

**Beautiful Waters:
devoted to the Memphremagog
Region in history, legend, anecdote,
folklore, poetry, drama**

William Bryant Bullock

Newport, Vt., Memphremagog Press, 1926

Foreword by John & Jane Mahoney, May, 1985

"When William Bullock wrote this marvellous book more than 60 years ago, he may not have realized what a wonderful legacy he had created.

For those of us born and raised around Lake Memphremagog, these tales and anecdotes are a direct link to those strong and resourceful men and women who pushed through the wilderness to build a new life here, nearly two hundred years ago. We've long thought that Beautiful Waters ought to be required reading for every local school child, on both sides of the border.

As for the folks from away – those who have made the happy choice to live here with us in the country of Beautiful Waters, permanently or as cottager, we're sure you'll treasure this delightful book."

William Bryant Bullock was a printer who lived around Lake Memphremagog practically all his life. His father, Increase Bullock, was a son of one of the earliest settlers of Georgeville, who, with certain of his sons, has left much valuable data for local historical literature. This material, together with contributions from others, makes an interesting fund of information regarding a bit of territory that is very dear to the hearts of many residents as well as those who visit from beyond our borders.

M^r. Bullock presents an overview of the history and legends of Lake Memphremagog, with the Quebec-Vermont border being imaginary in his eyes. His first *Beautiful Waters* is followed by a second, which repeats some stories found in the first volume, but, in general, focuses more on Newport and the U.S. side of the Lake.

We advise you to read the first volume, particularly those issues concerning the history of the early settlers, legends and hotels.

To give you an example of the eloquence of M^r. Bullock, we present his meeting with J.F. Tuck, a Knowlton Landing legendary figure. You will find this passage on pages 195 and following.

*"WITH THE LIVING EARLY RESIDENTS OF THE
MEMPHREMAGOG REGION*

Desiring to freshen my memory of old scenes and associations, I enjoyed a trip down the Lake this summer of 1926 on board the steamer Anthemis, finding M^r. A. Clarke, manager of the Memphremagog Navigation C^o, as alert as ever in running his craft to suit the accommodation and pleasure of his passengers.

With M^r. J.F. Tuck of Knowlton Landing

Stopping at Knowlton Landing, we had the pleasure of an interview with the 'Grand Old Man' of the Memphremagog region, M^r. J.F. Tuck. From his alertness you would be surprised to learn he has passed his 91st birthday. He has a fund of information relative to early affairs about the Lake and we enjoyed an hour's reminiscent talk. Sitting beside the old gentleman upon his wide, slightly piazza, which commands an enchanting panorama of the Lake, Gibraltar, Sargent's Bay and the beautiful rolling country back of Austin's Bay, where the pioneer, Nicholas

Austin, first pitched, it was hard to realize that his fine, roomy house had been built just about 100 years ago. The material is of brick which were made at a kiln on the lake shore, within sight of the house, and are in such a perfect state of preservation and retaining their natural deep red color, that you would say they were of recent make. This was the house in which M^r. Tuck entertained many city guests throughout the summer for many years up to a few years ago.

In his years of well-earned rest and retirement, M^r. Tuck is blessed to have the fond care and companionship of his maiden daughter, Miss Mattie Tuck.

THE REBELLION OF 1837-'38

Among M^r. Tuck's memoirs given the writer were some adventurous incidents of the Rebellion of nearly a hundred years ago.

The Insurgents had planned a simultaneous attack on all the towns and villages along the frontier of Lower Canada and some parts of Upper Canada, on some night in January of 1837.

About 100 men, principally from Stanstead and Barnston, were mustered at Rock Island with the intention of burning the village of Stanstead Plain. While a scout was reconnoitering to ensure safety for their advance, their ardor began to cool until finally one after another the company began to drop away; and before daylight all had disappeared. The invasion of Pottton, however, was not quite so barren of results. A party of about 35, the most of them residents of Pottton, had gathered at North Troy, and being there joined by a few reckless sympathizers, and led by a desperate character by the name of Hadlock who had resided in Stanstead, all armed and provided with sleighs, drove into Pottton with the intention of robbing the volunteers of their

muskets. They commenced at the house of a very quiet man, Charles Hand, who lived near the line. He surrendered his musket, as it was useless to resist 30 or 40 armed men. They next called at the house of Ralph Elkins who lived two or three miles from the line. Salmon Elkins and his wife, an aged couple, then lived with their son Ralph whose two sons were volunteers. Like truly loyal British soldiers, they refused to surrender their arms to a set of lawless brigands, and with their father, repaired to the upper loft of the house. The lads planted themselves at the head of the stairs, with their weapons loaded, and the father with a heavy bludgeon placed himself on the stairs, ready to strike down any one who attempted to come up, if the boys missed fire. For some time no one ventured to ascend. In the meantime threats were made outside of firing the building. At length the foolhardy Hadlock said with an oath that he was not afraid and should go up. He had no sooner stepped upon the broad stairs than both of the boys fired and the contents of one of the muskets were sent through his body. He fell and expired in a few minutes. This tragic event seemed to take the courage out of the whole party.

Couriers were despatched to the neighboring towns where volunteers were stationed, and to headquarters in Montreal, and in a short time upwards of 400 volunteers from Sutton, Brome, Stanstead and Sherbrooke arrived at Pottton to meet and repel the invaders, should they again dare to cross the line. But, beyond threatening, no further hostile demonstrations were made upon the frontier towns.

The incident of these perilous times that is dear to M^r. Tuck's memory is the raid made by the volunteer soldiers upon certain 'suspects' in Georgeville in 1838, searching their houses for hidden arms and ammunition. M^r. Tuck's father, J.C. Tuck, lived a mile outside of the village and certain remarks caused the

searching party to tear up the flooring in his shed. The guilty ones were arrested and jailed for later hearing. There were military headquarters at both the villages of Knowlton and Stanstead.

Mr. Tuck states that Lord's Island was cleared of its wood growth in the early days and used for stock pasturage. It was here demonstrated that pigs were natural born swimmers, for a drove of swine that had been put upon the island soon swam back to the main land."