

Adj. McDonell and Col. McDougall, the latter of whom fought at Lundy's Lane, lay all night on the battlefield, carrying to his grave the bullet never extracted. A document in the historical room is his warrant for raising a regiment, signed E. McDonell, Prescott, 1813. Father Lynch lies here, who was beloved by all, Catholic and Protestant alike, and whose grave is kept bright with flowers in loving remembrance. Here also lie the remains of old Mrs. Stevenson, who was so noted for her benevolence and her kindness to prisoners in Niagara gaol in the old days when debtors were imprisoned.

To the west of the town is St. Andrew's Cemetery with its belt of solemn pines. The first buried here was John Crooks, the earliest Sunday School teacher in the town. The death of Mrs. Young, who left a handsome legacy to the church, and of her husband, whose body rests in the depths of Lake Ontario, is commemorated by a tablet in the church. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, U. E. Loyalists, who came in 1788; Dr. Whitelaw, a learned man who taught the Grammar School for nearly twenty years; Wm. Duff Miller, for fifty years an office-bearer in the church, as was also John Rogers for the same time; Donald McDonald, of the 78th Highlanders; John Meneilly, stationed so long at Fort George; Judge Lauder, and Dr. Campbell, the skilful physician, all lie here "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap."

In the Methodist churchyard, John Boyd (father of Sir John Boyd) who for many years taught in the Grammar School in Toronto, the old Blue School, was interred.

Not far from this is the spot where formerly stood the Baptist church, occupied first by both white and coloured Baptists, built by the exertions of Henry Oakley, a white man, who came here in 1814, and had charge of the stores at Fort George and afterwards became a preacher in the church. A child of his lies buried here among the dusky Africans. Here lies, perhaps, as great a hero as any, Herbert

Holmes, a coloured man, teacher and preacher, who lost his life in an attempt to free an escaped slave from being returned to bondage. He, with another coloured man, was shot down and both lie buried here and deserve that we should place a flower, even after sixty years have rolled away, upon their unmarked grave. There were at one time between three and four hundred blacks here who had followed the north star to liberty.

Butler's grave was our last objective point, a spot not easily found. The farm originally owned by Col. Butler has been divided and sold, the line fence running exactly through the graveyard. Leaving our conveyances we climbed fences, skirted flats and ascended slopes. An advance party of three took different routes to survey and, when the spot sought for was found, to report. Beautiful old trees stand on a plateau from which in every direction a fair scene of rolling meadows, fair orchards and meandering streams meet the eye, "woods over woods in gay theatric pride." The inadvisability of private burying grounds is shown in this sadly neglected spot, for here the hand of the spoiler has been; trees were cut down, which in their mighty fall broke and destroyed the tombstones, and street gamins have been known to enter the vault and carry off the bones interred there. Some years ago when the place was visited inscriptions were copied. Shortly after when, with the late lamented Mrs. Curzon, another visit was paid, a scene of desolation met the eye. Stones had been broken into fragments and the vault desecrated. Here Col. Butler was buried in 1796 and now no stone is to be found to mark the spot. The vault belonged to the Claus family. Daniel Claus, son-in-law of Sir William Johnson, and Superintendent of Indians, was buried here and a large boulder has been placed at the entrance of the vault to protect it from sacrilege.

A copy of the deed granted to F. Butler, J. Muirhead, W. Claus, J. Claus, Ralfe Clench and A. Frill, by Thomas Butler, giving the exact size