

PUBLICATION NO. 8

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# Family History

THE SERVOS FAMILY  
THE WHITMORE FAMILY  
THE JARVIS LETTERS  
ROBERT LAND, U. E. LOYALIST

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*Reprint 1919*

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## PREFACE

(1901)

In the fifth of our publications were a few family records. In this, No. 8 of our series, we continue family histories. For the first two we are indebted to our distinguished literateur, who shines as a novelist, poet and historian. "The Servos Family" is reprinted by request. "The Whitmore Family" has appeared before in a shorter form, but never at its present length. "The Story of Robert Land" is also printed by permission, and the extracts from "The Jarvis Letters" are now printed for the first time. In the pages of John Ross Robertson's "History of Free Masonry," will be found a long account of the curious dispute between the Niagara Lodge and Wm. Jarvis (the Secretary of Governor Simcoe and also the Grand Master of Lodge No. 2) after he removed to Toronto, then York.

It is the aim of the Society to collect and print other family records, many side lights are thus thrown on our history and we would ask all who can assist in this way to do so. They will thus have the consciousness of having helped to add another link to the chain of the history of Niagara.

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## REPRINT EDITION

(1919)

As many requests have been made for complete sets of our publications we are endeavoring to comply with this demand. No. 6 is being reprinted and No. 9 will follow.

# UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS OF CANADA

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## MEMORIALS OF THE SERVOS FAMILY

(BY WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C.)

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(The following article first appeared in the Canadian Methodist Magazine in 1883, was reprinted by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, and is now by their permission and that of the author reprinted by us, many requests having been made to this effect, the L. L. edition being exhausted.)

The existence at the present time of two great distinct political confederacies in North America, the United States and the Dominion of Canada, is primarily owing to the long continuous movements of two opposing sections or parties of the English people in the land of our common ancestors; the party of monarchical and the party of republican tendencies, divisions which seem to be inherent in human nature itself.

The Revolution of 1642 was the culmination of Puritan ascendancy in England, the reaction restored the royal authority in the Constitution. The distinct party lines of English politics take their modern form and under various names have come down to us from that time to the present. It will be found that those party struggles in the motherland furnish the key that unlocks the secret of British-Canadian politics, principles, and tendencies—as distinct from the politics, principles, and tendencies of the United States—differences which perpetuate the division of North America into two distinct and rival, but not, it is hoped, unfriendly nations.

To understand the true genius and origin of the English-speaking people in Canada we have to go back to the settlement of the New England Colonies by the thwarted and, to some extent, persecuted Puritans of the seventeenth century. They left their native land, full of bitterness, with no love for either its Church or monarchy. The English Commonwealth had been their ideal of civil government, and from the very first settlement of the Puritans in Massachusetts their steady endeavor and policy was to separate themselves from the mother country

and erect their ideal in a Republican Church and State on this continent.

The germ of the American revolt was planted in New England from its very origin, and nothing the mother country could do for them—wars with France, undertaken in their behalf, the conquest of Canada, tens of thousands of lives lost, and hundreds of millions of British money spent in protecting them,—was of any avail to excite a loyal and kindly feeling towards the mother country. There were, of course, thousands of New England men who formed honorable exceptions to the general disaffection of the Puritan population; but they were outnumbered and overborne by their discontented fellow-countrymen.

In other colonies it was quite different. New York was colonized first by the Dutch and then by the English; the English settlers of New York were largely loyalist in principle. The same may be said of New Jersey, while the Quaker element in Pennsylvania and the German settlers were for the most part loyal and well affected to the Empire.

It is not necessary here to go over the causes of the disputes which arose at first in New England with regard to the mother country. The questions once raised grew rapidly to a head. The Stamp Act and the Revenue Acts of Great Britain, very impolitic certainly, yet in their intention good and excusable, were a bad means of bringing round a good end, namely, to supplement the want of a *united common government* among all the Colonies. These proposed measures raised the popular clamor in America. The infection of disloyalty to the Empire was zealously propagated from New England, and the people of all the Colonies, according to their sentiment and opinions, became divided into two great parties which in the end developed into the party of the Unity of the Empire; the former tending to a severance and the latter to the maintenance of the old National ties with the motherland.

Of the progress of that great debate, and of the fierce and warlike tempers which it evoked, and of its final effect upon Canada, this memoir will afford some interesting evidence.

If the seeds of disloyalty were sown in the New England Colonies from the beginning, so it is equally certain the seeds of loyal connection with the Crown and Empire of Britain were sown in Canada and have ever borne the noblest and most glorious fruits. The settlement of this country by the expatriated loyalists of America was the leaven that has leavened the whole lump of Canadian nationality, and made this country what, I trust, it may never alter from,—the most loyal, orderly and progressive part of Britain's Empire.

Yet we know and regret that modern history—English history through absolute ignorance, American history through suppression or misrepresentation of facts—fails to do the slightest justice to the men who founded this Dominion. I speak not with reference to our French fellow-subjects, but to the United Empire Loyalists who have given Canada its form and pressure, stamping upon it the seal of the Crown, the emblem of the grandest Empire the world ever saw. *Esto Perpetua!*

This memoir of personal history was written solely as a family record, to preserve traditions that have for a century been kept warm by the fireside. It relates to a family in respectable middle life, which may be taken as completely representative of the great body of loyalists who founded Upper Canada.

The true history of Canada cannot be written without deep study and investigation into the principles, motives and acts of the American loyalists. Yet how little does professed history record of them!

English writers on this subject, with a few exceptions, take their views at second-hand from American sources, and I have failed to find more than one American writer who is able or willing to do justice to one-half of the American people who, during the revolutionary struggle, sided with the mother country; and when defeated at last in their efforts to preserve the unity of the Empire, left their estates, homes, and honorable positions in every department of life, and betook themselves to the wilds of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada, to start life afresh under the flag which they refused to forsake.

The Americans have held their Centennial of Independence to commemorate the breaking up of the Empire in 1776. The descendants of the U. E. Loyalists are proposing to celebrate in Toronto in 1884 the Centennial of the arrival in Upper Canada of the expatriated loyal Americans who founded this Province.

That great design has been warmly taken up by many descendants of the Loyalists in Ontario. It will do much to present to the world, the opposite side of the great American question of the past century, and show the true grounds and reasons of Canadian adherence to the British Empire—grounds and reasons which are too little understood except by our own people, who in the quiet of their homes live in the solid enjoyment of British freedom, law and security, and desire no other.

The following memoir of the Servos family is given as a typical example of the fortunes and fidelity of that old U. E. Loyalist stock to which Canada owes so much:

After the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, when the country had measurably recovered from the ruin and devastation of that period of trial and suffering in the Fatherland,

the ambition of France and the thirst for glory in the young King Louis XIV. again plunged Germany into a long war in which he wrested from her the ancient principality of Alsace and annexed it to France, and which only in our day, 1870, has been reconquered and restored to Germany.

The reign of Louis XIV. and that of his contemporary Leopold the First of Austria, were memorable for the long, persistent and cruel persecutions of the Protestants in the dominions of each of those sovereigns. It were hard to tell to which of them the bloody palm was most due.

Louis, after years of persecution-against the most industrious and enlightened of his subjects, at last repealed the Edict of Nantes, and with it the only guarantee for toleration in France. The Huguenots were persecuted and proscribed; they escaped by the tens of thousands from France to England and wherever an asylum afforded itself.

Leopold of Austria was equally harsh and intolerant. Hungary was the chief seat of Protestantism in his dominions. A fierce persecution was directed against them with the result of expelling thousands of Hungarian Protestants, who found refuge in the *Protestant states of Germany, Holland and England.*

Among the Protestant refugees from Hungary, about the middle of the seventeenth century, were the ancestors of the Servos family, of whom a brief account is here recorded.

On the right bank of the Rhine, eight miles below Coblenz, lay the ancient principality of Wied, a principality of the Empire and the inheritance of a long line of liberal and enlightened rulers. Their residence was the old feudal castle of Wied, overlooking the broad Rhine and a fertile domain of vineyards, corn-fields, and meadows, towns and villages which gave the title to their Princes, of Counts of Wied and Lords of Runkel and Issenberg.

The most remarkable of these Counts of Wied was Prince Alexander, who in the beginning of the seventeenth century founded the town of Neu Wied on the Rhine, and made it the seat of his government, instead of the old city of Alt Wied, which had previously been the capital.

Prince Alexander, at the time of the persecutions in France and Hungary, offered his protection and a free asylum to men of every religion in his new city of Neu Wied, which offer was gladly and eagerly accepted by the persecuted Huguenots and Hungarians, a great many of whom flocked in and took up their abode under the noble Prince of Wied. The city greatly prospered, and soon became a bright landmark in Southern Ger-

many, known throughout Europe as a city of refuge for the persecuted Protestants of the continent.

Among the refugees from Hungary were the family of Servos. They were probably Hungarian, of Servian origin, as this is a Hungarian form for Serbos, pronounced Servos, meaning Servian. They settled in Alt Wied, and subsequently removed to the new city of Neu Wied where they lived and prospered, some of them taking up the military profession in the service of their adopted and afterwards of their native prince.

Christopher Servos, born at Alt Wied about 1670, is the first whom we shall particularize as the ancestor of the Canadian branch of the family. He entered the service of the Prince of Wied as a private soldier of his guard in 1687, and in which by successive promotions, he attained the rank of officer. He served in the army thirty-nine years and nine months; he went through the great campaigns of Marlborough serving in the German contingent which formed a large part of the army of that great commander.

On the termination of his long and honorable military service, Christopher Servos being then a man well in years, with a wife and family of six grown children, determined to emigrate to one of the English colonies of North America, about which he had heard a good deal during his campaigns with the English armies.

Prince Frederick William, of Wied, the reigning prince at that time, gave him the most honorable discharge from the military service, and with it a large letter of introduction and recommendation under his own hand and seal, to the Governors of New York and Pennsylvania, in one of which provinces he intended to settle.

This letter, written in old German on parchment, with the signature and seal of the Prince of Wied, is still preserved by the family, and is now in the possession of Captain Alexander D. K. Servos, Niagara Township. It recommends Christopher Servos to the respective Governors of the Province of New York and Pennsylvania, and reads as follows:

"We, Frederick Wilhelm, of the Holy Roman Empire, Count of Wied and Lord of Runkel and Issenberg, do hereby declare that Christopher Servos, a native of our principality, entered our military service in the year 1687. He served in our Guard as a musqueteer twelve years, as corporal five years, sergeant fifteen years, and as Landsfahndrick seven years and nine months, in all thirty-nine years and nine months. During this service he was always distinguished as a brave and honorable man, faithful in the performance of every military duty and in all

the relations of life of strictest integrity, upright and honorable as becomes a faithful soldier to be.

"We, therefore, of our own motion and free will, understanding that he desires to emigrate to America with his wife and six children, do hereby grant him an honorable discharge from our service, and release him from all our spiritual and civil jurisdictions, declaring hereby the great satisfaction we have had from his long and honorable services. Not desiring to lose him, yet since of his own desire he has resolved to go with his wife and six children to America, the better to provide for their future welfare, and will betake himself either to New York or Philadelphia, and in order that he may be favorably received by the Honorable Governors of New York or Pennsylvania as a man every way worthy of their assistance and patronage, we recommend the said Christopher Servos to them, pledging ourselves by any means in our power to the said Honorable Governors to reciprocate any kindness, good-will and assistance which they may be pleased to show to the said Christopher Servos.

"And in order to ratify these presents, we subscribe them with our own hand and order them to be sealed with the great seal of our principality.

"Given in this our Residenz Hoff at Neu Wied am Rhein,  
"April 27, 1726. "FREDERICK."

In the summer of 1726, Christopher Servos with his family embarked for North America, where this worthy pioneer of German emigration duly arrived and landed at New York. We can imagine the stout, rigid old German soldier of forty years' service calling and presenting his letter of introduction to Governor Burnet—a clever man, the son of the famous Bishop Burnet—who doubtless received him most kindly. Whether he obtained from the Governor a grant of lands, or whether he purchased lands, is not now known, but he presently acquired possession of a large tract on the Charlotte River, near Schoharie, in the Province of New York, and settled there with his sons, who were young men and commenced to clear the lands and make a new home for his family.

His sons were intelligent, energetic, and trustworthy men. They cleared several farms, built grist and saw mills and started stores, as the fashion then was, upon the frontier settlements, traded with the Indians, and in time became prosperous, rich and widely known. The Servos settlement on the Charlotte was one of the landmarks of the frontier of the Province of New York and Pennsylvania until the Revolution. Old Christopher Servos died at a very advanced age, but in what year is not known. His sons true to the military spirit of their father, held com-



mission in the Provincial Militia, and served under Sir William Johnson and Colonel John Butler in the French War. They were at the battle of Lake George, 1754, and at the siege of Fort Niagara, 1759. The family were on familiar and intimate terms with Sir William Johnson, one of their sisters marrying a near relative of Sir William—Colonel Johnson—whom she accompanied through all the campaigns of the French War. That lady came to Canada and died at the Servos homestead, Niagara Township, in 1811, at the great age of one hundred and four years, and is buried in the family burying-ground, Lake Road, Niagara, where a monument records her memory. This is on the Servos homestead now owned by Mrs. Mary Servos widow of the late Colonel Peter C. Servos.

After the close of the French War, the sons of Christopher Servos devoted themselves afresh to farming, milling, and merchandise, and prospered much. As magistrates, men of business, and officers of the militia, they were greatly respected throughout the district where they resided.

When the agitation preceding the Revolution began in the Colony of New York, the Servos estates were held by sons and grandsons of the old German soldier from the Rhine. The eldest of these and the acknowledged head of the family, was Thomas Servos, a man of large property and great business on the Charlotte River who had four sons, young men, living with him at home.

The troubles of the Colonies arose mainly out of the permanent disaffection of the Puritan element in New England, which was disloyal from the very origin of its settlement in Massachusetts; but the constant wars with France and the dangers ever dreaded from Canada, kept down open manifestations of disloyalty, until the conquest of Canada relieved New England of all fear of France, and enabled the heads of disaffection to be raised with boldness.

The way in which some of the Colonies had shirked their obligations in regard to their quotas of troops and money to be furnished for carrying on the war with France had long been a standing grievance, trouble and complaint.

As is well known, the proposal for a Colonial union in 1754, at the commencement of the last French war, was mainly intended to equalize the common share of public expenditures and the quotas of troops and the money to be furnished by the respective Colonies. The failure of the convention that met at Albany to establish an equitable union of the Colonies, was the true reason of the measures taken up after the conquest of Canada, to equalize by Act of Parliament of Great Britain the contributions of the several Colonies to the common object of the defence of America.

As was remarked, the quotas of money and troops to be furnished by the respective Colonies for the French War had been most unequally paid, some Colonies giving their full shares, others evading their dues in the most dishonest manner. There was no central authority to compel payment but England, and she had no constitutional machinery to take the task properly upon herself.

The passing of the Stamp Act was an effort—a rash and injudicious one—to raise a common fund for the military defence of the Colonies, and do for them what had failed to be accomplished by the projected union of 1754.

The great error of this policy was in the British Government not considering that strong constitutional objection would be raised to the Imperial Parliament's legislating on a matter of great public concern which should only be legislated upon by a Parliament of the Colonies themselves. England should have insisted on the project of union being carried out which, would have enabled the Colonies to do for themselves constitutionally what the necessity of the case required. The Stamp Act and the other Revenue Bills, the proceeds of which were to be wholly spent in America, were wrong attempts to do a right thing, viz., to make the Colonies deal fairly and honestly by each other and contribute equitably to the common burden of their defence and government.

An immense agitation was started in New England over the Stamp Act which, by political arts, was extended to the other Colonies.

The Province of New York was on the whole loyal to British connection; its local politics had long been headed by the Delancy and Livingstone families respectively, the former representing the Tory, the latter the Whig party, with the preponderance generally in favor of the former. The Tories or loyalists generally disapproved of the Stamp Act and other measures of like nature, but theirs was a loyal, constitutional opposition, and few at first of the Whigs even in New York, outside of a band of professed agitators in the city, headed by one McDougal, the publisher of a violent Whig newspaper, ever contemplated revolution.

The loyal party while disapproving of many of the measures of the Imperial Government, saw nothing in them of sufficient importance to justify the factious clamour that was raised in Boston, which they well understood as arising not so much from fear of oppression and taxation, as from the natural disaffection of the New England people, and the selfish interests of the merchants of Boston, who, like Hancock, had grown rich by their systematic violation of the customs and trade regulations of the Colony.

The Stamp Act was a god-send to these people, in giving them a taxation cry, and presenting the question before the people, as a violation of their constitutional rights.

The loyalists of the Revolution were not blind defenders of arbitrary and unconstitutional power, any more than the Whigs were the virtuous assertors of pure liberty, which they pretended to be. The former, while admitting the impolicy of the Stamp Act and other revenue measures, saw nothing in them to warrant the disruption of the Empire. The majority of the people were opposed to violence. The Colonial Assembly, lawfully representing the whole people of New York, was loyal to British connection, and refused to sanction the Declaration of Independence.

The election of the so-called Provincial Congress of New York, chosen by Whig partizans exclusively (the loyalists being disfranchised unless they would swear allegiance to Congress), threw New York into the most violent civil war of any of the Colonies. The Provincial Congress of the State decreed the confiscation of the property of all persons who adhered to their lawful government. Loyalists were arrested, proscribed and declared to be "traitors" by men who were themselves legally and undeniably the only traitors in the Colony!

The most wealthy of the loyal people of New York were marked out for plunder, the most spirited for arrest and confinement. Men who had been born in the Colony and lived all their lives creditably as good subjects—magistrates, officers of militia, members of Assembly, merchants, farmers and clergymen, who had taken the oaths of allegiance to the King, and upon whose consciences these oaths were held binding—were required, on pain of losing both property and liberty, to fall in with the revolutionary course of the Whigs and swear allegiance to the rebel Congress.

The majority of the people of the Province of New York refused to become rebels, and would undoubtedly, if left to themselves, have preserved New York from revolution. The temporizing and conciliation policy of Lord Howe and General Clinton enabled the Whigs to terrorize the people of the interior until the whole civil administration of the Colony was overthrown and the seizure of the persons and leading loyalists led speedily to the fierce civil war that followed.

It is undeniable that the loyalist party in the Colonies was composed chiefly of native Americans and of the better and more wealthy classes of society, while the bulk of the Whigs outside of New England was composed of the foreign element, needy emigrants of late arrival, which formed the main strength of the continental army as distinct from the militia of the several States. It was the consciousness of this fact that caused the

loyal and venerable Seabury, afterwards consecrated first Bishop of the Anglican Church in the United States to exclaim in retort to some Whig persecutors: "No! If I must be enslaved, let it be to a King, and not to a parcel of upstart, lawless committeemen! If I must be devoured, let it be by the jaws of a lion, and not gnawed to death by rats and vermin!"

At this time which, it was said, 'tried men's souls,' the descendants of Christopher Servos were one and all loyal to the King and to British connection. They were neither to be frightened nor cajoled out of their principles. Thomas Servos, the head of the family, was a man of clear mind and independent character. He had served in the French War with honor—had taken oath of allegiance as a magistrate and a military officer to the King, and was not one to ever think of breaking it.

The Servos family were all men of determined character. They were obnoxious in a high degree to the Whig committees of the Schoharie Country, whom they opposed and kept down with a prompt and heavy hand and they had prevented the carrying out of the Whig programme in all their section of the Charlotte. The committee reported to General Washington their inability to establish the Revolution in that part of the Province, and called upon him to furnish a military force to aid them in subduing the loyalist population of the Charlotte. Their request for troops was complied with, and a body of cavalry was despatched to overawe the people and arrest the principal loyalist inhabitants of Schoharie and the valley of the Charlotte. Thomas Servos was, in June, 1778, living quietly at home, attending to his farms and mills, when the expedition sent to arrest him entered the valley and suddenly surrounded his house; it was in the night but the family were still up. The four sons of Thomas Servos were all away at the time. His wife, a worthy lady of Dutch family, with his son Daniel's wife and his grand-daughter Magdalene, three years old, with the servants, white and black, were all that were in the house.

The cavalry rode up suddenly to the door, and the house was surrounded before any alarm was given. Their leader called for Thomas Servos, who went out to speak to him. Seeing the state of affairs and guessing at once their business, he went back into the house to pacify his family and bade them be prepared to face quietly with courage whatever fate was before them. The officers, Long, Murphy and Ellerson, with several of their men, dismounted and went into the house, and with much irritating language proceeded rudely to arrest Servos, and ordered him to accompany them as their prisoner to Albany. He refused, and when Murphy laid hands on him, he broke away and took up an axe that lay near and lifted it to defend himself, when he was in-

stantly shot by the rifle of Ellerson and fell dead upon his hearthstone.

The women of the household were not injured, but the house was ransacked and plundered of its money and valuables of every kind. The troops then rode off rapidly, fearing an attack from the loyalists of the valley as soon as the news of the murder of Servos should be known. The dead body of the father of the family they left on the hearth, lamented over by the women and servants, while the troopers returned in great triumph to their camp with the plunder they had carried off, and boasting of the murder they had perpetrated.

The two young sons of Thomas Servos returned home from the woods. Seeing the house surrounded by rebel troops and not knowing what had happened, they watched on the edge of the forest until the troops departed, then ran in and found their father killed and their mother and the rest of the family in great distress. The boys aroused the neighbors, who promptly armed themselves and came to the house too late to do any good.

Thomas Servos was buried in the family ground. The boys placed their mother and the wife and child of Daniel with relations who gladly received them, and then took to the woods and made their way towards Niagara in order to join the Regiment of Butler's Rangers in which their brother Daniel served. As a matter of course, the whole of the large estates of the Servos family were confiscated, and the owners of them were proscribed by the Revolutionary Convention.

The murder of Thomas Servos was not unavenged by his sons, for very shortly after his death, Jacob Servos was despatched, with the Indian Chief Brant and a force of loyalists and Indians down the Schoharie to destroy the forts that had been erected there—three in number—and to clear the country of the enemy and bring in such of the loyalist families as desired to escape to Canada. The four sons of Thomas Servos were conspicuous for their military services throughout the Revolutionary War. Daniel was a captain, and two of his brothers privates in Butler's Rangers. Jacob was an officer in the Northern Confederate Indians. They were at Oriskany, Wyoming, and other engagements on the frontiers of New York and Pennsylvania.

The war, dragging through a period of eight years, seemed at times as if the rebellion had collapsed, and would end in the restoration of the Empire. It is not too much to say that one-half of the people of the Colonies outside of New England, if they had been left to themselves, were against the Revolution. In 1781, Washington's army was reduced to 7,000 men, unpaid, starved, and mutinous to the last degree, and less in number than that of the loyalist Americans serving in the British army.

In the winter of 1781-82, it really seemed as if the time had come that Washington would have to surrender. His whole Pennsylvania line had mutinied and left him, and it only needed a vigorous attack from Clinton to put an end to the war altogether. But vigour was no attribute of that General. He temporized and delayed until even the gentle poet Cowper, in his *Task*, could not but express his indignation:

“Have our troops awaked?  
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,  
Snore to the music of the Atlantic wave?”

At that critical moment the government of France, which had narrowly watched the progress of affairs, saw that it was at last necessary to strike in all their force in order to save the Revolution. They did so. A French army and a powerful fleet were sent to the rescue. That combined movement of the French fleet with Washington's force was suddenly made on Yorktown, where Cornwallis had gone to meet the reinforcements of Clinton from New York. As is known, the French and Americans arrived in Yorktown first. They attacked Cornwallis with an overpowering strength, and compelled him to surrender only a week before the tardy reinforcements of Clinton appeared off Yorktown, which would have turned the scale the other way.

Party spirit in England completed the victory over Cornwallis. The Government was compelled by a vote of the House, to accept overtures of peace on the basis of recognition of the independence of the Colonies. The cause of the Empire was even then far from lost, and, as is known, no persons in America were more surprised than Washington and Adams, in 1783, at the sudden and unexpected offer of peace from England.

The recognition of the independence of the Colonies completed the ruin of the loyalists, for though the treaty of peace contained stipulations for the security of their persons and property, and for the collection of their debts, those stipulations were everywhere shamefully evaded. Congress made the treaty, but these stipulations were left to the separate States for performance. The loyalists were everywhere persecuted. Their property that had been confiscated was in no instance restored, they were disqualified from civil rights and from voting at elections; and, in short, life in their native country was made intolerable to them. They left their country in tens of thousands to seek a new home under the flag for which they had fought so long and so bravely. It is estimated that up to November, 1784, a hundred thousand loyalists left the port of New York alone.

Charleston and Savannah, Philadelphia, Baltimore and even Boston added thousands more to the number of refugees, while upwards of ten thousand loyalists from the interior of New York and Pennsylvania traversed the vast wilderness of forests and took up their future homes in Canada, forming settlements at various points from the Detroit River to the St. Lawrence.

Such a wholesale flight of the most respectable, intelligent, and industrious population of any country had not been since the exile of the French Protestants after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 1687.

While the United States lost the very best and most moral of their people, Canada was the gainer by having its territory settled and the foundation of its greatness laid by the advent of these loyal, high principled men, who preferred starting the world anew in the wilderness, rather than be untrue to their King and the British flag, which was their own native symbol.

The King, in order to relieve their suffering, and trials, granted them lands in Canada and the other Provinces—to every loyalist, man, woman and child, and every child born of them, two hundred acres of land. These “United Empire Grants,” as they were called, formed the inheritance of the people of Canada, and are a perpetual reminder of the loyalty of the founders of our Province, who have impressed their character upon it to this day. Parliament voted fifteen million dollars by way of partial indemnity for the losses of the loyalists. But as Daniel Servos said:—“It was impossible to pay for the loss of a continent, and the King was the greatest loser of all! None of the Servos family would apply for any share of that indemnity.” Three of the brothers settled in the Niagara District, and one at the Long Sault, near Cornwall.

Strangers ask, “Why are the British North Americans so loyal to Britain and the Empire?” If they had read our true history, they would know and not wonder at it. A higher and more ennobling character is not to be found in any nation.

Fort Niagara was one of the posts retained by the British on account of the evasion by the Americans of the Articles of the Peace of 1783, relating to the property and debts of the loyalists. It was not given up to the Americans until 1796, when the American government, by Jay’s treaty, engaged afresh to allow the loyalists to recover their lands and debts. The fort was then ceded to them, but, as is known, neither the treaty of 1783, nor Jay’s treaty of 1795, have, as to these stipulations, been carried out up to the present time, and it is safe to say never will be.

Upon the breaking out of the war of 1812, the three sons of Captain Daniel Servos, with the traditional spirit and loyalty of their race, took up arms in defence of their King and country.

They all held commissions as officers in the First Lincoln Militia, under the command of Colonels Butler and Claus. They served in all the engagements on the Niagara frontier. Captain John D. Servos superintended the transhipment of the boats across the land from the Four-mile Creek to the Niagara River, on the night of the 18th of December, to convey the troops across for the assault on Fort Niagara, which took place before daybreak on the morning of 19th December, 1813, six days after the burning and evacuation of the town of Niagara by the enemy. He and his brother Daniel were active in the storming and capture of that fort, as their father before them had been in its capture from the French in 1759.

The widow of Captain Daniel Servos of the Revolution was a woman of great spirit and resolution. It is related of her that during the occupation of Niagara by the Americans, from May to December, 1813, marauding parties of the enemy plundered the houses in the country without mercy, there being usually only the women of the family at home, the men being away with the army. A party of eleven marauders rode out one day to the house of Captain John Servos, where she lived, and began to search the house for valuables and money. Not much was found, as such articles were generally buried in the ground during the war. On turning up a bed the party found a new regimental red coat of her son, Captain John, which they began to cut to pieces with their swords with many derisive and offensive remarks, which fired the old lady with such anger (she was Welsh by the way) that she gave them a plain piece of her mind, calling them cowards, who would not have dared look at the coat if her son had it on! This enraged the officer in command of the party so much that he grew savage and dealt the old lady a violent blow on the breast with the hilt of his sword, wounding her severely, from the effects of which blow she never recovered, but suffered acutely from it until her death.

The short, futile rebellion of McKenzie, in 1837, found the old hereditary spirit active as ever in the three brothers. On the news of the rising of McKenzie, near Toronto, Colonel Servos immediately ordered the First Lincoln out on the Queen's service, and although its limits extended nearly forty miles, the famous old regiment assembled next day on the common at Niagara, nineteen hundred strong. The rebellion was suppressed at Toronto as soon almost as started, but on the occupation of Nany Island by McKenzie, Colonel Servos did duty at Chippawa with his regiment until the evacuation of the Island in January, 1837. His brother, Captain D. K. Servos, of Barton, led his troop of cavalry, under the command of Colonel McNab, to the township of Scotland, and put out all sparks of rebellion in that quarter.



After the peace of 1783, Captain Daniel Servos, formerly of Charlotte River, relying on the stipulations of that treaty for the recovery of the lands and debts of the loyalists, went from Niagara on horseback through the wilderness—well known to him however—down to his former home, in order to bring back his little daughter, Magdalene, then nine years old, whom he had left with her mother's relations during the war and also to recover, if possible, his estates and the debts owing to him. The lands he found irrecoverable, notwithstanding the treaty. The state of New York, in order to secure the Whig spoils, had immediately after the treaty legislated afresh on the subject, and effectually prevented the claims of any loyalist from being prosecuted in the State courts. The debts were placed in the same condition. Nothing could he get back from the greedy hands which had seized them, and, except in the case of a few honorable men, former loyalists, who paid their debts, all the rest repudiated their liabilities and set him at defiance. And as no State Court would allow suit he gave up the attempt and returned to his new home at Niagara with his little daughter, thankful that by the liberality of the King and his own efforts he could live in Canada in plenty. He returned home by way of Oswego, coasting in an open boat along the south shore of Lake Ontario from Oswego to Niagara. That child, Magdalene, became in time the mother of the wife—still living—of the writer of this memoir.

The descendants of this loyal old family are numbered by hundreds in various parts of Upper Canada, being very numerous with their collaterals, the Whitmores and others, in the County of Lincoln. It is safe to say that not a disloyal man has ever been found among them.

This narrative may be taken as fairly representative of that of thousands of American loyalists, who in the war of Revolution "stood for the King," and whose brave and self-sacrificing exertions in defence of the unity of the Empire brought ruin upon themselves in their ancient homes, but was the making and glory of Canada by filling this Dominion with men of such chosen virtue. "If England," as a Puritan divine once boasted, "was winnowed of its choice grain for the sowing of America," it was certain that America was reaped and winnowed afresh at the Revolution, and its very choicest men selected by Providence for the peopling of this Dominion. By the loss of these men America was drained of its best elements, and suffered a mortal loss which it could ill spare.

The obligations of duty in defence of right against the many or against the few, fidelity to the flag and Empire, fear of God and honor of the King, keeping inviolate their oaths of allegiance and their very thoughts free from sedition, privy conspiracy and

rebellion,—all these things were summed up in the one word, "Loyalty," as understood by the men who left the United States to live under their native flag in Canada.

Some of the best and wisest men of the United States have brushed aside the thick covering of fiction and obloquay cast over the memory of these men in popular American histories, and do not conceal their admiration of their character, courage, and devotion to the highest principles for which they sacrificed everything except their honour. Truth will have its revenge in justice at last and I venture to say that a century hence, America will be more proud of her exiled Loyalists than of the vaunted patriot who banished and despoiled them.



MR. JOHN WHITMORE

## MEMOIR OF THE WHITMORE FAMILY OF NIAGARA

(BY WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C.)

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The family of Whitmore, closely connected with that of Servos, is of English origin—long settled in New Jersey whence they removed, a few years before the revolution, to the Susquehanna, where they acquired the farm on which they lived, near the present town of Shamokin in Pennsylvania, now called Jersey Town, Columbia County, Pennsylvania. The head of the family, Peter Whitmore, a man of integrity and piety, greatly respected by all, had taken no active part on either side in the revolutionary strife—lamenting it sincerely—but in those days of Whig committee terrorism, as was said, "To be quiet was disaffection and to be loyal was treason." The known loyal sentiments of Mr. Whitmore and his refusal to be bound by oaths to the congressional usurpation was sufficient to condemn him, and this good, quiet, Christian man and his family became involved in a fate worse than befell most others in that lawless and violent period. His family consisted of himself, his wife, three sons, one a young man, the late John Whitmore, of Niagara, was then four years old, and four daughters, the eldest fourteen years and the youngest a babe of a few months.

In July 1779 some Oneida and Delaware Indians with a few white ruffians, in the American service, during the advance of General Sullivan up the Mohawk, knocked at the door and obtained an entrance into the house of Mr. Whitmore. They had been seen the evening before by the eldest daughter, Mary, when she went to a spring near the woods for water. She told her parents but they felt no alarm, knowing they were safe if they were British Indians. They readily opened the door to them when they claimed admission. The leader was a Delaware named De Coignee. It was the custom of the frontier to be very liberal in hospitality to the Indians when they visited the homes of the white inhabitants. The party, some twenty in number, at once commenced to ransack the house, the whites accompanying them began to insult Mr. Whitmore and his son in the coarsest terms as Tories, and the women and girls with foul epithets. The father knowing how useless was opposition did not reply except by kind expostulations, but the son, a spirited young man could not stand it and replied to them warmly.

He was violently struck by one of the white men and immediately returned the blow. Tomahawks were drawn by the Indians. The father interfered to save his son when a general attack was made upon the unoffending family, the father, the mother and the eldest son were at once killed. The house was fired. The three girls and the boy John, his brother George and the baby were carried off prisoners by the savages. The party took to the woods, and fearing discovery by the cries of the baby, the Indian who carried it dashed its head against a tree and left it. The boy and his sisters were compelled to travel many days and were witnesses at night of the savages dressing the scalps of their father, mother and brother for preservation as a memorial of the cruel triumph of their slayers. They were taken to a Delaware Camp supposed to have been on the Alleghany River. The boy, John, and one sister were formally adopted into the nation as the Indian custom was. The other two girls were taken elsewhere, one of whom was subsequently found and was married to the American Indian Agent to the Senecas, Interpreter Jones, of the Genesee country, in the State of New York. Another sister, Mary, was rescued and married subsequently to Mr. Hoople, of the Long Sault on the St. Lawrence. This sister was discovered by Mr. John Whitmore seventy years after their separation. The third sister was never heard of, no enquiry could ever trace her fate.

John Whitmore was adopted by a kind, old Indian woman as her son. He went through the ordeal of testing his power of endurance, placing hot coals on his bare arms, the marks of which were never obliterated. His ears were pierced for earrings and a hole made in the cartilage of his nose for the silver rings with which his fond Indian adopted mother ornamented him. He always retained a loving recollection of the kind old Indian woman.

Captain Daniel Servos, who had known the family of Mr. Whitmore succeeded at last in recovering the boy from the Delawares. He brought him to Canada, adopted him and gave him his daughter, Magdalene, in marriage, with a fine farm adjoining his own.

Mr. John Whitmore had never been able until about 1845 to discover his sister Mary. At last by chance Mr. Andrew Heron, of Niagara, still living in Toronto, met a son of hers, William Hoople, of New York, who, in the course of conversation with Mr. Heron, found that his uncle was alive near Niagara. He immediately came up to see him and thus that long broken link in the family was reunited:

Mr. John Whitmore being then nearly eighty, notwithstanding his advanced age determined to visit his long lost sister at the Long Sault from whom he had been separated for a period of

seventy years. His son-in-law, Wm. Kirby, of Niagara, accompanied him in this interesting visit in 1851. It was an affecting meeting of the two old people, Mrs. Hoople was ten years the senior of her brother but she was vigorous for her age and had a most perfect recollection of all the incidents of the destruction of their family which she related to the writer of this memoir. She was nearly ninety but her faculties were perfect and the personal likeness between her and her brother was very striking.

It is related of this good and Christian man that during the occupation of Niagara by the enemy in 1813 the Delaware Chief, De Coignee, who had been active in the destruction of his family was serving with a band of savages in the American army. The fact became known to Mr. Whitmore who remembered De Coignee but too well. He resolved to kill him and avenge the murder of his parents thirty-four years before. With that intent he armed himself with a rifle and went into the woods by a path which he had ascertained De Coignee would take that day. He placed himself in ambush and waited impatiently for the arrival of the Indian who for some reason delayed his coming for several hours. Mr. Whitmore alone in the silence of the woods had time to reflect long and severely upon the object he had in view. He thought and thought,—was it right! Christ's words to forgive your enemies and God's words "vengeance is mine" seemed to speak audibly to him. He prayed for guidance, and his Christian feelings prevailed at last over his resentment. The end of it was, he gave up the resolution he had formed to kill De Coignee in any private way, hoping to meet him in a fair field where his conscience would acquit him of slaughtering him. Mr. Whitmore returned slowly home not quite sure whether he had done right or wrong. It was learned afterwards that De Coignee in his war paint and feathers did pass by the spot where Mr. Whitmore had stood not half an hour before. Such an instance of Christian charity falls to the lot of few men.

It is related that Mr. Whitmore while a prisoner for a short time in the American Camp at Niagara had an interview with De Coignee and spoke of the murder of his family. The Indian tried to be friendly and speaking in his own tongue expressed much sorrow for what he had done but excused himself by saying it was done in war time and there was no use saying anything more about it.

Mr. Whitmore served in the Militia during the war, was at the taking of Fort Niagara, and was one of the persons engaged in the construction of Fort Mississagua.

An illustration of the sad fortunes of war may be here recorded as it affected Mr. Whitmore. Two sons of his sister that married the Indian Agent Jones of the Genesee were serving with

their regiment as officers in the American army during the occupation of Niagara. They knew their uncle John Whitmore very well, having visited him at his home before the war.

A few days before the burning and evacuation of Niagara by General McClure, these young officers resolved to visit their uncle to bid him good-bye and take any message he had to send to their mother. The home of Mr. Whitmore was along the Lake shore about four miles from the town, and at that time, within the lines of the British army, which was encamped along the Four-mile creek. The young men procured a boat and rowed up in the night to their uncle's home. Mr. Whitmore was astonished and alarmed on seeing them, knowing that if they were discovered they would be immediately seized and shot as spies, being within the lines of the British camp. Mr. Whitmore bade them come into the house and not for their lives let themselves be seen. He immediately took them to the house of the Rev. Dr. Addison, rector of Niagara, who resided on the next farm, and begged him to advise him what to do about the young men, who really meant no harm. The Reverend clergyman, a most excellent and judicious man, saw at once the gravity of the situation. He went immediately to find Colonel Murray, the commander of the troops, and frankly stated the whole case to him and begged permission from him to allow the young officers to return to their camp. Colonel Murray knew and greatly respected Mr. Whitmore whose house had been headquarters for General Vincent, Colonel Murray and others. He sent for the young officers and severely reprimanded them for their folly and told them that it was solely out of regard for the good and loyal character of their uncle that he spared their lives. He allowed them to re-embark and return to Niagara.

These two officers were after the evacuation of Niagara posted with their regiment at Lewiston where in the afternoon of the night in which Fort Niagara was captured they were attacked by General Riall and both of them killed on the hill at Lewiston. They were both dead in less than a week after their rash visit to their uncle, John Whitmore.

Mr. John Whitmore died in 1853 and is buried with his wife Magdalene who died in 1854, and others of his family in the Servos burial ground, Lake Road. Of his family one son, Peter Whitmore, Esq., of Niagara Township, and one daughter, E. Magdalene, wife of Wm. Kirby, are at this time still living.—Niagara, April 25th, 1882.

NOTE BY W.M. KIRBY\*

On Friday 1st September, 1890, a stranger came into my office and introduced himself as John Whitmore, a grandson of

George Whitmore, brother of my father-in-law John Whitmore. He came to ask about the Canadian members of the family, he had been to visit the place where stood the homestead where the family had been destroyed. Remains of the site he could still discover. It was situated in what was called Jersey Town, Columbus County, Pennsylvania.

\*Author of "Le Chien D'or," "Canadian Idyls," etc.





PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM JARVIS  
(FROM ORIGINAL PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE)

# THE JARVIS LETTERS

(BY MARY AGNES FITZGIBBON)

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(A paper read before the Canadian Institute by Miss FitzGibbon, Hon.-Secretary of the Woman's Historical Society, Toronto, and author of "A Veteran of 1812.")

The letters which it is my privilege to read to you to-night were sent to me by Mr. George Murray Jarvis, of Ottawa, that I might glean from them such items or information bearing upon my work. They need no long preface. They speak for themselves, and the less I intrude myself or my opinions the greater will be their interest and value. They cover a period of some twenty-one years—more full and fairly consecutive during the period included—1792 to 1800, more widely scattered and intermittent from the latter date to 1813. They cover 115 pages of foolscap. It is needless to say that there is enough data in them to furnish interesting matter for several papers such as the one to-night. One of the difficulties I had to contend with was to select the most interesting extracts from much that is valuable, and to give you that which is likely to be of general interest. It is a correspondence which subject to wise omissions or repetitions of purely family matters, should be published as they are written. It is work of this kind our Historical Societies should do. Printing, however, costs money, and funds of Historical Societies in Canada are never very abundant; the one of which I am Secretary, deriving its funds solely from the small annual fee of fifty cents, has had no sufficient surplus after defraying its current expenses. We hope, however, that having in a measure justified our existence and our membership increasing, we may be enabled one day to undertake the printing of valuable correspondence and original documents.

This came to me labelled "Family Letters, from Wm. Jarvis, Secretary of Upper Canada, and Hannah his wife, to the Rev. Samuel Peters, L.L.D., between the years 1792 and 1813. Copies (originals in the possession of S. J. McCormick), received from Samuel Peters Bell, April, 1876." I will not attempt to give you any detailed statement of who or to what family Wm. Jarvis belonged. The family was and is a large one and I should only bewilder you and befog myself by attempting it. I find my own family pedigree and its ramifications almost beyond my comprehension. That both he and his wife Hannah, were refugee loyalists who, after the Revolution, went to England and

there sought compensation for losses for loyalty, by office or land grants in Canada, is evident from the letters—more it is unnecessary to say to-night. I have the printed pedigree here for the information of anyone particularly interested, now in the possession of Geo. Murray Jarvis, of Ottawa.

Wm. Jarvis received his appointment while in London and thus announces it in a letter dated Pimlico, 31st March, 1792.

"I am in possession of my sign manual from His Majesty constituting me Secretary and Registrar of the Province of Upper Canada with the power of appointing my deputies, and in every respect a very full warrant. I am also much flattered to be able to inform you that the Grand Lodge of England have, within these very few days, appointed Prince Edward, who is now in Canada, Grand Master of Ancient Masons in Lower Canada, and Wm. Jarvis, Secretary and Registrar of Upper Canada, Grand Master of Ancient Masons in that Province. However trivial it may appear to you who are not a Mason, yet I assure you it is one of the most honorable appointments that they could have conferred. The Duke of Athole is the G. M. of Ancient Masons in England.

Lord Dorchester, with his private secretary, and the Secretary of the Province called on us yesterday and found us in the utmost confusion, with half a dozen porters, etc., in the house, packing up. However His Lordship would come in and sit down in a small room which was reserved from the general bustle, then took Mr. Peters home with them to dine. Mrs. Jarvis leaves England in great spirits. I am ordered my passage on board the transports with the regiment and to do duty without pay for the passage only. Government have been so tardy in dispatching the Loyalists to Upper Canada that I shall be obliged to comply with the order before mentioned from the War Office. The ship I am allotted to is the Henniker, Captain Winter, a transport with the 2nd Rangers on board.

I am told that, at this moment, there is not a single grant of land in U. C. but the lands are held by letters of occupation and that the grants are all to be made out by me after my arrival, at which the Secretary of L. C. is not well pleased, as the letters of occupation have been issued by him for some years without fee or reward, and by the division of the Province of Canada all the emoluments fall to my portion; there is, at this moment, from 12,000 to 20,000 persons holding lands on letters of license in Upper Canada at a guinea only each, is a petty thing to begin with."

One, at least, of his relatives however, thought differently, for his brother Samuel wrote from Hamford, Connecticut, that "Wm. sails for Montreal with a very handsome salary."

The party consisting of Wm. Jarvis, his wife Hannah, three children, two servants, Richard and Mamie, and a Miss Adam left England on April 12th. The account of the stormy and adventurous passage out would make a paper of itself and though reluctant to leave the interesting record unread I must do so. They reached Quebec on June 11th, having been just two months at sea. The next day they landed a league and a half below the town of Sorel. Here they were most hospitably entertained by a "Mr. Doty who provided Calashes and fetched them all out of the ship." The description of the children's delight at being on shore again is too graphic to omit. "Sam ran off into the meadows instantly, and had twenty tumbles in the grass, which was nearly up to his chin, before we could catch him," while the older and sedate Maria took her father's hand, and in the quaint manner of the day said, "Now, Papa, I would be glad if you would show me my Grandfather and my Uncle as I want to see them very much."

From Sorel they went to Montreal by bateau. There they were cordially entertained by Mr. Grey, whose goodness in sending the bateau for them and receiving them at his house exceeded anything they had ever met with. "His whole house," writes Mr. Jarvis, "is at our disposal and flowing with milk and cream and strawberries for my lambs." Maria, the eldest girl evidently enjoyed them as her father reports that the result of her appreciation induced her to complain that "her shoes pinch her under her stays." We all know the illustrations of Cruikshank and others of that date and can picture the long waisted laced figure of the child.

"Mr. Grey's table," to continue to quote, "for the rest of us is fit for a Prince to partake of. When you arrive I request you will pay your respects to him as soon as possible for I assure you his friendship deserves far greater acknowledgements than I am capable of giving. They have long had a report here that you are consecrated Bishop of Canada."

28th.—We embark for Kingston—Colonel Simcoe has ordered a regiment to proceed with all despatch to Niagara, himself with the civil establishment are to stop for some time in Kingston. Osgoode informed me he was to open his first court." The last three words were underlined.

"Mrs. Simcoe is to spend the winter in Kingston, which I expect will be the case with my family. From the accounts I have heard from Kingston I would wish to go further up the country. There is no peace established between the Americans and the Indians, a Treaty seems to be on foot and our Montreal friend to be the Mediator. Sir John Johnston is selling off all his furniture in this country and going to England in a very few

days, in a very great pet with the Minister. Mr. Grey has sent up to inform us that our letters must be instantly sealed." They were not, however, until many messages were sent to the grandfather from the children.

The next letter is dated Kingston, July 15th. Mr. Jarvis very much occupied writing proclamations, some of which cover eleven pages of foolscap, and he is obliged to make many copies, M.S. copies, and begs Dr. Peters to "send out fifty skins of parchment also fifty weight of beeswax. There is no more to be had here or in Lower Canada."

This was for the great seal of the Province which he elsewhere describes as being as large as a bottle wagon. He had already complained that the Governor had scolded him because he had not brought out a screw press for affixing the Seal.

"The worst cheese is 15d a lb.," he goes on, "and all kinds of vegetables and provisions are very dear. Beef and mutton 5d per lb., chickens 2/5 per couple. All kinds of corn look more luxuriant here than I ever saw it before. Wheat the 8th and 9th crop on the same ground without manure is a man's height and not less than 40 bushels to the acre.

On August the 30th Mrs. Jarvis writes: "We are waiting for a fair wind to sail for Niagara, the Governor was ill on Sunday evening the 26th at which time the Prince left that place. I have just heard that the June packet has arrived in Quebec, by Captain Russel, who received a letter by her. We have not received one line from you since you left the Downs. Many things have come out by the Scipio, such as the ploughshare, cart hubs etc., and almost everything by her damaged. The Governor's Coach rotten, and sold for the benefit of the Underwriters."

Mr. Jarvis apparently about the same date, and to go in the same inclosure writes: "I was in hopes before now to have given you more satisfactory accounts of our new city. We are still a roving tribe of Israelites or whatever you please to call us. Colonel Simcoe has fixed on Niagara as his headquarters for two years to come, I have been there, and was ten days in search of a hut to place my wife and lambs in without success. At length I was obliged to pay \$140 for a log hut with three rooms (two of which are very indifferent) with half an acre of ground. I have purchased logs to make an addition to my hut, which will add a decent room to the first purchase. Colonel Simcoe, is at present very unwell at Niagara and if he has a good shake with the ague I think it will be but justice for his meanness in dragging us from this comfortable place, to a spot on the globe that appears to me as if it had been deserted in consequence of a plague. Neither age or youth are exempt from fever and ague in Niagara. How will it go with my poor souls. Osgood I expect will refuse winter-

ing at Niagara, also the Attorney-General. Our Assembly are to meet on the 12th of next month and a motley crew they are.

After the Assembly is prorogued the Colonel and his suite are to go to Toronto, a city-hunting, I hope they will be successful for I am sick to death of roving, it really seems as if we were never to stop again. Lake Ontario being very boisterous navigation, I was very near being lost on the 15th ult. going to Niagara. I verily believed I had been preserved on the Atlantic to be buried on this Lake.

People live here from hand to mouth as if they were to be gone to-morrow. We have no printer yet. I am still a slave, we have no table of fees established yet therefore I can make no charge only book them to be exacted in future.

The Governor seems more intent upon city-hunting than the organization of the Province. The Prince left us this morning for Quebec (Sept. 1st), to the joy of all parties. The town was most liberally illuminated last evening in honor of His Royal Highness. Candles are so scarce a commodity that I did not follow the example of my neighbors.

I have been obliged to draw upon John Gray of Montreal for my half years salary to cover our heads this winter it is not using you well, but what could I do, there is not even a shed to hire. I fear the Loyalists are all lost. I would give the world for a few lines from you. Hard times by heaven; we will hope for a change for the better. Your daughter has good health and better spirits, my dear babes are in rude health and grown quite out of your knowledge. When you can come to this country make a bonfire of your baggage and you will do a prudent thing to save money. Bateaus cost £45, Halifax currency.

Since we wrote last, Fanny is married to a Sergeant Rummage of the Queen's Rangers (about one month since). The day before yesterday she provoked him to shoot himself through the heart with a soldier's musket at Niagara."

This was the same damsel who was so useless on the passage out and who her master had then reported as "a devil incarnate." Good servants were scarce then as they are now. Mr. Jarvis begs his father-in-law to bring one or two out with him, "for the whole country cannot produce one fit to place in Hell's kitchen." Strong language, but it was mild in comparison with much in common use at the time.

The next letter written October 25th, from Niagara, where the family had removed is a sad one, in it is the broken-hearted cry of a father bereaved of his eldest son. The child died on October 19th, aged four years, and was buried at Niagara, the Rev. Mr. Stewart of Kingston, reading the service.

"The symptoms of his illness were so strange that his mother

desired a post mortem, as she says to satisfy me and be a guard for my other babes. His complaint was found to be in the windpipe and no where else, where neither art or medicine could avail. The doctor called it a thick muscilage or thick skin which surrounded the inside of the windpipe. The faculty who have written on the subject say none have survived this disorder and that it is very frequent in Scotland."

The St. Lawrence is frequently mentioned in these letters as the Communication, as for instance: "concerning white oak stairs." Mr. Jarvis has not had time to make any inquiries about them but is of the opinion that the expense of having them made and taken down the Communication will far exceed their value, labor being immensely dear, a dollar and a half per day, is the usual price for a man, or if you have him by the month, eight dollars, and find them with victuals. A woman servant the lowest is two and a half dollars per month, from that to twelve dollars. I have two girls to whom I give seven dollars a month. They are willi<sup>ng</sup>, good natured girls, but not acquainted with doing their work as I am used to. I am under the necessity of following them about, etc. Barnsley leaves to-morrow for Kingston from whence he expects to go to Toronto to settle the Loyalists. He has met with much trouble in getting up the Communication about his goods, several parcels being left at Montreal, two of crockery and his potash kettle. I fear I may forget to inform you that there is a post established once a fortnight through the Geneva country from hence to New York," or "should you come by way of Montreal fail not I pray you to go to Mr. John Gray and request that he would get some gentleman to accompany you up the Communication, if you do not you will be obliged to stop where the Canadians please which will always be in the woods where there is nothing to be had, otherwise you will sleep every night in the best houses the country affords and be comfortable." The cost of freight from the Bay of Quinte is quoted at 50/ per ton. The following is curiously feminine: "I know not what you mean by the "smoothing glasses creating repentance," their meaning is nothing more or less than to serve instead of a mangle, when silk stockings and gowns are being washed."

The letters contain constant reiterations of the desire for the coming of Dr. Peters, references to rumors of his consecration as Bishop, which are again contradicted, of grants of land obtained or promised, of the delays in establishing a table of fees for the Secretary's office, of anxiety on affairs in England which appear to be very unsettled, fears of trouble through the dearly loved father-in-law's risk of "falling into the hands of the mob," and

urgent entreaties to him to come out and not risk the experience of another revolution.

On October the 18th Mr. Jarvis announces the birth of a son, and refers to Dr. McCauley, also to being in the new house, thus describing the furnishing of his wife's room. "She lies in the green bed which is put in the center of the room with the large Turkey carpet under her to avoid risk of cold from possible damp in the walls. I intend the infant shall bear the name of his brother (referring to Samuel). I have the pleasure to inform you that Governor has perfectly recovered from his late illness, and looks like himself once more. The spot for the Capital is not yet determined on. Toronto I expect will be the place." People in office were evidently as much troubled by exacting relations as is reported in political circles to-day. Mrs. Jarvis reports to her father: "Thompson Peters left Kingston the same time as we did, in great anger that he had not got a place of three hundred a year and as bitter toward you vowing vengeance to take care of himself at your expense. I think him an ungrateful young man and a rebel as strong as his uncle John, he is not fit for any place in my opinion, still had he had patience he would have had a place as Clerk of the House of Assembly. However I am not sorry he is gone for he was an eternal plague to Mr. Jarvis and his clerks causing them to have leaves cut out of the book after being wrote on, prying into everything private and public. I will never forgive him for his flings at you."

Others, however, were less troublesome. "Mr. Jarvis has appointed John Peters his deputy at Prince Edward which I hope will be something in his pocket. He bears an excellent character in all respects, he is a favorite in the family."

Through the letters of this date there are frequent references to lost and damaged freight. "Books arriving rotten and not worth a penny," Simcoe's trunks damaged, the death of a cow—and of the inconvenience the non-arrival of stationery, beeswax and the screw press causes them.

The following gives us a glimpse of the difficulties under which Simcoe labored in organizing the Government of the Upper Province:

Nov. 25th, 1792—I have made out commissions for the following gentlemen, who have been appointed by the Governor and recommended to the Treasury: Mr. David Wm. Smith, 5th Regiment, to act as Surveyor-General; Captain R. England to be Naval Officer in U. C.; Ed. Baker Littlehales (Brigadier Major) Clerk of the Council; all of whom have been succeeded by the Treasury, viz. Smith by a son of Major Holland, Surveyor-General L. C.; Littlehales by Small, who resides in Kingston this winter;



England by Mr. De Castro, a Spaniard who arrived here this day (November 25th 1792).

Mrs. Jarvis gives in the following January 15th, 1793, some account of the gaieties at the temporary capital. "I have been to two of the Assemblies and am to attend, on the 18th, at the Governor's Ball on the Queen's birthnight. The first I went to was to alleviate Mr. Jarvis' grief and my own. The latter I was obliged to attend politically. Mrs. Simcoe cannot attend as was expected so we will have no Drawing-Room until the King's Birthday. Our printer has got his press up and commenced printing but nothing public as yet; a paper is expected to be printed weekly and is most likely to begin after the 18th" (January, 1793).

"On December 27th the Grand Master was installed in great form. A procession of all the fraternity called with music playing, etc., etc. Mr. Addison, Grand Chaplain, a young brother made that morning, read prayers and preached a sermon after which there was a dinner.

There has been a council of the Six Nation Indians held here for a week past. This morning they met to determine about some land that they wanted, Joseph Brant at their head, but the Governor and they couldn't agree; the grant was made out, the great seal affixed, but the Indians rejected; they were not to dispose of any part of the land therein specified but among themselves, this they do not like. Now they have agreed to have a grand Council in the spring of every individual who has a Voice, before the spring communication is opened with England and the Six Nations, the result of which will be sent to the King for his approbation.

Captain Brant dined with us on the 13th, the first time I ever spoke to him; I saw him at the Assembly before for the first time.

Our winter has not yet begun, we have had no snow to lay more than a day or two; we have been out in the sledge two days—once or twice we have ventured out and returned on dry, or rather muddy ground. The clay is in so soft a state as to receive a wheel of a chair half way to the axletree." This would indicate that the quality had brought out "bath chairs" in which to be conveyed to the Assemblies and other entertainments.

"What little I have seen of the place, was it well cleaned (we would say cleared) would make some of the most beautiful spots in the world. The Niagara River for seven miles, which I have seen, affords a delightful prospect. A place called the Four-mile Creek, on the side of the lake, was it in England, would be a place worthy of the King's notice. It (the creek) meanders in a manner superior to any stream I ever saw. There is a great mill

upon it and the family that it belongs to are Dutch. We have received more attention than could have been expected from them. As soon as Mrs. Servos understood that I was an American she sent me lard, sausages, pumpkins, Indian meal, squashes, carrots, etc. I have been to see them and they seemed highly pleased and said: 'we shall come and see you because you are not particular.' I had them here to dinner on the 27th. Captain McKay lives in their house and seems much pleased with his situation. You cannot think how much it seems to please them when we go and see them. I soon found that their eyes were fixed on me as an American to know whether I was proud or not. Mrs. McCauley and I have gained the character of being the plainest dressed women in Newark. There is more profusion of dress in our Assembly than I have ever seen in London. We Londoners think they must suffer greatly under the load of finery which stands piled upon them, for it literally stands. Feathers not an inch of them lost in fixing them in or on their caps."

To a message sent to friends she adds. "The flowers grow very well. They are placed in the bed-rooms in punch glasses on one of our card tables." Reference is also made to a lock of dark hair which she sends her father to be put in a miniature in whatever device he may choose, evidently a miniature of herself left with her father.

The seat of Government is still unfixed. The Governor has been up to the head of the lake, likes the country very much, is going very soon to Detroit and I fear expects Mr. Jarvis to go with him, etc.

There is a long gap in the letters here, the next being dated November 1st, 1793. In it many trials and troubles are recorded, an epidemic of fever and ague, which had seized them all in turn and nearly proved fatal to the second son, at which fear the father seemed distracted with grief. Annoyances in the office and difficulties with his wife's relations and their business, as also with some society of the Province of Vermont of which the Lewis Allen is spoken of in no measured terms of annoyance.

In his letter dated November 22nd is an account of the provisions laid in for the winter. The quantity and quality, indicative of comfortable living and forethought of the man of the world. He did not draw rations from the Government as he had expected, so looked out for himself. "I shall have my family well provided for in winter," he says, "I have a yoke of fattened oxen to come down; 12 small shoats to put in a barrel occasionally, which I expect to weigh from 40 to 60 lbs.; about 60 head dunghill fowl; 16 fine turkeys and a dozen ducks, 2 breeding sows; a milch cow which calved in August, which of course will enable her to afford her mistress with a good supply of milk through the

winter. In the root house I have 400 head of good cabbage, about 60 bush. potatoes and a sufficiency of very excellent turnips. My cellar is stored with 3 barrels of wine, 2 of cider, 2 of apples, and a good stock of butter. My cock loft contains some of the finest maple sugar I ever beheld. 10,000 lbs. made in an Indian village near Michillimackinac. We have 150 lbs. of it, also plenty of good flour, cheese, coffee, loaf sugar, etc. In the stable I have the ponies (whose harness Mrs. Jarvis describes elsewhere as "very smart, being part leather and part ropes"), and a good sleigh—the snuggest and warmest cottage in the Province. The Governor is to winter at Toronto (now York) in his canvas house and two log huts. The regiment have not above two or three huts finished and may require thirty to accomodate them."

The reference to these two huts is significant to us. You remember that two log huts were conveyed some years ago to the Exhibition grounds. One remains, on which a sign Simcoe is put. Probably these are the huts here referred to.

Dr. Peters was elected Bishop of Vermont. The letter written on March 28th, 1793, refers to it but expresses uncertainty of whether the election will be accepted or not, but urges him to do so as it will bring him so much nearer to his daughter and enable them to have his much desired company for six months of the year.

That there were expectations of hostilities from the States at that date, March 28th, 1794, the following indicates: "If the Americans dare fight us I think we are sure of a war with them. We have lately received orders here to supply the Indians with every kind of war-like store."

"The warriors, it seems, by Lord Dorchester's speech to the Indians, are to determine the line between the States and us. Great preparations are making with us in case of a commencement of hostilities. I am told by the Governor in case of a rupture the Civil Establishment are all to go down to New Johnson. If so we shall be within a day or two ride of Montreal."

August 20th, 1794.—"The Governor and Indians have gone to Detroit again across the country by way of River de France. They set out about one week since."

A hurried visit from the Bishop of Quebec, who, coming and leaving before he was expected, left many disappointed of "Confirmation," elicits a description of him from Mrs. Jarvis. "He is a man of most winning deportment, extremely affable and a most charming preacher. An old man observed that his visitation was more in the style of a thief in the night than that of a Bishop, for he left the Province ten days before the time that he had named that he would arrive." Though expressing dislike to writing on

politics the writer goes on, "Hitherto the Indians are faithful allies, have kept General Wayne's party pretty closely besieged, however he has very lately by some unexpected manoeuvres made some advances which have been rather alarming to us here and which has caused part of our army to move towards the (Western) country and I have no doubt but that there will be a good account given of Wayne and his army before this day fortnight, few I trust will go to bed after that with their night caps on. The Indians are as inveterate and as enthusiastic as the "San Curlottes"..... "I would not be in Wayne's shoes for thirty days, or this day, to be the King of England during life after. We have a well appointed Militia in this Province, almost to a man have been soldiers during the last war either in British or Provincial regiments. I look upon them as better even than the British troops for the service they will be wanted for."

While on August 22nd Mrs. Jarvis writes, "Governor Simcoe puts his hands on Wayne in person in a very few days." The next letter from her husband dated September 3rd contains the following: "War has within these few days appeared more doubtful, yet every preparation is a making with us for the reception of our neighbors. A part of the militia are now at this place embodied and a fine body of men they are, almost to a man soldiers that served in the late war. By a late ordinance the militia of this Province is on the same footing and have the same rank with respect to marching regiments as the militia of England. We have Lieutenants and deputy-Lieutenants of counties as in England. I am one of the deputy-Lieutenants, am appointed to command the militia of the County of York, etc.

Mr. Wayne has handled the Indians pretty roughly a few weeks since but the Indians recovered themselves and returned again to the battle, the last accounts we had, Wayne was retreating and the Indians pursuing hard on his rear. In this action one of my deputies was slain in whom I have met with a great loss. His name is Charles Smith, a young man of most accomplished abilities and adopted chief among the Shawnees. He was shot through the knees, quartered alive. Though shocking to relate, nevertheless true, one of Wayne's officers was shortly afterwards taken, who the Indians, with their scalping knives, cut into pieces."

This is possible a war rumor rather than a fact, though no doubt Mr. Jarvis believed he was correct. We all know how rumors of horrors almost as atrocious reached us during the North West Rebellion and how later the bodies of those who fell were brought back to us untouched and un mutilated.

"The Indians lost about 40 warriors, 10 of whom were chiefs.

Joseph Brant has gone from the Grand River with 300 young warriors to join the Western Brothers, from whence we may conclude a very serious event is not far distant. I think friend Anthony is in the centre of a d——d hobble. He has behaved in a most insolent manner to our outposts as well as barbarous to prisoners, which would chill the blood in one's veins to relate." In the letter dated December 10th Mr. Jarvis urges Dr. Peters not to permit himself to be detained in London by any demur with respect to the Province seal, but to hasten out to Vermont, when the official, whose name is not given, being a politician and entirely kept in office by the Church, will be in his power.

He also informs him that he intends applying for leave to go to Quebec in June or July next, unless the Governor requires him to go with him to attend a Great Council of the chiefs and warriors of all the Western tribes even down to West Florida. The screw press arrives in January, 1795, and proved to be a letter press and much too weak, it is broken at once. Two portraits of the beloved boy who by adoption is a Mississauga and named Neh-Kek, are sent home by the Hon. Robert Hamilton. The Indian dress is described. I believe one of these portraits is extant in Toronto. The second mentioned was to be sent to Mrs. Monkhouse. "Our good Governor spends his winter in the lower part of the province from Kingston to Point au Rodet. The rest of the Government are of course separated from him at least six months of the year. Israelites indeed or Arabs—either is applicable—their government being itinerant as ours."

Another long gap in the letters occurs here, the next being from Mrs. Jarvis and dated Newark, 1796. The appointment of registrars in the towns and districts and the consequent lessening of the fees to her husband, causes great indignation on her part. The letter is in the most sarcastic and bitterest vein. The interruptions of business owing to each one insisting upon their claims, must have been annoying to the settlers. I will pass over these letters as I have already taken a longer time than I anticipated.

"At six o'clock on the morning of St. John's Day, 27th December, we had the shock of an earthquake, it terrified me very much but not as much as the white fish which left the river and returned not until Good Friday so that from getting 24 for a dollar we only have 16. Mr. Jarvis has orders to remove his office to York. at any rate if he does his family will remain here until such time as he has a house to remove them to."

From the next ten or twelve pages of the letters it is almost impossible to make extracts without their being unintelligible, and it would take too long to quote them entire. They are no less interesting than other portions. Much of what one may

designate the undercurrent of history, both social and political, is contained in them. Many well-known names are mentioned and the most ordinary items of domestic gossip are chronicled from Mrs. Jarvis, in a sarcastic vein, which adds spiciness to the record. The cause of the gaps in the correspondence is explained by the discovery that many letters have gone to France, instead of to London, other reasons are not so definitely stated for those from London not reaching Canada.

The beauty of several localities is described as they visited them, the progress of the children in growth and intelligence is noted, the birth and christening of others, the plan of the new house to be built in Newark, the old one being used as an office, the uncertainty of Dr. Peters' movements and the trouble over long silences are all entered into at large. There are some pungent passages in Mr. Jarvis' letters, anent the authorities, an account of an action for libel preferred against him in the courts, his defence, and how he forced his adversaries to apologize, "sentence by sentence," are all interesting, even recalling Pepys' gossipy records.

There is also much about the grants of land, the localities in which they are located and the value of the town lots situated on Yonge street, the town lots in Niagara being granted with the condition attached of building a house on each within twelve months, and the plan of building one large one to serve all by being in the middle, and to be saleable in case of removal. The dimensions quoted of this new house are, "40x24 with two wings "36x18 which would admit us to have a bedroom for the children "and ourselves, the kitchen and offices, two sitting rooms and a "room for a friend occasionally." I have quoted this reference to the house with a purpose—to draw attention to the fact that there were good houses built as soon as it was possible by the settlers, officials and U. E. Loyalists in Canada—and thus convince those who cling to the belief that log shanties and their attendant squalor was the general condition. Even the hut purchased, on his first arrival, by Mr. Jarvis, had three rooms, to these he added two rooms, a kitchen and two garrets—the building of a larger and better house being delayed only by the uncertainty about where the Governor would decide upon fixing the seat of Government.

August and September, 1795, letters contain references to Mrs. Jarvis' fear for the health of her brother in New York, where yellow fever is raging.

Trouble fell upon Dr. Peters in London causing his daughter much sorrow and anxiety. Her letters of 1798-99 are full of plans to console him if he will but come out to her and take comfort in such work and amusement as can be furnished him in the

care of his grandchildren and pleasure in their society. She draws a pleasant picture of Mrs. Elmsley's father, old Mr. Helliwell, who superintends all the domestic affairs, thus enabling the Chief Justice to devote himself to official matters.

Mr. Jarvis writes of growing prosperity, increasing business, accumulation of property, necessitating the employment of four clerks in his office and the possibility of being able to secure an office for Dr. Peters if he will come out, are all detailed with loving insistence to induce the old man to come to Canada. There is also much about the regulations and fees charged on grants to the Loyalists, etc., and changes in the forms of application, etc., all of value. Many names are mentioned in this connection that have now become history—General Arnold and others.

"There is lately arrived here (Jan. 31st, 1799) Count de Puse, a Lieutenant under the old King of France with a suite of his officers. There are a considerable number of them (Loyalists) in Kingston who arrived so late they could not reach here on account of the navigation on the lake being closed for the season. The Count informed me one day while at dinner with us, that there was about 20,000 in like situation with himself, who wished to emigrate to Upper Canada. The Count, with other nobles of France, with about 20 French soldiers are now residing about 75 miles back of York on Yonge street that leads over to Lake Huron. There is to be a French settlement on Lake Simcoe (formerly Lake de Clay) at which place the Count is to be Chieftain of the French emigrants on his route. He is the man who commanded the French Loyalists at Vendee or Quiberon Bay. I like him very much. He is, I think, much like General Simcoe in point of size and deportment and without exception the finest looking man I ever saw." This letter, the last from Niagara in the collection, closes with the usual and earnest entreaties that her father will yield to her entreaties and come to them.

Although I have been obliged to hurry over the last few letters I would not like to leave the impression that they are less interesting than the first. In fact they are rather more than less. Several papers might be written from them, but as I have said I hope they may one day be printed in as complete a form as possible, when, instead of being wearied by the monotony of a reader, you may sit by the fire and study them with the same satisfaction and pleasure as many generations have had from either the Pascal letters or the pages of the immortal Pepys.

# STORY OF ROBERT LAND, U. E. LOYALIST

(BY JOHN H. LAND)

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When the American Colonies rebelled against the British Government in 1776, Robert Land, who, with his brother, had some twenty-five years before, come seeking a fortune in the New World, was living contentedly on the farm he had made out of the wilderness on the Delaware River near Coshecton, N.Y.

He had married Phoebe Scott of Virginia, (an aunt of General Winfield Scott) and had five sons and two daughters.

He opposed the "Colonial" movement, and on the breaking out of hostilities joined the Loyalist ranks. His elder son John, then sixteen and able to bear arms, was therefore seized and placed in prison and the family subjected to all the harassment that their enemies were masters of.

Mr. Land was, owing to his knowledge of the country where the forces were operating, made a messenger and entrusted with despatches. Finding that the feeling against him was visited on his unoffending family and that threats of death to him and destruction to the home were becoming loud, he decided to get away to Canada and if possible send for them from that land of safety. He arranged with a Quaker friend who had traded a good deal in that direction to accompany him. Through some spy their purpose and rendezvous became known and as they started they were met by a band of "patriots," on whose approach Mr. Land at once took to his heels and called to his friend—a Mr. Morden—to follow. The latter, however, could see no reason why he should avoid them. He had never taken up arms or mixed up in the affairs, one way or the other, so in spite of the warning calls of his fleeing comrade he waited—for his death. These brave "patriots," incensed at the escape of Mr. Land, and in spite of his protestations, hung Mr. Morden to a tree as a warning to all who sympathized with the Loyalists. While this un-called for crime was enacting, part of the gang had been in hot pursuit of Mr. Land, firing at him as they ran, and seeing him approaching a swamp whose thick underbrush they knew would hide him effectually, they sent a volley after him as a parting compliment. One of the bullets struck his knapsack, penetrating right through it and his clothing to the very skin, knocking him down and cutting his hand severely as he fell. Seeing



him fall his enemies rushed forward to finish their work, but found only a trail of blood leading into the dark swamp which they tried to follow, but fortunately lost, when they concluded that a man so badly wounded could not last long anyhow, so returned to their fellows and reported him dead, and on their return to their settlement spread the same report, taking care that it should reach his family.

On falling, Mr. Land, however, crawled on hands and knees behind a friendly bush and then arose, and plunging into the depths of the swamp, escaped from his present danger. But his situation was not one to be envied. Wounded, night falling apace in the dismal recesses of an unknown swamp, through which he must press on to get as far as possible before another day broke, not daring to rest, still less to light a fire, and not knowing what wild beasts were about him. The next day he got help and direction from a trapper, and continued his way, arriving at Niagara River, and was welcomed by the little band of refugees settled there.

He applied for and received 200 acres at the Falls; afterwards Lundy's Farm, on whose "lane" the famous battle was fought. Here tidings reached him of the burning and massacre of his whole family. He remained for two years on this farm, when the ceaseless dirge of the great cataract, reminding him of his own sorrow, became unbearable, and he gave it up pushing on up the lake till he arrived at the beautiful prairie valley around Burlington Bay, when he took up a farm and built him a "shack" in 1781, the first white man who made his home where this fair city stands. He does not seem to have had any idea of doing more than providing for his own wants, believing as he did that he was now alone, for his son John, though not murdered with the rest of the family, would he was sure, meet the same fate at the hands of his blood-thirsty captors. He supported himself by trapping, hunting and trading with the Indians, and lived a lonely and morose man.

Deep was the distress of his wife and family when the news reached them of Robert Land's death, and though they were as yet allowed to live and work their little farm, they were in daily dread of some deed of violence on the part of their rebel neighbors, a dread only too well founded, for in the early autumn, on one of those balmy nights for which September is noted, as the eldest daughter Kate lay asleep, an Indian entered her room, and drawing the point of his spear across the sole of her foot, awakened her. Thinking it was one of Capt. Jack's tricks, (for Capt. Jack was a born wag, though an Indian, and a sworn friend of the family) she started up exclaiming: "Go away, Jack," but to her horror a strange voice replied: "Me no Capt. Jack, me

good Injun. Get up! go across river, white man's house, he hurt, he want you," and vanished. Hastily dressing she sprang into her canoe and paddled over to the nearest house, the home of a family named Kane, who had been early terrorized into allegiance to the colonies, and were deemed to be safe from harm. To her surprise she found the door open and stepping in stumbled over something on the floor. Examination showed it to be his dead body, and a swift search revealed to the horror-stricken girl that the whole family had been butchered and scalped, presumably by Indians, those convenient nomads whose credit, even to this day, are placed any little act of plunder or pillage when circumstances will permit of it. Frenzied with fear Kate rushed out and paddled home, roused the family, told her tale and besought them to flee. They seized what little clothing, etc., they could lay their hands on and took refuge in the cornfield. Hardly were they concealed when the dread war-whoop rang out, followed by the cries of disappointed rage at their escape, which had the effect of hastening their steps to the woods. This they had hardly reached before the scene was lighted up by the flames from their burning house. Wild with terror, yet thankful for their present escape, they fled from the scene of destruction, and hiding as much as possible by day, living on raw corn and grain, they made their way to New York, placed themselves under the protection of the British army, and were safe. Here they remained till the evacuation in 1783, when they with a large number of fellow refugees were taken to St. John, New Brunswick. After a stay here of seven years, the youngest son, Robert, now seventeen, persuaded his mother that there must be a better farming country than this somewhere under the British flag, and they determined to come to Western Canada. Taking ship, they returned to New York, and from thence by way of their old home to Canada.

They found the eldest son John on the homestead, he having been released at the close of the war, and being able to prove that he had not taken arms against the colonies was reinstated. Mrs. Land had too many sorrowful memories to care to stay and the younger son, Robert, insisted it would be a waste of time. "We have left a better country than this and I know there must be a better land further west and I am going to find it." Two of the elder sons remained and the rest started on foot for the weary tramp to the unknown region of Canada. John accompanied them for two days trying to persuade them to stay, picturing the dangers they would have to meet, and telling of the hardships from the fierce Indians of the west, and the almost certainty of a slow death from starvation in that cold inhospitable land. Failing to shake his brother's resolution or his mother's determina-

tion to share her Benjamin's fortune he gave up and weeping, bade them farewell.

The long wearisome journey came to an end at last and they too reached the Niagara River and crossed where the husband and father had crossed nine years before.

At Niagara they remained nearly two years, Robert's gun and traps and work he could get to do, supporting them. During the second year they heard from a trader that there was a white man settled at the "head of the lake" whose name he thought was Land, and in spite of herself the "widow" was startled. Could it be possible that this was the husband so long mourned as dead? No! the account she had heard was too circumstantial. Still the idea would not leave her. It grew at last into a hope and further reports raised it almost to a certainty. Again the line of march was taken up. this time with eager hopefulness, and one day the settler Robert Land, sitting moodily in his solitary doorway, was surprised to see a tall young man, followed by a middle-aged woman and two well-grown girls, approaching. Imagine his astonishment, and the joy of all at this unexpected reunion, this literally "raising from the dead," the mutual explanation, the history of their wanderings, and the final contented settling down to make a new home.

Robert Land's hopeless apathy vanished under the influence of his family's love, and his son Robert's energy. A cabin was built of logs, a piece of ground broken up with a hoe, and the first crop planted. The gun and trap still formed their main dependence for a year or so, till the first bag of grain for flour was carried on Robert Jr's. back to Niagara to be ground: After that everything prospered with them, till Robert Sr. was stricken with paralysis, and lay bed-ridden for eight years before his death which occurred in 1822.

The three elder sons, Abel, William and Ephraim, joined the family here a few years after they got settled and taking up land around their father prospered with him. The war of 1812 entailed many hardships on them and their families. They were all on service through it. Two of them, Robert and Abel, were officers in the 3rd Lincoln militia and served their country well.

Whether it was from his experience with them during the rebellion of 1776, or the bias his mind got after hearing of the destruction of his family, Robert Land developed an intense hatred of Indians after he became bed-ridden. As was the custom in those days, his rifle and powder hung on the wall, and if he heard an Indian's voice he would, with his sound hand, reach for his rifle, shake out the priming, put in fresh, and lie with his weapon ready for use till the poor Indian was gone.

The settler never had any trouble with the aborigines here.

The foregoing reads like a chapter from a novel yet it is only a history of one U. E. Loyalist family's sufferings, hardships and oppressions. I venture to say that with a change in the names and a few details it is the history of three-fourths of the oppressed and devoted band whose love for English freedom, and England's flag, drove them to seek new homes to replace those ravaged and destroyed in the sacred name of "Liberty."