

Things That Go Bump In A Canadian Night

by Ronald Wolf



Brockamour Manor

Niagara-on-the-Lake, ON

You would be hard-pressed to find a place richer in pre-Canadian history. This edition into paranormal Canada involved the war of 1812 and the Brockamour Manor.

The following information was gathered from the website www.brockamour.com.

On June 18, 1812, the United States declared war on Britain and committed itself to take over the lands of Canada – a colony of Britain, which according to Thomas Jefferson, could be done by a “mere matter of marching”.

Brock seared his legend into the hearts of Canadians during the War of 1812. First, with his bold and confident strategy at Detroit where, against all odds, he convinced General Hull to surrender, thus recapturing the Upper Canada lands lost without firing a shot.

During the early hours of October 13, 1812 Brock awoke to the sounds of cannon fire as the Americans again invaded Upper Canada at Queenston Heights. Jumping onto his horse he raced

toward the battle, stopping only at the home of his love to say a brief good-bye.

It was the last time she saw him alive. While rallying his men, who were in disarray upon his arrival on the battle scene and leading them in a counter attack, he was easily identifiable in his red coat. A skilled American marksman stepped forward, shot and thus ended the life of Sir Isaac Brock.

Sophia stayed true to his memory living with her sister Isabella, who also became widowed, in the Powell house where Brock and she had met. It is this circumstance that gives this home its name, Brockamour signifying the love of Brock.

Owners Rick Jorgensen and Colleen Cone now own the historic Brockamour Country Inn for the past four years.

Jorgensen recounts some of the most intriguing events at the Inn since owning it.

A guest came down one day “freaked out” because his computer was turned off when he

was working on it and the computer was playing music. He was in the room that people were commonly experiencing paranormal activity, he stated. He said that when he first moved in, the incidents happened frequently. Experiences did slow down in the last year however.

“The door bell would go off in the middle of the night. When I came down, there would be nobody here. It would happen exactly at the same time three or four times a week.”

Two years ago a group of five women came to the Inn to try and experience the paranormal activity which surrounds the place.

“They showed us pictures and every picture had orbs in it. They were no reflective surfaced in the room so it wasn’t the flash (creating the orb). The orbs were at head level over their shoulders,” Jorgensen recalled.

They were quite excited about their findings, he added.

The Inn keeps a letter in the achieves, written by a man in his 70s, about his paranormal experiences which happened to him as a boy in the 1940s.

“As the letter goes, the boy looked up at the staircase and saw a woman in a white dress beckoning him. He followed her down a hallway and all of a sudden a wall opened up and there was a hole with a light shining. She went into the hole beckoning him to come. As he started to come something banged him on the head and he fell down and frightened him so badly that he hid under the stairs until his mother found him a few hours later,” finished Jorgensen.

Things that go bump in a Canadian night are rich with history and intrigue. Perhaps one day you will have experiences to share with your fellow readers.

Contact Ron Wolf at www.wolfthewriter.com