

of a spire on Gould Street. On that occasion several compasses had to be successively taken up and tried before the workmen could be convinced that "north" was so far "east" as the needle of each instrument would persist in asserting.

The first possessor of the lot on the west side, slightly augmented in the manner just spoken of, was the Baron de Hoen, an officer in one of the German regiments disbanded after the United States Revolutionary war. His name is also inscribed in the early maps on the adjacent lot to the north, known as No. 1 in the township of York, west side. At the time of the capture of York in 1813, Baron de Hoen's house, on Lot No. 1, proved a temporary refuge to some ladies and others, as we learn from a manuscript narrative taken down from the lips of the late venerable Mrs. Breakenridge by her daughter, Mrs. Murney. That record well recalls the period and the scene. "The ladies settled to go out to Baron de Hoen's farm," the narrative says. "He was a great friend," it then explains, "of the Baldwin family, whose real name was Von Hoen; and he had come out about the same time as Mr. St. George, and had been in the British army. He had at this time a farm about four miles up Yonge street, and on a lot called No. 1. Yonge street was then a corduroy road immediately after leaving King Street, and passing through a dense forest. Miss Russell, (sister of the late President Russell) loaded her phaeton with all sorts of necessaries, so that the whole party had to walk. My poor old grandfather (Mr. Baldwin, the father of Mrs. Breakenridge) by long persuasion at length consented to give up fighting, and accompany the ladies. Aunt Baldwin (Mrs. Dr. Baldwin) and her four sons, Major Fuller, who was an invalid under Dr. Baldwin's care, Miss Russell, Miss Willcox, and the whole cavalcade sallied forth: the youngest boy St. George, a mere baby, my mother (Mrs. Breakenridge) carried on her back nearly the whole way. When they had reached about half way out," the narrative proceeds, "they heard a most frightful concussion, and all sat down on logs and stumps, frightened terribly. They learned afterwards that this terrific sound was occasioned by the blowing up of the magazine of York garrison, when five hundred Americans were killed, and at which time my uncle, Dr. Baldwin, was dressing a soldier's wounds; he was conscious of a strange sensation: it was too great to be called a sound, and he found a shower of stones falling all round him, but he was quite unhurt. The family at length reached Baron de Hoen's log house, consisting of two rooms, one above and one below. After three days Miss Russell and my mother walked into town, just in time to prevent Miss Russell's house from being ransacked by the soldiers. All now returned to their homes and occupations," the narrative goes on to say, "except Dr. Baldwin, who continued dressing wounds and acting as surgeon, until the arrival of Dr. Hackett, the surgeon of the 8th Regiment. Dr. Baldwin said it was most touching to see the joy of the poor wounded fellows when told that their own doctor was coming back to them." It is then added: "My mother (Mrs. Breakenridge) saw the poor 8th Grenadiers come into town on the Saturday, and in church on Sunday, with the handsome Captain McNeil at their head, and the next day they were cut to pieces to a man. My father (Mr. Breakenridge) was a student at law with Dr. Baldwin, who had been practising law after giving up medicine as a profession, and had been in his office about three months, when he went off like all the rest to the battle of York." The narrative then gives the further particulars: "The Baldwin family all lived with Miss Russell after this, as she did not like being left alone. When the Americans made their second attack about a month after the first, the gentlemen all concealed themselves, fearing to be taken prisoners like those at Niagara. The ladies received the American officers: some of these were very agreeable men, and were entertained hospitably; two of them were at Miss Russell's; one of whom was a Mr. Brookes, brother-in-law of Archdeacon Stuart, then of York, afterwards of Kingston. General Sheaffe had gone off long before, taking every surgeon with him. On this account Dr. Baldwin was forced, out of humanity, to work at his old profession again, and take care of the wounded."

Lot No. 1 was afterwards the property of an English gentleman, Mr. Harvey Price, a member of our Provincial Government, as Commissioner of Crown Lands, whose conspicuous residence, castellated in character, and approached by a broad avenue of trees, was a little further on. In 1820, No. 1 was being offered for sale in the following terms, in the *Gazette* of March 25th: "That well known farm No. 1, west side of Yonge street, belonging to Captain de Hoen, about four or five miles from York, 210 acres. The land is of excellent quality, well-wooded, with about forty acres cleared, a never failing spring of excellent water, barn and farm house. Application to be made to the subscriber at York.—W. W. BALDWIN." Baron de Hoen was second to Mr. Attorney-General White, killed in the duel with Mr. Small in 1800 (January 3rd). In the