

This copy of Whirlpool Heights
presented to Louis Mc. Dermott
for the Cruickshank Library
Garrison Rd. home of Mr. & Mrs.
Richard Moore and family,
April 1976.

WHIRLPOOL HEIGHTS

THE DREAM-HOUSE ON
THE NIAGARA RIVER

By JULIA CRUIKSHANK



LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.
RUSKIN HOUSE 40 MUSEUM STREET, W.C.

I ought to tear it down. To have lived twenty-five years in a place until it is part of yourself, then to leave it is like death. The English violets were in blossom everywhere. When you opened the windows, the perfume scented the whole house. Amy was with me, and helped to make the visit less sad. I could not have borne it alone. We had supper in the dear dining-room; the same old scents and sounds; they were doubly dear now I knew I was leaving them for ever. I forgot the dreary days, remembered only the beauty of my life in the red-brick house on the Garrison Road. It was the part of the earth that was mine, most dear to me. Every corner was alive with associations. Every object had a history known only to me. The Meissen china brought tears to my eyes; I remembered the struggles to save the money to purchase it, the delight when it was in the sideboard. The old-fashioned parlour, with its brown walls and yellow silk curtains, seemed the most beautiful of rooms. My Poets' Corner, the pictures of the poets with the books below, looked at me reproachfully. Even

the kitchen filled me with tender memories. I came away, my hands filled with flowers—daffodils, blue and white hyacinths, and some roots of violets to plant at The Heights. Altogether these are sad days. Amy felt this as well as myself. She was born on the next farm; all her childhood days were spent there; she was naturally at our house a great deal.

I am down at The Heights this afternoon. The sky is grey with promise of rain, but the birds are singing, and the air is fresh, and laden with the sweet scent of green things growing. E. has discovered many dogwood-trees which will fill the place with beauty in a few weeks. Whirlpool Heights is beautiful, even magnificent. I doubt if it will ever have the look of ancient peace of the red-brick house on the Garrison Road. E. does not like to hear this; insists Whirlpool Heights has such wonderful possibilities, which is true.

May 7th.

E. not feeling well, says he will stay in bed and take the rest cure. He certainly

but whether that impression is like the real scene or not is a difficult question. I made E. go. I knew he preferred cutting down trees at The Heights, but I told him a moving tale—if I did not go to the Glen while the trilliums were in bloom, and pick all I could carry, I would feel I had missed something for a whole year. E. could not witness such misery as that; he came. The ground was covered with the beautiful trilliums. I picked and picked and was happy; no snakes, nothing to mar my joy, only I stepped on the skunk cabbage. I did not like the odour. E. did not notice it. I suppose his mind was on battles long ago, and little things passed him by. We were very warm after the last climb of sixty-five steps, and the cooler air on the cliff was very refreshing. We walked to The Heights along the bank of the river; E. said it was three-quarters of a mile. I certainly hope his history is more accurate than his perception of distance. I am sure it is three miles. He spent the remainder of the afternoon cutting down trees. I tried to convince him he would look more picturesque in red

flannel shirt than in Derby hat and cutaway coat, but could not induce him to try it. Cutting down trees is very interesting. We always argue and quarrel over each tree, whether to cut it down or not, and as E. says he cuts down a thousand a day time passes rapidly.

I thank God who made me capable of seeing and appreciating all the beauty I have seen to-day. As I read a little poetry before going to bed, I am still more thankful there are the great poets to give much pleasure to me.

FORT ERIE,

May 5th.

The last few days have been spent in Buffalo and on the Garrison Road. The river was still full of ice, very beautiful, the dark blue water filled with huge masses of ice. The river above the Falls is blue, changing with the sky below; the water is deep green, changing but little.

My visit to the old place was very sad. When I saw the placard, "For Sale," nailed upon a pear-tree, I felt it was a desecration;



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December 3, 1971.

Mr. Louis McDermott,
108 High Street,
Fort Erie, Ontario.

Dear Mr. McDermott:

Thank you for your letter of November 23, 1971.

Information regarding the Benner or Bender family has been covered in my letter of November 29, 1971.

Regarding the Cruikshank^s, I cannot say whether Patrick Cruikshank is related to E. Alexander or not. His grant of 200 acres, lot 35 concession 1, Bertie Township lists his name as Crookshanks. The patent was granted on August 10, 1801, Liber N, folio 28. If you desired, you could order a copy of this patent (quoting all pertinent details) from the Recording Office, Provincial Secretary's Department, Hearst Block, Bay & Wellesley, Toronto for \$1.50.

I discovered the following information on Alexander Cruikshank - Ernest Alexander Cruikshank's father. He purchased the $W\frac{1}{2}$ of lots 1~~1~~2, concession 5, Bertie Township from J.A. Woodruff in 1852. Presumably it was on one of these properties that Ernest was born. Alexander also bought the $W\frac{1}{2}$ of lots 1~~1~~2, concession 3, from Benjamin Hershey in 1856.

He willed these properties to his widow Margaret, to his son Ernest, and to his daughters Rachael (Mrs. Peter Miller of Bertie) and Eliza (Mrs. Andrew Miller of Fingal, Elgin County). The will was made in 1863 and Alexander died on June 8, 1868. It seems likely that Alexander and Margaret were the first of the family to live in Ontario as they were born in Scotland. Of course, Patrick could be a distant relative, but as the period is so much earlier, I rather doubt it.

Mr. Louis McDermott

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December 3, 1971.

Enclosed is a copy of the memoriam which appeared in the Ontario Historical Society Papers & Records for 1939 when Ernest died. I thought you might find this informative.

I trust the above information will be of use to you in your research.

Yours sincerely,

David Russell

DR:ldb
encl.

David Russell,
Archivist.