

in diameter. The sides were steep and there was a hollow in the top. It was covered with ashes and cinders about two feet deep, the remains of fires made to destroy the scent of the bodies and preserve them from the wolves. Though almost levelled now by nearly a century of cultivation the remains of this mound can still be traced. A large number of mortuary remains, flint, spear and arrow-heads, stone hatchets, wampum, pottery, etc., seems to indicate that this was the scene of a sanguinary conflict many years ago. This view is strengthened by a tradition among the Indians that a small tribe called the Attawandaronks was here completely destroyed.

In the year 1778 ROBERT LAND who was born on the banks of the Delaware, and who sided with the British during the revolutionary war, settled on three hundred acres occupying the greater part of the east end of the city between the mountain and the bay. Previous to this he had located two hundred acres near Niagara Falls, but hearing that game was plentiful near the head of the lake he abandoned his first settlement for the Hamilton site, where he sowed the first wheat on an acre of ground, breaking up the land with hoes and harrowing it with brush loaded with stones. The dwelling was a small log cabin, with an earthen floor, and plastered with clay and roofed with birch bark, and the interstices were filled with a soft, dense moss found in great plenty in the swamps. A fire place extended the whole length of the house. A stretched wolf skin, denuded of its hair, answered the purpose of the solitary window. Dried venison hung from the ceiling at all times, and the pioneer's trusty companion, the rifle, was carefully suspended when not needed, over the fire place. This dwelling was a model one at the time, and in such the early settlers of the country reared their sturdy families, untrammelled by the dictates of fashion, and not at all envious of their neighbors. These primitive times, notwithstanding their many deprivations and vicissitudes, had a charm about them which the prosperity of succeeding years did not bestow, and we have heard many an old settler, surrounded by luxury, sigh over the memories of "the good old days."

*Mr Land, the "first settler," as above mentioned, sided with the British in the American war. One night, while carrying despatches for his General, he was fired upon and struck down. He, however, succeeded in crawling on his hands and knees into the thicket, where he hid till morning. The same night the Indians burnt his cabin, and his wife and children escaping, traced his footsteps to where he had been wounded, and seeing blood, believed him to be dead, and followed the retreating army into New Brunswick. In the meantime Land, finding no trace of his family, went to "the Falls," and ultimately to the Bay. Seven years elapsed, and his wife and family left New Brunswick, and strangely decided on settling near Niagara. Hearing that a man of their name was settled near Burlington Bay, they travelled

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