

descended the mountain carrying a sack of flour lighter by the miller's tithe. Land's homestead stood on the south-east corner of William and Barton Streets and his farm covered three hundred acres of the eastern part of Hamilton. Other hardy yeomen took up farms beside him. The surnames of the pioneers are preserved in Haghson Street, Jackson Street, Ferguson Avenue, etc., and their Christian names survive in James Street, John Street, Robert Street, and the rest. The quiet fields where these yeomen so proudly took a straight furrow with their new Ancaster ploughs, have since yielded a harvest of commercial activities and mechanical industries. The gentle sounds of the country are succeeded by the shrieks of rushing locomotives and steamboats; by the thud of the steam-hammer, the roar of foundries and glass-furnaces; the whirl of the countless pulleys that minister to the workers in wood, iron, brass, copper, zinc, tin and silver.

Parallel to the present beach, but away at the farther end of Burlington Bay, is an historic terrace of "conglomerate," or natural concrete. It represents the ancient lake-floor, though now lifted a hundred feet above the water. In 1813 the tide of invasion swept over the western Province up to the very foot of Burlington Heights. It was in those anxious days that Hamilton was born. The Heights were not then deeply excavated to receive a railroad, nor were they pierced by a canal. The only access was over an isthmus defended by field-works. On one side, a stone might have been dropped a hundred feet sheer into Burlington Bay; on the other side, into the deep marsh which had already acquired the nickname of "Coote's Paradise." The fortune of Upper Canada turned on the possession of this hill. Here General Vincent found a safe retreat when forced to withdraw from the Niagara frontier. It was from this cry that Harvey swooped down upon the American camp at Stony Creek, and Fitzgibbon dashed upon the retreating invaders at Beaver Dam. A dangerous naval demonstration was made against the Heights, but it ignominiously failed. So the summer of 1813 passed hopefully away. But the October winds brought from Moravian town the low moaning of a grave disaster, and then Proctor found in Burlington Heights a welcome refuge.

The massing of mer and military stores during the war no doubt prompted the formation of a permanent settlement. In 1813, George Hamilton laid out his farm in village lots, but the peace of Ghent came, and the still and bustle on Burlington Bay expired with the watch-fires on its Heights. Hamilton had a future, but she must bide her time. Ancaster had taken an early and vigorous start; then Dundas had sprung up, a still more dangerous rival. The cutting of Burlington Canal in 1824-5 opened communication with Lake Ontario and secured to Hamilton invaluable geographical advantages. The year 1832 was to test whether Hamilton was simply "ambitious," or possessed the qualities that justify ambition. One awful night in the summer, a gaunt Asiatic stalked into the gaol, without undoing bolt or bar, and served writs of *Habeas*