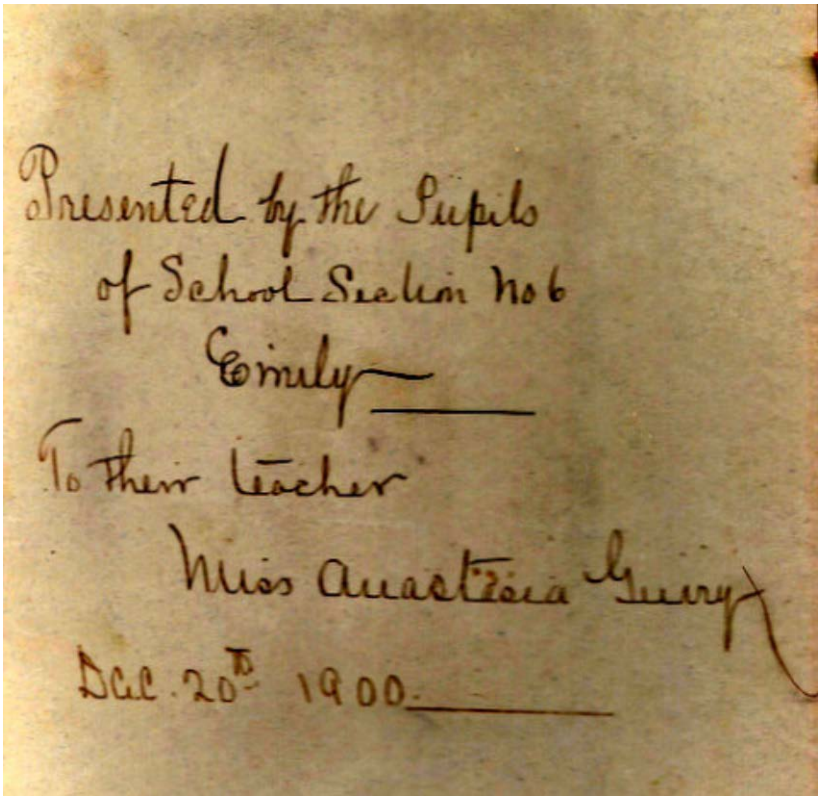
Colum M. Diamond

The year 2014 was a particularly appropriate year to produce a detailed account of the history of one of the local Crowley lines and to make it available to members of the Crowley family who were interested in learning more about their history and genealogy. That was because 2014 marked the 1000th anniversary of the beginning of the Crowley name in Ireland.

It was close to the village of Clontarf near Dublin on 23 April 1014, that one of the decisive moments in Irish history occurred. It was at Clontarf, one thousand years ago that Brian Boru, High King of Ireland, met in battle the Kings of Munster and Ulster with their Viking mercenary reinforcements and successfully defeated them in the Battle of Clontarf. Although Brian Boru was killed after the battle, his victory heralded the end of Viking influence in Ireland and inaugurated a lengthy period of peace in the troubled island of Ireland.

In the course of the battle, King Brian Boru noted that one of the clans supporting him was battling the enemy with particular bravery. Impressed by this clan's valour, Brian addressed their family leader with the tribute *'O Cruadhlaoich'* which translates into English as '*Hard Warrior*' in the sense of '*Brave Fighter.*' The leader of this clan, deeply moved by this royal tribute to the family's valour as warriors, instantly adopted the Irish words '*O Cruadhlaoich'* as the family name. This word '*O Cruadhlaoich'* of course, has become in English *O'Crowley.* The Crowleys of today, ten centuries after this stirring tribute paid by King Brian Boru to their earliest ancestors, can take deep pride in the origin of their family name.

I was approached by the Crowley family who told me that on 14 June 2014 the Crowley family of Otonabee would celebrate the 1000th Anniversary of the Crowley name. As one of the highlights of their Celebration Family Day, the Crowleys wanted to produce a book outlining the Crowley Family of Otonabee. The deadline to produce the book was fixed in stone. Could it be achieved? As I was the person who would do all of the research and necessary work, I said that I would try, but co-operation of the family was needed. I told them that if the deadline was missed, then they would just have to live with it. Maureen Crowley encouraged all the family to help me in whatever way they could and she provided lots of documents that greatly helped.



It took two years of intensive research, many visits to *Trent Valley Archives*, and two visits to the *Provincial Archives of Ontario* to complete the data for the book.

Images from the Guiry Album courtesy of Louise Guiry Houston
Title Page of the Guiry Album

There were two evening meetings wherein major interviews with all the different Crowley families were conducted. During these meetings the importance of photographs and documents was stressed and reinforced; for a book to be really good it must contain lots of family pictures.

The families "rallied around the cause" and provided great assistance. Five interviews with family individuals were held "just to get the facts right". Photographs and

documents were borrowed, scanned and returned to their owners. All went very well during the research phase and eventually, after "no stone was left unturned", I was satisfied with the research.

The primary characters in the book centered around the patriarch "Foxy Jim Crowley and his wife and their descendants who established large families in Otonabee Township. No pictures could be found of them as they had both died before 1891.

The typesetting, and book layout, took quite a long time and then editing and proofreading had to be completed. The front cover design was the last item to be completed before the final manuscript could go to the printer. The printer required six weeks for printing and binding production, but after only four weeks the printer phoned and told me that the book was ready.

The completed hard cover book comprised 188 pages, had colour on every page, was filled with both 4-colour and black-and-white pictures and had many illustrations, deeds and some maps.

On the Celebration Day, the Crowleys provided a place in the hall, two tables and lots of signs for the book to be displayed and sold. All those who had agreed to buy a book did so and the book sold nearly all the copies that were printed. It was a great success story. But one week after the book launch, a curious incident occurred.

One of the people who had bought a copy of the Crowley book was Louise Houston, (nee Guiry). She phoned me and told me that her grandmother was a Crowley and that she was really pleased with the book. She had greatly enjoyed it but "wasn't it a great misfortune that she and I had not talked before the book was printed". I asked her what she meant and she asked me to come to her home as she had something that I should see.

I hurried over to her apartment where I was allowed to peruse a Victorian family album that had been compiled in December 1900. The album which had been passed down in the Guiry Family, was originally owned by Miss Anastasia Guiry of Downeyville, a school teacher. She had taught at S.S. #6 Emily (locally called the Guiry School because most of its pupils were Guirys). It had been presented to her as a gift by the pupils when she left teaching to enter St. Joseph's Convent in Peterborough in December 1900.

The album proved to be a treasure trove of family pictures. It featured many pictures of the Crowley and Guiry families. One of the pictures was of Mrs. James Crowley (maiden name Leahy) who was a Peter Robinson Settler. She was only two years of age when her father Patrick Leahy brought her to Douro. In addition there were many other Crowley pictures of people mentioned in the book. If only I had seen the album before it went to the printer.

If there is a moral to this story, it is: "always keep looking for that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, for it is really out there. You just 'gotta' find it." Very graciously Louise Houston allowed me to copy and scan the album. The scanned album file, complete with additional pictures, can be seen at Trent Valley Archives where it may be perused for research purposes.

Anastasia Guiry daughter of Garrett Guiry and Hanora Crowley. She was the granddaughter of James F. (Foxy James) Crowley and Catherine Leahy. She entered the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Peterborough and took the religious name of Sister Mary of Victory. She lived until 1960 and was buried in the nuns' plot in St. Peter's Cemetery.

Surprise discovery offers a look into local history: Chamber staff find long-forgotten film in storage

Examiner, Wednesday, July 22, 2015 1:57:01 EDT PM

A film reel recently discovered by staff at the Greater Peterborough Chamber of Commerce contains a documentary film outlining the construction of the Centennial Fountain on Little Lake.

The 20-minute black-and-white film also serves as quick look at Peterborough and the Kawarthas.

The film, credited to Kawartha Photo Production and sponsored by by Pleuger of Canada, is called Land of the Shining Waters, and features a look at the planning and construction of the fountain in 1967, along with footage of a local youth band performing and more.

The film was produced and directed by George Swann.

Broadcaster Del Crary narrates the film, which was scripted by Nick Nickles and featured special effects and sound by Hal Sloan. Sam C. Jamieson was director of photography.

See the film on Youtube or below:

This film is now at Trent Valley Archives, Fonds 515.

Peterborough Jail

Editor's Note

With the county's recent announcement that the Peterborough jail would be demolished as part of ongoing improvements, we have received requests for information about how much was known about the history of the jail. It has not been used since the June 2001 riot by inmates.

We were surprised that local historians have not had much to say, and that most people thought the jail was built in 1838 to 1842 period; when that jail was completed Peterborough became the administrative seat for the new Colborne District.

Fortunately, Diane Robnik began a much-needed index of the Peterborough Examiner, which covered 1847 (when it was the Despatch) to the mid-1890s. We have different chronologies and indexes for this and the later periods. There are passing references to the history of the jail in different places. As well, we have a copy of the jail register for the 19th century. The Trent Valley Archives wishes to establish tours of the jail in the near future, and with that in mind decided research was in order. Heather Aiton Landry and Elwood Jones have pulled together the information in this feature. And there is more.

Elwood's view was that the jail is well-built and could be renovated. There were several temporary buildings added and they should be removed. The space created could be used for a more modern facility, and could be used for office or archives purposes. However, it is true that building in a constrained area would be expensive.

At the very least, though, we all need to know more about the history of the jail, and we decided to begin with this feature. EHJ

Notice to Builders and Contractors

Peterborough Examiner, 1 October 1863

NOTICE
To Builders and Contractors.
SEALED TENDERS will be received at my Office until
Monday, 16th Day of November next,
AT NOON, FOR THE ERECTION OF
A NEW JAIL,
IN THE TOWN OF PETERBOROUGH,
According to Plans and Specifications prepared by T. F. Nicholl, County Engineer, and approved by the Board of Inspectors of Prisons at Quebec.

The Building Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

The Contractor to furnish satisfactory security.

Plans and Specifications may be seen at my Office, in the Court House each day, Sunday excepted, between the hours of ten in the forenoon and four in the afternoon.

Forms of Tenders supplied on application.

WALTER SHERIDAN
Clerk and Treasurer

Clerk's Office,
Peterboro', 24th Sept. 28, 1863

FOUNDATION STONE

Peterborough Examiner, 16 June 1864

On Thursday the 9th inst., by invitation of the contractor, a large number of the inhabitants of Peterborough met in rear of the Court House to witness the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new jail. At the south-east angle there had been prepared a proper foundation for the ponderous cornerstone with a recess for the hermetically sealed box containing the papers, coins, &c. Dr. Burnham, who had been appointed to officiate, having seen that everything was ready, read as follows: --

(Copy)

This corner stone of the jail at Peterborough was laid on Ninth day of June, A. D. 1864, in presence of James Hall, Esq., Sheriff of the County of Peterborough; Charles Rubidge, Esq., Registrar of the County of Peterborough; Walter Sheridan, Clerk and Treasurer of the County of Peterborough; Charles Perry, Esq. Mayor of the Town of Peterborough and several other gentlemen.

The size of the building is to be 43 feet x 70 feet. It is to be built of stone, principally from the quarries of Bobcaygeon. The contract price for the building is $12,250; the contractor, Robert Grant, of Peterborough; the architect, Thomas F. Nicholl, County Engineer. With this is deposited a copy of the Minutes of the last meeting of the County Council, containing the names of the Reeves and Deputy Reeves and other officials. The members of the Town Council for the year are: -- Charles Perry, Esq., Mayor; North Ward, Wm. Toole, John Whyte, Henry Lawson; South Ward, E. Burnham, W. Lundy, Thos. Leonard; Centre Ward, Robt. Hamilton, Thos. Eastland, John Moffatt; East Ward, Robt. Stevenson, Duncan McNaughton, Thomas Chambers.

This paper be deposited in the box prepared for it. There were also deposited copies of the two newspapers published in the Town of Peterborough, and Maclear's Almanack for 1864, with specimens of the coins issued by the Province of Canada up to this date. At the request of the Sheriff, Mr. Ewing added Photographs of the Court House Hill from the Free Church upwards, of the Union School and the Auburn Mills.

The whole having been safely deposited in the box and sealed air-tight, the stone was lowered, and in a few moments declared by the builder to have been well and truly laid.

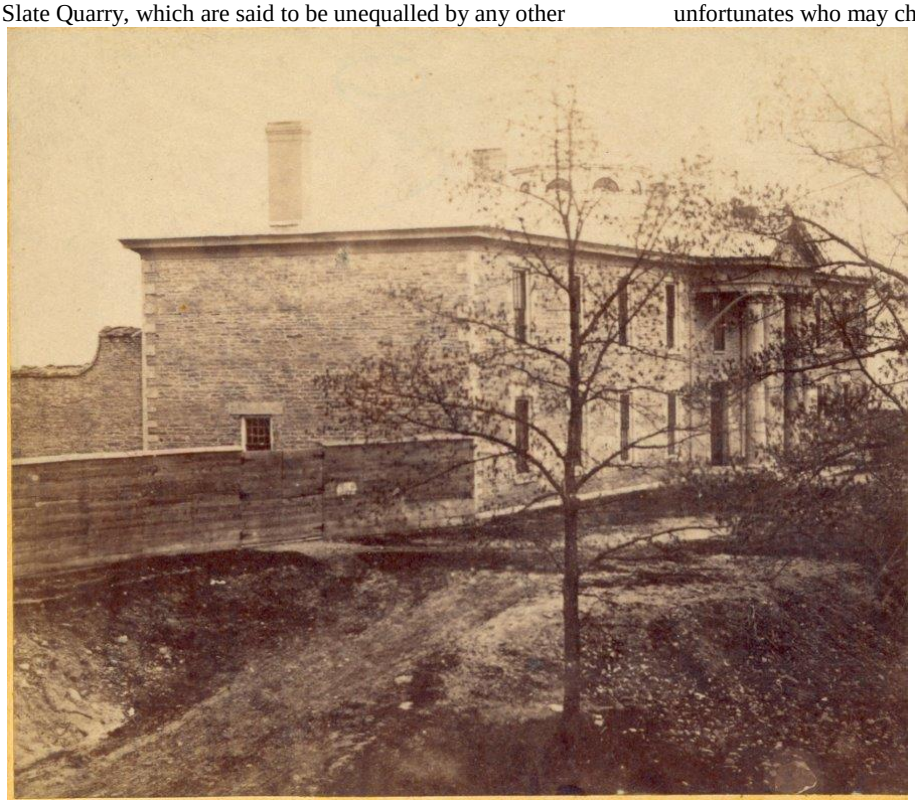
The whole company present were then kindly entertained by the contractor. Dr. Burnham proposed Mr. Grant's health, wishing him success with his new undertaking, and reap the reward his enterprise deserves.

THE NEW JAIL

Peterborough Examiner, 5 January 1865

This new edifice which was found necessary for the accommodation of the County, and for the comfort of the human beings that may be committed to it, is now almost completed. The workers are at present bestowing the last coat of paint, and the last fittings are being rapidly added to it. The greatest praise is due the contractor, R. Grant, Esq., for the energy, dispatch, and satisfactory manner in which he has completed the work. Through his kindness we were conducted through the building and were

enabled to take a view of both inside and outside of the work. The building is 70 ft. by 43. The walls from the plinth are 22 ft. high. The foundation is 4 feet below the surface line, and 3 ft. thick; above the plinth the walls are 2½ ft. [thick]. The outside of the wall is all of coursed work, of stone from Bobcaygeon; the inside is lined with white brick. The roof is covered with slate from the Walton Slate Quarry, which are said to be unequalled by any other slate. They are all laid in mortar, thus making the nicest roof possible, and at the same time very durable.



An early photo of the Peterborough Court House showing a wall of the jail yard. (Trent Valley Archives)

The old Jail walls have been raised three feet higher, and coped with wood; the yard is also separated in divisions by protection walls of brick, completely excluding the possibility of egress to the gateways of the outer walls, unless by scaling these first walls. The principal entrance is from the Court House, through a passage 30 x 23 ft. of brick, and the grated entrance of iron, into the body of the building, weighs 12½ cwt. On one side of the passage is the Jailor's office, and also store rooms for the convenience of the building. On the other side, a doorway opens into the yard, and a bathing room, supplied with every necessary washing apparatus for cleaning those who may be in need of an application of soap and water before admittance into the interior of the sacred enclosure. On the lower flat there are two rows of vaulted cells, on one side what are called double cells – on the other side, single. The outside facings and Jambs of the cells are of stone from the T[ownshi]p of Dummer, many of which are 7 ft. 3 in. long, 2 feet wide and 2 ft. thick, and weigh 6 tons, the cells are all lined with brick. The grates of the cells are of strong round inch bars with cross bars of 2½ by 1 in., the locks being set in the solid stone. – Thus rendering any possibility of escape beyond hope. The cells and ward passages are floored with oak. There is ample provision made for ventilation, each ward having several ventilators – showing that due regard has been had to the health of the unfortunates who may chance to take up their residence from time to time in the castle.

On the second flat the landing is intended for a chapel, due regard being had to the arrangements to bring the inmates both above and below, within sight and hearing of whoever may be their instructor at stated times; to the west of this chapel are two rooms for hospitals, one for each sex, and to the east of the chapel two rows or wars of cells of similar construction to those below. At the back part of the building is a cistern capable of carrying 500 barrels of water, and in it a forcing pump which supplies two large water vats, calculated to discharge their contents to the desirable parts of building by means of pipes, affording means for cleaning and use whenever and wherever needed. The inner doors are double barred and bolted. The outer doors are also double, with sheet iron between the wood, and bolted with 288 bolts each, evidently with a design to be substantial. The plan of the building was by T. F. Nicholls, Esq., County Engineer, and reflects great credit on the taste and judgment of that gentleman. We learn also that he has watched the progress of the work carefully and continuously, and must be proud to see it brought to such a satisfactory finish.

The greatest praise is due to the contractor, and when we mention that the work has been completed five months sooner than the terms of contract imposed, it will be seen that we accord him no more than his due. The workmanship, however, is there a lasting monument to his of the skill, and the satisfactory manner in which that work has been done testifies to the wisdom of the Council in awarding to him the contract, as all the building committee witness that the work has been done in a manner exceeding their expectations.

The Provincial Inspector of Prisons considers that the building surpasses anything of the kind in the Province; neither the Lindsay jail nor Toronto jail at all comparing with it, either in convenience, appearance, or substantiality. The original contract was $12,250, additional expense $1,500, making a total of about $14,000, a considerable sum for the county to have to pay for the suppression of crime, but at the same time in the present case wisely

expended, for which we have a reasonable offset in the work now almost completed.

We may further add that the members of the County Council deserve their due mead of praise for the manner in which they attended to the letting of the contract and the outlay upon it. Very few councils can give so satisfactory an account of their stewardship as the one which has managed the business of the county during 1864, and few if any, better deserve to be reinstated.

In no way can the people better show their appreciation of the services rendered, than by unanimously sending them back, and we trust that no undue love of change will induce the rejection of any one who faithfully and uprightly has discharged the duties devolving upon him during the past, for no new man can enter into and occupy the places of the old one until he has acquainted himself with the working of the situation he is assuming.

THE NEW JAIL

Peterborough Examiner, 28 July 1864

We paid a visit to the new jail yesterday and found it progressing favorably. When finished it will be a massive structure. The cells will be easily kept clean – the ventilation perfect – and the appliances for securing the criminals very strong. It appeared to us to be a miniature copy of the Provincial Penitentiary at Kingston. We believe from the forward state of the work that the contractor will be able to have it ready sooner than the specified time. We hope he will make something of it; he is making a substantial job.

Reply of the Committee of the New Jail

Peterborough Examiner, 21 December 1865

To the Editor of the Examiner:

SIR – In regard to a Presentment of the Grand Jury, at the late Assizes, the Committee wish to record that it would have been impossible to place the Water Closet at a greater distance from the occupied position of the building, greatly increasing its size, and materially adding to the cost of construction. As it was insisted upon by the Inspector that the prisoners when using the Water Closets should by means of glass placed in the door be in full view by the Jailor from the opposite end of the corridor, and as the plans were first submitted to the Government and found to be satisfactory, neither the County Council nor the Committee had power to alter or amend the plans, and the Committee have carried out all the improvements suggested by the Prisoner Inspector. At the time the Closets were inspected by the Grand Jury, the appliances by which a stream of water passed through the sink, was not completed; but under the improvements now introduced, the Committee believe that all offensive odors will be entirely avoided.

As for the removal of the prisoners from the old jail, so forcibly urged in the Presentment alluded to, the Committee wish to state the preparation of the New Jail for occupation has been pushed forward with all possible rapidity, and that walls so massive requires time and artificial heat to secure their being sufficiently dry to admit their use with safety.

The Committee regret that in consequence of the plans of fastenings of corridors and other doors not having been at first secured by the Prison Inspector, who had the entire arrangements in charge, an additional outlay has been required, as the extra work to be performed could only be done at a great disadvantage and at increased labour and expense.

This being the first meeting of the committee since the publication of the Presentment, accounts for the delay of this explanation.

P.M. GROVER, chairman; E. INGRAM; P. PEARCE

County Council, Committee Room
December 15th, 1865

[There were 24 cells in the jail, and in 1910 the most occupied at any moment was 22; the lowest, 6. See Examiner 8 October 1910]

Poole
82-83 (followed by good account of W. S. Conger's life)
82Q … In 1861 the present new Registry office was built, but was not occupied until 1863. It was intended to be completely fireproof not only without, but also from within.

The improvement in the Court House park, and also the fencing of that enclosure was commenced in 1863, and completed during the following year.

On the 1st of January, 1863, the separation of the County of Victoria from that of Peterborough, took effect, and thenceforward that county was launched upon a separate and independent municipal existence.

On the 6th of May 1864, the Town Hall bell was erected in its present position in the Market House tower. Its weight is 902 pounds, and its total cost to the town $400. "On its being placed on its supports, Mr. Chief Engineer Helm ascend the belfry, and amidst the cheers of the bystanders, broke upon it a bottle of wine, and in the name of the Fire Brigade called it "Protection."

The corner stone of the present new Jail was laid, in presence of the Sheriff and County officers, on the 9th of June, 1864, and that structure completed during the ensuing year. The following are the names of the gentlemen composing the Building Committee who were entrusted by the [83] County Council with the erection of this important structure: -- P. M. Grover, Esq., chairman, R. D. Rogers, John Walton, Peter Pearce, Francis Crow and R. E. Birdsall, Esquires.

The following extract from their final report, dated January, 1866, is of interest in this connection: --

"The total cost of the new jail, as now completed, amounts to the sum of $16,103.35, of which sum the Government paid $6,000. Items of cost are as follows: --

Mr. Grant, for original contract .. $12,654.00
Extra work 1,469.73
Alterations as per order of Inspector 861.16
Architect's supervision and plans, furniture, stoves, water-pipes, heating apparatus, and further alterations suggested by the Inspector, including all expenses of supervision 1,718.46
[Total] $16,103.35

Aerial view of the Court House and Jail, 2002. Note Quaker Oats plant to the right, as well as other neighbours.

News, Views and Reviews

The McFarlane Diaries

Pat Marchen, in her Keene column in the Peterborough Examiner, noted that Kathryn Campbell gave an illustrated talk based on the diaries and photographs of John McFarlane and his wife Annie. The diaries run from 1896 to 1919, when John McFarlane died of the Spanish flu. They were married for seven years (they courted for ten), and the 100 pictures date from 1913 to 1919. It is great to see such collections getting the treatment they deserve.

Lt. Ross Ackerman

Vandals demolished cemetery stones in December, and one had been a rather special memorial to Lt. Ross Ackerman, who died in 1916 in England of war wounds, but whose body was brought to Little Lake Cemetery for reburial. The view at the time was that soldiers should be buried close to where they died. The Commonwealth War Graves Commission has erected a new memorial, this one in the style of military cemetery markers.

Crough Family

The Crough Family had an interesting 28th consecutive family reunion for a family that keeps growing. Patty Crough said her husband was one of 21 children; 17 survived and 14 of those had 76 children. The highlight of the reunion is the Golden Boot event; the winner is whoever kicks their shoe the farthest.

Brown

Keith Brown (1926-2015) was the former Conservative MPP for Peterborough, 1959-1967 and a car dealer whose business empire extended to taxis and buses. Mayor Daryl Bennett is his son-in-law. His obituary, 11 July 2015, noted, "Keith will be remembered as an optimistic, energetic, astute and kind man with a sincere willingness to listen and help others. A skilled storyteller, he captivated others with his recollections of business dealings in rural Ontario, practical jokes and amusing reflections on a life well-lived." He is survived by a sister, his three daughters and their families. He is buried in Highland Park Cemetery. Our condolences to the family, and especially to Mayor Bennett.

Trent Valley Archives working with Peterborough County

We are co-operating in developing a mutual solution to the protection of archives in the county. Trent Valley Archives is near capacity, and we have been looking at possible solutions that might include other facilities. It is common for archives to hold their materials in more than one location, but it is desirable that comparatively small archives at the local level can make their documents readily available from storage to research in a matter of minutes. We are looking for solutions, so we will be able to accept collections that require over 100 cubic feet of storage. We have two such collections already, but without more secure space that meets rigid standards of temperature and humidity we cannot accept more large collections.

Samuel de Champlain's Timeline 1570-1635

Alan Brunger

The following summary of Champlain's career emphasizes his undertakings in New France after 1603 when he first voyaged there at the age of thirty-three. In order to provide details of Champlain's experiences in southern Ontario in 1615-1616, a separate timeline for that period is also included.

TIMELINE OF SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN 1570-1635					
by Alan Brunger					
YEAR	**AGE**	**PLACE**	**VOYAGE TO NEW FRANCE**	**EVENT**	**PEOPLE**
1574	0	Brouage		Birth	
1593	19	Brittany		Serving in Royalist army	
1598	24	Brittany		Demobilised sergeant	
1598	24	Spain		Enlists in Spanish service	
1599	25	New Spain		Sailing and soldiering	
1603	29	Tadoussac	1st	Geographer, cartographer, publishes *Des sauvages...*	Meets *Tessouat* Algonquin chief at *tabagie*
1604	30	Ile Ste Croix, Acadia	2nd	Explores coast Acadia & Maine	
1605	31	Port Royal		Abandonment of Ile St.e Croix	Founded under de Monts
1606	32	Cape Cod (*Point Fortune*)		Massacre of French	
1607	33	Port Royal		Abandonment of colony	
1608	34	Québec	3rd	Founds colony-failed mutiny	
1609	35	Lake Champlain		Explores Richelieu River (*R.des Iroquois*) defeat of Iroquois	
1610	36	Paris		Henry IV assassinated-Étienne Brule lives with Hurons	
1610	36	Sorel	4th	Second Defeat of Iroquois	
1610	36	Brouage		Marriage Heléne Boullé (age 12)	
1611	37	Québec	5th	11th crossing of Atlantic Ocean	Seventeen colonists

1613	39	Paris		Publishes *Voyages*…(1604-12)	
1613	39	Ottawa River, Muskrat Lake, near Cobden	6th	First Ontario visit-loses astrolabe	Meets *Nibachis* Algonquin chief
1613	39	Alumette Lake		Ditto	Re-encounters *Tessouat*
1615	41	Québec	7th	First missionaries to New France	Four *Recollets*
1615	41	Huronia		First European visitors	***see detailed timeline***
1615	41	Iroqouia		Raid on Iroquois	
1615-1616	42	Huronia		Winters & studies 1st Nations	Visits several tribes
1617	43		8th	First settlers in New France	Hébert family
1618	44	Paris	9th	Louis XIII supports colonization plan	
1619	45	Paris		Publishes *Voyages*…(1615-1618)	
1620	46	Québec	10th	Brings wife Heléne (age 22)	More settlers
1624	50	Paris		Returns with wife.	
1626	52	Québec	11th	Cardinal Richelieu-appointed New France *viceroi*	
1628	54	Tadoussac		English attack shipping	Kirke brothers
1629	55	Québec		Conquest of New France	Kirke brothers
1630	56	England		Prisoner of War-negotiates return of Québec	
1632	58	Paris		Publishes *Voyages*..(1603-1629) a map of New France and *Traité de la marine*…	
1633	59	Québec	12th	27th (and final) crossing of Atlantic	Effective *gouverneur*
1634	60	Trois Riviéres		Establishes fort and trading post	
1635	61	Québec		Dies 25 December	
1663		New France		Becomes a Royal colony	

Fischer, D.H. *Champlain's Dream*, Toronto: Vintage,2009, Appendix B "Champlain's Voyages".

Trudel, Marcel, Champlain, *The Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, Volume I, p.186-189.

DETAILED TIMELINE OF SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN IN ONTARIO AREA 1615-16			
Date	Place	Event	People
4 July 1615	Québec	Depart for Huronia	*Recollet* missionary & dozen plus soldiers
26 July 1615	Ottawa River	Meets Nipissing nation	Ditto
1 August 1615	Huronia	First Europeans	Ditto
1 Sept. 1615	*Cahiague* Huronia	Depart to raid NY Iroquois	500 First Nations & dozen French
About 34 days	Kawarthas Trent Valley	Journey + hunting	Ditto
Mid- Sept. 1615	Peterborough	Journey + hunting	Ditto
3 October 1615	Hungry Bay, Stony Point, Lake Ontario	Cached canoes	Ditto
9 October 1615	Iroquois Five Nations territory	Capture 11 Iroquois	Ditto
10 October 1615	Iroquois fort	Begin siege	Ditto
1 October 1615	Iroquois fort	Build *cavalier*	Ditto
16 October 1615	Iroquois fort	Retreat begins	Ditto
27 October 1615	Near Peterborough	Camp & deer hunt	2 dozen 1st Nations
4 December 1615	Near Peterborough	Depart for Huronia	Ditto
23 December 1615	*Cahiague* Huronia	Arrive safely	Ditto
About 5 months	Huronia and adjacent area	Visits Petun & *Cheveux relevées* nations	With *Recollet* missionary
20 May 1616	Huronia	Departs forQuébec	Small group
About 52 days	Ottawa & St. Lawrence Rivers	Journey	Ditto
11 July 1616	Québec	Arrives	Ditto

Champlain's Journal:

extract relating to the period in the Kawarthas.

Samuel de Champlain

Ed. Note: In response to many requests we present excerpt from Samuel de Champlain, Works, Champlain Society edition, H. P. Biggar, General Editor, Volume III, translated and edited by H. H. Langton and W. F. Ganong. This is the complete text related to Champlain's explorations in the Valley of the Trent in 1615 and early 1616, exactly 400 years ago. This is more complete than the extract used in Finding Champlain's Dream, the volume recently published by Trent Valley Archives, which will be available for the Open House, 5 September. The footnotes which were compiled by Biggar appear in parentheses and are contained at the end of the journal extract. Elwood Jones plans to comment on this journal extract in a future issue.

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They were fishing at that time in a lake very abundant in various kinds of fish, among others one a foot long that was very good. There are also other kinds which the savages catch for the purpose of drying and storing away.

The lake is some eight leagues broad and twenty-five long,[108] into which a river [109] flows from the northwest, along which they go to barter the merchandise, which we give them in exchange for their peltry, with, those who live on it, and who support themselves by hunting and fishing, their country containing great quantities of animals, birds, and fish.[110]

After resting two days with the chief of the Nipissings we re-embarked in our canoes, and entered a river, by which this lake discharges itself.[111] We proceeded down it some thirty-five leagues, and descended several little falls by land and by water, until we reached Lake Attigouautan. All this region is still more unattractive than the preceding, for I saw along this river only ten acres of arable land, the rest being rocky and very hilly. It is true that near Lake Attigouautan we found some Indian corn, but only in small quantity. Here our savages proceeded to gather some squashes, which were acceptable to us, for our provisions began to give out in consequence of the bad management of the savages, who ate so heartily at the beginning that towards the end very little was left, although we had only one meal a day. But, as I have mentioned before, we did not lack for blueberries [112] and strawberries; otherwise we should have been in danger of being reduced to straits.

We met three hundred men of a tribe we named _Cheveux Relevés_, [113] since their hair is very high and carefully arranged, and better dressed beyond all comparison than that of our courtiers, in spite of their irons and refinements. This gives them a handsome appearance. They have no breeches, and their bodies are very much pinked in divisions of various shapes. They paint their faces in various colors, have their nostrils pierced, and their ears adorned with beads. When they go out of their houses they carry a club. I visited them, became somewhat acquainted, and formed a friendship with them. I gave a hatchet to their chief, who was as much pleased and delighted with it as if I had given him some rich present. Entering into conversation with him, I inquired in regard to the extent of his country, which he pictured to me with coal on the bark of a tree. He gave me to understand that he had come into this place for drying the fruit called _bluës_ [114] to serve for manna in winter, and when they can find nothing else. A and C show the manner in which they arm themselves when they go to war. They have as arms only the bow and arrow, made in the manner you see depicted, and which they regularly carry; also a round shield of dressed leather [115] made from an animal like the buffalo. [116]

The next day we separated, and continued our course, along the shore of the lake of the Attigouautan, [117] which contains a large number of islands. We went some forty-five leagues, all the time along the shore of the lake. It is very large, nearly four hundred leagues long from east to west, and fifty leagues broad, and in view of its great extent I have named it the _Mer Douce_. [118] It is very abundant in various sorts of very good fish, both those which we have and those we do not, but especially in trout, which are enormously large, some of which I saw as long as four feet and a half, the least being two feet and a half. There are also pike of like size, and a certain kind of sturgeon, a very large fish and of remarkable excellence. The country bordering this lake is partly hilly, as on the north side, and partly flat, inhabited by savages, and thinly covered with wood, including oaks. After crossing a bay, which forms one of the extremities of the lake, [119] we went some seven leagues until we arrived in the country of the Attigouautan at a village called _Otoüacha_, on the first day of August. Here we found a great change in the country. It was here very fine, the largest part being cleared up, and many hills and several rivers rendering the region agreeable. I went to see their Indian corn, which was at that time far advanced for the season.

These localities seemed to me very pleasant, in comparison with so disagreeable a region as that from which we had come. The next day I went to another village, called _Carmaron_, a league distant from this, where they received us in a very friendly manner, making for us a banquet with their bread, squashes, and fish. As to meat, that is very scarce there. The chief of this village earnestly begged me to stay, to which I could not consent, but returned to our village, where on the next night but one, as I went out of the cabin to escape the fleas, of which there were large numbers and by which we were tormented, a girl of little modesty came boldly to me and offered to keep me company, for which I thanked her, sending her away with gentle remonstrances, and spent the night with some savages.

The next day I departed from this village to go to another, called _Touaguainchain_, and to another, called _Tequenonquiaye_, in which we were received in a very friendly manner by the inhabitants, who showed us the best cheer they could with their Indian corn served in various styles. This country is very fine and fertile, and travelling through it is very pleasant.


SCENES FROM THE UNVEILING OF THE
CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT
July 1st 1925
1. Champlain and Darontal, Huron Chief.
2. Vernon March and Three "Squaws."
3. Landing of Champlain.
4. "Adonwah" Dance.
5. Hon. R. Lemieux Delivering Oration.
6. Chief BigCanoe (age 94), Sir William Mulock, Vernon March and Ovide Sioui, Chief of the Hurons at Lorette.
7. Squaws Tanning Skins.
8. Milling Corn.
9. Gambling with Plum Stones.
10. Hon. Mr. Justice Fabre-Surveyer and Dr. Bedard, representing Province and City of Quebec.
11. Section of the Crowd.
12. Sir George Foster and Dr John Dearness, of London.

Thence I had them guide me to Carhagouha, which was fortified by a triple palisade of wood thirty-five feet high for its defence and protection. In this village Father Joseph was staying, whom we saw and were very glad to find well. He on his part was no less glad, and was expecting nothing so little as to see me in this country. On the twelfth day of August the Recollect Father celebrated the holy mass, and a cross was planted near a small house apart from the village, which the savages built while I was staying there, awaiting the arrival of our men and their preparation to go to the war, in which they had been for a long time engaged.

Finding that they were so slow in assembling their army, and that I should have time to visit their country, I resolved to go by short days' journeys from village to village as far as Cahiagué, where the rendezvous of the entire army was to be, and which was fourteen leagues distant from Carhagouha, from which village I set out on the fourteenth of August with ten of my companions. I visited five of the more important villages, which were enclosed with palisades of wood, and reached Cahiagué, the principal village of the country, where there were two hundred large cabins and where all the men of war were to assemble. Now in all these villages they received us very courteously with their simple welcome. All the country where I went contains some twenty to thirty leagues, is very fine, and situated in latitude 44° 30'. It is very extensively cleared up. They plant in it a great quantity of Indian corn, which grows there finely. They plant likewise squashes,[120] and sun-flowers,[121] from the seed of which they make oil, with which they anoint the head. The region is extensively traversed with brooks, discharging into the lake. There are many very good vines [122] and plums, which are excellent,[123] raspberries,[124] strawberries, [125] little wild apples,[126] nuts,[127] and a kind of fruit of the form and color of small lemons, with a similar taste, but having an interior which is very good and almost like that of figs. The plant which bears this fruit is two and a half feet high, with but three or four leaves at most, which are of the shape of those of the fig-tree, and each plant bears but two pieces of fruit. There are many of these plants in various places, the fruit being very good and savory.[128] Oaks, elms, and beeches [129] are numerous here, as also forests of fir, the regular retreat of partridges [130] and hares.[131] There are also quantities of small cherries [132] and black cherries,[133] and the same varieties of wood that we have in our forests in France. The soil seems to me indeed a little sandy, yet it is for all that good for their kind of cereal. The small tract of country which I visited is thickly settled with a countless number of human beings, not to speak of the other districts where I did not go, and which, according to general report, are as thickly settled or more so than those mentioned above. I reflected what a great misfortune it is that so many poor creatures live and die without the knowledge of God, and even without any religion or law established among them, whether divine, political, or civil; for they neither worship, nor pray to any object, at least so far as I could perceive from their conversation. But they have, however, some sort of ceremony, which I shall describe in its proper place, in regard to the sick, or in order to ascertain what is to happen to them, and even in regard to the dead. These, however, are the works of certain persons among them, who want to be confidentially consulted in such matters, as was the case among the ancient pagans, who allowed themselves to be carried away by the persuasions of magicians and diviners. Yet the greater part of the people do not believe at all in what these charlatans do and say. They are very generous to one another in regard to provisions, but otherwise very avaricious. They do not give in return. They are clothed with deer and beaver skins, which they obtain from the Algonquins and Nipissings in exchange for Indian corn and meal.

On the 17th of August I arrived at Cahiagué, where I was received with great joy and gladness by all the savages of the country, who had abandoned their undertaking, in the belief that they would see me no more, and that the Iroquois had captured me, as I have before stated. This was the cause of the great delay experienced in this expedition, they even having postponed it to the following year. Meanwhile they received intelligence that a certain nation of their allies, [134] dwelling three good days' journeys beyond the Entouhonorons, [135] on whom the Iroquois also make war, desired to assist them in this expedition with five hundred good men; also to form an alliance and establish a friendship with us, that we might all engage in the war together; moreover that they greatly desired to see us and give expression to the pleasure they would have in making our acquaintance.

I was glad to find this opportunity for gratifying my desire of obtaining a knowledge of their country. It is situated only seven days from where the Dutch [136] go to traffic on the fortieth degree. The savages there, assisted by the Dutch, make war upon them, take them prisoners, and cruelly put them to death; and indeed they told us that the preceding year, while making war, they captured three of the Dutch, who were assisting their enemies, [137] as we do the Attigouautans, and while in action one of their own men was killed. Nevertheless they did not fail to send back the three Dutch prisoners, without doing them any harm, supposing that they belonged to our party, since they had no knowledge of us except by hearsay, never having seen a Christian; otherwise, they said, these three prisoners would not have got off so easily, and would not escape again should they surprise and take them. This nation is very warlike, as those of the nation of the Attigouautans maintain. They have only three villages, which are in the midst of more than twenty others, on which they make war without assistance from their friends; for they are obliged to pass through the thickly settled country of the Chouontouaroüon,[138] or else they would have to make a very long circuit.

After arriving at the village, it was necessary for me to remain until the men of war should come from the surrounding villages, so that we might be off as soon as possible. During this time there was a constant succession of banquets and dances on account of the joy they experienced at seeing me so determined to assist them in their war, just as if they were already assured of victory.

The greater portion of our men having assembled, we set out from the village on the first day of September, and passed along the shore of a small lake, [139] distant three leagues from the village, where they catch large quantities of fish, which they preserve for the winter. There is another lake, [140] closely adjoining, which is twenty-five leagues in circuit, and slows into the small one by a strait, where the above mentioned extensive fishing is carried on. This is done by means of a large

number of stakes which almost close the strait, only some little openings being left where they place their nets, in which the fish are caught. These two lakes discharge into the _Mer Douce_. We remained some time in this place to await the rest of our savages. When they were all assembled, with their arms, meal, and necessaries, it was decided to choose some of the most resolute men to compose a party to go and give notice of our departure to those who were to assist us with five hundred men, that they might join us, and that we might appear together before the fort of the enemy. This decision having been made, they dispatched two canoes, with twelve of the most stalwart savages, and also with one of our interpreters, [141] who asked me to permit him to make the journey, which I readily accorded, inasmuch as he was led to do so of his own will, and as he might in this way see their country and get a knowledge of the people living there. The danger, however, was not small, since it was necessary to pass through the midst of enemies. They set out on the 8th of the month, and on the 10th following there was a heavy white frost.

We continued our journey towards the enemy, and went some five or six leagues through these lakes, [142] when the savages carried their canoes about ten leagues by land. We then came to another lake, [143] six to seven leagues in length and three broad. From this flows a river which discharges into the great lake of the Entouhonorons. After traversing this lake we passed a fall, and continuing our course down this river for about sixty-four leagues [144] entered the lake of the Entouhonorons, having passed, on our way by land, five falls, some being from four to five leagues long. We also passed several lakes of considerable size, through which the river passes. The latter is large and very abundant in good fish.

It is certain that all this region is very fine and pleasant. Along the banks it seems as if the trees had been set out for ornament in most places, and that all these tracts were in former times inhabited by savages, who were subsequently compelled to abandon them from fear of their enemies. Vines and nut-trees are here very numerous. Grapes mature, yet there is always a very pungent tartness which is felt remaining in the throat when one eats them in large quantities, arising from defect of cultivation. These localities are very pleasant when cleared up.

Stags and bears are here very abundant. We tried the hunt and captured a large number as we journeyed down. It was done in this way. They place four or five hundred savages in line in the woods, so that they extend to certain points on the river; then marching in order with bow and arrow in hand, shouting and making a great noise in order to frighten the beasts, they continue to advance until they come to the end of the point. Then all the animals between the point and the hunters are forced to throw themselves into the water, as many at least as do not fall by the arrows shot at them by the hunters. Meanwhile the savages, who are expressly arranged and posted in their canoes along the shore, easily approach the stags and other animals, tired out and greatly frightened in the chase,
when they readily kill them with the spear heads attached to the extremity of a piece of wood of the shape of a half pike. This is the way they engage in the chase; and they do likewise on the islands where there are large quantities of game. I took especial pleasure in seeing them hunt thus and in observing their dexterity. Many animals were killed by the shot of the arquebus, at which the savages were greatly surprised. But it unfortunately happened that, while a stag was being killed, a savage, who chanced to come in range, was wounded by a shot of an arquebus. Thence a great commotion arose among them, which however subsided when some presents were given to the wounded. This is the usual manner of allaying and settling quarrels, and, in case of the death of the wounded, presents are given to the relatives of the one killed.

As to smaller game there is a large quantity of it in its season. There are also many cranes,[145] white as swans, and other varieties of birds like those in France.

We proceeded by short days' journeys as far as the shore of the lake of the Entouhonorons, constantly hunting as before mentioned. Here at its eastern extremity, which is the entrance to the great River St. Lawrence, we made the traverse, in latitude 43°, [146] where in the passage there are very large beautiful islands. We went about fourteen leagues in passing to the southern side of the lake towards the territory of the enemy. [147] The savages concealed all their canoes in the woods near the shore. We went some four leagues over a sandy strand, where I observed a very pleasant and beautiful country, intersected by many little streams and two small rivers, which discharge into the before-mentioned lake, also many ponds and meadows, where there was an endless amount of game, many vines, fine woods, and a large number of chestnut trees, whose fruit was still in the burr. The chestnuts are small, but of a good flavor. The country is covered with forests, which over its greater portion have not been cleared up. All the canoes being thus hidden, we left the border of the lake, [148] which is some eighty leagues long and twenty-five wide. [149] The greater portion of its shores is inhabited by savages. We continued our course by land for about twenty-five or thirty leagues. In the space of four days we crossed many brooks, and a river which proceeds from a lake that discharges into that of the Entouhonorons. [150] This lake is twenty-five or thirty leagues in circuit, contains some fine islands, and is the place where our enemies, the Iroquois, catch their fish, in which it abounds.

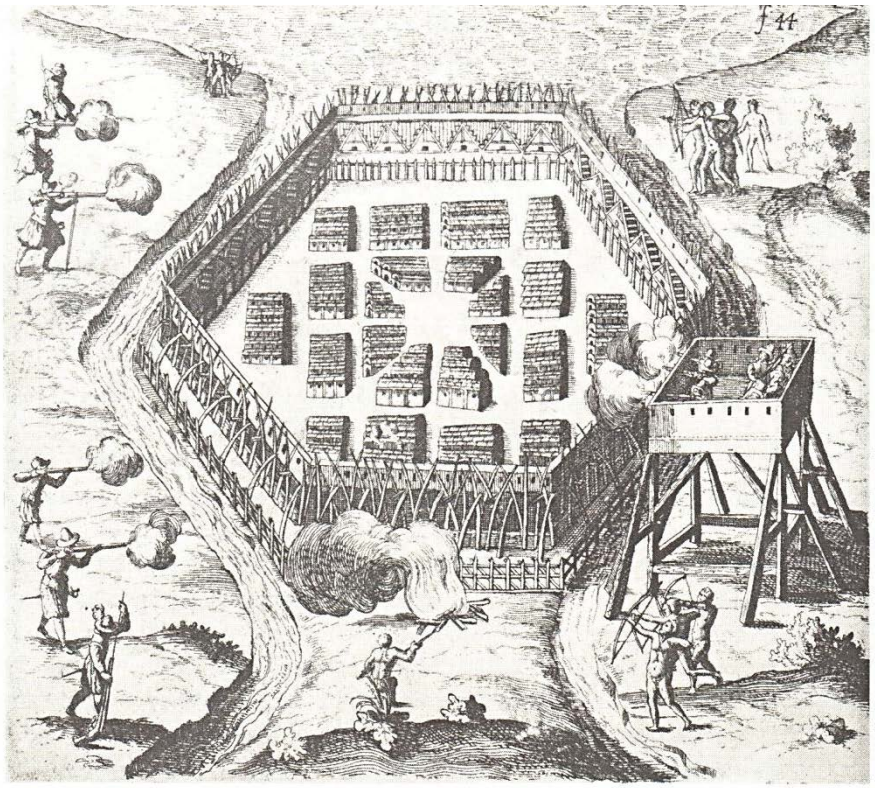
On the 9th of the month of October our savages going out to reconnoitre met eleven savages, whom they took prisoners. They consisted of four women, three boys, one girl, and three men, who were going fishing and were distant some four leagues from the fort of the enemy. Now it is to be noted that one of the chiefs, on seeing the prisoners, cut off the finger of one of these poor women as a beginning of their usual punishment; upon which I interposed and reprimanded the chief, Iroquet, representing to him that it was not the act of a warrior, as he declared himself to be, to conduct himself with cruelty towards women, who have no defence but their tears and that one should treat them with humanity on account of their helplessness and weakness; and I told him that on the contrary this act would be deemed to proceed from a base and brutal courage, and that if he committed any more of these cruelties he would not give me heart to assist them or favor them in the war. To which the only answer he gave me was that their enemies treated them in the same manner, but that, since this was displeasing to me, he would not do anything more to the women, although; he would to the men.

The next day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived before the fort [151] of their enemies, where the savages made some skirmishes with each other, although our design was not to disclose ourselves until the next day, which however the

impatience of our savages would not permit, both on account of their desire to see fire opened upon their enemies, and also that they might rescue some of their own men who had become too closely engaged, and were hotly pressed. Then I approached the enemy, and although I had only a few men, yet we showed them what they had never seen nor heard before; for, as soon as they saw us and heard the arquebus shots and the balls whizzing in their ears, they withdrew speedily to their fort, carrying the dead and wounded in this charge. We also withdrew to our main body, with five or six wounded, one of whom died.

This done, we withdrew to the distance of cannon range, out of sight of the enemy, but contrary to my advice and to what they had promised me. This moved me to address them very rough and angry words in order to incite them to do their duty, foreseeing that if everything should go according to their whim and the guidance of their council, their utter ruin would be the result. Nevertheless I did not fail to send to them and propose means which they should use in order to get possession of their enemies.

These were, to make with certain kinds of wood a _cavalier_, which should be higher than the palisades. Upon this were to be placed four or five of our arquebusiers, who should keep up a constant fire over their palisades and galleries, which were well provided with stones, and by this means dislodge the enemy who might attack us from their galleries. Meanwhile orders were to be given to procure boards for making a sort of mantelet to protect our men from the arrows and stones of which the savages generally make use. These instruments, namely the cavalier and mantelets, were capable of being carried by a large number of men. One mantelet was so constructed that the water could not extinguish the fire, which might be set to the fort, under cover of the arquebusiers who were doing their duty on the cavalier. In this manner, I told them, we might be able to defend ourselves so that the enemy could not approach to extinguish the fire which we should set to their ramparts.



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Champlain's Battle with the Onondagas, 1615

This copy of the Battle with the Onondagas is from the Cornell University Archives and was used in Jon Parmenter's book, *Edge of the Woods*. For the editor's review of this book see the new publication, *Finding Champlain's Dream.*

This proposition they thought good and very seasonable, and immediately proceeded to carry it out as I directed. In fact the next day they set to work, some to cut wood, others to gather it, for building and equipping the cavalier and mantelets. The work was promptly executed and in less thanfour hours, although the amount of wood they had collected for burning against the ramparts, in order to set fire to them, was very small. Their expectation was that the five hundred men who had promised to come would do so on this day, but doubt was felt about them, since they had not appeared at the rendezvous, as they had been charged to do, and as they had promised. This greatly troubled our savages; but seeing that they were sufficiently numerous to take the fort without other assistance, and thinking for my part that delay, if not in all things at least in many, is prejudicial, I urged them to attack it, representing to them that the enemy, having become aware of their force and our arms, which pierced whatever was proof against arrows, had begun to barricade themselves and cover themselves with strong pieces of wood, with which they were well provided and their village filled. I told them that the least delay was the best, since the enemy had already

strengthened themselves very much; for their village was enclosed by four good palisades, which were made of great pieces of wood, interlaced with each other, with an opening of not more than half a foot between two, and which were thirty feet high, with galleries after the manner of a parapet, which they had furnished with double pieces of wood that were proof against our arquebus shots. Moreover it was near a pond where the water was abundant, and was well supplied with gutters, placed between each pair of palisades, to throw out water, which they had also under cover inside, in order to extinguish fire. Now this is the character of their fortifications and defences, which are much stronger than the villages of the Attigouautan and others.

We approached to attack the village, our cavalier being carried by two hundred of the strongest men, who put it down before the village at a pike's length off. I ordered three arquebusiers to mount upon it, who were well protected from the arrows and stones that could be shot or hurled at them. Meanwhile the enemy did not fail to send a large number of arrows which did not miss, and a great many stones, which they hurled from their palisades. Nevertheless a hot fire of arquebuses forced them to dislodge and abandon their galleries, in consequence of the cavalier which uncovered them, they not venturing to show themselves, but fighting under shelter. Now when the cavalier was carried forward, instead of bringing up the mantelets according to order, including that one under cover of which we were to set the fire, they abandoned them and began to scream at their enemies, shooting arrows into the fort, which in my opinion did little harm to the enemy.

But we must excuse them, for they are not warriors, and besides will have no discipline nor correction, and will do only what they please. Accordingly one of them set fire inconsiderately to the wood placed against the fort of the enemy, quite the wrong way and in the face of the wind, so that it produced no effect.

This fire being out, the greater part of the savages began to carry wood against the palisades, but in so small quantity that the fire could have no great effect. There also arose such disorder among them that one could not understand another, which greatly troubled me. In vain did I shout in their ears and remonstrate to my utmost with them as to the danger to which they exposed themselves by their bad behavior, but on account of the great noise they made they heard nothing. Seeing that shouting would only burst my head, and that my remonstrances were useless for putting a stop to the disorder, I did nothing more, but determined together with my men to do what we could, and fire upon such as we could see.

Meanwhile, the enemy profited by our disorder to get water and pour it so abundantly that you would have said brooks were flowing through their spouts, the result of which was that the fire was instantly extinguished, while they did not cease shooting their arrows, which fell upon us like hail. But the men on the cavalier killed and maimed many. We were engaged in this combat about three hours, in which two of our chiefs and leading warriors were wounded, namely, one called _Ochateguain_ and another _Orani_, together with some fifteen common warriors. The others, seeing their men and some of the chiefs wounded, now began to talk of a retreat without farther fighting, in expectation of the five hundred men, [152] whose arrival could not be much delayed. Thus they retreated, a disorderly rabble.

Moreover the chiefs have in fact no absolute control over their men, who are governed by their own will and follow their own fancy, which is the cause of their disorder and the ruin of all their undertakings; for, having determined upon anything with their leaders, it needs only the whim of a villain, or nothing at all, to lead them to break it off and form a new plan. Thus there is no concert of action among them, as can be seen by this expedition.

Now we withdrew into our fort, I having received two arrow wounds, one in the leg, the other in the knee, which caused me great inconvenience, aside from the severe pain. When they were all assembled, I addressed them some words of remonstrance on the disorder that had occurred. But all I said availed nothing, and had no effect upon them. They replied that many of their men had been wounded like myself, so that it would cause the others much trouble and inconvenience to carry them as they retreated, and that it was not possible to return again against their enemies, as I told them it was their duty to do. They agreed, however, to wait four days longer for the five hundred men who were to come; and, if they came, to make a second effort against their enemies, and execute better what I might tell them than they had done in the past. With this I had to content myself, to my great regret.

Herewith is indicated the manner in which they fortify their towns, from which representation it may be inferred that those of their friends and enemies are fortified in like manner.

The next day there was a violent wind, which lasted two days, and was very favorable for setting fire anew to the fort of the enemy which, although I urged them strongly, they were unwilling to do, as if they were afraid of getting the worst of it, and besides they pleaded their wounded as an excuse.

We remained in camp until the 16th of the month, [153] during which time there were some skirmishes between the enemy and our men, who were very often surrounded by the former, rather through their imprudence than from lack of courage; for I assure you that every time we went to the charge it was necessary for us to go and disengage them from the crowd, since they could only retreat under cover of our arquebusiers, whom the enemy greatly dreaded and feared; for as soon as they perceived any one of the arquebusiers they withdrew speedily, saying in a persuasive manner that we should not interfere in their combats, and that their enemies had very little courage to require us to assist them, with many other words of like tenor, in order to prevail upon us.

I have represented by figure E the manner in which they arm themselves in going to war.

After some days, seeing that the five hundred men did not come, they determined to depart, and enter upon their retreat as soon as possible. They proceeded to make a kind of basket for carrying the wounded, who are put into it crowded up in a heap, being bound and pinioned in such a manner that it is as impossible for them to move as for an infant in its swaddling clothes; but this is, not without causing the wounded much extreme pain. This I can say with truth from my own experience, having been carried some days, since I could not stand up, particularly on account of an arrow-wound which I had received in the knee. I never found myself in such a _gehenna_ as during this time, for the pain which I suffered in consequence of the wound in my knee was nothing in comparison with that which I endured while I was carried bound and pinioned on the back of

one of our savages; so that I lost my patience, and as soon as I could sustain myself, got out of this prison, or rather _gehenna_.

The enemy followed us about half a league, though at a distance, with the view of trying to take some of those composing the rear guard; but their efforts were vain, and they retired.

Now the only good point that I have seen in their mode of warfare is that they make their retreat very securely, placing all the wounded and aged in their centre, being well armed on the wings and in the rear, and continuing this order without interruption until they reach a place of security.

Their retreat was very long, being from twenty-five to thirty leagues, which caused the wounded much fatigue, as also those who carried them, although the latter relieved each other from time to time.

On the 18th day of the month there fell much snow and hail, accompanied by a strong wind, which greatly incommoded us. Nevertheless we succeeded in arriving at the shore of the lake of the Entouhonorons, at the place where our canoes were concealed, which we found all intact, for we had been afraid lest the enemy might have broken them up.

When they were all assembled, and I saw that they were ready to depart to their village, I begged them to take me to our settlement, which, though unwilling at first, they finally concluded to do, and sought four men to conduct me. Four men were found, who offered themselves of their own accord; for, as I have before said, the chiefs have no control over their men, in consequence of which they are often unable to do as they would like. Now the men having been found, it was necessary also to find a canoe, which was not to be had, each one needing his own, and there being no more than they required. This was far from being pleasant to me, but, on the contrary greatly annoyed me, since it led me to suspect some evil purpose, inasmuch as they had promised to conduct me to our settlement after their war. Moreover I was poorly prepared for spending the winter with them, or else should not have been concerned about the matter. But not being able to do anything, I was obliged to resign myself in patience. Now after some days I perceived that their plan was to keep me and my companions, not only as a security for themselves, for they feared their enemies, but also that I might listen to what took place in their councils and assemblies, and determine what they should do in the future against their enemies for their security and preservation.

The next day, the 28th of the month, they began to make preparations; some to go deer-hunting, others to hunt bears and beavers, others to go fishing, others to return to their villages. An abode and lodging were furnished me by one of the principal chiefs, called _D'Arontal_, with whom I already had some acquaintance. Having offered me his cabin, provisions, and accommodations, he set out also for the deer-hunt, which is esteemed by them the greatest and most noble one. After crossing, from the island, [154] the end of the lake, we entered a river [155] some twelve leagues in extent. They then carried their canoes by land some half a league, when we entered a lake [156] which was some ten or twelve leagues in circuit, where there was a large amount of game, as swans, [157] white cranes, [158] outardes, [159] ducks, teal, song-thrush, [160] larks, [161] snipe, [162] geese, [163] and several other kinds of fowl too numerous to mention. Of these I killed a great number, which stood us in good stead while waiting for the capture of a deer. From there we proceeded to a certain place some ten leagues distant, where our savages thought there were deer in abundance. Assembled there were some twenty-five savages, who set to building two or three cabins out of pieces of wood fitted to each other, the chinks of which they stopped up by means of moss to prevent the entrance of the air, covering them with the bark of trees.

When they had done this they went into the woods to a small forest of firs, where they made an enclosure in the form of a triangle, closed up on two sides and open on one. This enclosure was made of great stakes of wood closely pressed together, from eight to nine feet high, each of the sides being fifteen hundred paces long. At the extremity of this triangle there was a little enclosure, constantly diminishing in size, covered in part with boughs and with only an opening of five feet, about the width of a medium-sized door, into which the deer were to enter. They were so expeditious in their work, that in less than ten days they had their enclosure in readiness. Meanwhile other savages had gone fishing, catching trout and pike of prodigious size, and enough to meet all our wants.

Champlain monument in Ottawa (via the web)

All preparations being made, they set out half an hour before day to go into the wood, some half a league from the before-mentioned enclosure, separated from each other some eighty paces. Each had two sticks, which they struck together, and they marched in this order at a slow pace until they arrived at their enclosure. The deer hearing this noise flee before them until they reach the enclosure, into which the savages force them to go. Then they gradually unite on approaching the bay and opening of their triangle, the deer skirting the sides until they reach the end, to which the savages hotly pursue them, with bow and arrow in hand ready to let fly. On reaching the end of the triangle they begin to shout and imitate wolves, [164] which are numerous, and which devour the deer. The deer, hearing this frightful noise, are constrained to enter the retreat by the little opening, whither they are very hotly pursued by arrow shots. Having entered this retreat, which is so well closed and fastened that they can by no possibility get out, they are easily captured. I assure you that there is a singular pleasure in this chase, which took place every two days, and was so successful that, in the thirty-eight days [165] during which we were there, they captured one hundred and twenty deer, which they make good use of, reserving the fat for winter, which they use as we do butter, and taking away to their homes some of the flesh for their festivities.

They have other contrivances for capturing the deer; as snares, with which they kill many. You see depicted opposite the manner of their chase, enclosure, and snare. Out of the skins they make garments. Thus you see how we spent the time while waiting for the frost, that we might return the more easily, since the country is very marshy.

When they first went out hunting, I lost my way in the woods, having followed a certain bird that seemed to me peculiar. It had a beak like that of a parrot, and was of the size of a hen. It was entirely yellow, except the head which was red, and the wings which were blue, and it flew by intervals like a partridge. The desire to kill it led me to pursue it from tree to tree for a very long time, until it flew away in good earnest. Thus losing all hope, I desired to retrace my steps, but found none of our hunters, who had been constantly getting ahead, and had reached the enclosure. While trying to overtake them, and going, as it seemed to me, straight to where the enclosure was, I found myself lost in the woods, going now on this side now on that, without being able to recognize my position. The night coming on, I was obliged to spend it at the foot of a great tree, and in the morning set out and walked until three o'clock in the afternoon, when I came to a little pond of still water. Here I noticed some game, which I pursued, killing three or four birds, which were very acceptable, since I had had nothing to eat. Unfortunately for me there had been no sunshine for three days, nothing but rain and cloudy weather, which increased my trouble. Tired and exhausted I prepared to rest myself and cook the birds in order to alleviate the hunger which I began painfully to feel, and which by God's favor was appeased.

When I had made my repast I began to consider what I should do, and to pray God to give me the will and courage to sustain patiently my misfortune if I should be obliged to remain abandoned in this forest without counsel or consolation except the Divine goodness and mercy, and at the same time to exert myself to return to our hunters. Thus committing all to His mercy I gathered up renewed courage going here and there all day, without perceiving any foot-print or path, except those of wild beasts, of which I generally saw a good number. I was obliged to pass here this night also. Unfortunately I had forgotten to bring with me a small compass which would have put me on the right road, or nearly so. At the dawn of day, after a brief repast, I set out in order to find, if possible, some brook and follow it, thinking that it must of necessity flow into the river on the border of which our hunters were Encamped. Having resolved upon this plan, I carried it out so well that at noon I found myself on the border of a little lake, about a league and a half in extent, where I killed some game, which was very timely for my wants; I had likewise remaining some eight or ten charges of powder, which was a great satisfaction.

I proceeded along the border of this lake to see where it discharged, and found a large brook, which I followed until five o'clock in the evening, when I heard a great noise, but on carefully listening failed to perceive clearly what it was. On hearing the noise, however, more distinctly, I concluded that it was a fall of water in the river which I was searching for. I proceeded nearer, and saw an opening, approaching which I found myself in a great and far-reaching meadow, where there was a large number of wild beasts, and looking to my right I perceived the river, broad and long. I looked to see if I could not recognize the place, and walking along on the meadow I noticed a little path where the savages carried their canoes. Finally, after careful observation, I recognized it as the same river, and that I had gone that way before.

I passed the night in better spirits than the previous ones, supping on the little I had. In the morning I re-examined the place where I was, and concluded from certain mountains on the border of the river that I had not been deceived, and that our hunters must be lower down by four or five good leagues. This distance I walked at my leisure along the border of the river, until I perceived the smoke of our hunters, where I arrived to the great pleasure not only of myself but of them, who were still searching for me, but had about given up all hopes of seeing me again. They begged me not to stray off from them any more, or never to forget to carry with me my compass, and they added: If you had not come, and we had not succeeded in finding you, we should never have gone again to the French, for fear of their accusing us of having killed you. After this he [166] was very careful of me when I went hunting, always giving me a savage as companion, who knew how to find again the place from which he started so well that it was something very remarkable.

To return to my subject: they have a kind of superstition in regard to this hunt; namely, they believe that if they should roast any of the meat taken in this way, or if any of the fat should fall into the fire, or if any of the bones should be thrown into it, they would not be able to capture any more deer. Accordingly they begged me to roast none of this meat, but I laughed at this and their way of doing. Yet, in order not to offend them, I cheerfully desisted, at least in their presence; though when they were out of sight I took some of the best and roasted it, attaching no credit to their superstitions. When I afterwards told them what I had done, they would not believe me, saying that they could not have taken any deer after the doing of such a thing.

On the fourth day of December we set out from this place, walking on the river, lakes, and ponds, which were frozen, and sometimes through the woods. Thus we went for nineteen days, undergoing much hardship and toil, both the savages, who were loaded with a hundred pounds, and myself, who carried a burden of twenty pounds, which in the long journey tired me very much. It is true that I was sometimes relieved by our savages, but nevertheless I suffered great discomfort. The savages, in order to go over the ice more easily, are accustomed to make a kind of wooden sledge, [167] on which they put their loads, which they easily and swiftly drag along.

Some days after there was a thaw, which caused us much trouble and annoyance; for we had to go through pine forests full of brooks, ponds; marshes, and swamps, where many trees had been blown down upon each other. This caused us a thousand troubles and embarrassments, and great discomfort, as we were all the time wet to above our knees. We were four days in this plight, since in most places the ice would not bear. At last, on the 20th of the month, we succeeded in arriving at our village. [168] Here the Captain Yroquet had come to winter with his companions, who are Algonquins, also his son, whom he brought for the sake of treatment, since while hunting he had been seriously injured by a bear which he was trying to kill.

After resting some days I determined to go and visit Father Joseph, and to see in winter the people where he was, whom the war had not permitted me to see in the summer. I set out from this village on the 14th [169] of January following, thanking my host for the kindness he had shown me, and, taking formal leave of him, as I did not expect to see him again for

three months.

The next day I Saw Father Joseph, [170] in his small house where he had taken up his abode, as I have before stated. I stayed with him some days, finding him deliberating about making a journey to the Petun people, as I had also thought of doing, although it was very disagreeable travelling in winter. We set out together on the fifteenth of February to go to that nation, where we arrived on the seventeenth of the month. [171] These Petun people plant the maize, called by us _blé de Turquie_, and have fixed abodes like the rest. We went to seven other villages of their neighbors and allies, with whom we contracted friendship, and who promised to come in good numbers to our settlement. They welcomed us with good cheer, making a banquet with meat and fish, as is their custom. To this the people from all quarters flocked in order to see us, showing many manifestations of friendship, and accompanying us on the greater part of our way back. The country is diversified with pleasant slopes and plains. They were beginning to build two villages, through which we passed, and which were situated in the midst of the woods, because of the convenience [172] of building and fortifying their towns there. These people live like the Attignouaatitans, [173] and have the same customs. They are situated near the Nation Neutre, [174] which are powerful and occupy a great extent of country. After visiting these people, we set out from that place, and went to a nation of savages, whom we named _Cheveux Relevés_ [175] They were very happy to see us again, and we entered into friendship with them, while they in return promised to come and see us, namely at the habitation in this place.

108. Lake Nipissing, whose dimensions are over-stated.

109. Sturgeon River.

110. Père Vimont gives the names of these tribes as follows,--_Timiscimi, Outimagami, Ouachegami, Mitchitamou, Outurbi, Kiristinon_. _Vide Relation des Jésuites_. 1640. p. 34.

111. French River.

112. _Blues_. _Vide antea_, note 101.

113. This significant name is given with reference to their mode of dressing their hair.

114. Blueberries, _Vaccinium Canadense_.

115. _De cuir beullu_, for _cúir bouilli_, literally "boiled leather."

116. The shields of the savages of this region may have been made of the hide of the buffalo, although the range of this animal was far to the northwest of them. Champlain saw undoubtedly among the Hurons skins of the buffalo. Vide postea, note 180.

117. Lake Huron is here referred to.

118. The greatest length of Lake Huron on a curvilinear line, between the discharge of St Mary's Strait and the outlet, is about 240 miles; its length due north and south is 186 miles, and its extreme breadth about 220 miles. _Bouchette_.

119. Coasting along the eastern shore of the Georgian Bay, when they arrived at Matchedash Bay they crossed it in a southwesterly course and entered the country of the Attigouautans, or, as they are sometimes called, the Attignaouentans. _Relation des Jésuites,_ 1640, p. 78. They were a principal tribe of the Hurons, living within the limits of the present county of Simcoe. It is to be regretted that the Jesuit Fathers did not accompany their relations with local maps by which we could fix, at least approximately, the Indian towns which they visited, and with which they were so familiar. For a description of the Hurons and of their country, the origin of the name and other interesting particulars, _vide Pere Hierosine Lalemant, Relation des Jésuites_, 1639, Quebec ed. p. 50.

120. _Sitrouilles_ for _citrouilles_. _Vide_ Vol II. p. 64, note 128.

121. _Herbe au soleil_. The sunflower of Northeast America, _Helianthus multiflorus_. This species is found from Quebec to the Saskatchewan, a tributary of Lake Winnipeg. _Vide Chronological History of Plants_, by Charles Pickering, M.D., Boston, 1879. p. 914. Charlevoix, in the description of his journey through Canada in 1720, says: "The Soleil is a plant very common in the fields of the savages, and which grows seven or eight feet high. Its flower, which is very large, is in the shape of the marigold, and the seed grows in the same manner. The savages, by boiling it, draw out an oil, with which they grease their hair." _Letters to the Dutchess of Lesdiguieres_, London, 1763, p. 95.

122. _Vignes_ Probably the frost grape, _Vitis cordifolia_.

123. _Prunes_. The Canada plum, _Prunus Americana_.

124. _Framboises_. The wild red raspberry, _Rubus strigosus_.

125. _Fraises_. The wild strawberry, _Fragaria Virginiana_. _Vide Pickering Chro. Hist. Plants_, p. 771.

126. _Petites pommes sauuages_. Probably the American crab-apple, _Pyrus coronaria_.

127. _Noix_ This may include the butternut and some varieties of the walnut. _Vide_ Vol. I. p. 264.

128. Doubtless the May-apple, _Podophyllum peltatum_. In the wilds of Simcoe this fruit may have seemed tolerable from the absence of others more desirable. Gray says, "It is slightly acid, mawkish, eaten by pigs and boys." _Cf. Florula Bostioniensis_, by Jacob Bigelow, M.D. Boston, 1824, pp. 215, 216.

129. _Les Chesnes, ormeaux, & heslres_. For oaks see Vol I. p. 264. Elms, plainly the white elm, _Ulmus Americana_, so called in contradistinction to the red or slippery elm, _Ulmus fulva_. The savages sometimes used the bark of the slippery elm in the construction of their canoes when the white birch could not be obtained. _Vide Charlevoix's Letters_, 1763, p. 94. For the beech, see Vol. I. p. 264.

130. _Perdrix_. Canada Grouse, _Tetrao Canadensis_, sometimes called the Spruce Partridge, differing from the partridge of New England, which is the Ruffed Grouse, _Bonasa umbellus_. This latter species is, however, found likewise in Canada.

131. _Lapins_. The American hare, _Lepus Americanus_.

132. _Cerises petites_. Reference is evidently here made to the wild red cherry, _Prunus Pennsylvanica_, which is the smallest of all the native species. _Cf_. Vol. I. p. 264.

133. _Merises_. The wild black cherry, _Prunus serotina_.

134. The Carantouanais. _Vide Carte de la Nouvelle France_, 1632, _also_ Vol. I. p. 304. This tribe was probably situated on the upper waters of the Susquehanna, and consequently south of the Five Nations, although we said inadvertently in Vol. I. p. 128 that they were on the west of them. General John S. Clark thinks their village was at Waverly, near the border of Pennsylvania In Vol. I. p. 143. in the 13th line from the top, we should have said the Carantouanais instead of _Entouhonorons_.

135. The Entouhonorons were a part, it appears, of the Five Nations. Champlain says they unite with the Iroquois in making war against all the other tribes except the Neutral Nation. Lake Ontario is called _Lac des Entouhonorons_, and Champlain adds that their country is near the River St. Lawrence, the passage of which they forbid to all other tribes. _Vide_ Vol. I. pp. 303, 304. He thus appears to apply the name _Iroquois_ to the eastern portion of the Five Nations, particularly those whom he had attacked on Lake Champlain; and the Huron name, _Entouhonorons_, to the western portion. The subdivisions, by which they were distinguished at a later period, were probably not then known, at least not to Champlain.

136. _Flamens_. The Dutch were at this time on the Hudson, engaged in the fur trade with the savages. _Vide History of the State of New York_ by John Romeyn Brodhead, New York, 1853. pp. 38-65. _History of New Netherland_ or _New York under the Dutch_, by E. B. O'Callaghan, New York, 1846, pp. 67-77.

137. Their enemies were the Iroquois.

138. _Chouontouaroüon_, another name for _Entouhoronon_.

139. Lake Couchiching, a small sheet of water into which pass by a small outlet the waters of Lake Simcoe.

140. Lake Simcoe. Laverdière says the Indian name of this lake was _Ouentaronk_, and that it was likewise called _Lac aux Claies_.

141. Étienne Brûlé. _Vide postea_, p. 208.

142. _Dans ces lacs_. From Lake Chouchiching, coasting along the northeastern shore of Lake Simcoe, they would make five or six leagues in reaching a point nearest to Sturgeon Lake.

143. Undoubtedly Sturgeon Lake.

144. From their entrance of Sturgeon Lake to the point where they reached Lake Ontario, at the eastern limit of Amherst Island, the distance is, in its winding and circuitous course, not far from Champlain's estimate, viz. sixty-four leagues. That part of the river above Rice Lake is the Otonabee; that below is known as the Trent.

145. _Gruës_ The white crane, _Grus Americanus_ Adult plumage pure white _Coues's Key to North American Birds_, Boston, 1872, p 271 Charlevoix says, "We have cranes of two colors, some white and others _gris de lin_," that is a purple or lilac color. This latter species is the brown crane, _Grus Canadensis_. "Plumage plumbeous gray." _Coues_. _Vide Charlevoix's Letters_, London. 1763, p 83.

146. The latitude of the eastern end of Amherst Island is about 44° 11'.

147. This traverse, it may be presumed, was made by coasting along the shore, as was the custom of the savages with their light canoes.

148. It appears that, after making by estimate about fourteen leagues in their bark canoes, and four by land along the shore, they struck inland. Guided merely by the distances given in the text, it is not possible to determine with exactness at what point they left the lake. This arises from the fact that we are not sure at what point the measurement began, and the estimated distances are given, moreover, with very liberal margins. But the eighteen leagues in all would take them not very far from Little Salmon River, whether the estimate were made from the eastern end of Amherst Island or Simcoe Island, or any place in that immediate neighborhood. The natural features of the country, for four leagues along the coast north of Little Salmon River, answer well to the description given in the text. The chestnut and wild grape are still found there. _Vide MS. Letters of the Rev. James Cross, D.D., LL.D., and of S.Z. Smith, Esq._, of Mexico, New York.

149. Lake Ontario, or Lake of the Entouhonorons, is about a hundred and eighty miles long, and about fifty-five miles in its extreme width.

150. The river here crossed was plainly Oneida River, flowing from Oneida Lake into Lake Ontario. The lake is identified by the islands in it. Oneida Lake is the only one in this region which contains any islands whatever, and consequently the river flowing from it must be that now known as Oneida River.

151. For the probable site of this fort, see Vol. I. p. 130, note 83.

152. They were of the tribe called Carantouanais. _Vide antea_, note 134.

153. This was in the month of October.

154. _Et après auoir trauersé le bout du lac de laditte isle_. From this form of expression this island would seem to have been visited before. But no particular island is mentioned on their former traverse of the lake. It is impossible to fix with certainty upon the isiand referred to. It may have been Simcoe or Wolf Island, or some other.

155. Probably Cataraqui Creek. _Vide_ Vol. I. p. 136.

156. Perhaps Loughborough Lake, or the system of lakes of which this is a part.

157. _Cygnes_, swans. Probably the Trumpeter Swan, _Cygnus buccinator_. They were especially found in Sagard's time about Lake Nipissing. "Mais pour des Cignes, qu'ils appellent _Horhev_, il y en a principalement vers les Epicerinys." _Vide Le Grand Voyage av Pays des Hurons_ par Fr. Gabriel Sagard, Paris, 1632, p. 303.

158. _Gruës blanches_. _Vide antea_, n. 145.

159. _Houstardes_. _Vide antea_, note 32.

160. _Mauuis_, Song-Thrush. Doubtless the Robin, _Turdus migratorius_.

161. _Allouettes_, larks. Probably the Brown Lark, _Anthus ludovicianus_. Found everywhere in North America.

162. _Beccassines_. Probably the American Snipe, _Gallinago Wilsonii_.

163. _Oyes_, geese. The common Wild Goose, _Branta Canadensis_, or it may include all the species taken collectively. For the several species found in Canada, _vide antea_, note 32.

164. _Les loups_. The American Wolf, _Lupus occidentalis_.

165. The thirty-eight days during which they were there would include the whole period from the time they began to make their preparations on the 28th of October on the shores of Lake Ontario till they began their homeward journey on the 4th of December. _Vide antea_, p. 137; _postea_, p. 143.

166. The author here refers to the chief D'Arontal, whose guest he was. _Vide antea_, 137. Cf. also Quebec ed. 1632, p. 928.

167. _Trainees de bois_, a kind of sledge. The Indian's sledge was made of two pieces of board, which, with his stone axe and perhaps with the aid of fire, he patiently manufactured from the trunks of trees. The boards were each about six inches wide and six or seven feet long, curved upward at the forward end and bound together by cross pieces. The sides were bordered with strips of wood, which served as brackets, to which was fastened the strap that bound the baggage upon the sledge. The load was dragged by a rope or strap of leather passing round the breast of the savage and attached to the end of the sledge. The sledge was so narrow that it could be drawn easily and without impediment wherever the savage could thread his way through the pathless forests. The journey from their encampment northeast of Kingston on Lake Ontario to the capital of the Hurons was not less in a straight line than a hundred and sixty miles. Without a pathway, in the heart of winter, through water and melting snow, with their heavy burdens, the hardship and exhaustion can hardly be exaggerated.

168. Namely at Cahiagué. In the issue of 1632, Champlain says they arrived on the 23d day of the month. _Vide_ Quebec ed, p. 929. Leaving on the 4th and travelling nineteen days, as stated above, they would arrive on the 23d December.

169. Probably the 4th of January.

170. Father Joseph Le Caron had remained at Carhagouha, during the absence of the war party in their attack upon the Iroquois, where Champlain probably arrived on the 5th of January.

171. In the issue of 1632, the arrival of Champlain and Le Caron is stated to have occurred on the 17th of January. This harmonizes with the correction of dates in notes 169, 170. The Huron name of the Petuns was _Tionnontateronons_, or _Khionontateronons_, or _Quieunontateronons_. Of them Vimont says, "Les Khionontateronons, qu'on appelle la nation du Petun, pour l'abondance qu'il y a de cette herbe, sont eloignez du pays des Hurons, dont ils parlent la langue, enuiron douze ou quinze lieues tirant à l'Occident." _Vide Relation des Jésuites_, 1640, p. 95; _His. Du Canada_, Vol. I. p. 209. Sagard. For some account of the subsequent history of the Nation de Petun, _vide Indian Migration in Ohio_, by C. C. Baldwin, 1879, p. 2.

172. It was of great importance to the Indians to select a site for their villages where suitable wood was accessible, both for fortifying them with palisades and for fuel in the winter. It could not be brought a great distance for either of these purposes. Hence when the wood in the vicinity became exhausted they were compelled to remove and build anew.

173. That is to say like the Hurons.

174. The Nation Neutre was called by the Hurons _Attisandaronk_ or Attihouandaron_. _Vide Relation des Jésuites_, 1641, p. 72; _Dictionaire de la Langue Huronne_, par Sagard, a Paris, 1632. Champlain places them, on his map of 1632, south of Lake Erie. His knowledge of that lake, obtained from the savages, was very meagre as the map itself shows. The Neutres are placed by early writers on the west of Lake Ontario and north of Lake Erie _Vide Laverdière in loco_, Quebec ed., p. 546; also, _Indian Migration in Ohio_, by C. C. Baldwin, p. 4. They are placed far to the south of Lake Erie by Nicholas Sanson. _Vide Cartes de l'Amerique_, 1657.

175. The Cheveux Relevés are represented by Champlain as dwelling west of the Petuns, and were probably not far from the most southern limit of the Georgian Bay. Strangely enough Nicholas Sanson places them on a large island that separates the Georgian Bay from Lake Huron. _Vide Cartes de l'Amerique_ par N. Sanson, 1657.

FINDING CHAMPLAIN'S DREAM

Champlain, First Nations and French Culture in Peterborough and the Kawarthas

DÉCOUVRIR LE RÊVE DE CHAMPLAIN

Champlain, les Premières Nations et la Culture Française à Peterborough et les Kawarthas

Edited by Elwood H. Jones with Peter Adams and Alan Brunger
Published by Trent Valley Archives, August 2015

See you at the Open House of Trent Valley Archives Open House, 5 September 2015, 1 to 4, as we mark the 400th anniversary of the expedition of Champlain, the Wendats and Algonquins as they crossed our region. This is also the 400th anniversary of the French presence in Ontario.

Peterborough County's Musical Connection with the Smithsonian Institution

Allan Kirby

Smithsonian Folkways Recordings is the non-profit record label of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington D.C. For decades, it's collection of folk music has included a significant number of recorded performances by Peterborough County singers. The story of this unusual circumstance is common knowledge amongst folk music scholars but for years has remained relatively unknown to the Peterborough region's musical community. The unlikely events that created this relationship began more than 60 years ago.

The Trent Valley has long been considered by scholars to be one of the richest areas in North America for traditional folk songs. During the 20th century, internationally known folk song scholars documented more than 2,500 orally-transmitted[1] folk songs in this region. One of these researchers was Canadian folk song collector and scholar Edith Fowke, who began tape-recording songs as they were sung by local traditional folk singers in Peterborough County's Douro Township in 1956. Fowke would move on to become known internationally as a significant figure in folk music scholarship and much of that recognition was a result of her work in the Peterborough area. In 1958, Folkways Records of New York City released the first of several commercial long-play vinyl recording that featured Peterborough area singers and songs.

Edith Fowke (1913-1996) was a Saskatchewan educated writer and editor who moved to Toronto, Ontario in the late 1940s. Her initial published work was of a political nature, but in the early 1950s, she became interested in folk songs and began collecting vinyl recordings. Fowke's interest in these songs initially stemmed from her curiosity regarding the historical narratives found in the lyrics. In 1950, Fowke began producing a weekly CBC radio show named “Folk Song Time.” The program featured folk song recordings along with explanatory narratives written by Fowke. The program was well received nationally. Over time, however, Fowke, who considered herself very Canadian, began to feel uncomfortable with the fact that the majority of recordings featured American artists. She felt that there had to be more Canadian singers who should be featured, and she set out to find them and record them.

Fowke was quite aware of the folk song tradition

[1]Orally transmitted folk songs are those that have travelled over time and geography by word of mouth without the aid of manuscripts.

in Quebec and the Atlantic provinces, but she found very few recordings from those regions that were suitable for radio airplay in the 1950s. Through her conversations with Maude Karpeles, a prominent English folk song researcher who had visited the Peterborough area in the 1920s, Fowke considered the possibility that there may be undiscovered singers in rural eastern Ontario who sang older traditional folk songs. Based solely on this speculative piece of knowledge and her intuition, Fowke purchased a high quality tape recorder with the intention of travelling to rural Ontario to find and tape record folk singers. She would then edit the tapes play them on her CBC radio show.

Finding The Songs:

Fowke had friends in Millbrook, Ontario who offered her a place to stay as she began her search for singers and songs. Fowke started her search in the summer of 1955. Her methodology was very simple. She engaged local people in conversation and then asked if they knew singers of older songs. A series of such conversations eventually led her to Douro, Ontario and the P. G. Towns General Store. On an autumn day in 1955, she walked into the store and simply asked if there was anybody nearby that sang old songs. The proprietor, William Towns, mentioned that his wife and father-in-law, Mary Towns and Michael Cleary, were always singing old songs. That same afternoon, in the Towns' home, which was located directly behind the store, Fowke tape-recorded both Mary Towns and Michael Cleary singing approximately a dozen songs.[2]

Fowke was immediately impressed with the variety of songs being sung in the Towns' home. She quickly developed a sense that she was discovering a characteristic of rural Ontario singers, which may not have been previously known. She drove directly to her Toronto home after the impromptu recording session in Douro and began transcribing the song lyrics from the fresh tape recordings. Fowke recognized instantly that many of the songs sung by Mary Towns and Michael Cleary in Douro could be easily traced back to 18th and 19th century England and Scotland.[3] Fowke identified both Child Ballads[4] and British Broadside Ballads[5] amongst the songs she had recorded. As well as the ballads, Mary Towns and Michael Cleary sang some lumbering songs that Fowke recognized as being from the work of Canadian Maritime song collectors Helen Creighton and Kenneth Peacock.

Edith Fowke, c. 1955, at her tape recorder. (University of Calgary)

Fowke returned to Douro a week later and asked Mary Towns for the names of other local singers. Mary agreed to do so and as a result, Fowke began to systematically drive from Toronto directly to the Peterborough area on subsequent weekends. She carefully approached singers in their own homes and eventually recorded more than two dozen singers in a period of a few months. The results from the singers were astounding and consistent. There were Child Ballads, Broadside Ballads, Lumbering Songs, along with historical songs about eastern Ontario events such as drownings, murders, and fights. Fowke was overwhelmed by the volume of material that she recorded. Even more fascinating to Fowke was the fact that all of the singers sung the songs from memory. They had no lyric sheets; they had learned the songs orally from parents and friends. Fowke realized, as she recorded more than 1,000 songs in the Peterborough area, that she was documenting an oral history that nobody outside of the region knew existed. The extent of this living oral folk song tradition caused Fowke to write: “Luck was with me for the first area I tried was Peterborough, some ninety miles northeast of Toronto, and there it soon became clear I had struck a very rich lode.” (Fowke, 1965, p. 1).

By the end of 1957, Fowke had filled more than a dozen tapes with songs recorded in the Peterborough area. She used these tapes of Peterborough singers regularly on her CBC radio broadcasts. A weekly magazine at that time, the *CBC Times,* detailed the national programming

[2]Mary Towns and Michael Cleary sang a cappella (without instrumental accompaniment).

[3] By 1955, Fowke had acquired an excellent working knowledge of folk music history and folk song lineage.

[4]Child Ballads are 18th and 19th English and Scottish ballads that were classified and catalogued by Harvard University professor Francis James Child. He published these ballads in the five volume *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (1882-1888). Child carefully categorized his ballads. Sample groupings include tragic ballads, non-tragic ballads, historical ballads, satirical ballads etc.

[5]Broadside ballads were popular in Britain from the 16th century to the late 19th century. These ballads were simply song lyrics printed on one side of a sheet of paper and sold on the street for a penny. Singers sang the lyrics to any melody that suited them. George Laws catalogued many of these ballads in his publication *American Balladry from the British Isles*.

schedule and highlighted selected radio personalities. In a 1958 March issue, the magazine printed an article, “Folk Song Time: Edith Fowke's Newly-found Songs of Old Ontario,” which promoted the appearance of singers Mary Towns of Douro and George Hughey of Peterborough, amongst others, on upcoming programs. The article went on to explain:

Although most people had assumed there were few folk songs to be found in Ontario, she (Fowke) has been delighted, she says, with the variety and quality of the ones she has come across. These include many old ballads from England and Ireland, some sea songs that found their way inland through the lumber camps, some songs that drifted up here from the United States and a number of local ditties. (*CBC Times*, 1958, March 16-22).

Even though Fowke seemed satisfied with her field-work and the exposure that the Ontario songs were receiving on CBC radio, she also considered the possibility that many of these songs could be on a bigger stage, nationally and internationally. Fowke was considered a “popularizer” by academics because she consistently wanted as many people as possible to have access to her recorded works. Therefore, it was no surprise when she announced that she would be releasing a commercially produced long-playing 33-1/3 rpm recording, which would contain songs from her tape recordings. This vinyl recording would be professionally produced, complete with an artistic jacket and extensive liner-notes to explain the origin of each song.

It is not known if Fowke contacted any Canadian record manufacturers, but it is known that she was generally unhappy with Canadian arts organizations since they regularly declined to help her fund any of her Ontario research. It is most probable that she went directly to Folkway Records of New York City, where she had a connection through the record company's music director Kenneth Goldstein. Fowke met Kenneth Goldstein in 1954, by chance, in New York City at a Greenwich Village record shop, where she had gone to purchase records for her radio show. Inside the shop, Goldstein and Fowke somehow became engaged in conversation, which led to them becoming lifelong friends. Four years later, with Goldstein's enthusiastic assistance, Fowke was able to produce the first long-play vinyl recording based on her Ontario tape recordings.

The Folkways Recording:

Edith Fowke's album was released commercially by Folkways Records in mid-1958. The title is *Folk Songs of Ontario* and the serial number is FW 4005.[6] The recording features 20 songs, 14 of which are sung by the following Peterborough area singers: Mrs. Mary Towns (Douro), Mrs. Margaret Ralph (Peterborough), Mrs. Vera Keating (Peterborough), Mrs. Tom Sullivan (Lakefield), Mrs. Hartly Minifie (Peterborough), Martin McManus (Peterborough), Tom Brandon (Lakefield), Joe Kelly (Downer's Corners), Jimmie Heffernan (Peterborough), Martin Sullivan (Nassau Mills). The liner-notes for the vinyl album are almost as important as the recording itself. Edith Fowke took great care to provide a brief biography of every singer, the lyrics for every song, and details about the sing's lineage. In addition, Fowke provides a brief history of the Peterborough area, the region's geography and the rural way of life.

Fowke selected songs from the best singers for this recording. In the liner notes she explains: “I've tried to select only songs that are sung well enough to make pleasant listening” (Fowke, 1958, p 1). Every song from this recording was featured on Fowke's 1950s radio show, which was broadcast on both the CBC Dominion Network and the CBC Trans-Canada Network. The songs selected for this album vary significantly in texture and content. The result is an authentic cross-section of traditional songs that were preserved and nurtured in rural eastern Ontario, particularly the Peterborough area, over several generations.

On the recording, Mrs Tom Sullivan of Lakefield sings two local Ontario tunes that were popular in the early 20th century. The first is the humorous “Johnston's Hotel,” which details the trials and tribulations of being incarcerated in the Peterborough County Jail, while it was administered by Dalton Johnston. The second song is “Maggie Howie,”a graphic description of the axe-murder of a young lady in Napanee. Mrs. Sullivan also contributes “The Indian's Lament” to the recording. This song portrays the sadness felt by First Nations people as their land was decimated by farming, lumbering, and hunting. It was originally sung by natives and shanty-men in the lumber-

[6]This recording, along with the original liner notes, is available in CD format through the Smithsonian-Folkways website.

camps of both northern Ontario and the Maritimes.

The recording contains a railway song from Martin Sullivan of Nassau Mills. He sings his version of the "Railroad Boy," a song about love on the Ottawa to Owen Sound railway line.

Peterborough's Tom Brandon, who had a full and rich voice, has three songs on the recording. "Hobo's Grave" is a song, which likely has American roots. Tom learned it in Kirkland Lake, Ontario but it is about a drifter in Wisconsin. "The Twelfth of July" is a song about a 1877 Protestant Catholic brawl in Montreal's Victoria Square. Tom learned it in a lumber camp, but it was also well known in various Ontario Irish communities. "The Bold Privateer" is the third song that Tom Brandon sings. He learned it from his uncle in Kinmount. It dates back to the Napoleonic war and was rarely found in the oral tradition according to Edith Fowke (Fowke, 1958, p. 10).

Vera Keating of Peterborough recalled a song she had learned from her father when he was lumbering near Coe Hill. The song is "The Weaver," a variant of a British broadside ballad about a travelling weaver with a desire to seduce young ladies.[7] Another song Mrs. Keating sings on the album is a 19th century Irish ballad named "The Wintery Winds." Again, she learned his tragic ballad from her father and it can be traced directly to rural Ireland. One of Vera Keating's cousins, Joe Kelly of Downer's Corners, is also heard on the Folkways recording. He sings "The Golden Vanity," a song about the revenge of a cabin boy on a ship and its captain. Fowke readily identified the song as Child Ballad 286, which dates back to the reign of the first Queen Elizabeth and the seagoing days of Sir Walter Raleigh (Fowke, 1958, p. 8). Joe had learned the song from his father, who, like Vera Keating's father, worked in the Coe Hill area lumber camps.

One of the most popular songs in Ontario in the latter part of the 19th century was "The Poor Little Girls of Ontario." The song describes the sadness felt by young Ontario girls as they watch many young eligible bachelors leaving Ontario for the prairies to make their fortune. The version on the Folkways recording is sung by Mrs. Hartley Minifie of Peterborough. Jimmie Heffernan from Peterborough contributed "In Bristol, There Lived a Fair Maiden." This song, about and Irish sailor and his girlfriend, was popular in the Robinson immigrant community in the 1830s. Martin McManus of Peterborough sings "The Sally Greer," a song that he learned in the lumber camps. It is about a shipwreck near the mouth of the St. Lawrence River.

Mary Towns of Douro sings two songs[8] on this recording. She presents a clear version of "A Fair Maid Walked in Her Father's Garden." This is a song about a lover who returns from the sea in disguise to test his girlfriend's love and I have been able to trace it back to an English broadside ballad titled "The Sailor's Return," which was printed in the Newcastle area of England in the mid 19th century. Mary Towns also sings, "What is the Life of a Man Any More Than the Leaves," a song that she learned from her father, Michael Cleary. Cleary had learned it in a lumber camp, but Edith Fowke was able to trace it back to England's Upper Thames Valley (Fowke, 1958, p. 10). Finally, Maragaret Ralph of Peterborough sings a version of "General Wolfe," which she learned from her father who had come to Canada as a teenager in 1867. Fowke was surprised when she recorded the song because it was so different from the popular Canadian ballad "Brave Wolfe," which first detailed the story of Wolfe's death in 1759 on the Plains of Abraham.

Summary:

The "Folk Songs of Ontario" recording was the first of five vinyl albums that Edith Fowke produced for Folkways Records from her field recordings. Fowke's field recordings were also used to create four additional vinyl recordings for other manufacturers.[9] The more significant aspect of the connection between Edith Fowke and Folkways Records was the fact that the record company was at the centre of the 1950's North American folk music revival and featured singers and songwriters such as Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger and Lead Belly (Hudie Leadbetter). This placed the Peterborough area singers in very good company and provided them with a taste of national recognition as they were invited to appear at a variety of folk festivals, including Canada's nationally known Mariposa Festival.

Another important chapter in the Peterborough-Folkways connection came in 1986 with the acquisition of Folkways Records by the Smithsonian Institution's Centre for Folk Life and Cultural Heritage. When the Smithsonian Institution of Washington D.C. acquired the record company, it made a promise to keep all of the recordings in print indefinitely, regardless of market sales. The result is that Smithsonian Folkways, through its website upon request, will make recordings available to the public through streaming and on CD through mail order. More than 2,000 titles can be accessed, including the very first recording of Mary Towns that Edith Fowke recorded in Douro 60 years ago this year (2015).

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[7]A variation of this song was also sung in the Ottawa Valley by folk-singer O.J. Abbot and other versions of it have been discovered in the southern Appalachians.

[8]As far as I can determine, both of these songs were recorded at Fowke's very first recording session at The Towns home in Douro, Ontario

[9]Fowke also produced three vinyl recordings using studio musicians and vocalists.

The Payne Farmstead

Gwen McMullen

Little did Glen and Gwen McMullen know that when they placed an advertisement in The Peterborough Examiner in the fall of 1972, it would lead them on to an adventure of forty years. They had just returned from Ghana, West Africa where Glen taught Physics for five years and were looking for a place to settle while raising

their four children then seven, five, three and one year old. The advertisement read "Farm wanted in Peterborough County, house solid brick or stone, renovation not essential, with stream and maple bush." One Saturday morning they received a phone call which led them to the little hamlet of Warsaw where they discovered the farm which would become theirs. The Payne Farm overlooked the sleepy little hamlet. It was an idyllic setting within walking distance to church, school, the arena and the general store with post office.

Allan Uriah Payne was born in this farmhouse built in 1874 by his great grandfather, Sidney, who was just one year old when he and his family emigrated from England in 1831. Allan married Fanny Cuffe, a young woman from another local pioneer family and together they farmed. Their only child, Mary, once married, went to live in her great grandfather's home in the hamlet. When both Allan and Fanny passed away the century family farm went up for sale.

The house of solid brick, built in the T-shape that became popular in the area after the plans were featured in a farmer's magazine in the 1850's. Based on a centre hall plan, the living room was to one side of the stairs and the parlour and a smaller room on the other side, the narrower kitchen was built at the back, finishing the T-shape.

The house, strong and true, had new shingles, the panes of the bubble glass windows were reputtied, a new oil furnace installed and the floors were well-kept original pine. Beautiful pine mouldings adorned the windows and doors. There had been no structural changes in the house. Transom lighting framed the handsome strong front door, while delicate white gingerbread enhanced the roof and gables. The house was complete with a large board and batten framed summer kitchen attached to the main house, a wood shed and driving shed with an arched doorway. An older resident shared the story that Sidney Payne lived in the summer kitchen while the brick home was being built.

The barns on the hill were large and rambling enough to accommodate the Payne's farming operation over the generations and a tall wooden silo stood beside the barn. The Payne farm buildings when built were described in the Warsaw Women's Institute Tweedsmuir History as "the finest improvements in house and building in those days". As years went by Allan and Fanny aged the buildings fell into disrepair.

There was much work to be done before the McMullens would have the modern conveniences of the 1970's. Water was supplied in the house through a now leaking stone cistern and the electrical service was only 30 amperes. Prior to shingle replacement the ceilings in the bedrooms suffered water damage. Their first summer was hot and dry. A well was drilled and it was three weeks before Glen completed the plumbing. Electricians rewired the house. Gwen and the children repaired to the pond at the foot of the hill, often three times a day, to keep cool and out from underfoot of the workmen. Glen and Gwen honed their specialties. Glen performed carpentry work, plumbing, insulating the attic and installing storm windows and installing kitchen cupboards. He built fences for his first herd of cattle. Gwen stripped wallpaper, patched plaster, painted and wallpapered, took an evening course in woodworking at the high school. While the students made blanket boxes and bird houses, she made finials for curtain rods, book shelves and other shelving from the mahogany packing crates used for packing their house effects on their return from Ghana. They adhered to the policy of 'restore where possible and renovate when necessary'.

As the years went by, Glen taught Science and his herd of cattle grew while another passion continued over the years: raising honey bees. Their Dummer Gold honey is well known in the area and is sold in several local stores and from the honey shelf in the summer kitchen.

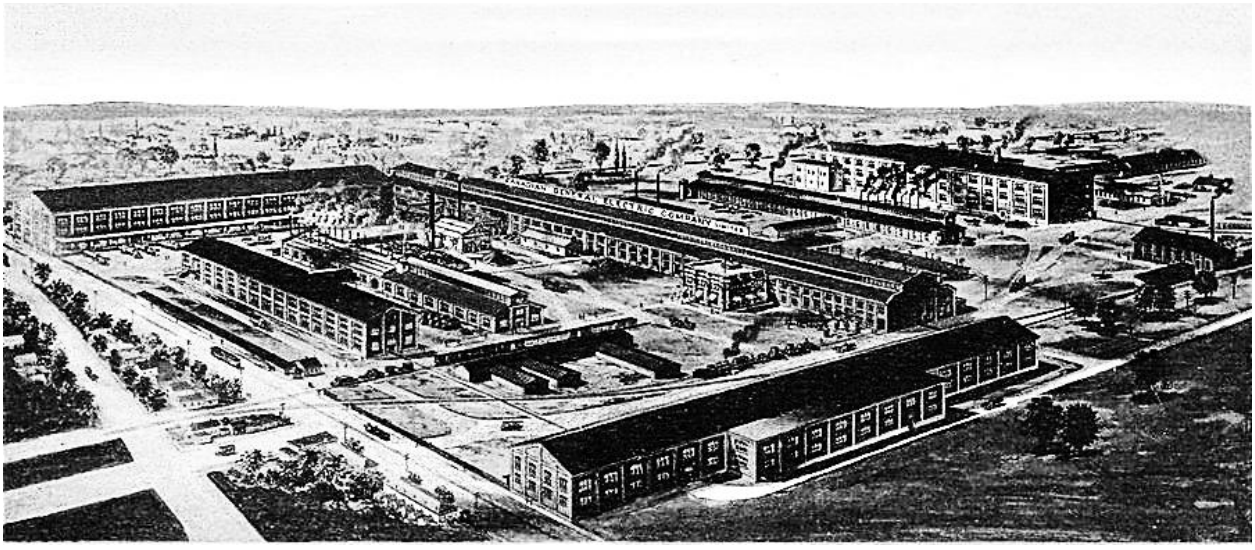
People near and far enjoyed hospitality in their home which for several years served as a Bed and Breakfast home. Home and garden tours were perfect for many fundraising event ranging from Art Gallery garden tours, church socials, John Howard Society Strawberry suppers, fundraising auctions, to garden parties for the Peterborough New Horizons' Band, of which Glen and Gwen are both members. The adventures continue on this farm.

Mary Payne Lloyd, *Lazarus Payne: Growing up in Dummer* (Peterborough, Trent Valley Archives, Memories Series 1, 2015) $20 is for sale at Trent Valley Archives and elsewhere.

PETERBOROUGH CRICKET CLUB, 1st XI, 1925

TOP ROW: C. CONNER-FENTON, F. DYER, E. MASESY-COOKE, C. V. ELLIOTT, F. D. M. HAMMOND, C. D. HEWETT, W. STOCKER (Umpire).
BOTTOM ROW: G. MONKMAN, G. COUTTS, Vice-Captain; C. A. THORPE, Captain; R. N. STUART, Vice-President; G. R. LANGLEY, President; P. MANNING, Sec.-Treas.

This is a great photo from the collections of Cy Monkman. His father is seen at the left on the front row. (Trent Valley Archives, Monkman fonds) Below is a post card of Canadian General Electric, 1934. (TVA, Matthew Griffis fonds)



Generations return to family home on George St.

By Jessica Nyznik, The Peterborough Examiner
Friday, June 19, 2015 *jessica.nyznik@sunmedia.ca*

Grandchildren of Angelina (Gallo) Marino and Francesco Marino, who opened the first Italian restaurant and lived in that house decades ago, Angela Marino-O'Toole, front from left, Dorothy Marino-Williams, Antonia Marino-Rosebush, Barbara Marino-Chapman, Debbie Marino, Paul Marino, back from left, Joe and Kate Marino, Mary Rose Marino-Mandel, great-granddaughter Angela Rose Mandel and Bernice Pepe gather for a reunion photograph on Thursday June 18, 2015 at Tre Restaurant on George St. in Peterborough, Ont. Clifford Skarstedt/Peterborough Examiner/Postmedia Network

It had been more than 40 years since the Marino cousins dined together in their granny's home.

And while they may not have dined exactly where they used to all those years ago, the sentiment was still the same.

In 1921, Francesco and Angelina Marino built the two-storey red-brick home at the corner of George and Lake streets.

The couple, who moved to Peterborough from Italy in 1909, turned the front of the house into a produce store, living with their seven children in the upper and back portion of the home.

From those seven children, 25 grandchildren were born.

On Thursday, more than a dozen of the Marino descendants dined in their grandparents' former home and business, breaking bread at Tre, a new Italian eatery.

Though members of the Marino family kept tabs on the home over the years, stopping in once and a while during its various changing over of hands, they said they were thrilled when it resurfaced as an Italian restaurant.

"It's authentic, too," said Dorothy Williams with excitement.

Williams and her cousin Angelina O'Toole helped rally as many of their cousins as they could to share in a family feast in a place where so many of their childhood memories were made.

"Granny would leave the candy counter open just enough so the kids could reach their fingers in and grab a candy," said Williams.

O'Toole said she remembers making Easter pie and watching her aunt Lizzy working behind the counter, giving her anything her heart desired.

Another cousin. Berenice Pepe. has memories of her granny teaching her to sweep, adding it was an important thing to learn in the 1940s when most women were homemakers.

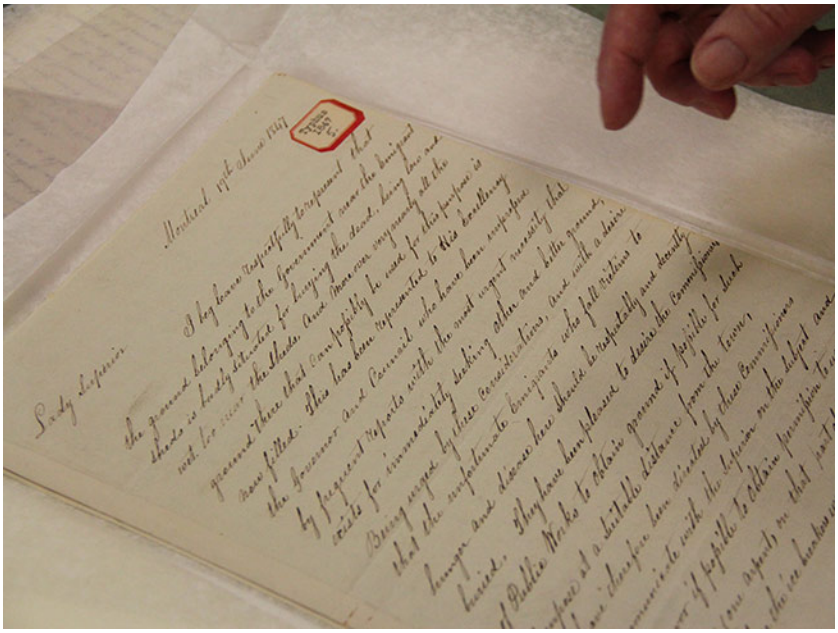
Pepe also remembers her granny working in the garden at the back of the house, which is now a parking lot, at 5 a.m. before opening the store.

Back then, the Marinos owned properties on every corner of George and Lake streets, calling it Marinos' corners.

The family businesses included a hair salon, restaurant and barbershop.

Irish famine archive on migration to Canada launched online

Frances Mulraney @FrancesMulraney June 24,2015



"Letter of June 19, 1847 to Mother McMullen"Photo by: Alfred Barrett

Eyewitness accounts telling stories of Irish migration to Canada during the Great Hunger are being made available in an online archive curated by National University of Ireland, Galway (NUIG).

The Digital Irish Famine Archive shares the tales of the Grey Nuns in Montreal who cared for the Irish arrivals, their sick and dying, and kept annals and correspondence of their experience. The records have since been translated from the original French, digitized and made available in an online archive.

At the height of the famine in 1847 and 1848, thousands of Irish left Ireland and immigrated to Canada. Upon arrival in Canada, however, the suffering of the famine Irish continued, as they remained among the poorest of the poor and many were stricken with typhus fever following the long voyage.

In acts of extreme kindness, a number of people in the English and French Canadian communities came to their aid and provided shelter and support for the ailing and dying. Leading the charge in helping the Montreal Irish were the Sisters of Charity, also known as the Grey Nuns. The Nuns not only looked after the sick but also adopted and cared for many of the orphaned Irish who lost their parents to sickness once in Canada.

Launched by the Canadian Ambassador to Ireland, Kevin Vickers, the new archive contains three sets of annals from the Grey Nuns: "Ancien Journal (Old Journal), Volume I" and "Le Typhus d'1847, Ancien Journal (The Typhus of 1847, Old Journal), Volume II" which are all translated to English, as well as the transcribed first-hand accounts of the nuns in French in "Récit de l'épidemie" (Tale of the epidemic).

The Grey Nuns acts of kindness saved many children. Photo by: James Duncin/Wiki Commons

The archive will also feature testimonies from several of the orphaned children the nuns looked after, such as Daniel and Catherine Tighe from Roscommon and Robert Walsh from Kilkenny.

The archive says of Robert Walsh: "For two weeks the boy never uttered a word, never smiled, never appeared conscious of the presence of those around him, or of the attention lavished on him by his generous protectors, who had almost come to believe that they had adopted a little mute, or that he had momentarily lost the power of speech through fright or starvation."

The archive can be viewed at faminearchive.nuigalway.ie

Silos and local history

Elwood H. Jones

There are several ways to approach community history, whether urban, suburban or rural. This charming diversity ensures that we all have histories that are worth sharing. This was a principle behind a course on everyday life in the past which was a staple of fourth year history at Trent University for two decades. It is also a reason why an open criteria for the acceptance of archival materials at Trent Valley Archives works surprisingly well. The holdings of the Trent Valley Archives is wide-ranging and reflects broadly the history of Peterborough city, county and surrounding area.

At different times, I have confronted approaches to rural history. Perhaps the most successful venture was my history of the Peterborough Exhibition, which was published 20 years ago. This project was aided by the research and discussions with many people such as Ivy Sucee, Don Willcock, members of the Peterborough Exhibition board and local agricultural representatives.

The Peterborough Exhibition had begun in 1843 before Peterborough was a county. It was a complex history as the world changed and perceptions of why a community benefits from annual exhibitions were reworked. How to reach beyond Smith Township was an early problem. The best ways to recognize farm families led to the development of domestic displays, and commercial exhibits exalting the sewing machine, the washing machine and the telephone, and all the great improvements in between.

Entertainment proved to be a major dimension of exhibitions. This occurred in the side shows, the midway rides, and the grandstand shows. In each area, there were complex stories to tell, and it was not easy to catch all the nuances.

The Peterborough Exhibition represented at its best the partnership of rural and urban interests. City people did not often get to farms, but they could admire the cattle and horses and watch the judging of the various categories. Country people had a great opportunity to get to town and enjoy restaurant meals and well-stocked department stores. Both got to enjoy the midway and the grandstand.

When the International Plowing Match came to Peterborough County in 2006 it proved also to be an event that blended urban and rural people. It did not capture all the ingredients of the annual exhibition, but the range of exhibits was very impressive.

Both the fair grounds and the plowing match grounds were laid out along urban lines. The straight lines of the streets were laid out on expansive grounds.

Over the years, rural history has been told through family histories. The story of Lazarus Payne and his impact in Dummer Township was a sprightly book just this spring. Recent books on the Crowleys of Otonabee and the Allens of Otonabee were great vehicles for sharing the history of families and the way they spread or stayed in successive generations.

Sometimes political stories have urban and rural themes. Sometimes they come together, as currently with Jeff Leal and his provincial agricultural portfolios. Peterborough's political power over the years has been perceived in Toronto as rural. The Farmers' Market has bridged between the rural and the urban locally since 1825.

There are stories that are opportunities for rural people to share common experiences. About ten years ago the Hereford cattle breeders of Ontario produced a significant book of collective memories, *Hereford Memoirs Ontario 1860-2005.* The stories shared varied in quality but the overall impression was one of shared pride. The Hereford cattle were bred to forage on the eastern slopes of Wales. After being introduced in Canada, the breed proved quite popular, partly because it was well adapted to the Canadian climate. There were many organizations and clubs dedicated to improving the quality of the Hereford.

The latest book to share the experiences of farmers has just appeared. *Silos Stories and Sketches of Otonabee and South Monaghan Township,* written by Marie Adamcryck and Val Crowley, was produced in 2014 by Scriven52 Press of Baillieboro and is available at Trent Valley Archives for $25. This is an attractive 80 page book that features art work by Marie Adamcryck, and has photos of the various silos in the township. Most of the silos are accompanied by farm family memories tied to silos.

When my son was 10 he brought home a plan for a toy barn, Jelly Bean Farm. The barn turned out to be larger than he imagined, and it became an instant family heirloom, and provided hours of fun for our non-farm family. One of the highlights of the project was the silo, which was constructed from a tin stovepipe, and had several moving parts and a top that had been built by a piece of 2" x 6". Our silo was a storage bin for the famed jelly bean.

For *Silos*, the authors traveled every roadway in the township looking for silos, and dropped in and interviewed some 66 local farmers about the history of more than 100 silos on these properties. By definition, a silo is "a trench, pit, or especially a tall cylinder (as of wood or concrete) usually sealed to exclude air and used for making and storing silage." The authors note that "Corn silage consists of chopped up stalks, leaves and cobs. Under its own pressure within a silo, the corn ferments for a week or so and becomes a sweet, moist feed, used mostly for cattle." (preface) Most farmers had hay silage in the summer and corn silage in the autumn. Some silos were converted to storage silos when farmer interest changed from dairying to beef. When farmers retired, the silos stood unused.

It appears from the book that wooden silos, apparently built from about 1900 to 1940. The book focuses on concrete stave silos and older poured concrete silos; these appear to have been built from the 1930s to the 1970s. There are some samples of more recent silos built of sealed concrete and of blue steel. I never noticed any bunker silos, although these were of interest to the authors. The early wooden silos were about 12 to 14 feet in

diameter but by 1940 reached 20 feet in diameter. Early silos varied in height between 20 and 40 feet; some were given extra height by being topped with one or two rows of chicken wire.

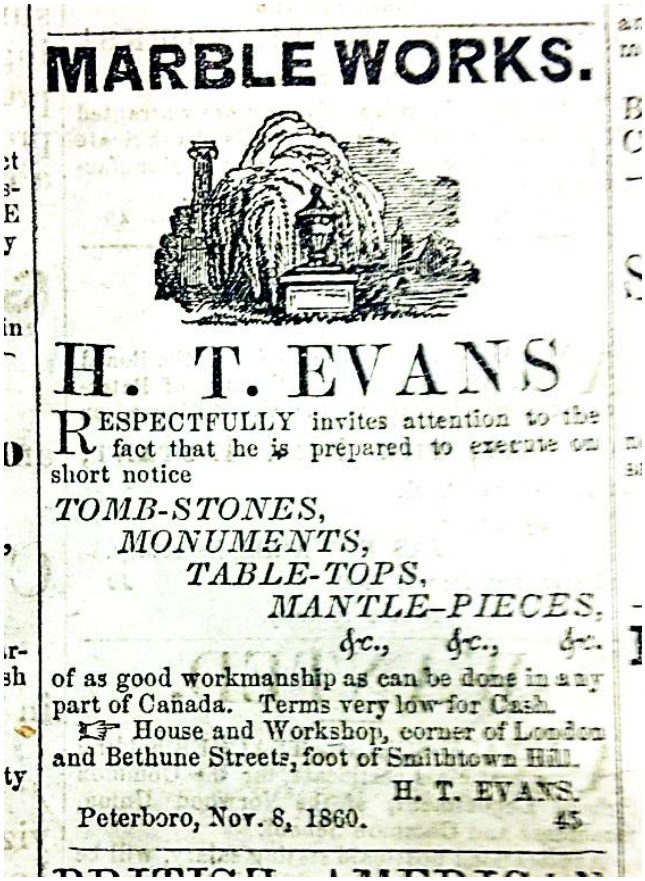
The concrete stave silos were built with concrete staves. There were companies that built such silos, and the book notes three of which the most local was Macoun Silos of Campbellford, founded in 1955 and operating to the 1970s. Fred Macoun went to the United States and worked in a silo factory for a few years. He teamed up with his brothers, Bill and Jack. At the peak it was producing at a time 400 to 500 ribbed staves, weighing 70 pounds. They had seven or eight crews each with four or five men who built silos all over Ontario. Each silo required three trailer loads of material. Steel rods using the channels of the staves were used for reinforcement. Circular hoops were the final step.

The poured concrete silos were poured in circles with each successive layer laid while the previous layer had not completely dried. Harley Cathcart remembered a cement silo being built on his family's farm around 1938. The Gibson brothers had two sets of forms 2 ½ feet high, and did about five feet a day. "In the morning they filled the first form with stones and cement, and in the afternoon they pulled up the previous day's second form to the top." (p. 69)

The building of silos, the filling and packing of them, and the cleaning of the silos appear to rank among the most demanding jobs on the farm. Several farms took a week to fill the silos, and children often skipped school in order to help in the complicated project. The newer steel silos have been the silo of choice in recent years.

The generations pass very quickly, but this book has saved some interesting stories that celebrate local farm life especially from the 1950s to the 1990s.

Adamcryck, Marie and Val Crowley, Silos: stories and sketches of Otonabee-South Monaghan Township (Baillieboro: Scriven 52 Press, 2014) Pp viii, 80; paper, 8 ½ x 11; maps on inside covers, no ISBN Available at Trent Valley Archives Bookshelf or from our website.


MARBLE WORKS.

H. T. EVANS

RESPECTFULLY invites attention to the fact that he is prepared to execute on short notice

TOMB-STONES,
MONUMENTS,
TABLE-TOPS,
MANTLE-PIECES,
&c., &c., &c.

of as good workmanship as can be done in any part of Canada. Terms very low for Cash.

☞ House and Workshop, corner of London and Bethune Streets, foot of Smithtown Hill.

H. T. EVANS.

Peterboro, Nov. 8, 1860. 45

Hugh T. Evans, Marble Cutter

There has been interest in the acquisition of the marble side table top which we believe may have been made for the Oriental Hotel. Recently, the archivist was informed that two such pieces of marble were taken to the Douro Street bakery and were used for extra display space in special seasons such as Christmas. This seems quite reasonable. The Oriental Hotel, which was home in the late 1960s and 1970s to the Trent University bookstore, was mostly demolished in the 1970s as part of a land swap that provided land for the Simcoe Street garage.

Ken Brown sent this interesting 1860 advertisement, which specifically mentions table tops, for H. T. Evans who had his house and workshop at London and Bethune, at the "foot of Smithtown Hill." In the 1869 assessment roll, Evans is listed on London street, west George, south side, lot 9. This lot, at the south east corner of the intersection, was subdivided even in 1875, and J. Gibb and H. Goodfellow are shown on parts of this lot. Evans is described in the directory for the Illustrated Historical Atlas of the County of Peterborough as coming to Canada in 1853. His eldest son had been born in Canada and was 18 in the 1871 census.

In the 1871 census, Hugh T. Evans and his wife had 9 children; they had two or three more by 1881.

The house would be about 548 Bethune. Martha Ann Kidd describes this charming house as dating from the 1860s, and being built of stacked plank. It was similar, she noted, to a house on the 1875 Bird's Eye View map.

We know that Hugh T. Evans was born in Wales in 1830, and (or his son with the same name) died in 1911, and was buried at Little Lake Cemetery, April 9. His wife, Ann Jane, born 1835. Their 12 children were born between 1853 and 1879.

If you have any information on this family, it would be great to hear from you.

Max Dearest: Letters from Jean 1927

Jean Fairbairn, TVA F372

During the summer of 1926, in letters that we published earlier, Jean Fairbairn wrote letters to Max Mackenzie keeping him informed about events he was missing at Stony Lake. The Fairbairn cottage was on Juniper Island, and closely tied to the events of the summer at Stony Lake. Their paths remained separate the following year as Jean Fairbairn went to Queen's University for Education, and then spent part of the year as a teaching intern. Max was gaining experience with the Bank of Montreal, where his father had carved out an impressive career. The correspondence is very complete, containing the letters that Jean wrote, but not the ones she received. In due course, the couple married. This collection is unusual and would reward the attention of historians interested in the history of courting in Canada. We chose four letters (which are numbered in chronological order in the Fairbairn family fonds F 372). Each is interesting in its own right, and contains information or raises questions about many things: the life of the university student, the world of people in their 20s, teaching, the interaction with people and more. The sequence also suggests the way in which cottage life at Stony Lake blended with the many demands of a young lady. We begin with a charming picture from the photo collection created by Jean's father, Jack Fairbairn.

#11 Jean Fairbairn, Kingston, 24 February 1927, to Maxwell H.W. Mackenzie, then at McGill University, Sherbrook St., Montreal]

Ban Righ Hall, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.
February 24th, 1927

Max dearest:-

I s'pose I'm a silly nut to bother writing to you, but I might as well. We were supposed to lie down, and I have done so for half an hour, but only three people have come into my room for various reasons, and there is an awful noise outside so there is not much use staying any longer.

I have just disgraced myself by eating a great deal more for tea than politeness really allows. It was really shocking, but since we had lunch at half-past-eleven, and at that hour I wasn't hungry at all. I think I was justified. Really I didn't eat so much more than anyone else, but it looked as though I did.

We played bridge almost all the way up – also disgraceful for I really wanted to see what everything looked like, it was such a beautiful day. However, I enjoyed it.

I suppose you have heard of my dreadful behaviour yesterday afternoon. I was going up to play bridge at your house, and met Amy and Topsy] going down Forden Crescent. Of course I got an awful fright, and shrieked at them just as they were going to pay a call or something, to know if I had got the wrong day. I was more than embarrassed.

- -

Interlude for dinner – and now we are just leaving for the match. I'd hoped to finish this & post it for you to get tomorrow morning, but I won't now – so I hope you're thinking of our team & wishing us luck!

Continued 11:30 p.m.

We lost – as you'll perhaps know before you get this – but we certainly played a clean game; if we had been so rough as they were, we'd have probably won. N.B. This was against Varsity. I'm dying to get home – be able to tell you all about it. It's a scream to see the different types of girls who come to college up here.

The girl whose room I am in is a scream – tough – and she has left. The most incongruous display of photographs stuck in her mirror. I think she raked out every male photograph she could lay hands on and put them up for my benefit. I'm afraid to bring yours out of its box, it would be so swamped. But it would show up the dumbness etc. of her pictured boyfriends. The walls are littered with movie actresses, too. This girl is evidently trying to copy Kay English of the Ziegfeld Follies!

I suppose Tim has told you that Francis is coming down on Monday. I was just about a nervous wreck waiting to hear from her before I left. By the way - you never asked me for Tuesday night, you just said you had

got a ticket, and I expected that you meant me to accept. Sometime I must remember to ask what Amy Ashton will be doing. I had a brilliant thought that we might have dinner at our house first – we shall see. And by the way, unless you want to dance all the dances, I'd just as soon not – gentle hint!

Glen Cameron & Eleanor Brooks are, I find, pursuing the same courses as I am – *i.e.*, writing to the two young men whom they like best. The only difference is that I like you better than they like theirs – and I'm sure, where they are not. However, having been teased because I meekly asked something about mails and when to post letters, I am glad to find some others who are nuts enough to write.

I hope the Revue rehearsal goes well on Saturday, and that they don't kick me out if I'm not there. Would you like to ask Norah to tell Dorothea Moore that I would like to be in the Old Fashioned dance instead of the Spiders if the Physical Ed. girl can't take part? (Do' Moore asked me to, and I want her to remember me, for I'd much rather be in it than be a spider.)

That is, if I get home. I find that I have to play on Saturday in the exhibition match with Western University and they are terrible. They wear heavy white woolen stockings that just come above the knees, & have purple stripes round them, then a space of bare leg or limb, and then purple bloomers. On top they wear horrid purple and white sweaters with short ~~sleep~~ (←that's what I need!) sleeves and you can perhaps imagine how awful they look. Probably you can't but most of them have boyish bobs & they look just like men in bloomers. They play boys basketball, almost, and are so rough, that most of Queens player's were knocked onto the floor where they stayed. It will be a scream, and I will probably return with my knees, face and fingers twice their size, which is big enough as it is – and I will be rather dark in colour.

You should see the freshmen around here. Until March the first, they have to wear the cutest tams, with plaid around them. Freshies, male and female, are not allowed according to the Alma Mater Society, to have parties. Such a rule of course makes for parties, for the freshies have parties, which the Sophs and others come to to break up, and half the girls here have black eyes from fighting with the Soph-men.

It's all rather interesting, but I'll be glad to be home. If you don't go away to ski on Sunday, and 'phone me, I'll see how the tea question is, and perhaps we can amuse your cousin – I think she's a dear – that way.

I'm petrified – I went and left my Revue tickets at home, for I had no room to bring them with me, and probably Mother or the maid will have a horrid inspiration to tidy my table by throwing the box that they are in, into the waste basket. I guess I would depart to another land and hide if that happened.

I think I had better go to bed now, or Miss Cartwright will be annoyed if she hears. Aren't you jealous, I can be in bed as late as I like, as long as I am ready to play basketball at 8 P.M.

So now Max darling, good-night. Perhaps I'll see you on Sunday if you will come to tea (I'm thrilled that I have actually cajoled you three times since last April). And if not then, probably on Monday at College I will see you. (By the way, is there a hockey match on Monday night?)

* →This is the kiss that I wish I were able to give you. The reason I don't cover pages with them is that I mean this one to be far more sincere, Max, dear, and to carry oh! so very very much love. Jean

P.S. May I apologize for the spelling and writing and squeeze in a little more love if it's possible, J.

#24 Jean Fairbairn, Montreal, 31 May 1927 to Maxwell H.W. Mackenzie, c/o Bank of Montreal, 9 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1]

75 Saint Luke Street, Montreal
May 31st, 1927

Will you excuse the mixture of envelopes, and horrid paper. I know it doesn't look nice, and isn't very nice, but I need to use thin paper when I write to you, and yet I can't use thin envelopes to match or the postal department could read my letters to you.

My darling Max:-

Just think – its two weeks ago tonight since I last saw you. It seems years and years, but it makes the end of the next nine weeks come closer. Nine weeks is an awfully long time – to me, thought I guess you will find it all too short.

Daddy went and mailed the letter I wrote last night, via New York, so I'm going to try mailing this tonight so there'll be a chance that it may go on the *Montroyal* tomorrow, instead of me – I'm well up in the shipping notes these days; there are a lot of arrivals this weekend, so I hope for a litter (I put an "i" in letter – I mean a litter of letters I guess, though I don't like to be too hopeful!). The *Majestic* arrived in New York yesterday – but as she left Cherbourg on the 25th, I think it's too early to hope for mail from that quarter. Perhaps next Monday will hurry up. You certainly get the best of the mails for you should have got letters as soon as you arrived, and they'll continue to reach you right up until you sail for home (thrilling thought). Whereas I have to wait over two weeks before I hear from you, and then there'll be over two weeks at the end, in which there won't be any one writing to you. What a waste of notepaper that will be. What I think of doing is writing just the same, and then mailing the two week's accumulation to the boat on arrival. If only none of your family was going to Quebec, and I thought you'd like me to be there, and Daddy could go, I think I might be hanging around Quebec when you land. I'm sure I wouldn't behave so badly as I did two weeks ago.

This morning, as it was pouring rain, Kay slept in, so I went down town and we didn't attempt to play tennis. So we didn't get to college and I don't know any more of your results.

I had lunch at Kay's, and then we went down to the train to post a letter to Don. I find Kay a most interesting person – though I suppose it is rather horrid to take such a critical attitude towards one's friend. I think Kay reads too many love-stories. She said that up in Ottawa she and Don almost broke off their engagement (for the nth time). Kay didn't want to be engaged and didn't like the idea of being

married because she felt their friendship was too wonderful to spoil by being married. I can't imagine anything sillier, if Kay really loves Don. You read about people who say that sort of thing in books, but I'm quite sure it wasn't a spontaneous feeling on Kay's part unless Kay doesn't really love Don. Of course, I suppose everyone loves differently. I'm quite sure Kay doesn't love Don in the same way, or for the same reasons that I love you. Perhaps she does, but doesn't show it; but certainly from the way she talks to me, Don is someone who is kind and thoughtful for her, pays her attention and compliments and provides her amusement and thrills. Kay used often to ask: "What did you and Max do last night?" And I'd say that we went for a drive and then came in and got something to eat. Whereupon Kay often said "I was so tired when we came in that I lay right down and Don made some toast and coffee. He's so sweet." That's very nice, but I don't think I'd want you to have to get me things to eat and wash the dishes just because I was acting "tired." For I've come to the conclusion that it's only acting with Kay. She may be tired, but it is only because she wants to be – she wouldn't be a bit too tired to jump up and go to the Mount Royal! She just wants to be fussed over. And that's one of the things that annoy me. Kay is all studies and artificial. All her expressions have been practiced in her mirror. And yet I have to admire her frankness for how she can come out with some of the things she does… is either to show off or else is natural, but at any rate is frank.

But enough of Kay for now! I'm afraid you're going to be rather tired of Kay, because I am getting more and more critical of her and I have just got to tell someone about her. When I'm with Kay we get on fairly well because I don't say the things I might, but when we are apart I annoy myself for not being man enough to speak my mind to her. She is a fraud almost all the time, and I am just as bad a one because I don't say the things I think about her, when she asks. But what can I do, Max? If I told her the truth she would be furious, and I hate fights. When we are going out, I watch her make-up and then she smiles adorably in her mirror and says "My, I look messy." I know quite well she wants me to say "You look sweet" and I usually do, but I do so want to tell her that she would look better if she hadn't so much rouge on her left cheek – only it would make her furious. She doesn't like me to notice that she uses make-up and yet if I say that I couldn't use rouge because I would hate the feel of the muck on my face, she would quite frankly say "Of course, I use it all the time – I'd look frightful without it."

Sometimes I think that I would like to tell her what I think of her and have a fight – but I just can't, and instead I'm just filling my mind with horrid thoughts about her, for which I hate myself.

It's all very interesting, as I have said, and I fear you will hear much more, for Mary Doupe saw right through Kay and thinks nothing of her, and Mary, being interested in personalities, likes to study them, so I'm going to have an awfully hard time to keep my feelings to myself – especially since some of the things Mary said to me, after seeing Kay twice, aren't very nice, but are true as can be. It isn't catty when Mary says them, it is just interest, but if I talk I'm sue to be catty because it isn't right to talk in this way. And Max dear, what I say in these letters is for you alone. Dick and Don are great friends, and if Kay is going to know what I think of her, I would rather that she found out through me, and not through one of Don's "hunches."

Kay has filled so much of this letter that I will tell you some other time about why I think Kay has changed since she became engaged. It is also very interesting, and since I have realized the reason, I will be better able to understand some of the remarks that I get. But I wish you would tell me sometime whether you think it would be better to speak my mind to Kay, and slowly but surely let her know some of the things I think of her – or whether to go on pretending. The trouble is that I don't know whether Kay means the things she says as dirty digs, or whether it is just her high opinion of herself that makes her say them. In the latter case it might be a horrid blow for her, if I told her, because she may not realize how they sound, and yet it might do her good, because so many people get annoyed with Kay for the things she says, and ask me what reason she has to be so snippy[?] and so ridiculously self-confident.

It's a queer world. I'd love to know what Kay thinks of me. Probably she writes to Don just the same sort of things about me as I write about her – But no! Her letters to Don are short and I don't suppose she bothers to mention such a poor dumb individual as I am! – which doesn't worry me at all.

I went out to tea with Margaret Campbell, today, and I called for her at the Nurses home beforehand, so she showed me her room, and some of the parts of the building. It's really a wonderful place and they must have quite fun in their off hours. She is very thrilled, because she goes off night duty after tonight and goes home tomorrow for two days. Tomorrow I am going to lunch at Norah's and then we are going to see "Oh: Please," from the fourth row of the gods, so I will write and tell you about it. I think I will take a pencil and paper and write down some of the remarks, and songs.

But now I must sew new cuffs on Daddy's shirts. - If you get any shirts, try and get extra cuffs for when the first ones wear out – or do you do that anyway? And please, if you do any of your own sewing, be careful, for a friend of Mummy's died a short time ago from blood poisoning which she got by running a needle into her finger. So you had better take up sucking your thumb, like Bill!

Now, dearest Max, another goodnight, with so much love that it's just bursting the envelope, trying to get to you – and kisses, too. Jean.

#31 Jean Fairbairn, Montreal, June 9th and June 20, 1927, to Maxwell H.W. Mackenzie, c/o G. Wilson, Esq., Elmhurst, Kendal, Westmorland, England

75 St. Luke Street, Montreal, Quebec.
June 9th, 1927

My own dearest Max:-
You have been mine for a whole year tonight – and what a wonderful year it has been for me, with a friend as dear as you, for best. I can't help thinking tonight, of this time last year, when we went to the Ritz and, then, for a drive. And then how, on the mountain, the most wonderful thing in my life happened. We can't celebrate our anniversary tonight together – unless you are writing to me, or thinking of it,

too, but perhaps in August we can have a delayed celebration. It will be something like this time last year when you had just got home from Cap à l'Aigle – the only difference being that you were there two and a half weeks, while this time it's two and a half months.

I thought that I was going to write to you from the matric exam room this afternoon. But just as I was leaving at one o'clock to go to my first exam – I looked over my directions again and found that instead of invigilating in the ones crossed out, as I had thought I was to do, I'm to invigilate in those not crossed out (on a list sent to me). So my duties don't begin until next Thursday, the 16th, and end on the 4th instead of the 28th. I'm more than glad that I looked at the instructions, for I would have felt bright after going all the way to Baron Byng High School to find that there were no exams there today!

This morning I went to town with Kay, and besides shopping we paid a visit to Miss Fields, but she wouldn't give us any results, so we judged that she has them practically all done, and that they should be out soon. I know perfectly well that you got through everything, but I am anxious to know how you ranked in Accountancy and Commercial Law.

This afternoon, instead of earning money, I went down town and spent it. I had heaps of fun arranging to have fruit sent down to Gordon Mudge. That's what I missed with you, for there's no sense in sending fruit to cabin passengers who get 1st class food as well.

Then I had lots of fun in the florists – I adore florists' but find it hard to get out without buying the whole shop – sending some flowers to your fond cousin Margaret who has been, and still is, quite sick with quinsy, and has had three operations on her throat. Poor Marg has had a horrible time of it, and I never knew until yesterday. I haven't seen her since Amy Ashton was here and we played bridge up at your house one afternoon – and I hate to think that I haven't heard about her illness, for we used to see each other quite often, before she became a "snappy" girl and left me behind.

I'm beginning to cool off – both inside and out. It has been hot all day, and, besides, as today is Thursday, I got the evening meal, and got decidedly hot, inside, at the filthy mess the female atrocity left the kitchen. It took me three-quarters of an hour to scrub the oilcloth on the kitchen table so that it was clean. It isn't that she minds work, or isn't clean; she's just in such a hurry to get out to her fiancé that she doesn't realize the things she hasn't done. If you tell her, she will do what is wanted and not be at all annoyed. She is just too quick. The trouble, however, is that she would get annoyed if I told her, and Mother doesn't do enough in the kitchen to notice how the untidiness accumulates in little ways.

I have planned such a lovely time when we move into a more respectably sized and laid-out house. I shall take over Mother's housekeeping money, put Mother and Betty on allowances, send Mother away for a rest while I get settled, and then proceed to run the house and keep it beautiful. The only drawback is that when Mother got back from her rest, things would be bedlam. Two people, naturally, cannot run a house, and even if Mother gave me full authority, etc., she would butt in and muddle things. It is only natural, but it makes my taking over the housekeeping an impossibility except when Mummy is away, or something.

Daddy is going up to Toronto tonight and perhaps to the Lake for the weekend. I really ought to go, too, and start cleaning things up, but I'm stuck here. I hate to admit it, but I know it's just because if there's any mail for me I would hate to be away when it comes and not get it until Monday or later. If none comes, I won't be disappointed, but the chance is worth waiting for. I have done rather well this week – three enormous letters in three days – and I ought not to even hope for any more – but I suppose, the more I get, the more I will look out for.

I'm very thrilled - I think I am going to make some more money. Last year I started to make a summer dress, but I never got it finished, for I did so much hemstitching on it. By this year, I prefer another colour, but as the old one suits Betty, I am going to finish it for her and charge for it. || Please excuse these horrid little blots on the pages but my pen slipped out of my slippery fingers!|| Then, I have another dress which I fear is too youthful for me, but as it will just suit Betty, I am going to make it over for her. Altogether, I will get something in the vicinity of $10. A huge sum, I think, but very useful.

I often wonder what I do with time. Not that it goes fast, but every day seems busy all the time, and yet I never get done half the things I ought to do – or plan to do. Today I was busy all the time – and not tea-ing, or anything like that, and yet I didn't seem to get anything done. I'm just in the mood to start now and do things until about two A.M., but I'm keeping on writing this because it's half-past nine now, and as I want to be in bed by ten, even though I'm not sleepy, I have to write until the last minute and then rush into bed, so I won't be diverted.

I'm so glad you are keeping a diary, Max-of-mine. It will always be a wonderful thing to read over and look back on. I remember what a thrill I used to get from reading over the one I kept out west. It brings back every day of the trip, and all the pictures that are stored away in your mind. It is ages since I have done it, but I must read it again. It renews the thing as much, almost, as if ~~you~~ I had taken the whole trip over again.

My diary at present is rather falling behind. It isn't exactly a diary but an engagement pad in which I write the doings of the day. Now that you are away, I seem to have nothing worth writing, so I forget it for several days, and then have to rack my brains to remember what I did between the times I've written down engagements. I don't see how you can write me such full and wonderful letters when you are writing almost the same things over again in your diary. It makes me appreciate the letters even more, if possible, than I do.

Or perhaps you don't write that kind of a diary. Kay used to keep one intermittently – about what she thought of so-and-so: "Got a letter from Arthur this morning. He said, etc.," sort of a chronicle of her various beaux and descriptions of "a little house I saw on a hill," etc. Whereas I always first wrote down what I did, and some of the people I saw, and kept the thoughts – for I find if I remember what I've done, I usually remember what I thought at the time, etc., and, anyhow, I change my ideas

about things so many times, and since, usually, when you change, it's because you think the new is better, I would just as soon not write down all the things which I will later think are wrong. I will remember that I have changed, usually.

And now, my darling Max, I think I had better not write any more of this babble – but come to the part where I say goodnight, to the dearest and most wonderful person in the world. And I wish I could say it to him – but writing gets there just the same. And Max dear, may God bless you and keep you safe – and keep you always mine, as I am always yours. Jean.

#49 Jean Fairbairn, Stoney Lake, 26 June 1927 to Maxwell H.W. Mackenzie, c/o Bank of Montreal, 9 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1., England

Juniper Island, Stoney Lake, Ontario
Sunday, June 26th, 1927 (2nd part)

Dearest Max:-

How I apologize for sending off that only begun letter this afternoon by Daddy – but I just had to, because I wasn't able to write yesterday and after my foolish posting of the Friday letter, I was afraid you would get nothing for ages.

To continue where it left off, we finally managed to break the lines and run across Sherbrooke Street – followed by the oaths of the policeman who told us we couldn't cross while the parade was on.

Then we shopped, went home, dined and started our packing, and continued that until it was time to go to the train, which now leaves at 9:30 Standard Time and arrives at 4:50 A.M. (But don't let that deter you!) The only thing I forgot to pack was my camera – but fortunately it will come, and I left my room in a beautiful state, which thrilled me because I was afraid that with Mary on hand, I would never get it tidy. I was nearly demented, though, because Mary had little to do, and Betty insisted upon coming up and talking nonsense and trying to draw me in, and getting in the way – oh, I was exasperated, I fear, because I was in such a hurry. My only regret is that I couldn't bring up my dear little fern – I had to put it in the garden and hope it will be all right. But I am afraid there will be nothing left in August, for the other day I put it out in the rain, which wasn't very heavy, and the poor little fern lost three fronds – which were broken.

At 10 – (9 Standard) we proceeded to the train, and had lots of fun in our stateroom (for Daddy came). To begin with, Mary found that she had broken the lock of her hatbox and insisted that she couldn't open it (though the next morning I pushed the little button and the thing opened without a key). Mary is here with most of her belongings in her hatbox and mine. So I leant her night clothes and she went to the upper. Marg had the lower and I the couch. But I certainly didn't sleep well, I don't know why – I certainly enjoyed myself in my thoughts, however, for we had a lovely summer together, you and I.

We rose at 4:10 A.M., motored up to the Lake, collecting Bobbie on the way, and had breakfast in the kitchen of McCracken's, for the hotel wasn't open. For the first time in my life, I arrived at Stoney Lake to open the cottage, on a rainy day. Oh!, it was cold and raw, and the rain started soon after we got over here. Fortunately it cleared up for five minutes only and the sun came out, which seemed to warm the air, after which it only rained a little though it was cloudy all the time.

How we worked – it was fun, for me, at least. We attacked the filthy kitchen, washed all the dishes, glasses, swept out all the remains of mice, cleaned refrigerators and cupboards and were just about done by lunch, for which we ate a tin of pork-and-beans left from last year, because Daddy got caught in a heavy rain storm, and there was so much wind that he couldn't manoeuvre the boat with all the provisions!

After lunch Mary went with Daddy to pay some calls and buy more necessities, and Marg fell right to sleep on the verandah. I was sorely tempted to sit down and write to you, but there was so much to do I felt I couldn't. So, as we had no place to sleep, I hauled forth sheets and tried airing them over the stove, which I fear didn't work very well. Then I swept down the walls of the boathouse and was just beginning to sweep the floor and make the place habitable when Mary appeared with Dr. Leeming[?] and Bob, Daddy following in our "chaloop." I was almost mad, for I did so want to get the place ready to sleep in and, of course, it was impossible because they stayed until it was time to get food, after which I found that Daddy had told them we'd all go over there to listen to the radio in the evening. I was so dead that I wanted to sit down and weep. Having planned to clean the boathouse and make the beds in the afternoon, write to you after tea, and get to bed early, I did feel a bit put out – especially when I'd told Daddy the reason I wished he not come, was that he would go calling, and visitors were sure to come, so that we got no work done – which has happened, though it isn't exactly fair to be nasty to Daddy about it! I really shouldn't kick because by dint of much rushing I managed to get the beds made before tea – and Mary and I fell into a cold, windy lake, as well – which was very refreshing but decidedly not good for me because I was tired. Also, the radio was very nice and it would have ended beautifully but for the fact that I got exceedingly cold on the way home, which, together with tiredness, a swim and damp sheets, I managed to give myself a cold.

But now, we will pretend that it is still last night and that I am writing to you before I go to bed. It is getting dark and we have to collect the cream and I must get to bed as soon as possible. Besides, Marg has nothing to do and is getting impatient, for the mosquitoes are awful.

Tomorrow I will write again and explain why I couldn't write this afternoon all that I wanted to, etc. But for now it must be a sad goodnight – sad because I can't say what I want and because my dearest and best and most wonderful friend isn't here.

But Max-of-mine, I don't mind that for I do realize that you will soon be here and you don't know how thankful I will be then – nor how happy.

With all the love that it is possible to send – and a kiss - Jean

To be continued tomorrow – with even more love, but I hope less mosquitoes – Always … your Jean.

Peter Robinson Festival

The Trent Valley Archives was at the Peter Robinson Festival at Morrow Park, Peterborough, July 31 (6 to 8) and August 1 (2 to 6).
We had several presentations at the Festival Stage, and had been prepared to present on these topics:

- Samuel de Champlain was here 400 years ago
- Elmir Brown and his family share their World War I experiences in personal letters
- Jean Fairbairn wrote about life at Stoney Lake during the summer of 1927
- Daniel Macdonald was Peterborough's famous 19th century weightlifter
- Dr. Barnardo visited Peterborough and Hazelbrae, the receiving home for Barnardo children

Our displays of photos and documents were related to these stories and were at the Heritage Tent (see picture). Highlights of the exhibits included:

- Exhibits on Champlain, including a large map showing his travels in our area, and posters featuring plaques commemorating aspects of Champlain's 1615 adventures.
- Large photographs of Stoney Lake from the Fairbairn family fonds and photos from our World War I scrapbook.
- Copies of letters from World War I mainly from the Elmir Brown papers and letters from Jean Fairbairn in 1927 (2 of the 4 published in this issue.)
- Documents related to the Barnardo children including the photograph of Hazelbrae taken by Jack Fairbairn.
- Volunteers manned our tables and shared stories of these and other great stories from Peterborough city and county
- Copies of the Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley, the magazine for all things historic
- Publications selected from the Trent Valley Archives' store, The Bookshelf

From the perspective of Trent Valley Archives, things went mostly as planned. We did not have as many opportunities on stage and the attendance was low. However, the ambience of the place was great, the tent was larger than we had expected and the chances to talk with people from the Irish Club, the Sports Hall of Fame, the Whetung Gallery, and some artists and history buffs was totally rewarding. We are sure that the organizers will draw enough positives from the events to continue as an annual show.

We were impressed with the work of Patrick Leahy. He produced six articles for the Examiner on the Robinson settlers trip to Peterborough in 1825. As well, he built a shanty that illustrated clearly the difficulties of being an early settler. As with our exhibit, I think people appreciated the opportunity to engage with the past.

The interior of the Heritage Tent during set up.

Upcoming Events

The Trent Valley Archives invites you to share in our upcoming events:

- **TVA Open House**, September 5, featuring the launch of new books marking Champlain 400, and especially our own publication: Finding Champlain's Dream: Champlain, First Nations and French Culture in Peterborough and the Kawarthas
- **Eerie Ashburnham Walk** – August 7, 14, 21 and 28; 7:30 – 9:30 pm, $15
- **Transportation & Historic Sites Bike Tour** – August 15; 1-3 pm, $15
- **Little Lake Cemetery Twilight Pageant** – October 17; Tours from 6 pm every half hour, $25
- **Downtown GhostWalk** – October 22, 23, 27, 28, 29, 7-9 pm, $15

Selwyn Township and the Lakefield Trail

Discover the Lakefield Trail

Established in late 2000 as a community Millennium project, the Lakefield Trail is a 5.5 km. trail which, after meandering through the Village of Lakefield, connects to the Trans Canada Trail via the Peterborough County Rotary Trail.

Lakefield Trail History

The Village of Lakefield Special Events Committee was a Council appointed committee with a mandate to coordinate and plan activities to celebrate the Village's 125th anniversary and the new millennium in the year 2000. One of the projects developed by this committee was the development of the Lakefield Trail, a 5.5 km scenic trail network throughout the village. At the time, Peterborough County was building a trail on the rail bed between Trent University and Lakefield and, as a result, our trail is connected to the Trans-Canada Trail.

Fundraising efforts attracted government grants to support the project. Countless hours of volunteer time made the dream of a Lakefield Trail a reality. The Trail was built in phases starting in 1999 and was completed in late 2000.

All sections of the this multiuse trail are fully accessible and Historical interpretive signs along the Trail take you back in time, as they tell the story of Lakefield's notable literary past and canoe building heritage.

Your tour along the eastern portion of the Trail can include a side trip through Lakefield's thriving business section or, for a more natural setting, visit the west side of the Otonabee River as the Trail follows the southern tip of Katchewanooka Lake. Here the Imagine the Marsh Conservation Area section of the trail takes one to the Doug Sadler Viewing Tower, which offers bird watchers an ideal lookout over the vast marshland area. The southwest loop of the Trail passes by stately homes to Lock 26 of the Trent Severn Waterway.

Whether it's a quiet stroll, a leisurely cycle or a more ambitious jog, the Trail provides a place to enjoy all of the diversity the Village of Lakefield has to offer. It provides an opportunity for everyone to get active and 'Do the Trail', no matter what level of activity they are interested in.

The Trail Committee is organizing the Selwyn Trails Gala for November 14, and one of the highlights is the raffle for a really nice handcrafted wood canoe. Tickets are $10 and available at the Lakefield Pantry, the Lakefield Marina and probably at the Selwyn Township office. All proceeds to the Lakefield Trail.

We were impressed that the Lakefield Trail people are tying in with the Champlain 400 theme in a very clever way. One of the sites associated with Champlain's foray was in Bridgenorth, which may have been where Champlain rested while recovering from injuries of battle.

Janice Millard Retired

The End of an Era: Trent Librarian and Archives Curator Honoured for 40 Years of Service

During her career, Ms. Millard worked in most departments in the library, including acquisitions, cataloguing, reference, serials, gifts and donations, and bibliographic services. She first began working in the Archives as a sabbatical replacement in 1997 and has been the full-time curator of the Archives since 2013.

She was honoured as librarian emeritus at Trent University's convocation ceremony on June 3.

Looking back over her career, Ms. Millard is proud of her role in helping the library transition to the computer age. She was involved in the first automation project in the library in the late 1970s, creating a computer listing of the University's 6,000 journal tiles.

Later, as head of Reference, she helped with the 1990-1991 introduction of TOPCAT. "We did a good job of moving from the paper-based catalogue to the automated catalogue," Ms. Millard said. "It was a big project that was phased in over a number of years."

She will miss most about Trent the interacting with her co-workers, faculty, staff and students as well as members of the public. She praised her predecessor, Archivist Emeritus Bernadine Dodge, and Jodi Aoki, archivist and art collection coordinator, for their contribution to the Archives.

Trent's unusual beauty: Trent University invites the community to have a look at its unique design and architecture for Doors Open 2015

By Elwood H. Jones Historian at Work, Peterborough Examiner, Saturday, May 2, 2015 8:49:20 EDT AM

SPECIAL TO THE EXAMINER In this 1968 photo of Trent University, no building seems to be complete but several are under construction, and the Faryon bridge has been built. Lady Eaton College, furthest from the river, and Champlain College on the river were the first colleges built on the Nassau Campus. On the east side of the river, the first buildings were what was then called the Science Complex. Trent Valley Archives, Electric City Collection F50 4.045.

Doors Open Peterborough is featuring Trent University in its great opportunity for the general public to see behind the doors at dozens of places that one never imagines visiting. I will be on duty from 10 am to 4 pm at Otonabee College, where I spent over 25 years, some of them as college head and as senior tutor.

Over the years, I have given many guided tours of parts of the university, none more satisfying than the review of the architecture of Ron Thom, winner of architectural awards for nearly every building he touched at the university. Ron Thom, a native of British Columbia, but operating out of Toronto and Peterborough during the 1960s. Although I never met Ron Thom in person, his architecture and furnishings were very evocative. In his buildings, he got to make the decisions that counted.

Thom quite rightly believed that the atmosphere and features of the building set the parameters for what happened in them. So it was very enlightening to see how his ideas changed from one building to the next.

Trent University began in the downtown. The main administrative building was Rubidge Hall, the former public school at Sherbrooke and Rubidge. The building, a solid 1870s Italianate style, was retrofitted by Ron Thom, working with advice from the founding president, T. H. B. Symons, and a close group of advisers. The first library was here, and the first common room, known as The Crypt, was appropriately and recently renamed by the Rubidge Hall Nursing Hall in honour of Tom and Christine Symons. While the architect made many changes in the main building, there were several houses in the immediate area that were repurposed and retrofitted to serve mainly the needs of the new departments.

I usually began my tours at Traill College, which was my first college. Here we could see the practical and the philosophical approaches neatly blended. Wallis Hall was a new building, built in two stages. It is also the archetype for the colleges that developed at Lady Eaton and Champlain. The main floor had the public spaces, offices and seminar rooms, while the upper floors had student residence rooms and lounges. This arrangement was, as far as I know, unique to Trent and over the years provided frustration to government bureaucrats who wanted to treat all universities the same. If the roof of a Trent residence needed replacing, they wondered, should the money come from residential, administrative or academic capital budgets?

The impact of such an architectural design was quite amazing. Students in residence met professors and other students in teaching and living situations, and the result was a more casual relationship between students and professors. This did not happen at universities where the student residences were separated from academic and administrative facilities. There were many debates about what was efficient, but in the 1960s we liked the idea of a university that brought the whole community together.

The Traill College campus also contained several houses that were changed to university purposes. None, to my mind, was as telling as the way in which Ron Thom repurposed the building known as Scott House. The original 1880s house was large by Peterborough standards but it was expanded by two main floor wings and a third floor that had bedrooms. The two wings were glorious examples of the Prairie style developed by Frank Lloyd

Wright. Indeed the Wright influence is very evident in Wallis Hall, and because Thom built on the experience at Traill College, in different ways in the main campus buildings such as Champlain College, Lady Eaton College and the library.

Some of the details have disappeared over the years, but the Wright influence is still evident. At Wallis Hall, look at the brickwork and the use of wooden overhangs, wide soffits, and the generally horizontal appearance, enhanced by the architect's tricks. This is most pronounced at Scott House if one observes the wide overhangs of the roof over the Senior Common Room and over the dining room. Less attention is given to landscaping now than it was in the 1970s, but the dominance of woodsy atmosphere in nooks near the buildings was characteristic.

I used to marvel at my agility on an icy February morning walking from the Senior Common Room across the open area to the main entrance to Wallis Hall. In Thom buildings, the ground floor was the main floor, and in this instance was accessible by wooden steps built into the shallow ravine. As I came over the hill, my walking turned to sliding, and a strategically placed juneberry (called Indian pear by my Maritime colleagues) was grasped as one then went down the steps at great speed -- clunk, clunk, clunk. All of Ron Thom's colleges at Trent had dining rooms removed from the building with the residence rooms. This was ideal in some climates, but not ours in mid-winter.

In my tour of the colleges, I commented on the degree of formality that was imposed by the architecture. Champlain College was the most formal, and the formality stretched from the Great Hall and the common rooms to the various class rooms. It was not so evident in the Champlain Lecture Hall, but even now that room is more formal than other lecture halls that can hold over 200 people.

I generally rated Peter Robinson College, Lady Eaton College and Traill College next on the formality scale. The colleges that were not built by Ron Thom, Otonabee College and Gzowski College, were larger and less formal. They also proved most adaptable to changes such as the rearrangement of walls or the addition of technological, digital and electric equipment.

The elegance that persuaded Ron Thom's buildings was not so evident in the newer buildings but each was designed by architects with clear vision, a sense of the dramatic and a good understanding of the various types of space needed in a university setting.

Otonabee College, built around 1970, was the work of architect Macy Dubois (1929-2007). Dubois had to design a college that met Ron Thom's standards, as Thom was still the university architect. This meant it had to be built of concrete or cement and be some shade of grey. However, it also had to be built to government standards, which meant it could not be constructed to the high cost per square foot that had prevailed in the 1960s. The government also wanted a clear distinction between academic space and residential space.

Trent University is sited on the Otonabee River which operates as the boundary between Smith and Douro (now Selwyn and Douro-Dummer). This is also the dividing line in topography. On the Smith side, there is a drumlin which is part of the significant Peterborough drumlin field. On the Douro side, Otonabee College is situated on the bank of a prehistoric river clearly larger than the Otonabee. As a result the college is situated on two levels both of which are higher than the buildings on the Smith side. This area has filled up with the addition of more science buildings and Gzowski College. However, in the 1970s there was a distinct feeling that Otonabee was distant from the rest of the Nassau Campus (as the Symons Campus was then known).

Macy Dubois highlighted the rural setting of the new college, known as College 5 during the design period. The grey concrete was achieved with a smooth concrete block with rounded corners, and visibly they were not interconnected but arranged straight up. This use of concrete continues on the inside, and like many of the buildings of the period, the means of support were open and visible. The red metal roof evokes memories of major dairy barns. Great effort went into creating openness, mostly achieved by highlighting the tall ceilings and placing skylights at appropriate places.

The college was well designed and perfectly captured the 1970s. However, the budget constraints, which had not been evident in the earlier campus buildings made many people dismiss the college's architectural achievements. As well, the budget seems to have run out, and so the finishing of floors with tile was not done in the original construction period. Also, the landscaping near the college was generally left undone. However, the college was sited on an old river bank, and so there was considerable variety of trees and woodland landscaping. One of the iconic trees was an old ironwood tree that was used as the basis for a memorable intaglio printing workshop.

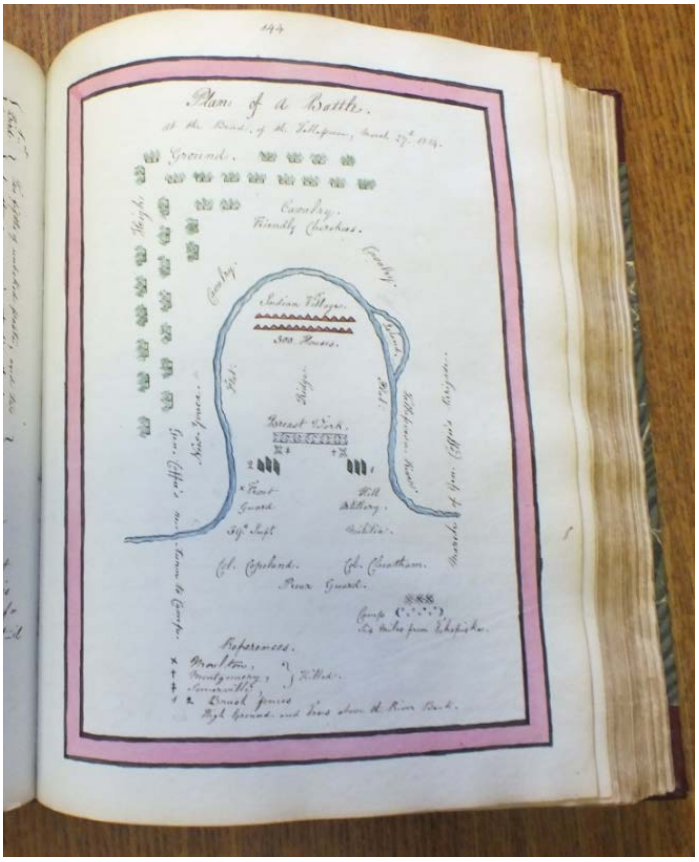
While it was true that students could get to breakfast without leaving the building, the inside route from the residence down three flights of stairs angling towards north, then several offices on what we called "The Link", past other offices, the junior and senior common rooms and private dining room, and then to the entrance to the serving area on the far side of the dining room. As with all the buildings of Ron Thom, Otonabee College was not an easy place for someone navigating on wheelchair, scooter or crutches.

As Master of Otonabee College from 1978 to 1983 I was able to make improvements on the interior arrangements and I was impressed with the ease in which spaces could be transformed. Macy Dubois had done some creative architecture.

Both Ron Thom and Macy Dubois had designed buildings at the University of Toronto, and the spirit of the buildings built there were evident in the respective works at Trent University. Thom was the architect for Massey College; Dubois for New College. The dynamics are quite different, but many people think that New College is one of the finest at the University of Toronto.

People visiting Trent University for Doors Open will find that the architecture is stunning, world-class and innovative. Architecturally, Trent University is arguably the best looking campus in Canada, and well worth this close look.

The First Nations in the McDougall Commonplace Book of 1825



While working on the Champlain 400 book, titled Finding Champlain's Dream, I considered some of the pertinent sources in the Trent Valley Archives. Over the years, my favourite show and tell item has been a commonplace book kept in the first instance by the McDougall sisters of Montreal in 1825. The document is outstanding for several reasons. The teen aged sisters had a remarkably eclectic education. Aside from the interest in boys, fashions and party games, there were several items tied to politics, geography and history. Nearly all of these raise questions about sources. Most of the watercolours are painted right into the book, probably by one of the sisters, who signed as M.M.

The first illustration shows the plan of a battle from the Cherokee war, a southern phase of the War of 1812. Historians remain divided on whether the British, the Canadians or the Americans salvaged the most out of a war that was indecisive on so many points. At least Canadians could claim to have prevented the invasion by Americans. The British were not distracted from the important fights with Napoleon and the Battle of Waterloo occurred exactly 200 years ago in June. The Americans could imagine that they got better trading conditions. But the First Nations were devastated by the war no matter where they fought or who were their allies.

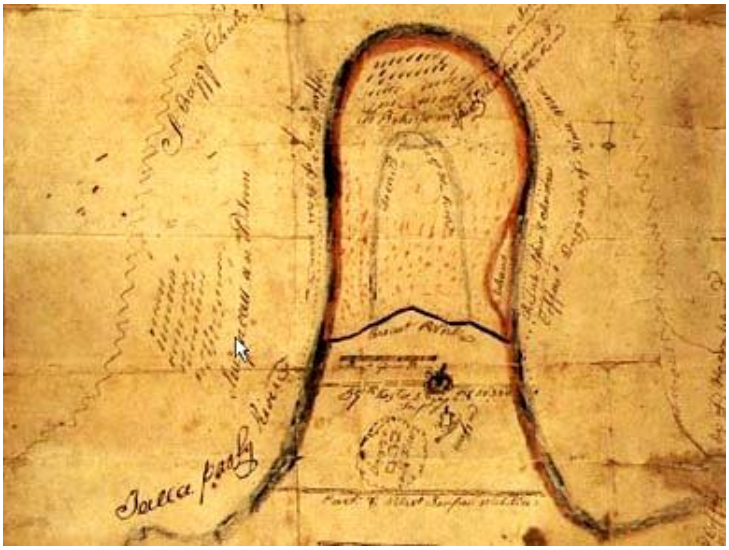
The battle was at the bend in the Tallapoosa river on the morning of March 27, 1814 and pitted Major General Andrew Jackson and some 2000 Tennesseeans and friendly Natives against about 1,000 Muscogees (called Creeks by the Americans) led by Menawa, their chief. The village was protected on three sides by the river, and by breastworks. It was a100 acres site "then furrowed with gullies and covered by timber." They were also known as "Red Sticks" a name that referred to red poles used as a declaration of war. The Tennesseean cavalry was led by General John Coffee, who was accompanied on that day by Davey Crockett. Sam Houston, then a young ensign, was also there that day.

The battle appears to have been very one-sided, but no Muscogee surrendered. There 557 counted dead on the ground, and another 200 died in the river. Jackson and Coffee lost 49 killed and 157 wounded.

The Muscogees were seen as British allies in the War of q1812, and Tecumseh visited with Menawa to encourage him to rally the Indians and build the fort at Tohopeka where the battle occurred.

This battle was a prelude to the Battle of New Orleans, the last battle of the War of 1812, fought in January 1815 after the peace had been declared. Slow communications were characteristic of the day.

A plan of the Battle of Horseshoe Bend from the Encyclopedia of Alabama (webpage).



One might also argue that this battle was the prelude to the Trail of Tears of the 1830s when Jackson, then president, decreed the movement of the Indians to

Oklahoma, where they would be forever unbothered by Americans.

Still, many questions remain. Why is the best map that I have ever seen of this battle tucked in this commonplace book?

There is another painting related to the theme of First Nations. Here the story seems more straightforward, as it is linked to a legend of the Maiden's Rock, a subject that might engage teen-aged girls. This colourful image shows two Mississippi Indians greeting each other.

As so often with archival research, the archival documents raise questions and clarify details. But they do not tell the whole story. But in this case, we have so many threads to follow.

The McDougall girls had very good and precise information to work into their watercolours. The Montreal family was connected with the fur trade, specifically with the North West Company which in 1821 amalgamated with the Hudson's Bay Company.

You can see, though, why the Commonplace Book is such a splendid show-and-tell item.

More News, Views and Reviews

The Magna Carta

The Magna Carta was signed in 1215 and the 800th anniversary was marked in June. The Toronto Sunday Star did a nice feature by Jennifer Wells. The story included some artwork and a picture of the copy held in the British Library. The back story was fascinating and was tied to the importance of land in giving power and credibility to princes and barons. When King John lost the lands in Normandy his power was diminished and the barons wanted to ensure they lost no more through taxes and other lands surrendered. The document, however, proved more lasting than the circumstances that produced it. It became the basis of all political thought that was tied to ideas of a social compact between ruler and ruled. It proved a versatile principle, as well, and was invoked at several times in subsequent history. It was not the most important source for political ideas in the 17th and 18th century America, but it was a useful idea for credibility. Many ideas that we take for granted were in the Magna Carta, such as the right of *habeas corpus*, jury of peers, and others. A contemporary copy of the Magna Carta is touring Canada.

The Peterborough Examiner

Kennedy Gordon, managing editor of the Peterborough Examiner, marked the 130th anniversary of the daily version of the Peterborough Examiner. The bound copy of Volume 1 is in the Trent Valley Archives, and includes a fragile volume 1, number 1, 30 May 1885. In commenting on the importance of the daily paper, he noted that in the first five months of 2015 there were over 10 million page views. The interest in local events remains strong, and he invited people to support the paper, now available in paper and digital forms.

The Travel Media

The Travel Media Association of Canada held its annual convention in Peterborough in mid-June. The local tourism people arranged theme approaches for the writers and we had six writers visit Trent Valley Archives. We were part of the literary theme and we shared some of our materials related to Robertson Davies and to Catharine Parr Traill. Over the past few years we have done full day bus tours linking to local sites connected with Davies and Traill and also with Isabel Valancy Crawford. We hope that Trent Valley Archives might get mentioned in distant places. We are proud of our efforts to reach out to the broader community and share knowledge that is in the archives. The archives reading room is a great spot to do research on such issues, too.

Civic Awards

We took special notice of a few awards made during Peterborough's Civic Awards event in June. Graham Hart won a prestigious Lifetime Achievement Award for his long record of philanthropy. He has been with CHEX-TV since 1973, and recently wrote and produced a magnificent documentary on the station's first sixty years. Graham has played the role of W. G. Morrow for our many Little Lake Cemetery Pageants. He was the gentleman who welcomed visitors to the Morrow mausoleum, the first stop on the tour. He has supported the work of the March of Dimes and Easter Seals, and has been an annual host on the Easter Seal Telethon. Congratulations Graham on a well-deserved honour.

Geoff Hewitson won an award for cultural betterment; he is our Dr. Barnardo at our annual Pageants.

Barbara McIntosh, a driving force with the Peterborough Historical Society, was named Volunteer of the Year.

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REMINDER

This year's Open House, 5 September, 1-4 at 567 Carnegie Avenue will be very special. It is an official event on the calendar of events marking the 400th anniversary of Franco-Ontarians. We will be launching our new book Finding Champlain's Dream, selling for $20.