

"Ducit Amor Patriae"

**NIAGARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

**NO. 23**

**FORT NIAGARA -- COL. D. MacDOUGAL  
JANET CARNOCHAN**

**LETTERS OF 1812 FROM DOMINION ARCHIVES  
COLONEL CRUIKSHANK, F.R.S.C.**

**STEAMER CHICORA, FORMERLY CONFEDERATE BLOCKADE  
RUNNER  
A.J. CLARK**

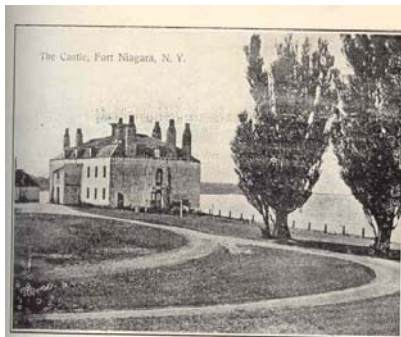
**RIDERS OF THE PLAIN  
T.A. BOYS**

**PRICE 25 CENTS**

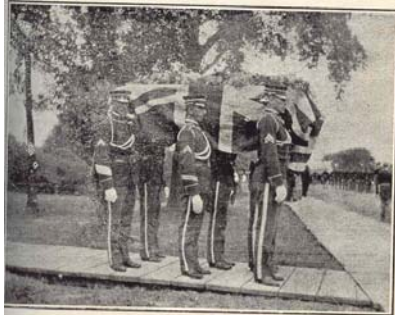
## PREFACE

In presenting the twenty-third pamphlet of the Niagara Historical Society, we desire to express our thanks to the public for the favour with which our publications have been received. The contents of this number are very varied, Fort Niagara with its kaleidoscopic view of Indian, French, British or United States occupation down to the remarkable ceremony of the joint funeral by British and United States forces of remains of soldiers of the King's 8th, in 1911, Col. MacDougal and letters never before published, traces of the frightful civil war and the part taken by the (to us familiar steamer) Chicora, when a blockade runner for the Confederate States and in the Red River Rebellion and lines referring to the work of that remarkable organization, the North West Mounted Police who by their heroic conduct in the performance of duty, have earned a name for themselves in preserving the peace of a vast territory.

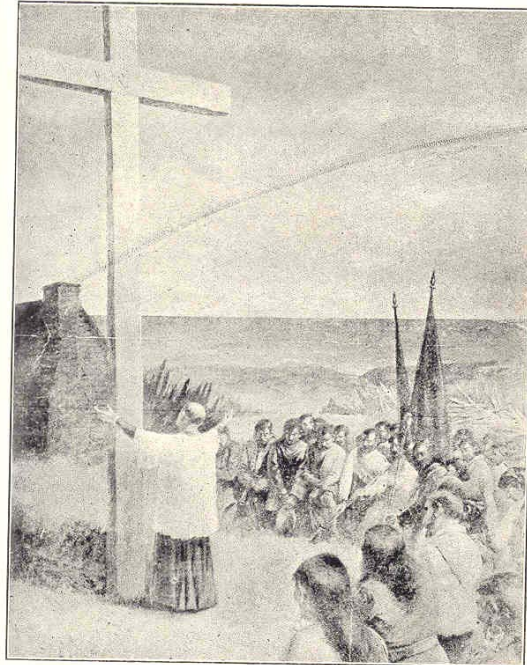
We bespeak for our last pamphlet as favourable a reception as was accorded to our other publications.



Castle at Fort Niagara erected 1725 and 1749. Taken by British from French 1759



Burial of Remains of Soldiers of the King's 8th Regiment by joint action of the 29th U. S. Regiment and Volunteer Camp, Niagara, Ont., June 25th, 1911, at Fort Niagara, N. Y.



Cross erected in 1688. Farewell of French Soldiers at Fort Niagara, N. Y.

## FORT NIAGARA

By Janet Carnochan

In this Niagara Peninsula, there are many spots with historical associations, battlefields, conflagrations, First Parliament, Churches, Turf Clubs, etc., but certainly the most interesting spot is in our view, but not in our Territory, across the beautiful boundary river, is Fort Niagara, its history predating ours by a century, its many vicissitudes, its varied possessors, Indian, French, British, American, twice besieged and taken, first by the British from the French in 1759, again by the British from the United States in 1813 - and twice given back by Treaty. The name Niagara has different spellings: Ongiara, Ouniagahara, etc. (forty different spellings) as the accent was on the penult syllable instead of the anti-penult as with us. In Goldsmith's Poem "The Traveller", it is thus pronounced, "And Ni-a-gar-a stuns with thundering sound," but that is no rule for us as the poets are not slow in taking all kinds of poetic license, of both rhythm and rhyme. The meaning of the word was often given as Thunder of Waters, but it is now acknowledged to mean simply "The Strait."

The country was occupied by the Neutrals, a fierce tribe with thirty-four villages on our side of which Niagara was one and four on the U.S. side. The name Neutral was given because they took no part in the Wars between the Iroquois to the south and Hurons to the north, but when these nations were at war, allowed free passage to either to reach the other's territory. They were however completely destroyed by the Senecas, and the Hurons were afterwards almost annihilated by the Iroquois as the Eries had been before.

The first we know of the neighbourhood being visited by the white man was in 1626 by Father Daillon, who is said to have visited the western side of the river, but we really know little of its history till fifty years after that date when the indomitable LaSalle, that man of iron, who of noble family, destined for the Church became an Explorer, endured what we would think frightful hardships, saw all his plans fail, tramped over hundreds of miles with a breaking heart and finally though he had once reached the mouth of the Mississippi when coming a second time to explore it by sea, sailed past its mouth unknowingly and was assassinated by his discontented followers.

On the 6th December, 1678, a ten ton craft sailed into the River with sixteen persons, the chief ones being Sieur de la Motte and the Franciscan Father Hennepin, the historian of the party. This was the advance party followed on the 20th January, 1679 by LaSalle with a larger vessel bringing rigging and provisions, intending to build a vessel above the Falls to sail the Great Lakes beyond. His vessel was wrecked two leagues from the mouth of the River, the anchors and cables were saved. The story of how timbers, anchors, cannon were taken up the mountain, (the ridge at Lewiston is called Three Mountains) of how the vessel was built at Cayuga Creek, opposite Chippawa to the astonishment of the Indians who called it the big canoe, of how it finally sailed to Lake Michigan, was loaded with furs and started on its return journey and was never heard of again, more, we need not tell.

There is much dispute as to where the first building, a palisaded habitation was erected, at the mouth of the River or at Lewiston, later investigation calling for the belief in the latter. In December 1678, the ground was so frozen that boiling water had to be used for the post holes, so says Hennepin, the historian, but he also tells us that the height of the Falls was 500 feet and the roar could be heard fifty miles off.

Ten years after in 1688, a fortress was built on the site of Fort Niagara to resist the Senecas, a Garrison of one hundred men left to defend it, but from lack of food, being closely beleaguered by the Savages, no fish, firewood or deer, the provisions on hand being foul as Parkman says, the Fort was first a prison, next a hospital, then a charnal house, till in April, only ten or twelve men were left and these were rescued by a large party of friendly Miamis, till a French Force arrived for its relief. The English Governor Dongan at New York was protesting against its existence as being on English Territory and against existing treaties and indeed in a letter from Montreal, Denonville gives a promise to withdraw the Garrison. A minute account is given of the buildings at the time of its abandonment. On the 15th September, 1688, in the forenoon, Sieur Desvergeres, Captain on one of the companies of the detachment of Marines and Commandant of Fort Niagara, having assembled all the Officers, the Rev. Father Millet of the Society of Jesus, Missionary, read to them the orders from the Marquis de Denonville, Governor, dated 6th July to demolish the fortification of the said Fort, with the exception of the cabins and quarters found standing. A curious memorandum of the quarters left standing gives interesting particulars. Firstly - We leave in the centre of the square a large, framed wooden cross, eighteen feet in height on the arms of which are inscribed in large letters these words: REGN. VINC. IMP. CHRIS. (Regnat, Cincit Imperat Christus, Christ Rules, Conquers, Governs) which was erected last Good Friday by all the Officers and solemnly blessed by the Reverend Father Millet. Then follow descriptions of eight buildings giving number of doors, windows, chimneys, hinges, fastenings, locks with number of boards covering bedsteads, among the buildings are mentioned that of the Commandant, the Missionary's; the Bake House; the Chapel (probably Storehouse), a well with its cover, all which are inhabitable, the description which includes number of boards as covering on floor is signed by the witnesses.

The Settlement of the country went on and Wars between French, British and Indians for possession of the Fur Trade. The next we hear of is the order of the King by Marquis de Vaudreuil to Joncaire to obtain permission from the Senecas to build a blockhouse. Joncaire had been a prisoner with the Indians in his youth, had become a favorite, been adopted and on assembling their Chiefs, obtained permission to build which seems to have been at Lewiston. In a long letter from Charlevoix in 1721 to Madame de Maintenon, the following descriptive passage occurs: "Now Madame, we must acknowledge that nothing but zeal for the public good could possibly induce any officer to remain in such a wild and frightful country. One the one side you may see just under your feet and at the bottom of an abyss like a torrent in its rapidity, a whirlpool formed by a thousand rocks through which it with difficulty, finds a passage and by the foam of which it is always covered. On the other, the River is confined by three mountains, placed one over the other, a proper place for the poets to make the Titans attempt to scale the heavens. On every side, you discover nothing which does not inspire a secret terror. You have, however, but a very short way to go to behold a very different prospect, behind these uncultivated and uninhabited mountains you enjoy the sight of a rich country, magnificent forests, beautiful and fruitful hills, you breathe the purest air under the mildest and most temperate climate imaginable situated between the two Lakes."

To return to Fort Niagara. In 1725 the fortress at the mouth of the river was rebuilt on a scale of strength and permanence far superior to Denonville's hasty

structure. The tradition is well supported by evidence that strategy was used for the erection of the New House or Castle opposed by the Senecas who had only given permission for the erection of a storehouse. A large body of troops had arrived, but a still larger force of Indians surrounded them. The strategem was used of engaging in an extensive hunt, many of the Officers joining the Indians. Materials had been prepared and while the hunt was in progress, the French built and the walls were found to be high enough to act as a defence on the return of the Indians who felt themselves outwitted. The Fort became in time, a place of considerable strength and had its ravines, ditches and pickets, its curtains and counterscarp, its covered way, drawbridge and raking batteries, stone towers, laboratory and magazine, its mess house, barracks, bakery and blacksmith shop, its chapel with a large ancient dial over the door to mark the progress of the sun, the whole covering a space of eight acres and the strongest place south of Montreal and west of Albany.

In 1736, the Fort was well fortified with thirty guns of the largest calibre, but the trade with the Indians had fallen off as many preferred to trade with the English, the jealousy between the two countries still continuing each striving to gain supremacy, the French to confine the English to a narrow strip on the Atlantic seaboard, had built a chain of Forts along the Frontier, Lake Ontario, Erie, the Alleghany, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, Fort Niagara, being one of these. In 1756, War was proclaimed between England and France, this proved to be the Seven Years Wars, closed by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, when the French possessions were given up to Britain. In 1755, Fort Niagara had been threatened with attack and the eminent engineer Pouchot was sent to strengthen it, but it was not till the 1st July, 1759, that a force was sent from Oswego under Brigadier John Prideaux with 2,200 regular troops and militia with 943 Iroquois Warriors under Sir Wm. Johnson, who, by his remarkable powers of diplomacy, his character of integrity, his geniality, had gained unparalleled influence with the Indians, and held the position of Superintendent under the British Government.

Capt. Pouchot, the Commander, gives an account of the horn work constructed by him, the Garrison consisted of 486 and 39 employees, five of whom were women or children, who with two Donville ladies attended to the hospital, served up gun cartridges or made earth bats. The British Force debarked at a cove some miles east of the Fort and secured themselves by entrenchment. Pouchot on the 7th sent Runners to the French Posts south and west, asking the aid of their Garrisons and all the Indians that could be rallied, the first point where warning was given being Little Niagara, the end of the portage from Lewiston, about the spot called Fort Schlosser. On the 7th, the French saw seven barges distant a league and a half and sent out the armed schooner Iroquois to destroy them, but evidently failed to do so. On the 8th of July, Prideaux sent a message to Pouchot demanding his surrender offering reasonable terms which were refused. Of the Journals kept of the siege, that of the French account was found in the Fort two or three days after its capture and is translated and printed in the history of the Holland purchase, that of the British is found in the Journal of Sir William Johnson, published in Stone's life of that General. By reference to each, we find that the siege went on for eighteen days, the Garrison of Little Niagara arrived to help the French, on the 10th, the British digging trenches and advancing closer, day by day, till by the 21st, the fourth parallel was made about a hundred yards from the Fort, lines of circumvallation were formed around the Fort, cutting off communication trenches dug, batteries erected, sorties

and fierce fights took place. On the 15th, the besiegers had thrown 300 bombs and on the 19th Johnson sent men to erect a Battery on the other side of the River at Fort Mississauga, which is the first mention of our side, the same evening Gen. Prideaux was killed by a shell which burst immediately on leaving a gun near which he was standing. On Sunday, the 22nd, red hot balls were sent into the Fort which was now feeling the effects of the fire as the wadding had given out, the hay used as a substitute did not last long and the straw and even linen off the beds was next used.

While the French were being attacked from both sides of the river, the British also had to sustain by the 23rd attacks both from the Fort and the Force from the south which came in answer to Pouchot's request for help, 1400 French and Indians met at Presque Isle, now Erie, paddled to the Niagara, rested a day at Navy Island, the river being described as black with boats, left 150 to guard them under D'Aubrey, and marched to the relief of the Garrison. Sir Wm. Johnson was now in command and here the real battle was fought. The light infantry, the Grenadier, part of the 46th Regiment and the 44th Battalion, 100 New Yorkers, 600 Indians were ordered out and in an hour's time the enemy was in retreat, the pursuit was carried three miles. The Battle was in sight of the Garrison. Seventeen Officers were made prisoners. Sir Wm. sent in a list to Pouchot asking to surrender which he did after sending an Officer to see the Prisoners. At ten at night on the 24th, the capitulation was finished, the Garrison surrendering with the honours of War. There embarked as Prisoners, 607 Privates besides eleven Officers and their ladies. The stores found in the Fort were immense, 43 cannon from two pounders to fourteen pounders, musket balls, grenades, cohors, mortars, axes, matlocks, spades, small arms, etc. The Indians were allowed to plunder the Fort - some say to the value of 300 pounds to a man. Pouchot's force marched out, drums beating with arms, baggage, laid down their arms, but retained their baggage and all were sent in British Vessels to Oswego.

In D'Aubrey's attempt to raise the siege 150 of his men at least had been killed and 100 captured, while of Johnson's force there was a loss of only forty. From the Journal of Sir William Johnson, some extracts may be made. "At seven o'clock in the morning of 25th July, the Garrison surrendered, grounding their arms, the Military to be sent to England as Prisoners, the women, children and one priest to the first French Post. The French Officers, Prisoners among the Indians, I ransomed with difficulty. On the 28th, buried General Prideaux and Col. Johnson in the Chapel with great form. I was the chief mourner." It is strange that while so much is made of the Capture of Quebec by Wolfe, in September, 1759, the Capture of Fort Niagara occurring two months before, is passed over as comparatively unimportant, although it was for the possession of this Fortress that two nations had been contending for so many years, and it had been said it was the key to the Continent.

The English took possession of the Portage and built a fortification near where Fort Little Niagara had stood, called it Fort Schlosser in honour of its first Commander, a German, Capt. Joseph Schlosser, who had served in the British Army at the taking of Fort Niagara.

The few lines from the Diary of Sir Wm. Johnson referring to the Burial of General Prideaux in the Chapel have caused much discussion and I have always felt that there should be something to mark the graves of these two British Officers who gave their lives for Britain's glory or let us say in the performance of duty done.

The question occurred to my mind, Where was the Chapel? were the bodies left there or taken to the Military graveyard? Several persons have helped in this investigation. Hon. P.A. Porter has found that the Chapel, which of course was Roman Catholic, was taken down and the material taken to Fort Schlosser. John Ross Robertson found in England in the British Museum, a picture of the Fort with the chapel, which would be in what is now the middle of the parade ground; a map of the present buildings with the position of the chapel marked by a Cross was published in the Buffalo Express. The next information is from Miss Quade of Ransomville, whose grandfather was the Light House Keeper at Niagara and whose mother was born there, the site of the Light House being that where Fort Mississauga now stands. Miss Quade's friend, Miss Hosmer, of Lockport, has told her frequently that when she went to school near the Fort, the children used to play in the Military Graveyard, and that she distinctly remembers a gravestone with the name of General Prideaux near that of Amasa Snow with the remarkable verse. On investigation, the base on which the stone rested was found, the stone had evidently fallen down and was not to be seen. Miss Quade related this to Mr. Porter and the soldiers were brought to excavate, the bones of a large man were found, but as there were no military buttons, it was concluded that this could not be the grave of Gen. Prideaux. But this conclusion is without grounds as though now men and women both are buried in their clothing, in those days, all were buried in shrouds, while men falling on the field of battle were often buried as they fell, this could not have been the case with General Prideaux, for although he was killed on the 19th, by the Diary of Sir Wm. Johnson, the burial in the Chapel in such form did not take place till the 28th, so there was ample time for a ceremonious burial. However, the principal point is that even if the exact spot of burial is unknown, there should be something to keep in memory the names of these two British officers. At a celebration which took place at Fort Niagara, I took the liberty of sending a letter to the Frontier Society and a promise was given that an attempt would be made to place some suitable memorial.

Though Canada was now under the British and peace was made, there was still War, as the great Chief Pontiac formed a plan, supported by French influence to re-take the Fort and actually of the 12 Forts he had determined to gain possession of, he actually took 9, three only remaining, Detroit, Pittsburgh and Niagara held out. The Senecas cooperated with Pontiac and the terrible massacre of the Devil's Hole resulted. There were reasons personal to the place and the Indians for opposition to the British as the carrying place had always been a source of income to the Indians, 200 of whom had been employed, as all the furs from the west were carried on the backs of Indians and also of the goods for the west, much was conveyed the same way. The English proposed making a road for wagons and thus conveying goods by teamsters with oxen and horses at less expense and it was intended to remove the road to the west side of the river and travellers tell us of seeing in one day, sixty or seventy wagons waiting at Queenston to convey goods to the other end of the Portage at Chippawa. Much discontent was simmering in the minds of the Indians and this was helped on by the French traders who were losing by the change of masters, each party by the help of the other, hoping to regain the country for himself. The hostility of the Senecas made it necessary to place a guard at the foot of the portage as well as the head and this guard was sent from Fort Niagara. On the 14th September, 1763, a wagon train which had come from Lewiston with supplies for Detroit set out on its return from Schlosser with an escort of twenty-five men accompanied by

John Stedman who had charge of the portage. Five hundred Senecas lay in ambush awaiting the doomed escort travelling carelessly along the bank when a murderous volley greeted them and the survivors were butchered with tomahawk and scalping knife. Crazed by the din of arms and the yells of some of the Savages, some of the teams went over the rocky wall and even the men flung themselves over to escape the torture which might follow. Two persons alone survived, a drummer boy named Matthews fell into a tree top and descended without mortal injuries. John Stedman escaped on a good horse pushed through the enemy's line and reached Fort Schlosser. The guard at the lower portage heard the firing and with additional soldiers from the Fort, went to discover the cause, the Indians had time to complete the destruction of the train and again place themselves in ambush and the horrid scene was repeated. A blast of bullets killed more than half of the force and the tomahawk and scalping knives completed the work of death. The whole of the Garrison (600) immediately marched to the scene of slaughter and the same bloody story might have been repeated had the Senecas not retired, bearing away eighty scalps, the naked and mangled bodies alone were found, men, horses, oxen, wagons piled in a confused and undistinguishable mass at the base of the cliff. The little rivulet falling into the glen was crimsoned with blood and has received the name of Bloody Run. The drummer boy Matthews long lived to tell the tale, dying at Queenston aged ninety, and find the name of Stedman afterwards as owning a large tract of land at the Falls.

No summary punishment of the Senecas ensued, and at the collapse of Pontiac's bold schemes, they were so fearful of it for their outrages, that they were anxious to make terms with the British, and at a Meeting at Fort Niagara in 1764, Sir Wm. Johnson whose astuteness in dealing with them never failed, succeeded in making a Treaty with the Indians by which they granted all the land on each side of the River. There had been a previous meeting at Johnson Hall of 400. They had promised to give up prisoners. This meeting was a wonderful sight, on the 8th of July, in answer to the call sent out, there assembled over 2000 of whom 1700 were Warriors. Wigwams dotted the plain. From Nova Scotia, Lake Superior, the Mississippi, Hudson Bay, different tribes in different dress and it took all the skill of Sir Wm. and it was no little, to keep the peace and preserve order among savages, hostile to one another and many of them to the English. The Senecas came late but kept their promise of bringing in prisoners and ratified the Treaty made at Johnson Hall, giving in addition, the islands of the Niagara River to Johnson himself, who shortly after, made them over to the Crown. There must have been a large force of soldiers too, as Bradstreet had joined Johnson's 550 Iroquois Warriors, all had marched to Fort Niagara for this meeting.

Now comes the troublous period of the American Revolution when for a number of years, this was the spot where the refugees took shelter, where Indians were fed at immense expense by the British Government, the spot whence expeditions went out to rescue prisoners or to execute vengeance, where Indian Captives were ransomed. During part of this time, there lived here Col. John Butler, Sir William Johnson, Molly Brant, Col. Guy Johnson, Chief Brant or Thyenegea. These names are handed down in American histories as monsters of cruelty. One says "the infamous Tory Col. John Butler and his still more infamous son, Walter Butler" and the poet Campbell in Gertrude of Wyoming uses the phrase Monster Brant, as partaking in the slaughter, while it is well known he was not present. Captain John Brant, his son, when in England, visited the

poet and conclusively proved this, but no vindication was given except a few lines in fine print in a foot note and the obnoxious passage still remains in the poem. It is well known that Col. Butler showed every kindness possible to prisoners, saved many lives and restrained all that was in his power, the Indians, but in the lust of battle, the passions are inflamed and men "see red". Both parties availed themselves of the aid of the Indians. In the passionate denunciation of Lord Chatham for the use of the Indians, we must remember that part of his zeal was political, just as now in England, Canada and the neighbouring republic the party out of power avail themselves of every weapon legitimate or otherwise to attack those in power. Col. Butler in 1777 heard of a party of fugitives, thirty one in number, consisting of women and children who had to flee from the ill treatment of the Revolutionists, had them brought to Fort Niagara for safety, and it is said there was only one pair of shoes in the whole party. The names of Secord, Nelles, Row and Buck are given. In the story 1782, of the Gilbert Captivity, a household of eleven having been brought as captives from Pennsylvania, several were purchased from the Indians, a boy visited his sister living at the home of John Secord where she was well treated. Another was ransomed by Col. Butler and sent to the Fort for safety and the whole party were eventually restored to their homes by the kindness of British Officers. Mrs. Campbell was brought as a Prisoner to the Fort where she stayed a year while negotiations were going on for an exchange for the wife of Col. Butler, held a prisoner in Albany. Three of Mrs. Campbell's children were rescued from the Senecas and she found a fourth in Montreal where they were exchanged for the family of Col. Butler. Although the Treaty of Peace was made in 1783, Fort Niagara was not given up until 1796, two reasons being given, one that the U.S. Government was not ready to receive the Garrison, the Forts, the other that the British kept them as hostages as it were for the refusal to allow U.E. Loyalists to collect sums owing them. Jay's Treaty of 1794 provided that those deprived of their property who had been loyal to the King and taken refuge in Canada, should be recompensed, but this part of the Treaty was repudiated by the U.S. Government. However, Britain honourably gave up the forts the last but one, (Michilimackinac) surrendered being Niagara 11th August, 1796. The day fixed was 1st June, but the U.S. Government was not ready. Compliments were paid in the American papers to the English Officers for their friendly attentions, the extensive gardens being left in full bearing. A plan of 1801 shows these extending along the lake front where the English dug their trenches and planted their batteries in 1759. The period of thirteen years is called "the hold over period", and all this will explain why Simcoe removed his Capital to York. The little Canadian History used to say, this was done on account of the frontier position of Niagara. I always said, well, why did he make it his capital? But the Fort on the opposite side was then a British Fort and the boundaries had not been settled. At the opening of Parliament, 1795, the Duke of Rochefoucauld de Liancourt, who spent nineteen days at Navy Hall with Simcoe, waiting for permission to visit Lower Canada, states that a guard came over every morning and that he visited the Fort with Simcoe, who however was an unwilling and infrequent visitor as he knew it would eventually be given up. Among the documents of the Historical Society is an account book belonging to the Fort in 1796, after it was given up, one article of which is barrels of whiskey.

The next striking event in the history of the Fort is the War of 1812, a pretty little story is told of General Brock, that on the previous Sunday, in bidding good bye to some American Officers from the Fort who had come over to service in St. Mark's Church, he

kissed two little girls of Dr. West, saying "good by my little rosy cheeked girls, the next time we meet, it may be as enemies." On the morning of the 13th of October, he sent orders from Queenston to bombard Fort Niagara and this was so effectual that the Garrison left and our forces started to cross to take possession, but returned seeing the return of the forces. A story is told of the bravery of a woman Mrs. Doyle in defence of the Fort, taking the place of her husband, a prisoner. Minute guns were fired as a mark of respect at the hour of the funeral of General Brock on the 16th Oct. On the 26th May, 1812, the guns from the Fort gave assistance to the force attacking Niagara. On another occasion, red hot shot set on fire the Jail and Courthouse in which were many prisoners. St. Andrew's Church was destroyed by fire about the 10th September, before the general conflagration 10th December 1813.

After the retreat of the Americans and the burning of Niagara, our forces which had been advancing, marched in and on the 18th December, crossed over and took possession of the Fort, Col. Murray was the leader, with him was Captain Hamilton; the guides were said to be Daniel Field and Jas. McFarland, the boats started from a few miles up the river, the struggle was a short one and the occupants of the Fort awoke to find themselves prisoners. Partisan accounts tell that those in the hospital were murdered, put to death by our soldiers. One account, however, in telling of the bravery of these men, says that they even rose from their beds in the hospital to fight in which case they were combatants and of course, suffered as such. The Commander of the Fort, Col. Leonard, had spent the night some miles off with his family and only returned to find the British Flag flying. The Fort remained on the possession of the British during the year 1814. Although the Treaty of Ghent was December, 1814, word did not reach this continent till January, 1815, or the British disastrous attack on New Orleans might have been avoided.

The next event of importance is the story of the abduction and disappearance of Morgan, which caused great excitement and caused much ill feeling against the Free Masons. The story is that Wm. Morgan wrote a book betraying the secrets of Free Masonry, that he was arrested for some slight offence, placed in Canandaigua jail, brought from thence to Fort Niagara and disappeared, it being commonly believed that he was taken out of a boat and thrown into the Lake. This was in 1826. Gidding's Almanac of 1828 gives the trial of the abductors. So strong was the feeling that in some places, a Society was formed of women who had promised not to marry Masons, but it is not probable that this promise was long kept.

There are many legends told of the Fort, one tradition being that in the centre of the Mess house, there was a well and on the curb might sometimes be seen a headless French Officer who presumably been murdered and thrown into the well. Another was that treasure of gold and silver had been buried at the Fort. S. DeVeax says:

"The Dungeon of the Mess House called the Black Hole, was a strong, dark and dismal place and in one corner was fixed the apparatus for strangling victims. The walls of the dungeon from top to bottom had engraved on them French names chiselled out in good style showing that the Prisoners were no common persons. These were seen as late as 1812. The dungeon is a room 6 x 18 feet by 10 feet high, the well of the castle was in it and was at one time poisoned so that the water could not be used."

A sad story is that at the capture of the Fort in 1759, one of the Iroquois besiegers found among the captured Garrison an intimate friend named Moncourt, and thinking that

he would be put to death with torture, said: "Brother, I am in despair at seeing you dead, but take heart; I'll prevent you being tortured," struck the Frenchman dead with his tomahawk.

Of the interior of the Fort, we have a pretty domestic picture in the biography of Mrs. Isabella Marshall Graham, born in Scotland, who became the wife of Dr. Graham of the 60th Regt., which in 1767 was ordered to Fort Niagara. She was a deeply religious woman and it is mentioned that in the four years of her residence at the Fort, she had no opportunity of hearing the gospel preached, yet maintained a deeply spiritual life. She, on the Sabbath, would wander in the woods, bible in hand. In a letter written in 1771, she gives this picture of her life: "My two Indian girls come on very well indeed, the eldest milked the cows all summer, she washes and irons all the clothes of the family, scrubs the floors and does most of the kitchen work. The younger one's charge is the children. I teach them to read and sew when they have any spare time. I make and mend for I have to be tailor, mantau maker and milliner. In the forenoon, the Doctor makes his rounds. In the afternoon, he reads when I can attend. As I am at present the only wife in the place, we have a regular tea table and now and then a little frugal supper. We are easy in our circumstances and want for nothing that is necessary." She then goes on to express her fear of war, tells of the visit of the Chief of the Senecas whose daughter, who was not well, was brought to the Doctor and the kindness she showed them while the Doctor would take no fee, she then says "who knows but these little services may someday save our scalps."

Mrs. Graham always considered the time spent here as the happiest part of her life, the officers were amiable men, the ladies united in ties of friendship. In 1771, the Regiment was ordered to Antigua where in little more than a year, her husband died and she was left almost destitute. She returned to Scotland, taught a ladies' boarding school in Edinburgh, remarkable for the wonderful results both as regards a superior education and religious life, came to New York where she was the founder of a Widow's Society, an Orphan's Asylum, did much for the Bible and Missionary Societies and also much benevolent work among female converts and in Hospitals and Sunday Schools, died in 1814, aged 72, having lived a life of usefulness and devotion, her loss being spoken of by Magistrates and Charitable Institutions. Her letters are most spiritual and she seems to have possessed what may be called sanctified common sense. She is interesting to us as giving the only fragment of domestic life in the history of Fort Niagara which had for so many years been a coveted possession by two great nations as the Ministers and Statesmen of France and England, aided by their armies had exerted all their powers of diplomacy and military skill to obtain possession.

The Fort was originally built, not on the edge of the bluff, but at least a hundred feet away from both river and lake and it is said that an orchard of peach trees stood where now the water rolls.

The use of the name Niagara is often very confusing as frequently in early documents the word Niagara is used for Fort Niagara, just as now the word Niagara is often used when Niagara Falls is meant. Little Niagara then meant the upper end of the Portage from Lewiston to Fort Schlosser. The doing away with the names Manchester, Clifton, Suspension Bridge, Drummondville and the substitution of Niagara Falls, Niagara Falls South, Niagara Falls Centre, Niagara Falls, New York, makes at the present time confusion worse confounded.

The Masonic body record the fact that at Fort Niagara, the first lodge was held in this vicinity by the King's 8th Regiment which was stationed here from 1773 to 1784. Buttons of the King's 8th are still found at Niagara, Fort Niagara, and Lundy's Lane where they fought on that dreadful night for possession of the Hill on which the Presbyterian Church stands, nor did the struggle end till midnight.

Another event connected with the Fort, is the duel which took place there between Mr. Dickson and Mr. Weekes mentioned in the Oracle for October 11th, 1806, resulting in the death of Mr. Weekes, Barrister and M.P. for York, etc. At the funeral were present, Ralfe Clench, J. Swayzie, Robert Nelles, Dr. West, Surgeon at Fort Niagara, Dr. Thomas, 41st Regiment, Dr. Muirhead, Niagara. Surely we live in a better age than when men thought themselves obliged by a code of honour to lose their lives thus.

The Military Graveyard near the Fort is an interesting God's acre. Here no doubt lie buried French, British and American soldiers. There are no inscriptions which go back farther than the War of 1812. The present military authorities have now a new cemetery. I said, "Why do you not bury in the old graveyard?" The reply was "we do not wish to disturb the dead as whenever a new grave was dug, we came upon the bones of those long ago buried." The inscription on the altar stone is peculiar.

"Sergeant Amasa Snow died April, 1829  
Here lies brave Snow full six feet deep  
Whose heart would melt when caused to weep  
Though winter's blast may freeze his frame  
Yet death's cold grasp can't chill his fame."

The curious mingling of the words Snow, melt, freeze, chill, is at least ingenious if not poetic. It was near this that the story runs that the stone to Gen. Prideaux was seen. A singular trace is found here of the American occupation of Fort George and perhaps of history farther back still. A young Frenchman, perhaps a son of those of that nationality who helped the Thirteen colonies to gain their Independence,

"Ici repose Marie Vincent Voisaubin, Lieutenant et Adjutant dans le Regiment d'artillerie  
legere  
des Etats Unis decede au Fort George le 13md aout 1813, a l'age de 22 ans, Ami fidele  
fils tendre  
et sincere comment nous consoles d'une perte si severe."

A large monument bears this comprehensive inscription: "Erected to the memory of unknown soldiers and sailors of the United States, killed in action or dying of wounds in this vicinity during the War of 1812."

A cenotaph erected later is still more comprehensive as it will include French, British and U.S.

"To the Memory of Unknown Officers and Enlisted Men who fought in the early Indian Wars on the Frontier and also in the Revolutionary War, whose remains are interred in this Cemetery."

From the unsanitary condition of the camp, many of the troops during the American occupation of Niagara were removed to the higher ground at Lewiston.

"Sacred to the memory of Adj. Thos. Poe, Penn. Vol., who nobly died for his Country at Lundy's Lane, July 16th, 1814."

This burial must have taken place while Fort Niagara was in the hands of the British.

A very interesting ceremony took place in July, 1911. The remains of the Soldiers of the King's 8th, had been found and were buried by 29th Regiment, New York, a detachment from the Military Camp at Niagara. Gen. Cotton and many of his suite assisting, two chaplains from our Camp acted with the U.S. Chaplain. Much discussion ensued as to whether the King's 8th were there in 1759 or not. It is certain they were present in 1774 and 1780 and that came to America in 1769. It was a beautiful thought for the two countries to thus unite and was perhaps a friendly return for a similar ceremony at Lundy's Lane, where U.S. Troops united with the 44th Battallion in burying remains of American

Soldiers found at Lundy's Lane. Kodak views were taken, one, of the four pall bearers of 39th U.S., another of lowering into the grave, the remains, another showing two chaplains of our forces in their robes, another with General Cotton with staff meeting Major Syer of the 29th Infantry, United States.

The Authorities I have consulted have been the Documentary History of New York; Stone's Life of Sir William Johnson, Hon. Peter A. Porter, History of Niagara County, New York; Marshall of Buffalo, Parkman, Col. Cruikshank; Gilbert Family Captivity, John Ross Robertson, Dr. Scadding, William Kirby, Dean Harris, Dr. Coyne, S.P.G. Journal, Life of Isabella Graham by American Tract Society and other works.

#### THE PASCHAL OF THE GREAT PINCH

An episode in the history of Fort Niagara, being an extract from the hiterto unknown Memoirs of the Chevalier de Tregay, Lieutenant under the Sieur de Troyes commanding at Fort Denonville (now called Niagara) in the year of Starvation, 1687, with Captain Desbergeres at that remote fortress from the joyful Easter of 1688, until its abandonment. Soldier of His Excellency, the Sieur de Brissay, Marquis de Denonville, Governor and Lieutenant General in New France and humble Servitor of His Serene Majesty, Louis XIV.

Done into inadequate English by FRANK H. SEVERANCE.

The following vivid picture of early days in Fort Niagara was written by Mr. Frank Severance, Secretary to the Buffalo Historical Society, and appeared in the Buffalo Express, April 18, 1897, and by the kind permission of Mr. Severance is reprinted here. Although it owes much to the imaginative powers and the skilful pen of the writer, it presents such a true picture of that sad year, the historical setting being so strictly accurate that it may find a place in an historical pamphlet.

It has been my lot to suffer in many far parts of the earth; to bleed a little and go hungry for the King, to lie freezing for fame and France --- and gain nothing thereby but a distemper, but so it is to be a soldier. And I have seen trouble in my day, I have fought in Flanders on an empty stomach and have burned my brain among the Spaniards, so that I could neither fight nor run away; but of all the heavy employment I ever knew naught can compare with what befell in the remote parts of New France, where I was with the troops that the Marquis de Dononville took through the wilderness into the cantons of the Iroquois and afterwards employed to build a stockade and cabins

at the mouth of the Strait of Niagara on the east side in the way when they go a beaver hunting. "Fort Denonville" the Sieur de Brissay decreed it should be called, for he held great hopes of the service which it should do him against both the Iroquois and the English; but now that he has fallen into the disfavor that has ever been the reward of faithful service in this accursed land, his name is no more given even to that unhappy spot, rather it is called Fort Niagara.

There were some hundreds of us all told that reached that fair plateau after we left the river of the Senecas. It was midsummer of the year of grace, 1687, and we made at first a pleasant camp somewhat overlooking the great lake, while to the west side of the point, the great river made good haven for our bateaux and canoes. There was a fine stir of air at night so that we slept wholesomely and the wounded began to mend at a great rate. And of a truth, though I have adventured in many lands, I have seen no spot which in all its demesne offered a fairer prospect to a man of taste. On the north of us, like the great sea itself, lay Lake Ontario, which on a summer morning when touched by a little wind, with the sun aslant was like the lapis lazuli I have seen in the King's palace --- very blue, yet all bright with white and gold.

The River behind the camp ran mightily strong, yet for the most part, glassy and green -- like the precious green stone the lapidaries call bird-antique. Behind us to the south, lay the forest and four leagues away rose the triple mountains wherein is the great fall; but these are not such mountains as we have in Italy and Spain, being more of the nature of a great table land, making an exceeding hard portage to reach the Strait of Erie above the great fall. It was truly a most fit place for a Fort and Marquis de Dononville let none in his command rest day or night until we had made a fortification in part of earth surrounded by palisades which the soldiers cut in the woods. There was much of hazard and fatigue in this work for the whole plain about the Fort had no trees so that some of us went into the forest along the shore to the eastward and some cut their sticks on the west side of the river. It was hard work getting them up the high bank; but so pressed were we somewhat by fear of an attack and even more by the zeal of our Commander that in three days we had built there a pretty good Fort with four bastions, where we put two great guns and some parrareras, and we had begun to build some cabins on the four sides of the square in the middle of it, and as we worked, our number was constant diminished; for the Sieur de Luth and Duranlaye with that one handed Chevalier de Tonty of whom they tell so much and our allies the Savages who had come from the Illinois to join the Governor in his assault upon the Iroquois, as soon as their wounded were able to be moved, took themselves off up the Niagara and over the mountain portage I have spoken of, for they kept a Post and Place of Trade at the Detroit and at Michilimackinac. And then presently, the Marquis himself and all whom he would let go, sailed away around the great lake for Montreal. But he ordered that a hundred officers and men stay behind to hold this new Fort Denonville. He had placed in command over us, the Sieur de Troyes of whom it would not become me to speak in anywise ill.

There were sour looks and sad as the main force marched to the Batteaux. But the Marquis did not choose to heed anything of that, we were put on parade for the embarkation -- though we made a sorry show of it, for there were even more rags than lace on good leather - and his Excellency spoke a farewell word in the hearing of us all.

"You are to complete your quarters with all convenient expediency," he said to De Troyes who stood attention before us. "There will be no lack of provisions sent. You

have here in three waters, the finest fish in the world. There is naught to fear from these Iroquois wasps -- have we not just torn to pieces their nests?"

He said this with a fine bravado though methought he lacked somewhat of sincerity, for surely wasps might prove troublesome enough to those of us who stayed behind. But De Troyes made no reply and saluted gravely. And so with a jaunty word about the pleasant spot where we were to abide and a light promise to send fresh troops in the spring, the General took himself off and we were left behind to look out for the wasps. As the boats passed the sandbar and turned to skirt the lake shore to the westward, we gave them a salute of musketry; but De Troyes raised his hand -- although the great Marquis was yet in sight and almost in hailing distance and forbade another discharge. "Save your powder," was all he said and the very brevity of it seemed to mean more than many words and put us into a low mood for that whole day.

Now for a time that followed there was work enough to keep each man busy which is best for all who are in this trade of War, especially in the wilderness. It was on the third of August that M. de Brissay left us, he having sent off some of the Militia ahead of him; and he bade M. de Vaudreuil stay behind for a space to help the Sieur de Troyes complete the Fort and cabins and this he did right ably for as all Canada and the King himself knows, M. de Vaudreuil was a man of exceeding great energy and resources in these matters. There was a vast deal of fetching and carrying, of hewing and sawing and framing. And notwithstanding that, the sun of that climate was desperately hot the men worked with good hearts, so that there was soon furnished an excellent lodgement for the Commandant; with a chimney of sticks and clay and boards arranged with a sort of bedstead; and this M. de Troyes shared with M. de Vaudreuil until such time as the latter gentleman quit us. There were three other cabins built with chimneys, doors and little windows. We also constructed a baking house with a large oven and chimney, partly covered with boards and the remainder with hurdles and clay. We also built an extension framed building without chimney and a large store house with pillars eight feet high and made from time to time yet other constructions for the men and goods - though Dieu defend! we had spare room for both soon enough. In the square in the midst of the buildings, we dugged a well and although the water was sweet enough from the first for lack of proper curbing and protection, it was ever much riled and impure when we drew it, a detriment alike to health and cooking.

Now the spring before when we had all followed the Marquis de Denonville acrossn Lake Ontario, to harass the cantons of the Iroquois, this establishment of a Post on the Niagara was assuredly a part of that gentleman's plan. It is not for me, who am but a mere lieutenant of marines, to show how a great commander should conduct his expeditions; yet I do declare that while there was no lack of provisions made for killing such of the Savages as would permit it, there was next to none for maintaining troops who were to be left penned up in the savage's country. We who were left at Fort Denonville had but few matlocks or even axes. Of ammunition, there was none too much. In the Senecas' country, we had destroyed thousands of minots of corn (about 3 bushels) but had brought along scarce a week's rations of it to this corner. We had none of us gone a soldiering with our pockets full of seed, and even if we had brought ample store of corn and pumpkin seed, of lentils and salad plants, the season was too late to have done much in gardening. We made some feeble attempts at it; but no rain fell, the earth baked under the sun so hard that great cracks came in it; and what few shoots of

corn and pumpkins thrust upward through the parched soil, withered away before any strengthening juices came in them. To hunt far from the Fort we durst not save in considerable parties, so that if we made ourselves safe from the savages, we also made every other living thing safe from us. To fish was well nigh our only resource but although many of our men laboured diligently at it, they met with but indifferent returns. Thus it was that our most ardent hopes, our very life itself hung upon the coming of the promised supplies. There was joy at the Fort when at length the sail of the little bark was seen, Sieur de Troyes who had grown exceeding grave and melancholy, took on again something of his wonted spirit. But we were not quite yet to be succoured for it was the season of the most light and trifling airs, so that the bark for two days hung idly on the shining lake some leagues away from the mouth of the river while we idled and fretted like children impatient for her coming. When once we had her within the bar, there was no time lost in unloading. It was a poor soldier indeed who could not work to secure the comfort of his own belly, and the store was so ample that we felt secure for the winter come what might. The bark that fetched these things had been so delayed by the calms that she weighed and sailed with the first favouring breeze and it was not until her sail had fallen below the horizon that we faintly had sight or smell of what she had brought.

From the first the stores proved bad, still we made shift to use the best, eked out with what the nearby forest and river afforded. For many weeks, we saw no foes. There was little work to do and the men idled through the days with no word on their lips but to complain of the food and wish for spring. When the frosts began to fall, we had a more vigorous spell of it, but now for the first time, appeared the Iroquois wasps. One of our parties which had gone toward the great Fall of the Niagara lost two men; those who returned reported that their comrades were taken unawares by the savages. Another party seeking game to the eastward where a stream cuts through the high bank on its way to the lake, never came back at all. Here we found their bodies and buried them; but their scalps after the manner of these people, had been taken.

Christmas drew on, but never was a sorrier season kept by soldiers of France. De Troyes had fallen ill. Naught ailed him that we could see, save low spirits and a thinning of the blood which made him too weak to walk. The Father, Jean de Lamberville who had stayed with us and who would have been our hope and consolation in those days, very early fell desperate ill of a distemper so that the men had not the help of his ministrations and holy example. Others there were who either from feebleness or lack of discipline openly refused their daily duty and went unpunished. We had a fair store of Brandy; and on Christmas eve, those of us who still held some soul for sport essayed to lighten the hour. We brewed a comfortable draught, built the blaze high for the frosts were getting exceeding sharp, gathered as many as could be had of Officers and worthy men into our cabin and made brave to sing the songs of France. And now here was a strange thing; that while the hardiest and soundest amongst us had made good show of cheer, had eaten the vile food and tried to speak lightly of our ills, no sooner did we hear our own voices in the songs that carried us back to the pleasantness of our native land than we fell a sobbing and weeping like children; which weakness I attribute to the distemper that was already in our blood.

For the days that followed, I have no heart to set down much. We never went without the palisades except well guarded to fetch fire wood. This duty indeed made the burden of every day. A prodigious store of wood was needed for the cold surpassed

anything I had ever known. The snow fell heavily and there were storms when for days the gale drove straight across our bleak plateau. There was no blood in us to withstand the icy blasts. Do what we would, the chill of the tomb was in the cabins where the men lay. The wood chippers one day facing such a storm fell in the deep drifts just outside the gate. None durst go out to them. The second day, the wolves found them -- and we saw it all!

There was not a charge of powder left in the Fort. There was not a mouthful of fit food. The biscuits had from the first been full of worms and weevils. The salted meat either from the admixture of sea water through the leaky casks or from other cause was rotten beyond the power of even a starving man to hold.

Le Scorbut broke out. I had seen it on shipboard and knew the signs. De Troyes now seldom left his cabin and when in the way of duty, I made my devoirs and he asked after the men, I made shift to hide the truth, but it could not be for long.

"My poor fellows," he sighed one day as he turned feebly on his couch of planks. "It must be with all as it is with me -- see, look here de Tregay, do you know the sign?" and he bared his shrunken arms and side. Indeed, I knew the signs -- the dry pallid skin with the purple blotches and indurations. He saw I was at a loss for words.

"Sang de Dieu!" he cried, "is this what soldiers of France must come to for the glory of \_\_\_" He stopped short as if lacking spirit to go on. "Now I bethink me," he added in a melancholy voice, "it is what soldiers must come to." Then after a while he asked, "How many dead today De Tregay?"

"How many dead?" From a Garrison of gallant men-at-arms we had become a charnal house. In six weeks we had lost 60 men. From a hundred at the beginning of autumn, we were now scarce forty and February was not gone. We brought the firewood and we buried the dead - picking frozen clods with infinite toil that we might lay the bones of our comrades beyond the reach of wolves. Sometimes it was the scurvy, sometimes it was the cold, sometimes methinks it was naught but a weak will -- or as we say, the broken heart; but it mattered not it was the same. More than 20 died in March and although we were now but a handful of skeletons and accustomed to death, I had no thought of sorrow or of grief, so dulled had my spirit become until one morning I found the brave De Troyes drawing with frightful pains his dying breath. With the name of a maid he loved upon his lips, the light went out --- and with heavy heart I buried him in that crowded ground fain I would have lain down with him.

And now with our commander under the snow what little spirit burned in the best of us seemed to die down, I too bore the signs of the distemper yet to no great extent, for of all the Garrison I had laboured by exercise to keep myself wholesome and in the woods I had tasted of barks and buds and roots of the little herbs hoping to find something akin in its juices to the herb de scorbut which I have known to cure sick sailors. But now I gave over these last efforts for life; for thought I, spring is tardy in these latitudes. Many weeks must yet pass before the Noble Marquis at Montreal (where comforts are) will care to send the promised troop. And the western savages our allies the Illinois, the Ottawais, the Miamis, were they not coming to succor us here and to raid the Iroquois cantons? But of what account is the savage word.

So I thought and I turned myself on my pallet. I listened. There was no sound in all the place save the beating of a sleet. "It is appointed," I said within me. "Let the end come." And presently being numb with the cold, I thought I was on a sunny hillside in

Anjou. It was the time of the grape harvest and the smell of the vines, laughter and sunshine filled the air, young lads and maids, playmates of my boyhood days came and took me by the hand \* \* \* A tinge of pain made the vision pass. I opened my eyes upon a huge Savage, painted and bedaubed after their fashion. It was the grip of his vast fist that had brought me back from Anjou.

"The Iroquois," then I thought "have learned of our extremity and have broken in to finish all. So much the better." and I was for sinking back upon the boards when the savage took from a little pouch, a handful of the parched corn which they carry on their expeditions. "Eat" he said in the language of the Miamis, and then I knew relief had come -- and I knew no more for a space.

Now this was Michitouka himself, who had led his War party from beyond Lake Erie where the Chevalier de Tonty and De Luth were to see how we fared at Fort Denonville and to make an expedition against the Senecas -- of whom we saw no more from the time the Miamis arrived. There were of all our Garrison, but twelve not dead and among those who threw off the distemper was Father de Lamberville. His recovery gave us the greatest joy. He lay for many weeks at the very verge of the grave and it was marvellous to see his skin which had been so empurpled and full of malignant humours come wholesome and fair again. I have often remarked in this hard country that of all Europeans, the Fathers of the Holy Orders may be brought nearest to death and yet regain their wonted health. They have the same prejudice for life that the wildest savage has, but as for the rest of us who are neither savage nor holy, it is by a slim chance that we live at all.

Now the Father and two or three of the others who had the strength to risk it, set out with a part of Michitouka's people to Cataracouy and Montreal to carry the news of our extremity, and on a soft April day as we looked over the Lake, we saw a sail and we knew that we had kept the Fort until the relief company was sent as had been commanded. But it had been a great pinch \* \* \*

Now I am come to that which after all, I chiefly set out to write down, for I have ever held that great woes should be passed over with few words, but is meet to dwell upon the hours of gladness. And this hour was now arrived, when we saw approach the new Commandant, the sieur Desbergères, Captain of one of the companies of the detachment of the Marines, and with him the Father Millet of the Society of Jesus. There was a goodly company whose names are well writ in the history of New France, the Sieur de la Mothe, La Rabelle and others, besides a host of fine fellows of the common rank, with fresh food that meant life to us.

Of all who came that day, it was the Father Millet who did the most. The very morning that he landed, we knelt about him at Mass, and scarce had he rested in his cabin than he marked a spot in the midst of the square where a cross should stand, and bade as many as could get about the hewing of it, and although I was yet feeble and might rest as I liked, I choose to share in the work for so I found my pleasure. A fair straight oak was felled and well hewn and with infinite toil the timber was taken within the palisades and further dressed; and while the carpenters toiled to mortise the cross piece and fastened it with pins, Father Millet himself traced upon the symbols for the legend: REGNAT. VINCIT IMPERAT CHRISTUS and these letters were well cut into the wood, in the midst of them being the sign of the Sacred Heart. We had it well made and a place dug for it on a Thursday, and the next morning, which was Good Friday, the Rev. Father placed his little

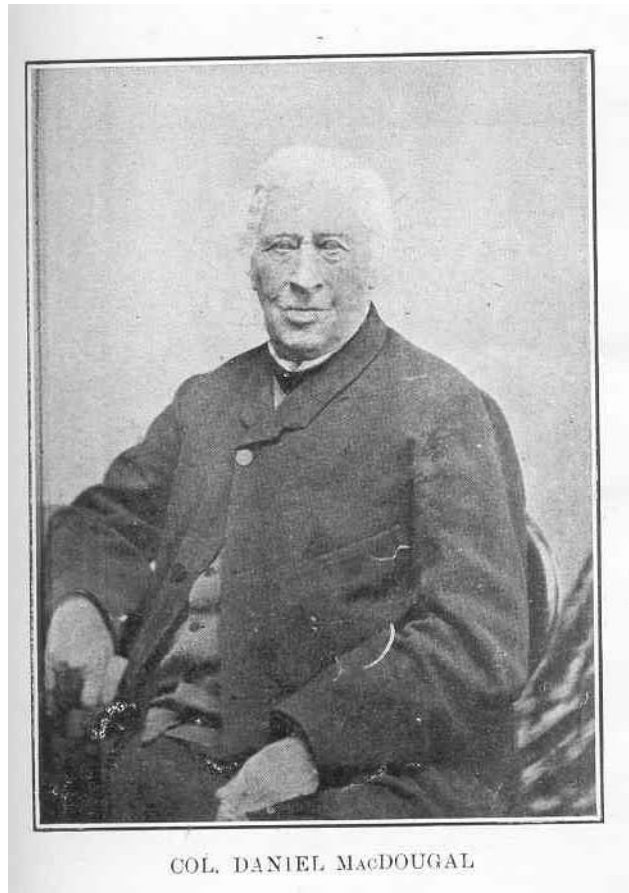
portable altar in the midst of the square where we all, officers and men and even some of the Miamis who were yet with us, assembled for the mass. There we raised the great cross and planted it firmly in the midst of the little square. The service of the blessing of it lay hold of my mind mightily for my fancy was that this great sign of victory had sprung from the graves where de Troyes and four score of my comrades lay, and being in the tender mood (for I was still weak in body) the words which the Father read from his breviary seemed to rest the more clearly in my mind "Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini." Father Millet had a good voice with a sort of tenderness in it so that we were everyone disposed to such silence and attention that I could even hear the little waves lapping the shore below the Fort. And when he began with the "Oramus". "Rogamus te Domine sancte Pater omnipotens," I was that moved by the joy of it and my own memories that I wept -- and I a soldier! It may be believed that the Sunday which followed which was the Paschal was kept by us with such worship and rejoicing as had never yet been known in these remote parts. Holy men had been on that river before it is true, but none had abode there for long, nor had any set up so great a cross, nor had there ever such new life come to men as we knew at Fort Denonville that Easter. For a space, all things went well. What with the season, for spring ever inspires men to new undertakings and the bitter lessons learned in the great pinch of the past winter, we were no more an idle set, but kept all at work and well. Yet the Iroquois pestered us vastly being sent there by the English who claimed this spot. And in September, there came that Pilot Maheut, bringing his bark, La General over the shoal at the river's mouth all unexpected, and she was scarce anchored in the little roadstead than Desbergere knew he was to abandon all. It was cause of chagrin to the great Marquis, I make no doubt thus to drop the prize he had so tried to hold, but some of us in the Fort had no stomach for another winter on the Niagara and we made haste to execute the orders which the Marquis de Denonville had sent. We put the guns on board La General. We set the gate open and tore down the rows of pales on the south and east side of the square. Indeed the wind had long ago begun this work, so that toward the lake, the pales (being but little set in the earth) had fallen or leaned over so that they could readily have been scaled or broken through. But as the order was we left the cabins and quarters standing with doors ajar to welcome who might come, Iroquois or wolf, for there was naught within. But Father Millet took down from above the door of his cabin, the little sun dial. "The shadow of the great cross falls divers ways" was his saying.

Early the next morning being the 15th of September of the year 1688, being ready for the embarkation, Father Millet summoned us to the last Mass he might say in this place. It was a sad morning for the clouds hung heavy, the lake was of a somber and forbidding cast, and the very touch in the air forebode autumnal gales. As we knelt around the cross for the last time, the ensign brought the standards which Desbergere had kept and holding the staves knelt also. Certain Miamis too, who were about to make the Niagara Portage stayed to see what the priest might do. And at the end of the office, Father Millet did an uncommon thing for he was mightily moved. He turned from us toward the cross and throwing wide his arms spoke the last word "Amen."

There was both gladness and sorrow in our hearts as we embarked. Lake and sky took on the hue of lead foreboding storm. We durst carry but little sail and at the sunset hour were scarce a league off shore.

As it chanced, Father Millet and I stood together on the deck and gazed through the gloom toward the dark coast. While we thus stood, there came a rift betwixt the banked clouds to the west, so that the sun just as it slipped from sight, lighted those Niagara shores and we saw but for an instant above the blackness and desolation, the great cross as in fire or blood, gleam red.

#### COL. DANIEL MacDOUGAL AND VALUABLE DOCUMENTS



In gathering together fragments of the history of the Town, it has been a disappointment that so little that so little could be obtained of individual history, the story of the men who helped in the advancement of the Town. In examining letters, relating to laying the foundation stone of the cenotaph which marks the spot where General Brock fell, placed by King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, in 1860, it was found that many of those letters were addressed to Col. MacDougal who was one of the Committee and the one who lived nearest the spot, his opinion being much deferred to, it was thought that we should gather while we may all that could be obtained of the history of one who had fought in many battles of the War of 1812, whose commission can be seen signed by General Brock as also the permission for him to raise a Company in Glengarry, signed by E. MacDonell, Prescott, who held many positions of trust, who was a property owner in the town since 1819, who lived a life of honourable integrity and who died here in a good old age respected by all who knew him. Many in town remember the stately form of the

old Veteran who to the day of his death, carried a bullet in his body from the field of Lundy's Lane.

Various letters from Sir Allan MacNab, W. Thomas, the Architect, Capt. Stanton, Judge McLean, Bishop MacDonell, have been loaned by Mrs. Newton, daughter of Col. MacDougal. In reading these letters, one is of great interest was found written by Archibald McLean who had taken part in the Battles of Queenston Heights, being one of the York Volunteers. His opinion had been asked by Sir Allan MacNab as to the exact spot where

Sir Isaac Brock fell, but he confessed that he could give no information as to the exact spot but instead gives an account of what he had seen of the day's fighting which to us is extremely interesting, written fifty years after the contest and now brought to light after another fifty years.

Daniel MacDougal, (the name was really Donuil) belonged to a family noted in the history of Scotland, descended from the MacDougals of Lorne, mentioned in a foot note in Scott's Lord of the Isles, the grandfather having been killed at Culloden in 1746. Daniel was born in 1782 near Inverness and came with his parents to Glengarry at the age of four years. We know the county was settled almost entirely by Highlanders, the centenary of their coming was held in 1884 as recorded in the Montreal Witness at great length with many curious and interesting particulars. His wife was also of Scottish birth, Helen MacNab whose mother was a MacDonell. Miles and Angus MacDonell were Captains in the King's Royal New York Regiment, many of which regiment settled in Glengarry, the brothers each received 2000 acres of land near Ottawa, Mrs. MacNab's Will left valuable property in Ottawa to her daughter Mrs. MacDougal. The Regiment to which Col. MacDougal belonged was the Glengarry Light Infantry in which he was first an ensign and afterwards a Lieutenant, but his rank as Colonel was in the First Lincoln Militia Regiment. He took part in the attack and capture of Ogdensburg in 1813, the force marching across the river on the ice after Prescott had been attacked by the U.S. troops and many of the inhabitants carried away as prisoners. A letter of Col. MacDonell refers to this. He was not present at the Battle of Queenston Heights but was at Fort George when the Town was taken and was with our troops at Twelve Mile Creek and came with the advanced guard when the Town was in conflagration. The late Mrs. Rogers said to Mr. Newton, "The first time I saw your grandfather was seeing him leading the soldiers trying to put out the fire when our house was burning." This was the mother of Mr. John Rogers who carried on the extensive wholesale business in the large brick building erected in 1833, supplying goods to all the country around even Toronto at times. The families have been neighbours fifty years. At the Battle of Lundy's Lane 25th July, 1814, Col. MacDougal received seven wounds and lay all night on the field of battle and in the military despatch was reported, "Lt. MacDougal received seven wounds and lay all night on the field of battle and in the military despatch was reported "Lt. MacDougal mortally wounded." His two brothers, Angus and Kenneth were in the battle; Angus was wounded and taken prisoner. Many medical certificates show that for many years, Col. MacDougal was under the care of different physicians the wound in his throat and lungs causing much suffering. A letter from Bishop MacDougal shows the interest taken in him and in the visits in after years of that dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church who did so much for his people he was always entertained at the home of Col. MacDougal.

His health being restored, he took part at the time of the Rebellion, raising a separate company of veterans for the relief of Toronto and the flag used is still in possession of the family. At a much later day, when an aged man he reviewed a French Company here in 1865 when troops were called out to protect the Frontier at the time of the St. Alban's Raid.

As showing the esteem in which Col. MacDougal was held, he was appointed one of the Commissioners in 1840, and for many years, held the honourable and responsible position of Treasurer for the United Counties of Lincoln, Welland and Haldimand. The letters and documents herewith printed show the esteem in which he was held and the confidence reposed in him, that of Bishop MacDonell as a friend, those of Sir Allan MacNab and Sir John Colborne of the position he held in the community. The medical certificates are interesting as giving the names of the army doctors at that time, and the complicated steps necessary to obtain pensions, the commissions as giving the names of officials and the super-abundant wording and tiresome tautology and repetition of such documents. The steps taken to ascertain the exact spot where Brock fell confirm to us the statements often repeated that a mistake was made and the carelessness and indifference shown in the phrase in one of the letters "we will all swear to it" makes us still more doubtful as to the selection made. The letter of Judge McLean never before printed is particularly interesting and valuable being the account of an eye witness and participant a man of education and fitted to give an intelligent and unbiased account of what took place on that memorable day. Although written nearly fifty years after the event described, it may be relied on as the statement of a legal mind trained in giving and receiving evidence and weighing well every circumstance and we feel confident the clear, active mind of the young York Volunteer would retain a vivid recollection of his own part for he is very careful to give only what he had actually witnessed or heard.

Letter authorizing Daniel MacDougal to enlist men for service in the War of 1812-14.

Sir:- You are hereby authorized and empowered to engage and enlist men for a Regiment of incorporated Militia to serve during the present war with the United States of America and to have the same pay and allowance with His Majesty's Forces, but subject to Militia Laws.

E. MacDONELL

Prescott, 20th March, 1813

To: Danl. MacDougal, Gent.

Letter of Bishop Macdonell  
Glengarry, 30th Aug. 1814.

Dear Sir:-

I received your letter from York some time after the arrival of your Corps at that place on their way up. I spoke to the Adjt-Gen. Col. Hrvey and to the late Col. Drummond in your behalf when I was last at Kingston and I could with little solicitation have obtained a Commission for you in another Corps, but as the campaign was only then beginning and likely to be a serious one, I was advised to defer all further application till the close of it, as it might eventually prove of equal advantage to you to serve in your present Corps in the mean time as in any other and the event has so far justified the observation.

I would now wish to know from yourself whether there are hopes of a complete and perfect cure from your wounds, so as to render you fit for a close service for the time to come and if not, what else you think would suit you best. It would be proper for you to have a Certificate from your Commanding Officer, both of your conduct and the nature of your wounds, &c.

Your parents and the rest of the family are very well, to their prayers and to that of your friends, I believe you are as much indebted for your recovery as to the skill of your Physician and the power of medicine.

I remain very sincerely, Dear Sir, yours.

ALEXR. MACDONELL.

Lt. Donald McDougal.

Col. D. McDougal's Certificates as to his wounds, at the Battle of Lundy's Lane.

Adt. General's Office

Quebec, 25th Sept. 1815

General Order

No. 2 The Lieutenant General Commanding the forces directs the following letter to be published in orders for general information.

War Office, 31st July, 1815

Sir:-

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 6th January last, requesting to be furnished with instructions respecting the claims for compensation made to you by Officers wounded in action and to acquaint you that such applications should be made to me accompanied by a report by a Medical Board of Officers and Certificates from Commanding Officers of the Regiments showing the nature and effects of wounds and occasion on which received. I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your Most Obt. Servant.

(Signed)

PALMERSTON

Lt. Gen. Drummond, &c. &c. Quebec.

True Copy, R P ----- Major of Brigade, U.C.

CERTIFICATE OF DR. POWELL

I, Grant Powell, Surgeon, do hereby certify that I have carefully examined Daniel McDugal of Niagara, late Lieutenant in the Incorporated Regiment of Militia and that in consequence of being wounded, the said Daniel McDougal is incapable of earning a livelihood.

Given under my hand at York, this 5th day of August, 1816.

GRANT POWELL, Surgeon.

Report of the Medical Board on the wounds of Lt. McDougal of the late Incorporated Militia, Fort George,

7th March, 1816.

Prince Regent's Pension.

Proceedings of a Medical Board held by order of Lieut. Col. McDonell, Inspecting Field Officer of Militia Commanding Niagara Frontier to examine and report on such cases as

might be brought before him. Surgeon Moore, Canadian Regt. President. Assistant Surgeon Robertson, Canadian Regt. Hospital Assistant Member, White.

The Board, having duly assembled in observance of the above order to examine Lieut. Daniel McDougal of the Incorporated Militia of Upper Canada, who was severely wounded in action with the enemy at Lundy's Lane near the Falls of Niagara on the 25th, July, 1814. The Board proceeded to examine minutely the wounds received by Lt. Daniel McDougal and find they are severe both in the body and extremities and hereby his health has been so injured that it is their opinion he is rendered incapable of future active exertion and think it equally prejudicial to this habit of body with the loss of a limb.

Regimental Hospital  
Fort George Canadian  
Regt. 7th March, 1816

Thomas Moore, Surgeon.  
Canadian Regt. President.

I. Robertson, Asst. Sugt. Can. Regt.  
M. White, Hospital Asst.

I hereby certify that I have examined Lt. McDougal and find that he has been severely wounded as above mentioned.

I. WRIGHT, I.H.

I hereby certify that the above is a true copy of a Certificate of J. Wright, Esq., Inspector of Army Hospitals in Canada annexed to the Proceedings and Reports of a Medical Board of which this is a Duplicate deposited in the Lieut. Governor's Office.

EDW. MacMAHON, Ast. Secty.

Lt. Governor's Office, York, 26th Nov. 1816.

Statement of Sir Peregrine Maitland,  
Lt. Governor of U. Canada.

I do hereby certify that James Kerby, Esq., was Major and Grant Powell, Surgeon, of the late Battalion of Incorporated Militia of Upper Canada and that due faith and credit may be given to their certificates. Given under my hand and seal at home, this thirteenth day of July, 1820.

By His Excellency's Command, Sec.  
P. MAITLAND.

Grant Powell's in 1820.

I do hereby certify that Daniel McDougal, Lieutenant in the late Battalion of Incorporated Militia of Upper Canada, was severely wounded in action with the United States Army at Lundy's Lane on the 25th July, 1814. York, July 18, 1820.

GRANT POWELL

Surgeon, late Incorporated Militia.

J. Sampson, 104th Regt.  
Kingston, Aug. 20, 1821

I certify that Mr. D. McDougal, late Lieut. in the Incorporated Militia has been several times during the last four years under my care while labouring under a serious pulmonic affection, the consequence of a musket shot which he received in the Thorax, at the acton

of Lundy's Lane on the 25th July, 1814. He first appealed to me in Sept. 1817, at which time he had a distressing cough with, Hemoptysis and great constitutional disturbance.  
J. SAMPSON, Asst. Surgeon, late 104th Regt.

Dr. Reid's Certificate

Fort George, 24th Aug. 1821

I certify that Lieut. McDougal of the late Provincial Militia has been under my care for several months in consequence of general indisposition resulting from several wounds received in the action at Lundy's Lane. The particular effects of those wounds which penetrated the cavity of the thorax appear to me to become daily more alarming --the most trifling exertion beings on Hemoptysis or Epistaxis and I have found it necessary to empty large and frequent bleedings together with Digitalis Submuriatis Hydrargyri and Sulphuric Acid in order to equalize the circulation and arrest the progress of a disease which so often threatened a fatal termination.

JAMES REID, Surgeon, 68th Regt.

Permission to assemble a Medical Board.

Office of Government, York, 8th Sept. 1821

Having laid before the Lt. Governor your petition praying an order for an extra meeting of the Medical Board to examine and report upon the state of the wounds received by you while on service during the late war, I am directed in the absence of Mr. Secretary Hillier to signify to you that under the circumstances stated by you, His Excellency had no objection to such meeting of the Board, provided you can prevail with the gentlemen composing it to assemble.

EDWARD MacMAHON

Lt. Daniel McDougal.

Certificate of Edw. MacMahon.

I certify that Lt. McDougal of the late Incorporated Militia has been heretofore in the receipt of a pension agreeably to his rank under authority of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent and the report of a Military Medical Board appointed by Doctor Wright, Principal Medical Officer in Canada.

EDWARD MacMAHON

York, 6th Sept. 1821.

Government Office.

The reply of Sir John Colborne to the address of the people of Niagara, which had been sent by Col. McDougal

as shown by the following:

Montreal, 8th March, 1836.

Sir:-

I have had the honour to receive the address from the Inhabitants of the Town and Township of Niagara which you have been deputed to forward to me. The expression of the favourable opinion of the Town and Township of Niagara of my proceedings during the Administration of my Govt. of the Upper Province cannot but be highly gratifying to me, and I beg that you will have the goodness to convey to them my best thanks for their

address, with the assurance that I shall ever take a likely interest in their welfare and prosperity, and with many thanks for their kind wishes for myself and family,  
I remain very faithfully yours,  
J. COLBORNE

D. McDougal, Esq. Niagara.

The Document appointing Col. McDougal to take recognizance of Bail, Affidavits, etc. is remarkable as being signed by four judges, the Honorable John Beverly Robinson, Hon. J. Buchanan Macauley, Hon. Archibald McLean, Hon. Ch. A. Hagerman signed as below, "In witness thereof we have set our hands and the Seal of the Court of the Queen's Branch in and for the Province of Canada at Toronto this fourteenth day of August, one thousand, eight hundred and forty-one and on the fifth year of Her Majesty's reign.

J.B. Robinson J.

J.B. Macaulay J.

A. McLean J.

Ch. A. Hagerman.

The Commission of Robert Dickson, James Muirhead and Daniel McDougal as Commissioners of Customs for the District of Niagara is signed by J. Colborne in 1820, while that appointing Daniel McDougal, Robert Melville of Niagara, and David Thorburn of Queenston is signed by Sir Geo. Arthur in 1840 and the commission appointing Col. McDougal Treasurer of the District of Niagara, in 1842, is signed by Sir Charles Bagot. As an example of the profuse and overflowing verbiage of such documents we may copy part of the two last.

"Now know ye therefore that Daniel McDougal of the Town of Niagara, in the District of Niagara, of our Province of Canada, Esquire, having given such good and sufficient security as is required by the said Act. We having full confidence in the Loyalty, Integrity and Ability of him, the said Daniel McDougal, have constituted and appointed and do by these Presents and by virtue of the power vested in us by the said Act constitute and appoint him the said Daniel McDougal to be our District Treasurer of and for the District of Niagara of that part of our said province formerly Upper Canada to have, hold, exercise and enjoy the rights, powers and authorities by the said Act vested in the office of District Treasurer of the said District, together with all the privileges, advantages and emoluments thereunto belonging or in any way appertaining until him, the said Daniel McDougal.

In testimony whereof we have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent and the Great Seal of Our Province of Canada hereunto affixed. Witness our Right, Trusty and Well Beloved Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B., one of Our Most Honourably Privy Council, Governor General of British North America and Captain General and Governor In Chief in and over Our Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Island of Prince Edward and Vice-Admiral of the same &c. &c.&c., at Kingston this twenty second day of March in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-two and in the fifth year of our reign."

The Commission to the Commissioners of Customs sounds strangely to our ears now, "Whereas by an Act of the Parliament of Our Province of Upper Canada passed in the fourth year of the reign of His Late Majesty King George the Fourth entitled an Act to

repeal an Act past in the forty-first year of His Late Majesty's Reign called "An Act for granting to His Majesty, His Heirs and Successors to and for the uses of this Province the like duties on goods and merchandize brought into this country from the United States of America as are now paid on goods imported from Great Britain and other places \* \* \* and to provide more effectually for the collection and payment of duties on goods \* and also to establish a fund for the erection and repairing of "Lighthouses" \* \* that it shall and may be lawful for the Governor, Lieutenant Governor or person administering the Government of Our Said Province from time to time to appoint in each and every district, three Commissioners of Customs, any two of whom shall be a quorum to hear and determine in a summary way, all informations exhibited before them for the condemnation of any goods, wares or merchandize seized or forfeited under the provisions of the said Act, when the value thereof together with the vessel, boat, raft or carriage in or upon which the same shall be found shall not exceed forty pounds, and also to determine the penalties to be recovered under the said Act.

Now, know ye, that being assured of your loyalty, integrity and ability, we have assigned, constituted and appointed and by these presents under the authority of the above recited Act, do assign, constitute and appoint you the said Daniel McDougal, Robert Melville and David Thorburn to be Commissioners of Customs in and for the District of Niagara with full power and authority to you or any two of you to do and receive all such things as are by the said Act provided and enjoined to be done and received. To have and to hold the said office together with all and singular the rights, privileges, fees and advantages thereunto belonging and appertaining.

Hereby enjoining you or any two of you that at certain days and places you do meet to hear and determine all singular such matters as shall be lawfully brought before you. AND WE DO HEREBY COMMAND all Sheriffs, Bailiffs, Constables and other Officers within our said District of Niagara, to obey and execute all such orders and precepts as shall be sent to them or any of them by you or any two of you in the execution of the powers vested in you by the said Act."

Letter from A. McLean to Sir Allan McNab as a Participant in the Battle of Queenston Heights.

TORONTO, July 22nd, 1860.

My Dear Sir Allan:

I received your note last night too late to be answered and now in answering it, I am sorry that I can not give you any information on the point to which it relates. I saw General Brock on his way from Niagara to Queenston a little after daylight. I was in charge of a battery east of what was called Vrooman's Battery, having taken charge on the alarm being given as the Officer on duty at Brown's Point and when the General came within hail he called out to me, "Why don't you fire that Gun?" I explained immediately that I had fired it repeatedly but that the balls always fell short and that I had discontinued it in consequence. He said, "It can't be helped" and put the spurs to his horse and galloped away for Queenston. Soon after his A.D.C.'s McDonell and Glegg came up as fast as their horses could carry them and soon after them, my companions of York Militia came trotting up from Brown's Point. I asked if I should join my company and was mortified in receiving a reply, "No, --Stay where you are."

After the companies had left, the batteries at Brown's Point had opened fire at some Dragoons who were seen on the opposite side of the river and our friend (J.B.R.) now Chief Justice, was sent to order the batteries to cease firing as it might induce a belief at Queenston that a Landing of the enemy was to be attempted at Brown's Point. When he came running up to overtake his Company, I forgot the order to "stay where I was" and throwing off the wrapper which I found useful on duty during the night, we made what speed we could to overtake our Companies and joined them just as they were turning into the grounds about the house in which Mr. Hamilton had resided. We were soon under fire on the bank of the river and did our best to prevent any further landing on our shore, but were not long engaged there when we were ordered up the hill with a view of trying to recover possession of the Heights. The order was immediately obeyed and in marching through the main street of Queenston, Gray's Battery which really had a formidable appearance on the edge of the Height on the American side gave us an occasional salute without doing us any mischief. In going up the road towards St. Davids for some distance to gain a place of easier ascent, two field pieces on the American side had a glorious opportunity of raking us and they tried it -- but fortunately without effect -- not a man was touched. We ascended the Heights on the top found a part of the Light Company of the 49th with Captain Williams. On the way up the hill, I heard it mentioned that General Brock was killed and fearing that the men might be discouraged by the sad intelligence, I told them not to believe it -- the fact, however, was soon put beyond doubt by a soldier of the 41st, a servant of Lt. Crowther who was stationed in some capacity in Queenston who said, "Indeed Sir, he is dead, for I helped to carry his body into a house myself." We formed on the top of the Hill with the 49th on our right and advanced and engaged the enemy. Some one said to Lt. Col. McDonell that General Brock was killed, and I heard his reply, "Yes, and we must revenge his death." A short contest however in which poor McDonell received his death wound and Capt. Williams and myself and a good many men were severely though not dangerously wounded, proved that the enemy had at least four times our number of men, and our small force was obliged to retire. Gen. Sheaffe and the 41st came up from Niagara and ascended the hill near St. Davids and being joined by a Company of the 41st and some Militia from Chippawa, they then advanced upon the enemy. The firing was very brief, the enemy between 8 and 900 strong fled down the hill and General Scott, now Commander in Chief of the U.S. Army, then Lt. Col. Scott, advanced with a flag of truce and announced their surrender. Some Indians who had pressed forward had put him in bodily fear and he begged for God's Sake that Robinson and our old friend S.P. Jarvis, who were near would save him from the Savages -- which they had no great difficulty in doing. In the evening, after the prisoners had been marched off to Niagara, a wagon happened to be passing the house where I was after having my wound dressed, and I asked for a passage to my quarters on Brown's Point which was readily given. It was in charge of a fine loyal old fellow, Isaac Swayzie and contained the body of him whom I had seen in the morning in full health and strength, hastening to the scene of Action to meet the Enemies of his Country. I was not with him when he fell and I am not aware that the place was ever pointed out to me, nor can I at this distance of time, name or point out any individual who is likely to know the precise spot. There is no doubt that at the time, he was at the head of a party of his old Regiment the 49th, advancing with a view of retaking the Battery of which the Enemy had got possession by surprise at the commencement of the attack. The position

of the battery must I think, be well known and was not at any very great distance from it -  
- advancing from Queenston when he was shot down.

I have you given instead of a dry negative answer to your inquiry, a slight sketch of my experience on the memorable day at Queenston Heights. I fear it will be impossible to find the spot on which General Brock fell and that we must be content with coming as near as possible.

I think there were no Militia with him at the time and if there were, many of them must now be dead and there is not much chance of finding any who would recollect the particular place. I hope you will not think me tedious

--- In haste yours very truly.

A. McLEAN.

Sir Allen McNab, Bart.

Hamilton.

Dundurn, 30th July, 1860.

My dear MacDougal,

As we are preparing the obelisk to mark the spot where Brock fell, we find the greatest difficulty in ascertaining the exact spot. I hope that you will assist us in getting such information as will direct us to the right spot. Hoping that you may be in good order for the presentation of the address of the old fellows of last War, believe me, ever yours most truly,

ALLAN MacNAB.

In a letter to Sir Allan, dated 1st August, Mr. W. Thomas, the Architect, tells that he had gone to see Mr. Merritt in St. Catharines but had obtained no information from him. Mr. Street had also been written to, but would not take the responsibility of marking the spot. Mr. Wadsworth of Queenston asserted that a stake had been in for years showing the spot, which he could identify pretty nearly. He also asks if old Major Brown of Queenston who was at the Battle would know anything about it. In another letter, dated Toronto 4th August, to Sir Allan, he says:

"I have been talking to Mr. Macdonell here, a cousin of the A.D.C. Macdonell who fell at Queenston and he referred me to a Mr. Wright who was at the Battle and near the General when he fell, he says he can point out the spot, that it is close to the River Road, one block west of the Front Road, facing the River or Wynn's Tavern. The first thing to do is to find the corner of Mr. Hamilton's property, south side of the road, the last letter is given in full.

Toronto, August 9th, 1860.

Sir Allan MacNab, Bart.

Dear Sir:-

I was over at Queenston yesterday with Mr. Worthington and ascertained the spot according to the best testimony we could obtain from Mr. Wynn, Mr. Brown and Mr. Wadsworth. I have made a sketch to show how they compare with the statements of Mr. Wright who places it in the spot marked X. Mr. Wynn places it at C, Mr. Brown at B and Mr. Wadsworth at A. Now these three opinions would place it in a very bad situation and

in private property which is in Chancery, I feel inclined to agree with Mr. Wright and place it at X."

Letter of Col. Macdonell who commanded at Ogdensburg, written to Col. McDougal on his retirement.

Toronto, 15th August, 1856.

My Dear Colonel,

In accepting your resignation of the Command of the 1st Lincoln Militia, it was due to you that I should mention to the Adjutant General your services during the late War with the U.S. and the late Rebellion, Ogdensburg with the Glengarry Militia where we both escaped with broken heads - the Incorporated Militia and Lundy's Lane, where you did not escape so well - and he thanked me for the information. The general order is what your services and loyalty merit. Wishing you many years to enjoy your retirement, (although in the event of an emergency, you and I might not be idle spectators still) and with kind regards to Mrs. MacDougal and the family, I remain my dear Colonel, yours most faithfully.

D. MACDONELL.

Lieut. Col. D. MacDougall.

Several letters to Sir Allan MacNab and from him and others to Col. MacDougal refer to the proper position for the stone to mark where Brock fell and several rough sketches were made.

Toronto, 16th August, 1860.

My dear Sir;

I regret that engagements here will prevent my being with you at Queenston tomorrow morning. I saw Mr. Thomas a few days since and had some conversation with him about the sketch I had sent to Sir Allan. From what he had gathered from other sources the spot (or nearly) where Gen. Brock fell tallied so closely that I think you will have little difficulty in fixing the place for the stone to be erected. Mr. Thomas, I suppose, will be with you tomorrow and will give you the further account he had from Mr. Wright who was near the Hero when he was struck. I shall hear from Quebec soon where the address is to be presented and as this is known

I will communicate with him for such arrangements as it may be necessary to make. We are having a very handsome box with inscription to put the address in, something creditable.

Yours very truly,

R. STANTON

D. McDougal, Esq. , Niagara.

Toronto, 28th July, 1860.

My Dear Sir Allan,

I have heard that you have been making inquiry about the spot where Brock fell. The enclosed I have given with hope that it may aid in fixing the place. The sketch I have hastily made from memory and I believe you will find almost every one naming near the thorn bush as the spot. The Stone Tavern was near at hand and I saw the body there

myself. The sketch is rough, as it does not pretend to give distances or exact relative position of different points. If it helps you however in anyway, I shall be glad.

Yours sincerely,

R. STANTON

Sir Allen MacNab,

Hamilton.

Dundern, 10th August 1860.

My Dear Colonel,

I enclose you all the information I have been able to obtain and I think you had better call a Meeting of all who can furnish information worth having - and determine on the spot - if you cannot hit the Bull's Eye -- come as near as possible and we will all swear that's the identical spot. Telegraph for Thomas the Architect to attend the Meeting, I enclose you his letters. I am obliged to leave for Quebec on Monday morning and will be glad to hear from you then. Any information that I obtain there and which will be useful to you, I will communicate.

Yours very truly,

ALLAN MacNAB

A Letter dated 27th July, 1860 from Geo. Playter who had charge of the grounds informs Sir Allan that Mr. Robinson has taken possession of the spring called Brock's Spring to take the water to his house and asks if he has any right to do it.

On the 18th of September, 1860, the Steamer Peerless, commissioned by Capt. Dick, left Toronto at the early hour of five o'clock, yet with 500 passengers, a motley gathering of civil and military, volunteer rifles, a Highland Company, Yorkville Cavalry, and many veterans of 1812, dressed many of them in the uniforms of their times. Rival pipers appeared and in the language of the newspaper account of the day, the air seemed alive with the shrillest and most maddening music that was ever invented. At Port Dalhousie, a Company of St. Catharines Rifles joined them with a band at at Niagara, another addition was made and on nearing Queenston, it was seen that the Heights were dark with people. A procession was formed up the steep winding road. Hundreds of wagons were to be seen under the shade of the trees. At the foot of the platform, were ranged the heroes of 1812, some in their old uniforms, almost all with medals on their breasts, very jealous of their position. There were present Col. Kingsmill, Col. MacDougal, J.C. Ball, Col. Kerby, two or three had taken part in the battle; from Toronto, Hon. J.B. Robinson, Judge McLean, Sir Allan MacNab, Mr. R. Stanton, Hon. W.H. Merritt, R. Woodruff, Col. Clark, Col. Street, Col. Denison, His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto. At 11 o'clock, the Prince arrived amidst loud cheering. An address was read by J.B. Robinson, presented by Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of the Committee. In the reply of the Prince, we see the germ even then of the qualities which gave him the well deserved title in after years, of the Peace Maker. "I trust Canada will never want such volunteers as those who fought in the last War, nor volunteers without such leaders. But no less the more fervently I pray that your sons and your grandsons may never be called upon to add other laurels to those you have so gallantly won."

A procession was then formed again, headed by a band to reach the spot near the foot of the mountain by a circuitous route to place the foundation stone of the cenotaph to mark the spot where Gen. Brock fell, but the great majority took the short cut down the

Heights to reach the spot before the Procession and men, women and children crossed fences, ditches and rough ground, some old veterans hobbling along, an irresistible human stream. The ceremony was performed with the usual forms. The Prince embarked on the Zimmerman under Capt. Milloy for Niagara where addresses were presented at the wharf, fruit and flowers were presented by a Member of our Society, then Miss Marjory McMullen, a tiny little girl, now Mrs. Bottomley, and in return the young Prince kissed her, the usual return for such acts of courtesy by children.

LETTERS OF 1812 CONTRIBUTED BY COL. CRUIKSHANK, F.R.S.C.  
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED, FROM ARCHIVES, OTTAWA

Draft of a letter from General Sheaffe to Major General Van Rensselaer.  
Fort George, 13th October, 1812.

Sir:- I have the honour of acknowledging the receipt of your communication of date, and was pleased to learn at the same time that the Officer commanding at Queenston had acceded to your proposal of sending Surgeons to that Post for the aid of the wounded prisoners, (though the attention of our Surgeons might have prevented their suffering from the delay that might have been occasioned by his waiting for my sanction), without incurring the delay that would have been occasioned by a reference to me, but as our means of affording assistance to them as well to our own wounded may be inadequate, I beg leave to propose that the wounded prisoners whose cases may admit of removal should be sent over to you on condition of not serving again until regularly exchanged.

Though the proposition which I had the honour of making to you to day did not go the extent that, by some mistake, you were led to suppose, yet I readily concur with you in agreeing to a cessation of firing for three days and I transmit orders to that effect to the Officers commanding at the several posts on this line.

P.S. 14th October, 1812

Having delayed sending the accompanying to give General Wadsworth and the other officers who are prisoners an opportunity of (sending) writing for some necessary articles, I have the honour at the same time to propose an exchange of prisoners including those who were taken some days ago in the two vessels cut out from Fort Erie harbour. I have further to propose Sir, that the Militia taken prisoners, excluding the number that may be exchanged, shall be restored to their homes and families under an engagement not to serve against Great Britain or her allies during the War or until regularly exchanged. (Canadian Archives, C. 688, Pp. 179, 180)

The words in brackets have been struck out and those following substituted.

DRAFT OF A LETTER FROM MAJOR GENERAL SHEAFFE TO BRIG. GENERAL SMITH

Fort George, 17th Oct. 1812.

Sir:- I have the honour of acknowledging the receipt of your note of this date and regret that I have made a proposition to you that you find it necessary to reject, especially as it was made at the particular request of B. General Wadsworth. As that has failed, I presume that the prior agreement respecting the Indian in question which was entered into by Colonel Winder still retains its force, and that the Indian will be sent back to morrow.

Not having yet heard of the return of the prisoners who were to have been sent over from Buffalo or Black Rock early this morning according to the assurance given by Col. Winder and for whom prisoners have been already sent as an exchange, I request that if they have been intentionally detained that you will be pleased to inform me of the cause.

Mr. Hamilton who has been some time detained at Buffalo, has brothers and other near relations in this vicinity, who have some accounts of his health by which they are much alarmed. I therefore, permit one of his brothers to go over with a flag to Buffalo to obtain some information of him, and I beg leave to propose that Mr. Hamilton shall be allowed to return to his friends, an Officer of a rank that may be deemed equivalent, being released from his parole in exchange for him.

(Canadian Archives, C 688 B, Pp 133-4.)

FROM BRIG. GENERAL SMYTH TO MAJOR GENERAL SHEAFFE

Head Quarters of the army of the Centre Camp near Lewiston,

18 October, 1812.

Sir:- Your letter dated yesterday, I have this moment had the honour to receive. In the agreement respecting the exchange of prisoners signed by Colonel Winder and Major Evans, there is nothing said of the Indian Chief, but any verbal agreement entered into by Colonel Winder will be fulfilled. Col Winder addressed a note to Genl. V. Rensselaer stating that you estimated the Indian Chief as equal to a Militia Major and requesting instructions.

I propose to exchange the Indian Chief for the 24 men, 7 women, 6 children taken at Chicago, or such of them as were not butchered.

The prisoners at Buffalo have not been intentionally detained. The transfer of command has prevented the order being given for their release. It shall be immediately given.

The conduct of Mr. Hamilton, particularly in attempting to cross to Canada by night alone, would perhaps justify us in treating him as a Spy. But willing to proceed in a liberal manner, I accept your proposition for his exchange. The delicacy of his situation and the importance of his connexion, will justify me in estimating him equal to a Captain of regular troops.

For the Master-Commandant of the Detroit area, alias Adams, I expect a Captain of regulars in exchange. I think he ranks so by your regulations. For Mr. Carr, Lt. of Marines and Mr. Molley, you will please to release Lieuts. Totten and Randolph.

I am very sorry that at the moment I am writing this despatch, a British Prisoner is found exploring the Camp, having left his quarters about a mile distant. I have placed him in close confinement.

As I am averse to taking a single life or occasioning a single calamity without an object, I propose a further continuance of the Armistice indefinitely, each party having the right to terminate it, giving thirty hours notice to the other party, the armistice to extend along the Frontier from the Lake Erie to Lake Ontario.

(Canadian Archives, C 688 B, Pp 141-3)

DRAFT OF A LETTER FROM MAJOR GENERAL SHEAFFE TO BRIG. GENERAL SMYTH

Fort George, 18th October, 1812.

Sir:- I have the honour of acknowledging the receipt of your communication by Captain King, Assistant Inspector General.

That there was nothing said of the Indian Chief in the Agreement for an exchange of prisoners signed by Colonel Winder and Major Evans was owing to a supposition on the part of the latter that the case was already provided for by a special agreement between Colonel Winder and myself; that an Indian was taken prisoner having been mentioned in a conversation before those two officers began the discussion of the subject on which they were to treat (and I was so strongly impressed with the idea that the exchange was finally settled that I gave an assurance to his friends that he was to be restored). With regard to your proposition to exchange the Indian Chief for the men, women and children, or such of them as were not butchered) may survive, I infinitely regret, Sir, that it is not within my power to restore them all without conditions. In (the transaction to which you allude) operations against that place, neither the British Government nor the influence of its officer, nor a British force was concerned, or probably your present proposition would be needless. I must therefore disclaim any authority to make (any) stipulations regarding them, but whatever may be in my power towards obtaining the restoration of the survivors to their friends, I shall most joyfully do, unconnected with the present subject of discussion.

(I cannot admit it as a principle though Mr. Hamilton's conduct during his detention may not have been in some respects justifiable, yet I conceive that having been provided with a passport, his attempt). There are particular circumstances perhaps in Mr. Hamilton's case that (make me desirous of avoiding discussion). I am not qualified to discuss and as I am anxious for his returning into the bosom of his family that has suffered so much on his account, I am willing to grant more than perhaps ought to be deemed an equivalent for him.

The late Commander of the Detroit belonging to the Provincial Marine, ranks with us only as a Lieut. of the regular troops. Mr. Molloy's rank is inferior to that of a Lieut., but, Sir, I am desirous that the opening of a correspondence between us should be marked by a spirit of liberality, conformably with which I propose that for Mr. Hamilton, Commr. Rolette, Lt. Kerr, Mr. Molloy and the Indian Chief, there should be returned to you, two Captains of regular troops, the two Lieuts. you have named and Lt. Smith who took the Indian Chief, and the Mr. Smith already offered with him, or a Major of Militia as originally proposed or if you have any substitute to name I beg that you will make it known to me.

As my sentiments perfectly accord with those you express in the opening of your proposal for continuing the armistice, I assent to its being prolonged, indefinitely, each party having a right to terminate it, giving thirty hours previous notice.

I am extremely sorry to hear that a British prisoner has been so indiscreet as to render himself liable to punishment. I hope that he has erred from ignorance and that an enquiry into the case will satisfy you that it was so.

(Canadian Archives, C 688 B, Pp 137 40)

N.B. The words enclosed in brackets have been struck out).

FROM CHARLES ASKIN TO JOHN ASKIN

Niagara, Wednesday, October 14, 1812.

Dear Father:-

Yesterday I am happy to say, a great victory was gained by us over the Americans at Queenston, but it is a dear bought victory for our ever to be lamented General was killed. The action commenced about one hour before daylight and continued till three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Early in the day, the General received a wound and I believe never spoke a word after. When the Americans first came over, there were only two companies of the 49th Regiment and two or three Companies of Militia to oppose them. In one of the companies of the 49th Wm. Robertson went with Mr. Robt. Grant as volunteer and distinguished himself very much. The Americans opened a battery on us and we threw over shells and cannonaded them as much as we could, but not too much effect for they continued coming over. The Militia and the 49th being engaged so much were soon much reduced by their killed and wounded. When information was given to the General that the Americans were getting on the mountain, he immediately ordered Col. McDonell to collect what men he could find and oppose them for at this time the 49th and Militia were in diff. parties. About 40 men were collected. They ran up the mountain and found about two or three hundred American regulars there, well formed. Wm. R. who was at the head of the 40 men ran forward and called out to the Americans, "Now, we will be at you." But the Americans immediately fired at them and obliged our men to retire down the Hill. We had a battery half way up the Mountain which was but weakly guarded. The General was there and was obliged to leave it, and the Americans took possession of it. It was soon after this that the General got the wound that killed him. The Americans had possession of part of Queenston for some time and kept it as well as the battery and were busy bringing over their men as fast as they could, till reinforcements from this place and Chippawa of the 41st, the Militia and the Indians formed as I understand on the mountain, and attacked them so vigorously that they ran down the mountain as fast as they could and made for the river to get over and some attempted to swim when the American General on the other side seeing what a perilous situation they were in, sent over a flag of truce and they all surrendered prisoners of war. They were all marched down to this place and got here about sundown. They came over to breakfast on this side, but I believe it was a day of fasting with them. There are about six hundred men taken and nearly fifty Officers. One company of Riflemen had made their way into the woods and remained all night.

We heard this morning that the Indians were after them and a party of the 41st and Militia were sent this morning to protect them, which I must say, they hardly deserve. Had they not surrendered, they must have all been driven into the River for they fled before our men, the Grenadiers of the 41st who were anxious to retrieve their character, were very anxious to charge them, but they ran before them so fast that they never could get up to them and went down what you might almost call precipices to get out of the way of our men. What number of men were lost I cannot say, but there are few considering the time they were engaged. I think we have lost about sixty men and only one Officer which was poor General Brock. Col. McDonell is dangerously wounded and several Officers of the 49th are wounded but not badly. The Americans I think must have lost more than a hundred and I am told several of their Officers were killed, at least six or seven. Among those taken are General Wadsworth, Cols. Allen, Van Ranselaer & Scott and some other Cols.

When the Americans were first coming over, about 80 who were in a scow were so galled by the fire from a few of the 49th Regt. that they begged for quarter and were taken prisoners. I saw a great many of the prisoners, one half of whom are militia, these were anxious to know and were in hopes of being allowed to go home as the militia taken at Detroit were, but when told they would have to go to Quebec, they were not very well pleased.

Had they an idea of it there are not many of them I would have put their foot on this shore. I regret much that I could not share in the honour of this victory. After my arrival at Queenston, I was confined to my bed with boils and was for two days that I could not get up to my meals, nor could I hardly sit up in bed for the worst of the boils and the last broke the day before they came over. I was lying at George Hamilton's when we were first attacked and went from that to Robert's as well as I could, there I remained about an hour, but finding the Americans were gaining ground, I thought that as I could not run, that I should get out of their way if I could and went to a Village about 2 and a half miles back and from that I came down here to get arms for some men that were there. I have not time to write more or I would and paper is so scarce here that I can hardly get a sheet. This I had to beg.

The Flank Companies of the Newfoundland Fencibles are on their way to Amherstburg. I think there are nearly two hundred of them. (Canadian Archives, Askin Papers).

CONFEDERATE BLOCKADE RUNNER "THE CHICORA" NOW FLYING THE CANADIAN FLAG, 1911, NIAGARA NAVIGATION CO.  
By A. J. Clark

Sailing under the Canadian Flag on Lake Ontario is a Steamer the history of which dates to the days when British Shipyards were turning out their speediest craft for what then constituted the most exacting service in the world namely, the running of the United States Navy's Blockade of the Ports of the receding Southern States. The Steamer is the Chicora of the fleet of the Niagara Navigation Company of Toronto, Canada, plying between the latter place and the Canadian and American Ports on the Niagara River below the Falls. She has been continuously on the route since she was purchased to found the line in 1878 and has been remarkably successful. Built at Liverpool or at Birkenhead just opposite, toward the close of the great civil struggle she yet arrived on the American side of the Atlantic in time to make several successful trips into the Port of Charleston, South Carolina, despite all the vigilance of the Union Men Of War. Confirmation of this was obtained by her present owners many years ago from her war-time Captain who visited Toronto to have a last look at the Vessel, once his pride and from the decks of which he had been able to smile scornfully at his sluggish pursuers. As a blockade runner, the steamer had no upper works and was turtle backed to the fore mast. Everything to make her conspicuous was carefully avoided. No topmasts were used and the rakis funnels though unusually tall to secure strong draught, were of small diameter. She is shown thus in a rare old photograph now in possession of one of the Officers of the Company.

It was taken while she was coaling at a West India Port for one of her dashes into Charleston Harbor. The close of the war between the States putting an end to the career for which she was built, the low lying craft was brought to Halifax where it may be that she received her present musical name meaning "Land Of Flowers". Sold for service on the Great Lakes, she was cut in two to pass the Canals and after being rebuilt to fit her for her new duties, was put in commission between Collingwood on Georgian Bay, and Thunder Bay on the north shore of Lake Superior. On this route, during the summer of 1870, came the next event in the Chicora's history, for during that season she did yeoman service in forwarding Lord Wolseley's (then Col. Garnet Wolseley) famous Red River Expedition for the suppression of the first Rial Rebellion in the Canadian North West. As soon as it became known that Canada proposed to use the Great Lakes as part of the route over which to send her soldiers to the scene of the Rebellion, the American authorities issued strict orders forbidding the passage of Canadian troops or their supplies through the canal located on United States territory around the rapids of the St. Mary's River. So zealous were the officials at the "Soo" entrusted with the enforcement of these orders that they even stopped the Chicora on her regular trip, though she had neither troops or contraband of war on board. Not to be deprived of 500 and odd miles of water travel, Col. Wolseley formed the plan of shipping his supplies to the foot of the rapids, having them portaged over Canadian territory and re-shipped for the passage across Lake Superior. This scheme was carried into effect, but fortunately for the better relations of the two countries the annoying restriction was removed by the Washington authorities before the final departure of the expedition. Consequently to the Chicora fell the honour of taking Col. Wolseley and staff and the advance guard of the Red River Forces through to Port William, then but a Hudson Bay Company's Post.

The Chicora has an iron hull, 210 feet in length and is of the side wheel type. Her engines are those originally placed in her though they have been in great part rebuilt. What might be termed the only relic of her early career now preserved aboard the Steamer, hangs on the rail in front of the pilot house in the form of a small ship's bell. This in its own way tells practically all that is known as to when and where the Vessel was built and her original name. On the bell is engraved:- "Let Her B, 1864, W.C. MILLER, Shipbuilder, Liverpool".

The accompanying illustration is made from a copy of the old photograph mentioned above and shows the historic steamer lying at her West Indian coaling station. The masts of the sailing ships, outside which she lies, make a rather confusing background, but otherwise the outlines are quite clear. The awnings amidships and aft were for the protection of the crew while cruising in tropical waters.

### THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

By T.A. Boys, D. Division, N.W.M.P., 1876

Ho wake the Prairie Echo's with  
The ever welcome sound,  
Ring out "The Boot and Saddle" 'till  
Its stirring notes resound.  
Our Horses toss their bridled heads  
And chafe against the rein,  
Ring out, ring out the trumpet call

For the Riders of the Plains.

O'er many a league of prairie wild  
Our trackless path must be  
And round it roam the fiercest tribes  
Of Blackfoot and of Cree  
But danger from their Savage bands,  
A dauntless heart disdains,  
The heart that bears the helmet up  
Of the Riders of the Plains.

The prairie storm sweeps o'er our way,  
But onward still we go  
To scale the rugged mountain side,  
Descend the valleys low  
We face the broad Saskatchewan,  
Made fierce by heavy rains  
With all its might, it cannot check,  
The Riders of the Plains.

We tread the dreaded Cactus land,  
Where lost to white-man's ken;  
We startle there the creatures wild  
With the sight of armed men:  
For whereso'er our leaders bid,  
The trumpet sound its strain,  
Forward in marching sections go  
The Riders of the Plains.

The fire ring stalks the Prairie,  
And fearful 'tis to see  
The rushing walls of flame and fire  
Girdling around us rapidly,  
'Tis then we shout defiance  
And mock his fiery chains,  
For safe the cleared circle guards,  
The Riders of the Plains.

For us no cheerful hostelry  
Their welcome gates unfold,  
No generous board or downy couch  
Await our troopers hold.  
Beneath the starlit canopy,  
At eve when daylight wanes  
There live the hardy slumberers,  
The Riders of the Plains.

In want of rest, in want of food,  
Our courage does not fail;  
As day and night we follow hard,  
The desperado's trail.

His threatened rifle stays us not,  
He finds no hope remains,  
And yields at last a captive to  
The Riders of the Plains.

But that which tries the courage sore,  
Of Horseman and of Steed,  
Is want of water, blessed water,  
Blessed water in our need  
We'll face like men what ere befalls  
Of perils, hardships, pains,  
Oh God, deny not water to  
The Riders of the Plains.

We've taken the haughty, feathered chief,  
Whose hands were red with blood,  
E'en in the very Council Lodge,  
We seized him as he stood,  
Three fearless hearts faced forty braves,  
And bore their chief in chains,  
Full sixty miles to where lay camped  
The Riders of the Plains.

And death, who comes alike to all,  
Hath stricken us out here;  
Filling our hearts with bitter woe,  
Our eyes with many a tear;  
Five times he drew his fatal bow,  
His hand no prayer restrains,  
Five times his arrow sped among,  
The Riders of the Plains.

Hard by the "Old Man's River,"  
Where freshest breezes blow  
Five grassy mounds lay side by side  
Five Riders sleep below.  
Neat palings close the sacred ground  
No stranger's step profanes  
Their deep repose and they sleep well  
Those Riders of the Plains.

Sleep on, sleep on young slumberers  
Who died in the far west  
No prancing steed will feel your hand  
No trumpet break your rest,  
Sleep on until the great Archangel  
Shall burst death's icy chains,  
And you hear the great Reveille  
Ye Riders of the Plains.

We bear no lifted banner,

The soldier's care and pride,  
No waving flag waves onward,  
Our horsemen as they ride,  
Our only flag is duty's call:  
And well its strength sustains,  
The dauntless spirits of our men,  
Bold Riders of the Plains.

We muster but three hundred,  
In all this great lone land,  
Which stretches o'er this Continent  
To where the Rockies stand,  
But not one heart doth falter,  
No coward lip complains.  
That few, too few in number are  
The Riders of the Plains:

In England's mighty Empire,  
Each man must take his stand,  
Some guard her honoured flag at sea;  
Some bear it well by land  
'Tis not our part to bear that flag,  
Then what to us remain?  
What duty does our sovereign give,  
Her Riders of the Plains.

Our mission is to plant the flag  
Of British freedom here:  
Restrain the lawless Savage,  
And protect the Pioneer,  
And 'tis a proud and daring trust,  
To hold these vast domains,  
With but three hundred mounted men,  
The Riders of the Plains.

And though we win not praise or fame,  
In the struggle here alone  
To carry out good British Law  
And plant "old England's Throne."  
Yet when our task has been performed,  
And law with order reigns;  
The peaceful Settler long will bless  
The Riders of the Plains.

(One of these, Mr. Frank Baxter was from Niagara.)