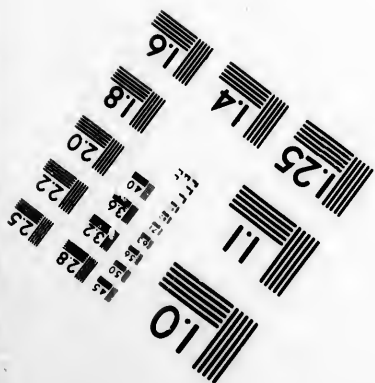
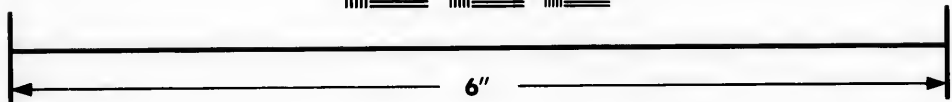
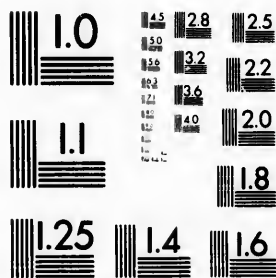


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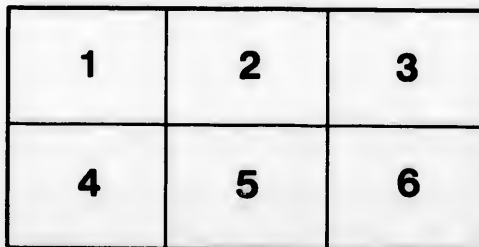
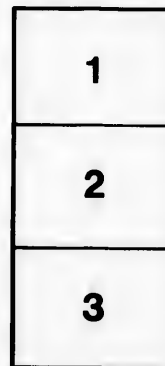
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"Ducit Amor Patriae."

NIAGARA
Historical Society.

No. 5.



SERMON by Rev. Robert Addison.

HISTORY of Mrs. Jean Baptiste Rousseaux.

HISTORIC Houses. —————

EVOLUTION of an Historical Room.



THE TIMES
BOOK AND JOB PRESSES.
NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, ONT.
1899.



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NIAGARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ITS objects are the encouragement of the study of Canadian History and Literature, the collection and preservation of Canadian historical relics, the building up of Canadian loyalty and patriotism, and the preservation of all historical landmarks in this vicinity.

Each member shall pay an annual fee of fifty cents.

The annual celebration shall be held on the 17th of September.

The Society shall hold eight regular meetings during the year. These meetings shall be held on the second Thursday of the month.

The annual meeting shall be held on October 13th.

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PREFACE.

THE fifth pamphlet of the Niagara Historical Society, will, it is hoped, be received as favorably as the preceding numbers. The sermon by Rev. Robert Addison will be a pleasing surprise and will form a worthy companion to those of the other early ministers of Niagara which have been preserved. Found almost by accident, its leaves yellow with age, it has been a pleasing task to prepare it for the printer. For some time it has been desired that there should be some description of several historic houses, built before the war whose history is closely interwoven with the story of those heroic days, and we hope that the history of many others may be told before these deeds are forgotten, ere

The race of yore
Who told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures, happed by land or sea,
Are blotted from the things that be.

So many of the early homes of the Niagara region were destroyed by fire in the War of 1812, and so many precious relics and valuable records thus perished that it is all the more incumbent on us to gather up all that can now be gained of the stories of pioneer life. Any who can assist in this way will confer a benefit on the Societies which are now endeavoring to make up for the long indifference of the past

THE Historical Room is open every Saturday afternoon from 3 to 5.

The pamphlets issued by our Society are :

- No. 1. Taking of Fort George, with illustration of Niagara River, 27th May, 1813, by Major Cruikshank. 20 cts.
- No. 2. (With three illustrations.) Centennial poem by Mrs. Curzon ; Fort Niagara, by Canon Bull ; Slave rescue in Niagara, 1837, by Miss Carnochan. 20 cts.
- No. 3. Blockade of Fort George, with illustration of Niagara 1806, by Major Cruikshank. 25 cts
- No. 4. Memorial to United Empire Loyalists, by Jas. H. Coyne, President of the Provincial Historical Society ; History taught by Museums, by David Boyle, Curator of Archaeological Museum, Toronto ; Battle of Queenston Heights, by Hon. J. G. Currie; Monuments, by Janet Carnochan. 20 cts.
- No. 5. The present issue. 20 cts.

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The residence of Jas. McFarland, Esq., built in 1800. Used as a hospital during war of 1812-14.



Residence of Geo. Field Esq. Used as a Hospital during war of 1812-14.

An Old Time Sermon.

Sermon preached by the Rev. Robert Addison, the first minister of St. Mark's, Niagara. The first page was torn and somewhat defaced, so that there is a slight break. The time must have been shortly after the close of the war of 1812-14.

1 Peter, 4th, 8th. "And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves, for charity shall cover the multitude of sins."

The heavenly report of these words can be construed in no other light than x x x on the minds of the benevolent a due and laudable impression. The object I wish to present to you my friends in my discourse is to x x x x

but this is not applicable in the present instance and though I would not wish to throw out any observations to give even a coloring of encouragement to idleness, still I would not wish on the contrary by any cold remarks to hold back the hand already stretched forth, and I may say participating in the christian like feeling of the heart to relieve the necessitous, though the object should be unworthy of bounty. This would not detract from our virtue. If we err let us err on the side of mercy and leave the justice and judgment to Heaven. Allow me then my friends to present to your view the objects I advocate and such objects as are advocated by our blessed Lord, *the Fatherless and the Widow*, such is the plain pitiable tale, it requires not the power or force of eloquence to lighten its misery, on you whose hearts are sensibly alive to the distress of your fellow creatures, who know best how to believe and administer to their comforts. These poor people have a strong claim; I thought they were strangers, far from their country and home, when I say strangers I mean not immediate-

ly known to us except by their misery; I had been misinformed. They are British subjects, however with ourselves and came here in the late war with the U.S. The head of the family bravely stood forward in defence of the country, but was unhappily taken prisoner. In this situation of difficulty and distress he fully proved his loyalty by contriving and procuring at his peril the means of escape for two useful and respectable militia officers, one of whom is dead, and the other lives in this place. He did not, he could not escape himself. His young and numerous family joined him in the States and as soon as he could arrange his humble affairs, he returned to the country of his affection and came in hopes of bettering his circumstances by honest and laborious industry. But alas, such is the uncertainty of human life and everything connected with it, so thin the partition between happiness and misery, life and death, that in one short moment the whole scene can be changed and sadly reversed, to-day all joy and sunshine, to-morrow afflictions and clouds, and which of us can say even the most affluent that such reverse of fate is not impending over and ready to burst upon our head.

Is it in the power of man to avoid or avert the wise dispensations of Providence, I trust there is none so mad as to think so, tho' 'tis too evident that poor, blind unthinking creatures there are who act as if they did. May the Almighty illuminate their minds with His Heavenly knowledge, that they may turn from their evil ways and flee from the wrath to come. Believe me, the best way to avoid the just and deserved punishment of our sins both here and hereafter by the Almighty disposer of all events is to humble ourselves before Him, to implore in fervent prayer with minds abstracted from every earthly consideration, his pardon, grace and mercy, and to copy the example and precepts of His Blessed Son, our Lord and Redeemer, and although we cannot attain to His spotless, pure and holy life, yet our endeavors in the trial shall not lose their labour nor reward.

In my present discourse I will inquire how this great duty of charity is recommended to us in the Holy Scriptures. There was nothing our Saviour inculcated more strongly into the minds of His disciples for the

instruction and blessing of all generations than that brethren should love one another and have charity, and here I beg to remind you of the following passage in the 19th chapter of Matthew, 16, 17, 20 and 21st verse, "And behold one came and said to him, Good Master what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life, and He said unto Him, why callest thou me good? There is none good but one. that is God, but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments. The young man said unto him, all these things have I kept from my youth up, what lack I yet? Jesus said unto Him, If thou wilt be perfect go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven, and come and follow me," We find the young man went away on hearing the conditions of his salvation, exceedingly sorrowful, for he had great possessions. The question asked of our Lord at first might seem equivalent to the enquiry, what must I do to be saved. But our Lord saw that His judgment was erroneous and his heart unhumbled and carnal, He therefore first objected to his giving him whom he supposed to be a mere man, the title of good as all men are evil in themselves, and none is strictly and absolutely good but the one living and true God, the fountain and perfection of goodness and excellency. The remark was the more needful as the Rabbis affected this title and it intimated that the inquirer was not properly sensible of the depravity of his heart or the dignity of the person whom he here addressed, to whom the title of good belonged in a far higher sense than he supposed. He then directed him to keep the commandments of God if he meant to enter life by the good things he should do. He ignorantly replied by inquiring which of the commandments he was to keep. Whereas a perfect obedience to all of them is the indispensable condition of life according to the covenant of works, and cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them. The young man, regardless of the first table and ignorant of the spiritual precepts adduced, answered, he had kept them all from his youth, He could only mean the letter and that he was free from the grosser violations of it, for doubtless he had infringed several of them and he certainly was very far from loving his neighbor as himself. To this he added an

enquiry, what was yet wanting to complete his righteousness, but our Lord, to discover to him and others the evil that lurked under these false appearances, told him he yet lacked one thing and that if he would be perfect he must go and sell his estate, distribute the money to the poor and follow Him, and then he should have everlasting treasure in Heaven. The reward offered for the sacrifice of this man's riches when he found it was indeed his wealth that should purchase it by bestowing it as our Lord desired and his sorrowing at the terms and of course refusal of them showed that the true spirit of Christianity was not in him, nay, that the devil indeed had yet power over his heart, for if he had faith in Christ he never would have declined an immortal crown of glory for any earthly riches whatever.

In the 9th and 10th verses of the chapter I have taken my text from are also these words, "use hospitality, one to another without grudging as every man hath received the gift, even so minister one to another as good stewards of the manifold grace of God." Whatever be our circumstances in this world, whether wealthy or poor, we are undoubtedly stewards of the Great Lord of all, and as undoubtedly will have to render an account of our stewardship at the dreadful day of reckoning and judgment, everyone according as hath been given unto him. Yet alas, how few think of this moral certainty and are still more criminal in the eyes of God, if knowing it they neglect it, if they know it not they are ignorant of the great word of truth, the Bible, but let them I pray take heed ere too late lest they should be called to render an account that would doom them to eternal misery.

There are few of us so blind but we must perceive the superfluous expenses mankind enter into to gratify their pride and their passions. The very expense of superfluities that are unnecessary to their comfort or happiness would be sufficient to support many poor, honest and industrious families. But there are many men such gross and brutish sensualists as disgrace the beautiful order of our creation, that it seems nothing would rouse them to either a sense of their own infamy or induce them to perform one heavenly act of charity, to mitigate one crime of their

iniquitous and useless lives, or hide one of the multitude of their sins. May the Almighty in His great mercy open their ears to wisdom and their hearts to understanding ere He calls them from this life of evil and temptation. The more we think on the prodigality of those stores entrusted more or less to man for the prudent and useful benefit of all, the more must we ever censure such lavishers of them. If they have a spark of that grateful and delightful feeling in their hearts that good men have when they perform a good and generous action, an approving conscience, they would acknowledge 'twas beyond all the satiating luxury and empty pomp this world could bestow. There is an inward satisfaction in doing a benevolent act without ostentation that a good man would not barter if he could for wealth. Innumerable are the opportunities my friends of thus indulging such gratifications. If we do not meet them immediately under our own eyes or even in our daily walks, still if we have the will to learn we too truly shall find out the abodes of penury and disease,

The lowly, glorious and blessed Jesus, the Redeemer of us miserable sinners, condescended to minister consolation to the afflicted of every description, Will men then that were lost and condemned but for the sufferings of their Saviour refuse to follow His Heavenly example or think it a shame or reproach to them and beneath their dignity to be found alleviating the distresses of the poor and needy. If of such we are ashamed, I fear our Lord will pronounce at the dreadful Day of Trial an irrevocable sentence, the awful and condemning words, when we would vainly excuse ourselves, "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire, I know you not, ye are none of mine." Awful, truly awful indeed, will be such a declaration.

Let us then my friends in time bring forth fruits meet for repentance, for every sin we may have thoughtlessly or wilfully committed. Hear the declaration of the most patient man in the depth of his affliction: "When the ear heard me then it blessed me." The heart I would wish cheered by your present bounty is that of a widow, and a help'less, young and numerous family. She lost her husband soon after her arrival, she still had a son, he also

fell, she has a daughter x x x x As the subject of my discourse is one I have peculiar pleasure in ever bringing to your notice, I wish to shew further the blessing to be derived from it and how far your contributions this day may rescue an afflicted family from present and future poverty, and yet more and of greater and happier consequences, possibly miserable lives and untimely ends, I do not apprehend this would be the case with these poor people in particular, I trust in God it would not, nor ever will be. But too frequently do we hear of men driven by the desperation of their circumstances to desperate means with the destructive view of bettering them, and even wretched unhappy misguided females lost to virtue and respectability by the bribe of money to overcome momentary want, and in either case what is their inexpressibly miserable end—remorse and ignominy. And what does a cold and regardless world say of such victims? Vagabonds, they deserved their fate! True, their lives deserved to become a sacrifice for their crimes. The laws of Justice demanded it. But here let us pause and dispassionately reflect, might not the kind assistance of some generous soul to have stretched out their hand with relief at the critical moment of need severed destruction from them and saved them to the community as good and honest members of society? Now my friends may not Providence in His all wise dispensations make us this day by our exertions in behalf of this family, instruments for their welfare here, and glorious immortality hereafter. Can we have a stronger inducement to excite us? Let us be *this day at least*, to those poor helpless infants a kind indulgent father, and to the disconsolate widow'd mother as it were, a tender and affectionate husband, providing for her and her family's necessities. Let her grief if possible be soothed thro' your protection of herself and infants. Let their cry for bread (by your bounty) be no more heard, and if anything in the world can repay your heart with satisfaction and sacred joy, it would be to behold these little helpless innocents kneeling round and with their yet almost desponding mother with hearts and hands gratefully lifted to Heaven imploring the God of Mercies to shower blessings on you and yours, and whatever

you do, do it heartily to the Lord and not unto men, "knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance for ye serve the Lord Christ." Now to God the Father, etc.

[At the North end of St. Mark's Church is a tablet with this inscription :—

"In memory of the Rev. Robert Addison, first missionary of this district, of the Venerable the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts. He commenced his labors in 1792, which by the blessing of Divine Providence he was enabled to continue for 37 years. Besides his stated services as minister of St. Mark's in the town, he visited and officiated in different parts of this and adjoining districts until other missionaries arrived. He was born in Westmoreland, England, and died Oct. 6th, 1829, in the 75th year of his age. 'Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God, whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ the same yesterday and to-day and forever.' Heb. 13, 7, 8."

This tablet was erected as a testimony of respect and affection by friends of the deceased.]

HISTORY OF Mrs. Jean Baptiste Rousseaux.

BY ALEXANDER SERVOS.

Margaret Kleine was born of German parentage in the year 1759, in the Mohawk Valley, now the State of New York, then a British colony. She was taken by the Indians, when a child about one year old, during the war with the Indians. The Indians killed her father by tying him to a tree and whipping him to death with the ramrods of their rifles. From the shock of witnessing such an awful death his wife fell dead. The young child was then taken, along with her sister who was then fourteen years old, by the Indians. On the loss of her mother she cried and was threatened with death by the exasperated Indians, and, in order to keep the child quiet Elizabeth filled her mouth with leaves so she could not make a noise. A short time after that Chief Joseph Brant seeing these two white children with the Indians, took them himself and brought them along with him to Niagara, and from there in due course of time they were taken to Brantford on the Grand River, where they lived with the Brant family until Margaret was fourteen years old. During this time Brant had discovered some of her near relatives, at or near Kingston. Mrs. Brant being unwilling to give up the young girl, Chief Brant arranged to let her go to her relatives. He fitted out a bark canoe with blankets and provisions, and the girl, canoe and outfit were conveyed across the country from Brantford to Burlington Bay at night by the Indians, and he directed her how to proceed by keeping along the shore of the lake, she being alone during all the voyage. At night she pulled the canoe on shore, made a fire and slept in her blankets. The time occupied in going that dis-

tance was sixteen or eighteen days. On reaching Kingston she had no difficulty in finding her relatives, Chief Brant having given her full particulars how to find them. She was well qualified to paddle a canoe, having been taught that art by the Indians through living so long with the Brant family.

On arriving at Kingston she found her relatives and lived with them until she married Jean Baptiste Rousseaux in 1785, who was a Frenchman, born and educated in Paris. He had gone to England and from there came to America with General Wolfe, and was with him at the taking of Quebec. After a short time he became intimately acquainted with Chief Joseph Brant and very quickly learned the Indian language and became proficient in speaking it, so much so that through the influence of Chief Brant he was appointed interpreter to the Indians, and held that position until his death in 1813. He died in the town of Niagara and was buried in St. Mark's cemetery.

After marriage Rousseaux and wife went to the village of Ancaster, a small village in the then Gore District, now the county of Wentworth, and kept a general store. About the year 1793 he built a grist mill in the village for grinding wheat for the farmers, and, for those days, did a large and thriving business, and acquired a good deal of wealth, besides large tracts of land throughout the country. Their family consisted of four daughters and two sons, namely: Elizabeth, who married ——— House of the county of Norfolk. Rainet married Elijah Secord, who afterwards kept a store in Ancaster, and finally settled in the township of Barton, where he and his brother, John, built the Albion mills. A number of their descendants are still living. Margaret married Thomas Davis, who settled in the township of Saltfleet, and left a large family, many of them still living. Catharine, or as she was called, Kate, the youngest daughter, married Daniel Kerr Servos of Niagara in 1816, who at that time belonged to the barrack department at Niagara, where he was employed from the close of the War of 1812-14 to 1818, in which war he served as private, corporal, sergeant and lieutenant, after which he removed to the head of the lake and purchased a farm, lots 3 and 4 in the township of Barton

county of Wentworth, where he resided until his death in 1857. His widow died in 1882. They raised a family of four daughters and three sons, besides two sons who died when quite young. The daughters were Margaret Ann, who married Matthew Brock Secord, both living to an old age, leaving many descendants. Elizabeth Gertrude, who married Alexander Rennie of Toronto, who had a large family, and died several years ago in Hamilton, where his widow now resides. Mary Euretta, who married Andrew M. Crooks, is now a widow living in Plainsville, New Jersey, Amelia Jane married Philip Perry, both dying in Buffalo, N.Y., William, the eldest son, married Margaret Crooks, Alexander, the writer of this short sketch, has been living at Niagara for the past forty-four years, and Ethelbert, who died three years ago in Hamilton. George Rousseaux, the eldest son, married Mary Rogers of Niagara and left a family of one son and five daughters, some of whom reside in Hamilton and others in Toronto. Joseph Brant, the youngest son, married Margaret Davis of the township of Barton.

Now we return to say what became of Elizabeth Kleine, the sister of Margaret. She lived with the Brant family for several years. Mrs. Brant, being a very passionate woman, Elizabeth ran away from them, assisted by Chief Brant in getting away. Meeting Daniel McCrimmon, a young Scotchman who lived near where the town of Cayuga is now situated, she married him and after a few years they settled on a farm in the township of Binbrook, county of Wentworth, where she lived to a very great age.

Daniel McCrimmon, about the year 1815 while on a hunting expedition got lost in the woods, and his remains were found along with his rifle, two years afterwards in a hollow tree, where he had climbed to protect himself from the wild animals. The remains were found there by some men who were hunting in the bush. It was proven by the rifle and knife that he carried and the steel and tinder box.

Historic Houses.

BY ALEXANDER SERVOS.

History of the George Field's Farm, on the River Road, Lot 15, Niagara Township.

In the year 1785 George Field, a U. E. Loyalist, came from the state of New Jersey, then a British colony, and settled on Lot 15, River Road, township of Niagara. He built a house in the village of Queenston, where he lived and carried on a blacksmith shop and wagon making business. He did not work himself at the trade but employed men to do the work while he would oversee the business. He placed his sons Gilbert, Nathan and Daniel on the farm which they succeeded in clearing up and cultivated successfully, earning a livelihood for the large family. About the year 1795 the father and sons built the brick house now standing on the said farm, opposite Mrs. George Durand's residence, River Road, which is part of the original Field farm.

During the War of 1812-14 there was a battery placed on what was then called Field's Point, just about where the Durand house now stands, and on the morning of the day of the Battle of Queenston, the Americans placed a battery on the opposite side of the river, opened fire and tried to silence the battery on Field's Point. While doing so they sent a cannon-ball through the roof of the brick house, (the Field house) which had at that time a very steep roof. When they repaired the house some years afterwards, they made the roof very much lower, as it is at the present time. While the Field family were taking breakfast on that morning, the Americans sent two more shots through the brick work of the house which caused the family to beat a hasty retreat and find shelter in some other quarter. The present owner and occupant of the house and farm, Mr. George Field,

now an old gentleman, is a grandson of George Field, who settled the property. His father was also named George Field.

George Field died in Queenston and was buried in the plot of ground now owned by Mr. ——— of Buffalo, N.Y., where there are a number of persons buried who were residents of the village and surrounding country. He had a large family, Hiram, Nathan, George, Daniel, James, Crysler, David, John, Ralph and one daughter, Rebecca, who married John Middaugh of the Ridge Road west of St. Davids, township of Niagara. The name was originally De la Filday, they being of Norman descent. George Field's father's name was Gilbert.

[In addition to the above it may be mentioned that in the possession of Mr. Geo. Field is a silver medal, which, from the following letter, must have been obtained through the intervention of Hon. Wm. Hamilton Merritt. On one side are the words "To the British Army 1793-1814" and on the other the Queen's head and the words "Victoria Regina 1848." The letter is as follows :

QUEBEC, 23rd AUG., 1852.

MR. GEO. FIELD,

Sir : It gives me much pleasure to be the means of presenting you with the enclosed medal as a reward for your gallant conduct in defending our common country, and I hope the day is not far distant when the same mark of distinction will be extended to your companions in arms, who, in other engagements were instrumental in successfully repelling the numerous invasions on the Niagara frontier as well as other parts of Canada during the campaign of 1812-14. It is my intention to present an address in a few days to attain that object. In the mean time I will thank you to acknowledge the receipt of this, hoping you may long live to wear it. I have the honor to remain your friend and servant,

WM. HAMILTON MERRITT.

In the grave yard now used by the Brown and Field families are many head-stones, one marking the grave of Daniel Field, who died 1873 aged 82 years, and Gilbert Field, who died 1815, aged 50. The dwelling is a large, dark-red brick house, originally three stories, with a high, pointed roof, but when partially burnt down

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It became a two-story house with a much flatter roof. The family came from New Jersey in canoes and landed near this spot. It was the first brick house on the River Road and shows the solid work of those days, its walls being mostly six bricks thick. It was built by Gilbert Field. Mr. Murray Field, living in Niagara was born in this house, which was at one time used as a hospital. The spot is still pointed out where a soldier died at the head of the stair. The British officers were at one time quartered here and Mr. Murray Field is named from Col Murray. Jas. McFarland and Daniel Field piloted the force over to Fort Niagara in December 1813. In the Niagara Historical Room is a copy of a paper read at a family gathering by Mr. Daniel Field on his 80th birthday, in which he mentions having fought at Queenston Heights, Lundy's Lane and at the capture of Fort Niagara, having been a prisoner there previously. The wife of Mr. Murray Field is the daughter of the late John McCarthy and their children can say that their grand parents fought on opposite sides at Queenston Heights, and at Chippewa they were prisoners on opposite sides.]

J. C.

History of the old white Grist Mill on the Four Mile Creek on lot 193 Township of Niagara,

In the year 1800, Benjamin Pickard of the Township of Niagara, in the County of Lincoln, built a grist mill on lot 193 on the Four Mile Creek, military reserve of the township of Niagara, said mill contained one run of stone which was brought from Eusopas, in the State of New York.

The ground wheat was carried to the top of the mill by the miller in a sack, and was poured in a cooler and from thence it ran down into the bolt for separating the flour, bran and shorts, there being in those days no elevators for carrying the meal to the top of the mill.

The machinery was all made of wood, the wheels and shafting, there was not an iron wheel in the whole mill. The mill is built of very heavy timber, all of the posts and beams are fourteen inches square as well as the sills. The girths, studding and

braces are all hewn out, not one piece of timber in the frame is sawn, the sills and posts are of white oak, and all the other timber is white wood.

During the war of 1812-14, when the Americans had possession of Fort George and Niagara, there were several skirmishes in or near the town, out at the Ball Farm and the Cross Roads, (now Virgil), the wounded all being taken to the mill which was used for a hospital for some length of time.

At this time the Americans went out from Fort George and were met by the militia who were lying in wait for them, but were too few in number to hold their own, and had to retreat farther into the country, and in order to do so quickly they threw over one hundred American muskets and bayonets which they had captured, into the mill pond, to prevent them from again falling into the hands of the Americans. The arms all sank into the mud and remain there until the present day.

In 1810 the mill became the property of Abraham Secord, and in 1815 the late Samuel Street became owner, who in 1818 sold it to the late Wm. S. Servos, and in 1859 it became the property of Alexander Servos, the writer of this short sketch. In 1893 he sold the property to Wm. Chaplin. The original owner Benjamin Pickard, was buried in the graveyard on the farm where there were a great many of the first settlers buried. After it became the property of Mr. Chaplin he caused all the old tombstones to be removed and ploughed the graveyard, levelling down the graves and cultivated it as the other land, many of the bodies had, however, been previously removed to St. Catharines cemetery. The mill still remains standing and is in a good state of repair.

An Historic House.

The Residence of Mr. James McFarland.

BY JESSIE MCKENZIE.

The following appeared in the Montreal Witness 'n 1893, being one of the stories written by the Schoolchildren of Canada in the prize competition instituted by that paper.

The house in which I live is situated on the banks of the beautiful Niagara River. It was built in 1800 and has witnessed many strange scenes, especially during the stirring times of 1812-14. As it was one of the largest and most comfortable houses of those times it was used as a hospital by both British and Americans, as each had possession of it. The hall was sometimes so filled with the dead and wounded that it was almost impossible to reach the upper story without treading on their bodies. A few yards to the north of the house is a ravine which was no doubt at that time covered with shrubbery, in which the boats were concealed which were intended to be used in the capture of Fort Niagara.

The fort was captured without the firing of a gun on Dec. 19th, 1813. Col. Murray came from Burlington to Niagara with portions of the 100th and 41st regiments, they did not cross at Niagara but about two miles up the river. My uncle who had been taken prisoner by the Americans, made his escape out of the fort early one morning and walked up the river along the shore until he came to a house where he was well known. There, kind friends hid him in the cellar until nightfall when he crossed to his own country. Col. Murray hearing of his return, sent for him and he was appointed pilot of the expedition to take the fort. They embarked a little below the house, then went up the river for a short distance and landed on the opposite shore where two

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

and was used as a hospital during the war of 1812-14 by both British and Americans, as each had possession of the place. A little to the north is the ravine in which were concealed the boats which were used in the taking of Fort Niagara. On the bank behind the house a battery was built where three British soldiers were buried. During the war of 1812-14 the cellar was used to store the grain and my great grandfather on going down one day saw an officer helping himself without permission to the oats. He unceremoniously kicked him out, said officer was afterwards high in rank, who, I suppose, kept to the old adage, "Everything is fair in love and war." It was my great grand uncle who gave information which led to the taking of Fort Niagara, and who crossed Niagara River after being a prisoner in the American Fort, crossing on a raft, and led the British soldiers to the capture of the fort. My great great grandfather and his son were one day busy working in the fields when three soldiers tried to seize the horses, but my great great grandfather and son each seized a rail and put the soldiers to flight. They soon returned with a larger number and took them prisoners to Greenbush, N.Y. After his release he died from the exposure. After the war, when the family returned to their home they found the house greatly damaged, as neither doors, windows nor mantles were left remaining, also from the farm twenty one horses had been carried off.

[On a tombstone in St. Mark's graveyard is the following inscription which must refer to that member of the McFarland family who was taken a prisoner to Greenbush and is said to have died from the effects of the exposure.

"Sacred to the memory of John McFarland, a native of Paisley, Scotland, he was taken prisoner at the capture of Fort George and escaped from Greenbush near the close of the war. He returned to his place, Niagara, and finding his property burnt up and destroyed by the enemy, it enervated him so much that he died in a few months after, in the 64th year of his age."

In the Historical Room, Niagara, are several documents framed, grants of land to or from Jno. McFarland, showing him to have been the possessor of many hundreds of acres in different parts of Upper Canada. The earliest document is one dated 1794.

Several of the grants are from Peter Russell, one for 600 acres ; another for 500 acres, one in 1799. The document of 1794 is made at Newark and is from Peter McFarland and Benaiah Gibb of Montreal, making John McFarland of Niagara their attorney for the Home District to collect all sums of money due. Another document shows the kindness of the eldest brother (and of course in those days the heir,) in giving his brother, from brotherly affection, a deed for 200 acres of land. Major Duncan McFarland who as a boy took part in the war of 1812, was an uncle of the present proprietor, who is a genial, hale and hearty octogenarian.]

J. C.

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Residence of Mrs. Mary Servos, part of which
was used as a Government store
in 1783.

Palatine Hill.

BY JANET CARNOCHAN

Perhaps the oldest house in Niagara Township is that owned by Mrs. Mary Servos, widow of Col. Peter Servos. A beautiful situation truly, the house built on an eminence commanding a view of the meandering Four Mile Creek running through an old beaver meadow, beautiful forest trees, immense pines, elms and maples having been left to add to the beauty of the scene. The house has had many additions but the large room with its heavy rafters of the olden time dates back to 1783 and was at one time a Government store. Two old account books from 1784 to 1779 give many curious particulars of the sale of flour, wheat, elk skins, bear skins, etc. A saw and grist mill did good service here. In different Government records we find that the Home Government sent machinery to help, and from many miles distant came early settlers to have their grain ground. A few submerged timbers show the spot still.

The Servos family were of Prussian origin, a parchment preserved by some members of the family, and signed by Prince William, of Weid, dated 1726, witnesses that Christopher Servos entered military service in 1687, serving honorably for forty years, and recommending him to the Governor of New York. Some of the sons were present at the siege of Fort Niagara, in 1759, under Sir Wm. Johnson, and the grandsons served in Butler's Rangers.

The old account books are exceedingly interesting, for the names, prices, articles sold. On the first page is an index very neatly done, giving names and pages. It must have been an extensive business involving large interests, as the sums of money mentioned are very large, all in L.S.D. The oldest book is a little private account of Daniel Servos from 1779 to Dec. 12th, 1804.

The prices are interesting, as 43 panes of glass 3£, 5s, 6d, one bottle of rum 4/, 9 logs, sawing, at 5s—2£ 5s; 30 lbs. flour, 1£ 13s. In the year 1784, Messrs. Street and Butler are charged with flour and grain bags, the lumber at 8£ per thousand, 100 lbs flour to Mrs. Frey, £3; Captain Bernard Frey, a bushel of bran 4s; Mr. Jno Clement in 1785 paid £1 0s 7d for three pecks of salt; Mr. Jesse Pawling bought tea at 12s per lb. Capt. Peter Ten Brock bought deer skins at 5s each; Mr. Isaac Vrooman bought wheat at 8s per bushel; Mr. Sam Street is charged with elk skins at 14s each, 6 bear skins 20s each, 3 martin 5s each. Capt. Ralph Clench has a large blacksmith bill in 1790. In 1784 a mare is charged £12. A record on one page of 2494 barrels of potash in Oct. 1799. In 1800 one quart rum 5s; half bushel salt 8s; half pound tobacco, 2s 6d; sawing 40 logs £4; two yards striped cotton 8s.

Many old deeds, commissions on parchments are preserved, four generations of the name having served in different capacities as ensign, lieutenant, captain, colonel, the oldest dated 24th Dec. 1779, from Haldimand to Daniel Servos, gentleman, to be Lieutenant in Col. Johnson's corps of North American Indians. In 1788 from Guy Lord Dorchester, to be Captain of first regiment of Militia in District of Nassan. The pay roll of Capt. Dan. Servos has 31 names in 1794 and others are dated 1802, 1809, 1815; in 1827, John D. Servos was Lieut.-Col. Another paper gives the names of those who went to York commanded by J. D. Servos, 1813, from 6th July to 10th July.

Near the house is an old barn built in 1803, in which American dragoons were quartered for a time. In the old mill is an ammunition box left by Americans at the retreat from Stoney Creek, with letters U.S. No. 1, 6 lb. It is about eight feet long and two feet wide. All sorts of articles have been banished to this place: An old saddle used by the grandmother Frey, (wife of Capt. Barnard Frey (who was killed in 1813 by a cannon ball from Fort Niagara) when she swam across the Susquehanna River, when chased by Indians while carrying despatches. The timbers are of white oak 14 and 16 inches square. There have been three mills, the second was burnt in 1822, a few of the timbers were

used in the present building and are blackened with smoke.

In the house are all sorts of relics : A tea caddy brought from Switzerland with date 1778 belonged to Philip Frey, Surveyor, is now a receptacle for buttons of Butler's Rangers, King's 8th, etc., so dear to the heart of the collector. A shell snuff box with silver cover has the inscription "Token of Gratitude from Wm. Claus to Mrs. Eliz. Servos, Niagara, 1801." One room is quite full of such historic relics, swords, sashes, immense seals, wallets, etc., enough to stock an ordinary museum. Various articles of value, as silver spoons, a silver teapot, were buried for safety, some of them three times. A document dated Newark 1794, of survey made for Col. John Butler, has the names Ball, Secord and others; the Servos farm had then 394 acres.

In the Servos graveyard on the farm are buried four generations. One inscription reads "Sacred to the memory of Elizabeth Johnson, who died 8th Nov., 1811, aged 104 and recalls the fact that her husband Col. Johnson was buried in the chapel of Fort Niagara 1759, with Gen. Prideaux, and that, though many attempts have been made to discover the site of this chapel where two British officers were buried, hitherto they have been without avail. Elizabeth Servos, her daughter, died 1821, aged 72, and Daniel Servos, husband to above, died March 1808, aged 65. There are tombstones to six of the name of Whitmore: Magdalene, in 1854, must have been the little Magdalene Servos, who saw the murder of her grandfather in 1777 in his own house by Revolutionary soldiers, the little child of three was left with relatives till her father, Captain Daniel Servos, went from Niagara on horseback and brought her home. The late wife of our poet, Wm. Kirby, F.R.S.C., Eliza Whitmore, was her daughter.

One grave is that of an Indian. A black man who had been an old slave, was in the family for many years, called Bob Jupiter.

In St. Mark's record book is an item which relates to this burying ground, running thus, "On the day on which the engagement between Sir Jas. Yeo and Commodore Chauncey took place on the lake, our dear friend Mrs. McNabb was buried in Mr. Servos's burying place, supposed to be the 29th Sept, 1813." (Should be 28th Sept.)

The information on which these imperfect notes is dated was gleaned from various sources, Mrs. Mary Servos having courteously shewn many articles of interest in this historic home. Her father was Capt, John C. Ball, who fought at Queenston Heights, having in charge the cannon there, and in the family record are the names of Frey and Showers, all found in the first census taken in Niagara by Col John Butler in 1782, and again in 1783. In many other houses in the town and township where descendants of the Christopher Servos who came in 1726 reside, may be found precious heir looms from which, if the history were told, ample material could be obtained for several interesting pamphlets. Stories of pioneer life, of valuable relics, of adventures among the Indians, of escaped slaves, of assemblies at Navy Hall, stories, which if not soon gathered up will soon be only a memory ever growing fainter and fainter. It is hoped that there may not be lacking those who have sufficient love for their country to make continuous efforts to glean while it may yet be done, the tales of our not ignoble past.

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The Evolution of an Historic Room.

BY JANET CARNOCHAN.

Numerous requests having been made for some account of the evolution of what may, for lack of a better name, be called our Historical Room, an attempt is now made to satisfy these demands. In December 1895, in answer to a notice in our local paper, a few persons met in the Public Library room and an Historical Society was formed. In March 1896 the library having obtained a new and more accessible building, the town council kindly allowed us the use of this room, which had already some pretensions to being called historic, as it had been in past time the grand-jury room for the court house for the united counties of Lincoln, Welland and Haldimand and has no doubt witnessed many sad and stirring scenes since 1848.

Locus, then a long narrow room, 12x40, empty, except for a large box stove and chandeliers left as a legacy by the library. Much cold water had metaphorically been thrown upon the project of collecting articles relating to the history of the town and neighborhood. It was said nothing had been left, everything had been given away or destroyed, or did any such articles exist, no one would either give or lend anything for such purpose. All such prognostications have proved false. With very little outlay, for we began with an empty treasury, (cases have been given, picture frames, chairs, tables, etc.), a collection of about one thousand articles, some of them very valuable, has been brought together and entered on the books of our curator. Visitors have enrolled their names from different cities,—from Winnipeg to New York, from Ottawa to Wellington, New Zealand.

Many of the articles have a story attached and it is the object of this paper to give some slight account of the most remark-

able of these. Perhaps the most interesting feature in the room is the collection of pictures of the town hanging on the walls dating from 1794, 1806, 1813, 1836, 1846 ; also documents, commissions in old fashioned frames, the latter all contributed from garrets and lumber rooms, and, while not appropriate to the parlor, are quite suitable for these ancient documents. There are now almost one hundred of these hanging on the walls of our room. The first article put into our hands was a large medal, rather battered and discolored but still in good preservation, particularly interesting at this jubilee time, the inscription being "In commemoration of the visit of Queen Victoria to the city of London, 9th November 1837", on the other side the Queen's youthful profile of sixty years ago. To a Londoner the date would explain the *raison d'etre*, but to us the recent reading of Hall Caine's Christian with its reference to 9th November, Lord Mayor's day afforded an explanation. The medal was found near Fort Missisagua and presented by Master Hamilton Garrett. A large heavy key with brass tag attached with words stamped "Tower Magazine", in being shown to visitors is always said to represent the "power of the press," a well deserved name. When in beginning our collection a large case was kindly presented, a notice was inserted in our local paper that now articles presented could be safely preserved. In a few days this key was sent by post all the way from Wisconsin, the owner having picked it up when the the fort was deserted and lying open ; taken to Wisconsin and now restored by mail in answer to our appeal, by this loyal son of the old borough. Our local paper travels to many distant spots and this has been truly shown to represent the "power of the press."

A sword hints a tale of the "cold steel" encounter when the legend tells us the cry was "What is trumps" and the answer "British bayonets." When Fort Niagara was taken 19th December 1813, while Niagara town was a smoking ruin, this sword was handed to Col. Murray by the American officer in charge. The christening bowl used by Rev. Robert Addison who came here in 1792 shows long use, but still the bunch of pink flowers on each side may be plainly seen and this brings to mind St Mark's

register with the quaint remarks inserted at baptism, wedding or funeral by its first rector, who sometimes, from that vast parish reaching from Niagara to Long Point, baptized dozens, nay scores, using this simple china bowl.

A pocket book gives us a pathetic reminder of the day Niagara was taken, 27th May, 1813. On a tablet at the north door of St. Mark's is an inscription to the memory of four heroes who were killed while defending the town, the first name being Capt. Martin McClelland, and here is the name in his own hand in this pocket book, Dec. 1812. It was thought at first that the purse was found on the dead body, but a different explanation is now given, no less pathetic and striking: the captain went to Virgil where his wife then was, to bid her good-bye, having a presentiment that the morrow would be his last day on earth, an engagement being expected, the American force having anchored in sight of the town. To the wife were given the pocket-book and watch and the presentiment proved true, for in spiking the guns while retreating the fog lifted and he was slain.

But perhaps the article which attracts the most attention is the cocked hat of General Brock with white ostrich plumes, red and white cockade and gold plated chain. Since like George Washington, we cannot tell a lie, it must be confessed that General Brock never wore the hat as when it arrived for him from England he lay in a hero's grave in Fort George. A letter is in existence written by him to his brother "All the articles I ordered have arrived except the cocked hat for which I am sorry, as on account of the enormous size of my head I find it difficult to obtain a hat to suit me." The ladies of the Historical Society, Toronto, wrote to have it measured inside, and the result quite justified the use of the descriptive adjective as the measurement was twenty-five inches. A military order of 1811 that the ostrich plumes be inside the flaps, and another in 1814 repealing this order justify the position of the trimming. The hat was used at the different funerals, being placed on the coffin in 1824 and again in 1855 when many old soldiers asked permission to try it on.

Here is the Upper Canada Gazette 1794, Newark, published

by Roy and a later one by Sylvester Tiffany with curious advertisements and vistas opened up into the life of a hundred years ago when gay assemblies, and French Counts, and American Commissioners, Governor Simcoe himself, and his secretary, that remarkable and inexplicable man, Col. Talbot, danced with Niagara belles.

Two documents show the heads of families and number in the family of the congregations of St. Andrew's and St. Mark's, the first being a parchment petition to the Queen in 1842 complaining that they had not received their share of the Clergy Reserve Fund. Of all the autographs found here not one is that of a living person. The Census Enumerator's report of the families of St. Mark's in 1848 gives a total of 1060 people exclusive of the military in barracks, or the country people.

The commissions of Robert Nelles, an officer in the Lincoln Militia, from 1788 to 1813 as successively lieutenant, captain, lieutenant-colonel, colonel, show the signatures of Lord Dorchester, Gore, Sir Peregrine Maitland, Lord Colborne and Col. Butler.

What story is hinted at in the coat of arms and parchment containing the freedom of the burgh of Dumbarton and another that of Paisley to John Hamilton for good deeds done and *to be done*, dated 1748. How little thought the giver or the receiver that we in this distant land should now be wondering what those good deeds could have been and what mean those mysterious words *to be done*. Could those canny Scots have thus been stipulating that no future reward was to be given for any further devotion to duty?

Here is a "tump line" one hundred years old, skilfully decorated with porcupine quill work, which had been used by some Indian woman to fasten her silent, solemn-eyed papoose and carry it on her back or perchance to carry a heavier load of food or game. And here are articles which show how our grandmothers followed the description in Proverbs, "She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands, she layeth her hand to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff," a large wheel, a small wheel, reel, carders, hackles. A number of these last show that raising flax must have been an industry here, as in one barn were

found five. One hackle is old, having been brought in 1784 by the family of one of Butler's Rangers.

Numerous documents, now framed, recall stirring times as the proclamation of Wm. Lyon McKenzie from Navy Island 1837. Among other names may be seen that of Samuel Lount, so ruthlessly executed. Another proclamation of a reward of \$500 for the capture of James Morreau, a rebel, evidently a Frenchman, and on inquiry we learn that he was actually hanged at Niagara jail and a record in the Roman Catholic register gives the fact that he was baptized provisionally, he not knowing whether this had been done before.

Some curious old books and pamphlets give interesting glimpses of early life in Canada. A book containing letters to Archdeacon McGrath, Dublin, has engravings by the novelist Samuel Lover, showing the log house of 1832, the bear hunts and fishing expeditions. One item referring to the scarcity of drug stores says that "one woman in Niagara compounds medicines and puddings with equal confidence, but not with equal skill." The formidable speech of Bishop Strachan on the Clergy Reserve question recalls the memory of that vigorous ecclesiastical statesman who gave and received such mighty blows, and who was so vigorously denounced by Robert Gourlay, who lay at one time a prisoner in Niagara jail, a picture of which now hangs on the wall, a contrast to its present appearance as "Our Western Home." A scrip of Pennsylvania in 1773 for four shillings, recalls the time when that state was a British colony, and a curious deed of land has on it the coat of arms of the Canada Company in the Huron tract. A Mavor's spelling book printed in Niagara in 1824 gives some astonishing statements, but this is far eclipsed as a school book by the Agricultural Reader by a vice-president of the Agricultural society, since learned to have been Bishop Fuller. Whether the pupils of any school were ever condemned to use this book is not known, but in the interest of humanity it is hoped not, as the book consists of disquisitions on mangel wurzel, manures, sheep-raising, soils, etc., actually, however, enlivened by two lessons in verse, one stanza of which we cannot refrain from quoting, called "The Farmers' Fair."

“Bring heifers, steers and stately calves,
Let bulls and goats be there,
Bring natives, long horns, short horns, no horns,
All to the The Farmers' Fair.”

Three sermons preached by ministers of the town in war time, will compare favorably with sermons of the present-day, one during the War of 1812 by Rev. John Burns, the others in the Rebellion of 1837 by Rev. R. McGill and Rev. T. Creen, The manuscript of a fourth is now in the possession of the Society and appears in this pamphlet, that of the first minister of St. Mark's sent-out in 1792, by S. P. G. Rev. R. Addison. “Brothers of the craft” are all interested in the old Masonic apron, hand-painted on silk. It is not known how old or whether done here or in Scotland.

A heavy, leather-covered book, the inside pages yellow and water-stained, tells the story of the Niagara Library from 1800 to 1820. As the library fell into the hands of Mr. Heron, a bookseller, and who kept a lending library, the books must be scattered over the country, but for a long time no glimpse could be obtained of any of those books, though the library numbered 1000 volumes. But another strange coincidence throws a ray of light. In asking information from an old lady, who as a child was at the second funeral of Brock in 1824, she had the previous day received a card inquiring about the Niagara library of 1800, as the writer had a book snatched from the flames in 1813. Since then a book has been sent to the collection with the label “Niagara Library 1801, Number 81” and corresponding with the catalogue number 81.

Here are pictures of a few who have been connected with the history of the town, General Sir Isaac Brock, Col. Butler, Laura Secord, Sir Wm. Johnson, Capt. Thos. Dick, Samuel Zimmerman and here is a sweet faced old lady, the daughter of a heroine who on the day when 6000 men menaced our town, encouraged the soldiers by serving out coffee and refreshments. The wife of the lighthouse keeper, Dominick Henry, it is mentioned in a pamphlet of the Loyal and Patriotic Society, was voted £25 as

an acknowledgment of her services. The delight of her granddaughter in being sent the extract relating to her grandmother, Mrs. Quade, is one of the compensations for the labor of these investigations. A picture of a log house built in 1814, is a contrast to the modern dwellings.

A friend in presenting some articles said, "I give you this as seed, some one will see it and say 'I have something like that at home which I will bring you'," and within a week this was twice verified. On seeing a few wampum beads from an ossuary, a visitor said, "My wife has a wampum necklace, given when her grandfather was made a chief, which she may lend you," and so another contribution came. On seeing an iron tomahawk, a gentleman said, "Yesterday something exactly similar was ploughed up, which I will bring, as I now know what it is," and so one contribution leads to another.

A late contribution is a collection in a large picture frame, which may be said to be a complete history of the military occupation of the Niagara Peninsula, being about two hundred military buttons of different regiments, British, United States, Canadian, picked up at Fort George, all neatly labelled. In the centre a belt buckle, 49, recalls the regiment of the noble Brock, "The Green Tigers."

Nor is the list still exhausted, a Labrador seal skin coat from the Northwest Rebellion and the scarlet coat of a captain in the War of 1812 form a striking contrast. Indian pipes with beautifully worked stems, hammer stones, household utensils of other days, waffle irons, warming pans, snuffers, tell a page of forgotten history to the children of the present day. A battle-axe from an Ayrshire bog, and a perfect trilobite from England, with some beautifully polished flint arrow heads of early British workmanship show that not alone is this continent under tribute. Gleaner newspapers, old letters, seals, all speak to us of the past.

Among the strange coincidences in life which give color to the saying that truth is stranger than fiction the following may be recorded: A letter received from Mr. Eakin, the librarian of Osgoode Hall, asked information about the ten members of the law society founded in 1797, of one particularly could nothing be

gleaned, W. D. Powell, jr., of Queenston. Just that day our secretary, Mr. Altred Ball, brought in a letter belonging to his wife, a granddaughter of Robert Nelles of Grimsby, and which proved to be a letter from W. D. Powell himself, and gives a glimpse of a romantic runaway match. The letter is addressed to Robert Nelles, 40 Mile Creek.

QUEENSTON, 28th JULY, 1802.

DEAR SIR :— I should be unpardonable if I lost any time returning the hearty thanks which are so justly due from me to you for your kind and friendly assistance in rendering me one of the most happy of men. After leaving your house on Friday night we had an uncommonly fatiguing ride to Runchey's and arrived at Niagara on the following morning, where, by Mr. Addison's assistance, we were soon out of the fear of pursuit. Mrs. Powell joins with me in her professions of gratitude to yourself and Mrs. Nelles, and requests that you will take the trouble of apprising her sister, Ellen, of her love and obligations to her for the part she took in forwarding our escape.

Believe me dear sir, your obliged and obedient servant,
W. D. POWELL, JR.

Another interesting document is the subscription list of the children of St. Mark's to procure a chair for the old clerk, to whom we find an inscription in the graveyard, John Wray, who had been clerk of the church for fifty years and died in 1846. This is the quaint heading to the list: "Whereas the old clerk has returned to town and expects to occupy his place in the church, so long as he lives and is able to attend Divine service, it has been observed that his seat on a stool is not easy nor suitable for him, and an easy chair has been thought of. This has been made to order and will be an appropriate present to honorable age from the young as a mark of respect for his grey hairs and long services." The list of youthful contributors will be carefully preserved among the records of St. Mark's Church. Niagara, Sept. 20th 1844, The cost is £1 15s currency. The surplus for Sunday School books." Of the thirty-seven names signed here there are now, after fifty-five years, only eight living. The sums signed are from 7½d to 2s 6d, the whole sum contributed being £3 5s. The

receipt of the maker of the chair, John Andrews, is on the back of the paper. Such well known names as Boulton, Dickson, Ball Creen, Melville, Campbell, McCormick, Hall, Willson occur. Mr. Wray is described by an old lady, an octogenarian, as a little old man. The chair is low, and may be seen in the choir, having been lately freshly upholstered.

An oil painting of Col. Jno. Butler has a curious history: painted in Niagara in 1834 from the original oil painting (which is now in Ottawa) by Henry Oakley, the son of the Baptist minister, it has after being in Bronte for sixty years now come back to Niagara. The vane on the steeple of St. Andrew's Church, put on in 1831, and bent in the tornado of 1855, the figure of an angel blowing a trumpet, called often the "Angel Gabriel," after lying in a barn for over forty years has here a resting place.

The collecting and arranging of so large a number of articles in so short a time has not been accomplished without much labor and we have to acknowledge the liberal contributions of Messrs. Charles Ball, Alexander Servos. Alfred Ball, Miss Creen, Miss Crouch and many others. A short historical article has appeared in the Niagara "Times" each week and the acknowledgment of all articles contributed, and this perhaps has helped somewhat. The distribution of the yearly reports with partial catalogue, and now a complete to-date catalogue of twelve pages, has been printed for us by the kindness of Mr. John Ross Robertson, who has taken much kindly interest in our work, the publication of our pamphlets Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, all these have no doubt helped in the evolution of our room. We should not have been able to print so many pamphlets had it not been for a grant for printing purposes from the Ontario Government.

The tea caddy of Laura Secord, a curiosity in itself, even had it not been the property of such a heroine, came by post from Winnipeg, loaned by the grand daughter of Laura Secord herself. Copies of the Canadian Punch, 1848-9, give curious glimpses of the feeling to Lord Elgin. The Gleaner for 1832-3 and six months of the first year 1817-18, Gidding's Almanac for 1831 giving all the evidence of the trial at Lockport of those concerned in the abduction of Morgan, give us curious reading now.

A pencil outline by General Seaton Gordon, with watermark 1822, of buildings then, 1824, at Fort Mississagua was found by the son while examining his father's papers, and was sent to Mr. Winnett of Queen's Hotel, and thus our collection increases.

A powder horn with Indian hieroglyphics, formerly the property of Chief Brant, Thayendanegea, having been presented to Jean Baptiste Rousseaux, Indian interpreter, is now the property of Mr. Alexander Servos, the writer of the life of Mrs. Jean Baptiste Rousseaux in this pamphlet. Two silhouettes framed give us the faces of two U.E. Loyalists, Hannah Ball and John Secord. A plate with bright scarlet flowers, was formerly owned by Mrs. Law, whose husband was killed at Queenston. She is described by a lady who remembers her, becoming excited when talking of the war as taking snuff and sneezing and crying in succession. A buckle with Scotch thistles and the figures 93 tells of the time when that famous regiment marched proudly through the streets, with philabegs and tartans and the bagpipes followed by the ubiquitous small boy.

The value of such a room has already been shewn as numerous letters have been received asking information to be found in our old newspaper files. One great want is an isolated building fire proof, on the ground floor, but whether this great object of our ambition will be attained is an unknown quantity. We have petitioned the Ontario Government to give a grant to erect a monument at the landing place of the United Empire Loyalists here, and have suggested that this memorial should take the form of a building to contain the collection of our society, the names of the Loyalists to be placed on the walls. A circular has also been sent out to descendants of U.E. Loyalists asking advice and assistance in this direction.

Some may be disposed to smile at a collection of this kind and underrate its value, but Mr. David Boyle our Provincial Archaeologist who has given us much valuable advice and assistance, who has done such noble service in the evolution of the Archaeological Museum, Toronto, who has devoted days and nights, nay, years of his life to this object, whose influence has brought flowing into his collection from all parts of the world such valuable addi-

tions, whose admirable reports, appreciated first in Britain and the United States have now at last convinced Canadians of the value of their archaeologist, Mr. Boyle in a paper read on 17th Sept. at the anniversary of the Society used these words, "For local history purposes there is nothing superior to the local museum. Wherever there is a good library there should be a good museum ; one without the other is incomplete, it should supplement the library and be supported by the country as well as the library. Object teaching is the oldest kind of teaching, and every object should illustrate a point, enforce some statement, or elucidate something otherwise obscure."



Since writing the above, the old account book of a family living on the banks of the Niagara River has been presented, dating from 1806, one page of which may be reproduced here. In reading of the War we often meet with accounts of property destroyed, sometimes by the enemy, sometimes by our own troops to prevent it falling into the hands of the invaders. Claims were afterwards made of war losses, some of which were paid, in part, after tedious delay, for some no compensation was received. In many cases claims were bought up for a small sum from those in dire need. The amounts claimed as damages seem large but we must remember that prices in war time ran enormously high. The following is the list :

Statement of property lost and destroyed by the army since the commencement of the war from 1812 to 1815 :—

One piece of broadcloth, 30 yds. at 40s.....	£ 60
12 blankets. at 2£ 5s per blanket.....	27
Clothing, three fine coats, one Surtoul coat.....	20
Family clothing.....	50
Seventeen hogs.....	34
Two day books, containing accounts.....	150
Taken out of the shop in 1813.....	40
One house burned, estimated at.....	800
One kitchen, estimated at.....	200
Furniture of the house.....	500
One barn with hay and forage.....	150
One sleigh, plough, horse and two barrels of salt....	40
Eight acres of wheat, estimated at 150 bushels.....	93 15
Garden and orchard and other damage in the place..	100
In the blacksmithshop, part of two sets of tools with one and a half tons of steel and iron.....	450
400 barrels of coke coal, at 5s per barrel.....	100
Lost on upper farm in hay and grain.....	50
One set of books supposed to contain accounts to amount of.....	800
One set of harness for two horses, one saddle and two bridles.....	20
52 days of captain's pay and other acc'ts. passed the Board of Claims and burned in Mr. Crook's office	33

The total amount reached almost £4,000, and the old leather bound book with its contents brings up the names of many of those early pioneers who did and dared and suffered so much to keep their heritage as British soil, a heritage which we now enjoy.



