

which would force him into private life, and declare him fit for nothing else. This scene recalled a still more memorable occasion in English history—the last appearance of the great Earl of Chatham in the House of Lords, when in the height of the American revolution he protested with something of his old fire “against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy.”

To-day as we take possession of Sir Allan's old historic castle—henceforth a storehouse of science, arts and history—we should not forget its first generous owner. He loved this country and its people right well, and they repaid that affection by their constant, staunch support through all the vicissitudes of his political and personal fortunes. Hamilton, in his life-time, grew from a humble village—sometimes addressed by mail as “Burlington, near Ancaster”—to a fine city—not so large or prosperous or beautiful as it is in these days, but still sufficiently important and handsome to be called forty years ago, “the ambitious, stirring little city.” Ancaster on the Mountain<sup>13</sup> had its ambitions once, but now it is only a place of ruins, redolent of memories. Dundas,<sup>14</sup> would you believe it, had also the audacity to be the rival of infant Hamilton; but though its commercial supremacy has long ago been a dream, yet the beauty of its situation and surroundings still entitles it to be called a paradise—not simply for sportsmen as in old times, but for the gratification of the eye and the pleasures of life. Sir Allan saw all these changes in the city he loved so well, and had his share in bringing to it the railway which had much to do with its rapid growth for years. Though his most ardent admirers and friends could never claim that he was a great statesman, yet he possessed qualities which endeared him to his fellow-countrymen, and made him for many years a great personal force in public affairs. He had a manly, sympathetic manner which invariably made him friends wherever he went. He had none of the business or economic traits of the canny Scotch race from which he sprang. The expenditure rather than the acquisition, or the saving of money, was his dominant characteristic. He may be called a Canadian Epicurean—*Carpe diem*,—enjoy life day by day, was his motto. To him we could well apply the words of a poet:

“Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,  
Leave the things of the future to Fate,  
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?  
Life's troubles come never too late.

If to hope over much be an error,  
'Tis one that the wise have preferred;  
And how often have hearts been in terror,  
Of evils that never occurred.”