

subsequently hanged. Mr. Land succeeded in reaching what was still British territory. After spending about a year hunting, trapping and fishing in the neighbourhood of Niagara Falls—the roar of which, the old man used to say, bothered him much—at last he made his way to the region above Burlington Bay, where he took up land. Some time after this, according to rumours which then reached him, he concluded that his wife and children had been massacred by the Indians. Strange to say, the members of his family had long mourned him as dead. Thinking he had been killed in the war, they left the States and went to New Brunswick, where they remained seven years; and then, learning that Upper Canada offered a better field for the settler, they sold their little holding in New Brunswick and came west. On their journey they heard that there was a man of the same name—not a very common one—living alone at the head of Lake Ontario. Finally, after terrible hardships travelling through an unbroken forest and enduring trials and dangers of such an nature as we in our day can scarcely have any conception, they reached Robert Land's little shanty, and the family once more were reunited. The new comers were the Colonel's grandmother, his father (then only 17 years of age), and his uncle, Ephraim. On their arrival all hands at once took a share in clearing up and cultivating the ground, their portion of which extended from the mountain to Burlington Bay. In due time Robert married Hannah Horning, daughter of a German family who had come from Maryland, and had also taken up land in Barton township, their old homestead being afterwards owned by the Springers. Their family consisted of three sons and five daughters, of whom the subject of our sketch was the eldest son and fourth child, and of whom in addition to himself only one sister survives—the widow of the late George K. Chisholm, of Halton county. There were stirring times in Canada as John grew up. Though but a child at the outbreak of the war of 1812, the subject of our sketch can remember distinctly the battle of Stoney Creek, when all the women and children in Hamilton were gathered in his father's house awaiting the result of the engagement. Later on, at the age of eighteen, he enrolled himself in the Sedentary militia, and always put in an appearance on "training day," the birthday of the King. Subsequently, when the late Colonel Servos raised a troop of cavalry, he joined it and remained connected with the corps for many years. Afterwards he received a commission as ensign in the infantry, rose to the rank of lieutenant, and at the time of the rebellion of 1837, he was a captain doing duty in Hamilton, his father being then a colonel on the loyal side.

But garrison duty did not suit John Land when there was fighting to be done, and he again joined the cavalry as lieutenant under Colonel Servos. He kept up his connection with the militia after the trouble was over, and finally obtained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, which he still retains. In his early years, Mr. Land attended such schools as then were to be found in new settlements, and in one of these he acquired what was considered a fair English education. In those days, the old man remarks, there was not much of Hamilton, and back in 1818, the Fergusons, Beasleys, Springers, Lands and old Col. Aikman were among the chief settlers. Such were the meagre facilities of the period that when any of them wanted a pound of tea or a yard of calico they had to go to Dundas, Ancaster or Stoney Creek, which were then important places by comparison. Looking back beyond that period, however, the privations the pioneers had to endure were of a much more arduous character. Time was when Robert Land took a bushel of wheat on his back and walked all the way to a mill at what is now St. Catharines, had it ground and then carried the flour back home; and stranger still, the first year of his farming he grubbed up an acre of ground with a hoe, sowed it with wheat, and after harvesting his little crop he was wont to say that he was never again in want of bread. John was only thirteen years old when he took charge of the teaming for his father, who, it is said, never afterwards harnessed a horse. In 1842, Colonel Land married Esther, daughter of John Morris, of London, England, who came to Canada about the year 1824. The result of this union was a family of eight children, of these there are living John A. (well known as Dominion Secretary of the Royal Templars), in Hamilton; Peter M., now in Vancouver, B.C.; Mrs. Lucas, widow of the late David Lucas, who was recently killed in a runaway accident at the Twelve-mile Hill; Mrs. John G. Y. Burkholder, Mrs. James Webster, of Barton, and Mrs. David Reid, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Politically, Col. Land has always been a Conservative of the Conservatives. Even now, when he is in his eighty-sixth year, he takes an absorbing interest in the political contests of the day, and has always been a devoted admirer and supporter of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. In religion, he was brought up in the Church of England, although, in early life, he was more associated with the Methodist Church than with any other. Col. Land's friends are numbered by the thousand, among whom he is spending his declining years, surrounded at the same time by a large number of affectionate and loving relatives, and having the respect and esteem of all classes of people in his own and adjoining counties.