

Lower Town was very real. Up to 1847 there was not a house in Centre Town save the barracks and the stone hospital on the hill. Crossing Sapper's bridge the road wound round the foot of Parliament Hill, behind the Russell, skirting the old cemetery, curving outward to Albert Street, and striking Bank Street at the south-eastern corner of Wellington St. A log fence enclosed the government land, with a stile at each end and a rocky foot-path between. For years this government property extended out to Ann Street, and it was the original intention to use it as a reservoir for the canal. Those were halcyon days for government officials, who were allowed privileges of pasture for their cows in the enclosure. Mr. Sparks regained possession of Centre Town as far as Maria Street, after a protracted lawsuit, and at once laid it out in lots. The business centre of Ottawa was from that time decided.

I fear that I have wearied you, and yet I have not done more than attempt

to indicate a few of the many salient points of local history which it would be instructive to develop. I have said nothing of the "Shiners," a not very creditable episode in our history, of a hundred other incidents in the changes which have come about, but I hope that I have said enough to convince you that there is no better study than that of local history to awaken a national sentiment, and an ardent wish for the well-being and advancement of the home city.

F. Gertrude Kenny, B.A.

Ottawa.

[We beg to suggest that the subject of this very interesting paper be pursued by Miss Kenny and others until a full story is told of Ottawa, our national Capital. As Miss Kenny truly remarks: "There is no better study than that of local history to awaken a national sentiment."—EDITOR.]

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE-YARDS OF NIAGARA.

THE Niagara Historical Society this year, instead of holding a public meeting on the 17th of September in commemoration of the first Parliament in Upper Canada, held in Newark, now Niagara, in 1792, resolved to visit not only the beautiful St. Mark's cemetery, strewing flowers on the graves of military heroes, as on previous occasions, but also to visit the other graveyards of the town in loving remembrance of those, in whatever walk of life, men and women who had "served their day and generation well." Here are buried many who helped to make history for our country, whether as soldiers or priests, judges or business-men, and to know the history of this spot is to know a good part of the history of Canada.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, in front

of the Historical Room, stood a bus and two other conveyances which were soon filled with members and friends laden with baskets of flowers, or carrying bouquets, the rich autumnal tints prevailing.

First, St. Mark's cemetery was visited, a spot which Dean Stanley said, standing in the midst of the silent records of the past: "This is a piece of old England itself; do not allow it to be altered." A spot which, with its beautiful, drooping weeping-willows, magnificent elms, remains of rifle-pits used in the war of 1812, the picturesque old church of grey-stone, has witnessed so many wild scenes, sad scenes, when fire and sword predominated in turn. Here the ashes of Indians, the redman and the white, Protestant or Catholic alike lie; the spot having been first an