The Fife and Drum

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Step Forward Into History *is the name of this new sculpture of Joshua Glover, a man whose life began in slavery and ended in freedom. Conceived by Afrofuturist artist Quentin VerCetty, it's in a new park named after Glover near the Humber River. For the rich symbolism of the work, and how it all came about,* *see page 7.*

A Toronto lawyer's first military campaign, 1871

by Donald E. Graves

Following the repulse of the Fenian invasions in 1866, the government of the newly-created Dominion of Canada turned its attention to the military forces available for the defence of the new country. The volunteer militia, which were paid and equipped with federal funds, was increased from 19,000 to 40,000. Large camps of instruction were held at Thorold in 1866, Grimsby in 1870 and Niagara-on-the Lake in June 1871.

Continued on page 10

Our hero and his comrades *on the march are engulfed in dust. From* My Campaign at Niagara

A career soldier and his parents: the private letters of Major-General James Wolfe

Portrait of General James Wolfe *is the most flattering of the several portrayals of Wolfe drawn by Brigadier-General George Townshend – an immediate subordinate – during the long summer at Quebec. It's inscribed to Isaac Barré, a close friend of Wolfe's and one of his aides. Townshend, older than Wolfe, was jealous of his commander's fame and skeptical of his military abilities; the brigadier's other portraits are ridiculing cartoons that were passed around the officers' mess. Two are well known but six more are said to be "vulgar and indecent" – although one, of Venus in mourning, was published in 1928. Watercolour on paper (4" x 3") © McCord Museum M245*

James Wolfe was born on January 2, 1727, into an upper middle class home in Westerham, Kent. It was a military family: his grandfather, father, an uncle and younger brother – his only sibling, who died of disease – all chose a career in the army. Edward, his father, retired as a lieutenant-general. His mother Henrietta was 18 years younger.

In 1741 James was commissioned into his father's regiment of marines, moving to the infantry a year later. He was tall and thin, a red-haired 16-year-old when he first saw action – and was in the thick of it – at the Battle of Dettingen. The next 16 years proved him to be, in C.P. Stacey's opinion, "an excellent regimental officer, a splendidly brave fighting soldier [but only] a competent battlefield commander."

Talent, study and ambition, reinforced with patrons and the influence of his father, all helped James rise steadily in rank. He served on the Continent and in Scotland (he was present at Culloden) and, in late 1752, went to Paris for a six-month leave of absence, studying hard and enjoying life at the edge of the court. There were two women in his life: the first, who wasn't wealthy, his parents disapproved; the second, Katherine Lowther, gave him a miniature of herself and a copy of Gray's *An Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard*, which he famously carried across the ocean to Quebec.

While much has been written of Wolfe's victory there, the general's character is more obscure and contentious. The latest book from the Champlain Society – *"Your Most Obedient and Affectionate Son": James Wolfe's Letters to His Parents, 1740-1759* – sheds new light on the man who was Edward and Henrietta's famous son. The excerpt below is from the editor's introduction, and three complete letters begin on page 5.

by Lawrence Ostola

Wolfe's correspondence with his parents, which by definition was of a much more personal and intimate nature than his military correspondence, highlights a number of dimensions of his character and personality as well as aspects of his life that are of interest in rounding out the portrait that we have of him as an individual. The letters also take us beyond the high drama of his final moments on the Plains of Abraham and his subsequent mythologization, perhaps best exemplified by Benjamin West's dramatic, inaccurate, and often reproduced painting *The Death of General Wolfe*.

Wolfe wrote to and received letters from his parents regularly, with the exception of a few gaps that were in some cases no doubt due to the pressures of his military duties. Apart from writing to his parents, it is also clear from references in his letters to them that he regularly corresponded with a variety of other individuals, from his uncle Walter Wolfe and close friends like William Rickson and George Warde, to Lord George Sackville and Guy Carleton. Writing, it seems, took up a great deal of his free time.

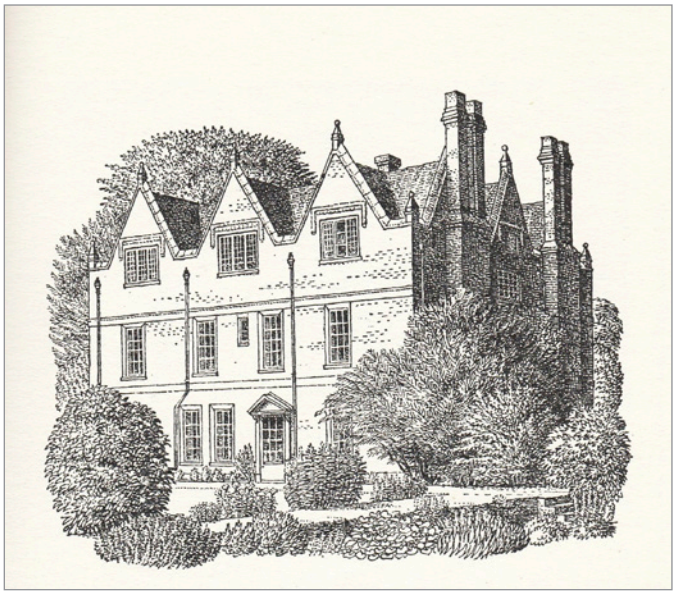
It is also clear that Wolfe, given his itinerant military lifestyle and postings to remote locations (particularly while he was stationed in Scotland), very much enjoyed receiving letters from his parents and others with news of home and of the wider world, including places like Nova Scotia and the new settlement of Halifax, where his friend Rickson was at one point serving, or Gibraltar. He highlighted the importance of this correspondence to him when he related that "I have no other entertainment, except such as is convey'd to me by Letters from my Friends."

I have no other entertainment, except … Letters from my Friends

On those occasions when there was a lull in letters from his parents, he raised it with them and encouraged them to write more frequent and longer letters. In one charming note to his

mother in 1751 he made it clear how much he enjoyed hearing from her: "I say your Letters because I hope to hear from you every now & then; you may be as short, or as long, as you please- only remember that one side is very agreeable, but four, is four times as agreeable, & so in proportion-."

Wolfe was not alone in his letter writing, or in his appreciation of them. The eighteenth century has been referred to as "the great age of letter writing" and was marked by the expansion of postal routes, the production of "how to" manuals for letter writing … and the emergence of the epistolary novel as an extremely popular genre. Also significant in terms of Wolfe's personal correspondence is the observation made by one scholar that "Personal (or 'familiar') letters were commonly connected in the 18th century with ideas of sincerity and truth. Addison and Steele observed in their popular periodical, *The Spectator*, that 'there is nothing discovers the true Temper of a Person so much as his Letters.'" Another scholar has affirmed that letters were a means through which middle-class families could pursue "polite self-improvement" and "affirm sentimental bonds in private life." This latter point was particularly significant for Wolfe.



The family home *in Westerham, Kent, as drawn by S.R. Badmin. First built in the 1530s, the house was rented by Edward and young Henrietta in the year before James was born. Now a National Trust property and open for tours, it's furnished to the 1730s when James and his brother were boys. It also has a shop for used books. Drawing reproduced in Christopher Lloyd, The Capture of Quebec (Batsford 1959)*

Described by Christie's *auction house as a plagiary that reverses and misrepresents the original, this small 1783 mezzotint (4½" x 6") was nevertheless based on a sketch made at Quebec and sold in March 2015 for £1,250.*

The first and most obvious dimension to assess in reviewing his letters is the nature of Wolfe's relationship with his parents. His letters make it clear that he was a very conscientious and devoted son who was absolutely dedicated to their health and welfare, and particularly, it seems, to that of his mother. The words "Your most obedient and affectionate son" were not simply a standard formulation for him but a true reflection of his love for and devotion to them.

He expressed this sentiment repeatedly in his correspondence with them. In 1749, for example, he wrote, "I have as great a desire to make returns, for your Tendernefs & Friendship, as I have to pay reverence to your Parental Authority, & both are very prevalent in my disposition. In short, I have a lasting remembrance of what I owe you both in duty & gratitude; & am always concern'd when you have any reason to think me forgetfull."

Perhaps at no time was this concern more apparent than when he repeatedly urged his parents to invest in a small income-producing property as tensions with France rose, so that if the public finances were adversely affected by a war, his mother would have a secure income-producing asset to fall back on. He repeatedly raised the issue and he felt strongly enough about it to take it up directly with his father [see page 5].

Not surprisingly given his regard for them, Wolfe sought the approval and good opinion of his parents and expressed great remorse on those rare occasions when he felt that he had in some way transgressed, the best example of which was in the passage from a letter to his father in which he apologized for his conduct in the winter of 1750–51 when he was on leave in London and threw himself into a dissolute lifestyle. He also had a "warmth of temper," which on occasion broke out in his letters, and for this too he was apologetic: "I am not in my nature dispos'd to plague & torment People, & more especially those I love; my temper is much too warm; & sudden resentment forces out exprefsions, & even actions, that are neither justifiable nor excusable- & perhaps I do not correct that natural heat so much as I ought to do."

While Wolfe demonstrated devotion and affection for both of his parents, there were significant differences in terms of the content of the letters that he wrote to them. When writing to his father, Wolfe was more reserved and generally confined himself to political and military happenings, the activities of senior officers with whom they were acquainted, and issues related to his advancement within the army and the support of patrons. On occasion (and sometimes, it seems, with the help of his mother), and when particularly hard-pressed, he also reluctantly broached the subject of financial assistance with his father.

This choice of subjects may have simply been a reflection of his father's age and outlook, which Wolfe ultimately resigned himself to. On one occasion, however, he seemingly chides his father for not having more to relate in his letters (which again indicates how much he appreciated receiving them) and provides his view of the difference in this respect between men and women:

> In a very little while I shall contract my letters to the ordinary dimensions of your's; as a body grows older, the

imagination grows cold, & the mind is more intent upon businefs, because more interested; and so, when there is nothing to transact; one has nothing to say. Long letters take up a great deal of time, & signify little, except to Lovers; or when they treat of grave matters that needs much explanation; a few words will discover ones condition, & invite a like return: I have seen letters from Ladies, a mile long; but they have an ease in writing that the men want, & they can cut entertainment out of nothing.

With his mother, however, the tone of his letters was far different, and Wolfe wrote much more intimately about his innermost thoughts and feelings. In them, he reveals an intensely introspective, almost brooding side to his character and appears as something of a student of the human condition, as in this passage from a letter to his mother written while he was stationed in Inverness in the winter of 1751:

> The winter wears away, so do our years, & so does life itself; and it mat-ters little where a man pafses his days, & what station he fills, or whether he be great, or inconsiderable... The little time taken in, for meditation, is the best employ'd of all our Lifes, for if the incertainty of our State, & being is then brought before us, & that compar'd w th: our course of con-duct, who' is there that wont immediately discover the inconsistency of all his behaviour & the Vanity of all his pursuits? & yet we are so mix'd, & compounded that tho' I think seriously this minute; & lie down w th: good Intentions; it is likely I may rise with my old nature or perhaps with the addition of some new Impertinence, & be the same wandering lump of idle Errors, that I have ever been.

Perhaps most poignantly, on a number of occasions he also speculated (presciently as it turned out) as to what the nature of his eventual fate as an army officer might be. One such allusion, along with a description of his sense of the nature of the duty he owed to his king and country, was contained in a letter to his mother from Exeter in 1753:

> I am determin'd never to give myself a moment's concern, about the nature of the duty, which his Majesty is pleas'd to order us upon; & whether it be by Sea or by Land, that we are to act in obedience to his commands; I hope we shall conduct ourselves so as to deserve his approbation; it will be sufficient comfort to you two (as far as my Person is concern'd) at least it will be a reasonable consolation, to reflect, that the Power which has hitherto preserv'd me, may if it be his pleasure, continue to do so; if not, that it is but a few days, or a few years more, or lefs- & that those who perish in their duty, & in the service of their Country, die honourably; I hope I shall have resolution & firmnefs enough to meet every appearance of Danger, without great concern- & not be over sollicitous about the event.

This seeming nonchalance with respect to the dangers associated with his profession and the fate that might await him is very much in keeping with what one historian has referred to as the equanimity and self-government associated with notions of "polite masculinity" at the time. These qualities figure prominently in Wolfe's writing and formed an important aspect of his character.

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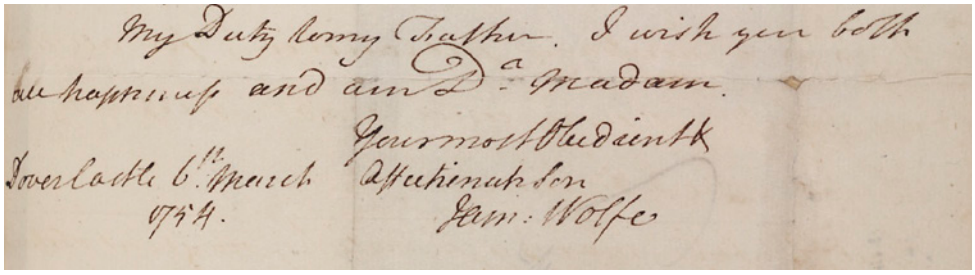
This sketch, *probably made in 1752, is by William De Laune, a protégé of Wolfe's who, as a captain, led the vanguard of light infantry up the cliff to the Plains of Abraham. From J.C. Webster, Wolfe and the Artists (Ryerson 1930)*



Wolfe's signature *on a letter to his mother from Dover Castle in 1754, now held in the Fisher Rare Book Library*

Excerpts of "Your Most and Affectionate Son": James Wolfe's Letters to His Parents, 1740-1759, ed. Lawrence Ostola (Chaplain Society Vol.82, 2021) are reproduced by permission of the Champlain Society and University of Toronto Press Journals.

In the summer of 1749 Wolfe's regiment was in Glasgow, part of what was effectively an army of occupation following the defeat of the clans. In the absence of their commander, Lord Sackville, a very young and pensive James was in charge. Writing on August 13, he promised to remain an Anglican and freely advised his mother on her health (as he often did). The maturity of his thoughts on command is remarkable.

Dear Madam

Any disorder y t: we have been accustom'd to [...?] a length of time, tho' not to be perfectly cur'd, often admits of some alleviation from our acquaintance w th: it, & the remedies prescrib'd; but the uncommon manner in which your's has seiz'd you, makes me very apprehensive that the complaint is quite new, & deserves your utmost attention. if Doc t Newingtons knowledge won't reach the cause, I hope you'll try men of more skill, as such are not wanting in y t: Neighbourhood, or at least within your reach. You advise me to take care of myself, & in return I request of you not to neglect yourself, & suffer a distemper to take such hold of you, as may not be easily remov'd; besides if you can imagine y t : the excellent council you have always given me ever has been of use to me, you ought to endeavour at your own preservation, y t: I may not feel the want of them in an unsteady time of Life when tis certain y t: I stand most in need of them.

This is, perhaps, the most unwelcome Season y t: has ever been known in this or any other Country, of the habitable world; everlasting Wind & rain, no riding; nor walking, hardly without Boots; the Elements seem to have conspir'd against the Face of this Earth, first by the Distruction of every kind of Fruit & now by endangering the Harvest; there is not yet in all this Country, a Field of any Sort of Corn, cut down, if the hand of the Lord be not upon them, they are in a Terrible Latitude.

This is Sunday, & we are just now come from Church. I have observ'd your instructions so religiously y t: rather than want the Word, I got the reputation of a very good Presbyterian by frequenting the Kirk, of Scotland; till our Chaplain appear'd; I'm now come back to the old Faith, & stick close to our own Communion. The example is so necefsaryy t: I think is a duty to comply, were that the only reason; as in truth it is not.

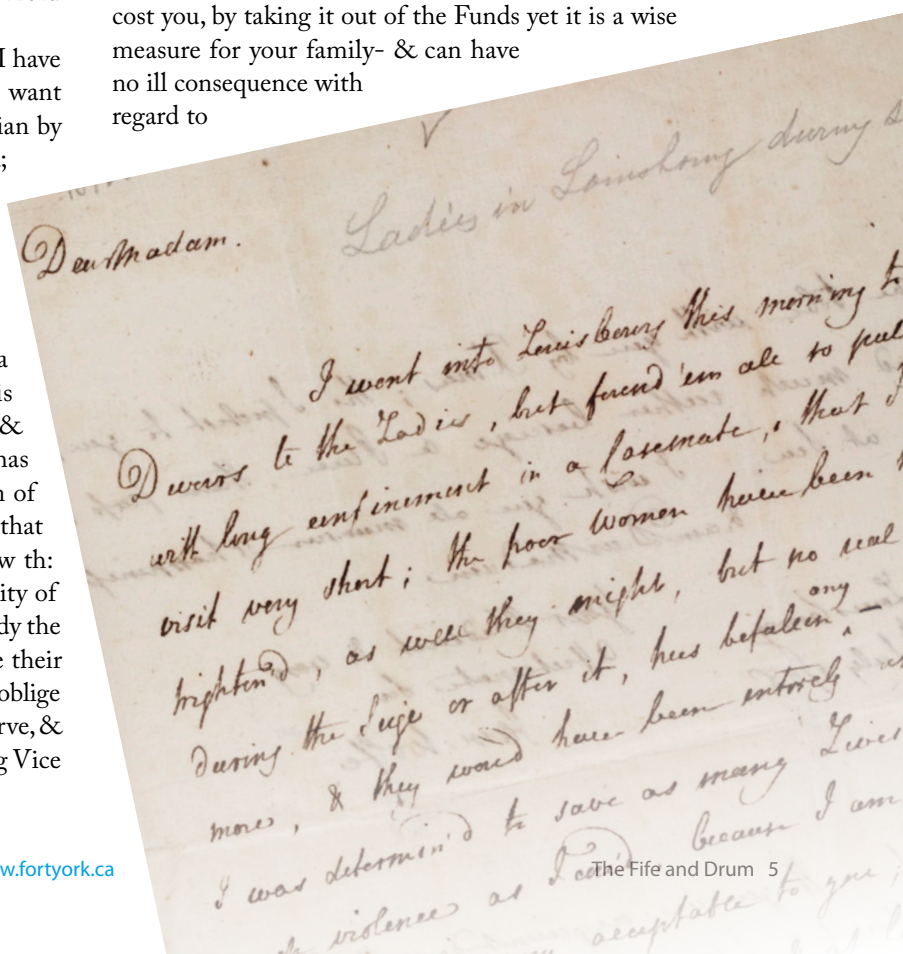
Tomorrow Ld: George Sackville goes away, &; I take upon me the difficult & troublesome employment of a Commander; you can't conceive how hard a thing it is to keep the Pafsions within bounds, when authority & immaturity go together; to endeavour at a Character y t: has every opposition from within, & that the very condition of the blood is a sufficient obstacle to. Fancy you see one, that must do justice to both good & bad, reward & punish w th: an equal unbias'd hand, one that is to reconcile the severity of Discipline to the Dictates of humanity; one that must study the Tempers & Dispositions of many men, in order to make their Situation easy & agreeable to them; & shou'd endeavour to oblige all without partiality; a mark set up for every body to observe, & judge of; & last of all, suppose me employ'd in discouraging Vice & recommending the reverse, at the turbulent Age of 23 when it is pofsible I may have as great a propensity that way, as any of the men y t: I converse with. My Duty to my Father, I wish you both y r: Healths & am Dr: Madam Your most Obedient & Affectionate Son J:Wolfe

By the autumn of 1755 another war on the Continent was looming and fighting with France was well underway on the frontiers of North America. James's deep interest in the welfare of his parents often took the form of financial advice, as we see in this example. This letter was written from Winchester on October 19, 1755.

Dear Sir

When two nations have arm'd themselves to the highest pitch of their strength; I suppose they will try which is strongest. The French are getting their Fleet into order & threaten an Invasion- we equip all our Ships, & increase our Army to oppose 'em- we have begun Hostilities both in Europe & America- in these circumstances is it to be suppos'd that a War w th: such a Nation as France, can be avoided? I think it cannot. In this situation of things, give me leave to recommend some precautions to you- to put no more money into the Funds, to keep as much as pofsible by you- in case of emergencies- & above all things to secure at least £100 a year in Land- that shou'd the War turn out to our disadvantage, & the publick Credit sink- my mother may not be in danger of starving.

Whenever you can sell 3 or 4 thousand pounds of stock upon tolerable terms if wou'd be an act of prudence to do it- & tho' you shoud not see a farthing of rent from a small landed estate during the War, & shou'd lose the Interest of the money it cost you, by taking it out of the Funds yet it is a wise measure for your family- & can have no ill consequence with regard to



your self. Excuse the liberty I have taken; I do not consider myself as any how concern'd in it; but I cannot but be apprehensive that the destruction of the publick Credit, may be the consequence of our unlucky War- that of course all those Persons whose property lies in the Funds, must be ruin'd amongst the rest my Mother- your Rank in the Army preserves you from any danger of Want, & my employment is always bread; but neither may outlive the struggle, & then who will help the poor Lady? It will be no difficult matter nor a very troublesome undertaking to find a purchase of this small value- & it is indifferent where you find it, provided only the right be clear. I think it my duty to recommend this step in the strongest manner; & not as my own opinion only, but as the Sentiments of much more knowing Persons, & particularly of your Acquaintance Sr: J: Mordaunt, who advis'd me to mention it to you. I wish you both much health & happinefs & am Dr: Sir Your most Obedient & Affectionate Son Jam: Wolfe

This is James's last letter to his mother. His father had died on March 26, 1759, while his son was at sea, and the estate was being settled. Operations at Quebec so far that summer had not gone very well. On August 31, increasingly frustrated, he wrote to her from the "Banks of The River St. Lawrence," adding one last postscript of advice.

Dear Madam

My writing to you will convince you that no Personal evils (worse than defeats & disappointments) have fallen upon me; The enemy puts nothing to risk & I can't in Conscience put the whole army to risk. My antagonist has wisely shut himself up, in inaccefsible entrenchments, so that I can't get at him, without spilling a torrent of blood, & that perhaps to little purpose. The Marquis de Montcalm is at the head of a great number of bad Soldiers, & I am at the head of a small number of good ones, that wish for nothing so much as to fight him - but the wary old fellow, avoids an Action; doubtful of the behaviour of his Army. People must be of the profession to understand the disadvantages, & difficulties we labour under; arising from the uncommon natural strength of the Country.

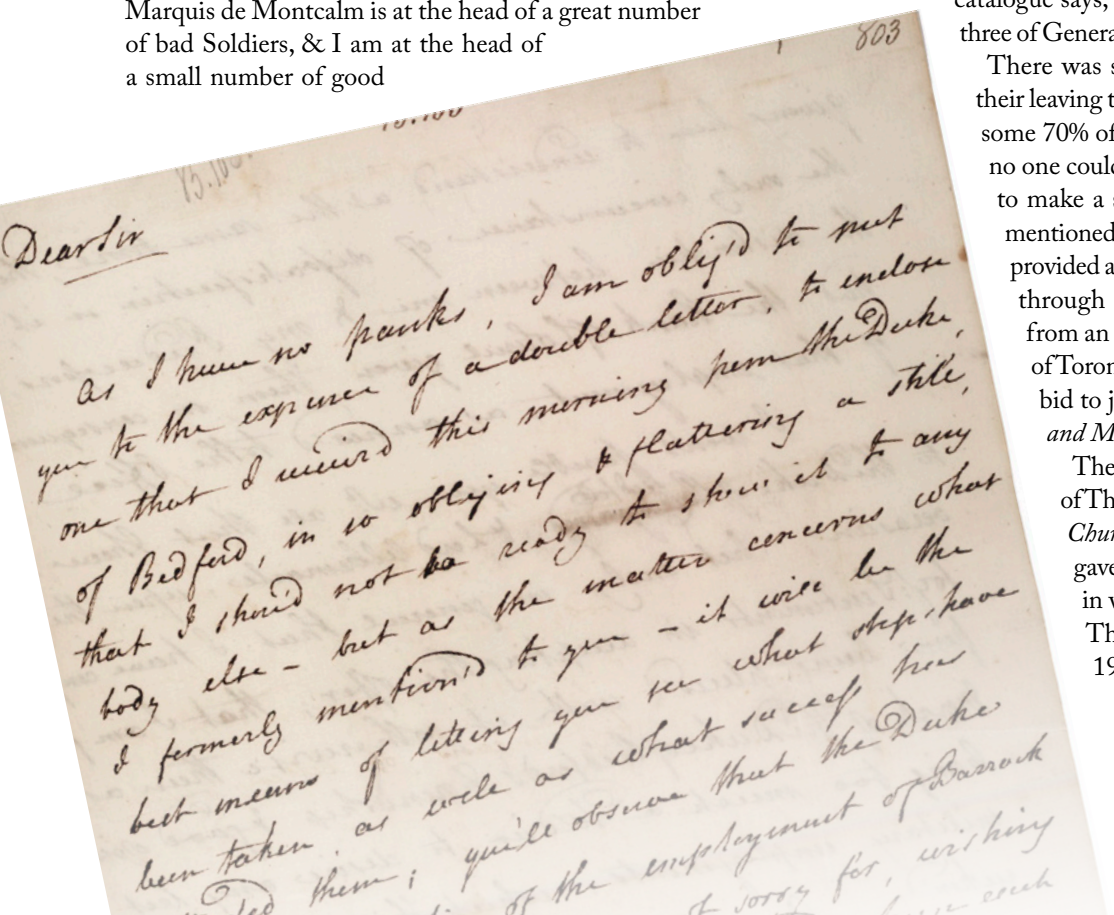
I approve entirely of my Father's disposition of his affairs; tho' perhaps it may interfere a little matter with my Plan of quitting the service, which I am determin'd to do the first opportunity; I mean so as not to be absolutely distress'd in circumstances, nor burdensome to you or to any body else.

I wish you much health, & am
Dear Madam,

Your Obedient & Affectionate Son,
Jam Wolfe

Banks of The River St. Lawrence
31: Aug t 1759

If any Sums of money are paid to you of what is due to my Father from the Govern t let me recommend to you, not to meddle w h the Funds, but keep it for your support until better times.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Dear Sir
as I have no pauks, I am oblig'd to put
you to the expence of a double letter, to enclose
one that I receiv'd this morning from the Duke
of Bedford, in so obliging & flattering a stile,
that I should not be ready to show it to any
body else - but as the matter concerns what
I formerly mention'd to you - it will be the
best means of letting you see what steps have
been taken, as well as what success has
them; you'll observe that the Duke
of the employment of Barrack
for, wishing

Sources & Further Reading

Wolfe's letters to his parents were acquired by the Fisher Rare Book Library in late 2013 from Christie's auction house in London. They had been held by an undisclosed British family in Westerham since his mother, Henrietta, died in 1764. The letters are leather-bound in a single volume that has, as the catalogue says, "endleaves of cream wove paper with three of General Wolfe's red wax seals set into a recess."

There was substantial resistance in England to their leaving the country – the letters were said to be some 70% of Wolfe's extant correspondence – but no one could be found with pockets deep enough to make a successful bid. In Toronto, Christie's mentioned them to the university and serendipity provided a principal donor: Virginia McLaughlin, through Helmhorst Investments. With help from an obscure federal agency, the University of Toronto library itself topped up the winning bid to just under $1.5 million (see *The Globe and Mail*, 21 Nov. 2013).

They are joining Wolfe's own 1754 edition of Thomas Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard* – the one Katherine Lowther gave him before he set sail for Quebec, and in which he wrote his own pensive notes. This gem was acquired by the Fisher in 1988 for just over $300,000. *Elegy* and

the letters are only the core of the library's extensive holdings of Wolfe materials.

The general's letters to his parents have long been known to historians. They were first used by Robert Wright, his first serious biographer, in *The Life of Major-General James Wolfe Founded on Original Documents* (1864) and later by Beckles Willson in *The Life and Letters of James Wolfe* (1909). Both authors, however, were liable to excise passages regarded as indelicate or especially uninteresting. There have been copies in the Canadian national archives since 1913. The Champlain volume's aim is "to reproduce the selected letters as fully and as accurately as possible" from the manuscripts, including by retaining Wolfe's spelling and abbreviation. Of the 229 letters from Wolfe in the Fisher volume, 209 are printed here; those left out are mainly short notes on details found elsewhere.

About letter-writing and the middle-class pursuit of "polite self-improvement" – and how letters were seen to "affirm sentimental bonds in private life" – find Louise Curran, "Letters, Letter Writing and Epistolary Novels," on the British Library's website, and Konstantin Dierks in *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* (94/4). To pursue the concept of "polite masculinity" see Karen Harvey, "The History of Masculinity, c1650–1800," in the *Journal of British Studies* (44/2).

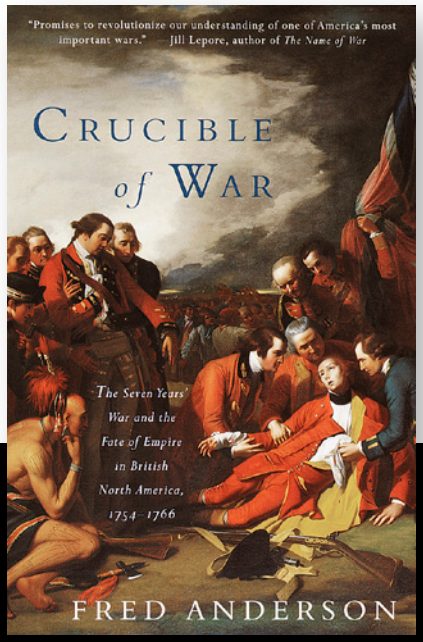
The first brief biographies of Wolfe were little more than hero-worship. Wright's full-length work of 1864 was more restrained. Francis Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe* in 1884 conceded that the Englishman's "nature was a compound of tenderness and fire, which last sometimes showed itself in sharp and unpleasant flashes" without allowing this to diminish the hero's victory. In 1928, McGill professor W.T. Waugh published *James Wolfe: Man and Soldier* (beautifully designed by Thoreau MacDonald), and while adding recently discovered sources, he remained sympathetic.

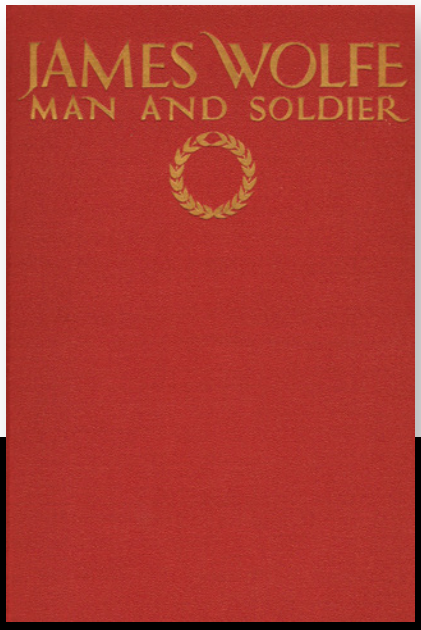
Wolfe's reputation as both a commander and a man suffered considerably during the twentieth century. Eight years after Waugh's biography, his colleague at McGill, E.R. Adair, delivered a paper to the Canadian Historical Association on "The military reputation of Major-General James Wolfe" that, immersed in the roiling intellectual atmosphere of the 1930s, began the re-evaluation of the commander. Although considered "somewhat overdone" by C.P. Stacey, its conclusions – that Wolfe was cruel and indecisive – have since influenced many writers. Pointing to Wolfe's vigour and success at Louisbourg, and his daring ascent at Quebec, the present Champlain volume is less critical of the commander and more insightful of his character.

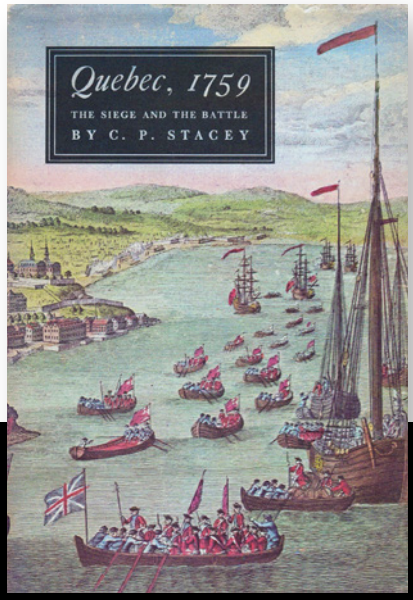
The trajectory of Wolfe's reputation is traced by Stephen Brumwell in the introduction to his excellent biography, *Paths of Glory: The Life and Death of General James Wolfe* (MQUP 2006). Stacey also treats his reputation and reviews the primary sources in the bibliographical note to his article on Wolfe in the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* (Vol.III).

Portraits of Wolfe are discussed in J. Clarence Webster's charming *Wolfe and the Artists: A Study of his Portraiture* (Ryerson 1930), updated by *Wolfe Portraiture and Genealogy* published by the Quebec House Permanent Advisory Committee in 1959. His many portrayals are placed in their cultural context by A. McNairn, *Behold the Hero: General Wolfe and the Arts in the Eighteenth Century* (MQUP 1997).

Two modern descriptions of the final battle stand out. C.P. Stacey's own military account, *Quebec, 1959: The Siege and the Battle*, first published by Macmillan in 1959, has been thoroughly updated by Donald Graves for Robin Brass Studio (2014). And D. Peter MacLeod, an historian at the Canadian War Museum, makes wonderful use of first-person narratives in *Northern Armageddon: The Battle of the Plains of Abraham* (Douglas & McIntyre 2008). The standard modern overview of the war on this continent is Fred Anderson, *Crucible of War: The Seven Years' War and the Fate of Empire in British North America, 1754-1766* (Knopf 2000).







How to grow a statue in a park

by Joel Winter

On July 30 last summer a statue of Joshua Glover was unveiled in a new park by the same name just off Dundas Street West, not far from the Humber River. I was particularly proud that day since the idea had been my initiative, based on a concept I'd had five years earlier. It felt great to think that I made it happen, but it was not without a lot of effort, patience and help from a number of people.

The idea for the statue came when I was visiting my mother in Penetanguishene. In 2015 the town had commemorated the arrival of Samuel de Champlain in the area by erecting a series of bronze statues honouring various people in the history of the town. There are statues of Champlain meeting Chief Aenon of the Wendat, of Étienne Brûlé, a group of First Nations women, Catholic priests, Simcoe and even the legendary giant Kitchikewana.

The man-as-machine *is reclaiming his arm and dropping his shackles in this detail of Step Forward Into History. Image courtesy of the artist*

I am a lifelong lover of Canadian history with a degree in the subject, so the monuments thrilled me enormously. I began to think of my home of Etobicoke and wondered why it had zero historical monuments, in contrast to this small town.

This led me to join the Etobicoke Historical Society and initiate a program called "History and Art in the Parks" – a plan to get monuments into six different parks in Etobicoke. Not long after this, I approached Councillor Justin DiCianno and he was very supportive. He happened to have $50,000 in Section 37 money that hadn't been earmarked and asked me whose statue I most favoured. I said Joshua Glover's.

I had learned about Joshua Glover from the book *Finding Freedom* (by Walter McDonald and Ruby West Jackson) and was truly captivated by his story. Glover escaped from his slave owner in Missouri in 1852 but was recaptured shortly afterward in Wisconsin. He was jailed in Milwaukee but, fortunately for him, there were many abolitionists living there. Protesting outside his jail, they eventually broke into it and freed him. They helped him find refuge along the Underground Railway, which is how he came to Canada. Glover ended up working for Thomas Montgomery, who owned Montgomery's Inn on Dundas Street. Montgomery also found him a place to live further east along Dundas, not far from where his statue is today.

What caught my attention about Glover was the way he was helped by the abolitionists, and the fact that sometime after he arrived, he married a white Irish woman named Ann. After she passed away, he married another woman of the same heritage. I think as Canadians we should be proud of the fact that he was accepted here as a free man and able to marry as he did.

The road to getting his statue erected was not smooth – I think it would have been simpler if I were in a small town like Penetang, as compared to working with the bureaucracy of the big city. I had to deal with the Arts & Culture Services section (the Public Art office) of Economic Development & Culture, which at first was a painfully slow process but in the end offered an enormous silver lining. The office forgot about me and routinely neglected to update me on any progress. I became so frustrated that I filed a complaint.

I also had to negotiate with the Toronto and Region Conservation Authority. After six months of inaction I inquired and it turned out that they had lost the file. My advice to anyone who wants to erect a statue in Toronto is don't try to do it near a river, because the TRCA has too many hoops to jump through. This is a shame because we have many beautiful parks along our rivers and, with their own histories and attracting throngs of people, these parks are great places for statues.

After about three years of persevering and pestering, I was getting closer to the goal when the perfect spot for the Glover statue appeared. The City had just made a new park named after him on Brin Drive next to the new Kingsway by the River development of town houses and condominiums. There was one problem, however – it was located outside the ward where the Section 37 funds had been obtained. I thought I was facing another year of wrangling when miraculously the City division came through with a $50,000 budget for the project.

I was blown away by the design

At this point I took a back seat and the City did everything, including running a competition for the artwork and arranging for its production, along with the plinth and a plaque. Despite all my initial frustration with them, they did a wonderful job.

I never found out why they became so motivated, but I believe it was due to a couple of factors. First, after the death of George Floyd in 2020 there was an upsurge in the Black Lives Matter movement and a general awareness that Black people were underrepresented in many areas, including history. Though it's hard to believe, there were no statues recognizing Black people in all of Toronto. The second factor is that 2021 was the year of public art, and the City wanted to make this statue a key piece of the celebration.

Our society member Neil Park was on the selection committee for the statue's design (the others were David Chinyama, an artist; Julie Crooks, curator of African art at the AGO; Gaëtane Verna, director of the Power Plant; and Tim Whiten, artist and Professor Emeritus at York University). In July of 2020 Neil called to warn me that the committee's unanimous choice was "quite different." He wasn't sure I'd like it.

However, when I saw it at the unveiling in August, I was blown away by the design that Quentin VerCetty had come up with. He used some new ideas to represent slavery and the transition to freedom. Glover's right arm represents a machine, demonstrating how the slave was treated as a machine instead of as a human being. His left arm holds books, representing freedom and education. Quentin's amazing concept was the final piece in the confluence of factors that helped to make the project a success.

The Glover project was an education for me in dealing with city bureaucrats. Persistence, along with help from the city and outside factors, delivered the result I'd been looking for. In my speech at the design unveiling, I implored the mayor and councillors not to leave such initiatives on the shoulders of an individual and a small historical society. But I'm happy to say that Etobicoke now has one historical monument, and it's a wonderful statue in just the right place.

Joel Winter is a Past President of the Etobicoke Historical Society. An excellent summary of Joshua Glover's life is found on the Heritage Toronto website. Quentin VerCetty will talk about Glover and his statue in an online presentation by the EHS on February 17 at 7:30 – check the Events page of the society's website.

The aesthetic and symbolism of "Step Forward Into History"

Quentin VerCetty grew up in Rexdale and graduated in Fine Arts from OCAD University in 2017. He also has an MA in Art Education from Concordia. Describing himself as a "multidisciplinary visual griot, artpreneur, educator, artivist, and an ever-growing interstellar tree," he's a leader of the international Black Speculative Arts Movement, which works to improve the position of artists of African descent in Canada. VerCetty is the co-editor (with Dr Audrey Hudson) of ***Cosmic Underground Northside: An Incantation of Black Canadian Speculative Discourse and Innerstandings*** *(Cedar Grove 2021). It has a shout out from no less than Michaëlle Jean. Here's Quentin's account of his rendering of Joshua Glover:*

The aesthetic theory of the monument was based on Afrofuturism's quantum theories as they pertain to time splits. It was presented to me via a dream I had of Joshua Glover inspired by the wanted posters and the illustrations that are available of him.

What the viewer is seeing is an idea of Joshua Glover shifting through major transitionary moments in his life from being enslaved, to being on the run, and then as a free civilian.

The sculpture *was finely cast in bronze by Artcast Inc in its GTA workshop. Sculptures are first rendered in wax by a 3D printer, as seen here in the Artcast shop. Photo courtesy the artist*

The robotic arm comes out of Afrofuturism scholarship where folks like Robyn Maynard, John Jennings, Stacey Robinson and Reynaldo Anderson among many others have expressed that the enslavement of people of African descent transformed them into machines in the Americas. The justification for the inhumane practice that Black people had undergone treated them as robots, and so the cyborg arm represents Joshua Glover's years as an enslaved person.

Artist Quentin VerCetty *at the unveiling of his concept in August 2020 at Montgomery's Inn. Photo courtesy Etobicoke Historical Society*

The skin formed on the arm represents Glover reclaiming his humanity, which resulted in his transition into being a fugitive in pursuit of his freedom to be treated as a human, which is documented through his stay and capture in Wisconsin. The last transition represents Glover as a dandy in a trendy Victorian-era suit to show his dignity claimed and his newfound citizenship in Ontario.

Glover is seen clutching books and papers in his arm as, according to numerous resources, Joshua Glover taught himself how to read and write and the paper in them serves as a metaphor both for his freedom papers and gaining his papers to be a citizen in Ontario. While working at Montgomery's Inn, Glover had a ledger and apparently read books on his leisure time. The books are a metaphor for his interest in self-knowledge and learning but also the fact that we "remember" him – as the plaque says – through the books he is preserved in.

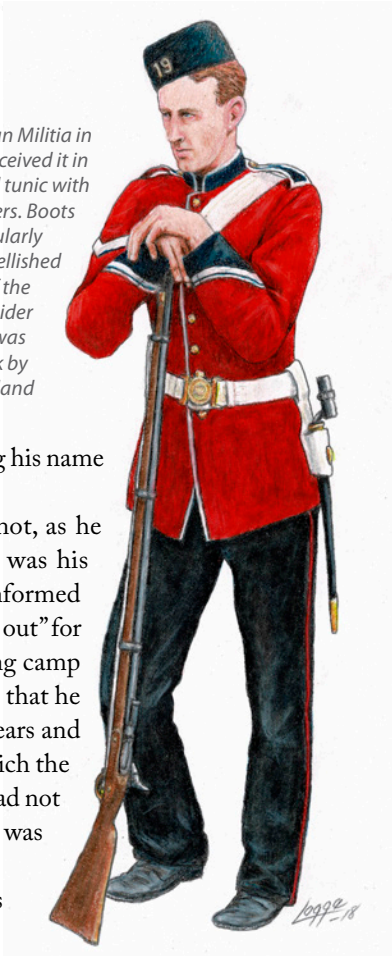
The flowers throughout the art piece represent the different state flowers for the places his major life transformations took place in. The white hawthorn blossom is the state flower for Missouri, where Glover was enslaved and escaped; the Common Blue Violet is the state flower for Wisconsin, where Glover was detained briefly and was freed; and the White Trillium (trillium grandiflorum) is the provincial flower of Ontario where Glover spent the rest of his days. The flower in his top hat is the purple Hibiscus – it is a Pan-African symbol and is meant to represent Glover's ancestral heritage and the transformation of his own mind to see himself as more than his circumstances, and acting upon it. The placement of flowers in his top hat means that his African ancestors up above are always with him and at the top of his mind.

Niagara Camp, *continued from front page*

Among the thousands of militiamen who attended (unwillingly, as we shall see) the Niagara camp was a newly-minted Toronto lawyer. He left a comical account of his experiences with the lengthy title *My Campaign at Niagara. Being A very Veracious Account of Camp-Life and Its Vicissitudes, and the Experiences, Triumphs, Trials, and Sorrows of a Canadian Volunteer,* which was illustrated with some delightful drawings.

He apparently started his account as a series of columns in *Pure Gold*, a humorous periodical published in Toronto, and later combined them into a booklet. Unfortunately, the author – "TW" as he signed himself, although he used the pseudonym "George Jones" in the little booklet – cannot be positively identified. His unit was either the 2nd Battalion (now The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada) or the 10th Battalion (now The Royal Regiment of Canada).

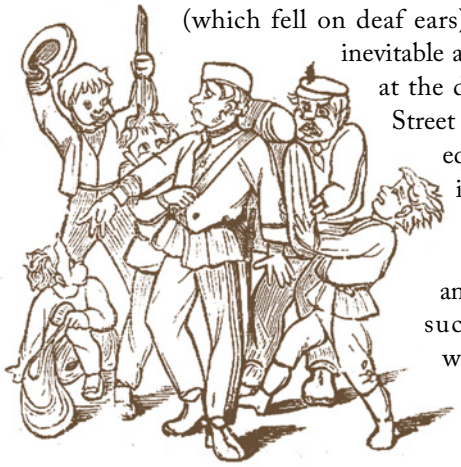
TW – as he informs us – had just completed his final examinations in law school but had "not yet paid for the superb suit of black" in which he intended "to plead before the bar." He had, however, rented an office in the "business section" of Toronto, with large windows that formed an admirable background for his name "which I had painted thereon." He confessed that he would "pass and repass the frosted window with an apparently brisk and business-like air for an incredible number of times a day for the mere pleasure" of seeing his name emblazoned on it.



A new uniform *was issued to the Canadian Militia in 1871 although it's doubtful whether TW received it in time for his adventure. It consisted of a red tunic with simplified decoration and dark blue trousers. Boots were not issued. The Kilmarnock cap, popularly known as the Pork Pie hat, was often embellished with the unit's number (in this case that of the 19th Lincoln Battalion). The .577 calibre Snider long rifle appeared in the mid-1860s and was used in Canada for three decades. Artwork by Greg Legge, courtesy The Lincoln and Welland Regiment Foundation*

His first visitor, however, was not, as he had hoped, a potential client. It was his militia company sergeant, who informed TW that his battalion was "turned out" for active service to attend the training camp at Niagara. In vain, TW protested that he had not attended drill for many years and was no longer in the militia, to which the sergeant responded that since he had not submitted a formal resignation, he was therefore still liable for service.

After many protests and appeals



With the help *of four younger brothers and a porter, TW prepares for active service.*

(which fell on deaf ears) TW bowed to the inevitable and presented himself at the drill shed on Simcoe Street to be uniformed and equipped. Here he was issued with a dirty tunic, which was too short and nearly button-less, and was then "harnessed successively" with a waist-belt, a shoulder-belt, a water bottle, a haversack, a knapsack, and a great-coat. He was finally handed a .577 caliber Snider-Enfield rifle and told to report at 5:30 the next morning. Under this heavy load, our hero "staggered homeward – bent down – a wiser and sadder man, but still a soldier."

The next morning TW roused himself in time and, with the help of his younger brothers and a porter, strapped on all his equipment and "marched off mid loud cheers." He had staggered for about a mile when he realized that he had forgotten his rifle. There was nothing for it but to go back but, fortunately, he saw the porter coming after him with the weapon.

TW reached the drill shed "thoroughly exhausted" but there was little time for rest as, half an hour later, his battalion departed "to the inspiring strains of our fine band" marching "through the most suffocating dust I ever saw." They were headed for the Queen's Wharf at the foot of Bathurst Street to embark on a lake steamer for Niagara. TW was puzzled why they did not use the Yonge Street wharf which was much closer. It was only the first of many questions he would ask himself about orders from the superior ranks.

TW did not have an enjoyable voyage across Lake Ontario, which he refused to describe to readers. He found life in the camp held on Fort George Common very difficult. The men were lodged in bell tents, which would be crowded with the regulation eight soldiers but were almost impossible to move around inside with the thirteen men who were crammed into each tent. Reveille was at 5 a.m., followed by three hours of drill before breakfast and more drill throughout the day. TW disliked the constant marching and countermarching

> half-strangled with a tight-fitting tunic, a stock, and your accouterments, is no light matter, I believe; though it might be instructive and entertaining enough to our Division officers, who used us pretty much in the same indifferent and playful manner as did that ancient king, who had the floor of a costly vestibule fitted up as a chess-board, with live men for pieces.

On June 9, a few days after arriving in camp, a large review was held on the Common. The men were roused at 4:30 a.m., and "dressing in a hurry shivering with cold and each one cursing all the rest" they managed to get on parade 15 minutes later. This, however, provided some relief from drill, guard duty and kitchen fatigues. The latter duty was despised and TW was actually engaged in scrubbing pots and pans on visitors' day when his sweetheart came looking for him. He slunk into the undergrowth to hide but before he was able to do so, an amateur photographer took his picture, immortalizing what he considered a dishonourable sight for all eternity.

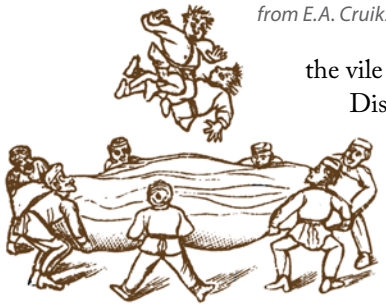
Mention of kitchen fatigues brings up the subject of food, as mealtimes are often the high point of a soldier's day. For the first week there was a scarcity of rations, including butter for the hard bread. TW recalled that never before "did we imagine that dry bread and muddy coffee, and calcined beef and drowned potatoes and melancholy soup had such fascinating charms for the human palate." The food gradually improved and our hero was particularly fascinated by the large kettles of soup that were issued to each tent:

TW does kitchen fatigue *while his sweetheart and mother look on and a photographer captures the scene for posterity.*

> It was almost painful to witness, the suspense that was general as we got through the "soup," and approached the bottom of the camp-kettle, for we never knew what would be found there till then. Objects not of intrinsic value in themselves were regarded then with unwonted interest and solicitude, as they were brought up from their obscure depths to the light of day, and were examined with curiosity, and a tickling sensation in the pit of the stomach! Strange relics of a by-gone period they were, too, that would have made an old fossil hunter mad for joy, and rendered an Antiquarian society famous for ever. To Sergeant Biggs was deputed the responsible task of fishing them up. And amid an impressive silence the Explorer's fork would go in; heavy betting would be made – Something would slowly come into view, – and those in feeble health would go outside for a few moments.

But TW admitted that the militiamen did have some fun. Army humour tends to be a bit raw, and the bell tents were excellent locales for practical jokes.

> Some of them were boarded with rough planks laid – simply laid – on a crosswise piece of scantling; one



Blanket tossing *was a popular distraction at the camp of 1871 and TW became one of the "sported." Sketch from My Campaign at Niagara; photo from E.A. Cruikshank, Camp Niagara, 1906.*

plank, in particular, jutting out like a spring board a foot or two beyond the tent. To suddenly jump on the outer end of this plank, when there was a pile of potatoes, or a canteen of hot soup on the other end, was considered very good fun, and was usually productive of much diversion, and some "free" fights.

Another and still more excellent plan was to wait until some unsuspecting wight squatted on the inner end of that plank, with a tin of hot coffee (or soup) between his knees, and some strawberries and herring on a plate on his legs; then to lift up the outer end of the aforesaid plank – briskly!

This act was generally followed by the abrupt disappearance of the man at the other end, through the opening at the bottom of the tent!

Another popular but dangerous joke was blanket tossing. It apparently began using dogs as aviators and soon there was not a canine to be seen in camp. The sport then progressed to unwilling human victims, among whom was the unfortunate author. He reports that he was "suddenly and violently seized from behind" and, although he "kicked, struck out madly with my hands, butted with my head, shouted, roared, implored" – all was in vain. TW was "grasped by a hundred hands and jerked into that horrid blanket, – a concussion, a gasping for breath, a passing lance of fiendish faces, – a whiz, – and the next moment" he was 25 feet high in the air. Our hero must have made a hard landing because he "didn't recollect anything" until the following morning.

Such happy days always pass, however, and on June 20, 1871, the last day of camp, a mock battle was staged on Fort George Common. Eleven battalions of infantry, seven troops of cavalry and three batteries of field artillery were divided into two opposing forces and the fun began.

It is quite possible that someone knew what was going on but to the men like TW in the ranks, all was chaos and confusion. They were surrounded by the roar of the artillery, "the shrieks of the slaughtered enemy… the incessant volleys of the riflemen, the hoarse orders of the excited officers on horseback, the vile execrations of the officers who had fallen off."

Displaying commendable initiative, TW's comrades ran a hose down to the Niagara River, attached it to the village fire pump, and thus unleashed "a terrible deluge… a death-bearing cataract on the doomed and devoted foe." This ended "the Great Battle of Niagara and who can tell of the slaughter" that resulted in hundreds of men being "drenched to the skin."

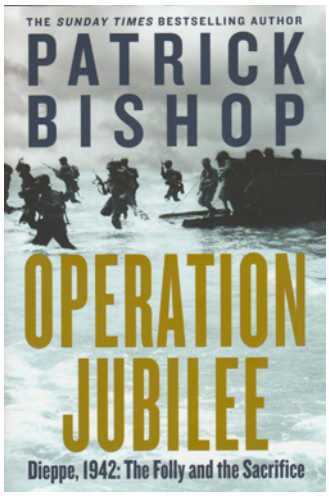
That evening TW's battalion left for Toronto on a lake steamer and arrived at the Yonge Street wharf at about 10 p.m. Instead of being dismissed, tired as they were, in that useful location, they were marched to Fort York to be dismissed there. "Truly," TW commented on the military mind, "none knoweth the mysteries of these things."

As for our hero, he "returned home covered with wounds and mud, and decorated with a discoloured eye," his uniform "a mere shadow of its former self." While he was thankful for his experiences of camp life, he preferred "another suit – a legal one; and although this was my first action, I hope it will not be my last – professionally speaking."

Donald Graves is the editor or author of some 20 books in Canadian military history, including the definitive accounts of many campaigns in the War of 1812. His new history of The Lincoln and Welland Regiment is forthcoming.

For a more conventional account of that camp, see Andrew Greenhill, "Narrative of the Volunteer Camp at Niagara, June, 1871" in ***Canadian Military History*** *(12/4 2003). The best outline of the context is still George Stanley,* ***Canada's Soldiers: The Military History of an Unmilitary People*** *(Macmillan 1974).*

Eleven battalions of infantry*, seven troops of cavalry and three batteries of artillery pass in review before a delighted audience at Niagara camp on June 9, 1871. Only a year after some Fenian raids on the Quebec border – as well as a battle with the Fenians not far away in 1866 – it was no accident that this show of force was within sight of Fort Niagara on the American side of the river. From the Canadian Illustrated News, July 15, 1871.*



REVIEW

Patrick Bishop *Operation Jubiliee: Dieppe 1942: The Folly and the Sacrifice*
(Signal / McClelland & Stewart) 40 illustrations, 6 maps, notes
386 pages, hardcover

The Dieppe Raid and the never-ending debate

by John Thompson

By this coming August, 80 years will have gone by since the raid on Dieppe, and Canadians will still be arguing about it.

It remains a matter of contention in some of the regiments that were there, especially The Royal Regiment of Canada, still based at Fort York Armoury. There remain people with strong views about the raid, sometimes because of the uncle they never knew or the brother who never came back.

The fires of contention have never gone out, and another log has just been tossed into the flames. It's from a British author, Patrick Bishop, who has long been a journalist with a strong interest in military history; he was with the Queen's forces in the Falkland Islands and has written a book (along with several on the RAF) on 3 Para's early battles in Afghanistan. His latest is titled *Operation Jubilee: Dieppe 1942: The Folly and the Sacrifice*.

Most of the dead, wounded and captured were Canadian

The sacrifice at Dieppe was immense and unequivocal. All the involved units took heavy casualties, the Royals most of all: 556 of them were aimed at a narrow beach just east of the town and 464 were killed or captured. Overall, of 6,050 men sent ashore, 3,623 became casualties. Most of the dead, wounded and captured were Canadian.

There isn't much to show on the credit side of the ledger. Lord Louis Mountbatten and Winston Churchill both claimed there were valuable lessons learned from the disaster, but 60% casualties in one day is a very expensive way to learn.

The debate ever after has been on many levels: whether there were indeed lessons that were learned; and that the planning was shoddy, and so any lessons learned were that much more expensive; and that the raid was ill-conceived, unnecessary

***Two wounded Canadians** try to absorb what happened. Behind them is a disabled Churchill tank and a burning landing craft. It is mid-afternoon and they've already been patched up by a German medic. The scene was painted by the German war artist Franz Martin Lünstroth in this watercolour titled "Mopping up after the Battle." The two wounded Canadians can clearly be seen in the centre of the painting. There's no sign of the Propaganda Company photographer. Little is known of the painter except his wartime work, which includes several churches and ends on the Eastern Front. The painting, reproduced in Canada at Dieppe, by T. Murray Hunter (Balmuir 1982), is held by the Canadian War Museum. The photograph is in the German federal archives.*

and unlikely to succeed, especially since it had already been cancelled once. Canadian nationalism, often fueled by drinks in the Legion, has held that Canadians were deliberately sacrificed.

Patrick Bishop's log on this fire is incendiary. He has gone through the primary source material, particularly the surviving planning files and operational logs. The book is well buttressed with detailed new maps and 40 well chosen photographs (and although the index is excellent, there's no bibliography, only notes).

Countering his arguments is not an exercise for the faint-hearted. However...

Debates over beers about Op Jubilee frequently come down to a dislike of Earl Mountbatten (then the Chief of Combined Operations) and Bernard Montgomery, who was involved in the preparation for Dieppe but was already off to the Eighth Army when the raid finally happened. Bishop levels his aim at both in his introduction – especially Mountbatten – and firmly establishes his own view. Mountbatten is charismatic, popular, and totally in over his head so far as combined operations go. Fair enough: it's good to know what an author has decided.

But there's some context missing from Bishop's book. While a private or a second lieutenant can be adequately trained in months, training competent staff officers takes much longer, and training skilled generals takes even longer. Personally, this reviewer takes a dim view of any judgement of generals that comes without any clear indication of having read Norman Dixon's classic 1975 book *On the Psychology of Military Incompetence*. Moreover, combined-arms raiding and amphibious landings on defended beaches were new undertakings in 1942. The manuals were still being written.

In the First World War, competent planning took a long time to be achieved. The Canadian Corps successes at Vimy, Hill 70 and Passchendaele were a result of meticulous staff work – led and encouraged by Julian Byng and then Arthur Currie. The success of Amiens in 1918 saw Allied staff planning (after four years of fighting) achieve an incredible standard of efficiency.

Generally, that level of planning wasn't achieved at Dieppe – but it was later. Dieppe's small-stone beach presented unappreciated complications. From November 1942 onwards, reconnaissance by swimmers became a part of every Allied landing. The obstacles to getting off the beach at Dieppe were less imposing in 1944, at Normandy, when bunker-buster munitions, flamethrowers and the training to use them were so much more common – and not just in the hands of a few Commandos. Specialized armour was also invaluable on the British and Canadian beaches.

To his credit, Mountbatten had helped plan the Lofoten Islands raids in December 1941 and March 1942, the Bruneval Raid in February 1942, and the Saint-Nazaire Raid of late March 1942 – where 63% of 612 raiders were killed, wounded or captured in return for the destruction of the crucial Normandie dry dock. Each was risky and could have easily turned into a debacle. Dieppe did.

Some of the myths of Dieppe are easily dispensed by Bishop

Some of the myths of Dieppe are easily dispensed by Bishop. The idea that the British were eager to use a Canadian division on a risky large raid goes square against the accounts of lobbying by Harry Crerar of Mountbatten and company for active employment for his Canadian troops. And the idea that Churchill wanted a blood sacrifice to show Stalin that his 'Second Front Now' arguments were premature is also discarded, and quite effectively.

The theory that the Dieppe Raid was a ploy to get a German Enigma machine is also dismissed by Bishop – it would have been a nice prize, but the Germans would have certainly noticed if the raid had resulted in one set missing (and there were simpler schemes for a "pinch" that didn't involve 6,000 troops and 250 vessels).

Speed and surprise are the keys to making combined-arms and amphibious landings work. The Germans failed utterly and at great cost in their April 1940 attempt to seize Oslo in the invasion of Norway, and the landings at Narvik cost the Kriegsmarine 10 of its destroyers. The town of Narvik itself was almost completely undefended.

The US Marines who landed on Guadalcanal on August 7, 1942, came ashore to almost no opposition and there were no towns – fortified or otherwise – to capture. More than a year later at Tarawa, where the Japanese did fight on the beaches, success was narrowly achieved for very heavy casualties.

The Allied landings in North Africa in November 1942 were against the dispirited Vichy French, yet the attempt to seize the harbour of Oran by a direct assault failed badly: 199 of the 405 American soldiers were killed, and all the rest were wounded or captured, while the two Royal Navy vessels in the assault were destroyed. This was the first time after Dieppe that Allied planners had attempted to directly assault an intact port, and it was the last time this was tried during the Second World War. The North Koreans attempted to seize Pusan in the opening moves of the Korean War in 1950 and lost their entire force.

Another factor to remember is the air battle that raged over Dieppe during the raid. The FW-190s of the Luftwaffe carried the day, scoring something like 100 kills of Allied aircraft versus 48 Luftwaffe losses. It is worth noting that no Allied invasion (except in the toe of Italy in September 1943) occurred after Dieppe without securing air superiority, if not total dominance ahead of time.

Bishop's book on Dieppe is a well researched, well written and detailed account of the raid. A skilled writer and experienced journalist, he is a master of his craft. However, he has not been a staff officer and is not partial toward that breed. *Operation Jubilee* is well worth reading while memories of the Dieppe Raid remain alive.

John Thompson served in the Canadian Army during the most peaceful period in memory and only got shot after he returned to civilian life. He has researched and written widely on defence and security issues as well as military history.

At the Birthplace of Toronto

Notes from the Staff

Editor's Notes

As I write this in mid January the city's history museums are again closed. Some staff are once again working from home or being redeployed to more urgent roles, if they're not at home sick with the ubiquitous Omicron or managing the homework and screen time of their offspring. Or, doing all of it at once. We so look forward to spring!

No one more so than Shiralee Hudson Hill, the new Museum Administrator of Fort York National Historic Site. She took up her new job in November just as the Omicron variant was somewhere being born. Shiralee is a museum professional with two decades of experience. She has worked for Lord Cultural Resources, held positions with the Ontario Science Centre and the National Museum of Ireland, and most recently was Lead Interpretive Planner at the AGO. She's an expert in the crafting of story and artifact labels.

***Shiralee Hudson Hill** is the new Museum Administrator at Fort York National Historic Site.*

One of the highlights of Shiralee's time at the AGO was her award-winning podcast "Into the Anthropocene," done alongside the stunning exhibition of Ed Burtynsky's newest photographs in 2018. She has also done some guest lecturing – including at Harvard and OCAD – and is a sessional lecturer in the graduate museology program at the U of T, where she earned her own Master's in Museum Studies. Welcome to the fort, Shiralee, and keep an eye out for the coyotes!

About the material well-being of the fort, there's a lot of good news. The termites that attacked the hydro bunker have been defeated and there's new and better switching gear installed. The long-term work to replace the old cedar shingles on the historic buildings continues; this coming summer will see new roofs on the two blockhouses and the Officers' Mess, completing the project. And, after years of financial scrounging and multi-party negotiation, more of the Corten steel panels envisioned by the architects of the Visitor Centre are falling into place. The dreadful cheap siding on the Bentway's ice-skating annex is at last disappearing and heavy earth-movers are restoring the eroded embankment behind it.

The long-suffering park planned for the ancient mouth of Garrison Creek (on that low meadow just east of the Brock bridge) has been given a breath of life. In a rare bit of happy news from Metrolinx, the transit monolith declared it no longer wanted the site for long-term construction staging – but in the meantime the City had re-allocated the money for the park's construction. There's a beautiful design by Marc Ryan of PUBLIC WORK for the site ready to go, but it's all now into another budget cycle.

On the meadow's eastern edge, meanwhile, the City has approved a 29-storey tower that's an even mix of affordable and market rental units. Just a few steps from the Fort York library branch, Canoe Landing and two elementary schools, it will be the last tower to go up on the former Railway Lands of CityPlace.

Just over the tracks to the north of Fort York, the old Wellington Destructor has been given a glimpse of a promising future. The City has arranged development of the site with TAS Design Build, the same firm that's developing the large abattoir site (2 Tecumseth) that envelops it. "Mixed use" understates the imagination they've applied to the formidable heritage structure; look for a comprehensive account in a coming *F&D*.

Finally, readers will recall the Liberty Village Timeline and the nonsense engraved in stone and embedded in the two parkettes along Liberty Street. Arranged by the Liberty Village BIA and the City's liaison office, the historical timeline was thought to have been vetted by the City's historian … but, no. Of the 19 snippets of history engraved in the stones, about half a dozen are largely imaginary and a few are just wrong: for the First World War, for example, it's claimed that most of the neighbourhood's factories were producing "armaments, weapons and bombs" (no, they weren't). The City's BIA office is on the hook to fix these but, despite asking, they've not been heard from. Nor have we heard from the BIA itself. We'll keep asking. /bk

Metrolinx is proposing *to expropriate an orphan corner of Fort York National Historic Site for the construction of a hydro substation as part of the Ontario Line subway. It's the triangle of land (centre of image) bounded by Strachan Avenue on the east, the Gardiner to the south and the rail corridor – where the subway will emerge above ground – to the north. Under the Gardiner here are some bricked-in storage rooms of Exhibition Place that were used by the Bentway in October for its Pulse Topology installation.*

On the east side of Strachan is the Bentway's new Strachan Gate stage and event space. An old Grand Trunk Railway cut runs just beside it and under the Strachan bridge – making a perfect future pathway linking Garrison Common to Manitoba Drive. The draft plans of Metrolinx show an allowance for a multi-use pathway along the edge of the triangle and both The Friends of Fort York and the Bentway will keep an eye on it. Aerial photo courtesy City of Toronto

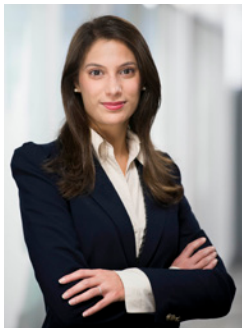
An esports complex *with a 7,000 seat auditorium and a 30-storey hotel is coming to Exhibition Place. Facing south over Lake Shore Blvd, it will rise beside the Officers' Quarters of the old Stanley Barracks on a site the Exhibition Place master plan has earmarked for building. An organization called Overactive Media has a lease, expects City Council approval this year, and ambitiously aims to open in 2025.*

The architects are Populous, a huge firm based in Kansas City that specializes in stadiums. They faced the Design Review Panel in early May and, among a variety of concerns, the DRP "felt that there was little to no sensitivity given to the barracks" (according to urbantoronto.ca) by the original proposal. This is the revision, released on October 29, which does indeed better connect the heritage building to its imposing new neighbour. The quarters are leased to Hotel X (just out of sight to the right) and, although they've gained a lovely garden on the south side, and a thoughtful plaza to the north, the building has been dormant since the hotel opened. Rendering by Populous

The Friends of Fort York & Garrison Common: What we did in 2021

***The Fort York Guard** mustered 14 students for a shortened 2021 season. In the top row, left to right, are Sonny Cooke-Baskier, Theo Guenther, Julia Fowell and Ada Cooke-Baskier. In the front row are Ethan Scott, Holly Benison, Malcom Garvey, Stuart McPherson, Artur Shut, Celyn Thomas, Neil Ballantyne, Hazel Scott-Pancratz, Sally O'Keeffe and Hayden Landolt. They're seen here on August 28, the day after their last public demonstration. Photo by Sid Calzavara*

- Welcomed two new directors: Scott Woodland and Davida Aronovitch.
- Said farewell to four long-serving Directors: Nancy Baines, Chris Henry, Elizabeth Quance and Ted Smolak (see next page).
- Thanked Kaitlin Wainwright, acting manager of Fort York, who left in September and welcomed a new Museum Administrator, Shiralee Hudson Hill, in November, and a new Museum Coordinator, Tamara Williams.
- Published two large issues of *The Fife and Drum* (instead of the regular four smaller issues) that included articles by, among others, Margaret Macmillan, Donald Graves, Richard Gerrard and Tanya Grodzinski.
- Scott Woodland succeeded Sid Calzavara as Chair of the Fort York Guard Committee and, despite pandemic constraints, oversaw another successful operation of the Fort York Guard with financial assistance from The Friends, the City and the federal government.
- Submitted a report by our Precinct Advisory Committee to Waterfront Toronto commenting on the design for a proposed pedestrian bridge over Fort York Boulevard and its impact on Fort York National Historic Site, strongly recommending a Heritage Impact Assessment be done.
- Together with the Wellington Place Neighbourhood Association, alerted City staff to the deterioration of Victoria Memorial Square, especially the disturbance caused by dogs to the ground and potentially to the archaeological site and cemetery.
- Began an oral history project aiming to reach former Fort York staff and contractors involved in restoring and managing the fort, the earliest of whom remember Fort York as it was in the 1950s.
- Began a project to help Toronto History Museums digitize archaeological reports relating to Fort York, partnering with the Internet Archive at Robarts Library of the University of Toronto.
- Extended the subscription terms of Friends of Fort York during the closure of the fort and embarked on a fresh renewal cycle as the Visitor Centre and the fort's historic interiors reopened to the public in October.
- Attended public information sessions hosted by CreateTO (City of Toronto) for the rehabilitation and repurposing of the Wellington Destructor, which is being led by TAS as head lessee of the historic building.
- Participated, together with THM and Bentway Conservancy staff, in a meeting hosted by Metrolinx advising us of a proposed electrical substation for the Ontario Line to be built on Fort York National Historic Site land west of Strachan Avenue, and requested a Heritage Impact Assessment for this property.
- Maintained a watching brief on the Exhibition Place master planning process, together with the West Side Community Council, who are equally concerned about the future of this public realm which was the battlefield of 1813.
- Welcomed to a session of our Board the Bentway Conservancy's executive directors, David Carey and Ilana Altman, to showcase new programming and capital works in development.



***Davida Aronovitch,** with an MA in Art History, is the Director of Development and Heritage Minutes at Historica Canada, where she has also been Managing Editor of the Canadian Encyclopaedia.*

***Scott Woodland** recently retired from teaching, was a member of the Fort York Guard, belongs now to the 10th Royal Veterans Battalion, and has long been a Director of the Scarborough Historical Society.*

- An 1815 Upper Canada Preserved Medal was repatriated from an owner in the UK through the Fort York Foundation on behalf of Toronto History Museums.
- Advanced the plans, in discussion with Heritage Toronto staff, for installation of a new heritage plaque to commemorate the Immigration Sheds, a project initiated by Fort York Friend Ian Wheal and director (the late) Stephen Otto in 2015.
- Helped the National Trust for Canada in their creation of the National Trust Shared Stewardship Toolkit by providing information about The Friends and our interaction with the City of Toronto with respect to the Fort York site.


The Fife and Drum

- Transcribed the video-recorded meeting held at Fort York in 2019 that brought together founding directors with current directors to review and record the history of The Friends.
- Coordinated with the City on mutual website interests and began modernizing our own website www.fortyork.ca.
- Assembled volunteers to remove thriving ragweed from the area of the Liquid Landscape in front of the Visitor Centre, preparing the ground for restoration in the spring.
- Held six Board meetings, one Annual General Meeting, and numerous committee meetings all on Zoom.

Directors retire after long service

by Andrew Stewart

In 2021 we said goodbye to four directors of The Friends of Fort York & Garrison Common. Three had served for almost 20 years, one for five, and all with distinction and dedication. We are in debt to them all.

Elizabeth Quance, who joined the board in 2003, found The Friends through her work in the community with the Niagara Neighbourhood Association. She was (as the NNA tells us) "deeply involved with the efforts to close Toronto Refiners and Smelters, worked closely with Cathy Nasmith on our efforts to stop the Front Street Extension, and was on a number of working groups relating to planning in the neighbourhood."

In the early days of The Friends, the Front Street Extension – a major road to connect Front Street (where it now ends at Bathurst) to Dufferin – was a real threat to the integrity of the Niagara neighbourhood and Fort York's connection to it. This (at the time) $120 million road was cancelled only in 2008. We can thank Elizabeth, through her work with The Friends, for working so hard toward a better public realm plan today on the north side of the tracks. The neighbourhood, also with Elizabeth's help, was a partner in the annual Fort York Festival, which featured big reenactments and attracted thousands of visitors during the late 1990s. This was long before Fort York became a venue for the rich variety of cultural events we see now.

"One of the most satisfying parts of being a director," recalls Elizabeth, "was to see how successful the Board was as a working volunteer board. Every person on the Board had specific responsibilities that they were expected to carry out and they did… I am glad I had a chance to make a contribution."

Ted Smolak also joined our board in 2003. A very young Ted, growing up in Thorold on the Niagara Frontier (to use an antique expression), came across a grey granite stone marked "Beaver Dams 1813" in an overgrown field by the Welland Canal. This mysterious and apparently forgotten memento sparked his interest in the War of 1812. Many years later, director Bret Snider (who was a client of Arena Design, Ted's graphic design firm), on

a gentle but thorough grilling

sensing his life-long interest in Canadian history, invited him to join The Friends. It wasn't long before Steve Otto introduced himself and "after a gentle but thorough grilling" recommended Ted join the Board.

An Ontario College of Art graduate, Ted soon designed our corporate identity, our website and *The Fife and Drum*, establishing the visual brand of The Friends of Fort York & Garrison Common across all media.

***Ted Smolak** with his wife Mari Jo at the Directors Dinner, April 11, 2019*

"My fondest memories are those times spent working with Stephen Otto and Pat Fleming," he recalls. "Together we collaborated to design *The Fife and Drum*, the website image gallery and our last project together, *Fort York: Stories from the Birthplace of Toronto*."

The Friends owe much to Ted's creative and professional work – and to his tremendous generosity in donating all of this to us. He is a model of quiet and effective collegiality. "So many wonderful memories made possible by so many wonderful directors," he adds. "It was an honour and a privilege just to be a part of it all."

Nancy Baines also came to us in 2003 as a recently retired history teacher at North Toronto Collegiate Institute. She is the grand-daughter of historical illustrator C.W. Jeffreys, whose images of the War

of 1812 and Canadian history sparked the imagination of generations of students. Going on a walking tour of the waterfront led by David Crombie was a turning point for Nancy, reinforced by Joe Gill's enthusiasm for Fort York. Meeting Steve Otto was the closer.

"Steve's canny understanding of the way the city works and how to be proactive in support of the Fort was a revelation," she says. "His networking skills, the depth and breadth of his historical interests and his can-do attitude were amazing. What a privilege to work with two such dedicated and delightful people!"

Nancy first assumed responsibility for the membership list of a steadily growing organization. She then set out to establish a proper library, which the historic site had always lacked, in the basement of the Blue Barracks. Inheriting piles of books, pamphlets, maps, documents and manuscripts from the fort's cupboards (mainly in the Officers' Mess) and scrounging a computer from the ever-helpful David O'Hara, she organized, catalogued and expanded these materials into the efficient Resource Centre we have today.

Nancy and Heather Cirulis, together as volunteers, and working every Thursday for years, have created an essential resource that is today used by fort staff, members of the Guard and researchers at large. With gifts bequeathed to the Fort York Foundation, we hope to see the library moved out of the basement (where books and paper should never be kept) into the space designed for it on the ground floor of the new Visitor Centre.

Heather Cirulis and Nancy Baines *(right) in the Resource Centre, March 28, 2019*

Together with director Richard Dodds and culinary historian Bridget Wranich, Nancy was also instrumental to our fundraising Georgian Dinners every year for nearly two decades. And she gave her energy to special events, especially in the lead-up to the War of 1812 Bicentennial, parking-lot operations (the original fundraiser) and committee work, including in the writing and production of *Adding New Buildings*.

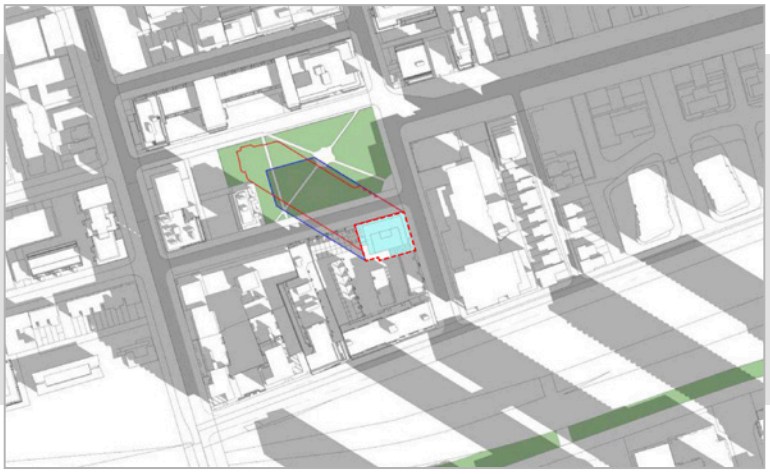
It was a privilege to be a guardian of Fort York

"Even the meetings were almost always lively and challenging," she remembers. "I trust the present Board and the Friends will continue to protect the interests of the fort and work to bring about positive change. It has been a privilege to be a guardian of Fort York."

Chris Henry *(left) with Don Cranston at the Directors Dinner, April 11, 2019*

Chris Henry joined the Board in 2016. Chris had spent four summers with the Fort Henry Guard, becoming a squad sergeant and co-leading 24-person drill squads, and so he understood our work with the Guard here. He was introduced by our chair Don Cranston, another Fort Henry connection. In his professional life, Chris has been an executive operations consultant, helping organizations to increase revenue and market share. His depth of experience in digital services and innovation was of immense value to The Friends, helping us to find new audiences for *The Fife and Drum* and in developing social media. With his convivial personality, Chris always enlivened our dinners and special events and helped to bring new friends to the table.

New tower proposed at Victoria Memorial Square



Shadows thrown *on the park are seen for this coming March 21 at 10:18 a.m. Existing shadows are grey while the shadow of the new structure is shown in outline. The new shadow will pass over the 1812 monument during the coming hour and by early afternoon will be on Portland Street. The shading in September is similar but, throughout the rest of the year, there is little or no additional park shade from the new tower.*

The streetscape *on the south side of Niagara will be continuous when 18 Portland is finished. The ground floor is café or retail while the two floors of offices above match the height of the townhouses next door. A carriageway to the townhouse courtyard is seen adjacent to the new structure.*

A 24-storey tower by RAW Design has been proposed for the south side of Victoria Memorial Square, the part of Fort York National Historic Site that includes the Allard monument to the soldiers of 1812 and the city's first burial ground. Alarming at a glance, the tower's contribution to the shading of the park would be marginal.

Proposed in early November by Density Group Limited, the tower would rise from the corner of Portland and Niagara, where the empty Nygard building is now. This and the Hounds of York building beside it ("a social club for dogs") will be demolished; a third building at 18 Portland, an empty hydro substation, will partly be retained.

The ground floor will be café space or retail, the next two floors offices and the rest residential, with more than 60% of the 182 units having two or three bedrooms. There will be only 54 parking spaces on two underground levels and the Floor Space Index (the ratio of total floor space to lot size) works out to 13.95.

The shading study was done by the architects. In standard fashion, they calculated the shadow of the building throughout the day on the 21st of March, June, September and December. The most significant addition to shade in the park is during the late morning and through the lunch hour in March and September. But by early afternoon, there's no additional shade. In June, the tower's shadow does not touch a very sun-filled park. In December, with the sun so low on the horizon, the park is already mostly in the shade for much of the day, and the new tower again makes no difference.

The little building at 18 Portland – which gives the project its name – is a Toronto Hydro-Electric System substation built in 1925 and designed by staff architect Albert E. Salisbury. The Heritage Impact Assessment (the building has no designation) was done by MacNaughton Hermsen Britton Clarkson of Kitchener, who call the two-storey structure "a modest example of the Edwardian Classical style." It has red brick cladding, a flat parapet roof, and a stone entablature with the engraved company name. Brick pilasters flank either side of the façade.

The front and portions of both sides, including much of the south wall, will be restored. In the judgement of MHBC, "enough of the original building will remain such that its original scale and massing will still be apparent." The architects have made this charming corner of the project the bicycle entrance and garage.

Directly across Portland and under construction on what used to be a surface parking lot is Portland Common, a 15-storey office building that includes a restored Copp Clark Publishing building at the corner of Wellington. While adding meaningful benefits to the neighbourhood, these two projects will also add considerable pressure to the already heavily used Victoria Memorial Square.

The 1925 hydro *substation, repurposed as a bicycle entrance and garage, can be seen at the extreme left, behind the car. Imagery here is from the DGL development application.*

***Nurses, soldiers**, war cake and even the neutrals were out on this beautiful Saturday in September for another version of the Great War Weekend at Fort York. In the assembly above we see reenactors of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, fort staff in the uniforms of Toronto units, the Canadian Army Medical Corps (with a dentist) and the unique 11th Swiss Rifles. Among them are two civvies: Bridget Wranich, our culinary historian, and Holly Benison, suffragette and photographer. Entrance to all the Toronto History Museums on the third weekend of September was free but it seems the City's publicity machine, including even the THM Newsletter, failed to mention this. Staff at each of the museums were left to wonder and do what they could to spread the word. At Fort York, the ample new crowds using Garrison Common were invited inside, and there are always visitors from overseas. Group photo by Sylvie Bonniere, others by Holly Benison*

***A well spaced audience** of several hundred people gathered at the Strachan Avenue Military Burial Ground on Remembrance Day to honour those Canadian soldiers, in all of our wars, who have fallen in defence of Canada, here and overseas. Leading the annual procession from Fort York across Garrison Common to the cemetery are three of the fort's historical staff: Kevin Hebib (on the left), Samantha Horne and Colin Sedgwick-Pinn, all in First War uniforms. Photo by James McFarlane for City of Toronto*

Mrs. Traill's Advice

BREAD

Wash and pare half a pail of potatoes, taking care to remove all dark specks; throw them into a vessel of clean water as you pare them, as they are apt to acquire a brownish colour, which spoils the white and delicate appearance of the bread. Boil the potatoes till reduced to a pulp, bruising any lumps smooth with a wooden beetle or pounder: it will then have the consistency of thick gruel; when cool enough to bear your hand in it, stir in as much flour as will make the mixture the thickness of thick batter; add a good handful of salt, and two cupfuls of your hop barm or any good rising that you may have.

A deep, red earthen pot, or a wooden pail, will be a good vessel to contain your spoonge. It is a wise precaution to stand your vessel in a pan, as it is apt to flow over. If set to rise over-night, it will be risen time enough to work up in the morning early....

The quantity of sponge, above, will raise two large milk-dishes of flour, or about twenty pounds of flour. If you have a large kneading-trough, you can mix the whole at once, and knead it well and thoroughly: but if your trough be too small for convenience, divide your sponge, and make two masses of dough, working it very stiff on your board, scoring the top with a knife, and cover it up by the fire with a clean cloth, or you may make only half the quantity, using of course, less potatoes and water. In about two hours, or may-be longer, you will have a light dough, like a honeycomb, to make into loaves.

When baked, take your bread out of the pan, wet the crust of your loaves over with clean water or milk, and wrap them in a clean cloth, setting them up on one side against a shelf till cold. This plan keeps the bread from becoming hard and dry. For lightness, sweetness and economy this is the best bread I know, resembling really-good baker's bread in texture and look. I cordially recommend it to the attention of the Canadian housewife.

From Catharine Parr Traill's **The Female Emigrant's Guide** originally published in 1855 by a printer in Toronto. "Mrs. Traill's Advice" appears regularly in *The Fife and Drum,* sampling this attractive new edition from McGill-Queen's University Press. An indispensable Canadian reference, it's available in the Canteen of Fort York.

It's a great time to catch up on past issues of

The Fife and Drum

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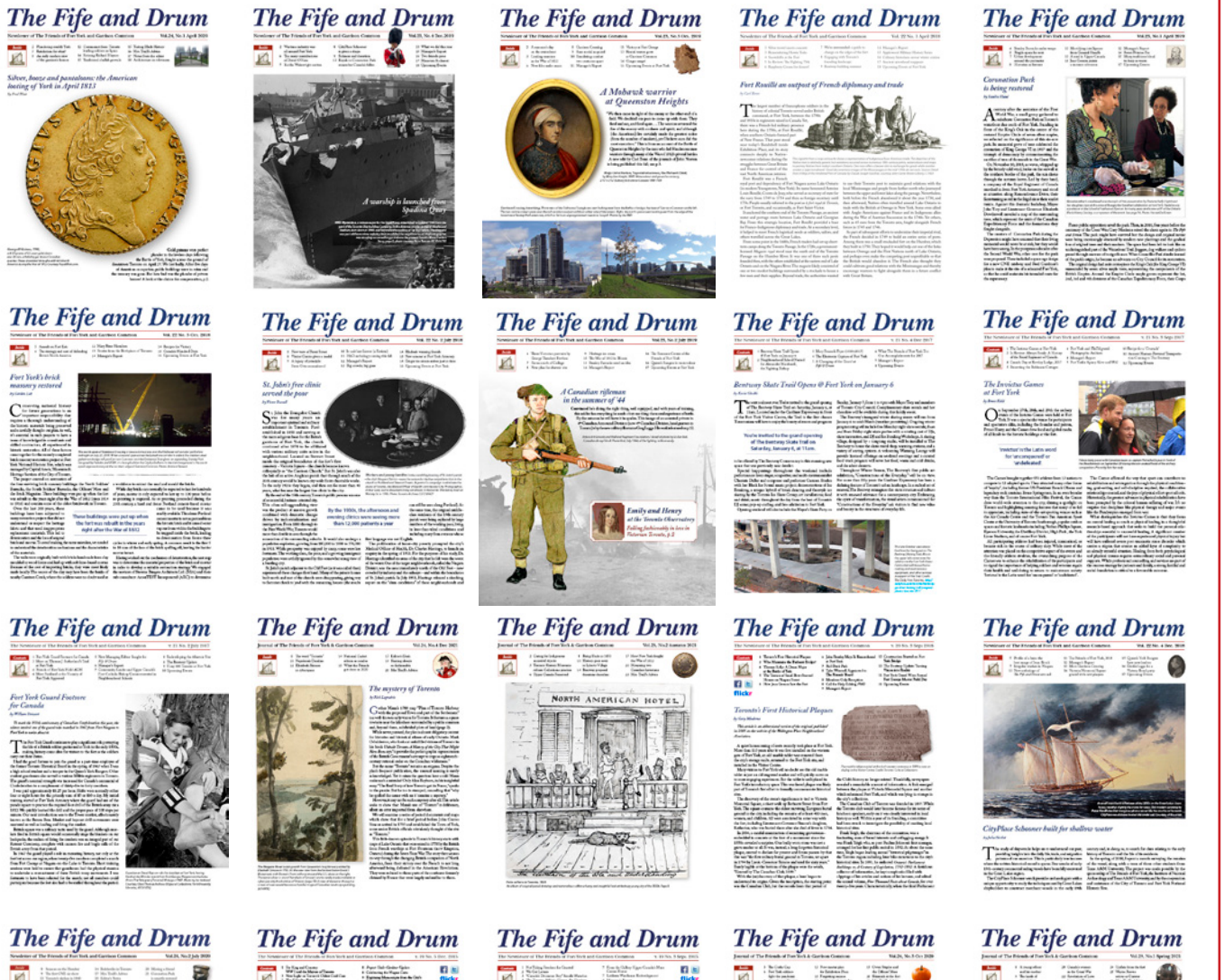

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