

ing dogwood, the elm, ash, maple; dear dear trees, how I loved you and how much like old friends you seemed to my memory.

We had no clergyman but my uncle, Andrew Pettit, took the lead among the little society of Episcopalians, and for many years (twenty) they assembled at each other's houses on the Sabbath day and he read the church service, the lessons and a sermon of some old divine, after some time the Methodists, those pioneers of the backwood, sent missionaries amongst us, but my dear old uncle would not allow us to hear a dissenter, he was just as particular as any of the country clergymen in England, still I sometimes strayed off and I remember with love the Methodist Missionary and his simple and impassioned eloquence, but my love for all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ has not made me love our own form of worship less. Time marched on and in 1812 we got a clergyman and my father gave land and money to build a church which was called St. Andrew's, more, I verily believe, in honor of my old uncle, Andrew Pettit, than of the apostle of old.

The year 1812 was memorable too, as the breaking out of war between England and the United States. I could write a history on this subject, but I will confine myself to a few particulars concerning myself, of how we were frightened at the declaration of war and how awfully the cannon sounded and what a fearful time it was when my father, who was a Colonel, and my brother an officer in the same regiment had to go out to defend the frontier, and of the glorious battle of Queenston Heights, and yet my heart recoils at the words, "glorious battle," of the carts of wounded brought home, of our dangerous allies of the northwest, thousands of these redmen were encamped on our place, Indians; what fearful friends who seemed to have the tomahawk suspended over the heads of friends as well as foes. In t'is year my mother was called to her everlasting rest and I was left to take charge of her dear children. The two following years were eventful ones in my life, but I have but a confused recollection of the stirring events, the battles and cannonading and takings and retakings of forts, burning of towns, marchings and countermarchings, advances of the British and again retreats, then the American army taking possession of the Niagara frontier and marching through the country to the march of "See the conquering hero comes" with their scabbards flung away and then more battles and more retreats, but for a history of those times my little girl must get one and read it. Amongst all the confusion I have a very vivid remembrance of many brave and intellectual officers high in rank in both armies who have their names enrolled in the annals of fame. If my little girl can find a history of the taking of Fort Niagara in 1813, she may read about her grandfather