

pine trees now stand. It was ten at night when they started off, they walked down on the other side, killing the sentries with their bayonets as they went along so as not to alarm the garrison at the fort.

It was at the top of this same ravine in which the boats had been concealed that General Brock on his way from Fort George on the morning of Oct. 13th, 1812 to command at the battle of Queenston Heights spoke to my grandfather.

One day as my grandfather and great grandfather were at work in the field each with a pair of horses, three American dragoons rode up and tried to capture both men and horses ; but my two grandfathers each seizing a rail from the fence near at hand, soon put them to flight. However it was not long before they came back considerably reinforced. This time they seized the horses, took my great grandfather prisoner and carried him away to Greenbush, New York State, but my grandfather fortunately made his escape.

It has been reported that money was buried in the cellar, and it seems there was some foundation for the rumor, for my grandfather being in the cellar one day, noticed something bright where the rats had been scratching up some earth on the floor, and on picking it up it proved to be a gold Spanish coin, nearly twice as large as an English guinea. We have an old clock in the house now which tradition says was buried during the time of the war, but as this is a true story I cannot vouch for the truth of the "clock" story.

Another Description of the Same House.

BY CHARLES V. TAGGART.

The farm and homestead situated on the banks of the Niagara River about two miles south of the town of that name was purchased by my great great great grandfather from the crown and has remained in the family to the present day. The dwelling house was built in 1800 by my great great grandfather