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A black and white photograph of a large, two-story industrial building, likely a mill or factory, with multiple chimneys and a central entrance. The building is situated on a grassy hillside, and a dirt road or path leads towards it. The image is framed by a thick black border.

ings in the pay of King George of England. Through years of peace we came to the time when the eagles of war again were abroad, and the slaves, escaping from the mouth during the War, were rowed across Niagara River by Abolitionists to freedom in Canada. And then when war was declared with Spain during the administration of McKinley, and Commodore Sampson, and Lome, was given a polite intimation that his room was more desirable than his company, he made for Niagara and, crossing to Niagara Falls, Canada, attracted the eyes of the diplomatic world in that direction. Then, in the month of September, Washington was demanding of the British government that he be dislodged from his point of vantage. Again, in the city of Buffalo, on the shores of the mighty river, enterprising citizens reared in the position, where in the month of September President McKinley met death by

the Niagara River is vitally a strait, separating the United States from Canada, and connecting Lake Erie with Lake Ontario. It is a waterway 19 miles long. Its entire length is dotted with islands, which aggregate in all 17,000 acres. One of these—called Goat Island—is the largest. It is 100 feet high. Early explorers from the west coast of Europe, and later, the Indians along the St. Lawrence River to Lake Ontario, in ceaseless efforts to discover the shortest route to the west, fought the banks of Niagara River to Lake Erie and farther west. Thus Niagara River early became the scene of battles between the French and the English, and later, as the water gateway of the West was the scene of a continual contest between the French and English for control. The French and the English, in this enterprising, and history shows that as early as 1687 a French officer, De Nonville, showed the waterworks of what is now Fort Niagara, on the Amer-

ican side of the Niagara River and down the other—a trip of about 70 miles. There are many points along the trip where the river is very narrow, and the Niagara. The march of progress—the advance of civilization—has wiped out many of the spots stamped with the mark of history, but the Niagara Frontier Historical Society, a very worthy organization—the Niagara Frontier Landmarks' Association—to rescue the old spots, and the hand of commerce and mark them with a sign. Some idea of the high standing of this organization can be gained from the fact that it has secured the inclusion in its membership representatives of the following truly American Institutions:

The Sons of the American Revolution, The United States Daughters of the War of 1812, The Society of Colonial Wars, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Sons of the American Revolution and the Niagara Frontier Historical Society.

At the Annual Meeting of the Niagara Frontier Landmarks' Association,

clation and Mr. George D. Emerson the secretary. It was Mr. Emerson who kindly made out the itinerary for our party of tourists and thus guided them through a maze of the most historic territories on the continent of the United States. Inquiry in question has only been in existence from November of 1900, but since that time its members have located and especially marked several sites noted for events that had an important bearing on the history or development of the nation.

It will be news to many people to know that as early as 1831 a newspaper in the Indian language was printed in America. Such is a fact, however, and I saw the house in which it was printed.

One of the first places we visited was the old Mission of San Juan, which was erected prior to the year 1831, and standing on Buñia street, in the city of Buffalo, our starting point. It is in good preservation, its heavy hewn black sandstone beams seeming to be good for many years to come.

From 1831 to 1844, dwelt the Rev. Asher Wright, missionary to the Senecas, who, with especially prepared type, printed the Seneca School hymnals, spelling books and a newspaper in the Seneca language.

It shall be my aim in the remaining pages of my manuscript to refrain from mentioning the names of the persons who are interested only to the particular locality we are now visiting. Of more than passing interest perhaps is the McKinley Monument, standing in Niagara Square before the home of President Millard Fillmore, who resided there from the time of his retirement from office until his death, in 1901. The McKinley Monument is a memorial to the memory of the nation gained cheap postage, the enlargement of the national capital and the Perry Treaty, which opened Japan to the world. From here we went to Fort Porter, and in its vicinity found many spots where cannonballs and other missiles were stationed, especially during the war of 1812.

Coming down into more recent history, we found an immense boulder marked with a commemoration of the fighting Thirtieth Regiment that was deployed in the Spanish-American War and later did heroic service in the Philippines. Part of a brigade had been stationed at Fort Porter before the war, and was given a great send off when it went to the front. The send off, however, was nothing compared to the reception it met when the company came back—a little handful of men and battered horses. The Thirtieth Regiment, I remembered, was also one of those regiments that did such remarkable service preserving order in San Francisco after the recent earthquakes there.

Further down the river is the site of an old ferry across Niagara River, at a point where the river is very narrow and the rock. This rock was destroyed in the building of the Erie Canal—in its time the most famous of artificial waterways—but the name still clings, and a large part of the old ferry is still known as Rock. The ferry has long since disappeared, but before it ended its days of usefulness thousands of immigrants to Michigan and the Middle West passed over it. Just west of the ferry, and a little further down we came to the site of the old Black Rock shipyards, where a portion of Perry's fleet was fitted out, and where, in 1818, was built the Walk-in-the-water, the first iron-hulled ship. The river, just west of Sarnia, where the Sarnia Creek enters into the river, and it was on the bridge crossing this that in 1814—on August 3 to be exact—the second Battle of Black Rock took place. The British and British attacked 300 Americans and made three assaults; the Americans held the bridge nobly and repulsed the British, saving their supplies. The first Battle of Black Rock was fought on the river, and was also a victory for the Americans.

There are few sites, however, of greater interest or of more historic value than the spot where, in 1679, La Salle, the first Frenchman to explore the river, built a vessel other than a birch bark canoe to ever sail on the Great Lakes of America. Near this spot a little settlement bears the name of La Salle, and the Niagara River is sometimes referred to as the La Salle, frequently referred, has erected a monument on the spot.

Midway on the road between the city of Niagara Falls and Lewiston are Bloody Run and Devil's Hole. The latter was first ambushed a British supply train on the first return journey over a newly reconstructed road that ran from Fort Niagara at the mouth of the Niagara River, to the mouth of the Lewiston River, a little to the south of the present town of Niagara Falls. Both forts were in the chain of posts used to keep open the line of trade along the river. Only a few miles from the mouth of the river, a little further north the same Indians ambushed a British relieving force, which hurried after them on news of the massacre near Lewiston. The only escape was from the second onslaught, at Devil's Hole. It is a natural sort of tunnel through the great rocks, for which Niagara Gorge is noted, and a spot most admirable for an ambush. The British were in the grip of a gulch, and through it a little stream finds its way to Niagara River. The little stream ran blood red on the day of the massacre. It has never since borne the name of Bloody Run. The last massacre occurred on the 14th of September, 1763.

Father Hennepin's name is associated with history. He was the first white man who ever saw the mighty forest of the north and the winding route of the fur trade. The Northwest Fur and Trade Association has discovered what it believes to be the site of Hennepin's landing and the cabin which he built. It is near the present village of Lewiston. On the height east of Lewiston is still located the site of the fort which was built near, below the mountain, is the site of General Van Rensselaer's camp, the first military camp on this frontier during the War of 1812. On the hill above the Lewiston river is the site where General (colonel) Winfield Scott planted his battery which protected the American troops in the first American invasion of Canada, on the morning of October 3,

From Lewiston we hurried to Fort Niagara, which Mr. Emerson told us was the most historic point in the whole Niagara frontier. On the road between Lewiston and Youngstown, the town nearest to the fort, we passed a place known as Five-mile Meadows, where, on the night of December 13, 1853, the British landed for their attack on Fort Niagara. History tells us that they won, and the process of their capture to devastate the whole frontier, their operations including the burning of Buffalo. Earlier in the same day the British sailed for the mouth of the Niagara river.

ishment of Fort Niagara. From this place the French and English held sway over a vast empire from Albany westward, first one and then the other being in the saddle of the American continent. One of the principal features of Fort Niagara is the magazine built in 1754. It came into the public eye in 1759 when the British, under the leadership of William Morgan, who conducted an anti-Masonic crusade. He disappeared from the dungeon—nobody knows how—and was never seen since. There was dispute as to whether he had actually been away by Masons and killed, or had been allowed to escape. Still standing on the grounds of Fort Niagara—now an important part of the State Park—are two old blockhouses, built in 1771 and 1773. They, it will be thus seen, antedate the revolution, and are pronounced by the students of the history of the Frenchmen of their kind of architecture on the continent today. Opposite Fort Niagara is Fort George, built originally as a time and tide waits for no man's place, when all that territory was British. Farther up the river, about opposite Lewiston, we come to the site of the battle of Queenston Heights.

Queensston is the most impressive spot on all the Niagara frontier. A grassy knoll, resembling in some respects the head side of Quebec, is crowned with a massive stone wall, the remains of a breast-work which marks the site of the battle of Queensston Heights, on October 13, 1812, when an American force of 2,500 men and a regiment of regulars attacked the British. The British commander, Gen. Isaac Brock, the Americans were defeated, and their commander, Col. Winfield Scott, was captured. Every other commissioned officer was either killed or captured. On the British side General Brock lost his life, and many a British soldier found his last resting place. The view from Brock's monument is superb; the tourist being enabled to see the Niagara River and the falls, the head of the Niagara River on the south, and seven miles along Niagara River to its broadening mouth and Lake Ontario on the north. The foot of the monument is surrounded by a path, and the way on the inside enables those who desire to reach the top of it. It is 185 feet high and was erected in 1835. From its summit the visitor is taken by a staircase to the cenotaph, which was erected in 1890 by the present King of England—then Prince of Wales—who visited this country in 1860. The cenotaph marks the place where the bodies were laid during the battle. On the heights near the monument may still be traced the outlines of Fort Drummond, and on the very edge of the cliff the redan battery of the British, and the stone wall of the first bastion in a bastion of old Fort George, previously referred to, the ruins of which are still in a remarkable state of preservation. It was built in 1796, enlarged and repaired in 1812, and was important during the War of 1812.

In the Canadian town of Niagara are many points of interest. Among the old buildings are Navy Hall (built in 1729, and which has been the scene of the opening of the Parliament of Upper Canada, and the old barracks used by Butler's Rangers during the Revolutionary War as a base for their operations), and the old Fort Ontario, when they, with the aid of Indians, made the lives of frontier residents for miles around a constant source of worryment.

We also find the old Mississauga, built in 1814, in 1814.

Coming along the river from Brock's monument south—or, to be more strictly speaking, up stream, we have gone on to the battlefield of Lundy's Lane, which is marked by a monument, a picture of which appears on this page.

1805, and commemorates simply the "Victory of the British-Canadian forces on the 25th day of July, 1814," and is in "Grateful remembrance of the brave men who fell for the cause of the empire." The monument was erected by the Canadian Parliament.

Passing up the river still, we come to the old Fort Ontario, built in 1793, and the battlefield of Chippewa.

Then on to old Fort Erie. Here we disturbed the slumbers of the old British soldier and listened to an interesting description of the fort. The old Fort Erie was built by Montrossor in 1764, built again in 1778, rebuilt in 1790, again in 1791, and a fourth time in 1807, though none of the latter times on the exact location. Some of the old British fortifications of three British siege works, a line of earthworks, protected by abatis, extending inland for nearly half a mile, and still further strengthened by blockading batteries.

Nearly is the scene of the famous battle of Ridgway, the really closing incident of the ridiculous Fenian raid, when a handful of ill-advised fanatics, comprising the Fenian army, and a river, landed on Canadian soil, prepared to take the country as a protest to Great Britain for the way in which the empire treated Ireland. The engagement soon became a disgraceful rout. This was in 1870.

A short distance away Niagara River
 winds out, and the widening of the
 stream's expanse into the bosom of Lake
 Erie marks the termination of the historic
 Niagara frontier and the end of
 our story.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS HIPPLER.

A Cave Full of Bones.

In the Isle of Egg, one of the Hebrides,
 there is a cave into which one can
 hardly creep on hands and knees. Inside
 it widens enormously and runs down to
 the terrific depth of over 250 feet. To
 this day the bottom is strewn thick with
 human bones, the relics of the whole
 clan of Eggs who died over 2000 years ago.
 Those who were miserably afflicted by
 the ragedons from the Isles of Skye. The
 tragedy is supposed to have occurred in

GHOSTS there be—ghosts of past achievements—who steal from the shadowy depths of nowhere, and, in serried ranks, pass for silent review along the paths of memory. Their bugles ring no cheering melody, their drumheads give no sound, their voices have no tones and their footsteps fall with noiseless tread on the misty roads of an imagination that grows with age.

The old constable at Fort Erie, dozing in the sunrays of a warm October day, shifted uneasily as the slats on the hickory bench made ridges in his back, and, with eyes still closed, gently murmured, "Ten rods more and all is safe."

The ghosts were walking for him. He is himself an old soldier—a soldier who grew up in the days of a vintage long antedated and a memory that serves him well. Clothed in the uniform of the Canadian militia—black, with natty red trimmings—he keeps his daily vigil on the site of old Fort Erie and passes his days in peaceful jantorship of the bloody plot. The site of Old Fort Erie—the scene of many a sanguinary conflict—has been inclosed and made a part of the Canadian National park system. It is opposite Buffalo, the Canadian side, at the head of Niagara River, and stands as a grim specter of the British barracks that guarded the river in the days when there was enmity between America and England. On the American side of the river is the site of old Fort Porter, now a beautiful barracks where soldiers are sent to rest up after hard service, and 35 miles away, at the mouth of the river, is another such each other (in peaceful rivalry now) are Forts George and Niagara, the former in Canada and the latter in the United States. When the day is clear and the air is calm, the view from the river stretch between may be seen by tourists from the top of Brook's Monument, marking the site of the battle of Queenston Heights. But the old constable at Fort Erie, who has been here all his life, has a better view of the panorama. The historic ground of the Niagara frontier is familiar to him. Slumber does for him what travel does for him. The noonday does not only paint in real colors the landscape of the historic Niagara frontier, but summons by companies, by brigades, by armies and perhaps sometimes alone and unattended the almost forgotten heroes of the bygone. As he shifts his position to the murmurs of the red rocks and all is safe," you can tell what he is seeing.

The ghosts are walking for him.

Perhaps they come in overwhelming numbers, their contorted, red-coated soldiers, driving the colonists back and on and on, cheering for King George and the dragon. Perhaps it is a mighty rage to see whether the small, detached body of redcoats out on a foraging expedition can stand the test of the day. Perhaps American patriots shall succeed in cutting them off. Perhaps the ghosts are those of the War of 1812, and the sleeping constable sees the rout that attended the British at the burning of Buffalo on July 11, 1813. Perhaps his luminescence is lighted by the blaze of the burning of Buffalo when the village was destroyed by redcoats and Indians in a latter and more ghastly day. Perhaps the ghosts of the same year, when but one residence was left in the ruins. Perhaps the scene stands out in strong contrast to any of these. Mayhap it is a bright June day, the flowers scented air and balmy breezes. There is no sound, no light, and all is still except for the flying footsteps and the heavy breathing of the solitary figure in the constable's dream—a young girl with wavy hair and burning cheeks, her hair and cheeks glowing with effulgence. Now she is flying along a secluded roadway, now climbing a prickly hedge, anon struggling through swamp and morass, proceeding with undaunted courage, her eyes fixed on a distant goal, passing along by circuitous routes, avoiding here a figure that carries a gun and looks like a soldier without uniform and now hiding until some suspicious traveler has passed. And then all is changed. The dirty, the filthy, the mud-stained lands and baruvials clinging to her skirts, she dashes into a British camp. There is the call to arms, the quick and silent preparation, the forced march, the terrible battle, and again—a balmy June day.

This sweet girl of the old redcoat's dream—this Canadian Joan of Arc—was named Laura Secord. A monument has been erected to her memory in the old graveyard near the battlefield of Lundy's Lane, on the Canadian side of the Niagara frontier. Not satisfied with perpetuating her bravery, the people of her race, with characteristic British bombast and vanity, have included in the tribute to her memory a touching advertisement of how a mere handful of British defeated an American army. Says the inscription on the Secord monument:

"To perpetuate the name and fame of Laura Secord, who walked alone nearly 20 miles by a circuitous, difficult and perilous route, through woods and swamps and mucky roads, to warn a British outpost at De Cows Falls of an intended attack, and thereby enabled Lieutenant Fitz Gibbon, on the 24th of June, 1813, with less than 50 men of Her Majesty's

JACK RABBITS STOP TRAINS.

N Texas the jack rabbit is no longer looked on as a means of good sport. He has increased by the millions until he threatens to not only devour all the vegetation of hundreds of square miles in the southwestern section of the state, but here lately, spurred on by desperate hunger, he has begun holding up the railway train. He is now in the act of getting himself killed by the thousands, and so greasing up the rails and blocking the engine wheels that the most powerful locomotives have been forced to come to a halt. He has been seen to jump on board and cleaned up the right way of war.

Hunger is forcing millions of jack rabbits to come close to the more thickly settled sections of Texas, and where the

ire fences are used to keep them out they have started burrowing underneath. The bright glare of the locomotive headlight has attracted them along the railroad line at night. This is proved by the tracks of the rabbits having had no trouble with their travel. The rabbits come out only at night. During the day the rabbits retreat strictly to making entrance into the farm lands. The Texas legislature has decided to spend over \$100,000 next year to try to stop the rabbits. If the jack rabbit invasion. It is hoped to and some disease germs with which the rabbits can be inoculated and so most of them swept away. The United States government will contribute money to assist the scientific search for a method of killing off the pests.