

which were gladly accepted, and he was present at the Battle of Queenston Heights. Here he was severely wounded in the leg and shoulder, and lay on the field as one dead, until rescued by his brave wife. He never fully recovered from his wounds, and received an acknowledgment of his voluntary services to the Government in the appointment to the post of Collector of Customs at the Port of Chippewa, which he held until his death in 1841.

The married life of Mr. and Mrs. Secord was a most happy one. Their third daughter, Mrs. Harriet Smith, who still survives, a cheerful and vivacious lady of eighty-six, says that her father and mother were most devoted to each other, and lived in the closest mutual affection.

At the date of the Battle of Queenston Heights, the family consisted of four daughters and one son: Mary—with whom the great Tecumseh is said to have been in love—who was married to Dr. Trumbull, Staff-surgeon to the 37th Regiment, and died in Jamaica; Charlotte, "the belle of Canada," who died during a visit to Ireland; Harriet—Mrs. Smith—who still survives and lives in great retirement with her eldest daughter at Guelph; and Appolonia, who died at the early age of eighteen. Charles, the only son, lived at Newark, and his surviving children are Mr. James B. Secord, of Niagara, and Alicia, Mrs. Isaac Cockburn, of Gravenhurst.

Two daughters were born to Mr. and Mrs. Secord subsequent to the war, Hannah, who was married to Mr. Carthew, of Guelph, and died in 1884, leaving several sons, and Laura, who was married to Dr. Clarke, of Palmerston, and died young, leaving one daughter, Laura.

Mrs. Smith relates that she very well remembers her mother setting off for St. David's, ostensibly to see her brother Charles, who lay sick at the mill, and her father's ill-concealed agitation during that trying day. What must the night have been to him? She also relates that during the short occupation of Queenston by the invaders, their soldiery were very tyrannical, entering the houses and stores to look for money and help themselves to plunder, and even destroying the bedding, by ripping it up with their swords and bayonets, in the search. Mrs. Secord who had a store of Spanish doubloons, heirlooms, saved them by throwing them into a cauldron of water which hung on a crane over a blazing fire. In this she unconsciously emulated the ready wit of one of her husband's Huguenot progenitors, a lady, who during the persecution that followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, at a period of domiciliary search for incriminating proofs of unorthodoxy, is said to have thrown a copy of the Bible—a doubly precious treasure in those days—into a churn of milk from whence it was afterwards rescued little the worse, thanks to heavy binding and strong clasps.

Envy having sent a shaft at even so warm and patriotic a breast as that of Mrs. Secord, Col. Fitzgibbon sent her a certificate, dated only a short time before his death, vouching to the facts of the heroic deed. It was evidently one of the cruel necessities of this hard life. The certificate runs as follows: