

was to surprise Fitzgibbon and thus aid an attack on the advance British post. Mrs. Secord made pretence of retiring early to bed, and in the darkness escaped from the house. For some time she wandered, uncertain as to the direction to take; but, with an instinct peculiar to the old settlers, she was not long in settling in her mind what course was the right one. On she travelled, through the dense forest, over rugged rocks and across morass, every now and then terrified by the war whoop of the Indians, gathering to take part in the conflict of the morrow. Worn out with fatigue and hunger Mrs. Secord reached the little band, and her incredible story was soon told. With the promptitude and daring of a true soldier, Fitzgibbon determined to surprise and capture the American force, then at Secord's house, and he succeeded. Mrs. Secord lived to the advanced age of 93, and died near St. Catharines, peacefully, amidst her friends, on Tuesday last. It will be remembered that the Prince of Wales, as a tribute to Mrs. Secord's bravery, gave her £100 stg.—*Woodstock Times*.

An Ottawa correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette* thus refers to this heroic woman:—

In your issue of the 5th inst., a correspondent directs attention to the recent death, at the advanced age of 93, of a remarkable woman—Mrs. Secord of Chippewa, the heroine of the war of 1812. Feeling that such a woman should not be allowed to pass away without something more than a mere passing reference to the heroic and eventful act which has made her name famous in our history for all time, I send you an account of her walk through the forest at night to warn our forces of the advancing foe. The story is taken from Colonel Coffin's admirable *History of the War*, to whom it was related by the old lady herself not very long ago.

"The commandant of Niagara, chagrined by reverses, and anxious to reassure his own people, resolved to beat up the British quarters, to attack Decan's house, and destroy the depot of stores. The surprise of this outpost would have led to further surprises, and to an officer, inspired with half the enterprise of Harvey, would have opened the way to Burlington Heights. The outpost was within striking distance, and exposed. The adventure was promising. He ordered, therefore, Lieut. Col. Barster, of the United States army, to prepare for this service, rapidly and secretly. He was in command of the 14th United States Infantry, one 12 and one 6-pounder field guns, with ammunition waggons, &c.—a few cavalry and volunteers—amounting altogether to 673 men.

"In despite of all precautions, rumours of the intended expedition leaked out, and reached the ear of James Secord, a British Militia soldier, who resided at Queenston Heights, and was a cripple. He hobbled home to his wife with the news. The pair were in consternation; they were loyal Canadians—their hearts were in the cause. If the design succeeded; if Fitzgibbon was surprised; De Haren in the rear would follow. Burlington Heights might be carried, and their country would be lost. Mrs. Mary Secord, the wife, at the age of 88, still lives in the village of Chippewa to tell the story, and wakes up into young life as she does so. What was to be done. Fitzgibbon must be warned. The husband in his crippled state could not move, moreover no man could pass the line of American sentries. She spoke out, she would go herself. Would he let her? She could get past the sentries; she knew the way to St. David's, and there she could get guidance. She would go, and put her trust in God. He consented. At three in the morning she was up, got ready the children's breakfast, and, taking a cracker and a cup of coffee, started after day-break. To have left earlier would have aroused suspicion. Her first difficulty was the American advance sentry. He was hard to deal with, but she pointed to her own farm buildings a little in advance of his post; insisted that she was going for milk: told him he could watch her, and was allowed to pass on. She did milk a cow, which was very contrary, and would persist in moving onwards to the edge of the opposite bushes, into which she and the cow disappeared. Once out of sight, she pushed on rapidly. She knew the way for miles, but fear rose within her, in despite of herself, and what "scared" her most was the distant cry of the wolf. They were abundant in those days; and twice she encountered a rattlesnake,—they are not unfrequent even now. She did not care much for them, as she knew they would run from a stick or a stone, and they did not wait for any such exorcism. At length she reached a brook. It was very hot, and the water refreshed her, but she had some difficulty in crossing. At last she found a log, and shortly after got to the mill. The miller's wife was an old friend, and tried to dissuade her from going on. She spoke of the danger; spoke of her children. The last was a sore trial, for she was weary and thoughtful, but the thing had to be done. So she was resolute, and having rested and refreshed, proceeded on. Her next trouble was the British outlying sentry, but she soon reassured him and he sent her on, with a kind word, warning her to beware of the Indians. This "scared"

her again; but she was scared still more, when the cracking of the dead branches under her footsteps roused from their cover a party of red skins. The chief, who first sprang to his feet, confronted her, and demanded, "Woman! what you want?" the others yelled "awful!" The chief silenced them with his hand. She told him at once that she wanted to see Fitzgibbon, and why. "Ah," said the Indian, "me go with you," and with a few words to his people, who remained, he accompanied her to Fitzgibbon's quarters, which she reached about nine on the evening of the 23rd. A few words sufficed to satisfy him. He sent off, forthwith, to Major De Haren in the rear, and made his own preparations. She found friends in a farm house near, for in those days everybody knew everybody. She slept "right off," for she had journeyed on foot twenty miles, and safely, God be praised. * * *

[As the result of this achievement, the American force, consisting of 542 men, with 2 field guns and ammunition waggons, and the colours of the 14th U. S. Regt. were surrendered to Fitzgibbon and his 30 men!]

"When the Prince of Wales was at Niagara, he saw the old lady, and from her own lips heard the tale; and learning, subsequently, that her fortune did not equal her fame, he sent her, most delicately and most gracefully, the sum of one hundred guineas. God bless you for that is the aspiration of every honest Canadian's heart. He is his mother's own son."

2. DR. PARKER, M. P.

Dr. Parker was educated in Victoria College, Cobourg; and afterwards went to Philadelphia to study medicine, where he graduated as an M. D. in Jefferson College. On his return to Canada he became a licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada, and finally settled down in Guelph, where he established for himself an enviable reputation, not only of a successful medical practitioner, but also as a good member of society. He was chosen Mayor of the town in 1861; and most of our readers will remember his being elected to Parliament for the North Riding of Wellington, at the general election in 1863, by a large majority over Dr. Clarke, the former representative. Under Confederation the County was divided into three Ridings, the deceased gentleman being returned for the House of Commons by the Centre one, at the last elections, by acclamation. In politics he always worked with the Liberal party; but his notions of reform were such as to meet with the general approbation of Conservatives as well, and he was about equally respected by both political parties—a fact corroborated by his being unopposed at the late election. Being a great reader and profound thinker, his views were generally well balanced, and had he lived, there is reason to believe he would have made his mark in the political world. His last address in Parliament was on the subject of Dr. Tupper's mission to England; and it may be remembered that the Hon. D'Arcy McGee's last speech was delivered in reply to Dr. Parker, about half an hour before he was murdered. What an illustration of the uncertainty of life, and warning to "have the lamp trimmed and ready," does the fate of these two men present! The deceased gentleman was a native Canadian, having been born in the township of West Gwillimbury, in the County of Simcoe, near Bradford, on the 3rd of April, in the year 1829,—and was in his fortieth year at the time of his death. His father is a native of the County of Limerick, Ireland, was a farmer, but has retired, and is now living in the village of Bradford, Ontario.—*Fergus News Record*.

3. CUSACK RONEY.

Sir Cusack Roney, whose name is intimately associated with railway history, both in the old and new world, died on 30th September, at his residence, in Cleveland Square, London. The deceased knight first became known as the secretary of the Eastern Counties line, an office which he filled while Mr. George Hudson was still the leading potentate of railways. He was afterwards closely connected with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and with Irish and Continental railway enterprise, his long experience of all matters pertaining to railways rendering his services valuable when any new scheme had to be launched, or any grand plan of operations to be accomplished. A few months ago, Sir Cusack published a voluminous work relating to railways, in which an immense number of facts and anecdotes were presented in a readable form. Immediately before his death he spent a few weeks at Brighton for the benefit of his health, but unhappily the hopes of restoration were disappointed. In society and among all his associates, the deceased was a favourite, on account of his amiable temper and genial disposition. He died in the 60th year of his age, leaving a son and three daughters to lament a real loss.