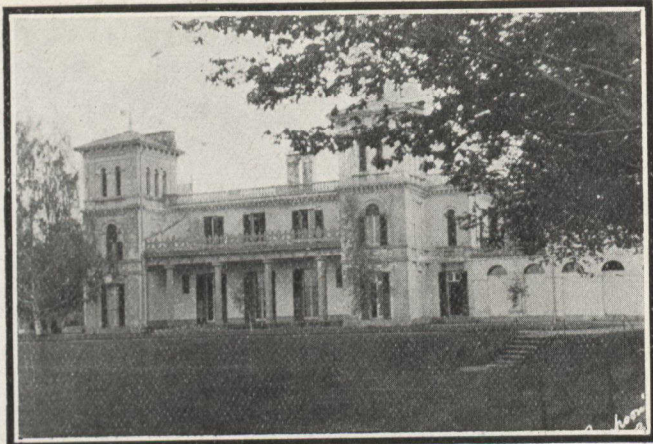




The Battery and Old Gateway, Dundurn Park, Hamilton, Ont.



Dundurn Castle, Hamilton, Ont.

Historic Dundurn Castle

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

TO the throngs of visitors which every summer day brings to the famous old park in West Hamilton, must come the wish to know the story of that beautiful and historic spot. To close one's eyes a moment, and forget the curious crowds of pleasure-seekers, is to re-people the place with stately dames, proud men, and gay and splendid scenes. The hoary castle walls speak of stories of the country as it was seventy years ago. The winding drives, the lodge, and massive gates, suggest—what is indeed the truth—that a proud old-countryman sought to plant a bit of the old land in the impenetrable wilderness of the new.

Allan Napier Macnab, the builder of Dundurn Castle, was born at Newark, now Niagara, in 1798. He served with some distinction, though only a lad, in the war of 1812. In 1826, he was called to the bar and settled in Hamilton, where he began the building of his stately home. Dundurn was the name of the old home of the Macnabs at the head of Loch Earne, in the picturesque province of Perth, Scotland.

Sir Allan won his title in the rebellion of 1837, by his active work at Montgomery's tavern, near Toronto; and at Navy Island, where he ordered the U.S. supply ship "Caroline" to be cut from her moorings and allowed to drift over Niagara Falls. After the close of the trouble he became engaged in Parliamentary affairs—even becoming premier of Canada. As a statesman, he was not to be ranked with John A. Macdonald, who laboured with him, but he could make a ready speech, and never lost his popularity. In his later years, when he had become a victim of gout, it was a common sight to see him borne into the House, swathed in flannel, to push some relentless attack on his opponents.

Although his most ardent admirers could not claim that he was a great politician, he was extremely popular (and that not only in Hamilton) because of his manly, sympathetic nature. One biographer has said: "He may be called a Canadian epicurean. Carpe diem—'enjoy life day by day,' was his motto." A local historian in Hamilton recalls the fact that, when Sir Allan returned from England, whither he had gone in the interests of the Great Western railroad, he received a great ovation. At the "reception" were all classes, from the highest down to the poor old negro, Lord Goderich, who had lost both legs on a man-of-war.

The Macnab family consisted of a son and two daughters. The son, unfortunately, shot himself in his youth, while out hunting in the woods. Of the daughters, Sophie, the eldest, was a great beauty, and also a singer. She is still remembered in Hamilton for her quaint ringlets and her large, beautiful eyes. In 1855, she married the Right Honourable Viscount Bury, afterwards Earl of Albemarle, and became a favourite court beauty. She is still living, and, as many will doubtless remember, has a son who came to Canada with the Duke and Duchess of York, and visited the home of his grandfather during his brief stay in Hamilton. Minnie, the other daughter of Sir Allan, married Sir Malachy B. Daly, son of Sir Dominick Daly.

Sir Allan died suddenly on August 8th, 1862, aged 64 years 6 months, and was buried at the east side of the park in an enclosed plot. The property then fell into the hands of Senator Donald McInnes, from whom it was

purchased by the city for the sum of \$60,000. It has since been converted into a public park, the spacious rooms in the castle affording ample room for a museum and art gallery.

What would the old Scotchman say, could he arise and see the sacrilegious feet which scamper through the parks, the ludicrous monkeys which jabber amusement for the crowd, the collection of butterflies and coins which adorn his drawing-rooms? Yet he loved Hamilton—loved it as a hamlet, when it used to be addressed in the mails as "Burlington, near Ancaster"—loved it as a thriving town, when its future was assured. Doubtless he would agree, that, since he has no future use for his beautiful home, it is best left as the heritage of his beloved townspeople.

Bargaining with Death

NOW Des Moines comes forward with the "First Society of Eternal Youth." Its constitution declares that its object shall be to renew and perpetuate the youth and strength of its members, and every one shall contribute his share "toward banishing the spectre of disease and death from the face of the earth."

Any member who is unfaithful enough to dally with rheumatism or to be laid up for bodily repairs of any kind is subject to a fine of ten dollars for the first offence and excommunication for the second. What the penalty is for dying is not stated.

Here, then, we have the quest for the Fountain of Youth reduced to a card-index system. Every generation has its appropriate manners. Not long since, Andrew Carnegie is reported to have said that he would willingly pay a hundred million dollars for an additional ten years of life. In a former and more romantic century we meet with a certain Dr. Faust who proffered his soul for the same bubble. In their common object they typify the sons of men for all time. From the day that Adam and Eve violated the terms of their lease, the luckless children of earth have sought to bribe the angel at the gate, that they might clamber back into Paradise—the earthly realm of enduring life.

Mortal man dreams ever of terrestrial immortality. Through all the ages the keys of alchemy and philosophy have been filed and hammered that they might pick the lock that holds him here a captive for the grave. The report that the only man who so far has escaped is having an unhappy time of it, does not deter his bounden brother. He is more than willing to take his chances. Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, may have our commiseration; but which of us, having the opportunity, would not risk changing places with him?

No one of us is so poor or so unworthy that he is not ready to bargain with death. Let the spectre name his price, and we give up our loves and our tobacco with equal promptness. He may have our fortunes and our homes, our pride and our achievements and aspirations—yea, even our eyes and ears—if he will but smile upon our prayers.

—Lippincott's Magazine.