

“DUCIT AMOR PATRIAE”

NIAGARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NO. 5

REPRINT

SERMON BY REV. ROBERT ADDISON

HISTORY OF MRS. JEAN BAPTISTE ROUSSEAU

HISTORIC HOUSES

EVOLUTION OF AN HISTORICAL ROOM

PRICE 20 CENTS.

NIAGARA 1914

TIMES PRINT

## NIAGARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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

The annual fee is fifty cents.

The Society was formed in December, 1895. The annual meeting is held October 13th. Since May, 1896, over five thousand articles have been gathered in the Historical Room - twenty-five pamphlets have been published, eight historical sites have been marked, an Historical building erected at a cost of over \$5,000.00 and a catalogue published.

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## PREFACE

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

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

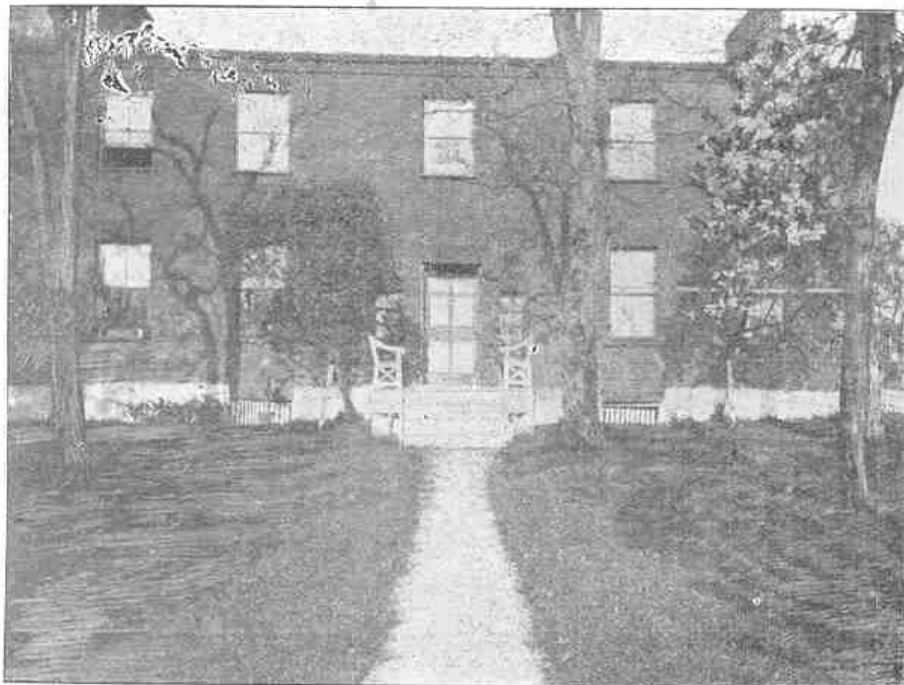
So many of the early homes of the Niagara Region were destroyed by fire in the War of 1812, and so many precious relics and valuable records thus perished that it is all the more incumbent on us to gather up all that can now be gained of the stories of pioneer life. Any who can assist in this way will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

## PREFACE OF SECOND EDITION

The edition of our number five has long been exhausted and many requests have been made for its republication, as many of the members and others have preserved our pamphlets and reports by binding and others wish to do so. Already numbers 1,7,10, 12, 15 have been reprinted some of these with additions, one number has been reprinted twice. We are now ready to fill any orders for this number at least.



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



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

## AN OLD TIME SERMON

Sermon preached by the Rev. Robt. Addison, the first minister of St. Mark's, Niagara. The first page was torn and somewhat defaced, so that there is a slight break. The time must have been shortly after the close of the War of 1812-1814.

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

The heavenly import of these words can be construed in no other light than X X on the minds of the benevolent a due and laudable impression. The object I wish to present to you, my friends, in my discourse is to X X X X but this is not applicable in the present instance, and though I would not wish to throw out any observations to give even a coloring of encouragement to idleness, still I would not wish, on the contrary, by any cold remarks to hold back the hand already stretched forth and I may say participating in the Christian like feeling of the heart to relieve the necessitous, though the object should be unworthy of bounty. This would not detract from our virtue. If we err, let us err on the side of mercy and leave the justice and judgment to heaven. Allow me then, my friends, to present to your view the objects I advocate and such objects as are advocated by our blessed Lord, **the Fatherless and the Widow**. Such is the plain, pitiable tale. It requires not the power or force of eloquence to lighten its misery on you whose hearts are sensibly alive to the distress of your fellow creatures, who know best how to relieve and administer to their comforts. These poor people have a strong claim; I thought they were strangers, far from their country and home. When I say strangers, I mean not immediately known to us except by their misery.

I had been misinformed. They are British subjects however, with ourselves and came here in the late War with the U.S. The head of the family bravely stood forward in defence of the country, but was unhappily taken prisoner. - In this situation of

difficulty and distress, he fully proved his loyalty by contriving and procuring at his peril, the means of escape for two useful and respectable militia officers, one of whom is dead and the other lives in this place. He did not, he could not, escape himself. His young and numerous family joined him in the States and as soon as he could arrange his humble affairs, he returned to the country of his affection, and came in hopes of bettering his circumstances by honest and laborious industry. But alas! Such is the uncertainty of human life and everything connected with it, so thin the partition between happiness and misery, life and death, that in one short moment, the whole scene can be changed and sadly reversed. Today all joy and sunshine, tomorrow afflictions and clouds: and which of us can say, even the most affluent that such reverse of fate is not impending over and ready to burst upon our head.

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

In my present discourse, I will inquire how this great duty of charity is recommended to us in the Holy Scriptures. There was nothing our Saviour inculcated more strongly into the minds of His disciples for the instruction and blessing of all generations than that brethren should love one another and have charity. And here I beg to remind you of the following passage in the 19th Chapter of Matthew, 16,17, 20 and 21<sup>st</sup> verse: "And behold one came and said to Him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life, and He said unto him, why callest thou Me good. There is none good but one, that is God. But if thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments. The young man said unto Him, all

these things I have kept from my youth up; what lack I yet? Jesus said unto him. If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven, and come and follow me." We find that the young man went away on hearing the conditions of his salvation, exceedingly sorrowful, for he had great possessions. The question asked of our Lord at first might seem equivalent to the enquiry what must I do to be saved. But our Lord saw that his judgment was erroneous and his heart unhumiliated and carnal. He therefore first objected to his giving Him, whom he supposed to be a mere man, the title of good, as all men are evil in themselves, and none is strictly and absolutely good but the one living and true God, the fountain and perfection of goodness and excellence. The remark was the more needful as the Rabbis affected this title and it intimated that the inquirer was not properly sensible of the depravity of his heart or the dignity of the person whom he here addressed, to whom the title of good belonged in a far higher sense than he supposed. He then directed him to keep the Commandments of God, if he meant to enter life by the good things he should do. He ignorantly replied by inquiring which of the Commandments is the indispensable condition of life according to the covenant of works and cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them. The young man, regardless of the first table and ignorant of the spiritual precepts adduced, answered he had kept them all from his youth. He could only mean the letter and that he was free from the grosser violations of it, for doubtless he had infringed several of them, and he certainly was very far from loving his neighbour as himself.

To this he added an enquiry, what was yet wanting to complete his righteousness. But under these false appearances, told him he yet lacked one thing and that if he would be perfect, he must go and sell his estate distribute the money to the poor and follow Him and then he should have everlasting treasure in Heaven. The reward offered for the sacrifice of this man's riches, when he found it was indeed his wealth that should purchase it by bestowing it as our Lord desired and his sorrowing at the terms and of course refusal of them, showed that the true spirit of Christianity was not in him, nay, that the devil indeed had yet

power over his heart, for if he had faith in Christ he never would have declined an immortal crown of glory for any earthly riches whatever.

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

There are few of us so blind but we must perceive the superfluous expenses mankind enter into to gratify their pride and their passions. The very expense of superfluities that are unnecessary to their comfort or happiness would be sufficient to support many poor, honest and industrious families. But there are many men such gross and brutish sensualists as disgrace the beautiful order of our creation that it seems nothing would rouse them to either a sense of their own infamy or induce them to perform one heavenly act of charity to mitigate one crime of their iniquitous or useless lives, or hid one of the multitude of their sins. May the Almighty in His great mercy, open their ears to wisdom and their hearts to understanding ere He calls them from this life of evil and temptation. The more we think on the prodigality of those stores entrusted more or less to a man for the prudent and useful benefit of all, the more must we ever censure such lavishness of them. If they have a spark of that grateful and delightful feeling in their hearts that good men have when they perform a good and generous action, an approving conscience, they would acknowledge 'twas beyond all the satiating luxury and empty pomp this world could bestow. There is an inward satisfaction in doing a benevolent act without ostentation that a good man would not barter if he could for wealth. Innumerable are the opportunities my friends, of thus indulging such



gratifications. If we do not meet them immediately under our eyes or even in our daily walks, still if we have the will to learn we too truly shall find out the abodes of penury and disease.

The lowly, glorious and blessed Jesus, the Redeemer of us miserable sinners, condescended to minister consolation to the afflicted of every description. Will men, then, that were lost and condemned but for the sufferings of their Saviour refuse to follow His heavenly example or think it a shame or reproach to them and beneath their dignity to be found alleviating the distresses of the poor and needy? If of such we are ashamed,

I fear our Lord will pronounce at the dreadful Day of Trial an irrevocable sentence, the awful and condemning words, when we would vainly excuse ourselves, "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire. I know ye not: ye are none of mine." Awful, truly awful, indeed will be such a declaration.

Let us then, my friends, in time bring forth fruits meet for repentance for every sin we may have thoughtlessly or wilfully committed. Hear the declaration of the most patient man in the depth of affliction: When the ear heard me, then it blessed me." The heart I would wish cheered by your present bounty is that of a widow and a helpless, young and numerous family. She lost her husband soon after her arrival. She still had a son. He also fell. She has a daughter X X X X. As the subject of my discourse is one I have peculiar pleasure in ever bringing to your notice, I wish to shew further the blessing to be derived from it and how far your contributions this day may rescue an afflicted family from present and further poverty, and yet more and of greater and happier consequences, possibly miserable lives and untimely ends. I do not apprehend this would be the case with these poor people in particular, I trust in God it would not, nor ever will be. But too frequently do we hear of men driven by the desperation of their circumstances to desperate means with the destructive view of bettering them; and even wretched, unhappy, misguided females, lost to virtue and respectability by the bribe of money to overcome momentary want, and in either case what is their inexpressibly miserable end - remorse and ignominy. And what does a cold and regardless world say of such victims? Vagabonds, they deserved their fate! True, their lives deserved to become a sacrifice for their crimes.

The

laws of justice demanded it. But here let us pause and dispassionately reflect. Might not the kind assistance of some generous soul to have stretched out their hand with relief at the critical moment of need severed destruction from them and saved them to the community as good and honest members of society?

Now, my friends, may not Providence in His all-wise dispensations make us this day, by our exertions in behalf of this family, instruments for their welfare here and glorious immortality hereafter. Can we have a stronger inducement to excite us? Let us be this day at least, to those poor helpless infants a kind, indulgent father, and to the disconsolate widowed mother, as it were, a tender and affectionate husband, providing for her and her family's necessities. Let her grief, if possible, be soothed thro' your protection of herself and infants. Let their cry for bread (by your bounty) be no more heard, and if anything in the world can repay your heart with satisfaction and sacred joy, it would be to behold these little helpless innocents kneeling round with their yet almost desponding mother with hearts and hands gratefully lifted to Heaven imploring the God of mercies to shower blessings on you and yours, and whatever you do, do it heartily to the Lord and not unto men, "knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance for ye serve the Lord Christ."

Now to God the Father, etc.

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

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

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

## HISTORY OF MRS. JEAN BAPTISE ROUSSEAUX

By Alexander Servos

Margaret Kleine was born of German parentage in the year 1759 in the Mohawk Valley; now the State of New York, then a British Colony. She was taken by the Indians when a child about one year old, during the War with the Indians. The Indians killed her father by tying him to a tree and whipping him to death with the ramrods of their rifles. From the shock of witnessing such an awful death, his wife fell dead. The young child was then taken, along with her sister, who was then fourteen years old, by the Indians. On the loss of her mother, she cried and was threatened with death by the exasperated Indians, and, in order to keep the child quiet, Elizabeth filled her mouth with leaves so she could not make a noise. A short time after that Chief Joseph Brant, seeing these two white children with the Indians, took them himself and brought them along with him to Niagara, and from there in due course of time, they were taken to Brantford on the Grand River, where they lived with the Brant Family until Margaret was fourteen years old. During this time, Brant had discovered some of her near relatives, at or near Kingston. Mrs. Brant, being unwilling to give up the young girl, Chief Brant arranged to let her go to her relatives. He fitted out a bark canoe with blankets and provisions and the girl, canoe and outfit, were conveyed across the country from Brantford to Burlington Bay at night by the Indians, and he directed her how to proceed by keeping along the shore of the lake, she being alone during all the voyage. At night, she pulled the canoe on shore, made a fire, and slept in her blankets. The time occupied in going that distance was eighteen days. On reaching Kinston, she had no difficulty in finding her relatives, Chief Brant having given her full particulars how to find them. She was well qualified to paddle

a canoe, having been taught that art by the Indians through living so long with the Brant family.

On arriving at Kingston, she found her relatives and lived with them until she married Jean Baptiste Rousseaux in 1780, who was a Frenchman, born and educated in Paris. He had gone to England and from there came to America with General Wolfe and was with him at the taking of Quebec. After a short time, he became intimately acquainted with Chief Joseph Brant and very quickly learned the English language and became proficient in speaking it, so much so that through the influence of Chief Brant, he was appointed Interpreter to the Indians and held that position till his death in 1813. He died in the Town of Niagara and was buried in St. Mark's Cemetery.

After marriage Rousseaux and wife went to the Village of Ancaster, a small village in the then Gore District, now the Country of Wentworth and kept a small store. About the year 1793, he built a Grist Mill in the Village for grinding wheat for the farmers, and, for those days, did a large and thriving business and acquired a good deal of wealth besides large tracts of land throughout the country. Their family consisted of four daughters and two sons, namely: Elizabeth who married \_\_\_\_\_ House of the County of Norfolk; Rainet married Elijah Secord, who afterwards kept a store in Ancaster and finally settled in the Township of Barton, where he and his brother John built the Albion Mills. A number of their descendants are still living. Margaret married Thomas Davis, who settled in the Township of Saltfleet and left a large family, many of them still living. Catharine, or, as she was called, Kate, the youngest daughter married Daniel Kerr Servos of Niagara in 1816, who at the time belonged to the Barrack Department at Niagara, where he was employed from the close of the War of 1812-14 to 1818, in which war he served as Private, Corporal, Sergeant and Lieutenant, after which he removed to the head of the Lake and purchased a farm, Lots 3 and 4 in the Township of Barton, County of Wentworth, where he resided until his death in 1857. His widow died in 1882. They raised a family of four daughters and three sons, besides two sons who died when quite young. The daughters were Margaret Ann, who married Matthew Brock Secord, both living to an old age, leaving many descendants. Elizabeth Gertrude who married Alexander Rennie of Toronto, who had a large family

and died several years ago in Hamilton, where his widow now resides. Mary Uretta who married Andrew M. Crooks, is now a widow living in Plainsville, New Jersey. Amelia Jane married Philip Perry, both dying in Buffalo, N.Y. William the eldest son married Margaret Crooks. Alexander the writer of this short sketch, has been living at Niagara for the past forty-four years; and Ethelbert, who died three years ago in Hamilton. George Rousseaux, the eldest son, married Mary Rogers of Niagara and left a family of one son and five daughters, some of whom reside in Hamilton and others in Toronto. Joseph Brant, the youngest son married Margaret Davis of the Township of Barton.

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

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

HISTORIC HOUSES  
BY ALEXANDER SERVOS

History of the George Field Farm, on the River Road, Lot 17, Niagara Township.

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

During the War of 1812-1814, there was a battery placed on what was then called Field's Point, just about where the Durand House now stands, and on the morning of the day of the Battle of Queenston, the Americans planted a battery on the opposite side of the river, opened fire and tried to silence the Battery on Field's Point. While doing so, they sent a cannon ball through the roof of the brick house (the Field House) which had at that time a very steep roof. When they repaired the house some years afterwards, they made the roof very much lower, as it is at the present time. While the Field family were taking breakfast on that morning, the Americans sent two more shots through the brick work of the house, which caused the family to beat a hasty retreat and find shelter in some other quarter. The present owner and occupant of the house and farm, Mr. George Field, now an old gentleman, is

a grandson of George Field who settled the property. His father was also named George Field.

George Field died in Queenston and was buried in the plot of ground now owned by Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ of Buffalo, N.Y., where there are a number of persons buried who were residents of the village and surrounding country. He had a large family; Hiram, Nathan, George, Daniel, James, Crysler, David, John, Ralph and one daughter, Rebecca, who married John Middaugh of the Ridge Road, west of St. Davids, Township of Niagara.

The name was originally De la Filday, they being of Norman descent. George Field's father's name was Gilbert.

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

Quebec, 23rd Aug. 1852.

Mr. George Field:

SIR - It gives me much pleasure to be the means of presenting you with the enclosed medal as a reward for your gallant conduct in defending our common country, and I hope the day is not far distant when the same mark of distinction will be extended to your companions in arms, who, in other engagements were instrumental in successfully repelling the numerous invasions on the Niagara Frontier as well as other parts of Canada during the campaign of 1812-1814. It is my intention to present an address in a few days to attain that object. In the meantime, I will thank you to acknowledge the receipt of this, hoping you may long live to wear it. I have the honour to remain your friend and servant.

WM. HAMILTON MERRITT

In the graveyard now used by the Brown and Field families are many head-stones, one marking the grave of Gilbert Field, who died 1815, age 50. The dwelling is a large, dark, red-brick house, originally three stories with a high pointed roof, but when partially burnt down it became a two-storey house with a much flatter roof. The family came from New

Jersey and landed near this spot. It was the first brick house on the River Road and shows the solid work of those days, its walls being mostly six bricks thick. It was built by Gilbert Field. Mr. Murray Field, living in Niagara, was born in this house, which was at one time used as a hospital.

The spot is still pointed out where a soldier died at the head of the stair. The British Officers were at one time quartered here and Mr. Murray Field is named from Col. Murray; Jas. McFarland and Daniel Field piloted the force over to Fort Niagara in December, 1813. In the Niagara Historical Room is a copy of a paper read at a family gathering by Mr. Daniel Field on his 80th birthday, in which he mentions having fought at Queenston Heights, Lundys Lane and at the capture of Fort Niagara, having been a prisoner there previously. The wife of Mr. Murray Field is the daughter of the late John McCarthy, and their children can say that their grandparents fought on opposite sides at Queenston Heights, and at Chippawa, they were prisoners on opposite sides.

J.C.

#### HISTORY OF THE OLD WHITE GRIST MILL ON FOUR MILE CREEK ON LOT 193, NIAGARA TOWNSHIP

In the year 1800, Benjamin Pickard of the Township of Niagara, in the County of Lincoln, built a Grist Mill on Lot 193 on the Four Mile Creek, Military Reserve of the Township of Niagara, said mill contained one run of stone, which was brought from Eusopas in the State of New York. The ground wheat was carried to the top of the Mill by the Miller in a sack, and was poured in a cooler, and from thence it ran down into the bolt for separating the flour, bran and shorts, there being in those days no elevators for carrying the meal to the top of the Mill.

The Machinery was all made of wood - the wheels and shafting. There was not an iron wheel in the old Mill. The Mill is built of very heavy timber. All of the posts and beams are fourteen inches square, as well as the sills. The girths, studding and braces are all hewn out. Not one piece of timber in the frame is sawn. The sills and posts are of white oak and all the other timber is white wood.

During the War of 1812-1814, when the Americans had possession of Fort George and Niagara, there were several



skirmishes in or near the Town, out at the Ball Farm and the cross-roads (now Virgil), the wounded all being taken to the Mill which was used for a hospital for some length of time.

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

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

AN HISTORIC HOUSE  
THE RESIDENCE OF MR. JAMES MCFARLAND

By Jessie McKenzie

*The following appeared in the Montreal Witness in 1893, being one of the stories written by the School Children of Canada in the prize competition instituted by that paper.*

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

The Fort was captured without the firing of a gun on December 19th, 1813. Col. Murray came from Burlington to Niagara with portions of the 100th and 41st Regiments. They did not cross at Niagara, but about two miles up the river. My uncle, who had been taken prisoner by the Americans, made his escape out of the Fort early one morning and walked up the river along the shore until he came to a house where he was well known. There, kind friends hid him in the cellar until nightfall, when he crossed to his own country. Col. Murray, hearing of his return, sent for him and he was appointed pilot of the expedition to take the Fort. They embarked a little below the house, then went up the river for a short distance and landed on the opposite shore, where two pine trees now stand. It was ten at night when they started off. They walked down on the other side, killing the sentries with their bayonets as they went along, so as not to alarm the Garrison at the Fort.

It was at the top of this same ravine in which the boats had been concealed that Gen. Brock, on his way from Fort

George on the morning of Oct. 13th, 1812, to command at the Battle of Queenston Heights, spoke to my grandfather. One day as my grandfather and great-grandfather were at work in the field, each with a pair of horses, three American Dragoons rode up and tried to capture both men and horses; but my two grandfathers, each seizing a rail from the fence near at hand, soon put them to flight. However, it was not long before they came back, considerably reinforced. This time they seized the horses, took my great-grandfather prisoner and carried him away to Greenbush, New York State, but my grandfather fortunately made his escape.

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

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## ANOTHER DESCRIPTION OF THE SAME HOUSE

By Charles V. Taggart

The farm and homestead situated on the banks of the Niagara River, about two miles south of the town of that name, was purchased by my great-great-grandfather from the Crown and has remained in the family to the present day. The dwelling house was built in 1800 by my great-great-grandfather, and used as a hospital during the War of 1812-1814 by both British and Americans, as each had possession of the place. A little to the north is the ravine in which were concealed the boats which were used in the taking of Fort Niagara. On the bank behind the house, a battery was built where three British Soldiers were buried.

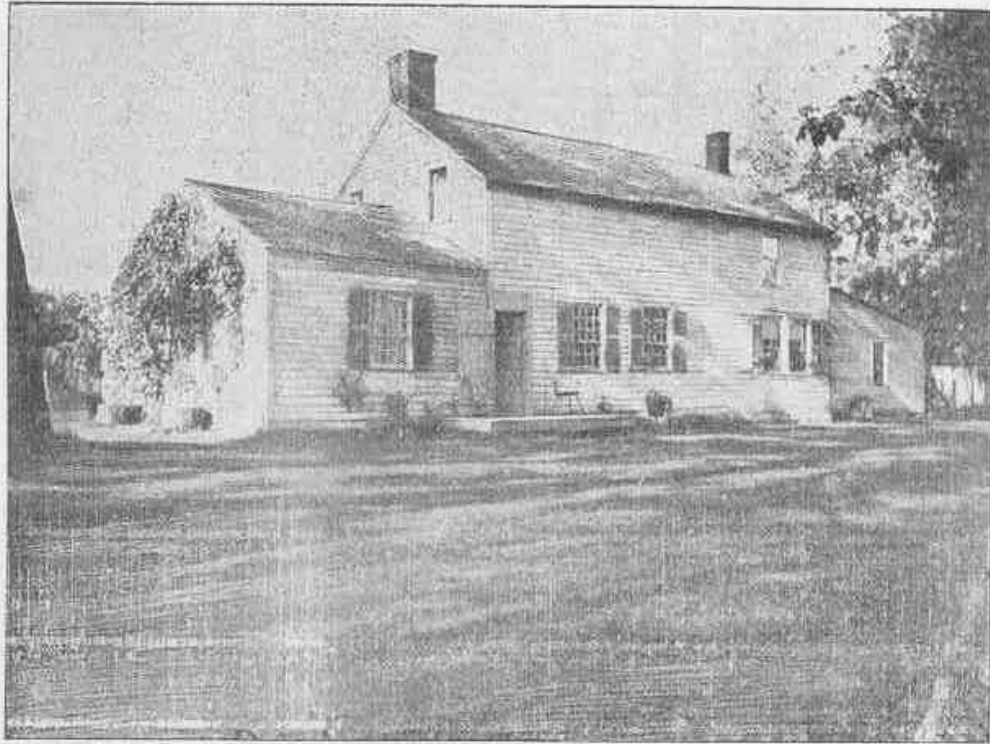
During the War of 1812-14, the cellar was used to store the grain, and my great-grandfather on going down one day, saw an officer helping himself without permission to the oats. He unceremoniously kicked him out. Said officer was afterwards high in rank, who, I suppose, kept to the old adage, "Everything is fair in love and war." It was my great-granduncle who gave information which led to the taking of Fort Niagara after being

a prisoner in the American Fort, crossing on a raft, and led the British Soldiers to the capture of the Fort. My great-great grandfather and his son were one day busy working in the fields, when three soldiers tried to seize the horses, but my great-great-grandfather and son each seized a rail and put the soldiers to flight. They soon returned with a larger number and took them prisoners to Greenbush, N.Y. After his release, he died from the exposure. After the war, when the family returned to the home, they found the house greatly damaged, as neither doors, windows nor mantles were left remaining; also from the farm, twenty-one horses had been carried off.

(On a tombstone in St. Mark's Graveyard is the following inscription which must refer to that member of the McFarland family who was taken prisoner to Greenbush and is said to have died from the effects of the exposure. "Sacred to the memory of John McFarland, a native of Paisley, Scotland. He was taken prisoner at the Capture of Fort George and escaped from Greenbush near the close of the War. He returned to his place, Niagara, and finding his property burnt up and destroyed by the enemy, it enervated him so much that he died in a few months after, in the 64th year of his age."

In the Historical Room, Niagara, are several documents, framed, grants of land to or from John McFarland, showing him to have been the possessor of many hundreds of acres in different parts of Upper Canada. The earliest document is one dated 1794. Several of the grants are from Peter Russell; one for 600 acres, another for 300 acres; one in 1799. The document of 1794 is made at Newark and is from Peter McFarland and Benaiah Gibb of Montreal, making John McFarland of Niagara their attorney for the Home District to collect all sums of money due. Another document shows the kindness of the eldest brother (and of course in those days, the heir, in giving his brother from brotherly affection, a deed for 200 acres of land. Major Duncan McFarland who, as a boy, took part in the war of 1812, was an uncle of the present proprietor, who is a genial, hale and hearty octogenarian)

J.C.



Residence of Miss Mary Servos, part of which was  
used as a Government Store in 1783.

PALATINE HILL  
by Janet Carnochan

Perhaps the oldest house in Niagara Township is that owned by Mrs. Mary Servos, widow of Col. Peter Servos. A beautiful situation truly, the house built on an eminence commanding a view of the meandering Four Mile Creek, running through an old beaver meadow, beautiful forest trees, immense pines, elms and maples having been left to add to the beauty of the scene. The house has had many additions, but the large room with its heavy rafters of the olden time, dates back to 1783 and was at one time a government store.

Two old account books from 1784 to 1779 give many curious particulars of the sale of flour, wheat, elk skins, bear skins, etc. A Saw and Grist Mill did good service here. In different government records, we find that the home government sent machinery to help, and from many miles distant came early settlers to have their grain ground. A few submerged timbers show the spot still.

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

The old account books are exceedingly interesting for the names, prices, articles sold. On the first page is an index very neatly done, giving names and pages. It must have been an extensive business, involving large interests, as the sums of money mentioned are very large, all in L.S.D. The oldest book is a little private account of Daniel Servos from 1779 to December 12<sup>th</sup>, 1804. The prices are interesting, as 43 panes of

glass, £3.5s.6d; one bottle of rum, 4s; 9 logs sawing at 5s - £2,5s.; 30 lbs. flour, £1.13s.; In the year 1784, Messrs Street & Butler are charged with flour and grain bags; the lumber at £8 per thousand; 100 lbs. flour to Mrs. Frey £3.; Captain Bernard Frey, a bushel of bran, 4s; Mr. Jno. Clement, in 1785 paid £1.0s.7d for three pecks of salt; Mr. Jesse Pawling bought tea at 12s. per lb.; Capt. Peter Ten Broeck bought deer skins at 5s. each; Mr. Isaac Vrooman bought wheat at 8s. per bushel; Mr. Samuel Street is charged with elk skins at 14s.each, 6 bear skins 20s. each, 3 marten, 5s.each. Capt. Ralfe Clench has a large blacksmith bill in 1790. In 1784, a mare is charged £12.

A record on one peg is 2494 barrels of Potash in Oct. 1799. In 1800, one quart rum, 5s; half barrel salt, 8s; half pound tobacco, 2s, 6d.; sawing 40 logs, £4; two yards striped cotton, 8s.

Many old deeds, commissions on parchments, are preserved, four generations of the name having served in different capacities as ensign, lieutenant, captain, colonel, the oldest dated 24th December, 1779, from Haldimand to Daniel Servos, gentlemen, to be Lieutenant in Col. Johnson's Corps of North American Indians. In 1778, from Lord Guy Dorchester, to be Captain of the first regiment of Militia in the District of Nassau. The payroll of Capt. Dan Servos has 31 names in 1794 and others are dated 1802, 1809, 1815; in 1827, John D. Servos was Lieutenant Colonel. Another paper gives the names of those who went to York, commanded by J.D. Servos, 1813, from 6th July, to 10th July.

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

In the house are all sorts of relics; A tea caddy brought from Switzerland with date 1778 belonged to Philip Frey, surveyor, in now a receptacle for buttons of Butler's Rangers,

King's Eighth, etc., so dear to the heart of the collector. A shell snuff box with silver cover had the inscription "Token of Gratitude from Wm. Claus to Mrs. Eliz. Servos, Niagara, 1801." One room is quite full of such historic relics, swords, sashes, immense seals, wallets, etc., enough to stock an ordinary museum. Various articles of value, as silver spoons, a silver teapot, were buried for safety, some of them three times. A document dated Newark 1794, of survey made for Col. John Butler, has the names Ball, Secord and others; the Servos farm had then 394 acres. In the Servos graveyard are buried four generations. One inscription reads: "Sacred to the memory of Elizabeth Johnson, who died 8th Nov. 1811, aged 104, and recalls the fact that her husband, Col. Johnson, was buried in the Chapel of Fort Niagara, 1759, with Gen. Prideaux, and that, though many attempts have been made to discover the site of this Chapel where two British Officers were buried hitherto, they have been without avail. Elizabeth Servos, her daughter, died 1821, age 72 and Daniel Servos, husband to above, died March, 1908, aged 65. There are tombstones to six of the name of Whitmore. Magdalene in 1854, must have been the little Magdalene Servos who saw the murder of her grandfather in 1777 in his own house by Revolutionary Soldiers. The little child of three was left with her relatives till her father; Captain Daniel Servos went from Niagara on horseback and brought her home. The late wife of our Poet, Wm. Kirby, F.R.S.C., Eliza Whitmore, was her daughter.

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

In St. Mark's Record Book is an item which relates to this Burying Ground, running thus: "On the day in which the engagement between Sir James Yeo and Commodore Chancey took place on the lake, our dear Friend, Mrs. McNabb was buried in Mr. Servos' Burying Place, supposed to be the 29th Sept. 1813." (Should be 28th Sept.)

The information on which these imperfect notes were gleaned from various sources. Mrs. Mary Servos having courteously shewn many articles of interest in this historic home. Her father was Capt. Jno. C. Ball, who fought at Queenston Heights, having in charge of the cannon there, and in the family record are the names of Frey and Showers, all found in



the first Census taken in Niagara by Col. John Butler, in 1782, and again in 1783. In many other houses in the Town and Township, where descendants of the Christopher Servos who came in 1726 reside, may be found precious heirlooms from which, if the history were told, ample material could be obtained for several interesting pamphlets. Stories of Pioneer Life, of valuable relics, old adventures among the Indians, of escaped slaves, of assemblies at Navy Hall, stories which, if not soon gathered up, will soon be only a memory ever growing fainter and fainter. It is hoped that there may not be lacking those who have sufficient love for their country to make continuous effort to glean, while it may yet be done, the tales of our not ignoble past.

AN EVOLUTION OF AN HISTORIC ROOM  
BY JANET CARNOCHAN

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

Locus, then a long, narrow room, 12 x 40; empty, except for a large box stove and chandeliers left as a legacy by the Library. Much cold water had metaphorically been thrown upon the project of collecting articles relating to the history of the Town and Neighbourhood. It was said nothing had been left; everything had been given away or destroyed, or did any such article exist, no one would either give or lend anything for such a purpose. All such prognostications have proved false. With very little outlay, for we began with an empty treasury (cases have been given, picture frames, chairs, tables, etc.) a collection of about one thousand articles, some of them very valuable, has been brought together and entered on the books of our curator. Visitors have enrolled their names from different cities - from Winnipeg to New York, from Ottawa to Wellington, New Zealand.

Many of the articles have a story attached, and it is the object of this paper to give some slight account of the most remarkable of these. Perhaps the most interesting feature in

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

A sword hints a tale of the "cold steel" encounter when the legend tells us the cry "What is trumps," and the answer, "British Bayonets." When Fort Niagara was taken 19th December, 1813, while Niagara town was a smoking ruin, this sword was handed to Col. Murray by the American Officer in charge. The christening bowl used by Rev. Robert Addison, who came here in 1792, shows long use, but still the bunch of pink flowers on each side may be plainly seen, and this brings to mind St. Mark's Register, with the quaint remarks inserted at Baptism, wedding or funeral, by its first rector, who sometimes, from that vast parish reaching from Niagara to Long Point, baptized dozens, nay scores, using this simple china bowl.

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

But perhaps the article which attracts the most attention is the cocked hat of General Brock, with white ostrich plumes, red and white cockade and gold-plated chain. Since, like George Washington, we cannot tell a lie, it must be confessed that General Brock never wore the hat as when it arrived for him from England, he lay in a hero's grave in Fort George. A letter is in existence written by him to his brother: "All the articles I ordered have arrived except the cocked hat, for which I am sorry, as on account of the enormous size of my head, I find it difficult to obtain a hat to suit me." The ladies of the Historical Society, Toronto, wrote to have it measured inside, and the result quite justified the use of the descriptive adjective as the measurement was twenty-five inches. A military order of 1811 that the ostrich plumes be inside the flaps, and another in 1814, repealing this order justify the position of the trimming. The hat was used at the different funerals, being placed on the coffin in 1824 and again in 1853, when many old soldiers asked permission to try it on.

Here is the Upper Canada Gazette, 1794, Newark: published by Roy, and a later one by Sylvester Tiffany with curious advertisements and vistas opened up into the life of a hundred years ago, when gay assemblies, and French Counts, and American Commissioners, Governor Simcoe himself, and his secretary, that remarkable and inexplicable man, Col. Talbot, danced with Niagara belles.

Two documents show the heads of families and number in the family of the congregation of St. Andrew's and St.

Mark's, the first being a parchment petition to the Queen in 1842 complaining that they had not received their share of the Clergy Reserve Fund. Of all the autographs found here, not one is that of a living person. The Census Enumerator's report of the families of St. Mark's in 1848 gives a total of 1060 people exclusive of the Military in Barracks or the country people.

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

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

Here is a "trump line" one hundred years old, skilfully decorated with porcupine quill work, which had been used by some Indian woman to fasten her silent, solemn-eyed papoose and carry it on her back or perchance to carry a heavier load of food or game. And here are articles which show how our grandmothers followed the description in Proverbs: "She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands, she layeth her hand to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff," a large wheel, a small wheel, reel, cards, hackles. A number of these last show that raising flax must have been an industry here, as in one barn were found five. One hackle is old, having been brought in 1784 by the family of one of Butler's Rangers.

Numerous documents, now framed, recall stirring times as the proclamation of Wm. Lyon McKenzie from Navy Island, 1837. Among other names may be seen that of Samuel Lount, so ruthlessly executed. Another proclamation of a reward of \$500. for the capture of James Morreau, a rebel, evidently a Frenchman, and on inquiry we learn that he was actually hanged at Niagara Jail and a record in the Roman Catholic Register gives the fact that he was baptized provisionally,

he not knowing whether this had been done before.

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

Bring heifers, steers and stately calves,  
 Let bulls and goats be there,  
 Bring natives, long horns, short horns,  
 All to the Farmer's Fair.

There sermons preached by Ministers of the Town in War time will compare favourably with sermons of the present day, one during the War of 1812 by Rev. John Burns, the others in the Rebellion of 1837 by Rev. R. McGill and Rev. T. Creen. The manuscript of a fourth is now in the possession of the Society and appears in this pamphlet, that of the first Minister of St. Mark's, sent-out in 1792 by S.P.G. Rev. R. Addison, "Brothers of the Craft," are all interested in the old Masonic

apron, hand painted on silk. It is not known how old, or whether done here or in Scotland.

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

Here are pictures of a few who have been connected with the history of the Town. General Sir Isaac Brock. Col. Butler, Laura Secord, Sir William Johnson, Capt. Thomas Dick, Samuel Zimmerman, and here is a sweet-faced old lady, the daughter of a heroine, who on the day when 6,000 men menaced our Town, encouraged the soldiers by serving out coffee and refreshments. The wife of the lighthouse keeper, Dominick Henry, it is mentioned in a pamphlet of the Loyal and Patriotic Society was voted 25 Pounds as an acknowledgment of her services. The delight of her granddaughter in being sent the extract relating to her grandmother, Mrs. Quade, is one of the compensations for the labour of these investigations. A picture of a log home, built in 1814 is a contrast to the modern dwellings.

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

A large contribution is a collection in a large picture frame,

which may be said to be a complete history of the Military occupation of the Niagara Peninsula, being about two hundred military buttons of different regiments, British, United States, Canadian, picked up at Fort George, all neatly labelled. In the centre, a belt buckle, 49, recalls the Regiment of the noble Brock, "The Green Tigers." Nor is the list still exhausted. A Labrador seal skin coat from the Northwest Rebellion and the scarlet coat of a Captain in the War of 1812 form a striking contrast. Indian pipes with beautifully worked stems, hammer stones, household utensils of other days, waffle irons, warming pans, snuffers, tell a page of forgotten history to the children of the present day. A battle-axe from an Ayrshire bog, and a perfect trilobite from England, with some beautifully polished flint arrowheads of early British workmanship show that not alone is this continent under tribute. Gleaner newspapers, old letters, seals, all speak to us of the past.

Among the strange coincidences in life which give color to the saying that truth is stranger than fiction, the following may be recorded; A letter received from Mr. Eakins the Librarian of Osgoode Hall, asked information about the ten members of the Law Society founded in 1797. Of one particularly could nothing be gleaned, W.D. Powell, Jr., of Queenston. Just that day our Secretary, Mr. Alfred Ball, brought in a letter belonging to his wife, a granddaughter of Robert Nelles of Grimsby, and which proved to be a letter from W.D. Powell himself; and gives a glimpse of a romantic runaway match. The letter is addressed to Robert Nelles, 40 Mile Creek:

Queenston, 28th July, 1802.

Dear Sir:

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



love and obligations to her for the part she took in forwarding our escape. Believe me, dear sir, your obliged and obedient servant.

W. D. POWELL, JR.

Another interesting document is the subscription list of the children of St. Mark's to procure a chair for the old clerk of the Church for fifty years and died in 1846. This is the quaint heading to the list: "Whereas the old clerk has returned to Town and expects to occupy his place in the Church so long as he lives and is able to attend Divine Service, it has been observed that his seat on a stool is not easy nor suitable for him, and an easy chair has been thought of. This has been made to order and will be an appropriate present to honourable age from the young as a mark of respect for his grey hairs and long services." The list of youthful contributors will be carefully preserved among the records of St. Mark's Church. Niagara, September 20th, 1844. The cost is 1 pound, 15 s. Currency. The surplus for Sunday School books." Of the thirty-seven names signed here, there are now, after fifty-five years, only eight living. The sums are signed are from 7-1/2d. to 2s.6d, the whole sum contributed being L3.5s. The receipt of the maker of the chair, John Andrews is on the back of the paper. Such well known names as Boulton, Dickson, Ball, Creen, Melville, Campbell, McCormick, Hall, Willson occur. Mr. Wray is described by an old lady, an octogenarian, as a little old man. The chair is low, and may be seen in the choir, having been lately freshly upholstered.

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

The collecting and arranging of so large a number of articles in so short a time has not been accomplished without much labour, and we have to acknowledge the liberal contributions of Messrs. Charles Ball, Alexander Servos, Alfred

Ball, Miss Creen, Miss Crouch and many others. A short historical sketch has appeared in the Niagara "Times" each week, and the acknowledgement of all articles contributed and this perhaps has helped somewhat. The distribution of the yearly reports, with partial catalogue, and now a complete to date catalogue of twelve pages, has been printed for us by the kindness of Mr. John Ross Robertson, who has taken much kindly interest in our work, the publication of our pamphlets, Nos. 1,2,3,4; all these have no doubt helped in the evolution of our room. We should not have been able to print so many pamphlets had it not been for a grant for printing purposes from the Ontario Government.

The Tea Caddy of Laura Secord, a curiosity in itself, even had it not been the property of such a heroine, by post from Winnipeg, loaned by the granddaughter of Laura Secord herself. Copies of the Canadian Punch, 1848-9, give curious glimpses of the feeling to Lord Elgin. The Gleaner for 1832-3 and six months of the first year, 1817-18, Gidding's Almanac for 1831, giving all the evidence of the trial at Lockport of those concerned in the abduction of Morgan, give us curious reading now. A pencil outline by General Seaton Gordon, with watermark 1822, of buildings then, 1824, at Fort Mississagua was found by the son when examining his father's papers, and was sent to Mr. Winnett at Queen's Hotel, and thus our collection increases.

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

The value of such a room has already been shewn, as

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

Some may be disposed to smile at a collection of this kind and underrate its value, but Mr. David Boyule, our Provincial Archaeologist, who has given us much valuable advice and assistance, who has done such noble service in the evolution of the Archaeological Museum, Toronto, who has devoted days and nights, nay, years of his life to this object, whose influence has brought flowing into his collection from all parts of the world such valuable additions, whose admirable reports appreciated first in Britain and the United States, have now at last convinced Canadians of the value of their archaeologist, Mr. Boyle in a paper read on 17th Sept. at the Anniversary of the Society, used these words: "For local history purposes, there is nothing superior to the local Museum. Wherever there is a good library, there should be a good Museum; one without the other is incomplete. It should supplement the library and be supported by the country as well as the Library. Object teaching is the oldest kind of teaching, and every object should illustrate a point, embrace some statement, or elucidate something otherwise obscure."

**It had been intended to have an addition to the last article, "The Evolution of an Historical Room," but it has since been thought that this might furnish material for a pamphlet in itself, as instead of the one thousand articles in 1899, there are now in 1914, nearly six thousand, and instead of the long narrow room in the third storey of the Court House, a substantial brick building, 40 x 70 feet has been erected. Instead of the sixty members then, there are now two hundred and forty; instead of five pamphlets we have now in 1914, reached the twenty-fifth issue.**

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

Statement of property lost and destroyed by the army since the commencement of the War from 1812 to 1815;

One piece of broadcloth, 30 yds. at 40s.....	£60
12 blankets, at £2.5s per blanket.....	27
Clothing, three fine coats, one Surtout coat.....	20
Family clothing.....	50
Seventeen hogs .....	34
Two day books, containing accounts.....	150
Taken out of the Shop in 1813.....	40
One house burned, estimated at.....	800
One kitchen, estimated at.....	200
Furniture of the house.....	500
One barn with hay and forage.....	150
One sleigh, plough, horse and two barrels of salt.....	40
Eight acres of wheat estimated at 150 bushels .....	93.15
Garden and Orchard and other damage to the place.....	100
In the blacksmith shop, part of two sets of tools with one and a half tons, at 5s per barrel .....	450
400 barrels of coke coal, at 5s. per barrel .....	100
Lost on upper farm in hay and grain.....	50
One set of books supposed to contain accounts to amount of .....	800
One set of harness for two horses, one saddle and two bridles .....	20
52 days of Captain's Pay and other accounts passed the Board of Claims and burned in Mr. Crook's office .....	33

The total amount reached almost £4000, and the old leather bound book, with its contents, brings up the names of many of those early pioneers who did and dared and suffered so much to keep their heritage as British soil, a heritage which we now enjoy.