2009 FADES AWAY

We are at the end of another campaign season, and it was a busy one. In June there was the all up Canadian event at Adolphustown in support of the u.e.l. Sjt. Dave Smith and other members of Duncan’s and Herkimer’s played a big supporting role.

This was followed a week later by Black Creek and the wedding of Matt and Marie Liness. The miserable weather didn’t make a dent in everyone’s enjoyment.

In July there was the mega rain event at Hubbarton, where playing sailor would have been more appropriate.

August brought us the Fort Wellington event where Paul Cox won the Seneca Run Competition and the Grenadiers won the drill team competition. The sponsors were very generous in their support of this event.

Who could forget August and Newtown, with all of the anguish and arguing by the American commander who thought that he really was George Washington. What really set this event up as a special one was the famous, or infamous trial of Serjeant Major Moore. This trial wasn’t about anything so mundane as the origins of man, or God’s role in creating the universe. This trial was about carnal knowledge, or as some would say, carnal knowledge. The lawyer for the prosecution (Captain Putnam) and the Serjeant Major, who was brilliant in his own defence (he refused to pay for a lawyer) were world class in their performances. Hollywood is looking for the script of this trial to set up a new series on TV. This trial outdid the famous Scopes Trial, or “Monkey Trial” as it was known.

In September we attended the re-worked Thornhill Festival, and the Rose House event at Waupoos. Rose House was a very different event, as Brig. Cameron designed it as an “End of War” scenario, with tents laid out as in the Peachey painting and the men receiving their land grants.

October took us back to the Mohawk Valley and “The Stone Fort”. The regiment had not fought in the valley for quite some time and it was refreshing to fight the damned rebels on our old territory once again. Besides having two good scripted tacticals through the weekend, we had a Sunday morning free form tactical with John Osinski and his volunteers. This event was special as it was the last event for Dave Putnam as Captain of Duncan’s Company. At the final parade he handed his gorget to the newly appointed Captain, David Moore. It was appropriate that this should take place in the Mohawk Valley, the Yorkers ancestral home. We are now coming to December with Christmas and Hogmanay to celebrate.

To all members of the Yorkers I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sjt. Sean M. Jeffrey
TAKES HIS LAND GRANT

Sjt. Sean M. Jeffrey of the Light Company paraded for the last time at the Newtown event in August. Sean’s workload as an instructor at Base Borden has increased to the point, that Sean is unable to attend the Yorker events on a regular basis and has decided that he should retire from the Yorkers.

Sean currently holds the rank of sergeant with the Canadian Forces, and has the appointment of instructor at the Canadian Forces Leadership and School Detachment Borden, where he instructs recruits in all 3 branches of both Regulars and Reserves of the Canadian Forces in their basic training. His primary role is that of Artillery Command Post Supervisor, where he teaches recruits in the safe and accurate application of artillery.
THANKS to everyone for their kind congratulations on my promotion to Captain. I thought I’d share how I spent my last 24 hours as Regimental Sergeant Major of the KRRNY.

Saturday, October 10th saw the unit in the Schoharie Valley, our ancestral lands. The evening banquet for Duncan’s company (there is no other way to describe it) was hosted by Capt. Putnam. Course after course, finishing with pies baked by Gay Goggess, set a standard that I will never manage to match. From now on the company better be ready for ethnic Scottish food from a place called McDonald’s. A great party followed, with dancing and trips into town to drink the local bars dry (literally).

Sunday dawned clear and cool in the Valley. We took part in two good tacticals, up the hill, beneath the colourful leaves. The climb up the hill was strenuous, but once the adrenaline kicked in everyone was up for the shooting. We had some down time between battles, so I did a little antique shopping to help the local economy, as the announcer kept encouraging us to do. With a strong Canadian dollar, desperate merchants and Reg’s near empty van, it was all too tempting. I got a heck of a deal on an antique ladderback chair for only $27! (A “captain’s chair” I would guess.)

The final battle involved a re-enactment of the burning of the valley. We pressed forward against the fort. Musketman Dittrick led the “burning party” and set alight the various buildings set out to represent the settlement. His years of living in Detroit finally paid off. The rebels sallied out of their camp and we gradually withdrew. Lots of shooting took place against their horse, foot and artillery. I managed to fire off almost an entire box from my new rifle. As we withdrew to the wood line in good order, the best moment of the weekend arrived. As the troops knelt in extended line, Drum Major Putnam and Fife Sgt Fred stood and beat out “God Save the King” in defiance of the rebels. As the last notes sounded, with the men singing lustily, “...long to reign over us, God Save the King!!,” I fired my last shot into a rebel horseman. What a great finish! Shooting rebels while “the King” is being played in the Valley. Could there be a better way to end 20 years as the RSM of the best unit in the business?

Capt. David Moore
WHAT DID A soldier carry on campaign?

Here's a neat item from John Burgoyne's "Review of the Evidence", given to a Commons' Committee in March, 1779 and found in 'A State of the Expedition from Canada as laid before the House of Commons by Lieutenant-General Burgoyne, and verified by evidence; with a Collection of Authentic Documents"... London: J. Almon, 1780.

BURGOYNE advised the examining committee that, if the soldier carried all of his equipment, it would comprise, "a knapsack, containing his bodily necessaries, a blanket, a haversack with provisions, a canteen, a hatchet, and a fifth share of the general camp equipage belonging to his tent. These articles (reckoning the provision to be for four days) added to his accoutrements, arms, and sixty rounds of ammunition, make a bulk totally incompatible with combat, and a weight of about sixty pounds."

I find it fascinating that Burgoyne mentioned that every soldier carried a hatchet. A few of you will recall that our Line company all carried belt axes in the early days, but the men found them such a useless encumbrance, that constantly made scratches and dings in the muskets' butt stocks, we made the carriage of axes voluntary. Of course, our Flank companies continued to carry axes as a symbol of their elite status. And, one has to wonder just where the soldier mounted his hatchet. The much-cited von Germann prints of Burgoyne's army portray the men with single frog, shoulder belts. So, if we can believe those drawings, the frog provided no answer. Were the hatchets rolled into the fold of the knapsack?

Also note, the soldier carried a fifth of his tent equipage, thus proving that five men slept to a tent. And, don't forget, one of those five men carried the camp kettle.

Editors Note: Further to Gavin's comment about carrying the camp kettle, here is an interesting quote from the Revolutionary War memoirs of Private Joseph Plumb Martin, which by the way is an excellent account of how a private soldier viewed the events of the war. During the rebel's retreat from Harlem Heights to White Plains during the New York campaign he wrote:

"I was so beat out before morning with hunger and fatigue that I could hardly move one foot before the other. I told my messmates that I could not carry our kettle any further. They said they would not carry it any further. Of what use was it? They had nothing to cook and did not want anything to cook with. We were sitting down on the ascent of a hill when this discourse happened. We got up to proceed when I took up the kettle, which held nearly a common pailful. I could not carry it. My arms were almost dislocated. I sat it down in the road and one of the others gave it a shove with his foot and it rolled down against the fence, and that was the last I ever saw of it. When we got through the night's march, we found our mess was not the only one that was rid of their iron bondage."

HERE'S a quotation from a journal written by one of Burgoyne's Volunteers in the 29th Regiment. From this, we can see that the troops all cut their coats into jackets and converted their cocked hats into cap-hats. We can also see how the plume originated and that it was not always made from horsehair.

HOWEVER, our members should not be confused about how the Royal Yorkers ended up with jackets. The uniform suit kits sent out from Britain for the Canadien militia were all cut to be jackets and these were issued to our regiment to be made-up by our regimental tailors. We did not cut down full-length coats into jackets. Presumably, these uniform kits came with uncocked, round hats and the Royal Yorkers made them into cap-hats to emulate the Regulars.

Short Coats & Cap-Hats

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Montreal, April 6, 1777

The clothing for the army not being sent out last year, and as it will be too late to fit it to the men when it arrives, the commanding officers of the different regiments have received orders to reduce the men's coats into jackets, and their hats into caps, as it will be the means of repairing their present clothing, and be more convenient for wood
During the Sunday morning tactical at Schoharie I saw once again the effect of troops shouting out while advancing on the rebels in the woods. The rebels got to their feet and scurried off to the rear, abandoning a relatively secure position. The noise and shouts gave the impression that we were an aggressive force, with more numbers than we actually had. Matthew Spring, in his book, “With Zeal and With Bayonets Only”, talks about the use of cheers and halloos during a charge:

In conventional European warfare, advancing soldiers were ordinarily kept perfectly quiet to facilitate command and control, Bland having directed in 1727 that, “in marching up to attack the enemy, and during the action, a profound silence should be kept, so that the commanding officers may be distinctly heard in delivering their orders.” In theory this silence was only to be broken in the event of a lively bayonet attack, as Wolfe had suggested in orders to his 20th Regiment in late 1755: “The battalion is not to hallow or cry out upon any account whatsoever, although the rest of the troops would do it, until they are ordered to charge with their bayonets; in that case and when they are upon the point of rushing upon the enemy, the battalion may give a warlike shout and run in.”

During the American War, the redcoats often cried out both before, during and after the charge. While this noise was variously described as “cheers,” “shouts,” “huzzas,” “hurrahs,” and “halloos,” what one German mercenary called the “usual English Hura!” seems commonly to have comprised three cheers, made in rapid succession. Presumably, the officers encouraged (and indeed probably orchestrated) this cheering because they calculated that the moral effect on raw and unsteady rebel troops outweighed any momentary impairment of command and control. Significantly perhaps, during the fighting on St. Lucia in 1778, Brigadier General Medows ordered the troops of the British reserve (all veterans of the American War) that, in the event of attack, they were to receive the French regulars “with three huzzas, and then to be perfectly silent and obedient to their officers.”

The best evidence for British cheering in action in America comes from rebel participants at Cowpens. After the action Brigadier General Morgan reported that “their whole line moved on with the greatest impetuosity, shouting as they advanced.” Other participants noted that “the moment the British formed their line they shouted and made a great noise to intimidate,” that the King’s troops “began the attack by the discharge of two pieces of cannon and three huzzas,” that they pushed forward at the trot “with a loud hallow,” and that Morgan intervened to counter the enervating effect of this cheering by ordering his troops to reciprocate, hollering to his men, “They give us the British hallow, boys. Give them the Indian hallow, by God!”
The Private Soldier

In his manual, “The Elements of Military Arrangement; comprehending the Tactick, Exercise, Manoeuvres, and Discipline of the British Infantry”, John Williamson devotes an entire section to the role and duties of the officers, non-commissioned officers and private soldiers of a regiment. This is useful information, as it helps us understand the roles that we are to play as reenactors. Here are his comments concerning the private soldier.

The best soldiers are raised in the country, and in particular among such as have been brought up to active and laborious professions. Not that they are braver, or behave with more spirit in action than the manufacturer or the mechanic. To any person endeavouring to maintain that opinion Emsdorff can furnish an argument to refute it. Yet it must be allowed that those men are best calculated to preserve their health through the fatigues and severities of a campaign, who have been enured to labour, accustomed to carry loads, used to bear the excessive heat of the sun, and to put up with all manner of hardships. Besides it is of material service to have a number of men in an army expert in the management of the hatchet, the spade and the pick-axe. Caesar, in his choice of soldiers is said to have paid particular attention to certain features of the face, which he thought to indicate strength and courage. Yet in opposition to so great an authority we may venture to affirm, that, provided a man has a good person and the free use of his limbs, it is of little consequence what kind of face he has. Neither is the height of a soldier of any great moment; for the little man who stands firm and well under arms, and by his erect posture strives to appear taller than he really is, makes a far more soldier-like appearance than a tall man who has not the same advantages; and no one can affirm that little men are not as brave at least as those of a loftier stature. Yet the late king of Prussia, who brought the Prussian armies to their present perfection, and who certainly was a great military connoisseur, had a predilection for tall men; and it must be allowed, they are to be chosen in preference, when at the same time possessed of all the other requisites.

The first thing that should be taught a recruit is the air and position of a soldier, with the method of taking off and putting on his hat gracefully. He should then be taught how to march quick and slow time, to the beat of drum, and to dress in marching, in all which he should be made perfect before a firelock is put into his hand. He must next learn the exercise, the motions on the march, and wheeling; which as soon as he is become expert in, he may fall in with his company and do duty in the battalion. But no soldier can be said to be disciplined, until he understands and can perform with ease every manoeuvre practiced by his regiment.

A soldier cannot be too soon instructed in the respect and obedience due to his superior officers, and the compliment each rank is intitled to. He must also be made acquainted as soon as possible with the articles of war, and the rules and regulations of the regiment, together with the penalty attending the transgression of them. It is absurd and unjust that a man should be liable to punishment for offending against laws, which he has not the means of being informed of.

As it will not be consistent with the interest of the regiment to promote the eldest soldiers to the knot some other means should be devised for the recompence of merit after a length of service. Various plans have been offered on this subject. An addition to his pay has been recommended by some, and by others some honorary distinction: the former is in the power only of his majesty or the legislature to grant; the latter may be conferred at the discretion of every colonel or commanding officer.
Last summer, thanks to Tavern Keeper Robert Stewart and his industrious apprentice Max, we enjoyed a revival of the Yorker Tavern. At Adolphustown, Prescott and Rose House, the bowl was passed freely, and a fine bowl it was. In the book “Early American Taverns: For the Entertainment of Friends and Strangers,” author Kym Rice explains the social significance of a bowl of punch.

In the 18th century, drinking was the most popular of all tavern recreations. One historian has estimated that on the average, the annual per capita consumption of distilled spirits had reached 3.7 gallons by the time of the American Revolution; at the turn of the 19th century, due to the availability of inexpensive whiskey, consumption had climbed to 5 gallons, approximately 3 times today’s levels.

Rum was the main ingredient in what one writer described as “a very good, pleasant and healthful drink, punch.” A popular beverage, punch was considered as genteel as imported tea. It was routinely served at every conceivable tavern event from political gatherings to the meetings of men’s clubs, before and after a meal, or during an evening’s activities. A 1737 edition of Poor Richard’s Almanack included Ben Franklin’s lyrical tribute to the preparation of the drink:

Boy, bring a bowl of China here
Fill it with water cool and clear;
Decanter with Jamaica ripe,
And spoon of silver, clean and bright,
Sugar twice-find in pieces cut,
Knife, sive, and glass in order put,
Bring forth the fragrant fruit and then
We’re happy till the clock strikes ten.

Like some other beverages, punch was served warm and sold in taverns by the bowl. A quart of the mix would fill about half a large punch bowl. Tavern inventories indicate that both delft (tin-glazed earthenware) and china (porcelain) punch bowls, in large and small sizes, were used. Since delft was widely available and inexpensive, most tavern keepers kept only a modest supply of punch bowls on hand, the average was about seven bowls per establishment. Breakage was a liability of the profession, but in several instances, appraisers of tavern keepers’ estates noted that punch bowls had been mended for reuse. That punch had a special place in the tavern is also evident from the number of silver punch strainers, punch ladles, punch spoons, and even in one case, silver punch bowls found among the stocks of taverns in centers like New York, Boston, Charleston, Philadelphia, and Williamsburg. With those exceptions, silver rarely appears in 18th century tavern inventories.

Drinking was a social rather than a solitary activity. The small space of the tavern public room furnished with a few tables and many more chairs physically drew people closer together. Sharing a bowl of punch or toddy became an 18th century symbol of congeniality (an admired trait) and fellowship, even a prelude to a conversation between two strangers. Recalling a convivial evening at a tavern, Samuel Sewall noted in his diary, “I treated with a Bowl of Punch....” When a traveler, merchant, and another man met outside a tavern in Lewis Morris’ imaginary “Dialogue Concerning Trade” (1732), the group agreed to go inside to share “a good bowl of punch” together. They immediately inquired of the landlord at the door whether there was “any company in the house,” presumably to invite them to join them.

The scarcity of punch bowls and the absence of punch cups in early American tavern inventories implies the bowls were shared. John Greenwood’s painting, Sea Captains Carousing at Surinam, shows on tavern patron with a large punch bowl lifted to his lips, about to pass it to the companion on his left. A Frenchman reported of Philadelphia in 1782 that “one who is thirsty drinks himself and [then] passes it to his neighbor... in America one would pass for the most uncivil man if one refused to drink after one is offered it...” Not everyone was delighted by the practice. An Englishman visiting a Norfolk tavern in 1785 complained, “The long legged Virginian planters... help themselves to any bowl of a stranger’s toddy (which is rum and water with sugar) and make no apology....” The sentiments expressed in the journal of William Black, who spent hours in taverns enjoying “the Pleasures of Conversation and a Cheerful Glass,” confirm one historian’s statement that “drinking together generally symbolizes durable social solidarity.”
Criminal Conversation

During Court Martial at Newtown, the term “Criminal Conversation” was heard from one of the witnesses. This Ob-So-Very-English civil tort was commonly referred to as “Crim. Con.”

“Criminal conversation” was the name of a civil action dating from late seventeenth-century England that a husband could take against a man who had seduced his wife. It was basically an accusation of adultery (the sexual intercourse of a married person with someone other than his or her spouse), though “crim. con.” could embrace a range of interactions up to, but not including, the physical act.

Lawrence Stone’s seminal work on the subject of judicial separation and divorce, Broken Lives: Separation and Divorce in England, 1660-1857, states that this action was basically “a writ of trespass, the theory being that, by using the body of the wife, the seducer had damaged the property of her husband, for which he could sue for damages… The common law was empowered to award financial damages not merely for economic losses, but also for emotional pain and suffering.”

Was it “criminal” in the sense we know an action to be criminal today? Not really, as it was a civil action. Could it be termed an actual “conversation”? Conversation between two persons no doubt initiated the interaction, but it had to escalate into something else to cause a husband to sue for judicial separation or divorce. As mentioned above, it did not always get as far as actual sexual intercourse.

Two-thirds of all divorce actions before 1750 and one-third before 1780 make no reference at all to crim. con., but after 1780 it is rare for any divorce action not to make reference to it. Under this new kind of tort, a wronged husband could sue his wife’s seducer for substantial sums in damages in one of the major civil common-law courts, such as Westminster Hall, King’s Bench, or Common Pleas. Three separate legal actions had to be undertaken to secure a divorce. The ecclesiastical court handled the separation from the adulterous wife; the common-law court decided the damages for crim. con.; but only Parliament could legally grant a full divorce.

(Reference: “My Lady Scandalous: The Amazing Life and Outrageous Times of Grace Dalrymple Elliott, Royal Courtesan”, by Jo Manning)

This article, written by Dr. Elinor Kyte Senior, appeared in the June, 1986 edition of “The Loyalist Gazette”. It was on Christmas Eve, 1783 that the KRRNY received news that the regiment was to be disbanded. This article describes the difficult conditions that the troops and their families faced in Montreal as they returned to civilian life.

What was Montreal like 202 years ago on Christmas Eve, the very night that some 549 officers and men of the King’s Royal Regiment of New York were informed that their regiment was disbanded, they were off the imperial military budget, the war lost in the revolting states and their homes and lands permanently confiscated by the revolutionaries? It was a sober and sombre moment for these men, their wives and children, who made up a total of 1,462 people, all squeezed into the newly-built Montreal barracks that faced Jacques Cartier Square. The Montreal commandant, Brig.-General Barry St. Leger, was quite candid about their condition. He had reported earlier to Governor Frederick Haldimand that he had “contracted the Royal Yorkers into as narrow a compass as possible on this side of misery” in order to make a little room for the incoming companies of the 53rd Regiment of British regulars. To make matters worse on that Christmas Eve in 1783, most of the wives and children of the Royal Yorkers “were down with measles or smallpox”.

For the officers, men and their wives and children, the news of the disbanding of the Loyalist regiments that had fought out of Montreal for seven long years had long
been expected; but that did not soften the blow when it fell. Montreal on Christmas Eve in 1783 was, in many respects, like the Montreal of 1985. Its winter was cold, jobs were scarce, and the ranks of the unemployed were swelling. Not only were the Royal Yorkers out of work; there were another 152 refugee Loyalists who had sought safety in the city, bringing with them their wives and some 293 children. Other unexpected elements were turned loose that Christmas Eve. These were reduced British and German troops. The British army that had come to America to help quell the rebels to the south might well have been called a “German” army, for in some cases the number of German troops out-numbered the British. Burgoyne’s army of 1777 had some 4,000 German-speaking military mercenaries. General Johann Friedrich von Specht, the Montreal commandant, carried on his correspondence with the Swiss governor, Sir Frederick Haldimand, in French. And when the German troops marched out of barracks in July to make room for the Royal Yorkers, they left behind at least thirty German soldiers who opted for discharge in Montreal.

This Montreal of 1783 was a walled city of less than 8,000 souls which had, over the past seven years, experienced terrific movements of soldiers, Indians and refugee Loyalist families in and out of its gates. Its social amenities were few, but somehow in the wartime atmosphere of sharing and make-do, the hordes of transients were cared for. There were four Roman Catholic churches and church authorities lent the Recollet Chapel to the Protestants. Here the Swiss Chaplain to the troops, David Chabrand Delisle, ministered to them. By 1783 he had been joined by the Anglican Loyalist Chaplain, John Stuart, and later by the Presbyterian Loyalist Chaplain, John Bethune. For the sick there was a single civilian hospital, the Hotel Dieu. For the military there was a general garrison hospital run by army surgeon Charles Blake, but it too was to be reduced. This caused the Montreal commandant to complain bitterly that its reduction had “difficulted” him as there were still five patients to be cared for and smallpox had spread its usual terror at Christmas.

Montreal’s first newspaper, the Gazette, run by the rebel printer, Fleury Mesplet, had folded when Governor Haldimand had plunked Mesplet into jail on charges of treason. Thus Montrealers in 1783 had to look to the Quebec Gazette for news. Ominously, on Christmas Day of 1783, the front page of the Quebec Gazette carried an “Address to the Clergy of Canada”, imploring them to use their influence over their flocks to persuade them of the benefits of smallpox inoculation. This took plenty of persuading, even though Queen Charlotte and King George III had set an example in having the Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick inoculated by the then rather crude methods. This was in the days before Jenner and being inoculated was an unpleasant business. The doctor used a lancet to make two small openings into the skin of both arms and then ran through the openings a thread that had been exposed directly to a smallpox sore. The editor of the Quebec Gazette might thunder that such inoculations reduced the risk of smallpox from four in ten to four in a hundred, but still the general populace held back and the barracks were crowded with women and children sick of the pox.

More pleasant was the announcement by furrier Lyon Jonas of St. Paul’s Street that he had a new and complete assortment of ground squirrel muffs and tippets. For those who may be unfamiliar with tippets, it was a lady’s cape that covered the shoulders down to meet the muff. Jonas also invited ladies to inspect his ermine cloak linings and offered “Gentlemen’s Caps and Gloves lined with fur, very useful for travelling” on winter days. This news appealed to the affluent. The not-so-affluent, including those Loyalists still dependent on the Bounty of the Crown, were more interested in the monthly announcements of the Montreal magistrates concerning the regulated price of bread. No matter how freely trade flowed in other commodities, the price of the staff of life was not allowed to fluctuate in the open market. At Christmas in 1783 the magistrates had set the price of a four pound loaf of white bread at 10 ½ pence; the brown loaf was slightly less. This was a fairly stiff price for the most essential of foods.

With all these disbanded soldiers - American, British and German - roaming the Montreal streets without work, it is not surprising that social tensions erupted.
Magistrates took steps to curb what they noted as increasing riots and robberies in the city. The city’s one small jail was not only crowded; it was in “a ruinous condition, a nuisance to the public and dangerous to the health and lives of persons confined therein, (having) but three small compartments in which one put prisoners of both sexes... whether for debt, breaches of the peace, or the most flagrant crimes”. Cries were soon heard for a bigger jail. Like modern-day administrators, city fathers plunged into a gigantic lottery to solve the problem. 3,000 tickets at 45 shillings each were to be raffled off for some 4,000 prizes in a scheme designed to produce 30,000 pounds for a new jail. A bigger and better jail could solve the problems of thieves and rioters, once caught. But city magistrates had the job of catching them as well as trying to prevent such disorders and crimes. The Indians in barracks at Lachine, for instance, complained that their canoes, paddles and other equipment were being plundered to such an extent that military authorities decided to bring the equipment to the Citadel within the walls of the city for safe-keeping. But even within the city, robberies continued.

Magistrates James McGill and Seigneur de Longueuil sought the help of the military commandant in what must have been one of the first calls for military aid to the civil authority in Montreal. A military patrol of a corporal and six soldiers was ordered to accompany a number of Montrealers each night in patrolling the streets. The patrols were to “take up all soldiers found out of the barracks after hours and to apprehend any class of people who were suspected... of being out on illegal purposes”.

This month-long night patrol put an end to the outbreaks which the commandant claimed were “solely the work of the disbanded German troops”, a somewhat surprising development since there had never been a single incident of bad behavior among the German troops throughout their long stay in the province.

That the city’s newer Loyalist inhabitants experienced some ill-will is indicated by one of the rare reports of hostility towards them. Two French magistrates, Colonels Neveu Sylvestre and St. George Dupre lodged a complaint against a man named Duchene. Duchene had erected a wooden battery in front of his door on which he had mounted a swivel and a cannon. Near it he placed a gallows, presumably to mock the Loyalists. The magistrates asked the commandant to send a file of soldiers to Duchene’s house to dismantle the offensive construction.

Montreal in 1783 was like today’s city - a community of many peoples: Indians, Americans, French, Germans, Jews, Irish, British, Blacks and others. Its people jostled for place and position, sometimes sharing, sometimes openly hostile to one another. Town fathers took to lotteries for revenue-raising purposes; the military unwillingly took to aiding local magistrates in keeping the peace and trying to stem the crime wave.

Unlike today, Montreal in 1783 did not enjoy the pleasant custom of the lighted Christmas tree so familiar to us today. In England, Queen Charlotte was just introducing this German custom into court life, but it did not become generally popular there until the early nineteenth century. The first Quebec resident to institute this custom was the commander of the German troops, Baron Fr. Von Riedesel. Indeed, the American Loyalists in Montreal were more apt to share the Puritan attitude of the early American colonists who regarded Christmas feasting and holidays as “smacking too much of Popery”.

In fact, Christmas Eve in 1783 in Montreal was very much like any other night and this explains why the military commandant found nothing extraordinary about bringing such unpleasant news to the officers and men of the King’s Royal Regiment of New York on that particular night, though he softened the blow by informing them and their families that though regimental pay was cut off, they could enjoy free quarters and rations for the rest of the long winter. Nor indeed did the men find the timing inappropriate. They made not a single murmur or demand upon their officers, but took the news quietly and calmly. When the river broke in the spring, most of them, along with the disbanded British and German soldiers and other Loyalist families, moved off for the upper Saint Lawrence where they laid the foundation for the great province of Ontario.
— Links —

**Broadsides**
In the centuries before there were newspapers and 24-hour news channels, the general public had to rely on street literature to find out what was going on. Broadsides were the tabloids of their day. Sometimes pinned up on walls in houses and ale-houses, these single sheets carried public notices, news, speeches and songs. Brock Dittrick provided this link to the National Library of Scotland’s online collection of nearly 1,800 broadsides from Scotland between 1650 and 1910.
http://www.nls.uk/broadsides/index.html

**Original Source Documents**
In the October issue of the Courant, excerpts from De Lancey’s orderly book highlighted some entries from the year 1777. Jon Wannamaker has located the entire text of the orderly books from 1776 to 1778.
http://www.archive.org/stream/orderlybookofthr00delarich#page/n17/mode/2up

Jon has also found a variety of other documents that you will want to check out.
The Military Guide for Young Officers
http://www.archive.org/stream/militaryguidefor02sime#page/n5/mode/2up

British Army Documents
http://openlibrary.org/search?q=Great+Britain.+Army&ftokens=mhsncqbxgkup&offset=0

Travels through the Interior Parts of America
http://www.archive.org/stream/travelsthroughi00anbugoog#page/n4/mode/2up

Something for the Ladies… The Journal of a Voyage from Charleston, SC
http://www.archive.org/stream/journalofvoyagef00well#page/n7/mode/2up

For people who already have far too many books… R Lamb, Serjeant in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers
http://www.archive.org/stream/memoirhisownlif00lambgoog#page/n5/mode/2up

A Journal Kept in Canada and Upon Burgoyne’s Campaign
http://www.archive.org/stream/haddensjournalor00hadd#page/n9/mode/2up

— Merry Christmas & Happy New Year! —

**The Conversation Piece – Scenes of Fashionable Life**
Gavin Watt forwarded this link to the Queen’s Gallery, Buckingham Place. If you enjoy the art of Gainsborough, Hogarth and Zoffany, you will want to peruse this site:
http://www.royalcollection.org.uk:80/microsites/theconversationpiece/

**Links**

Col. Claus. All I’m asking for this year is a Reenactment Season with NO rain!!!

Hmmm. We’re short of elves. We could use that green-coated guy.