

GLASSERTON

by

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2000

INTRODUCTION

When I was a boy I loved to hear stories my grandfather and my great-aunts and uncle told me about Glasserton, our ancestral home. At an early age I started to collect information for a history of the house which has meant so much to so many people. I wish now I had pressed my relatives who lived in this home over a hundred years ago, for more information. This effort replaces my earlier history of Glasserton. Since then I have discovered new information and wanted to bring the story up to date. *The Story of the Jukes Family in Canada and the United States* by Gilbert D. Jukes and *An Old Man's Memories* by William James Imlach were major sources for Chapter I. Margaret Atwood's, *Days of the Rebels, 1815-1840*, (Natural Science of Canada Limited, Toronto, 1977) was used for the section on William Lyon Mackenzie; Charles Edward Poulett Thomson's part of the story came from Adam Shortt's *Lord Sydenham* (The Makers of Canada, Volume XV, Morang & Co., Limited, Toronto 1909); and June Callwood's *Portrait of Canada*, (Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, 1981) gave historical background to the period. Jean E. Dawson deciphered the Mills letters and collected a lot of historical data. Sheila Forbes, great-great-great grand daughter of Georgina Jukes Hyde was a tremendous help in giving valuable information about her family. Ian R. Dalton, a descendant of John Johnson, helped with information about his family and the Mackenzie Rebellion. Eleanor Proctor, Margaret Vincent, Monica Stevenson, and Charlotte Kerr shared a wealth of lore about the Docker years. The Rev. William Blott helped me with research at the Haldimand County Historical Society and Court House and shared his father's correspondence about Glasserton. My wife Georgie did the copy editing. I am deeply grateful to all of them.

The Rev. John Thornley Docker, D.Min.

Glasserton
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I

THE HYDES

Lake Erie is the shallowest, the choppiest and the most tempestuous of the Great Lakes. Winds can whip up tremendous gales which through the years have caused uncounted numbers of disasters, tragedies, and shipwrecks. More voyagers have been seasick on Lake Erie than on Lake Superior. But with all its moods and whims, it is a delight to live on the shore of this beautiful body of water which changes every day.

On November 4, 1825, New York Governor Clinton poured some Lake Erie Water into the Atlantic, formally opening the Erie Canal. With the opening of the Erie Canal and the Welland Canal in 1829, the northern shore of Lake Erie and the rest of Upper Canada were made more easily accessible to immigration. Soon a flood of settlers began arriving from England, Scotland, and Ireland, attracted by word of good farming land, cherry orchards, currants, wild gooseberries, and grapevines. One of those interested in the area was Frederick Hyde, who had his eye on a tract of land on the northern shore of Lake Erie. He was married to an attractive widow, Georgina Mary Jukes.

Georgina Jukes was the daughter of John and Caroline Ewart of Bath, England. Georgina's mother, Caroline and her sister, also named Georgina Mary, were daughters of Baron d'Aguilar who was a gambling friend of the Prince Regent. The two sisters spent much of their childhood with the Duchess of York at St. James' Palace. Georgina Mary married Admiral Keith Stewart and Caroline married Dr. John Ewart of the East India Company and lived in India until her husband's sudden death in 1800. Caroline then returned to England with her daughter Georgina, a very charming and accomplished young woman.

After attending finishing school in France, Georgina was married in Paris, November 30, 1814 to Andrew Jukes, a noted medical officer and descendant of Robert the Bruce. Like her mother before her, she went to live in the East with her husband. Seven years later Andrew contracted a mysterious disease and died November 10, 1821 in Persia where he was serving as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Shah. The twenty-six year old widow returned to England with her four children where she met Frederick Hyde. In the spring of 1834 they left for Canada with Georgina's three younger children, Mark, Laura, and Augustus Jukes, and two child of their own, Mary and Frederick. Georgina's eldest son from her first marriage, Andrew had gone to Bombay to serve in the army.

Like others who settled along the lake shore, the Hydys probably made a six week passage across the Atlantic to New York City. From there they traveled up the Hudson River to Albany and continued through the Erie Canal to the frontier town of Buffalo. From there they embarked on a small steamer which took them across Lake Erie and finally up the Grand River or through the Feeder Canal to the village of Dunnville.

Dunnville's development began in 1827 when it was decided that its dam on the Grand River was the logical place to begin the twenty-five mile Feeder Canal which provided water for the central locks of the Welland Canal. In 1834, Dunnville was a small settlement inhabited by a few lumbermen and workers who remained there after the Welland Canal was completed.

While Georgina and the children stayed in Dunnville, Frederick set out to look at property along the lake shore and build a home for them. He decided to purchase a piece of land located some three miles west of Port Maitland, a settlement where the Grand River empties into Lake Erie, named after the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, Major-General Sir Peregrine Maitland. The property was located in Dunn Township, an area bounded on the North and East by the Grand River and on the South by Lake Erie. Some of the earliest settlers in the area were sons of Walter Butler Sheehan, who made settlement for a block of land, known as the Sheehan tract, with the Six Nation Indians, and settled there in 1807. The area was surrendered by its Indian inhabitants to the Crown in the 1830s and opened to settlement by people coming over from England and Ireland. In 1834 when the Hydes arrived, there were few settlers and Dunn Township was truly primitive frontier country. Except for a few Indian trails there were no roads. Transportation was mostly by the lake and the Grand River.

Frederick traveled down the Grand River from Dunnville to Port Maitland where he met James Hoggan. There he must have seen old vessels from the War of 1812, sunk and rotting at the naval depot, and cannons and cannon balls still strewn on the beach. They would then have traveled along the lake shore to the site of his new home which he found heavily timbered to the water's edge.

There was a government sale of Indian Lands in Dunn and Cayuga at Hamilton on Tuesday June 3, 1834, "by order of the Trustees of the Six Nations Indians", where 11,539 acres were sold at prices between 15 and 23 shillings per acre, "all to persons of Capital and actual settlers". The land is spoken of as being "of the richest description and its locality admirable". James Hoggan bought several lots on that day for 15 shillings an acre. Included in the purchase was Lot 15 for which he paid £115, 10 shillings. Hyde in turn paid £126 in installments, including interest at 6% for the 154 acres. One of the rules for the purchase was the purchaser had to reside on the lot "within six calendar months from the day of sale, and the bona fide and sufficiency of such residence shall be shown to the satisfaction of the Trustees of the Six Nations for the time being, before the patents from the Crown shall be issued to the Purchasers." The Hydes, therefore had to be living on the property by December 3, 1834, or they would have lost it. With the help of some Indians, Hyde cleared a home site on a beautiful small bay on the lake shore and built a log cabin. This was the temporary home to which he brought Georgina and the four children a few weeks later. Here they spent their first Canadian winter.

Work on a permanent home began as Hyde was completing the purchase of the land. Hyde made the final installment payment on October 13, 1835 and the Crown conveyed the title to James Hoggan, in January 1836. Hoggan then transferred the deed to

Hyde. According to the records at the Haldimand County Court House in Cayuga, Lot 15, Concession V South in the Township of Dunn in the County of Haldimand, was transferred from the Crown to James Hoggan on January 9 1836 and from James Hoggan to Frederick Hyde on February 6, 1836.

The Story of the Jukes Family states that work on the first stage of the permanent home was begun in 1835. Timber was cut from the property for joists, rafters, shingles, and flooring. The original part of the house, toward the lake, was built quite crudely, like a barn. A foundation was dug to support the walls. The enclosure was filled with stones and sand from the beach. Great trees were laid down and pebbles were filled in between the logs. The logs were leveled off and the floor boards were laid on top. Five great beams, ten feet apart ran the width of the house. To these were attached the walls.

To this crude building a more refined addition was added on the north side and a second floor over it all. The wall running down the center of the house is very thick. Renovations in 1998 proved that the north side, of the original part was once an outside wall, and the floor and the logs to which the floor was nailed were perfectly solid without a bit of rot. The northern addition on the first floor contained an entrance hallway, formal parlor, and a master bedroom. The kitchen was on the west end of the house. It contained a large open fireplace where cooking was done over an open hearth, and baking in an oven built into the side. Water was drawn from the lake.

Except for the second floor, the house was completed by the summer of 1836. The name of the house was carved on a board and nailed up over the front entrance. Georgina gave the house its name: *Glasserton*. The name came from her Aunt Georgina Mary Stewart's home in Kirkcudbrightshire, south west Scotland, where Georgina had spent many happy days in her childhood.

The Story of the Jukes Family describes Glasserton as a fairly large house, with a living room, dining room, bedroom and entrance hall on the ground floor. From the hall, a stairway led to the second floor where there were to be four bedrooms, but for the time being, it was left unfinished and was used as a large dormitory. The second floor was covered with a peaked roof with two windows at each end. There were several out-buildings including a root cellar built into the hill west of the house where it was convenient for the kitchen. For a frontier home, Glasserton was furnished very well. Many of the furnishings had been brought over from England with the Hydes. They also brought many family treasures including a large chest of silver.

From its beginning, Glasserton was a place of hospitality. As a result of the 1832 Treaty the portion of Dunn Township close to the lake began to be settled. Colonel A. P. Farrell settled the year before and James Blott arrived the same year as the Hydes. In 1835 a close friend of Dr. Andrew Jukes, Lieutenant Colonel John Johnson, C.B. a retired engineer with the East India Company and aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, during Wellington's campaign in India in 1803, arrived with his son William Arthur. Colonel Johnson was so enamored with the new country and its possibilities that he com-

pleted arrangements to purchase nearly 800 acres of land on the lake shore for the purpose of forming a settlement the following year. William Arthur Johnson remained behind to arrange for clearing the land and building some log houses in preparation for the arrival of his father's party.

In *An Old Man's Memories*, the passage of the Johnson party is documented by William J. Imlach, a grandson of Colonel Johnson and a member of the party. First published in 1900 Imlach's account tells us the Johnson party left England on April 17, 1836 aboard the sailing ship *Hannibal*. It took six weeks to make the crossing in very rough weather. Among the passengers was the Bishop of Illinois, the Rt. Rev. Philander Chase who was called to read the burial office over two passengers who died during the passage and were buried at sea. After arrival in New York City, the Johnson's possessions were loaded on a river steamer which took them up the Hudson to Albany, where they boarded a canal boat for the journey on the Erie Canal to Buffalo. With flies, mosquitoes, and the hot June weather there was no rest day or night. Their fare on the journey was fried pork swimming in its fat washed down by "a decoction called coffee". They finally reached Buffalo. After a day or two of rest their next route was by a small steamer down the Niagara River to the mouth of Chippawa Creek and into the Welland Canal, and finally along the Feeder Canal to Dunnville. They found the village most gloomy with two small stores, a tavern or two, a blacksmith shop, a small grist mill, a saw mill, and a few houses mostly built of logs.

Since there were no roads, a boat had to be secured to take the party to Glasserton where Frederick and Georgina Hyde had most graciously offered to house the Johnson party on their arrival. The boat got them safely down the river to Port Maitland but when they entered the lake, the boatman would go no further, because he feared a coming storm. So, in spite of their pleadings, the weary travelers were landed on the shore of the lake with all their belongings two miles from the Hyde farm.

Late one morning in early July, 1836, an exhausted and travel worn gentleman plodded along the rough trail that followed the lake shore. He came upon a clearing in the woods in which stood a new home with a board over the entrance on which was carved the name *Glasserton*. He was about to knock on the door, when Frederick Hyde came upon the scene. Holding out his hand in welcome, he greeted his friend, John Johnson, and asked why he was on foot and where was the rest of his party. Johnson explained that the boatman had refused to take them any further because of the threatening weather and had left them stranded on the shore a couple of miles down the lake. Frederick brought around his team of oxen and hitched them to a boat. Finally the long journey of the Johnson party was ended.

With her new home still unfinished, Georgina put up the Johnson party of forty people! They slept in the unfinished second floor of Glasserton, in out buildings on the Hyde estate and in the log cabins that had been built by William Arthur Johnson on the Johnson property in anticipation of their arrival. Still others stayed in Dunnville. Georgina, who was then quite new to pioneer life of Upper Canada must have been a ter-

rific manager to provide meals for all those people in her new house. The lake and the land would provide fish, deer, bear, rabbit, duck, woodcock, and wild rice for them to eat but it must have been quite a feat to cook for all those people over an open fire.

William J. Imlach wrote about their accommodations in *An Old Man's Memories*:

In my last I left our party, owing to the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, comfortably stowed away in the large, unfinished loft of their house, sheds, and out buildings....

Our kind hosts had made every provision for our comfort and wants in the way of a stock of groceries, etc., procured from Buffalo, some forty miles down Lake Erie, thus we fared better than most of those who emigrated to Canada in the early days. But for the abundance of fish and some game in the neighborhood to replenish the larder day by day it would have often been fast days in our new settlement.

Each day the younger members of the party started out on foraging expeditions, some to the woods for game, others for fishing. These latter were almost the most successful, as Lake Erie was then abundantly stocked with fish. The game party was generally disappointing, for like most Englishmen we had the idea that the woods must be full of all sorts of game, which we soon found to be a delusion; but for all we fared better than has been told of some emigrants, who had to live on fried basswood chips and wild leeks. Nevertheless, we sometimes to our minds, partook of strange dishes. I remember on one of my trips into the woods, for want of any birds to shoot, I brought down two black squirrels ... the skins of which I intended to add to my collection, but imagine my astonishment, upon bringing them home, being told by our good lady that she would have them for a pie. "Oh, the idea of eating squirrels! Whoever heard of such a thing?"

Among the Johnson family, friends, and retainers, were several who were to have an important part in the history of Glasserton and Dunn Township including W. C. Lowe, Richard Paddock, Richard Constable, Job Matthews, Dr. S. J. Carter, Major Spratt and his family, the Imlach family and William Mills. Mills was one of those who stayed at Glasserton while his home was being built. For eighteen months he wrote letters to his family and other friends in England. His letters from "Glasserton, Lake Erie", tell about his first impressions and life at Glasserton in those early years:

June 16th, 1836

...I think the lake shore up about this place is most beautiful. This house is situated within twenty yards of the lake with a row of trees between it and the water, and about seventeen or eighteen feet above the level of the lake. On each side is a hill rising almost into a cliff. We see the opposite shore of the lake quite plain on a fine day.... The whole of Colonel Johnson's party is here in Mrs. Hyde's house which is pretty well crowded....

November 13th, 1836

Land hereabouts increases in value daily. Land which, when Mrs. Hyde came here was bought at three dollars and a half, is now not to be had under twelve dollars and some of it fifteen. Mark and I have been employed lately putting up a stable for Mr. Hyde thirty foot long and sixteen broad. It is a regular frame building. It will be finished now in a few days. We are then to begin upon a cow house forty feet long. I find my box of tools very useful....

January 3rd, 1837

The shores of the lake look very pretty now, there is a high bank of ice about twelve or fourteen feet high all along the shore. In some places the banks of ice run out full one hundred

yards, into the lake. This morning there was a coat of ice over the lake about three inches thick when it came in to blow and in a quarter of an hour there was not a single piece of ice to be seen, the lake having washed it all away....

In Mr. Hyde's kitchen they burn half a cord of wood a day which would cost one shilling and three farthings. I should like to know what the kitchen fire at home costs per day. We now have to thaw everything that we eat which is done most effectively by putting it into cold water, which is the only way to do it, for if you put meat to roast before the fire without having been previously thawed, the outside will be burnt all to pieces and the inside positively ice. The bread has to be put into the oven every morning before breakfast and the milk is frozen to the very bottom of the pan.

March 14th 1837

...I had a touch of the nettle rash the other day but a dose of salts set it all to rights joined with the perspiration [sic] caused by working at filling Mr. Hyde's icehouse. You would hardly believe that I, chilly as I used to be and handling the ice all day, was without gloves but I neither had nor wanted any. We sawed the ice out of the lake with a long cross cut saw. It was exactly two foot thick.

April 18th, 1837

The lake is at last broken up, but the ice still keeps floating about, and the great banks of ice through much diminished are still very high. There has been a schooner, off and on, opposite this house for a week trying to get into the Grand River but has been prevented by the slush ice, not being able to force her way through it. She has come from Lake Huron for a load of lumber from Dunnville...

You ask who mends my clothes, Mrs. Hyde has been kind enough to mend them as yet, but when I leave this I must send them to some old washerwoman...

About three weeks ago [Mr. Hyde] fell over a bucket and broke one of the cartilage's of his ribs, he is quite well now again. He has been very unlucky with his cattle this spring for he has lost three cows and an old mare.

May 17th, 1837

...Tell Lucy I do not see what right she has to know what sort of a person Mr. Hyde is but as she seems so very anxious to know I will tell you. In the first place he works hard enough and does not smoke. He is fat and good tempered and rather fond of quiffing. As to the house it is comfortable enough for Canadian but certainly not quite so comfortable as the English houses. One great annoyance is the smoke from the wood fires which is extremely bad for the eyes, ten times worse then coal smoke.

June 11, 1837

...The three last days I have been at most abominable work, drawing logs for my house. I expected to get them all drawn in one day more. I am obliged to be wet through up to my knees for all the straightest logs grow in the wettest places where also the mosquitoes are most numerous. This morning I counted the number of bumps from mosquito bites and one arm from my elbow downwards I had fifty-three of them with a corresponding quantity on the other parts of my person....

The other day Mark and I and Mr. Hyde went seining in the lake with a small seine of his, we caught seventy five herrings and dozen little fish called sun fish. . . . Within the last two days Mr. Hyde has caught seven large fish called cat fish weighing in all about seven pounds on a line which he set out in the lake. They are most beautiful eating when boiled, but most hideous looking fellows.

August 23rd 1837

I was going to Dunnville today with Mrs. Hyde but the lake proved so rough that we would not go....

November 1837

...I am going to wade up to Dunnville with this letter tomorrow and wade down with a back load of goods of various kinds. The road for about half a mile is so full of water that you would go in up to your middle in many places if you did not walk along the logs which were drawn of the road when it was chopped....

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The arrival of the Johnson family was to have a further effect on the Hyde family. On December 13, 1836 Laura Eliza Jukes was married to William Arthur Johnson. The couple lived at first in the log cabin William had built on his father's property, but they later settled near South Cayuga. Mills described the wedding:

January 3, 1837

The bride's dress, for I like to be particular, was a very pretty lavender coloured watered silk with flesh coloured silk gloves which by the bye were so tight, the clergyman was obliged to lend his assistance to get them off. Mark and I had the honour of driving the new man and his wife up to their future residence. I must not forget to tell you about the wedding cake. It took Mrs. Hyde and another lady who came to assist her one whole day to make, and when the time came for turning it out of the dish it has been baked in, it fell all to pieces, and it had to be joined as neatly as its dilapidated state would admit of, and bound together with a piece of tape after which the sugar part was put on which covered up all its unnatural blemishes.

At time of the wedding there was no church in the area. Mill's letter of April 18, 1837 offers this glimpse of religious life:

Last Sunday I attending church service at a gentlemen's house near this. The clergyman who did duty was the Rev. W. Hugh O'Neil. We have prayers and a sermon every Sunday at Mrs. Hyde's, but I have never once been at a regular church service since I have been in Canada. He is coming to this house tomorrow (Wednesday) to administer the Sacrament to some Christian children. There are five in one family to be baptized.

It was O'Neil who urged the settlers to put up a church of their own. William J. Imlach, author of *An Old Man's Memories*, was called to Newark, now Niagara-on-the-Lake for jury duty. Hearing the first church bells there since he had left England, he attended church and vowed to establish a church at Port Maitland. The congregation of Christ's Church, Port Maitland first met in a log house. Land was donated and the Church was completed in 1840. Around the same time, through the efforts of William Arthur Johnson, plans were begun for the erection of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, South Cayuga. Johnson was the first Warden of St. John's Church and his name appears on the deed of the property obtained from the Crown on which the church was built. He cut the sills and upright timbers of the church by hand and hauled them to the site with an ox team. St. Paul's Dunnville was built around the same time. On Monday June 15, 1846 the Rt. Rev. John Strachan, Lord Bishop of Toronto consecrated St. John

the Evangelist, South Cayuga, the next day, Tuesday June 16, Christ's Church, Port Maitland, and on the following day, Wednesday June 17, St. Paul the Apostle, Dunnville.

In 1846 William Arthur Johnson left the area to attend the Diocesan Theological College at Coburg. He was ordained deacon in 1851 and priest 1852. He served parishes in Coburg, Yorkville, (now St. Paul's Bloor Street) and Weston (now St. Phillips Etobicoke) and founded Trinity College School, a preparatory school for boys now located at Port Hope. In the north-east side of the chancel of St. John's Church, South Cayuga, there is a stained glass window memorial to him. On the opposite wall of the chancel is a similar window in memory of his wife, Laura Jukes Johnson.

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By the time the Hydes arrived, many farmers and settlers were becoming critical of life under the government formed under the Constitutional Act of 1791. One area of discontent was the establishment of Clergy Reserves which were to be built up by setting aside one-seventh of all unallotted Crown land in the province "for the maintenance of a Protestant clergy," (meaning *Anglican* clergy). Another grievance was the decision to vote money to build the Welland Canal and to pay government officials high salaries out of Upper Canada coffers, instead of using tax money for local improvements such as roads and schools.

The most vociferous opponent of the colonial administration was a gnome-like highlander in a red wig, William Lyon Mackenzie. Mackenzie, a Calvinist maintained a sharp wrath against the Rev. John Strachan, the Anglican Archdeacon in York who struggled to maintain the Anglican Church as the Established Church in Upper Canada. (This champion for the Clergy Reserves was destined to be the Bishop of Toronto who consecrated the churches along the lake shore.) In 1824 Mackenzie began the publication of the *Colonial Advocate* and immediately launched a violent editorial attack against the practices of the Family Compact. (The Family Compact, advisers to the Lieutenant Governor, and drawn from the elite, controlled the appointed Legislative Council which in turn was able to block undesired legislation, originating in the elected Assembly.) The *Colonial Advocate* became a shrill voice of dissent. It described the Family Compact as "a collection of sturdy beggars, parsons, priests, pensioners, army people, policemen, bank directors, and stock and land jobbers.... a paltry screen to a rotten government." In 1826 the *Colonial Advocate's* type cases were dumped in Toronto Bay and Mackenzie became such a famous man that he was elected to the Assembly.

Mackenzie carried to the Assembly the bitter political attacks for which he had become so well known. He was re-elected in 1830, expelled by the indignant House in the following year, but was again re-elected in the by-election which followed. Yet again the Assembly expelled him as a punishment for his violent criticisms. Having been martyred in the eyes of his followers, he ran again and was once more elected. Early in 1832 he carried his complaints in person to the Colonial Office in England. During his absence

he was expelled again, and was again re-elected by acclamation. In 1834 he was chosen first mayor of the city of Toronto.

The unrest in Upper Canada came to a head in 1837 partly because of the depression which began in 1836 and partly because of the outcome of the election held that year. The elections of 1836 were more riotous than usual partly because Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Francis Bond Head had become active in politics as the leader of the English ruling classes and had made no attempt to identify himself with common people. He tended to brand those who wanted reform as Yankee-loving traitors and made the issue loyalty to the crown versus republicanism. The War of 1812 had strengthened anti-American feeling, particularly in Upper Canada. Freedom and liberty became the words of radicals or traitors. The majority of the settlers, on the other hand, were neither loyal to London or Washington. They were simply looking for land. In his rude fashion, Mackenzie attracted the attention of these common people to his cause: the need for honest and efficient government which would respond to the wishes and welfare of the people.

The Tories won a landslide victory in the 1836 election. The reformers were enraged at the way a supposedly impartial governor had used the loyalty issue to stifle political debate. The more moderate reform leaders gave up in despair but Mackenzie began plotting armed resistance. Attempts to get relief through the Upper Canada Assembly were fruitless because it was controlled by supporters of the Family Compact who vetoed reform legislation. The reformers lost hope for peaceful change and Mackenzie began riding from farm to farm to drum up support against the "wicked and tyrannical government."

Throughout British North America, a political struggle for change was taking place. In Lower Canada, it threatened to become a revolution. In October, 1837, Sir Francis Bond Head sent almost every British soldier in Upper Canada to help put down the rebellion in Lower Canada. The government in Toronto was left defenseless. Mackenzie gave a fiery speech urging his followers to take over the undefended capital. But the militants cautiously decided to delay the attack until December in order to assemble more supporters. Mackenzie waited for reinforcements outside Toronto in Montgomery's Tavern. Meanwhile Colonel James FitzGibbon, appointed by the Governor to put down the rebels, but still lacking military assistance, distributed rifles to citizens and positioned cannons in front of Toronto City Hall.

On December 4 Mackenzie got news that FitzGibbon was arming and decided to wait no longer. That night his men stumbled into Jarvis's picket. In panic and confusion, both sides fired and ran. Mackenzie's followers, plagued by indecisiveness, dispersed and fled. Mackenzie's brave plans ended in a tragicomedy skirmish and an ignominious flight across a plowed field. On December 7 FitzGibbon, at the head of a thousand volunteers, set off to capture Mackenzie and his followers. Mackenzie, with a price of £1,000 on his head, wading naked through an icy river on his way to the Niagara border, holding his clothes above his head, escaped, and became a hero in American border towns. Only minutes ahead of his pursuers, he dropped a briefcase containing the names of his fol-

lowers. When they reached the United States, Mackenzie and his supporters attempted to start further uprisings from a base on Navy Island in the Niagara River. The dispatch case he dropped contained enough incriminating evidence to keep the Tories busy chasing Radicals for months.

One whose name was in that dispatch case was Samuel Lount, member for Simcoe. A well liked, mild mannered Quaker pacifist, and blacksmith, Lount, forsook his vows and spent the summer of 1837 forging pike heads at his smithy to be used in the march against the Family Compact. Some of Mackenzie's men later felt they would have won if only Lount had led them. Mackenzie was a good critic but not a very good organizer.

After leaving Montgomery's Tavern on that December day, Lount and a companion-in-arms, named Edward Kennedy made away together trying to reach the United States. For days they traveled through the swamps and forests, their clothes torn, their shoes worn from their feet, half starved, sleeping in haymows, and straw sacks, hounded from one place to another by eager pursuers. At last they reached the Lake Erie shore at Long Point. Engaging a man and a boy to take them over, they set off across the lake in a small boat. For two days and two nights they buffeted against angry waves, their clothing wet, suffering extremely from cold and exhaustion; then, at last, the friendly southern shore was in sight and liberty seemed at hand. But suddenly an off shore wind speedily arose, and drove the boat back to Canada.

One bright morning in February, 1838, Robert Spratt received word that a boat with several men was stuck fast in the slush ice, and he was needed to assist in releasing it from its dangerous position. Spratt went and spotted the boat in the center of the bay opposite Glasserton, about half a mile from shore. Boards were carried out, as far as the motion of the water would permit, a rope was thrown, and the men were hauled ashore. They had only a blanket for a sail—no rudder and no food—and they said they were going to Port Maitland for salt. This made their story very suspicious, as there never was more than one barrel of salt at a time at Port Maitland. (One account has Lount asking hopefully if they were in Ohio.) They were brought ashore and made prisoners. The men on the shore were aware that all persons apprehended under suspicious circumstances were to be taken before a magistrate, by proclamation of Sir Francis Bond Head, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada.

The prisoners were marched to Glasserton and taken into the kitchen where Frederick Hyde and John Johnson met them.. After examining the four men Colonel Johnson found their case was very suspicious, and ordered the men to take the prisoners to Dunnville to be examined by a magistrate. Johnson produced a rope and fastened the prisoners together with further orders, that if they attempted an escape to shoot them. At 5:00 PM they started out the new-cut road through the bush. Part of the road was deep swamp covered with a glare ice, on which the prisoners had to crawl on their hands and knees. On reaching Dunnville at 11 p.m., they sent for Squire Milne, Justice of the Peace. After a careful separate examination of each prisoner, he decided to commit them for

trial, and send them down to Drummondville. There Lount and Kennedy were recognized, and were sent to Toronto jail. Kennedy was later released. The men from the lake shore who took part in their capture received a reward of £500.

Mrs. Lount took a petition with five thousand signatures on it to Governor Arthur, and went down on her knees in his office to plead for her husband's life. However, the new Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Arthur, sent by the British government because of his reputation for ruthlessness, wanted to make an example of Lount. For several months Lount was kept in irons in the darkest cells with Peter Matthews, another conspirator who was captured earlier. In April 1838 they were hanged. John Ryerson wrote an account of the hanging to his brother Egerton:

At eight o'clock today, Thurs the 12th, Lount and Matthews were executed. Their gallows was erected just between the goal and courthouse. Very few persons were present except the military and ruff scruff of the city. The general feeling is in total opposition to the execution of these men. At their execution they manifested very good composure. Sheriff Jarvis burst into tears when he entered the room to prepare them for execution. They said to him very calmly, "Mr. Jarvis do your duty. We are prepared to meet death and our Judge." They then both of them put their arms around his neck and kissed him. They were then prepared for the execution. They walked to the gallows with entire composure and firmness of step.... They ascend the scaffold and knelt down on the drop, the rope was fastened to their necks while they were on they knees. Mr. Richardson engaged in prayer and when he came that part of the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," the drop fell.

As soon as they were dead Lount and Matthews became political martyrs, an effect which the British had not anticipated. Mackenzie writing from Rochester, spoke for many when he headed an article on the hangings "Canada's Martyrs—Royal Mercy! Rob the people first, then murder 'em for defending themselves." A picture above the article shows two men without faces swinging from a gallows. Under the picture are the words, "If you're looking for truth, justice or moral mercy, you're wasting your time." At the present time Lount's descendants have petitioned the Canadian government to pardon him.

How these events are described depends on which side one was on. Lower class settlers, farmers and workers called Mackenzie and his followers reformers, heroes, and patriots. Tories, the British aristocracy, and loyalists, called Mackenzie's followers rebels, radicals or traitors, and named these events the Upper Canada Rebellion or the Mackenzie Rebellion. This was the view of the Hyde's and Johnson's and others around the lake shore. Their feelings were summed up by the statement, "Why couldn't they just accept the customs of Upper Canada one of which was that the 'best people' had control."

When news came to the lake shore, early in December 1837, that the rebels were marching on Toronto, Mr. Farrell, one of the earliest settlers, organized a volunteer company of which he became the captain. Some fifty or sixty joined his ranks and prepared to start at once for Niagara and from there by boat to Toronto. The evening and night before was taken up in casting a stock of bullets. Many good old English pewter spoons were

converted into bullets. By the time they reached Niagara, the rebels had already been put down. Farrell and his volunteers were then sent to Fort Erie and Niagara to put down the troubles there. Instead of things quieting down, more battles were fought and more blood shed. Throughout 1838 all along the borders of Upper and Lower Canada, especially outspoken Tories woke to find their barns and houses blazing, some were even murdered.

Because of this unrest, Frederick Hyde decided to take his family back to England to visit their relatives. By this time there were three Hyde children: Mary born 1829, Frederick born 1833, and Georgina born 1834. A fourth child, George, born in 1837, died at six months of age. The Hydies and their three children and Mark Jukes left for England in the spring of 1839. Augustus Jukes remained at Glasserton with a hired man and his wife, to look after the farm. Before they left Glasserton, Georgina's valuable family silver was packed in a chest and secretly buried for safe keeping in a remote part of the farm. That was the last Georgina ever saw of her silver. Many days of intensive searching after the Hydies returned failed to turn up any trace of it.

Defeat shattered the radical cause in both Lower and Upper Canada, but the outbreak of rebellion also discredited the office-holding cliques and the Constitution of 1791. The beneficiary was the approach of the moderate reformers, which had been overshadowed during the rebellions. John George Lambton, Earl of Durham, sent as Governor-General in 1838, condemned the ruling elite and urged that responsible government be implemented. He returned to England, ill, in a few months. He wrote a report which resulted in the Act of Union creating the province of Canada, which had two sections—Canada West (which had been Upper Canada) and Canada East (Lower Canada). Lord Sydenham, (Charles Poulett Thomson) was selected as the first Governor-General to preside over the new administration. Writing from Toronto on November 20, 1839, to a friend in England, Lord Sydenham, referring to the political situation in Upper Canada said:

I look to the state of government and to the departmental administration of this province, instead of being surprised at the condition in which I find it, I am only astonished it has endured so long. I know that, as much I dislike Yankee institutions, and rule, *I* would not have fought against them, which thousands of these poor fellows, whom the Compact call "rebels" did, if it was only to keep up such a government as they got.

Under Lord Sydenham the principles of responsible government so long and earnestly contended for by Mackenzie and his followers were formally and distinctly affirmed by the House of Assembly. Two days after they were adopted, Lord Sydenham died from complications resulting from an injury suffered when thrown from his horse. Now over 150 years later, two chairs and a love seat which once belonged to him sit in Glasserton. After several years exile in the United States Mackenzie returned to Canada and re-entered politics, sitting as the Member for Haldimand County. In 1900 when a portrait of the former rebel was unveiled at City Hall in Toronto, *The Globe* wrote

about "his great service to the cause of constitutional liberty and ... the splendid example of political virtue and independence which he set in the public life of the country."

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The Hydes returned to Glasserton in 1841 with some new additions to the family. Georgina had given birth to another daughter, Louise in Barnstable in 1840 and Mark Jukes had married Harriet Maria Hole, a daughter of Captain Hole, R. N., retired. They took up residence with the Hydes at Glasserton until they secured a home of their own. The family had had a pleasant reunion with Georgina's eldest son, Andrew John, who had returned to England from India and was studying for the priesthood.

The lake shore settlement was growing into a thriving farming community with fine farm buildings and substantial homes. However some farmers like the Hydes and the Johnsons were discovering that their land was either swamp or rocky hard clay and not very good for farming. For this reason Frederick Hyde decided to turn from farming to ship building. He put in a ship building slip off the shore from Glasserton and formed a partnership with Mark Jukes. Mark had spent time in England acquiring a knowledge of ship design and ship building technique. Another venture was quarrying stone. They unearthed a bed of stone on the farm which they blasted and sold, loading it into boats from the same pier.

Harriet Jukes wrote back home about her new life at Glasserton. One problem was the mosquitoes which attacked when the wind was blowing off the marshes. Glasserton had doors and windows covered with fine cotton netting to keep the pests out in warm weather. Harriet told her family in England how impossible it was to sit outside under the trees on summer evenings. She was amazed at the tremendous variety of wild flowers which grew in profusion and the great number of moths and butterflies.

A lot of effort was spent preparing for the winter. Mark supervised getting in a winter supply of wood, fresh hay, and grain. The women put up food to be stored in the cellar so that it would be safe from severe frosts but cool enough to protect it from spoiling. By November the cold would set in. By December the lake would begin to freeze, first a little by the shore line, then the wind would come up throwing ice on the beach. The process would be repeated until one morning after a cold night, the lake would be a clear sheet of ice as far as one could see. Then the snow would come making the lake look like a great white plain with perhaps a thin blue line far out on the horizon where there was still open water.

In winter, travel was by sleigh, gliding over roads or when the lake was considered safe for traveling, one could go by ice to Dunnville. In the winter it was easier to travel in this way and to visit neighbors on the more distant farms than it was in the summer when travel was more difficult owing to the rough roads. Then too, in the summer there was much work to be done. Harriet told her family in England that winter was the season that she loved best of all.

Harriet described her first Christmas at Glasserton as "everything a Canadian Christmas should be." The day was crystal clear with a blanket of white snow covering the ground. Everyone in the community turned out for Christmas services at the recently completed Christ's Church, Port Maitland. The congregation came by sleigh or snow shoes. A few skated down the river and some trudged over the packed snow along the road. Harriet said it was a beautiful service. Everyone was happy and full of the Christmas spirit as they gathered outside the church that Christmas morning.

Harriet opened the box from England containing gifts packed with loving care from her mother and sisters and brothers. Mark received a box with a hammer and chisel. Harriet received clothes for their expected baby as well as socks, a muffler, and some flower seeds for planting in the spring.

The arrangements for Christmas dinner were in the capable hands of Georgina Hyde. There were wild turkeys which had been shot earlier in the season. They were served with home cured ham and apple sauce made from the fruit gathered from Frederick Hyde's young orchard. There was plum pudding, served blazing with the blue flame of brandy which had been liberally poured over it, before it was brought to the table. Sitting around the table were Frederick and Georgina Hyde, their four children, Fred, Georgina, Mary and Louise, and Augustus, Mark and Harriet Jukes, as well as several neighbors. After dinner more neighbors arrived and Frederick served wine and beer. They all sat around the big open fire and told stories of other Christmases. Georgina drew her harp out of the corner of the parlor and led the gathering in the singing of carols. This was Christmas at Glasserton in 1841 as described by Harriet Jukes.

The new year was ushered in with a blizzard which halted for a time all social activity. The penetrating cold made a large hole in the winter's supply of firewood. On February 15, Harriet gave birth to a boy named Mark after his father. Six weeks later Georgina gave birth to a daughter named Caroline.

During the ensuing years, Mark and Frederick built at least three ships on the bank of the lake. Imlach describes the launching of one of them:

Just about this time one of the great events in our settlement occurred through the building of a schooner of some four hundred tons by Mr. Hyde. It was on the bank of the lake, close to his house. All the timbers, planking, etc. were mostly cut in his own woods. The day of the launch was a gala day and general holiday. In committing it to its elements it was duly christened in good old style "The Georgina," after his wife.

The ship building venture was not successful, however. One ship was lost near the mouth of the Grand River and the "Georgina" was almost a total financial loss owing to a lack of profitable cargoes. Mr. Hyde was having financial difficulty and both he and Georgina were suffering poor health.

In 1849, Mark decided to enter the ordained ministry. Bishop Strachan refused to accept him as a postulant because of his evangelical views, so he studied for Holy Orders in the Episcopal Church in Ohio. While he was studying for ordination, they sold their farm called *Woodlands* beyond Sandy Bay, and Harriet and their children went to live at Glasserton. Mark was ordained deacon in 1852 and served as rector of St. Paul's Church, Maumee City, near Toledo, Ohio. In 1854, Mark and Harriet were exposed to cholera. He died from the disease on August 8th and Harriet died a few days later. Augustus Jukes brought their seven children back to live at Glasserton with their grandmother until Georgina's son, Andrew Jukes came from England and took them back to be educated and brought up by Harriet's mother. Their eldest son, Mark Jukes, born in Glasserton in February 1842, later returned to Canada to enter the ordained ministry. He was trained at Huron College in London, Ontario. After he was ordained, he served parishes in Manitoba, the United States, and British Columbia. He died in Vancouver in 1932.

Two of Georgina's sons and her grandson became Anglican priests and her daughter was married to a priest. Her other son, Augustus apprenticed as a Civil Engineer and laid out much of the town of Dunnville. He later became a medical doctor. After a practice in St. Catharines, John A. McDonald gave him a commission as a staff surgeon with the North West Mounted Police in Regina. He died in Vancouver in 1905. Georgina and Frederick Hyde had six children of their own: Mary born in 1829, died in 1844; Frederick born in 1833, died in 1914, and is buried in the Dunnville cemetery; Georgina, born in 1834, married William Crofts Cotter in 1858 and died in 1885; George born in 1837, died at the age of 13; Louise born in 1840 married Alexander Bethune; and Caroline born in 1842, married John Farrell.

Mary, George and their mother share the same tombstone at the Christ's Church, Port Maitland Cemetery. Georgina Jukes Hyde died January 5, 1856 at the age of 60. Her name is at the bottom of the tombstone but her age is stated incorrectly as 56. Frederick Hyde died from diabetes on June 27, 1858 at the age of 47. According to

the parish records, he was buried at Christ's Church but no tombstone has been found to mark his grave. He willed Glasserton, the farm, and the furniture in the house to two of his daughters. Louise and Caroline.

II

THE DOCKERS

George Docker and his son Thomas settled along the lake shore at his farm *The Elms* in 1842. George was the Justice of the Peace for Dunn Township and a successful farmer. One of his brothers Alexander William Docker was married to Louisa Thornley and they had six children. The eldest was Francis Thornley Docker who was born in Birmingham, England, September 14, 1844. Francis had visited his Uncle George and decided that he wanted to live along the lake shore. The witnesses of Frederick Hyde's will were George Docker's sons, Thomas and Arthur. They knew that Glasserton was available so Francis went back to England and asked his father to loan him the money to purchase the farm. Francis Thornley Docker and his wife Elizabeth Ann Stone settled at Glasserton in 1867.

Now we come to a mystery. Who lived in Glasserton from the time Frederick Hyde died in 1858 and 1867 when the Dockers arrived? Frederick Hyde willed Glasserton to his daughters Louise and Caroline but at the time of his death Louise was 18 and Caroline 16. They may have continued to live at Glasserton but the census of 1861 does not support this. Frederick Hyde Jr. did hold seventy acres of Glasserton farm land but the will directs him to give up those seventy acres to the estate. The 1861 census shows that Frederick Hyde, Jr. was living at his own farm in Moulton. According to the county records, Lot 15 was sold by Louise (Hyde) Bethune and Caroline (Hyde) Farrell to William Docker for \$4,500 in May 1868. The will of William Docker states, "I devise all my land and hereditaments in the Dominion of Canada to my son Francis Thornley Docker, his heirs and assigns absolutely but charged with the payment of the sum of seven hundred pounds representing a portion of my advances to him."

The year Francis Thornley Docker and his wife, Elizabeth settled on their 155 acre farm, saw the birth of the Confederation of Canada. On July 1, 1867, the Dominion of Canada, with four provinces—Québec (formerly Canada East), Ontario (formerly Canada West), New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia—came into being. Under the constitution Queen Victoria who reigned from 1837 to 1901 remained Queen of Canada. The Victorian era's moral uprightness seemed to personify the British virtues held by the new owners of Glasserton.

All eight children of Francis and Elizabeth Docker were born at Glasserton and had their Grandmother's maiden name as their middle names: Agnes Thornley, born 1869; Margaret Thornley (Mag), 1871; Beatrix Thornley (Beatty), 1872; Katharine Thornley (Kate), 1874; Frances Thornley, 1875; Josephine Thornley (Win), 1878; William Thornley (Tom), 1880; and Robert Thornley, (Tod), 1882. The two sons William and Robert were nicknamed Tom and Tod after a hired man they trailed as boys, whose name was Tommy Todd.

Francis farmed the land and raised dairy cattle, pigs, turkeys, ducks, and chickens. There was a vegetable garden and an orchard with peach trees. A windmill near the house pumped water from the lake to the barn across the road for the livestock. Francis Thornley Docker's account book of 1869 shows they sold eggs, bread, milk, cream, bacon, pies, cakes, jam, lettuce and butter. Two quarts of milk sold for 10 cents. The account book records wages paid to hired men who worked on the farm and for women who did the washing. Money was spent on flour, soap, tea, crackers, cotton, raspberries, dish towels, curry, spoons, table napkins, ale, tobacco (1 plug at 25 cents), and "mother's dress" \$1.75.

One of the winter chores was to cut ice on the lake to store in the ice house for refrigeration. One year Francis looked into the water through the hole in the ice they had just sawed and spied an anchor. Using his team of horses, he and some other men hauled it out of the water to shore. The anchor was from a 60 to 75 foot wooden sailing schooner which either sank in a storm or was one of the ill fated Hyde ships. It stood on the lawn of Glasserton for many years. When Glasserton was sold in 1959, Tom had it moved to his farm where it now stands on the lawn of the present owner, Madeline Van Paemel.

The geographical position of the Great Lakes places them in one of the wildest storm regions on the North American continent. Lake Erie can be as calm as a mill pond and an hour later a deluge of rain, sleet, snow, and hurricane force wind descends producing gigantic waves and playing havoc on the shore. When this happens, on an extreme scale during the shipping season, the toll of vessels, lives, and property is catastrophic. It happens often enough, usually in November. A gale of first magnitude roared over the lakes in November 1842, sweeping up vessels before it and leaving nearly a score of them strewn in wreckage on the Ontario Shore of Lake Erie. Another one scourged the waters in November 1869. Wrecked in its wake lay the remains of ninety-seven vessels and the bodies of an uncounted number of sailors washed up on the shores.

A story resulting from one of these storms was told to me by Frances. One day Frances, Kate and Beatty were walking along the lake shore hunting for berries. When they reached Sandy Bay, they came across the body of a man washed up on shore. They ran home in terror to tell their father. He and several other men buried the body on the beach. However the lake got rough and uncovered the feet of the corpse. The body was then put in a rough box and buried at the end of the road. One night some of the young men having had too much to drink, decided to dig up the body. Someone reached in the box and retrieved the jaw bone. One of the legends of Glasserton is that the jaw bone was hidden somewhere in the house. Whenever Agnes was asked about this she always laughed, but did not deny the story. To this day, the jawbone has not been found.

Like the Hydes before them, the Dockers were active communicants at Christ's Church, Port Maitland. Francis served as Warden and Elizabeth played the organ. Later Tom served as Warden. Picnics for the congregation were often held on the grounds of Glasserton. When Christ's Church was struck by lightning and destroyed by fire in 1926, Tom helped to build the new church. Social life centered around the church and the community. Tom told me about the parties they used to have. Elizabeth played the piano and the rugs would be rolled up for dancing.

By the end of the nineteenth century, seven independent railroad lines running between Albany and Buffalo were consolidated under the name of the New York Central. People traveling to Ontario no longer had to take the month long journey through the Erie Canal to reach Buffalo from New York City. Dunnville, more easily accessible, was now growing into a prosperous town with several grain mills and some good stores. There are no large cities on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie. It is a land of farms, orchards and gardens, dairies, canneries, and small manufacturers. People were discovering the quiet north shore with its beautiful scenery, as a place to come for summer holidays. The shore line contoured into a series of pleasant bays and inlets was turning into a land of summer cottages and beaches.

Port Maitland, by this time an important commercial fishing port, was also a summer holiday resort with several hotels and boarding houses. There was Jess Taylor's Hotel on the eastern side, and the Hotel Exchange later known as the Maitland Arms on the western side of the Grand River. During the summer these hotels were filled with tourists who came from Buffalo and elsewhere to enjoy the pleasures of the shore and the fresh country air. An article in the *Dunnville Chronicle* on August 26, 1898 describes Port Maitland as a "famous watering place" where vast numbers enjoy the scenery, bathing, boating, and fishing. According to the article the hotels and boarding houses are full and can't accommodate half who come and each year the number of visitors increases.

With its beautiful location, Glasserton is a perfect setting for a summer boarding house. The Dockers decided to embark on a new venture to welcome summer guests and extensive renovations were begun. A large kitchen and a summer kitchen were added to the east side of the house. Beneath the new kitchen was a root cellar. The original kitchen on the west side was replaced with a large addition. Upstairs there were seven new bedrooms. Downstairs a new room known as the end room had a fireplace and was surrounded on three sides by porches, the south side, with a view of the lake.

In the original part of the house the front door remained with no door knob on the outside. Over it was the board with the name *Glasserton*. Guests entered a long entrance hallway. Down the hall to the left was a formal parlor. Straight ahead was the large dining room with its enormous table. Walking through there and to the left one passed the pantry on the right and arrived in the new large kitchen and on into the summer kitchen. The summer kitchen door was the way family usually entered the house from the road.

There was a kitchen door on the lake side with a hand pump beside it to bring water in from the lake. On the east wall there was a second pump which drew water from a rain-water cistern for washing clothes and dishes, and the stove which at first burnt wood, and later natural gas. Opposite the stove was a large table on which meals were prepared. Outside the kitchen was the vegetable garden and the ice house. To the right of the ice house at the end of a short path was the out-house.

Going back to the entrance hall, to the right down the hall from the front door was another hall formed by the original walls and here there were two bedrooms across from each other. The one on the right was the master bedroom with a fireplace. Continuing down the hall, one came to a small sun porch and then into the end room with its fireplace. The end room was the recreation room for the guests. A lot of good times were enjoyed there, especially on rainy days. From the end room there was a back set of stairs to the seven west wing bedrooms. Going back once again to the front entrance hall, there were the original stairs which led up to three bedrooms. A fourth room lost its windows in the renovation and was now "the dark room" used for storage and as a passageway to the seven bedrooms in the new west wing.

The names of the first boarders were recorded in the Account Book in 1903:

Mr. & Mrs. Anderson	June 18	15.00
The Thompsons	July 9	15.00
Mrs. Williams	July 16	12.00
The Hauus	July 11	36.25
The Laudersons	July 23	13.75
The Wilsons	July 19	13.00
The Wemers	July 19	13.00
Miss. Hunt	July 25	5.00
Mr. Tiffany	July 27	10.00
Mr. Kelley and party	Aug. 3	30.00

By this time the entries in the Account Book were written by Agnes. She never married and she managed Glasserton and the farm all her life. She was an extremely hard worker and did most of the cooking for the boarders herself. She was formidable in business dealings and very much respected by people in the area.

Throughout the summers the twelve bedrooms were filled with guests and family and friends who spent their holidays at Glasserton. They entered their names in guest books but many wrote their names and dates of their visits on the pine paneled walls of the west wing. Sam Hornibrook once got into the wrong bedroom by mistake; from then on he always tied his necktie to the door knob of his room. The guests enjoyed swimming in the bay in front of the house or a walk up to Sandy bay to swim where there was a lovely beach. There were row boat and canoe rides. An exciting adventure would be a boat ride to Gull Island. There were walks along fossil reefs, and a favorite excursion was a walk to Sandy bay to see the eagle's nest. At night there were bonfires on the beach with singing and story telling. On rainy days guests and neighbors gathered in the end

room for cards, games and puzzles. It became the custom to have pictures taken on the big rock down the beach.

Some would go to Port Maitland in the evening for an ale at the Maitland Arms. Alcohol was not served at Glasserton although it was permitted on the beach, in the kitchen and the end room, but never in the dining room or parlor. Tom always claimed, "a horn of whiskey never touched my lips." He did make and drink some mighty powerful dandelion wine, however.

The food served at Glasserton was well prepared and tasty. Agnes did the cooking and sat at the head of the table to carve the roast and serve her guests. Margaret, Kate and Frances helped with the meals and sometimes a hired woman helped with the house. Vegetables came from the garden. Milk, cream and butter as well as eggs and chickens came from the farm. Once my father went into a butcher in Dunnville to purchase a roast for Agnes. The butcher was wrapping up the meat when my father mentioned it was for Agnes Docker. "This is for Miss Agnes? Oh, this won't do." He went back and returned with another, much better roast.

Guests were expected to be on time for meals. When the house was filled, there were two sittings, the second one for family. Breakfast at 8:00 consisted of porridge, eggs, usually poached, bacon, and toast made from home made bread that was buttered and had the crusts pounded off. A guest from Buffalo asked Agnes how she got her poached eggs perfectly round. "You must use eggs laid the day before," was the reply.

Dinner was at noon. There was usually a roast, fresh vegetables from the garden, and pie or pudding. High tea was at 5:00, usually cold meat, salad, and Agnes' famous baking powder biscuits made with bacon drippings, followed by cake or fruit. If there was pie for dinner and cake for tea, the pie was baked in the morning and the cake in the afternoon so that it would be perfectly fresh. Here is her recipe for chocolate cake:

- 1 cup white sugar
- ¼ cup butter
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon. salt
- ¼ cup sour milk
- 1 teaspoons. soda
- pinch of baking powder
- 1 cup flour
- 2 tablespoons cocoa in ¼ cup boiling water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Bake 35 minutes at 375 degrees.

Sometimes there would be fresh fish for tea. Agnes would watch for the fishing boats to head toward Port Maitland and send someone to buy the fish as it came off the

boat. Francis enjoyed taking his grandsons fishing. He had his own special fishing hole out in the lake in front of the house. He would go out far enough to see the lighthouse on the end of the Port Maitland pier, and then line up the windmill outside the kitchen door with the side of the barn. There he would catch a lot of fish. Six generations of Dockers have fished in the same place, still known as Grand-dad's fishing hole.

Glasserton had no modern plumbing. Drinking water was pumped from the lake with the hand pump inside the kitchen door. The icebox was in the summer kitchen. Agnes either washed the clothes with a scrubbing board or sent them to a Chinese laundry in Dunnville. There was no central heat or hot water. The house was heated by fireplaces, a wood stove in the dining room and open gas jets in the downstairs bedrooms. The gas came from wells on the farm.

Each of the twelve bedrooms had its own china set with pitcher, basin, soap dish, shaving mug, and chamber pot, some of which had crocheted silencers over the lids. The pine walls between the bedrooms in the west wing were thin and one could hear *everything* that was going on in the next room. The silencers had been designed to muffle the clang of putting the lids on the pots. Each morning Agnes made her rounds carrying two buckets, one was painted red, and the other white. From the white bucket she would fill the pitchers and into the red bucket collect the slops. She told my father one summer she was going to put in a new bathroom. "Agnes, that's wonderful," my father replied. "Where are you going to put it?" "On the other side of the ice house," she answered. "It is so embarrassing to meet a man on the path."

Elizabeth Docker was in poor health in the years before her death in 1921. Francis, in his later years enjoyed his ornamental pheasants and peacocks on the lawn. He died in 1929. Both are buried in the cemetery at Christ's Church, Port Maitland and there is a window in the church in their memory.

After the death of Francis Thornley Docker the clapboard walls of Glasserton were covered in stucco with brown Tudor trim. The house was wired for electricity and a small verandah was added at the front entrance. The verandah was where Agnes and her sisters often sat in the summer.

Margaret married John Jones and worked in Buffalo for several years as a practical nurse. She had one daughter, Gertrude. After Gertrude's death, Margaret returned to Glasserton to help Agnes with the house and she raised chickens on the farm. I remember her habit of using a hair pin to get every last puff out of her cigarette.

Beatrix married Thomas Docker, a son of George Docker. She was a beautiful woman. On Thursday July 19, 1906 she was taken ill while visiting a friend. She was at once driven to Glasserton and Dr. Clark was summoned. He found her to be suffering from appendicitis and advised an immediate operation. This was performed on the huge Glasserton dining room table. At first the operation appeared to be successful but she

died the following Friday evening leaving her thirteen year old son, George, an orphan, her husband having died two years earlier.

Katharine married Joseph Docker, a grandson of George Docker. They lived on a farm near London. They had two children, a son George and a daughter Frances. After her husband's death, she went to live with her daughter, Frances. She and Frances Docker often spent their summers at Glasserton helping Agnes.

Frances, the fourth daughter, married Frederick Britton, son of the Rev. Maurice Britton who was rector of Christ's Church, and they lived in Detroit. They had a son Maurice and a daughter Helen.

Josephine married Robert H. Wilson. They had two children Robert Thornley, and Charlotte. I remember Win, as she was called, having her tea on the front verandah.

Tom farmed Glasserton until he married and bought his own farm. He married Mabel Jones, a sister of Margaret's husband, and settled on the farm immediately west of his father's farm, the east half of Lot 14. They had no children. Tom, a hard working farmer, never owned a tractor and used horses to plow the fields. He loved the lake. "I never saw the lake so blue as it is today," he exclaimed at least once a week.

After Tom had his own farm, various hired men worked on the Glasserton farm. One was Alfred Chessell. For a time Beatty's son George ran the farm. Margaret raised the chickens. Agnes sold milk from her herd to the cottagers. She bought two piglets every spring and the cottagers brought food scraps from their tables to feed the pigs every evening. Two hired women at Glasserton were Dorothy and Donna Cooper. Frances, Britton, her husband Fred, and children Maurice and Helen came every summer. Her grand-children Fred (Butch) and Joan often worked at Glasserton. Fred worked on the farm and Joan helped in the house. Kate and her daughter Frances came also to work and Win came back to live in her later years.

Tom built and remodeled a number of cottages along the lake shore on the Glasserton property that were rented by Agnes. She also leased land to several people so that they could build cottages. The first plot on the east side of the property was leased to Judge William David Swayze who built a cottage there in 1887. Tom build an addition to the Swayze cottage, and built the present Merritt house for Miss Barnes, a school teacher from Buffalo. The Jacob's house was built as a cottage for the Conhley's. The Nash cottage was built for the Philbricks. Except for the Swayze cottage, the cottages were owned by those who built them but Agnes held the deeds to the land and leased it until after World War II when she sold the land. Judge Swayze was deeded the land around his cottage in 1913.

In the winter, after the water pipe to the lake had to be taken in, Tom came daily and would climb over the ice banks to dip pails of water out of the lake to keep Agnes supplied. Tom went back and forth between his house and Glasserton several times each

day to look after his sister. Agnes never drove and depended on Tom to go to town for her provisions. Winters were lonely for Agnes. She spent a lot of her time knitting, quilting, and making rag rugs. She loved company especially during the winter. If she was expecting company the ice cream freezer would be ready.

Tod, my Grandfather, married Evelyn Georgina Hornibrook. Her mother was Barbara Sheehan, a descendent of Walter Butler Sheehan. After they were married my Grandparents bought a pineapple plantation in Puerto Rico. The Philbricks, who owned one of the cottages on the Glasserton property had sugar interest in Puerto Rico which is why Tod and several other young men from the area happened to go there. My father, John Thornley Docker, was born on that island, but was baptized at Christ's Church, Port Maitland. Because my Grandmother couldn't stand the hot climate, they returned either to Glasserton or to her family home on the Port Maitland Road every summer. After several years in Puerto Rico they left and settled in Pennsylvania. My father had two surviving brothers, Robert Hornibrook, and Francis Harold who was killed in World War II. All three of them spent many happy summers at Glasserton and at the Hornibrook farm when Glasserton got too stuffy. My father and mother Evelyn Clara Deam, spent their honeymoon at Glasserton in December of 1935. Then because of gasoline rationing, automobile trips to Canada ceased during the war.

My first trip to Glasserton was in July 1943. We traveled all night by train, my mother holding me on her lap and my father holding my sister Mary, because the train was so crowded. We changed trains in Buffalo and finally reached Smithville early in the morning. Joyfully my Father called Glasserton. Agnes answered the crank telephone. "We're in Smithville!" "Eh?" She was quite deaf. "We're in Smithville." "Oh, that's too bad," she replied. No one could come to meet us. Uncle Tom was haying and no one else had enough gasoline to get to Smithville. After having traveled all night with two small children, my father had to find a way to complete the last twenty miles of the journey. He walked around the village and finally found a veterinarian who had enough gasoline stamps to get us to Dunnville for a price. There we were met and I remember having to kiss the wrinkled cheeks of several elderly Aunts. They then drove us across the rickety Long Bridge over the river and along the dirt road to Glasserton.

My father was so eager to show us the lake that he sat my sister down in it, clothes and all. About Glasserton, I remember getting lost and asking someone, "Where's the dining room?" I remember also being afraid to walk through the dark room and always going to my bedroom in the west wing by the back stairs that went up from the end room. There was not enough room at the dining room table for children, so my sister and I ate at a table near the pantry. That was just as well because my father was very nervous about our table manners in front of Aunt Agnes.

Each guest had a white linen napkin and a napkin ring and there was always a white linen table cloth on the huge table. The table cloth and napkins were changed every

Sunday. One Sunday I walked into the dining room after church. The table was set for Sunday dinner with a new table cloth. There was a dish of pickled beets on the table. "No one will ever know if I taste one," I thought to myself. I later had to explain the red marks from the center to the edge of the table. Agnes was not amused.

After 1943 I visited Glasserton every year. We lived for our annual trip to Canada. We always stopped at the Dunnville Dairy for an ice cream cone on the way out to the lake. We spent our holidays swimming in the lake, playing on the raft and going for row boat rides with Monica (Timmy) Stevenson and her brother David, grandchildren of Judge Swayze. We loved examining the fossils on the reef along the lake shore and collecting shells and bits of glass in the sand. There were bonfires on the beach with the boarders, especially the Hubbard daughters and their friends. One of the treats was to go with Mrs. Hubbard down to the rocks each morning to brush our teeth in the lake with pink toothpaste. Another great treat was to have a "Canadian" hamburger with everything on it at a stand in Port Maitland while my parents went with their friends to the Maitland Arms for an ale.

The informal sitting area for the family was the east part of the large dining room. Here by the wood stove, Agnes had her Morris chair. The wood stove was dismantled in the summer. On the west wall there was a large side board. On it the family silver was displayed and over it there was a portrait of Louisa Thornley. The large table was in the center. The parlor with its uncomfortable formal furniture contained Elizabeth Docker's piano and a table in the center on which the guest book rested. The parlor was used only for very special occasions, when the parson called, for Sunday visitors, or for wakes. One cousin said the only thing she remembered about the parlor was Grandfather laid out in it. I once asked Agnes if I could take her picture in the parlor. "Heavens, child, you can't go into the parlor before the beds are made." But she did. The picture shows Aunt Agnes, Aunt Frances, and my sister Patti who must have been around a year old.

Once my sister Mary who was seven years of age at the time, was standing in the kitchen in her bathing suit when the ice man's truck drove up. "Get behind the door, child. Here comes the ice man. You don't want him to see you like that," said Agnes.

Boarder's names like Sullivan, Hubbard, Jones, Dawson, Scheak, Seel, Morley, Bate, and Waugh are written in the guest books and on the walls of the west wing bedrooms. Many of the visitors were family members and friends. Among them is Mrs. Jennie Snow, daughter of Frederick Hyde, Jr.

The last guests, all family members were recorded in the guest book in 1950:

Charlotte and Ed Kerr, daughter of Josephine Docker Wilson
 Jack and Evelyn Docker, son of Tod Docker
 Jackie and Mary Docker, grandchildren of Tod Docker
 Bob and Emma Docker, son of Tod Docker
 Helen and Ernie Shephard, daughter of Frances Docker Britton
 Connie and Nancy Shephard, grand-daughters of Frances Docker Britton

Margaret died in May of that year and after that no more boarders came to Glasserton. In her last years Agnes sold the farm to Val Lewicki and most of the land on the lake side of the property. Since she was on limited income, she must have welcomed her Canada Old Age Pension Check. Her Cousin and friend Dr. Robert Blott said to her "I am sure you appreciate the pension you are receiving from the government. I suppose now you are going to vote Liberal" "Never!" was her quick reply.

One of her cottages was built by Tom in the 1930s. Maurice Britton, son of Frances, who helped build it, named it *Not a Care*. When Agnes grew too old for visitors, my family stayed at this cottage. During our vacations we would walk across the lawn to Glasserton. Agnes was suffering from shingles but enjoyed our visits. We enjoyed occasional meals with her. During this time at one meal, she miscounted the plates and didn't include one for herself. I went to the pantry and returned with a plate. "But it's not warmed", she cried. She always kept up her high standards.

The last time I was with Agnes I was sitting on a couch by the window at the end of the dining room. She came over and sat beside me and said she didn't want me to be sitting alone. She died in 1958. Glasserton was her life for 89 years.

III THE DAWSONS

Once again there was the question, who is to live in Glasserton? Agnes had offered the house to my father. He declined the offer because it was too large and he was already established in Pennsylvania. Dr. Robert Blott, executor of the estate wrote to Gilbert D. Jukes, a grandson of Mark Jukes asking if he would like to purchase the house. He replied:

Dear Dr. Blott:

Thank you very much for your letter of Sept. 23 regarding the estate of the late Agnes T. Docker and Glasserton.

I have given considerable thought to the possibility of purchasing the old home but after discussing the matter with the family have decided against it, though sentiment would urge us to do otherwise.

My interest was early aroused in Glasserton by stories my father used to tell of his childhood days there. He was born in Glasserton in Feb. 1842. His father Mark R. Jukes, Augustus Jukes, and Laura Jukes came out to the Lake shore in 1834 when their Mother Mrs. Hyde who had recently married Mr. Hyde, a pensioner army man, came to take up land on the present site of Glasserton....

An ad in the *St. Catharines Standard*, June 14, 1959 read:

FOR SALE. This interesting old home, beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Erie, and having nearly 300 feet of waterfront. Ideal for a summer or all year home. To be sold to close an estate. For information please contact Dr. R. D. Blott, R. R. 7, Dunnville.

Glasserton was purchased by John Pope Dawson with all its contents except the family silver and several pieces of furniture which were divided up among Docker family members. John Dawson was the manager of the Dunnville Public Utilities, both hydro electric and water. He was an expert on meters and lectured all over the world on the subject. John and his wife, Jean Elizabeth Brymner were from prominent Canadian families. Jean's grandfather, Douglas Brymner started the Canadian archives and her Uncle, William Brymner was a noted Canadian artist. Jean and her sister Grace Brymner were accomplished water color artists. The Dawson's turned Glasserton into a delightful summer home enjoyed by their children Georgie Elizabeth and Stewart Brymner, and relatives and friends.

As Glasserton was transformed from a farmhouse to a summer home, it was as if the lake were discovered for the first time in its history. The Dockers relaxed facing the road and the yard between the house and the lake was used for hanging up wash. Now it was filled with lawn furniture and used for enjoying the beautiful view of the lake. There was a lot of swimming and sailing and tea, meals and drinks on the lawn.

John Dawson was skilled at carpentry, plumbing and electrical work and did the remodeling on the house himself. He built two bathrooms and installed summer plumb-

ing. Large dormer windows were added facing the lake on the second floor. The lakeside bedroom now had a lovely view. A window was added to the upstairs hall and the dark room, had a window facing the lake. A bedroom was converted into a bathroom in the west wing. Downstairs, the kitchen became a comfortable den with a new fireplace and picture windows facing the lake. The pantry was now the kitchen, the former dining room became a large living room, with a breakfast table between the two windows, so that people could enjoy meals with a view of the lake. The parlor became a formal dining room with portraits of Jean Dawson's family on the walls and a magnificent crystal chandelier hanging over the old Docker dining room table. The end room became a workshop for John. Part of the master bedroom on the first floor was made into a small bathroom. There were now seven bedrooms: two on the first floor, three on the second floor of the original part of the house and two bedrooms in the west wing. The other rooms in the west wing were used for storage.

The Dawsons kept their home in Dunnville and spent their summers at Glasserton. Weekends were especially enjoyable when the family gathered for work and play. Jean's mother, Georgie Brymner, lived with the Dawsons. Georgie and Stewart would come home for the weekend from university or their jobs. Jean's sister Grace spent many weekends at Glasserton. John's sisters, Marjorie and Nora would visit. Agnes had willed *Not a Care* to my father and my family continued to spend their holidays close by. When the Dawsons moved into Glasserton, our families became close friends. These were happy days. John was always working on a project to repair or improve the house. Tea was on the lawn followed by cocktails and then dinner in the beautiful dining room. Evenings were spent by the fire in the den.

The Dawson's large sailboat, the *Greensleeves* provided a lot of pleasure and adventure. Every year my father and John Dawson sailed across the lake. One year they returned and got stuck on the reef in front of Glasserton. Georgie had to go out in a row boat and rescue the two men who had consumed a bottle of rum on the trip. Between the rum and the high waves, it was a feat for John Dawson and Jack Docker to climb down a rope ladder into the boat. Both were sent to bed by their wives. Another year they got into a storm and tied up at the Port Maitland Pier. One memorable voyage, the electrical system caught fire. Both electricians threw their drinks on the fire to put it out. On still another voyage the *Greensleeves* got caught on a reef and someone on shore suggested calling John Dawson because he was the head of the power squadron. "But it is John Dawson who is stuck out there." On that occasion Georgie was rescued and brought home by the Ontario Provincial Police.

In 1963 I graduated from seminary and was ordained to the priesthood the next year. On New Year's Eve, 1968, Georgie Dawson and I were married at St. Paul's Church, Dunnville in the midst of an ice storm. We were to be married at St. John's Church, but a skunk got into the church and Georgie couldn't hold her breath as long as it would take for the ceremony. The first few summers of our marriage we spent our holidays at *Not a Care*, but after our children Sean Thornley and Robert Kenneth were born, we began staying at Glasserton as guests of the Dawsons.

By the 1960's the impact of pollution on Lake Erie began to be felt. The bay in front of Glasserton filled with stinking algae each July. John bought a manure spreader to spread the algae on the farm across the road. Every evening he and the family filled the spreader and by the next morning the bay would be filled again. Whereas only a few years before people along the lake shore pumped the water into their homes and drank it, now drinking water had to be hauled from town. For many years the Dawsons pumped the water for the house from the lake with an electric pump installed in the ice house. Every time we went to town we filled jugs with drinking water. It always seemed that when the house was filled with people, the end of the pipe in the lake would get clogged and the pump would break down. We spent many hours fixing the pump and cleaning sea weed off the end of the pipe. We finally gave up pumping from the lake and began buying water from a company that brought it in by truck and filled the old cistern.

Like the former owners of Glasserton, the Dawsons were very active in the community and in the Anglican Church. Jean Dawson was active in the Home and School Association, served on the library board, and the board of the Children's Aid Society. John Dawson was a layreader at St. John's Church, South Cayuga and I took summer services there for thirty years. The entire family worked to restore St. John's Church. With their friends they painted the outside. John installed electric heat and lights in the church. The lighting is installed in such a way that the congregation sees only the old kerosene lamps.

There were some wonderful parties at Glasserton. I remember one party when the dining room table was filled with beautiful food and I told the guests about my Aunt Beatty's unfortunate operation on that very table. The Dawsons still allowed me to marry their daughter!

During John Dawson's time in Dunnville, a pumping station was built down the road from Glasserton to take water from the lake to Dunnville where it was purified. Because of the abundance of natural gas in the area, there is a high sulfur content in well water and most people have cisterns with their water trucked in from Dunnville. John also made many improvements to the electrical systems in Dunnville including installing underground wiring in many parts of the town and putting up new street lamps. One of his projects was the floral clock which still stands by the river. Perhaps his most lasting project was the formation of Dawson Hill from earth piled up from road construction and the excavation of the Lions swimming pool. To this day countless children enjoy sledding on this, the only hill in Dunnville.

John worked hard trying to keep the Glasserton in repair. Sometimes it felt like a losing battle. Some of the remodeling exploits at Glasserton were amusing in hindsight. It was a chore to get the water working in the spring because of leaking pipes caused by the winter freeze. As a result it would be well into the summer before the water works was functioning properly. I remember one year the distinguished and very dignified Dean of the Cathedral in Rochester washed his hands in the bathroom only to find the water from the wash basin running into his shoes. Jean wrote to us in 1988:

The ceiling in your room fell – quite a big piece – so John has been at it for two days. We went into town for plaster board – it has not been made for 20 years so it is done in chip board.... The verandah supports to the upstairs [west wing] are rotted so John bought wood to fix them and I painted them with preservative. Then it rained so hard he did your room instead. The hose of the vacuum was plugged with dog hairs and spider webs, now it fairly raises the rug, it is so strong. A big branch of willow fell across the road this morning. As it isn't quite blocking said road, I managed to prevent John from going over to saw it up. The wind wasn't even blowing.

Allen and two friends came on Friday evening.... [My sister Patti's husband; they were at Not a Care at this time.] Monday I was washing dishes and John fell from the edge of the roof. I didn't know I could run so fast. A rung on the ladder had rotted out. Said ladder is going to the dump. He hurt his knee a little but not much and I had to hunt for his glasses. He was going up to mend a hole in the roof in your room. Ruth and Mike, friends of Patti's are here and John fell asleep so I went over and Mike offered to help. I said John was lying down, got home, and he was starting on the verandah uprights so I went back and got Mike and then Allen came and the three worked on it., Mike is really a good carpenter and Allen isn't bad so they got quite a lot done. There are days of work still but John is greatly encouraged and Mike went up and mended the roof. Then all five had drinks with us so now we're down to white wine like a fish. Tomorrow at 8:00 we go to Turkstra [lumber yard] for more wood. We were going to Niagara-on-the Lake but that is now canceled. Mike comes tomorrow morning and probably Allen too.... It is marvelous to get some help. John is trying to do too much on his own.

The Dawsons had moved to Niagara-on-the Lake in the 1970's where John was the hydro manager. They retired there several years later but enjoyed coming to Glasserton when time and health would permit. Meanwhile we came to Glasserton with Sean and Robert, who were the fifth generation of Thornley Dockers to live in the house. We brought family and friends and had some wonderful times there. It meant so much to me to come back to the old house every year. When we first arrived, the garden would be overgrown with weeds and there would be a musty smell inside from being closed up most of the year. In a few days, Glasserton would come back to life, and it again became a home. Even the smells came back. At times I could smell Aunt Agnes's black currant jam cooking on the stove and there was a smell of soap in the west wing that I remembered as a boy. My mother and father would be next door at Not-a-Care and our sons spent many evenings fishing on the lake with their Grandfather Docker in their great-great-grandfather's fishing hole. They loved being with their Grandfather Dawson in his workshop. For our sons, Glasserton was the home they loved most of all.

Every July Glasserton would be filled with our friends from the United States. After my mother died, my Father no longer came to Canada but my sisters stayed at Not a Care with their families. Georgie's Aunts, Nora, and Liz would come to visit and spend their time pruning bushes, cutting back trees and working on the gardens, and burning brush. We enjoyed our neighbors, especially Timmy Stevenson, the Proctors, Richardsons, Robinsons, Lauers and Blotts and Coons. Each summer during those years Glasserton would come alive with the laughter of family and friends enjoying the old house and the beauty of its setting.

IV

HOME

"You are going to retire to Canada?" People who had never experienced Glasserton could not imagine anyone retiring "up north". For us there was no question about where we wanted to enjoy our retirement.

We used our sabbatical in 1994 as a "rehearsal" for retirement. After a trip to Honduras to visit our son Sean who was serving there as a missionary, we moved into Glasserton for five months. That spring was cold. The lake was frozen and there was snow into April. We left our comfortable home in Ossining, New York to live in an unheated house with the smoky den fireplace, electric blankets and electric quartz heaters for warmth. We loved it. It was wonderful to be with our neighbors, and Georgie's friends, "the Ladies of the Lake", for more than a month in the summer. It was fun to have more time working on the house and gardens and enjoying the lake. Cheered on by Georgie's Aunts Nora and Elizabeth, we made the decision. That summer Jean and John Dawson turned Glasserton over to us. John died that fall and Jean died two years later. They are buried in the cemetery of St. John's, South Cayuga.

A complete renovation of the house was needed. Sean and his friend Frankie Schneckner, had helped remove five layers of shingles and put on a new roof in 1991, but the rest of the house was very much in need of repair. Wood was rotted, every window needed to be replaced, and floors were sagging. We decided to make the West Wing a year round apartment and renovate the rest of the house for use in the summer. The first step was to find a contractor. One should interview several contractors, and secure bids. That is not what we did. For several years Don Black had been cutting our lawns and looking after Glasserton for most of the year when we were in New York. We wanted someone who could work with Don. We asked him if he knew a contractor. He had a friend with whom he taught school and she had a husband who was a contractor. So in the summer of 1995 Nora and Liz joined us for a meeting with Gunter Weller and David Hart of Hartwell Homes. This started a relationship that continues now as a marvelous friendship. We told them what we wanted and showed them through the house. They took our rough sketches and promised to draw up plans. It would turn out to be the largest job Hartwell Homes ever completed. David confessed several years later that when they left us that evening in the pouring rain, he said to Gunter, "They will never go through with it."

That fall and winter we received plans from Hartwell Homes through the mail, revised them and sent them back. Gunter began the extensive task of securing the necessary permits, checking to see how much of the property was in "hazard land" and meeting with the town planner, the health department, and other agencies to get permission for year round occupancy. Fortunately John Dawson had installed a septic system, and we had a letter from Barrister Fraser Raney, stating a 1961 Order by Her Honour Judge Kinear amending the restriction that had confined the property to summer use and to permit

year round residential use. Gunter, using this letter and the historical value of the site, was able to satisfy the Grand River Conservation Authority with regard to their concerns about flooding. He was able to avoid a committee of adjustment hearing, and obtained a permit from the regional health department, a building permit, and a plumbing permit to go ahead with the project. The final drawings were approved and Hartwell was ready to proceed with work on Phase I in the summer of 1996.

Phase I included removing all the existing flooring from the first floor of the west wing. The floor turned out to be inch and a quarter yellow pine nailed to beams fixed in pebbles from the beach. The old footings and foundations consisted of rubble stone and concrete to a depth of only 10 inches. New footings were installed under the walls and a new insulated foundation wall installed. A crawl space was excavated to provide for a warm floor and space to run plumbing and heating pipes. Rotten and warped beams were replaced, walls were straightened, new joists, and a new floor structure were installed.

The end room was to become a living room, the porch on the lake side was to become the lake room with windows facing the lake, a sitting area at one end and dining area at the other. The porch on the west side would become the kitchen, and the porch on the road side, an entrance, a bathroom, and a mechanical room for furnace, hot water heater and pump.

David Hart and Alfie Ragogna began work that summer. A back hoe was brought in to dig the foundation. The west wall of the house was propped up and raised four inches to level it. While working on the foundation, Alfie killed a rat snake, which grew larger as the story spread along the lake shore. By Labor day, phase one was completed. Most of the work was underground and could not be seen but the west wing was changed forever. In place of an open porch, there were windows and a glass patio door on the lake side. The other porches below the original stucco, were now reclaimed brick. By the new entrance on the road side was a plaque, "Glasserton 1836".

Phase II began in the summer of 1997. The chimney from the old fireplace in the end room was removed and a gas fireplace was installed. The west wing was completely insulated and dry wall installed. Water pipes were roughed in. Upstairs there would be a new master bedroom on the lake side, two bathrooms on the road side, (the second for the three bedrooms in the old part of the house) and a library on the west side. This room has become a cozy winter family room with television, computer and evening living space. Most of the old paneling from the partitions of the original bedrooms was reinstalled in this room. The rest with the graffiti drawn on it by the boarders through the years formed the inside wall of the lake room downstairs.

Insulated doors were installed on both levels between the west wing and the unheated east part of the house. The old upstairs windows were replaced with vinyl thermal windows. Closets were built. The former outside antique French doors were refinished and now separated the end room from the kitchen and lake rooms. The old stairway was replaced by a new, safer stairway to the second floor. The original upstairs wooden

doors were reused. Aluminum capping covered all exposed exterior wood surfaces and rain gutters and down-spouts were attached. We spent that summer painting the interior of the new west wing. During the fall, a large cistern was put in on the west side of the house and the furnace installed.

After the summer we returned to New York, and Gunter and David and their men worked on the house four hundred miles away. Thanks to fax and telephone calls there were no glitches. We were fortunate to have workers who loved the house and who took pride in their excellent accomplishments. The only problem was with raccoons. Through the years these creatures had entered the house when it was empty. There had been some destruction and several had died in the attics. During the construction raccoons entered the house on two occasions and roamed over the old part of the house. One got into some paint in the workshop and made white foot prints in the den. These tracks have been preserved on the floor as a remembrance

Meanwhile I applied for a Visa so that I could become a resident of Canada. Georgie, who had just become an American Citizen but retained her Canadian citizenship, sponsored me. We worried whether the Canadian government would allow me to become a landed immigrant. Finally after fingerprinting, and FBI check, a physical examination, and a lot of forms to fill out, I received the Visa. We sold our house in Ossining, New York and after a horrendous Westchester County closing, left Ossining in the midst of an ice storm the evening of January 15, 1998. Our furniture arrived at Glasserton January 20 and was stored in the living room and dining room until construction was completed.

Georgie stayed at the Lauer's house for the rest of the month, while I finished my work at the Episcopal Church Center in New York City. On February 1, 1998 we moved in and for the first time in forty years, Glasserton was a permanent home again. When we moved in our bedroom on the second floor, and one bathroom, and the upstairs library were completed. The contractors were busy at work on the rest of our apartment. There was no heat or light in the old part of the house, but the electric stove in the old kitchen was in operation. We would warm food in the oven take it to the upstairs library to eat and wash dishes in the upstairs bath room.

At the end of March we were able to use our new kitchen and we moved furniture into the end room. Meanwhile work was moving ahead on the old part of the house. The entire house was rewired and new vinyl thermal windows installed. The old master bedroom on the downstairs road side was insulated, new walls put in. and a gas fireplace installed in the old fireplace so the room could be used as a guest room in the winter. The cottage bathroom had been removed and the room was restored to its former size. The beautiful wide floor boards were refinished. The room was papered with rose wall paper and became known as the rose room. The room across the hall. was re-papered and a new carpet installed. The hall was re-papered, the floor boards refinished and lighting installed to transform it into a picture gallery. The dining room stayed the same except for new windows, and baseboard electric heat installed so it could be used on special occa-

sions in the winter. The floor of the living room was refinished and turned out to be beautiful pumpkin pine. The kitchen was renovated as a kitchen for summer guests. The den had new casement windows facing the lake and a new high efficiency air tight stove was placed in the fireplace. Upstairs new casement windows overlooked the lake. The dark room became a hall way with a large closet for storage, and a work area for Georgie, and the end of the hall became a game room. The floor of the upstairs hall was carpeted.

The west wing was like a new house with modern bathrooms and kitchen but the original part of the house retained its old charm. A porch was added to the roadside of the west wing using the wood trim from the old porch. On the lakeside, a brick patio was laid from bricks from the old chimneys. Over the house all wood surface were capped with aluminum after the rotten wood was replaced, and gutters and piping were installed. On the old part, the gutters flowed into the old cistern so the rain water could be used for watering the garden. A driveway was excavated and a garage was built on the west side of the house.

On June 19, 1998, Gunter removed the Hartwell sign from the front of the house and we were no longer a construction site. The following Sunday we had an open house for all the workers and the neighbors who were eager to see what had been going on at Glasserton for the past two years. Over twenty men who had worked on the house were invited. But special praise went to the three who worked on the house from the summer of 1996 until June of 1998, Alfie Ragogna, David Hart and Gunter Weller.

Glasserton remains a place of hospitality but our guests are friends and family. We decided that guests should sleep as long as they want and get their own breakfasts in the summer kitchen. Fresh fruit, juice, bread for toast, a selection of home-made orange marmalade and jam, dry cereal and coffee and tea are provided. Some guests like to go to Dunnville for a donut run and to pick up the paper. This free-form attitude toward breakfast carries over to lunch. We have an assortment of easy to make food such as meat for sandwiches, bread and butter, salads, and fruit for eating outdoors.

Guests swim, take boat rides, and walk along the beach. Others make excursions to Port Dover, Jordan Village, the Shaw or the Stratford Festival, the wine country or Niagara Falls. Many enjoy going to market in Dunnville on Tuesdays and Saturdays. There are drinks and conversation on the lawn or the patio late in the afternoon and then dinner together in the gracious dining room in the early evening.

By March 1998 the two downstairs rooms were ready for Nora and Liz to be the first guests. After that they returned when their schedules permitted to inspect progress and to help get the grounds in shape. They presented us with a new guest book with a copy of the plaque by the west wing door: "Glasserton 1836". Cousin Charlotte Kerr, of El Centro, California, daughter of Josephine Wilson Docker, arrived in May. Her previous visit to Glasserton in 1950 was one of the final entries in Agnes's guest book. Now after 48 years, hers was one of the first entries in the new guest book. She was followed in June by Betty Plaisted who wrote, "Had a glorious week. Wonderful Glasserton, won-

derful hosts. A vacation laced with theater and food glorious food." A few weeks later Marian and Frank Schneck wrote. "There isn't enough room in this book or others to describe the esthetic beauty and historical heritage of Glasserton..." Over the July 4th weekend my sister Mary, and her husband Brooke and their son Brooke and his family filled every bedroom. It was a fun-filled weekend with the children swimming in the lake, picnics and a bonfire on the beach. Mary's other son, David, and his family came later that month. The self-serve breakfast arrangement worked very well for David who got up early to go fishing with my sister Patti, and for Kristie, his wife, who later in the morning made breakfast for their children Rosebud and Ali.

While David and his family were there, my mother's girlhood friend Helen Kummerer arrived to be with the party at Glasserton and my sisters Patti and Barbara who were at Not a Care. Next came our old friends from Newport, David Mason, Todd Brown, and Nancy and Kim Robinson.. David Mason wrote, "To laugh, and drink and remember 'parts' of by-gone days has made this gathering one to add...Glasserton with its face lift has maintained the warmth and charm..."

A few days later, Lisa Gibson wrote, "The first St. Paul's contingent, Bill Cowan, Lisa Gibson, and Dorothy Tompkins arrived late Monday night (well, not so late as to miss out on dinner, but later than expected), and we've had a glorious three days. ... Beautiful weather, terrific food and wine, personal tours, bicycle rides, walks, and one roasted marshmallow (plus history)" Nora and Liz returned with their friends Eileen and Colin Pickle from Australia. Then a big weekend in August brought Nora and Liz, Sean, Robert and his wife Christy, Christy's sister Melissa, and Cousins Dan and Bev Dawson with their daughters Jess and Lex. Dan Dawson wrote, "Nice work on the lake too! It seems better now you're here full time." Dan was referring to the fact that for the first time in years, during the summer of 1998, there was no stinking algae on the shore of the lake.

Our former rector Steve Holton and his family visited later that month and wrote a poem:

To Glasserton we came today to visit our old friends
 'Tis but five years we've known them well, but feels like nine or ten
 We swam, we walked among the rocks, we paddled in the boat
 Then sat down at dinner time and raised a glass in toast.
 To Jack and Georgie, thanks so much for giving such good cheer
 And to a kindly God, more thanks for friends whom we hold dear.

In September Mary and Owen Ringwald came from Wilmington, Delaware. Mary wrote, "What gracious hospitality! A refreshing visit, going to market, wine, country, good food, listening to the waves, reviewing the renovation and additions, sharing Alaskan trip, making grape pie!! Owen wrote, "It had been so marvelous to enjoy part of such a long tradition of hospitality at Glasserton, the sound of the lake, the beauty of garden, shore, lake, sunrise and sunset..." In November our old neighbors from Rochester, Jim and Carleen Wilenius wrote, "A phenomenal transformation of an already phenomenal place."

For years we dreamed about celebrating Christmas at Glasserton. That dream came true in 1998. Nora and Liz, Sean, Robert, and Christy, my sister Patti, her husband Allen, and their daughter Amy arrived to make it a special holiday. All the bedrooms were filled, even those in the unheated part of the house. But with electric blankets no one seemed to mind. Georgie's cousin, John Goldie, wrote, "I think the idea of not heating the guest bedrooms is brilliant!"

There were drinks by the blazing fire in the den, holiday dinners with crackers in the dining room, and the exchanging of gifts, good conversation and a lot of laughter by the gas fire in the end room. To quote Harriet Jukes, "It was everything a Canadian Christmas should be." The younger members of the party took walks on the beach, slid on the ice banks, and Nora supplied toy boats to race in the bath tub. Allen wrote, "What a beautiful way to spend Christmas. The house is delightful with a room for every mood..." Timmy Stevenson joined us for dinner one night and the entire group had a lovely dinner with the Proctors at their home down the road. The Blott family came up for drinks. There were parties at the Mustard's and the Blott's houses. All the neighbors were invited to a party at Glasserton to round off the season. Liz summed it up, "The house seemed to enjoy the fun of us being all together as much as I did."

Now we are enjoying winter. We look out at the ice banks. The lake, almost frozen, is silent. The snow is deep and Johnson Road keeps drifting shut. Our entertainment is watching the birds who come to our feeders. Glasserton, filled with over 160 years of memories, is lovely and warm.

HOMES/COTTAGES ON LOT 15
(Lake side)

621 - Swayze, Stevenson, Proctor

623 - McIndoe, Camelford, Irwin, Pemberton, Bird

625 - "Not a Care" - Built by Tom Docker, rented by Agnes Docker
A. Docker, W. Docker, J. Docker, P. Docker-Ford & B. Geiger

629 - "The Dockerage" Built by H. Richardson for Frances Docker
F. Docker, H. Richardson

631 - "Glasserton" - F. Hyde, F. Docker, A. Docker, J. Dawson, J. & G. Docker

639 - Built by G. Stephens
Stephens, Carus, Anderson, Cole

645 - Built by Tom Docker (Merritt built a small cottage to east)
Barnes, Merritt

649 - H. Philbrick (Sugar interest in Puerto Rico), A. Docker
Rebuilt by Tom Docker & rented by Agnes Docker
Sabiston, Nash, Johnston

653 - Built by Alex and Jean Thrush for Jean's parents, Jim and Anne Lawson, Lauer

657 - J. Conley, Agnes Docker, Rebuilt by Tom Docker, Rented by Agnes, Thrush, Jacob

661 - M. Jones, J. Sabiston, Thomas, Johnston

665 - L. Spencer, Bilger

669 - M. Hedrick

673 - Simson, H. DeBoersap

677 - N. Lalor, Simpson, Spears, Mustard