

DUCIT AMOR PATRIE.

NIAGARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Memorial to U. E. Loyalists,

By Jas. Coyne, B. A., President Ontario Historical Society.

History Taught by Museums,

By David Boyle, Curator Ontario Archaeological Museum.

Battle of Queenston Heights,

By the Hon. J. G. Currie.

Monuments

By Janet Carnochan, President Niagara Historical Society.

PREFACE.

In sending out this, the fourth pamphlet of the Niagara Historical Society, some explanation may be made as to the contents, nearly all relating to the erection of some fitting memorial to the landing on our shores of the United Empire Loyalists, over a century ago. Circulars have been sent to the descendants of such, and others interested, and it is hoped that are long, something worthy of that event may be erected.

Last year we thought ourselves fortunate in being able to print a paper, read to us by the first president of the provincial Historical Association, Canon Bull, to whom we owe the first suggestion of such a memorial, and this year we are fortunate in being able to offer a paper, from the facile pen of his successor in the presidency, Mr. Coyne, and also one from the prominent archaeologist, Mr. David Boyle, by whose enthusiasm and skill so valuable a collection has been gathered in Toronto, and who has given us such valuable assistance and advice in forming our collection. The eloquent address of Hon. J. G. Currie had been delivered previously at one of our meetings, stirring the blood and making us proud of our country, but unfortunately, no notes were preserved, and the address being extempore, we were unable to reproduce it. We think ourselves happy to be the means of giving to the public, and thus preserving, so eloquent and admirable an address with so much of local coloring. This we are enabled to do by the kindness of Mr. Frank Yeigh, who kindly acceded to our request to take down in shorthand the address, as given on Queenston Heights, and to him we now return our thanks, as well as to the gentlemen who have allowed the papers read by them at various meetings of our society to be published.

We rejoice that so great an interest is now being taken in the history of our country, and earnestly hope that every country, every town, every school section, may do its share in collecting and preserving its local history. The example of the Beaver Dam Historical Society is worthy of emulation, in producing so admirable a history of Thorold, and we extend our hearty congratulations, hoping that others may be encouraged by their example to go and do likewise.

We would bespeak for our own humble efforts a favorable reception.

MEMORIAL TO THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

Address given by James H. Coyne, Esq., President of the Provincial Historical Association, on the Second Anniversary of the Niagara Historical Society, 17th September, 1897.

This commemoration is marked by the features of more than ordinary interest. This year, the place, the day, and the object, must strike the imagination and impress the memory of every patriotic citizen.

We are met in the Jubilee year of Her Majesty's reign, at the original capital of this Province, of the one hundred and fifty anniversary of the first meeting of the Parliament of Upper Canada, to take measures for the erection of a fitting memorial in the honor of the brave and loyal pioneers who first planted British laws and institutions in the northern half of this continent.

To the student of Canadian history, few places can be more attractive than the old historic town of Niagara. Your river and the great cataract, ever since they were first indicated by Champlain in his map of 1612, have been known more or less to the literature of the world. As one stands on the margin of the mighty current, names and events prominent in the annals of Canada crowd upon the memory.

The shades of De la Roche, Daillon, of Breboeuf and Chaumonot—heroic missionaries, intrepid explorers—rise before him. They may have visited this spot as early as 1626 and 1640, respectively. But they left no record of the visit in their accounts of the Country of the Neutrals. In Sanson's map of 1656 the name of Ongiara first appears. Possibly it was from Breboeuf and Chaumonot's reports that the name and site were learned by the cartographers, but as to this we are left to conjecture.

And now we are in the year of our Lord 1669 in this same month of September. Coming from the east is a picturesque procession of canoes. It enters the river's mouth, and from the frail barks step on your bank the first white men, of whose visit there is an authentic record—the Sulpitian priests, Galinee and Dollier de Casson, the dauntless La Salle, and a score of their followers. They heard the distant roar of the mighty cataract, and would gladly have visited it, but the season was late and time pressed, and they had to proceed westward along the lake.

Afterward this spot was familiar enough to the French. On the point across the river La Salle built his fortified warehouse in 1679. On Cayuga Creek above the falls he constructed and launched the "Griffin," the first vessel on the Upper Lakes. Afterward in succession, Denonville, Vandreuil and Pouchot erected fortifications on the east side, where the Niagara enters Lake Ontario. There Prideaux and Colonel Johnson fell in the assault in 1759, when Sir Wm. Johnson took command of the British forces and entered Fort Niagara in triumph, having amongst his officers such men as Colonel Butler, Chief Joseph Brant and Daniel Servos, names intimately associated with the history of your settlement at a later date. Pontiac's war a few years later was signalized on the Niagara frontier by the disasters to the British forces at the fifty-named Devil's Hole.

During the century that had elapsed since the Sulpitian priests first paddled up the Niagara, many a famous traveler had visited its forts and falls. Hennepin, Tonty, Lafitadu, Labontan, La Potherie, Charlevoix, are names more or less associated with Niagara in the history of exploration and travel.

A centre of the fur trade, Niagara was the resort of savage tribes from the remote northwest, and many negotiations were carried on outside its fort by the French commandant or commissioners with the dusky diplomats of the forest, down to the time when Pouchot surrendered his sword to Sir William Johnson.

The Revolution transformed Niagara into a refuge for the Loyalists, including 5,000 Indians of the Six Nations under Brant, John Deseronto and the famous Seneca chief, Sakoyenwaraghton. Its fort was the centre of British operations in the Northwest,

and dearly did the Loyalists, white and red, requite the persecutions and plunderings they had experienced at the hands of the rebellious colonists.

When the war closed, it was here at the foot of King Street that the royal refugees crossed over by thousands to take up land in the virgin province which still remained under the old flag. Ten thousand of them settled in Upper Canada during 1784. Then came the hungry year of which Mr. Wm. Kirby has sung so well. But the dark clouds passed and plenty soon smiled again over the land. The settlers brought with them their instinct for liberty and self government, and this led to the establishment of representative institutions amongst them by the Constitutional Act of 1791. Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, of the Queen's Rangers, was perhaps the fittest man in the Empire to be chosen as the King's representative in the new province. The characteristic qualities of the Loyalists were exemplified in him in the highest degree, and he deserves and has received by general consent a high niche in the pantheon of Canadian history. There are two events of the year 1792 which ought to be perpetuated upon canvas.

The first historic picture will represent the landing at Niagara the first governor of Upper Canada, accompanied by his staff, including his secretaries Littlehales and Talbot. He is received in due form by the assembled troops, comprising Butler's Rangers, the regulars of Fort Niagara and the militia of United Empire Loyalists, many of whom had served under the new governor when he was in command of the Queen's Rangers during the war. The Six Nations Indians are there under their redoubtable chief, Joseph Brant. Fort Niagara welcomes the King's representative with the thunder of its guns. His replies to the loyal addresses presented are received with enthusiastic cheers and cries of 'God Save the King' from the assembled multitude.

Under such auspices the first lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada enters upon his vice-royalty.

The next picture would represent the opening of the first parliament of the province, 105 years ago this day. Yonder where now stands the ruins of Fort George, floated proudly in the breeze the red cross flag for which the settlers had sacrificed so much; for it represented the United Empire, the object of their fealty and loyal attachment. Red men and white are ranged round. The Six Nations under Brant, the Mohawks of the Bay of Quinte under John Deseronto, Mississaugas and Chippewas from the Sault Ste Marie in all their finery and feathers are there in full force. In their quaint old regimentals stood the regular troops and rangers—in three-cornered hats with hair in queues; clad in knee breeches and long stockings, and long coats and vests. Among the spectators are the ladies in their 18th century garb. The governor is preceded by bands of music and guards of honor, and a royal salute is fired from the fort. Chief Justice Osgoode and Captain John McDonell of Glengarry are the Speakers of the respective Houses. Surrounding the governor or before him are men eminent for military service under the Crown: Sir John Johnson, Colonel Claus, Guy Johnson, Colonel Johnson from Lake Huron, Colonel Butler of the Rangers, Colonel McKee, Samuel Street, Thomas Clark, Daniel and Jacob Servos and many others. Mr. Kirby has given a graphic description of the scene.

The opening of the first Parliament of Upper Canada was an epoch in the history of the British Empire. Its importance was appreciated by Simcoe, who showed impressively his sense of the greatness of the occasion in such words as these:

The great and momentous trusts and duties which have been committed to the representatives of this province in a degree infinitely beyond whatever till this period have distinguished any other colony, have originated from the British nation upon a just consideration of the energy and hazard with which the inhabitants have so conspicuously supported and defended the British constitution.”

Through seven long years of struggle, persecution and suffering, the Loyalists had proved their devotion to a great principle. Your own honored citizen, Mr. Wm. Kirby, has told in a noble verse how, after the close of the war of revolution,

“They, who loved
“The cause that had been lost, and kept their faith
“To England’s crown, and scorned an alien name,
“Passed into exile; leaving all behind
“Except their honor and the conscious pride
“Of duty done to country and to King.”

To such men hewing out new homes for themselves in the northern forest, and guarding the faith they had kept as the palladium of their liberties, Simcoe could not have brought a more welcome message that when he described the system he was called upon to administer among them as “the very image and transcript of the British Constitution.” This was their ample reward for defeat, confiscation and banishment. With joy and confidence they set themselves to the arduous and glorious task to which Providence has assigned them. Extending their clearings in the trackless and illimitable forest, they were to transplant in this new soil British laws and British institutions, and to guard and transmit to their successors the germ of a great idea—the solidarity of the British race and empire.

This may be said of the U. E. Loyalists. They had, it is true, the defects of their qualities—a certain intolerance and hauteur, an undisguised contempt and hatred of opinions at variance with their own, were perhaps not uncommon. But they kept alive the idea of loyalty, of respect for law and order, of liberty as opposed to license, and above all of the unity of the race.

Admired and esteemed by all, Simcoe may be fairly regarded as the type of many of the best of the Loyalists. The epitaph upon his monument in Exeter Cathedral describes him as one “in whose life and character the virtues of the hero, the patriot and the Christian were so conspicuous that it may be justly said: “He served his King and country with a zeal exceeded only by his piety towards God.” It was eminently fitting that both classes of Loyalists should be equally honored in his monument. The figures of a Queen’s Ranger and an Indian support his sculptured bust. Through the ages, Simcoe’s name will be cherished by Canadians of whatever origin for the great work he accomplished as the official head of the pioneers of Upper Canada, and for the lofty ideal he steadily kept before himself and them.

For nearly five years the Parliament of Upper Canada met at Niagara. In the life of a nation this is a brief period, but it was an era of the greatest importance in our history. For, during those five years, in your little town, the fundamental laws of the Province were passed. The law of England was introduced, together with trial by jury; slavery was abolished; the due administration of justice was provided for by the

establishment of courts and the construction of courthouses and gaols; for the security of land titles a registry system was established; standard weights and measures were enacted, and the first militia, assessments and road acts were placed on the statute books of Upper Canada.

Those were flourishing days of Niagara. The present year is the centennial of its fall. In 1797 the seat of Parliament was transferred to Toronto. That was the beginning of the end of your ancient glories. Formerly a great emporium of the fur traffic, and at a later period a centre of the wholesale trade and of shipbuilding, Niagara has seen its trade destroyed by the progress of settlement, the rise of other commercial and manufacturing centers, and the construction of canals and railroads. For a century or more it had been regarded as the chief military defense of the country of the upper lakes. Across the river, Fort Niagara still flings its flag to the breeze. On this side, Fort Mississauga, the ruins of Fort George, Butler's Barracks, and the annual summer camp remain to remind us of a military history "of old and just renown." The ancient capital must always continue, however, to be not merely what nature has made it, one of the loveliest spots in America, but also from its historical associations, one of the most interesting.

To its more ancient memories of the old regime, are added those which cluster round the names of Sir Wm. Johnson, Simcoe, Molly and Joseph Brant, Rogers, Talbot, Butler, Littlehales, De Peyster, Guy Johnson, General Brock, Laura Secord, FitzGibbon, Sir Allan M'Nab, Sir John Beverley Robinson, and many others, which Canada will not let die.

Your own society has done good service in preserving the history of Niagara and the Niagara district. The work of Mr. Kirby, Miss Carnochan, and Major Ernest Cruikshank is of lasting importance. May they live long to continue their researches and to hand down the results to future ages.

The first of the colonies to receive from the Imperial Parliament the boon of representative institutions, Canada was the first to combine a number of provinces into a federal union. It was natural and proper, therefore, that in the Jubilee celebration which has recently taken place in London, the position of precedence should have been given to Canada amongst all the self-governing colonies. It is a source of satisfaction to all Canadians that the Dominion should on so important an occasion have been represented by a statesman possessing the grace and tact and winning speech and presence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He easily took the foremost place among colonial premiers, by virtue of his personal qualities as well as the etiquette of colonial precedence.

In the history of the empire the Jubilee must always be considered an event of the first importance. It was the occasion of the first council of representatives of the whole Empire of Britain which was ever called. It was the occasion of a free-will offering by the Dominion of Canada to the mother country, of a trade concession, considered by Imperial authorities to be of supreme significance.

"The gates are mine to open
'As the gates are mine to close,
'And I abide by my mother's house,'
Said Our Lady of the Snows."

The commercial value of the concession may be great, but its sentimental value is incalculable. The export trade of Canada has as a result increased by leaps and bounds. But above all, the Imperial bond of union has been strengthened as never before.

The Jubilee is further signalized by the reversal of the foreign commercial policy of the Imperial Government at the instance of a colony—the first case on record of such a change. The denunciation of the treaties therefore marks an epoch in the commercial history of the Empire.

The unity of the Empire has further been recognized in a practical manner by the great learned societies. For the second time the British Association for the Advancement of Science has met in Canada, and its meeting is said to have been the most successful ever held. For the first time the British Medical Association has met in Canada and under highly favorable conditions.

In the Olympic games of the Empire, held at Bisley Common and elsewhere, Canada has carried off some of the highest honors.

In many ways our Dominion has attracted the approving attention of the Empire and the world during this Jubilee year, which must always be a year of vast historical importance.

With our population of six millions, our trade of two hundred millions, our vast commercial interests in shipping, railways, canals, elevators, our free Parliaments, our universities, colleges, and unrivalled system of primary schools; our territory, larger than that of the United States, and nearly as large as all Europe; our agricultural and timber wealth; our limitless harvest of the seas, and our undreamed of mineral resources in Ontario, Kootenay and the Klondyke, what prophet can foretell the achievements of the next century?

But for what we have achieved and what we shall perform in future years, let us acknowledge our debt to the beginners of the Canadian nation. The seed sown by them has yielded an abundant harvest. “God hath sifted three kingdoms to find the corn for this planting,” said the old Puritan divine. Doubly, trebly winnowed, was the golden grain for the planting of British North America.

Reaping now the full fruition for their labors, we should not in this Jubilee year forget the noble men and women who, guarding a great idea, gave up home and property, the familiar scene of youth and the associations of a lifetime, to brave the perils of the pathless wilderness, to seek new homes for themselves and their children in the vast northern forest, and to establish British laws and institutions securely once more under the red-cross flag. Although the makers of British Canada came from many lands, and in later years chiefly from the triple kingdom across the seas, yet the pioneers among the pioneers were undoubtedly the United Empire Loyalists.

I am afraid we are apt to forget that the Loyalists, to a considerable extent, were the very cream of the population of the Thirteen Colonies. They represented in very large measure the learning, the piety, the gentle birth, the wealth and good citizenship of the British race in America, as well as its devotion to law and order, British institutions, and the unity of the Empire. This was the leaven they brought to Canada, which has leavened the entire Dominion of this day. “Just as the twig is bent the tree inclines,” and Canada will bear to its latest age the impress of the United Empire Loyalist.

From such an ancestry the principles of religion, patriotism, law and order, have been inherited by the people of Canada.

“Yea, though we sinned and our rulers went from righteousness, deep in all dishonor though we stained our garment’s hem.”

Still the native instinct of British respect for law and order and righteousness never died out, but at the last has saved the nation. In many things relating to material progress, no doubt we have fallen short of the great Republic across the river, but we can justly and proudly claim that if life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are objects worthy of the care and protection of government, our own constitution guards these more successfully than does that of our neighbors. Since the Conquest it can probably be affirmed with truth that there has never been a case of lynching in the History of British North America. Our churches are well filled. Our legislation keeps pace with the requirements of advancing civilization. Our Legislatures and Municipal Councils are fairly representative, and largely free from corruption. Our laws are based upon the principle of equal justice to all. In all these particulars the influence of the U. E. Loyalists is to be seen. Their motto was: “Love the Brotherhood, Fear God, Honor the King.”

In all ages and countries the beginners have been deemed worthy of especial honor by succeeding ages. The Romans preserved for centuries the wild fig tree of Romulus and Remus as an honored relic; the Englishman proudly records his descent from the Normans who conquered at Hastings; the landing place of Cartier and Champlain at Quebec and Montreal are carefully identified and commemorated; Plymouth Rock records the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

It is eminently fitting that the landing-place of the pioneers of Upper Canada should be distinguished by some conspicuous and lasting memorial.

It is true that in a general sense their monuments are the cleared forest and the fruitful field, the tall factory, the thronged wharf and market, the great institutions of religion and learning, of art and benevolence, the reign of law and order, the love of liberty conjoined with loyalty, and the breed of men who carry on the work begun and hold high the banner borne by the pioneers of a century ago.

But a just respect for their memory demands some formal and permanent token, by which posterity may be constantly and directly reminded of the debt of honor and gratitude they owe, and stimulated to pay it by effort and achievement worthy of their blood—“that their days may be long in the land.” The tombs of pioneers may become neglected and dilapidated. The rude railing in the midst of the field enclosing their sunken graves may crumble to decay. The fading inscription on the wooden slab, recording the dates of birth and death of the stout hearted Ranger or his brave wife, is at last obliterated by the hand of time. Historical societies such as yours will, it is true, gather up written records of the past and reminiscences of aged citizens, thus saving from oblivion the names and deeds of individuals. But the entire community should combine to perpetuate the memory of great national events. Therefore let the pillar or cairn be placed near the Loyalists’ landing, “plain for all folk to see.” Every Canadian who reads its inscription will, we would fain hope, feel his heart swell with commendable pride, and be inspired to emulation of those brave men and women who sacrificed all to duty, and who, while strenuously maintaining their liberties, established upon a lasting foundation British laws and loyalty and religion and order, and the principle of a united empire, in the northern land, which it is our fortune to have inherited from them.

History Taught by Museums.

(By DAVID BOYLE, Curator of Archaeological Museum, Toronto.)

We are all history makers—each of us is a small lump of history.

Mentally, as well as physically, we represent the development of our race.

If we trace our genealogy for not more than ten generations, we find that we represent more than 2,000 families, and if we double the number of generations we shall discover that we are connected with 1,937,152 men and women of separate families.

We cannot get away from this fact. History can deal only with the past—the present itself becomes the past before we can formulate a notion of the present.

The past alone is ours, with the exception of one instant we call the present. As the product of the past we are all interested in it, actively or passively. If actively, we become instructors, educators, moulders of men.

History lies at the foundation of every other science.

An ancient aphorism is “Man know thyself,” and a modern poet tells us that the “Proper study of mankind is man.”

History has always been the same in its essence as it is today, but its treatment in literary form is not know what it was only a few years ago.

Recent historians recognize the part quietly played by human nature wholly apart from plots, murders, and bloody battles, important as such events were, are, and for a time at least, must continue to be.

Account is now taken of what were once thought beneath the dignified notice of the historian—no habit, no mode of life, no funeral custom, no method of catching or preparing food, no fashion in clothing, no system of government, no mode of selecting rulers, no notions of justice however crude any or all of them may be, or may have been, are now regarded as too trivial for observation, because it is from simple beginnings that everything originates.

In this country recorded history begins only a few hundred years ago, and in some localities it is but a lifetime since.

Now is the time to catch for ourselves what has escaped so many elsewhere.

If we do our duty now we shall provide material for future study such as no other country in the world can supply—for notwithstanding the statement that we have no history, we have one of the most brilliant and instructive histories any country could desire.

It has been said that the country is happy that has no history. This is a sheer nonsense. It is as if one should say; happy is the man who never had any experience.

The history of our Empire is the most glorious history pertaining to any empire or republic that has ever existed.

We as Britons, have done more than our share in the advancement, in the civilization, in the humanizing of our race, and those of us who find ourselves in this country have no reason to be ashamed of what our people have achieved here.

Let us in no braggart or vain-glorious spirit hand down our record to the ages.

To accomplish this, literary effort should be supplemented by that which is more material in its character.

In matters archaeological it is found necessary to show the ancient tools and ornaments, and this method of illustration is no less a sine qua non in matters historical.

The Tower of London contains the materialized history of England since the days of King Alfred, and a thousand museums throughout Great Britain and Ireland possess that which alone renders many portions of history probable, while in numerous instances literary records would prove incomplete, fallacious or confusing without the work of the antiquarian.

Object-teaching is the oldest kind of teaching we know about.

It has been recently revived in our schools. Other things being equal, the most successful teacher is he who makes the best use of the blackboard even with advanced pupils.

The desire to see things is one of the strongest of human desires. Hence "shopping;" hence our shows and fairs; hence theatricals; hence travel, adventure and discovery; hence our immense national and international exhibitions.

For local history purposes there is nothing superior to the local museum, always made and provided that said museum shall be true to itself. It must not become a mere heterogeneous collection—a mass of bric-a-brac, or a heap of curiosities.

Every object should illustrate a point, enforce some statement or elucidate something obscure, and should be provided with a clear and copious label.

We all require to be reminded of what we were, and it is good for us to see how our forefathers accomplished their tasks in the face of what we consider disadvantages.

Many young Canadians today would go about the chopping of a tree with considerable awkwardness; it seems incredible to them that there ever was a time when it was difficult to procure a light, and they can realize only with difficulty that not very long ago there were no post office facilities, no telegraphs or even no telephones.

The local museum should be the place to teach us all how much we now have to be thankful for, besides giving us clear ideas as to the origin and development of present day comforts, and it is the bounden duty of every well-wisher to his community to aid in building up such a collection as will be highly creditable to the people themselves. Wherever there is a good library there should be an equally good museum. One without the other is incomplete.

THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

By HON. J. G. CURRIE, of St. Catharines.

Notes of an address delivered on May 24, 1898, at Queenston Heights, before the Canadian Historical Pilgrimage.

It was fortunate for Upper Canada and the Empire that in 1812, when war broke out between United States and Great Britain, the civil and military government was in the hands of a man like General Brock. He was a brave, fearless soldier who never thought of danger in the face of an enemy. Brock captured Detroit with a handful of British troops and a few militia supported by the Indians under Tecumseh. Following this event, the Americans began to organize a large force on the Niagara frontier with a view to making a second attack on Canada. Their force probably numbered seven thousand, scattered between Buffalo and Fort Niagara. Brock, on the other hand, had not more than 1,500 or 1,600 to oppose them on the Canadian side of the river. He was perfectly satisfied that an attack would be made early in the month of October. On the night of the twelfth of October, the light company of the 49th regiment, under the command of Captain Williams, was stationed in the redan battery, which was situated half way down the hill and toward the river bank. Down in the village of Queenston was the other flank company of the 49th—the Grenadiers, numbering only 46 men under the command of Dennis. In addition to those companies, there was Captain Chisholm's company from York and Captain Hatt's company from the 5th Lincoln Battalion. A small detachment of artillery had two guns—called "grasshoppers." They were well named, for they only carried a ball weighing 3 lbs. These guns were under the command of Lieut. Crowther, assisted by the late Captain Ball, who lived at the Four-Mile Creek.

The morning of the 13th of October was very stormy and blustering. It rained and blew heavily, and under cover of the darkness, and before daylight—probably between two and three o'clock a.m.—the Americans commenced crossing the river, their first landing being near where I am pointing. There was quite a bank then which protected them. They were seen, however, by the militia sentinel who ran to the guardhouse instead of firing his musket, and giving an alarm. When the Grenadier Company of the 49th (Brock's own regiment) and the militia companies saw the invading force, they commenced firing upon them, using the two little "grasshoppers" which did capital execution. The officer in charge of the Americans was severely wounded, as well as a great many of the rank and file before they got far from the river bank, in fact, they were driven back. There was a gun planted at Vrooman's Point which commanded the river, and several American boats were injured by its fire in their attempts to land early in the engagement. Some of the battered boats drifted down to a point in the shore known as "the deep hollow," which they ran ashore and between seventy and eighty of their occupants were made prisoners.

In the meantime, Captain Wool, of the American service, took some of his men up the river and in shore until they came to the fisherman's path, traces of which can still be seen under and near the old ruined bridge. They succeeded in reaching the heights by means of this steep and narrow pathway without being discovered.

When this early morning invasion was commenced, General Brock was in the barracks of Fort George in Niagara, seven miles away. He was an early riser, but the night previous he sat up until after midnight writing dispatches, and wrote also what was to be his last letter to a brother in England. By daybreak he was aroused by the sound of distant firing, immediately ordered his horse and galloped up the road leading from Fort George.

On that morning the battery at the first point (Vrooman's) was guarded by Captain Heward's volunteer company from Little York. A battery at Brown's Point was

in charge of a company of Toronto volunteers under the command of Captain Cameron. When these companies heard the firing and saw the flashing of the artillery and musketry, Captain Cameron proceeded without orders toward the heights to a point near the pine grove that now stands.

Brock had traveled so fast that he overtook and passed this company. He was alone, not even an aide-de-camp being with him. As he galloped by he signaled to the troops to hurry on. In a few moments he reached and passed Vrooman's battery. By this time the General was overtaken by his two splendid aides, Captain Clegg and Colonel McDonell, then Attorney General of Upper Canada. A student under McDonell was one of the participators in the battle of Queenston Heights—John Beverly Robinson, afterwards Chief Justice of Upper Canada.

Brock speedily reached the redan battery, on the side of the heights, with one 18 lb. gun (which commanded a portion of the river) and entering the enclosure, found only eight men in charge. No sooner had the commander entered the battery than shots were fired upon it from the men who had gained the top of the hill. This revealed the fact to him that the foe had gained the heights. While in this dangerous and exposed position, Brock and his gunners narrowly escaped being captured. It was now about seven o'clock in the morning. The battery was evacuated, but not until the artillerymen had taken the precaution to spike the 18-pounder. Brock had no time to mount his horse, but led it down the hillside and entered the village to reform his troops. All he had at that time was less than 200 men, viz.: 46 of the Grenadier company, between 46 and 50 of the light company and two companies of militia. With that small force Brock, as I think injudiciously, undertook what 2,000 men could hardly with prudence attempt, viz.: to storm this height with such a handful of men. Brock was mounted when he led his men, but it is stated in history, and I doubt not truly, that when he came to the stone wall near the base of the hill, he dismounted and thereafter led his men on foot. The only stone walls existing at that time in Queenston were one around Judge Hamilton's house and one this side of Mr. Thomas Dickson's house—the first low house I am pointing to, which was built by him some time before the war. It was at this latter wall that Brock dismounted. He was on the left of his men, leading them up, and had not proceeded very far when he received the fatal bullet. He muttered but a few words when he died. His men retreated to the far end of the village. For the first time the 49th showed their back to the enemy. Brock's remains were carried off by his men and were taken to a house then occupied by Laura Secord—the house from which she went to milk her cow, the time she gave warning to the British and Boerstler's corps was captured by a handful of men under Lieut. Fitzgibbon.

Our troops retreated, as I have said, to the far end of the village. The two companies of York volunteers from Brown's and Vrooman's batteries joined them there and increased the combined force by that number. About half past nine, Colonel McDonell attempted to do what Brock had failed to accomplish two hours before. He repeated the movements but was defeated and received a wound from which he died the next day. Again our men fell back, but further than the end of the village, to Vrooman's Point, where they waited until reinforcements should come from Fort George, comprising three or four companies of the 41st, with some militia, but in the meantime young Brant with 120 Indians, came up from the lake shore near Niagara, ascended the mountains near

St. Davids and moved east until they hemmed the Americans in. They kept them pretty well in their place for several hours and until reinforcements arrived.

By two o'clock in the afternoon, if we had been here and looked down that road below Queenston, we would have seen horses and men splashing through the mud. Captain Merritt, the originator of the Welland Canal, and the first suspension bridge across the Niagara, near the Falls, had arrived with his troop of yeomanry. Following him, came Captain Holcroft with two cannons and one howitzer, a company of regulars and two companies of militia. They no doubt made quite a show and were anxiously watched by the foe from this summit who were expecting another attack. Instead of that, General Sheaffe pursued a prudent course. This beautiful stretch of country, now covered with fruit trees, was then covered with a dense forest. None of the clearings extended back more than twenty or twenty-five chains from the river, for the people had not been long settled. General Sheaffe took a road leading west and then went south and ascended the mountain without being seen by the enemy. The first thing the Americans knew of Sheaffe being on the summit was when they were about a mile above here. He advanced his men as far as the old Chisholm place, when the force formed a line coming down this way. As a result, the Americans had to change their front. The Indians had occupied the woods along the brow of the mountain. Next to them on the left was a company of colored troops from Niagara, for in those days we had a great many Negroes here. Slavery had been abolished in Upper Canada, but not in the United States, and therefore many a colored runaway found a refuge on this side of the river.

The two little grasshopper guns were hauled up by ropes and the Canadian line was formed facing the Americans. The Indians commenced the action, followed by the whole force. The Americans numbered 800 or 900, in command of Col. Winfield Scott, one of the best officers in their service, and afterwards the conqueror of Mexico. He was then in the prime of life. Brock stood six feet two in his stocking feet, but Scott was six feet four. He was a splendid officer, and he must be given the credit that is his due. His services along the frontier were the most valuable of the American officers. He made a stump speech to his men, calling on them to redeem and capture the cannon taken at Detroit, and telling them they were in a tight place and must fight to the death as the river was between them and their country. Capt. Holcraft's artillery, being out of range, limbered up and reached the burning ruins of Judge Hamilton's house. From this point he commanded the river and silenced the field battery across the stream and prevented any further force from coming to the Americans.

In a few minutes the real battle of Queenston Heights was raging, but it did not last long. The red men uttered a series of war whoops which added to the terror and confusion. Our two little guns were again put to work and soon every musket and cannon was in use. It was soon all over—a cheer and a dash, and the old Union Jack brought down the Stars and Stripes.

The loss on the Canadian side was not heavy—not more than 19 killed and 50 or 60 wounded. Of course we lost two grand men—Brock, the hero and idol of the people of Upper Canada, and his aide, Col. McDonell. Both were brave men, and both fell in defense of King and country. Thus ended the battle of Queenston Heights.

Brock's remains were afterward taken to Fort George and buried in the bastion he himself had built a few months before. In 1815, after peace had been secured by treaty, the Legislature of Upper Canada voted £1,000 to build a monument to Brock, but that

was not enough to finish it. In 1820 £600 additional was granted. £1,600 was a large sum for the poor settlers of that day. In due time the monument was built. On the 13th October, 1824, Brock's remains were taken from Fort George to the Heights where he had fallen. It was a great day, with an immense gathering of people from all parts of the Province. The procession was two miles long and it took four hours to traverse the seven miles. Minute guns were fired from Fort George and also from the American Fort Niagara, and I might say that on the day he was taken to Fort George the American fort also fired their minute guns as a token of respect for a brave enemy. Near the end of the eventful day the body of the dead hero was deposited in what is now known as the first monument, which stood a few yards to the south of the brow and east of the present monument, the foundation still being visible.

On the 13th of April, 1840—a Good Friday, I will not say how old I then was, I well remember—I heard a loud report which startled the whole village and country. Some base wretches from the other side, having an ill-feeling against our country, came over, placed powder in the monument and destroyed it, shivering it from top to bottom. It was not quite so high as the present structure, but was perhaps better placed for view. You could ascend to its top and walk on a balcony, whereas in the present monument, the only view one has is through small round holes in the walls. The deed was execrated in both countries, and if the amiable feeling now prevailing between us had existed then, they would have sent the miscreants back to us for trial and execution.

The people of Upper Canada felt that their hero's grave was desecrated. The monument that cost so much was gone, and it was resolved to erect another. Sir George Arthur, then Governor of this Province, called upon all the militia of Upper Canada to assemble on these heights on the 30th of June, 1840. I took part in that great meeting. It was a beautiful day. Just such a day as this. I secured a good position right on the edge of the top, and had a panoramic view of the thrilling sight. Ten steamers came slowly up the Niagara in line, from Toronto, Cobourg, Hamilton and Kingston, with H.M.S. Traveller bringing up the rear, with the Governor and his suite and many leading people on board. The ships landed their passengers at a wharf that stood at "the deep hollow," and everybody climbed the hill to the height. The militia officers were all in uniform, and a good, plain serviceable uniform that was, blue suit, with epaulettes and silver or tinsel on the top, sash and sword. The officers formed into two lines, between which passed the Governor and the other notables. People came from all parts of the Province, the day being declared a holiday. The Height was crowded. The Royal Artillery fired a salute. It was a grand military and civil display. Among the military were the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, with a piper's band; and a squadron of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards in burnished helmets. The meeting being called to order, several speeches were made by Governor Arthur, John Beverly Robinson, Chief Justice McLean, altogether the best by Judge Sullivan, among others Sir Allan McNab, and Judge Hagarman. A resolution was unanimously passed that the people of Upper Canada should build a new monument, finer and better than that destroyed. Parliament was not asked for a copper, and the regulars and militiamen, both officers and men, were asked to give one day's pay to the object. In due time the contributions came in until over \$50,000 was gathered. The monument (and the keeper's lodge at the gateway) cost \$47,000.

Between the destruction of the old and the completion of the new monument, Brock's remains were buried in the private burial ground of the Hamilton family. In

1853, his dust, and that of McDonell, were placed in the sarcophagus in this monument, where it is to be hoped they will remain in peace.

Perhaps I might mention in conclusion an interesting incident on the day of great procession and meeting already referred to. When the speeches were being made, a young British tar from "The Traveller" started to climb hand over hand up the lightning rod that stretched from bottom to top of the wrecked monument. It was a perilous undertaking, for one did not know at what moment the shattered and cracked structure might give way, nor could one tell how much weight the rod would bear, but the brave lad reached the topmost gallery and swinging himself over the projecting coming, climbed on top. The ten or fifteen thousand people below held their breath in anxious suspense as the boy began to feel for his pocket and to pull there from a ball of twine and let it down, with which he drew up a heavier one with a Union Jack, and at last, the flag was attached and filled out grandly in the breeze. Then a tremendous cheer rent the air, and before the daring fellow reached the ground safely, a hat passed around, and he received a substantial reward for his bravery.

(The address of Mr. Currie was kindly taken in shorthand by Mr. Frank Yeigh, the leader of the pilgrimage party, at the request of the President of the Niagara Historical Society.)

* * *

After his address, Mr. Currie was requested to accompany the pilgrims to the earthworks to the south of the present monument, where he pointed out the portage road down which Gen. Sheafle marched on his way to attack the Americans, and the formation of the forces when they engaged in battle about four o'clock in the afternoon. In speaking of the earth work he said it used to be questioned very much by whom and when they were erected. Some said they were built by the French before the conquest, others by the Americans on 13th October, 1812, and many thought they were built in 1814 by the force under Brown of the American army which encamped on the heights for several days. He was pleased to be in a position to settle the dispute, as he had in his possession a letter, which had lately come into his hands, dated the 4th September, 1814, written at Hope Cottage, Fort George, by the wife of the officer under whose direction they were built—Lieutenant Jenoway of the 1st Scots Royals. This letter states that after the erection of Fort Mississauga at the mouth of the river, Lieut. Jenoway was ordered up to Queenston to erect the earth works. This would be in the early summer of 1814. He completed the works and mounted the guns, but soon after when Gen. Brown crossed at Fort Erie on 3rd July, 1814, before the battle of Lundy's Lane, the lieutenant was ordered to destroy them as much as possible and remove the guns to Fort George. He partially destroyed the works and got the guns to Fort George.

It may safely be said that in the last hundred years we have made a good deal of history, of which we may be proud, and of little of which we have any reason to be ashamed.

MONUMENTS

A paper read before the Ontario Historical Society, at Oshweken, at the Annual Meeting, June 1st, 1898, by Janet Carnochan, President Niagara Historical Society.

UNITED EMPIRE LOYALIST MEMORIAL.

A stately monumental pile build high,
Where landed on our sloping, smiling shore
Those loyal souls, who suffering nobly bore,
That they and theirs, "God save the King," might cry
With steadfast heart, and voice heard far and nigh—
Matron and maid, and son and sire, who tore
Themselves from pleasant hearths and homes, nay more—
From silent graves, where loved ones peaceful lie.

Build then a shaft, "plain for all folk to see"
To tell that every spot is hallowed ground
Veined by the blood of those who fain would be
Still Britain's sons, as witness many a mound.
Forget not we the red man, our ally,
For faith his like, nor gold nor land can buy.

Why are monuments erected? Where? What, and how? Are questions which may be asked and which should be answered satisfactorily, in any discussion on the subject? In all ages and nations it has been the custom for civilized man to erect some memorial of great men, great deeds or great deliverances, to stand in gratitude, or warning, or remembrance. In Bible history, when the children of Israel miraculously crossed the Jordan, they were instructed to take twelve stones from the river, in commemoration of the deliverance. In Egypt, the pyramid and sphinx, monoliths and columns, stand to this day, riddles which modern ingenuity has not yet solved, showing the mechanical skill, mathematical knowledge, perseverance and dogged industry of the Egyptians. The Rosetta stone and Moabite stone proclaim victories. In India the Taj Mahal in the city of Agra, that dream of beauty to the memory of a beautiful woman by her loving husband, costing millions of money and years of work; in London the great fire is commemorated, and holy men and women have erected costly fanes, in gratitude to God for some signal deliverance; triumphal arches have been erected; our great men have been honored, as that triumph of carved stone, the most remarkable to any literary man, Sir Walter Scott's monument, and the Albert Memorial to him whom Tennyson called Albert the Good, who "wore the white flower of a blameless life."

And of late years the expatriation of the United Empire Loyalists is coming to take its proper place in history, is seen in its true perspective, an event that has scarcely any parallel in history except the Acadian Expulsion, or that of the Huguenots from

France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. For the first public expression of the necessity of a monument on our shore to mark the landing place of the U. E. Loyalists, we are indebted, as far as I am aware, to Rev. Canon Bull, the respected President of Lundy's Lane Historical Society, in his report when President of the Provincial Association, his suggestion being to place a cairn with the names of the families who landed here. Surely the landing on our shores of a people coming through dangers multiform, by devious, dangerous ways to an almost wilderness is an event to be commemorated, an event which has had results far reaching and important, for it may truly be said that had not the great majority of people in Canada been U. E. Loyalists the results of the war of 1812 might have been far different, for the strong determination of Canadians to defend their territory was intensified in the case of those who had suffered so much to maintain the unity of the Empire.

It has been said that three nations were sifted to produce the Puritans, and again were they sifted to form the U. E. Loyalists. Canada has at last awaked to the fact that she has a history, and she has also awaked to the need of commemorating her sons. Monuments to Wolfe and Montcalm, to De Salaberry and Ryerson, to Macdonald and Brown, that at Lundy's Lane to the heroes of that burning July day, and crowning the mount from which we behold so wonderful a panorama of river, lake and plain, the martial figure of the Hero of Upper Canada.

Could the story be gathered up of the journeys through the wilderness, in the canoe, skirting lakes, swimming rivers, bringing with them pathetic reminders of their homes, now treasured relics, volumes might be written. The romantic story of Mrs. Land almost equals that of Evangeline in its interest. The home of the Loyalist burnt in his absence, he flies for his life, thinking his wife and children had perished in the flames, and reaches Canada, living the life of a misanthrope, while the wife and children reach Nova Scotia, thinking the husband and father slain, but the wife, grown restless and wearying, hoping she might yet hear of her husband, comes by slow journeying to Niagara and hears of a solitary settler named Land forty miles away, and again takes up the weary march, finds a log house, and her long lost husband, who, after thirteen years, scarcely knows his wife and children. The story might make a thrilling Canadian romance. Then the story of Magdalene Whitmore, nee Servos, who as a child saw the murder of her Loyalist grandfather, and after many years is brought to Canada to her father's new home and there becomes the mother of the wife of our great novelist, Mr. Kirby. Well may he tell the story so feelingly, and no wonder, having heard it in these U. E. homes so often.

“And they who loved
The cause that had been lost, and kept their faith
To England's crown and scorned an alien name
Passed into exile, leaving all behind
Except their honor, and the conscious pride
Of duty done to country and to King.
Broad lands, ancestral homes, the gathered wealth
Of patient toil and self-denying years
Were confiscate and lost
Not drooping like poor fugitives they came

In exodus to our Canadian wilds,
But full of heart and hope, with heads erect
And fearless eye, victorious in defeat,
With thousand toils they forced their devious way
Through the great wilderness of silent woods,
That gleamed o'er lake and stream, till higher rose
The northern star above the broad domain
Of half a continent, still theirs to hold,
Defend and keep, forever as their own,
Their own and England's to the end of time."

Let us not forget the part borne by our red brethren who may also be called United Empire Loyalists, and let us not forget their losses and sufferings, the deprivation of their land in the first place when they saw their hunting grounds moved back and ever backward, at the resistless march of settlement, and next the loss of the protection of their Great Father and the almost impossibility to them of believing that even the lands of which they felt secure were again lost, that they too must seek other hunting grounds if they wished to be the allies of Britain, seeing their fields laid desolate, their crops destroyed, and let us not forget that much material help was given by them. Was not the victory of our immortal Brock at Detroit assisted by the presence of our Indian friends? And with Sheaffe at Queenston their presence helped to gain the day, and at Beaver Dams and Moravian Town they well and nobly played their part. We rejoice that so noble a monument has been erected to the great Chief Brant, and much would we be delighted were there one also to Tecumseh, who was so able, so eloquent, so wise, so brave. May the day soon dawn, as at Buffalo to Red Jacket, may a noble statute to Tecumseh be erected.

And now we ask that some memorial should mark the spot where landed these men and women, nay children too, who were so soon to do their part in making every spot in this Niagara peninsula historic, nay holy ground. Let this monument be a cairn or a building, a shaft or a tower. Let it tell to all that Canada cherishes the memory of all that is true and noble, self-sacrificing and patriotic. From this spot may be seen Fort Niagara with its memories of La Salle, that man of iron frame and iron will, from whose walls has waved twice the Union Jack (each time by conquest), the Fleur de Lis and the Stars and Stripes. Not far off is the scene of the battle of Fort George, where stood a lighthouse on our shores. Here too a century ago arose the spires of two churches soon to fall in conflagration, here too, were Navy Hall and King's wharf and not far off the monument-crowned mountain. Where can you find a spot so fair or so historic?*

*It has been suggested that in view of the collection in the rooms of the Historical Society having now become so large, the memorial take the shape of a building with tower attached, the building to be fire-proof, as so many precious historic relics are here gathered. It is intended to ask help from the Dominion and Provincial Governments, and circulars have been sent out to members of U. E. families asking advice and assistance.

