

previous to that it showed the round, vaulted brick roof.

Various legends float about as of fish ponds,, and that one room of the house was literally lined with mirrors. To the mind of the plain frugal settlers of those days, the abundance of mirrors in French houses would have a dazzling appearance. The ceilings are very low, as may be shown by the stairway of only seven steps. The building itself is frame, and is in excellent preservation, many repairs having been made at different times. During the war of 1812 it was used as a hospital.

The property has had many owners, but one can trace almost, if not all, the occupants and owners—the Count de Chalus, Quetton St. George, Mr. S. Kent in the first half of the century. About 1850 it was bought by Captain Baxter, with two hundred acres of land adjoining it, from Col. Allen of Toronto, the father of Senator G. W. Allen. Every year two barrels of a special kind of apples grown there, were sent to him by Captain Baxter. The house had previously been occupied by Mr. McPherson. It next passed into the hands of Mr. Warren, by whom it was sold to Mr. Shickluna, the famous boat builder of St. Catharines, who erected near it a house, many said, as much resembling a boat, as could be done. In his turn it was sold to Mr. Mills, still living in Toronto, who made great improvements in the house. Afterwards the property came into the hands of Capt. Geale Dickson, who erected the fine residence now standing, since improved by the present owner, Mr. Jackson, one hundred acres having been sold to Mr. Doyle. While in possession of Mr. Dickson, the half of the Count's house was taken down. This year the Niagara Historical Society has placed seven stones to mark historic spots, and one of these has been placed here with the inscription, "The building near was erected by the Count de Puisaye, a French Refugee, in 1799."

As we think of the exiles gradually returning to their own land, we cannot but heave a sigh when we think what must have been their feelings. Witnesses of all the horrors of the Reign of Terror; escaping to Britain; fed by the bounty of the Government there; crossing the ocean in the late fall, when Atlantic waves are boisterous; landing in a foreign land, almost a wilderness, covered with winter snows; felling the monarchs of the forest; building rude dwellings and facing the cold of our winter after the pleasant land of France. Think of the mal de pays from which they must have