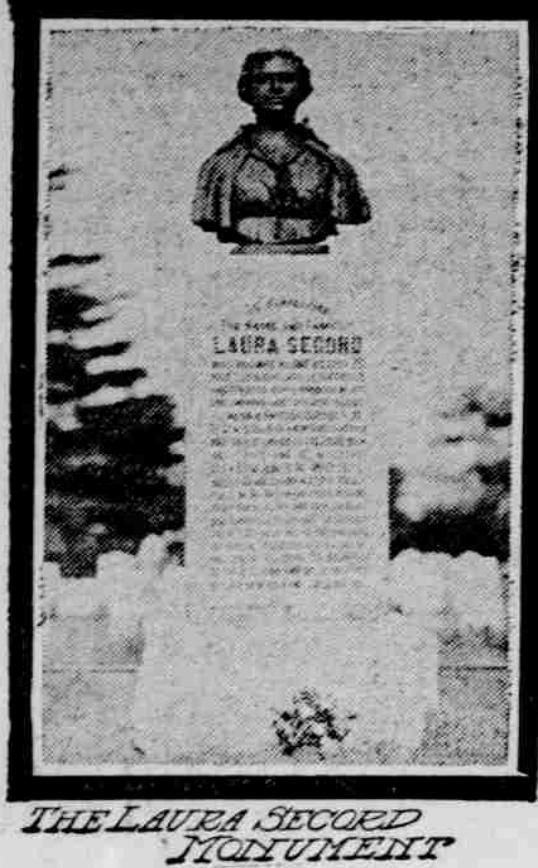
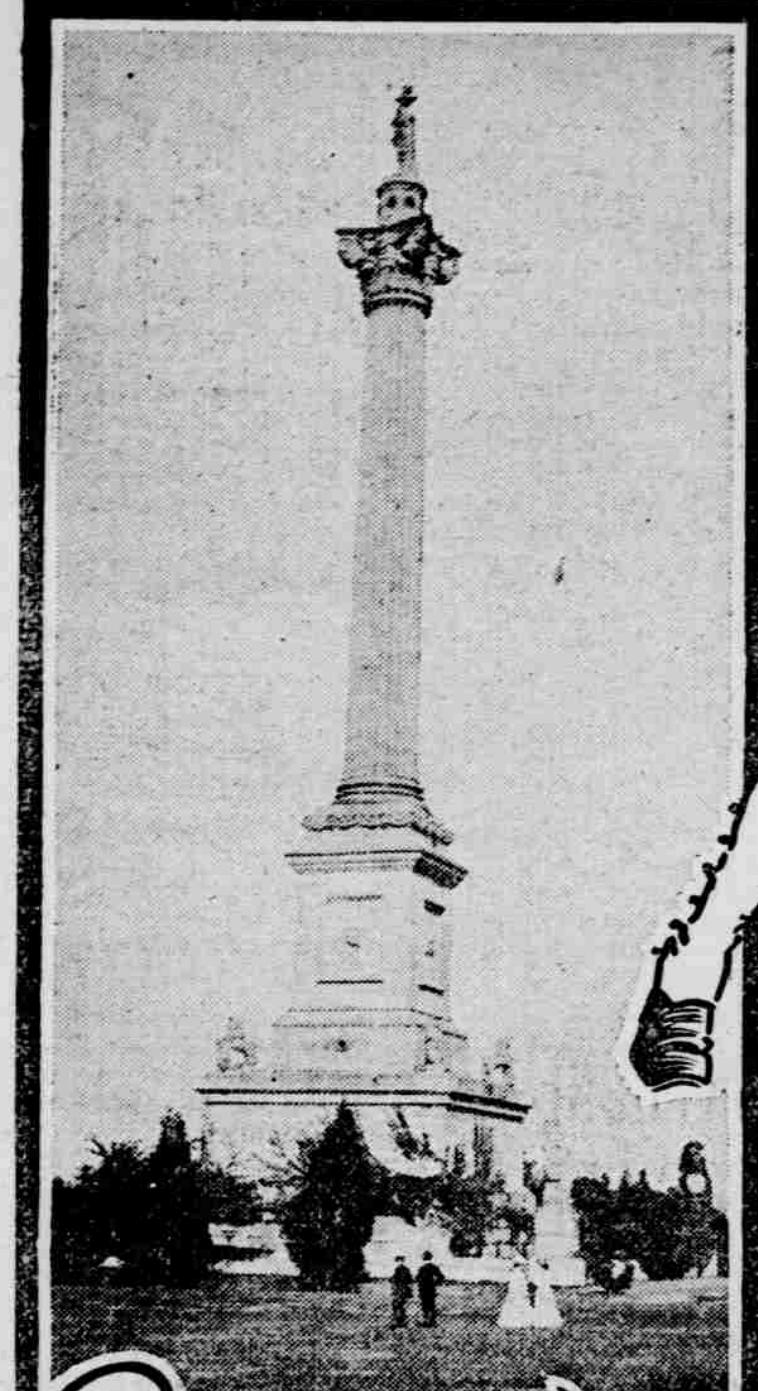


Historic Niagara Frontier

By SAMUEL W. HIPPLEE



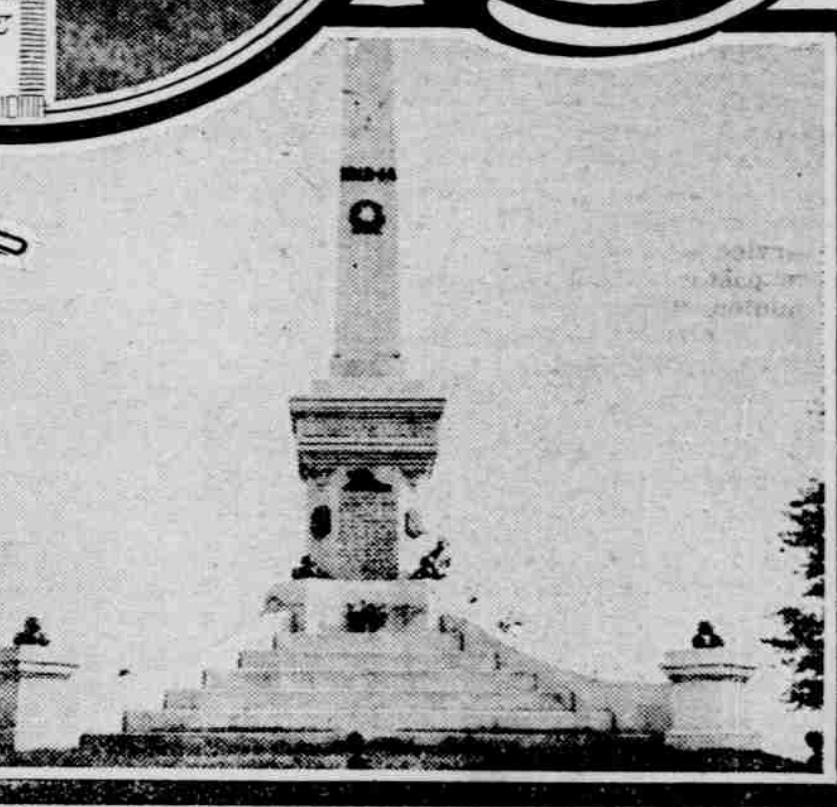
THE LAURA SECORD MONUMENT



BRICK'S MONUMENT QUEENSTON HEIGHTS



OLD BLOCK HOUSE AT FORT NIAGARA BUILT IN 1777



STONE MARKING PLACE WHERE GEN. BROCK FELL

MONUMENT AT LUNDY'S LANE BATTLEFIELD



SOLDIER'S MONUMENT AT OLD FORT ERIE, OLD HOUSE WALLS SHOWING



THE CASTLE, ONE OF THE ORIGINAL BUILDINGS, OLD FORT NIAGARA

Forty-ninth Regiment, about 15 militiamen and a small force of Six Nation and other Indians, under Capt. William Johnson Kerr and Dominique Ducharme, to surprise and attack the enemy at Beechwood (or Beaver Dam), and after a short engagement capture Colonel Hoerster, of the U. S. Army, and his entire force of 542 men with their equipments.

As on little party of tourists approached Fort Erie's sleeping retailer waked with a start and asked: "What was that noise? Did I hear anybody shoot?" And then a smile rippled among the wrinkles on his scared old countenance. "I remember now; I was dreaming. I was dreaming of the battle of Lake Erie, when your Commodore Perry—you are from across the border, aren't you. Yes, I knew it. There are no other girls as pretty as American girls, as I was saying. I was dreaming of the battle of Lake Erie, when your Commodore, with boats that he had made himself, captured and destroyed our fleet. It was on September 10, 1813, and a relative of mine—long since dead—served one of the guns on a British ship that went down. He often told me of that battle, and in my dreams I saw him training his gun and lighting his fuse for one last shot before the water shot run into the nozzle of the gun on the heavy carriage, shot just as he fired. I woke up, and I thought that the noise of the shot had awakened me. But the battle was fought too long ago and the scene of the engagement was too far away for me to have heard the shot. It must have been something else. I am an old man now and things are not always clear to me. This, ladies and gentlemen, is old Fort Erie. Here we see remains of the old British storehouse or hospital, in retreat, and there are the earthworks, thrown up at angles that enabled the defenders to meet the attacking force with a terrible fire. Here on the other side you see—"

Perhaps they come in overwhelming numbers, those stout-hearted red-coated soldiers driving the colonists before them and cheering for King George and the dragon. Perhaps it is a mighty race to see whether the small, detached body of redcoats out on a foraging expedition shall reach the fort before the body of American patriots shall succeed in cutting them off. Perhaps the ghosts are those of the War of 1812, and the sleeping combatants see the rout that attended the British first attack on Buffalo, July 11, 1812. Perhaps his shudder is lighted by the blaze of the burning of Buffalo when the village was destroyed by redcoats and Indians in a latter and successful attack on December 13 and 14 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, with flower-scented air and balmy breezes. There is no sign of war, and all is quiet, except for the flying footsteps and the horse breathing, and the solitary figure in the constable's dreams, a young girl with wavy hair and burning cheeks, whose journey is beset with many difficulties. Now she is flying along a secluded roadway, now climbing a prickly hedge, often struggling through swamp and morass, proceeding with undaunted determination towards her destination, passing along by circuitous routes, avoiding here a figure that carries a gun and looks like a soldier without uniform and now and again until the suspicious traveler has passed. And then she is exposed. Wet and dirty, with the muck of lowlands and barbary 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 of the Canadian side of the Niagara frontier. Not satisfied with expressing her bravery, the people of her race, with characteristic British bombast and vanity, have included in their tribute to her memory a touching advertisement of how a mere handful of British defeated an American army. Says the inscription on the Second monument:

"To perpetuate the name and fame of Laura Secord, who walked alone nearly 20 miles by a circuitous, difficult and unsafe route, through woods and swamps and rocky roads, to warn British General Sir Isaac Brock of an intended attack, and thereby enabled Lieutenant General Gordon, on the 24th of June, 1813, with less than 50 men of Her Majesty's forces to repel the 1,000 men of the American army."

JACK RABBITS STOP TRAINS.

In 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 part of the state, but here lately, spurred on by desperate hunger, he has begun holding up railway trains by the simple process of getting himself killed by the thousands, and so gorging up the rails and blocking the tracks. The Texas legislature has decided to spend over \$100,000 next year in an endeavor to stem the tide of the jack rabbit invasion. It is hoped to find a disease or germ with which the rabbits can be inoculated and when they are swept away. The United States government will also be asked to assist in the scientific search for some method of killing off the pests.

They fences are used to keep them out they have started burrowing underneath. The bright glare of the locomotive headlight is often a guide to the railway road at night. This is proved by the fact that the railroads have had no trouble with their trains from the jacks except at night. During the day the herds of rabbits, seeking entrance into the farms lands, the Texas range, and the water gateway of the West was the scene of a continual contest between the French and English for control. The French in the early stages were the most enterprising, and history shows that as early as 1867 a French officer, De Nonville, threw up earthworks on the site of what is now Fort Niagara, on the Amer-

ican side of the river—right at its mouth, in fact. This barricade was held and lost with varying fortunes until 1725, when the French, after a tricky deal with the Indians, secured their consent to erect a stone fortification on the site. This was the foundation of the permanent fort there. It was captured by the British in 1759 and was used by the English as a post for the maintenance of an open road of trade from the interior to the settled portion of the land near the coasts. The fort played an important part in the Revolutionary War and was used as the headquarters from which the bands of Indians that ravaged the colonies during that awful period were sent out. After the War of 1776 it came into American hands.

This story—perhaps article would be a better word—does not pretend to be a complete history of the Niagara frontier. It is rather the faithful chronicle of what a party of tourists saw traveling up one side of the Niagara River and down the other—a trip of about 70 miles. There are many points along the trip equally as important as that of Fort Niagara. The march of progress—the advance of civilization—has wiped out many of the early structures, the marks of history, and it has remained for a worthy organization—the Niagara Frontier Landmarks Association—to rescue them from the spoiling hand of commerce and mark them with appropriate tablets.

Some idea of the high standing of this organization can be gained from the fact that it was organized and incited in its membership representatives from the following truly American institutions: The Sons of the American Revolution, the Sons of the Revolution, the Buffalo Historical Society, the Society of the War of 1812, the Sons of the Revolution, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Children of the American Revolution and the Niagara Frontier Historical Society.

Mr. Truman G. Avery is the president of the Niagara Frontier Landmarks' Asso-

ciation 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 one of the most historic territories on the continent today. The society in question has only been in existence from November of 1900, but since that time its members have located and appropriately 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 1842 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 Seneca Mission-house, which was erected prior to the year 1831, and is still standing on the main street, in the city of Lewiston. The Seneca Indians are in great numbers, their heavy beaded and woven beaded seem to be good for many years to come. In this house, from 1831 to 1844, dwelt the Rev. Asaph Wright, missionary to the Senecas, who with especially prepared type, printed parts of the Scriptures, 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 facts and figures that are of interest 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 the year of 1874. During his administration, if memory serves, the nation gained a new state, Oregon, and the national capital and the French Treaty, which opened Japan to the world.

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 18, 1833, the British landed for their attack on Fort Niagara. Here they were met by the American troops in the first American invasion of Canada, on the morning of October 3, 1812.

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In this Isle of Eigg, one of the Hebrides, there is a cave into which the waves can hardly creep on hands and knees. Inside it widens enormously and runs down in 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 Macdonalds, over 200 in number, who were miserably suffocated by Macdonalds from the Isles of Skye. The tragedy is supposed to have occurred in the thirteenth century.

A Cave Full of Bones.