

7. Catharine, who married Samuel Black Freeman, and had issue.

8. Caroline Augusta, who married Alfred Boulbee, and had issue.

A paper written by one of George Hamilton's granddaughters states that when the War of 1812 broke out he was living at Niagara-on-the-Lake with his wife, and deeming the frontier town an unsafe place they moved to the head of Lake Ontario. The young mother with her baby boy (Robert Jarvis Hamilton) in her arms, rode on horseback through the bridle paths till they reached the haven of refuge on the mountain side, what is now the City of Hamilton, above the beautiful waters of Burlington Bay, and on the spot now occupied by the handsome residence of Samuel Barker, Esq., M. P., the young couple built their log house, long famed for its generous hospitality. Here the red men of the forest were welcome guests. George Hamilton was a public spirited man, taking a deep interest in those about him. He laid out a number of streets in the town of Hamilton and presented to the Corporation the Court House square, the Wood market on John street, and the pretty little Gore Park on King street. For a number of years he was Treasurer of the Counties of Wentworth and Halton and took an active part in the politics of the day, being for a long period member of the Parliament of Upper Canada. In the War of 1812 he held the rank of Captain. Charles Durand, who knew Mr. Hamilton well, writes: "No account of the early settlers of Hamilton would be complete without the mention of George Hamilton, who for over a quarter of a century was the best known man in Hamilton."

Hamilton has not been unmindful of his services. In Hamilton cemetery, that beautiful city of the dead, where Harvey and Vincent had their camp on Burlington Heights when the decisive battle of Stoney Creek was fought during the night of June 5, 1815, there stands in the vicinity of the chapel a handsome monument of polished granite erected to his memory by the Corporation of the City of Hamilton. What his descendants love best to remember was his kindness to the poor and needy. No suppliant was ever turned from his door. The late Major Glasgow told the following story about him:

"In the year 1832 a party of emigrants sailed slowly up the bay. Tired and worn by their long voyage from the old land and longing to set their feet once more on the green grass, dreading a longer stay on their infected vessel, for the deadly cholera had sadly thinned their numbers. As they neared the desired haven a new difficulty confronted them. A crowd of townspeople opposed their landing in fear of the dreaded scourge. In this dilemma a Christian gentleman stepped forth and said: 'Friends, we cannot leave these women and children cooped up in yonder boat to die. Let us go to work and build them a shelter