

BIOGRAPHIES

ALLEN, Ethan & Francis Margueret



archives
municipales

VOUS NOUS OBLIGERIEZ EN NOUS RETOURNANT

LE DOSSIER DANS LE PLUS BREF DÉLAI.

1775 : Francis Marqueret Allen -

1775
M^r était assez difficile de parler de la belle vie de Fanny Allen sans dire un mot de son frère, le vaillant Ethan Allen!

Ethan Allen vit le jour le 10 janvier 1737, à Litchfield Connecticut. M^r était le fils de Joseph Allen, et de Mary, fille de Remember Baker. Il s'enrôla dans comme simple soldat dans la guerre de sept ans, et en 1770, il organisa, ~~les Green Mountain Boys,~~ dans l'Etat du Vermont, les Green Mountain Boys. Avec Benedict Arnold il prit aux Anglais, le fort de Tronduroga. C'est là qu'il se signala par ses grands exploits militaires. M^r contribua dans une large part, quoique simple soldat, à la conquête de l'Etat du Vermont.

Venu à Montréal, à la fin de l'année 1775, il tenta de soulèver les habitants de Ville Marie pour qu'ils résistent à la tyrannie des Anglais. Mais un nommé Serduteh, cultivateur de la Longue Pointe etant au courant des agissements d'Allen, se rendit à Montréal et denouca aux autorités le révolutionnaire américain. Apres un combat, il fut fait prisonnier, et on l'embarqua sur le Gaspi jus qu'à Québec où il fut déporté en

Angleterre. Avant tout fin de trois ans, il fut
gardé en captivité par l'Angleterre. Avant cette longue
attente, il écrivit l'histoire de sa captivité, volume paru
en 1797. Revenu aux États Unis, il fut comblé de
tous les honneurs militaires par George Washington.
En 1780, nous le voyons à la tête d'une armée pour
débarasser complètement l'État du Vermont de ses anciens
maîtres, les Anglais. Il mourut à Burlington, le 12
février 1789. Il ne pratiquait aucune religion.

~~Peu d'états ont honoré~~

L'histoire Américaine a immortalisé dans le bronze,
le grand nom d'Ethan Allen, comme étant un de
ses fils qui a le plus mérité dans cette phase tourmentée
de la Révolution Américaine.

Peu d'états ont honoré, comme le Vermont l'a fait
et a juste raison, la mémoire de son grand héros,
Ethan Allen. On retrouve partout dans cet État, des
monuments qui disent à la future génération les
faits et gestes de cette belle figure d'homme.

À Burlington, vous avez un magnifique parc qui se
nomme: "Allen Park", les rues des villes, et villages de cet
État portent son nom.

L'Université de l'État a honoré d'une façon toute spéciale
la mémoire d'Ethan Allen, par un magnifique tableau qui
nous rappelle les grands exploits de sa vie.

Francis Marquise Allou, qui on appelait Fanny, était la fille
d'Esthau Allou, et ~~dont nous venons de voir de~~
Née le 13 novembre 1784, elle fut élevée dans une atmosphère
de dignité et de noblesse. Ayant perdu son père à
l'âge de 5 ans, sa mère se remaria à un homme des
plus distingués dans la personne du Dr Gabez Perrinman.
À l'âge de 12 ans, alors qu'elle s'amusaît au bord
de la rivière à jeter des fleurs à l'eau, un monstre épouvan-
table sortit de l'eau et s'élança sur l'enfant. Au
saisie, stupéfaite, elle se vit se voir clouée sur
place, et devenait ainsi facilement la proie victime
de ce monstre marin, qui avait un homme, vêtu de
d'une grande robe blanche, la fit frapper à l'épaulé
et l'aider à s'éloigner, la sauvant ainsi d'une mort
certaine. Revêt Revenue toute bouleversée et livide
à la maison, elle conta à sa mère l'affreuse aventure.
Les domestiques s'accoururent immédiatement sur le
bord de la rivière, mais ne virent rien. L'homme qui
avait sauvé la vie à Fanny, malgré bien des recherches,
resta tout à fait introuvable. Elle-même Fanny,
nous dit qu'à tous les endroits où elle allait, elle
regardait. Essayant de le retracer et dans la foule son
si bienveillant sauveur.
Si une très grande beauté et possédant une bonne instruction,
elle fut fiancée à l'âge de 18 ans, au fils d'un riche

marchand de Boston... Etant appelé à beaucoup de voyages,
une fois mariée, elle décida de venir à Montréal pour
apprendre le français, et 6 ans plus tard nous la
retrouvons au couvent des Sœurs de la Congrégation,
situé rue Notre Dame.

On sait que toutes les élèves de nos couvents aident les
religieuses aux menues occupations de l'institution. Un
jour, une religieuse qui s'occupait des fleurs et arrange-
ments de la chapelle de la communauté, demanda
à Fanny, d'aller porter un vase de fleurs sur l'autel;
et la bonne religieuse s'ajouta de dire à Fanny de
faire un bout de prière en passant devant le tabernacle.
Mais notre jeune américaine, qui ne fatiguait, comme
son père, aucune religion se trouva fort amusée de
la demande de cette religieuse. Elle se dit
intérieurement que ses prières et recueils étaient bons
pour ses compagnes catholiques, mais non pour elle.
C'est ainsi avec un petit rire moqueur, que Fanny fit
le vase de fleurs pour aller le déposer sur le maître
autel. Quelle ne fut pas sa surprise en passant devant
le tabernacle de se sentir tout à coup paralysée. Surprise,
et inquiète, elle appela au secours, se soulevant de la demande
de la religieuse, et tombant à genoux elle sanglotta...
~~Elle avait confessé...~~ La grâce avait fait son œuvre.
Cinq semaines plus tard, ellecrivait à ses parents

Elles annonçant qu'elle devait faire sa première communion
le lendemain, et qu'elle avait trouvé la "grande
peur de sa vie". .. Surpris et irrités les Parents et le
Fiancé de Fanny arrivent au couvent, ne comprenant
rien d'un tel changement, et sont affeudés - chose
remarquable - que Fanny, voulait entrer en religion.
Immédiatement on la retira du couvent, et une fois
rendue à la résidence de ses parents ce n'est que Garden
parties, excursions de toutes sortes, danses etc. etc. qu'on
organise en son honneur, pensant ainsi la détourner
de son idée sotté idée de rentrer en religion.
Ayant une volonté de fer et une énergie inébranlable
Fanny, après un ~~un~~ sêta plus de bonne grace à tous
les plaisirs et les fêtes qu'on organisait & en son honneur,
réussit à convaincre les siens, et c'est accompagnée de sa
mère que nous la retrouvons à Montréal à l'automne
de 1807. Après avoir visité plusieurs communautés, Fanny et
sa mère entrent & de la chapelle de l'Hôtel Dieu pour
se recueillir et penser à la décision qu'elles allaient prendre.
Agenouillées devant l'autel, Fanny sursaute, et montrant
une image de la Sainte famille, c'est lui, dit-elle à sa
mère, l'homme qui m'a sauvée, ~~tu savais~~ lors que je
faillis me faire deoer par le monste. Et d'ajouter:
C'est ici que je rente en communauté.
Après avoir raconté le tout à la supérieure, Mère

Béron, supérieure du temps à l'Hotel Dieu, Fanny lui dit son grand desir de rentrer en communauté. Mais la supérieure lui conseille d'étudier son français durant 1 an, et si au bout de ce temps, elle ~~avait encore~~ était encore dans les mêmes dispositions, de revenir.

Ce fut le 29 septembre 1858, c'est-à-dire l'année suivante que Fanny franchit la Porte de la communauté des Soeurs de l'Hotel Dieu pour y trouver joie et bonheur.

Surpris, on s'en fut une grande fois la société de New York, Boston, Burlington, et d'ailleurs, où Fanny et ses parents étaient avantageusement connus, d'appréhender que la fille d'Ethaw Allen, qui n'avait pratiqué aucune religion, était avant consacré sa vie à Dieu en se consacrant aux soins des malades, et ce, à Montréal, endroit où 33 ans plus tôt son voyageur père était capturé.

Aussi s'en fut certains, les personnes venant des Etats Unis qui assistaient à la réintronisation de Fanny; cette "Beautiful American Monk" comme on l'appelait aux Etats Unis, prononça ses vœux. On rapporte que nombreuses furent les conversions qui s'opérèrent, entre autre, son fiancé, - qui après avoir donné ses biens se convertit et se retira dans un monastère. Aussi le ministre protestant, Barber, de Burlington, qui dans un magistral discours fait à ses ouailles, annonça sa future

détermination de l'union catholique. C'est depuis ce
temps que les emplois civils aux Etats Unis sont
devenus accessibles aux catholiques.

Nombres et nombres d'autres conversions sont
rattachées à la suite de visites faites à Fanny à
l'Hotel Dieu, et durant les 11 ans qu'elle fut
en religion ce fut un modèle de dévouement et de
piété.

Mais Dieu devait rappeler cet être bien aimé, vers lui,
sa fidèle ~~servante~~ ^{servante}. En effet atteinte de d'une congestion
de foie, malgré les soins d'éminents médecins
de Montréal et des Etats Unis, elle mourut en

le 17^{ème} Janvier 1814, à l'âge de 35 ans. Elle fut inhumée à
Montréal et ses restes aujourd'hui sont dans le caveau des Soeurs de
l'Hotel Dieu à Montréal.

Fanny Allen, fille d'un des plus illustres
hommes du Vermont, ~~si~~ est une des plus belles
et des plus nobles figures. Elle qui font la gloire
des Soeurs de l'Hotel Dieu et l'orgueil des
citoyens de Montréal. C'est une ^{grande figure} ~~maison de plus~~
- qui ^{vous} unit ~~voies~~ et fera davantage de
devenir et de servir à nos illustres voisins
sympathiques voisins.

Le dimanche donc, 24 septembre 1775, Ethan Allen, un des chefs Bostonnais, venait du camp de St-Mathias de la Pointe-Olivier (sur le bassin de Chambly), avec 150 hommes. Il traversait le fleuve, vers 10 heures du soir, entre Longueuil et le courant Ste-Marie, et se faisait loger par les habitants. Pendant la nuit, Allen et d'autres se rendirent même au faubourg de Québec. Le lendemain matin, la ville ignorait encore tout de cette invasion. Vers 9 heures, un cultivateur du nom de Desautels se dirigeait vers sa terre, à une lieue de la ville, lorsqu'il aperçut les Bostonnais. A travers champs, il eut vite fait de courir avertir la ville. Tout de suite, 300 citoyens canadiens, 30 marchands anglais — les autres ayant refusé — et 30 hommes de troupes quittent la ville, après s'être armés de balles et de poudre aux Casernes.

Les Bostonnais se voyant surpris se replient dans une maison et une grange près du fleuve, — propriété détenue en 1825, par Charles-François Grece, Ecr. — et ouvrent le feu. Bientôt on les force de sortir, on les cerne du côté du bois et leur coupe le chemin. Plusieurs sont tués ou blessés; le colonel Allen lui-même et 36 des siens, sont faits prisonniers. Du côté des Montréalistes, deux morts: le major Carden et le marchand Alexander Paterson.⁴

⁴ La Commission des Sites Historiques ne devrait-elle pas se charger de fixer le souvenir de ce combat par une plaque ou un monument? — La maison est probablement celle qui avoisine le viaduc du chemin de fer, à côté des usines Vickers.

*Ex. Vol. St-François-d'Assise de la
Longue-Pointe, par Olivier Murault p.s.s.
1924*

La maison Allen deviendra un nouveau musée de l'Est



Nos résidents de l'est de la ville de Montréal verront sous peu la transformation en musée de l'une des plus vieilles maisons de l'est. Il s'agit de la maison Allen que vous apercevez sur la photo, située au 5239 est, de la rue Notre-Dame, à proximité des chantiers Vicker's. Cette vieille et belle maison a son histoire, et effet, elle a été construite en 1740 et c'est dans cette maison qu'un groupe d'envahisseurs américains ont été capturés par les Montréalais en 1775. L'origine du nom Allen a sa source à l'effet que le chef des Américains s'appelait Ethan Allen.

Le calendrier des pionniers

25 septembre 1775

Premiers prisonniers américains capturés à la Longue-Pointe

Le 19 avril 1775, à Lexington, retentissait le premier coup de feu de la guerre de l'indépendance américaine. Dès le 10 mai, Ethan Allen, l'un des plus chauds partisans de la rébellion au Vermont, se présentait au fort Ticondéroga et en surprenait la garnison au lit. Il n'y avait là que quarante hommes sous le commandement d'un officier et ils étaient fort peu au courant de la situation. Allen et ses soldats entrèrent dans la place presque comme des invités, et lorsque le commandant lui demanda au nom de qui il le sommait de se rendre, il lui répondit : "Au nom du grand Jehovah et du Congrès continental". De là, Allen marcha sur le poste de Crown Point, confié à la garde d'un sergent et d'une demi-douzaine d'hommes et s'en empara.

Ethan Allen crut-il qu'il pourrait aussi entrer dans Montréal sans coup férir? Il était sans doute de ceux qui pensaient que les Canadiens accueilleraient les rebelles comme des libérateurs. En juillet, le Congrès autorisait le major-général Philip John Schuyler à former une armée et à marcher sur Saint-Jean et Montréal. Il établit un camp fortifié à l'île aux Noix, mais sa santé s'étant altérée, son second, le brigadier-général Richard Montgomery, prit le commandement.

Afin de ronder le sentiment des Canadiens, Montgomery envoya Allen avec quelques Indiens à l'embouchure du Richelieu. Dans le voisinage de Sorel, il rencontra un certain major Brown qui s'acquittait d'une mission semblable à la sienne. Il lui proposa rien de moins qu'un coup de main contre Montréal. Quand Allen atteignit Longueuil avec 150 hommes, Brown avait disparu. S'était-il rendu compte que c'était là une folle équipée?

Guy Carleton, gouverneur du Canada, se trouvait alors à Montréal. Dès qu'il apprit la présence de rebelles en face de la ville, il se prépara à les recevoir chaudement. Dans la nuit du 24 au 25 septembre, Allen traversa le fleuve avec son détachement et s'installa dans des maisons et des granges à la Longue-Pointe. Carleton y dépêcha l'un de ses officiers, le major Carden, avec près de 300 hommes. Carden et l'un de ses soldats perdirent la vie dans l'engagement, mais Allen et trente-cinq de ses hommes furent faits prisonniers :

ils devenaient ainsi les premiers "Américains" capturés à Montréal.

On chargea les prisonniers de chaînes et on les embarqua pour l'Angleterre sur la goélette "Gaspé". Allen alla méditer, dans les donjons du château de Pendennis, à Falmouth, sur l'erreur de jugement qu'il avait commise en pensant que les Canadiens étaient sympathiques aux rebelles au point de lui permettre de capturer une ville de huit mille âmes avec une poignée d'hommes.

Bien qu'il fut rebelle, Ethan Allen ne nourrissait pas des sentiments fraternels à l'égard de la colonie de New York. A un certain moment, il avait même défié l'autorité du shérif d'Albany dans une affaire de concession de terres, et lorsque le Congrès proclama son indépendance de Londres, Allen jugea le moment venu de faire reconnaître officiellement l'existence de l'état du Vermont, mais les états du sud s'y opposèrent afin d'éviter que la multiplication des états, dans le nord, ne les prive de l'influence qu'ils souhaitaient avoir au sein du Congrès. Albany prit la même attitude et les Vermontais finirent par considérer que New York était pour eux un ennemi aussi menaçant que Londres.

En 1779, le nouveau gouverneur du Canada, Haldimand, recevait des instructions de tenter de "rapatrier" la population du Vermont et Allen se montra tout à fait disposé à traiter avec lui, même à se joindre au Canada avec au moins 4,000 hommes si le Vermont obtenait l'assurance de devenir une province en soi dans le giron de Londres. Des pourparlers eurent lieu à l'île aux Noix entre le capitaine Justus Sherwood et Ira Allen, le frère d'Ethan, mais les émissaires de Haldimand n'apportaient pas beaucoup confiance dans les porte-parole des Vermontais. Ils n'étaient pas les seuls : George Washington menaçait de lancer les soldats des autres états contre le Vermont pour le rappeler à l'ordre. En 1791, celui-ci devenait le quatorzième état de la jeune république.

Légende : "Au nom du grand Jehovah et du Congrès continental" répondit Ethan Allen au commandant du fort Ticondéroga qui lui demandait en quel honneur il le sommait de se rendre.

Cf. : "Lord Dorchester", dans "The Makers of Canada", Toronto, 1912, pp. 82-89 ; "Frederick Haldimand", dans la même série, pp. 197-217.

Of Many Things.

American invaders

The venerable stone farmhouse John Collins has sketched for this page today might seem the very image of rural peace. Yet it stands on a battlefield. Only a very little battle was fought there, nothing more than a brisk skirmish: it lasted an hour and three-quarters by the clock. But if Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys, come north to capture Montreal for the American Revolution, had succeeded on that September day in 1775, the whole course of North American history might have been different.

This old stone farmhouse is number 5230 on Notre Dame Street East. Its surroundings today scarcely recall the days when farms covered this area where the battle was fought. An oil refinery now presses in upon it from three sides; across the street is an iron foundry. That it has survived at all in a setting so incongruous is astonishing. But the past is recalled by a bronze plaque, inscribed with the words:

ETHAN ALLEN
COMMANDING
AMERICAN INVADERS
WAS DEFEATED HERE
AND TAKEN PRISONER
BY CANADIANS IN 1775

Terror and panic struck Montreal when news came that Ethan Allen and his invaders had crossed the St. Lawrence from Longueuil in the night and had landed on the sandy shore at Longue Pointe. One of the old accounts of the time says that Montreal "was thrown into the utmost confusion." Some of the officials went so far as to scurry from the city and take refuge on ships in the river.



When the Governor, Sir Guy Carleton, learned the news about nine o'clock in the morning, he ordered the drummers to sound the alarm in the streets, to assemble the volunteers.

Carleton spoke to them. His sentences were brief and pointed. The city was in danger. The people must join the regular soldiers to fight off the enemy.

The little army that Carleton had mustered for the defence of Montreal was oddly assorted: some 20 regular soldiers, about 40 to 100 British volunteers (including a number of Guy Johnson's rangers), about 120 Canadians, and six or eight Indians. They all moved out of the city by way of the Quebec Gate — the City's eastern gate on Notre Dame Street (called the Quebec Gate because it opened on the road that led to Quebec). When they moved into the fields, they saw that Ethan Allen had the frontiersman's knowledge of skirmishing. His little army was well placed behind trees, houses, and in the bed of a small stream. The battle soon began.

The outlaws

Ethan Allen's confidence that he could capture Montreal with only a handful of followers was not merely vainglorious. Only a few months before he led his followers to a startling victory: he had

captured the great fortress of Ticonderoga, at the northern end of Lake George.

He took the fort at daybreak, surprising the guard, even the officers. When an officer demanded to know by what authority he was calling upon them to surrender, Ethan Allen (so tradition has it) thundered in reply: "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

He had reasons of his own for wishing to conquer Montreal. For he was really an outlaw. Already, by seizing Ticonderoga, he had won the thanks of Congress, and was changing from the uneasy role of an outlaw to the more comfortable status of hero. If he could add Montreal to Ticonderoga, no traces of the outlaw would remain: he would be the hero complete and beyond challenge.



Allen's "Green Mountain Boys" were really a pack of outlaws. He had organized them in a fight with Cadwallader Colden, the Lieut.-Governor of New York. The area that was to become Vermont, where Allen and his Green Mountain Boys lived, was part of New York, and the Lieut.-Governor was trying to upset the old claims of the Vermont settlers to their lands, claiming that their claims were no longer valid.

Allen was chosen the colonel of the private regiment, pledged to defend the lands of the settlers. It was a rugged, efficient regiment, in terms of frontier fighting. Lieut.-Governor Cadwallader Colden was outraged when these outlaws defied his authority. He threatened to drive them back into "the green mountains." And so they came to be known as "the Green Mountain Boys."

At the outbreak of the American Revolution the Green Mountain Boys were seen in a new light. They were a fine fighting force, already in being, and close to the frontier. Congress was recommended to make use of them.

So it was that Ethan Allen and his outlaws became the force that took Fort Ticonderoga for the American Revolution, and then crossed the St. Lawrence to take Montreal. Both actions were irregular and without much recourse to higher authority. In fact, Ethan Allen and his men had only been sent out on a reconnaissance expedition in the direction of Montreal. But Allen held a council of war, on the South Shore opposite Montreal, with Major John Brown, an old friend and an officer of the Revolution. When Brown proposed an attack on Montreal, Allen who already had considered the town an easy prey, at once agreed.

Allen surrenders

When Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys (together with some 80 Canadian recruits) planned in September, 1775 to seize Montreal for the American Revolution, the attack on the city was to take place at the same time from the east and the west. Allen and his men were to cross the St. Lawrence from Longueuil and Major Brown and his men were to cross from Laprairie. By attacking the city east and west, they would divide the defending forces. Brown, when ready,

would give three loud huzzas. Allen and his men would cheer in response. Then they would both move forward.

When Allen and his men had crossed the river in the night and assembled in the fields east of Montreal, they waited for the signalling cheers from Brown. Hours passed; nothing was heard. Allen wondered. He sent scouts to Laprairie to find out what had happened. Brown, for some reason, had let him down.

When Carleton's assembled force came out of Montreal against him, he decided to fight it out as best he could and hope for a swift victory. As they were fighting in open fields, the battle would be won by the side that might be able to outflank and surround the other. Allen seems to have manoeuvred first, sending out his flanks to move in around his enemies. But the Canadians he had recruited had a change of heart. Many deserted; his two flanks collapsed. Left with only a small core, he still fought hard. His enemies admitted that his "banditti" made a "pretty smart" fight. Allen "conducted himself in the action with great valor."



In a last move to escape defeat he tried to lead his men back toward the river. He retreated out of range of most of the regulars, but the volunteers and the Indians were closing in upon him. He was now running. A British officer, Peter Johnson, was running after him. The officer fired, but missed. Allen fired back, but missed also. He kept running. He was afraid if taken prisoner that he might be killed on the spot.

Allen and the British officer, both running, shouted to each other. Allen wanted to know what would happen if he and his men surrendered: would he "be treated with honor," and would his men be assured of quarter? The officer, still chasing him, shouted back that no prisoners would be killed. Allen halted. He ordered his men to ground their arms. The officer then told Allen to advance toward him. Allen approached him and gave up his sword.

In great danger

When Ethan Allen surrendered to the British officer, Peter Johnson, after he had failed in his attempt to capture Montreal for the American Revolution, his life was still in danger. The officer had promised he would "be treated with honor." But in frontier warfare not even an officer could always control the Indian allies.

After Ethan Allen had surrendered and given up his sword, he saw, only half a minute later, an Indian coming at him. In his narrative Allen wrote: "... a savage, part of whose head was shaved, being almost naked and painted, with feathers intermixed with the hair of the other side of his head, came running to me with an incredible swiftness: he seemed to advance with more than mortal speed: as he approached near me, his hellish visage was beyond all description; snakes' eyes appear innocent in comparison of his ... malice, death, murder, and the wrath of devils and damned spirits are the emblems of his countenance. . ."

Ethan Allen was very tall and strong, and he

seized a nearby British officer who was small. He picked up the officer and held him in front of him, while the Indian scouted round with his gun, watching his chance to fire. But Allen was as nimble as the Indian. Wherever the Indian moved, Allen swung round and faced him, still holding up the officer as a shield; his danger was Allen's security.

Another Indian was running up. Allen, with his human shield, could not hope to face two enemies at once. But he did his best, twisting this way and that, swinging the little officer in front of him.

Help came. A French Canadian, who had lost one eye, ran up and took his part against the Indians. Then came an Irishman with fixed bayonet, shouting that he would kill every Indian in sight.



Allen was saved. But it was a new thing. His relief for having escaped "from so awful a death" composed his mind. Even imprisonment seemed a happy prospect, all the more so that the officers who now gathered round him said nothing to humiliate him.

Now "great civility and politeness" prevailed. The officers said they were very happy to see Col. Allen. He said that he would rather have seen them in the camp of Gen. Montgomery, the American commander.

They walked together through the fields toward the town, a pleasant and almost cheerful group.

In his account Allen wrote: "... as I walked to the town, which was, as I should guess, more than two miles—a British officer walking at my right hand, and one of the French noblesse at my left; the latter of which, in the action had his eyebrow carried away by a glancing shot, but was nevertheless very merry and facetious, and no abuse was offered me. . ."

Shaking a stick

In the barracks in Montreal on that September day in 1775, the British officer, Brig-General Robert Prescott, was awaiting the arrival of the American prisoner, Ethan Allen. General Prescott was a choleric, impulsive man in any case, and nothing was more likely to stir his bad temper than the sight of Ethan Allen. Not only was Ethan Allen a rebel against King George III, but he had, with insolence, captured Fort Ticonderoga while His Majesty's garrison slept.

When Ethan Allen was led into the barrack square in Montreal, General Prescott glared at him. He demanded his name. Allen told him. He then asked if he was that Col. Allen who took Ticonderoga. Allen said he was the very man.

The general could no longer hold his anger. He shook his cane over Allen's head, shouting "many hard names," the name "rebel" frequently, and worked himself into a rage. Allen, the independent frontiersman, was not having any of this sort of treatment. "I told him," he says, "he would not do well to cane me, for I was not accustomed to it, and shook my fist at him." If the general struck, said Allen, his fist would finish him off.

Anything might have happened between the two angry men. But one of the British officers,

Capt. McCloud, pulled the general by the skirt of his tunic and whispered in his ear.

Later he told Allen what he had said: that it would be inconsistent with a general's honor to strike a prisoner.

But the general by now was so angry that he would be reasonable in one way only to become unreasonable in another. He ordered a sergeant to come forward with his men with fixed bayonets and kill 12 of the Canadians who had fought with Allen and been captured.

The Canadians were wringing their hands and saying their prayers, expecting to be struck dead at any moment. Allen then made the dramatic gesture. He stepped between the fixed bayonets and the Canadians, opened the clothes at his chest. If the general was so eager for blood, said Allen, let him thrust the bayonets into his heart, but let the Canadians be spared; for he was the sole cause of their taking up arms.

Allen, a shrewd Yankee, admits that he did not expect to be killed but was only outmanoeuvring Gen. Prescott. It was a tense few minutes, nonetheless. Allen pictured the scene:

"The guard, in the meantime, were rolling their eye-balls from the General to me, as though impatiently waiting his dread commands to sheath their bayonets in my heart; I could, however, plainly discern, that he was in a suspense and quandry about the matter; This gave me additional hopes of succeeding; for my design was not to die, but to save the Canadians by a finesse. The general stood a minute, when he made me the following reply: 'I will not execute you now; but you shall grace a halter at Tyburn, God damn you.'"



Ethan Allen was hustled aboard a ship-of-war in the river in front of the city. He was handcuffed; heavy irons were fixed to his legs. A bar eight feet long was attached to the leg-irons, and so fixed that he could only lie on his back. But he proved hard, difficult and defiant even in chains. With his teeth he twisted off the nail that went through the mortice of the bar in his handcuff. The nail had to be replaced with a padlock.

No chances were taken that a rebel as enterprising as Allen could escape. He was taken overseas to Falmouth, and securely imprisoned in Pendennis Castle. He might well have been hanged at Tyburn for treason, as General Prescott had hoped he would be. But the difficulty was that General Prescott had meanwhile been taken prisoner by the rebels, Allen himself could not have devised a more clever situation; if he were hanged, the general might be hanged also.

At the end of 1776 Allen was taken from Pendennis Castle to New York (still held by the British) and paroled. In 1778 he was exchanged for a British officer, Col. Archibald Campbell.

Little remains in Montreal as a reminder of Ethan Allen's attempt to take the city by surprise in 1775 except the bronze plaque in front of the old stone farmhouse at number 5230 Notre Dame Street East. Here is the spot where Allen was taken prisoner. Here the Indians tried to kill him. Here he defended himself by holding the little British officer in front of him as a shield, turning this way and that. And here, as Allen says, "I made the officer fly around with incredible velocity."

The strange story of Fanny Allen

In the entrance to the cloister chapel of the Hotel Dieu on Pine Avenue hangs a painting with one of the strangest stories of any painting in Montreal. It was looking at this painting of the Holy Family that made a Hotel Dieu nun of Fanny Allen, daughter of Ethan Allen, one of the most active leaders of the American Revolution.

"There is my preserver!" exclaimed Fanny Allen. She pointed to the figure of St. Joseph in the picture. Many years earlier, back in 1799, this "man of venerable and striking appearance" had come to her when she was a child on the shore of the Connecticut River in Vermont. He had saved her life. She had never seen him before; she had never known who he was; now, standing in front of this painting, she recognized her rescuer.

Independent Yankee

Certainly Ethan Allen was the most unlikely man in the world to have a nun as a daughter. He was a Vermont Yankee, so independent as to ridicule and refute every form of organized religion.

At the outbreak of the American Revolution, Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys were a sort of frontier regiment. The leaders of the Revolution saw that they could be useful; and Allen was ready to fight for independence. But he thought he would not wait for the forces of the Revolution to take Montreal. He would head north with his Green Mountain Boys and do the job himself.

He did remarkably well at first. He captured Fort Ticonderoga from the British forces in 1775. Then he came on to Montreal. A brisk battle was fought in the fields to the east of the city. Allen was defeated and made prisoner. But his dash and daring had made him a hero of the Revolution.

It was not surprising that his daughter Fanny was to display an equal independence when she came to make her own decisions in matters of faith. Her mother, Fanny Buchanan, was also resolute, vivacious, quick-thinking; she is described as a "dashing woman."

Three children were born of this marriage. Fanny (Frances) was the youngest. She was only in her third year when her father died. She had, however, inherited many of her father's ways of independent thought. She, like him, would have nothing to do with any church.

Venerable rescuer

Her mother then married Dr. Jabez Pennington. He took her and the children to his farm near the Vermont village of Westminster. There, on the shore of the Connecticut River, she had the extraordinary experience that was to change the whole course of her life.

While walking by the shore of the river on a clear day she thought she saw something emerging from the water — something "of extraordinary size and horrid shape." She wanted to run away. But she could not move.

"While I was in this torturing situation," she later said, in telling the story. "I saw advancing towards me a man of venerable and striking countenance, wearing a brown cloak and carrying a staff in his hand. He took me gently by the arm and gave me strength to move while he said mostly kindly to me: 'My child, what are you doing here? Hasten away.' I then ran as fast as I could."

She arrived home pale and out of breath. Her mother sent a servant at once to look for the man, wishing to thank him. No trace of him could be found. The whole incident might have been forgotten as a sort of day-dreaming terror. But Fanny kept describing the man as though he were real. Some of her friends and relations remarked that whenever she was in a large gathering of men she would go about, seeing if she could recognize him.

Wilful convent girl

Meanwhile, Fanny was growing up. When about 19 she said she wanted to learn French. The best way, she was sure, would be to attend a convent in Montreal. Her mother and step-father would not at first agree. They were afraid the nuns might try to make her a Roman Catholic. When she persisted in wanting to go to a convent, they took the precaution of having her baptized as a Protestant.

But the old dissenting spirit of Ethan Allen seemed to rise up in her. She declared she had not the slightest belief in any religion. In the end, she gave in, to please her mother. She was baptized, under protest, by Rev. Daniel Barber, a Presbyterian minister.

In 1807 Fanny Allen came to Montreal, the city her father had tried to capture for the American Revolution 32 years earlier. She became a pupil in the convent boarding school of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, then on Notre Dame Street.

It was an odd environment for Ethan Allen's daughter. Her uncompromising, wilful, individualistic Yankee ways seemed totally unsuitable for convent life. She took no trouble to hide what she thought of Catholic forms and ceremonies. Being a clever girl, her comments at times may have been only too amusing to the other girls. The Sisters had almost decided to send her back to Vermont. But one of the young

Sisters pleaded her case. She asked that Fanny be given a few more weeks.

Within those next few weeks something happened to transform her whole attitude. She had been given flowers by this particular Sister and asked to place them near the tabernacle on the altar. She was reminded that she must bow before the altar as she did so.

Fanny said she would not bow: "For why should I, when I do not believe in the Presence?" But at the altar she went down on her knees and felt a sudden change of heart.

On the next day — it was September 9, 1807, the Feast of the Nativity — she asked to be instructed in the faith. In a long letter to her mother and step-father she tried to explain everything. She told them she had found at last the "Pearl of Great Price."

"St. Joseph wants me!"

Her mother and step-father set out at once for Montreal. They fetched her from the convent school and brought her home. The best thing, they believed, was to distract her mind as much as possible from convent impressions. They tried to bring her out into society.

Before leaving for Montreal, Fanny had become engaged to a young man studying at the University of Vermont; he was the son of a rich Boston merchant. Her fiancé also did everything he could to bring her back, as he hoped, to what she had been before going to Montreal.

Fanny, however, was now as determined in her new faith as she had previously been in her father's unbelief. She declared her determination to become a nun. Her mother, probably knowing her temperament, realized that further opposition would be futile and only embittering. She took her back to Montreal.

Fanny had as yet no clear idea which religious order she should join. She visited the Hotel Dieu Hospital, then on St. Paul Street. Over the high altar she saw the painting of the Holy Family. The figure of St. Joseph, to the right of the Christ Child, seemed unexpectedly familiar. She drew her mother with her to the altar.

This, she said, was the "man of venerable appearance and striking countenance," who had come to her on the shore of the Connecticut River. "Saint Joseph! I feel he wants me here. I have at last found him whom for the past thirteen years I have sought in vain."

Fanny at once presented herself to the Mother Superior of the Hotel Dieu, Mother de Celeron. The Mother Superior listened to the story. But she was cautious concerning the ecstasies of converts to Catholicism. Time, she suggested, should be given its chance to tell. She should go back to the school of the Congregation of Notre Dame. There she could learn more French and have time to think things over.

Fanny Allen spent about a year with the Sisters of the Congregation. Her decision remained firm. On the Feast of St. Michael, September 29, 1808, she was accepted as a novice at the Hotel Dieu. In due course, she took her vows as a nun.

Excellent nun

Fanny made an excellent nun, dutiful, hard-working, cheerful. In Vermont, however, her case was regarded as incredible. Many Vermont visitors to Montreal called at the Hotel Dieu to see her, drawn largely by curiosity. These visits became something of an interruption to her life, especially when they were made during the hours for prayer.

Whenever she saw visitors she would watch a little hour glass. "Time is up," she would say. During these visits she always turned the conversation quickly from trivialities to what were called "safer channels." But her manner retained considerable sprightliness.

On December 10, 1819, after 11 years spent in nursing the sick in the Hotel Dieu, Fanny Allen died. A Vermont doctor living in Montreal, a non-Catholic, attended her. Cause of death was a "lung affection."



Amazing influence

Some were inclined to regard her vocation as the sentimental romantic whim of an impressionable young girl. But her apparent influence on others was remarkable.

The Vermont doctor who had attended her deathbed eventually entered a Carthusian monastery. Her fiancé gave all he had to the Roman Catholic Church and entered its service. Rev. Daniel Barber, the Presbyterian minister who had baptized her, and who had visited her at the Hotel Dieu in Montreal, was received into the Catholic Church in 1818 at the age of 62. His wife joined with him. Their son, Virgil Barber, became a Jesuit and his wife entered the Visitation Order. In 1823 it was Father Virgil Barber who built the first Roman Catholic Church in the State of New Hampshire.

Fanny Allen was buried in the chapel of the Hotel Dieu on St. Paul Street. When the nuns came to their present hospital on Pine Avenue about 1860, they removed the bones from the old chapel and reinterred them in the new crypt. There Fanny Allen lies buried today, only a few feet away from the painting of the venerable St. Joseph.

Cambridge

Windows
of Vermont
Feb-1977

Vermont: 1777-1977

This January marked the end of one Bicentennial Year and the beginning of another. For the United States, 1776 was the year Americans declared their independence from England. For Vermonters, just when we declared our independence, and from whom, is not as precisely recorded.

The Bicentennial we now begin commemorates the adoption of our Constitution on July 8, 1888, but Ethan and Ira Allen effectively formed the Republic of Vermont some time before that. When George III decided the disputed New Hampshire Grants in favor of New York, the Allens recruited their own police force, the Green Mountain Boys, to resist the intruders from the west. It was not until Lexington fired Ethan's fierce passion for liberty that the enemy came to include the Crown.

The Allens had as much land at stake as the Yorkers they were originally opposing, yet to say they were merely self-serving is to ignore the Constitution of Vermont, for which they were largely responsible. Among the many freedoms it proclaimed, ten years before there was a United States Constitution, was the unheard of prohibition of slavery.

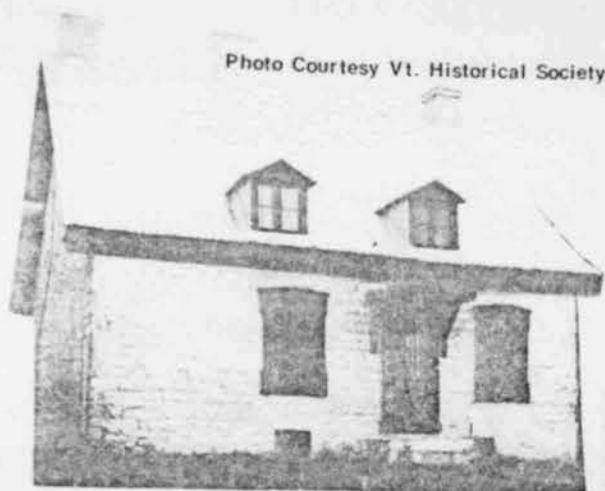
Ethan was not privileged to witness the formal creation of the Republic, having been captured during an attempt to seize Montreal in September of 1775. But he did receive a hero's welcome after his exchange in May, 1778. Returning to Bennington he received a fourteen-gun salute, which he recorded as, "Thirteen for the United States and one for young Vermont."

Until the end of the war the Allens performed a delicate balancing act. Congress was not disposed to receive the New Republic into the Union, but neither was Governor Clinton disposed to press New York's claims too strongly during this time of crisis. Ethan even held off further British incursions in the northern theater, both to his own benefit and the young nation's, by subtly suggesting Vermont might conclude its own peace treaty. After Cornwallis' surrender the British still held New York port and considerable other territory, and the Allens continued to play the Yorkers, the British and the Congress against one another.

Whatever their motives, the Allens' primary goal was the preservation of Vermont, for which we present-day Vermonters must be eternally grateful. Ethan died in Burlington in 1789, two years before his Republic was finally accepted into the Union, while Ira, plagued by debt, was forced to flee his beloved land. He died in 1814, penniless and alone, in Philadelphia. His unmarked grave has never been found.

L.J.A.





The little stone house in which Ethan Allen began his captivity still stands, although it was moved about four miles from its original location in 1970. Allen had been "assured of good quarter" as one of the terms of his surrender, and from the standpoint of durability, at least, it seems his captors kept their promise. Unfortunately, the house is falling into disrepair and has become a target for vandalism. It is truly a shame that, after surviving 237 years, this historic site is now endangered by neglect. We hope the Quebec and Vermont governments will become aware of its plight and cooperate to preserve it.

Window of Vermont—June 1977

On cherche une vocation à la maison Ethan Allen

Depuis 1970, la ville de Montréal possède dans un parc aménagé en bordure de la promenade Bellerive une maison ancienne surnommée "maison Allen".

Et depuis cette date, l'administration municipale s'interroge sur l'avenir de ce bâtiment vraisemblablement construit dans la première moitié du XVIII^e siècle. M. Yvon Lamarre, vice-président du comité exécutif de Montréal, nous a confirmé que l'administration municipale n'avait, pour l'heure, aucun projet d'utilisation. Elle demeure donc inaccessible et barricadée.

Cette maison se trouvait autrefois à la jonction des rues Sainte-Catherine et Notre-Dame. La ville l'a déplacée dans un parc, près de la promenade Bellerive, dans le cadre de ses travaux d'aménagement d'une fenêtre sur le fleuve, dans l'est de l'île de Montréal. L'entreprise a coûté environ \$60,000.

Il s'agit d'une fort belle

construction en pierre, avec deux cheminées et un toit à deux versants percé à l'avant de deux lucarnes.

La maison porte le nom d'un républicain américain, Ethan Allen, qui fut fait prisonnier à la Longue Pointe en 1775. Allen et John Brown étaient arrivés dans la région de Montréal en février en se faisant passer pour des acheteurs de chevaux. En réalité, ils étaient tous les deux des envoyés du congrès américain ayant la mission d'entraîner la colonie dans le sillage de la révolution américaine. Allen deviendra célèbre dans l'histoire des États-Unis pour sa victoire en mai, à Ticonderoga (Carillon).

Ce coup audacieux incite Ethan Allen, à la tête des "Vermont Green Mountain Boys", à se lancer à la conquête de Montréal. Il s'empare du fort Saint-Jean sans difficulté. Il le quittera plus tard avec son butin en apprenant que le colonel Preston et une centaine d'hommes se

patrimoine

par ALAIN DUHAMEL



portent à sa rencontre.

En septembre, il tente un débarquement sur l'île de Montréal à partir de Longueuil avec une centaine d'hommes. Son camarade John Brown, avec 200 hommes, débarquera en amont tandis qu'Allen en fera autant en aval. Averti, le major Carden réunit 300 volontaires et bat la marche jusqu'à la Longue Pointe. La bataille dure environ deux heures. Allen, prisonnier, a perdu une quinzaine d'hommes. Il est conduit, avec 40 autres prisonniers, à Montréal où on l'enferme dans une cale de bateau. Plus tard, on l'échangera contre un colonel anglais.

Allen aurait été fait prisonnier dans la maison qui porte aujourd'hui son nom. Le terrain appartenait depuis quelques générations à la famille Picard. Jacques Picard aurait acquis cette terre, face au fleuve Saint-Laurent, vers 1712. Son fils, Pierre-Joseph Huppé dit Picard, lui achète cette terre et construit, entre 1739 et 1742, croit-on, une maison de pierre. La famille Picard a vécu dans cette maison jusqu'au début du XIX^e siècle.

La ville de Montréal en a hérité, il y a quelques années, et a pris des dispositions pour la préserver, sans toutefois

entreprendre sa restauration et sa mise en valeur.

L'administration municipale a conclu un accord avec le port de Montréal dans le but de préserver une fenêtre sur le fleuve le long de la promenade Bellerive où se trouve la maison "Allen". Une clôture empêche l'accès au fleuve.

L'été prochain, selon M. Yvon Lamarre, l'administration municipale aménagera trois ouvertures vers le fleuve Saint-Laurent. Nul doute que l'accès au fleuve augmentera la fréquentation des parcs municipaux de la promenade Bellerive. Il est déjà temps de songer à la vocation de cette maison ancienne. L'administration municipale accueillerait volontiers des suggestions...

La Commission canadienne du tarif tiendra, à partir du 29 mai à Ottawa, des audiences publiques sur la règle de 50 ans relative à l'entrée en franchise des objets d'antiquité.

Depuis 1886, le Canada a réglementé l'entrée des objets de collection et des antiquités. En 1977, le ministre des Finances d'alors, M. Donald Macdonald, a fait passer de 100 ans à 50 ans la limite d'âge pour l'entrée en franchise des

objets d'antiquité. Les audiences publiques de la Commission ont pour but de déterminer s'il y a lieu de modifier cette limite d'âge.

A l'occasion de l'examen de cette question, la Commission canadienne du tarif a passé en revue la situation canadienne à l'égard des importations et des exportations des objets de collection et d'antiquité ainsi que des oeuvres d'art.

En 1974, la valeur des exportations canadiennes d'oeuvres d'art se chiffrait à \$9,131,000. La valeur des réexportations (achat d'objets à l'étranger et revendus à l'étranger après un passage au Canada) atteignait \$8,785,000. En 1977, après deux années où nos exportations n'avaient guère dépassé \$7 millions, la valeur de nos exportations a atteint un sommet de \$10,292,000. Nos réexportations ont atteint un sommet en 1976 alors que leur valeur était de \$9,692,000; en 1977, nos réexportations avaient chuté à \$3,3 millions.

Nos exportations d'objets de collection et d'antiquité n'atteignaient pas \$10 millions en 1973. À partir de 1974, la valeur de nos exportations dans ce domaine est passée au-dessus de \$40 millions pour atteindre en 1976 une somme de \$85,347,000. En 1977, les exportations ont chuté à \$24 millions.

Cette importante variation est attribuable à deux événements: les exportations de collections d'objets reliés aux Jeux olympiques de 1976 et l'adoption d'une loi sur l'exportation des biens culturels.

Les relevés de Statistique

Canada pour les dix dernières années démontrent une croissance constante de la valeur des exportations des objets d'antiquité. En 1975, le Parlement canadien a adopté une loi sur l'exportation des biens culturels canadiens afin de contrôler la sortie d'éléments de notre patrimoine vers l'étranger. Toutefois, le gouvernement canadien n'a proclamé cette loi qu'en septembre 1977. Entre l'adoption de la loi et sa proclamation, les exportations d'objets d'antiquité ont continué d'augmenter et ont vraisemblablement crû au moins au même rythme avant que la Commission canadienne d'examen d'importation et d'exportation de biens culturels n'ait réussi à mettre en place un système de contrôle.

Pendant les dix dernières années, les Canadiens ont importé de plus en plus d'objets d'antiquité en franchise. En 1966, la valeur de nos importations atteignait à peine \$2,5 millions. En 1976, leur valeur atteignait \$14,399,000 et \$16,5 en 1977. Le relevé de Statistique Canada indique que les meubles constituaient 45,1 pour cent des objets importés en 1976, la faïence et la porcelaine 5,9 pour cent, les articles de table 4,5 pour cent, la verrerie, la poterie et l'argenterie, 2,8 pour cent chacune.

Dans l'étude de cette question, la Commission canadienne du tarif convient qu'elle sort du domaine de ses préoccupations ordinaires. Habituellement, la Commission étudie la situation des producteurs canadiens de biens en réaction à la croissance des importations.

"Les aspects économiques du renvoi semblent, de façon plus probable, porter sur la répartition du marché canadien entre divers intérêts (importateurs-détaillants), la perte de recettes douanières pour la Couronne, ce qui a des répercussions sur l'ensemble des contribuables, et les effets des droits d'importation sur chacun des collectionneurs et des amateurs de passe-temps. De plus, il faudra envisager les questions sociales et politiques plus vastes qu'on soulève en accordant un traitement spécial à certains groupes ou individus de la société", peut-on lire dans le rapport de la Commission.

La Commission croit que l'entrée en franchise d'objets ayant dépassé l'âge de 50 ans aura des répercussions sur les inventaires des marchands canadiens, sur le prix des oeuvres typiquement cana-

diennes et, compte tenu de nos importations de meubles anciens, sur l'industrie du meuble. "L'industrie canadienne du meuble sera, semble-t-il, probablement la plus touchée", affirme la Commission.

"Une diminution de l'âge requis et des taux de droits et, en corollaire, l'élargissement des catégories d'articles qui reçoivent un traitement spécial, pourraient aboutir, en fin de compte, à une véritable invasion de marchandises d'occasion au Canada. Il faut tenir compte de cette possibilité pour toute libéralisation de la structure tarifaire en vigueur".

La Commission canadienne du tarif se propose d'étudier aussi la correspondance entre la Loi sur l'importation et l'exportation des biens culturels et le tarif des douanes.