



BY THE LAKE SHORE.

*Corpus* that would brook no delay. When morning broke, it was clear to the townsmen

that cholera was within their borders. The gaoler was himself hurried away: then the magistrates set free the surviving prisoners, except one who was already within the shadow of the gibbet. All summer long this dreadful presence stalked up and down the streets, entering the houses or peering in at the windows; but with the coming of the blessed frost, he disappeared. The pestilence barely gone, the midnight sky, one night in November, was suddenly lit up as bright as noontide, and Burlington Bay seen from afar gleamed like burnished gold. Before the fire could be subdued, many of Hamilton's best buildings were shapeless ruins. These calamities of 1832 might well have disheartened a young town, but within a few months Hamilton had not only recovered lost ground, but had planned a system of markets, and had provided for wider streets and a police patrol. Fire-engines were procured and great public wells were sunk. As in the towns of Old England and of New England the town-pumps were long the centre of gossip and became the bill-boards for official notices. The Fountain in the Gore marks the site of the last survivor of those garrulous old town-pumps, from which Hawthorne has drawn so delightful a "Rill" in his "Twice-told Tales."

In the early days, Allan McNab was the leading spirit in every stirring incident. He was the foremost representative of the Gore District in Parliament. When cholera