

Miss Street, aunt to Mrs. Dr. Fuller, first Bishop of Niagara, was a cousin of Capt. Hamilton. They had one son, Edgeworth, who was assassinated by Lott on the Niagara frontier during the Rebellion of 1837, and three daughters, one of whom married an Usher, a cousin, in Ireland. Another married George Mitchell, and the third married the late Commissary Thompson of Penetanguishene, whose youngest daughter is the wife of the Anglican Archbishop of Ottawa. Capt. Usher who was assassinated was an uncle by marriage of the late H. H. Thompson, and at the time of his death had two children—a son and daughter. A posthumous daughter was born, who was named Edgeworth after her dead father. His son John married a Miss Staunton and is living in Toronto. Edgeworth, a son of the late H. H. Thompson, and brother of Mrs. W. H. Hewson, who will be remembered by many as having passed away a few years before his father, in the prime of life, was also named after his uncle.

Capt. Usher's residence was on the bank of the Niagara River above Chippewa. One night three men came to the door, one of whom rapped for admittance. Capt. Usher returned down the stairs, setting the candle which he carried in his hand on the last step, and as he opened the door, one of the men, who was named Lott and who had a rifle, shot him through the heart. It was an unprovoked murder of an innocent and much respected citizen by a political fanatic. The perpetrator was never punished for the crime being a resident of the neighboring republic. This same man Lott was the supposed author of another dastardly outrage, later, in the wrecking of the original Brock's monument at Queens-ton Heights in 1846.

During the period of the Rebellion, and about the time of the assassination of Capt. Usher, the late Col. W. A. Thompson of Penetanguishene was in charge of a company of Canadian Volunteers erecting breast-works on the bank of the Niagara River opposite Navy Island where the Rebels were located, when a red-hot cannon ball came from the rebel camp and struck the log on which the soldier was standing, directly in the notch which he was at that moment cutting with his axe. The house occupied as the headquarters of the staff was protected by fence-rails standing on end round the house, and one day during dinner a red-hot ball struck the railing. A soldier gathered up the ball and brought it in as dessert for the officers' dinner. These incidents, with others, were personally related to the writer.