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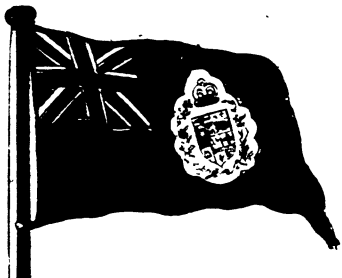
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SOUVENIR
BOOK AND
PROGRAM.



Military 

Encampment

GIVEN BY THE LADIES' COMMITTEE OF
THE WENTWORTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.



NOVEMBER,
1895.

Drill Hall,
Hamilton, Ont.

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SOUVENIR
BOOK

... AND ...

PROGRAMME

FOR

MILITARY ENCAMPMENT

GIVEN BY

THE LADIES' COMMITTEE

OF THE

WENTWORTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

November, 1895.

EDITED AND COMPILED BY

MISS M. J. NISBET,

ASSISTED BY

MISS F. L. DAVIS.

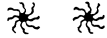


1895
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THE LADIES' COMMITTEE

—OF—

The Wentworth Historical Society.



HONORARY PRESIDENT,
MRS. W. E. SANFORD.

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MRS. JOHN CALDER.

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 " A. R. GATES
 " A. MORGAN
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 " T. H. PRATT
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 " T. H. STINSON
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 " F. J. HOWELL
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 " N. HUMPHREY
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 " W. SHAWCROSS

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Wentworth Historical Society was organized December 17th, 1888, for the purpose of perpetuating the history of the Province of Ontario and also to collect and preserve all books, etc., which relate to its history and also its relics, and to record passing events of importance with accuracy. Mr. George H. Mills has been President ever since the Society was formed, and his re-election each year proves not only that his heart is in the objects and aims of the Society, but that the members recognize his efficiency and capability for the work required of the President of a Historical Society, therefore they keep him in office. Hamilton is noted for her beautiful scenery and lovely homes, but I fear it is not as well known that she has many noteworthy historic spots in and near her. Burlington Heights and Stoney Creek played an important part in the drama of 1812.

Mr. Mills has been indefatigable in his efforts to have monuments erected at both places to commemorate the events that took place during the war of 1812. Hon. A. R. Dickey, Minister of Militia, has promised Mr. Mills that he will do everything in his power to have the monuments erected next year. Two historic places were granted monuments this year - Beaver's Dam and Lundy's Lane. Our turn comes next. The one for Burlington Heights will be placed in Harvey Park, where it will be easy of access. In the cemetery, even if built on the old barricade, it would be lost among the many monuments, and its intended effect as a historical lesson to the children and youth of our city would be destroyed.

Next the Historical Society planned to found a museum for the preservation of the historical relics now becoming scattered and lost. The original idea was to put up a building for this purpose at Harvey Park, and the ladies were asked to form an auxiliary to assist them in the matter. A meeting was called last spring, at which a large number of ladies were present. A society was formed to be called the Ladies' Committee of the Wentworth Historical Society, its object being to assist the Wentworth Historical Society in their various undertakings. The membership fee of fifty cents a year makes each lady a member of the Historical Society also, and the President of the Ladies' Committee will be Vice-President of the other society. Mrs. Senator Sanford was elected President, and this

THE DELICIOUS TEA served everywhere at this Encampment is BRADY & CO.'S "5 O'CLOCK TEA."

Military Encampment was decided upon as a suitable way of raising a good fund as a nucleus for the desired museum and also for the purchase of historical relics, and for use in any way decided upon by the Society. Mrs. Sanford finding it impossible to give the necessary time for the work, resigned her position, and, reversing the usual order of proceedings, instead of receiving a presentation, she presented the Ladies' Committee with one hundred dollars. At the next meeting she was unanimously elected Honorary President, and Mrs. Calder was made President, a fitting tribute to her as grand-daughter of James Gage, upon whose farm the Battle of Stoney Creek was fought, and also because of the interest and liberality she had shown in and to the Historical Society. The handsome banner she presented them, when exhibited at the World's Fair, made the Wentworth Historical Society of Hamilton known all over the continent of North America and also in Europe. I speak from personal knowledge; it is not a case of somebody said, somebody heard, somebody thought. It was alluded to by the press of the North, South, East and West, besides being much talked about by visitors to the fair.

Mrs. Calder has thrown all her energy, of which she has an ample supply, into the work of this Encampment, and much of its success is due to her untiring efforts and never flagging zeal. And she has been ably seconded by the ladies of the Committee. They have worked together cordially and heartily: personal feelings and preferences have been yielded up for the general good. It is pleasant to be able to affirm, that from first to last everything has worked along harmoniously; obstacles have been cheerfully met, apparent disappointments have been cheerfully encountered, and all the ladies have proved their intention to do their part towards making the proposed entertainment a grand success. As one who has seen the ins and outs of all the work, I can honestly say, I doubt if any undertaking, great or small, ever had a more united band of workers. Every committee or society must have a clever and capable head, to plan and adapt everything; no matter how well each member does her part, the head must be able to grasp all details, and see exactly how each and every division acts on its neighbor and on the whole affair. I am sure the Ladies' Committee will bear me out in saying, that Mrs. Calder has proved herself to be the right one in the right place. She has spared neither time, labor nor money to make the Encampment a grand financial success. Mr. Calder has also taken a warm and active interest in everything pertaining to the Committee, and his aid has been cheerfully and generously given wherever it was needed. My own work has been greatly lightened by his kindness in having anything possible done by his type-writer for me.

In regard to the Museum, it seems to be the wish of the citizens to have it located in some central place, where strangers spending a few hours in the city can be shown many historical and interesting relics. It is an open secret that the Hamilton Association and Canadian Club could easily be induced to unite with the Historical Society in such a scheme. It has been suggested that a building be procured, large enough for the Museum and also for rooms for the Historical Society Ladies' Committee, and any other societies that may unite with them, and to have a large hall on the top floor, which could be used for open meetings of the various societies interested in the building, and could also be rented for lectures, concerts, etc. Association Hall is the only one in the city for that purpose, and it is not always available. I understand several citizens are willing to give liberal subscriptions for such a building, and no doubt many others would aid the cause.

I wish here to thank the gentlemen who so kindly responded to my request for suitable articles for this Souvenir Book. A sketch of Robert E. Land is very apropos at this time when Barton Lodge has paid him so much honor at their Centennial Anniversary. Mr. A. J. Ramsay is said to know more about the customs and history of the early Indians than any man in Canada. He has published several volumes of poetry relating principally to Indian themes. It was very good of him to take time to write on the Indians of 1812 for us, especially as he is preparing a book for publication at an early date. I also desire to thank Dr. J. W. Smith, of Dundas, for the two very interesting papers he has written for the book, and also for the trouble he has taken to gather so many rare and valuable relics for our historical exhibit.

Mrs. Fessenden intended to have written a longer article telling more of the early history of Ancaster, but sore family bereavement prevented her from carrying out her original plan.

I am requested to convey to Mr. Wm. Murray the thanks of the Historical Society for his poem on Hamilton dedicated to them, and which was written for this book. I need not thank our other citizens for the work they have done or for the articles they furnished. "Hamilton for the Hamiltonians" is our motto, and the historical and patriotic sketches and poems are interesting to every one of us, and each one who has done his or her part to provide matter for this book has done so much to strengthen and preserve the good name and record of our beloved city and county.

Perhaps the most interesting relic that will be shown in the Log Cabin will be Laura Secord's little dog, which followed her on her weary tramp to

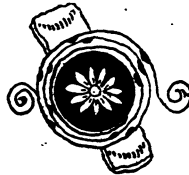
warn Lieut. Fitzgibbon of the intended surprise of the American officers. When it died, over fifty years ago, see had it preserved because of its connection with that time. It is now the property of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, who have kindly offered to loan that and Laura Secord's portrait for our exhibition. Canon Bull has also sent us the Militia Colors used at Stony Creek and Lundy's Lane, and other valuable articles.

I am sure when our citizens visit the Log Cabin, and see the vast number of historical relics exhibited there, many of which would be donated, sold or loaned, they will realize the pressing need of a museum, into which to collect them, before they are lost forever.

Our merchants have been most generous in their donations to the Encampment, and if all the citizens are equally liberal in patronizing it during the week it is open, the future of the Hamilton Historical Museum will be assured.

As to the attractions of the Encampment, Miss Davis will tell you of them in the programme, which follows the souvenir sketches.

MINNIE J. NISBET.





HAMILTON.

*Respectfully inscribed to the Wentworth Historical Society,
by William Murray.*

HAIL, queenly Hamilton ! enthroned : thy crown
Fanned by the breezes pure and sweet that blow
From airy Erie's broad expanse beyond :
Thy rear reposing 'gainst that royal ridge
Of mingled rock and turf we call " the mountain,"
Which, clothed with green or golden maples, elms,
Old oaks and evergreens, presents a range
Of loveliness unique in this wide world :
Thy feet fomented by the rippling waves
That wash the beauteous boundaries of a bay
Eclipsing that of Naples ; deck'd around
With wooded hills and heights and cosy coves,
Where princely palaces will yet be built,
The abodes of Hamiltonian millionaires ;
And with a priceless, cool, and breezy " Beach,"
Among whose pearly pebbles, plan and play
Free Hamiltonian dons and dames,
Young men and maids, and children unrestrained
By either weirdly winds or wanton waves,
Throughout the dear, delightful days of summer.
Thy right hand stretching eastwards towards the lake,
Proud Lake Ontario, o'er whose limpid breast
Shall float, with flags unfurled, the fairy craft
That future engineering gods shall launch

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To carry Hamiltonian Vanderbilts
 And daughters destined to be duchesses,
 Away from all the diamonds, din and dust
 Attaching to a city to be stocked
 With haply half a million busy souls :
 Thy left hand helping dear Dundas to rise
 To rivalry and riches with thyself ;
 Endeavoring, too, to reach the rocky roost
 Of ancient Ancaster, and soothe a soul
 Lamenting over much departed glory,
 Though still rejoicing over charms which few
 Canadian fairest landscapes can outshine.
 Dundas! be not down-hearted ; nor repine,
 O Ancaster ! o'er mere imagined woe :
 Incorporation, which must soon ensue
 With this elastic, live, and lustrous city,
 Will yield you both a gain and glory far
 Transcending all of which you've been deprived.
 Thou, too, bright Burlington ! thou, too, I trust,
 Shalt soon be glad to glitter in a crown
 Which shall be coveted ere long by all
 And every rival round our rising realm.
 Nor shall historic Stony Creek escape
 The eagle eye of the exalted chief
 Of Wentworth's worthy, wise, historic clan,
 Or of the bards of Wentworth's worthy daughter :
 The ghosts of glorious Harvey and of Vincent,
 And all the recollections of a triumph
 Enshrined in every true Canadian heart,
 Demand that it, too, shall be bound
 In Hamilton's beneficent embrace ;
 And that a monument which shall endure
 As long as the eternal rocks around it,
 Shall be erected o'er that glorious spot
 Where British and Canadian patriots proved,
 As they so oft have proved on other fields,
 And as they'll prove again, should cause require,
 A match, and more, for numbers thrice their own.

Proud, princely Hamilton ! who that stands to-day
 Upon thy world-renowned bold mountain brow,

And views that panorama spread below --
On either hand wide avenues and streets
Of castles, cots, and cottages, adorned
Throughout with shade-trees of the kingliest kinds,
All beautifully blent in green and gold ;
And proud, palatial buildings reared and used
By kings of capital, live lords of trade,
And manufacturers of a world of wares
Unheard of, or undreamt of, by our sires ;
And, better far than each and all of these,
With noble churches and capacious schools, --
Whoe'er that sees all this can help exclaiming,
" Can this have been accomplished all within
The trifling period of some sixty years ?
And can it be believed that where now stands
This proud epitome of modern might,
This home of fifty thousand thrifty souls,
Wild Attawanduronkian Indians, wolves,
Huge rattlesnakes, and other creatures foul,
Yelled, howled, and rattled, and expired, unwept,
Within the memory (almost, if not quite)
Of hale, though hoary, Hamiltonian men ?"

God bless, protect and prosper still, this bright
Belov'd and beautiful " Ambitious City ;"
And with His richest blessings also crown
Her healthy, high, historic mother, Wentworth !

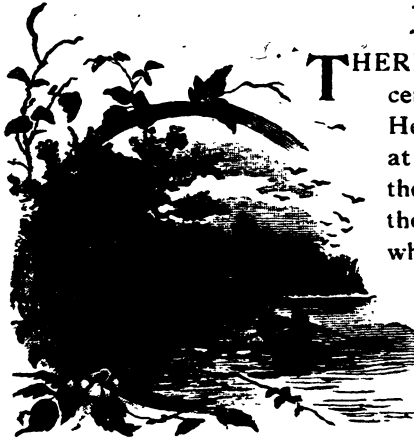
NOVEMBER, 1895.



THE DELICIOUS TEA served everywhere at this Encampment is BRADT & CO.'S "5 O'CLOCK TEA."

THE TOWN OF DUNDAS.

DR. J. W. SMITH.



TH**ERE** is a tradition that early in the 17th century a Flemish priest, named Father Hennepin, visited the section of country at the head of Lake Ontario and gave it the name of Flanders; to the bay he gave the name of Lake Geneva, and the site where Dundas now is he called Little Flanders. The village was originally laid out in a plot of sixty acres, and called "Coote's Paradise," supposed to have derived its name from an Englishman, a member of Gov. Simcoe's staff, named Coote, who was fond of hunting and found in this valley a very paradise for that sport. When he first saw it, he exclaimed, "Behold a paradise!" Another account gives it that name because it was a paradise for a bird, very common in the early days, called the "Coote."

The order for the survey was made on May 1st, 1801. Isaac Smith, grandfather of the writer, built the first house, and took up land in what is now the west part of the town, but remained there only a few months, when he moved up on the mountain, north of the town. Hatt, Hare and Head were amongst the first permanent settlers. A log jail and court house was erected on the site of the residence of the late Hugh Moore, Esq. This jail was used as a prison in the war of 1812-3.

On the 28th day of July, 1847, Dundas was incorporated as a town and divided into four wards. The town hall, which is still in use for that purpose, was erected in 1848. The first council was composed of one member from each ward and a president, as follows :

JOHN PATTERSON,	President.		
JAMES COLEMAN,	Councillor for Ward No.	1.	
ROBERT HOLT,	"	"	2.
HUGH McMAHON,	"	"	3.
ROBERT SPENCE,	"	"	4.

Finest of Fruits, Peels, etc., at HAZELL'S.

The first meeting of this council was held at Bamberger's hotel, afterwards known as the Riley House, on the 28th day of April, 1848. In 1850 the name of the presiding officer was changed from President to Mayor, and the wards from numbers to names, which they still retain, and three councillors were elected from each ward. The following named gentlemen composed the council for that year :

For Mountain Ward (formerly No. 1)—James Coleman, T. H. McKenzie and John Fairgrieve.

For Canal Ward (formerly No. 2) —Robert Holt, John Patterson and David Byrns.

For Foundry Ward (formerly No. 3)—Robert Spence, Jesse Cooper and Hugh McMahon.

For Valley Ward (formerly No. 4)— Joseph Spencer, J. M. Thornton and Ephraim Sternberg.

James Coleman was elected mayor.

There was considerable traffic from Dundas even in the early days before the canal was built, or even projected. Storehouses were erected on the banks of the creek, and from them the batteaux, as these flat boats were called, carried merchandise down across the bay and into Lake Ontario, where it was loaded on large vessels and shipped to eastern ports.

In 1826, the Desjardins Canal Co. was incorporated. The first stockholders were : Peter Desjardins, Christopher Holmes, David Stegman, Edward Lesslie, John Lesslie, William Lesslie, James Hation, Peter Paterson and John Paterson.

Dundas was named after Sir Henry Dundas, Under-secretary of State for the Colonies.

Rev. Ralph Leeming, from his commanding appearance and dark complexion, was the Black Prince.

Hatt Street was named after John Ogilvy Hatt.

Creighton Road was named after a Mr. Creighton, who owned the property through which the road was made. He married the widow of Richard Hatt.

Richard Hatt had a grist mill about the year 1800, which was run by a wind mill.

Deer's horns could be forked up by the wagon-load in the ravine back of where Fisher's paper mills now stand. The Indians would corral the deer and drive them over the precipice, and after taking what venison they wanted would leave the carcass.

NEWSPAPERS.

There was a newspaper published in Dundas in 1834 and for some time after. It was called *The Dundas Weekly Post*, published every Friday morning in the Village of Dundas (Gore District), U. C., by G. H. Hackstal. Terms: Fifteen shillings a year, payable half yearly in advance. No deviation. Advertisements not exceeding one square, first insertion, half a dollar, and every subsequent insertion 25 cents. In the November issue of 1834 was advertised Ewart's hardware store, Gibson's boot and shoe factory, Platt Nash's hat factory, John McFarline, stoves, etc., etc., H. V. Newcomb, fashionable tailoring; James Coleman, general store; D. Campbell, fine flour; P. Burn's dancing school; Charles Bruce, tailor; R. F. Orr, wagons, etc.; James Crooks, sale of lands; also sale of government lands by the Commissioner of Crown Lands; houses and farms for sale; patent medicines; list of letters unclaimed in post office; notice of strayed or stolen cattle; and a notice that the inhabitants of Dundas will apply for an act to incorporate a bank, to be established in The Town of Dundas; also an act to define the limits of the town, and establish a police therein. There is an obituary of the late Dr. Willison, and a very strong editorial against Wm. Lyon McKenzie and his friends. In 1846, the *Dundas Warder* was established by Robert Spence, who afterward became member of parliament for North Wentworth and also Post-master General. The *Warder* continued publication until 1859.

About 1855, *The Dundas Tribune* was started, and, in 1858 was succeeded by the *Banner*, with James Somerville as editor. He continued in charge of it until about 1887, and was succeeded by his son, Mr. R. V. Somerville, now of New York, and to him succeeded A. F. Pirie, an able and well known journalist.

Since 1859, several other papers have been carried on from time to time in Dundas: the *Wentworth Herald*; the *Advertiser*, by E. Hart; also an *Advertiser*, by Scace; the *Wentworth News*, by Collins and Bennett. Mr. Hart started the *Dundas Standard*, and Mr. McGill carried it on for some time, and he was followed by Mr. T. J. Bell, and he by Mr. Watson. Then the *Star* followed with T. A. Wardell as editor, and after him the present manager, Mr. C. Lynch-Staunton, with John S. Fry as chief editorial writer.

SCHOOLS.

Among the earlier schools in Dundas, may be mentioned one taught by a Mr. Gill in his own house, near where the town hall is; one by Mr. Aitken, on Hamilton Hill; one by Miss Corbin, near town hall also.

Our SEEDED RAISINS are pleasing the housekeepers. HAZELL & SON.

These were in operation from about 1826 to 1832. There was a school-house on the gore where York and Baldwin streets join. Hugh McMahon, Sr., taught in this. At that time, the "Master," as he was called, boarded round with the parents of the pupils who attended the school.

After the town was incorporated, the first trustees were Daniel Campbell, William Chisholm, William Elliott and Dr. Wraith.

The old public school building, now used as a dwelling, is on Park St. The present commodious and handsome building was erected in 1857, and a large addition made to it in 1885. There are no ward schools in the town, and the High and Public schools are in one building.

James Regan, M. A. (father of Miss Regan, who rendered efficient service for many years as a teacher in the public schools), a scholarly Englishman, who spoke several languages fluently, and who had been Professor of Greek and Latin in Franklin University, Pa., taught the Ancaster Grammar School in 1849, and afterward, at the solicitation of Mr. Gartshore, Judge Miller, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Quarry and others, opened a private classical school in Dundas, which became the first grammar school, in 1855. John King, M. A., was the first teacher of this school.

Many private schools were established in town from time to time. Archdeacon McMurray, when rector of St. James' Church, took private pupils. A Miss Panton and a Mrs. Wonham had girls' schools. The Methodists had a boys' school in the Coleman residence, now the House of Providence. The Rev. Mr. McGonegal started a ladies' school, which afterwards developed into the Hamilton Ladies' College. In 1848, the Dundas Select Academy was well patronized.

CHURCHES.

FREE. An Act of Incorporation was taken out on the 20th of March, 1829, for the building of a church for the use of all Christian people. It was situated near the canal basin, and was called the "Free Church." The first Trustees named in the Act were: Manuel Overfield, John Patterson, David Oliphant and Thomas Hilton. In this church all the Protestant bodies held service. The land for the site was purchased from Edward Lesslie, and it consisted of one acre on Lot 17, in the first Concession of West Flamborough, County of Halton, District of Gore.

BAPTIST. The Baptist Church of Dundas was first formed in 1834. They worshipped in the "Free Church" and in the School-house on Hatt Street, and often in private houses. Rev. Joseph Clutton was the first pastor. What is now used as the Sunday School-room was

the first Baptist Church in town, and was built in 1842, and used until the new one was built.

METHODIST. The Methodists built a church for their own use on Ogilvie Street in 1832. Rev. James Evans was the first minister that preached in it. In 1854-5 they built the present church at the corner of Park and Cross Streets, and in it many of the brighter lights of Methodism have preached. Before building a church of their own they worshipped in the "Free Church" and at private houses, and by times at the old Rock Chapel, which was built in 1822.

CATHOLIC. Michael O'Connor, Esq., aged 87, a resident of Dundas, relates that he came to the town in 1829, and at that early date the Catholic people had a church near where the Market Square now is. It was burned in 1861, and the present structure was erected in 1863. The first priest was Father Campion, and his parish extended from Niagara to Windsor. At that time there was no Catholic church in Hamilton, and Mrs. McNabb, afterwards Lady McNabb, attended the Dundas church regularly, driving out in a lumber-wagon, attended by her footman. Sir Allan McNabb was then a Protestant, but later in life became a Catholic, and died in that faith. George Binkley, Esq., still living in West Flamboro, past 80 years of age, remembers that the first Catholic church was built in 1829.

ENGLISH. The Church of England was erected in 1841, and is still a well-preserved and handsome structure. Before it was built service was held in the "Free Church." The Rev. Ralph Leeming was in charge of the parish, which included Milton, Grimsby, Barton, Hamilton, the Grand River Reserve, Brantford and Dundas. The Rev. John Miller succeeded to the charge in 1830, and was followed by Rev. (afterward Archdeacon) McMurray, and he by Rev. F. L. Osler. The Rev. E. A. Irving is now the Rector. The communion plate of St. James' Church now in use bears the following inscription: "The gift of Richard and Mary Hatt, of Ancaster, for the use of the Church in the Village of Cootes Paradise, District of Gore, Upper Canada, January 1st, 1817."

PRESBYTERIAN. As early as 1812 the Rev. Mr. Williams labored in and around Dundas in the interests of the Presbyterian Church, and brought in Bibles for the use of the settlers. Ministers from other parts of Upper Canada visited this section from time to time, and preached in private houses until 1829, when the "Free Church" was built. In 1825 a Mr. Sheed, who was tutor to the family of the Hon. Adam Crooks, conducted service in the community, afterwards becoming pastor

of Ancaster and Flamboro in 1827. He was succeeded by the Rev. Mark Y. Stark, and during his pastorate the Stone Church of King Street, now used as the Salvation Army Barracks, was erected in 1837. The Blue Stone Church, further west, was built in 1846; Rev. Mr. Christie was first pastor. After the disruption, in 1844, a brick church was built on the site of the present one. It was destroyed by wind in 1873, and two years later the present one was opened. Three Presbyterian Churches were in operation at one time in the town: the U. P., with Rev. Mr. Christie as minister; the Old Kirk, with Rev. Andrew Bell; and the Free Church, with Rev. M. Y. Stark.



LEGEND OF WEBSTER'S FALLS.



DR. J. W. SMITH.



AWAY back in the past ages, when this green earth was much younger than it now is; before Columbus had found out the new world; before the white man trod the soil of this continent; the Indian tribes wandered through the leafy woods, "saw the deer start from the thicket, saw the rabbit in his burrow," heard the drumming of the pheasant, saw the pigeon building nests, saw the wild geese flying northward, saw and tasted the luxurious strawberry, the blueberry, the gooseberry, and the wild grapes; scented the fragrance of the wild flower, gazed with pride and pleasure upon the landscape, upon the water-falls, and upon the gorgeous sunset.

In the near region of Webster's Falls lived an Indian chief, who had a fair and lovely daughter, an only daughter, his constant companion, the

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light and joy of his wigwam, beloved by all. When she was with him, revenge and hate vanished, and pain and grief took flight. - Neither care nor trouble could withstand the cheery sunshine of her countenance.

“ No youth had breathed to her of love,
 They watched and worshipped from afar,
 She seemed like something set above
 The touch of man, as angels are,
 And all her heart, with all its love,
 Its mystic yearnings, blind desires,
 And passions wild, and half subdued,
 Was nature's and her sire's.”

In the Moon of Leaves the mother of the Indian maiden had died, and the old chief clasped the little infant in his arms and called her his “ Evening Star,” Na-go-she-onung, in the Ojibway language, hoping she might be spared to him in the evening of his life.

In a neighboring camp, not far away, lived Red Wolf, a mighty brave, a great warrior and a cunning hunter, so good a marksman that where his arrow sped a life went out. He made frequent visits, at the close of the long summer days, to “ Evening Star's ” father, and brought for her some trophy of the chase, some bright plumaged bird or beautifully furred animal. He was a stern; silent man except when in her presence, then he would watch her every movement, and smile when she called him by name. He was in love with “ Evening Star,” and his dull black, deep caverned eyes flashed with anger if some other brave more comely than he engaged her attention or won from her a smile.

In the balmy spring time there came across the waters a strange, mysterious canoe that skimmed the waters like a swan, proudly and gracefully, and, when it reached the shore, four pale strangers came into the land. Their dress, their looks were strange, and they could speak but little of the Indian tongue. Three of them were stern warriors, grim and gray, but the other was young and tall and fair. The natives, according to their custom, set before them meat and fruit, honey, nuts and fish; and when the new moon had grown to the full, the three warriors sailed away, but the fair youth tarried behind, lured by his love for “ Evening Star.” When her dark eyes dwelt on him she seemed to breathe a richer air, and her love burst forth like a rich flower. Together, they roamed by sunny hill, through forest glade, along murmuring streams, but oftenest they loved to linger beside the beautiful cataract, and often their hair was damp with its spray. She taught him many Indian words, the names of flowers, insects, beasts and birds.

So the summer days passed away in one long dream of blissful love, and no one noticed them except the grim "Red Wolf," and he suddenly and silently vanished, no one knew where.

It was a calm, still summer evening. The sun was fast sinking behind the western hills, as the two young lovers sat side by side in their favorite bower, watching the beauty of the setting sun and dreaming the happy hours away.

Suddenly a wild and piercing cry was heard, and the startled pair rose quickly to their feet, and saw Red Wolf with three eagle plumes on his crest, and athwart his mighty bow a deadly arrow winged for flight. He glared at them for one brief moment, uttered a dreadful yell, drew his mighty bow, and the fatal arrow sped on its destined course. It hissed past the maiden's face and sank deep in her lover's breast. He fell to the ground moaning, turned his face toward her and tried to smile, while the crimson life blood flowed from the wound the cruel arrow made.

The maiden stood dumb with horror for a moment with pallid lips and tearless eye, then she bent low over the prostrate form and rained warm kisses on her lover's pale face. The death dew was on his brow. The life light was fast fading from his eyes. The convulsive heaving of his breast, all told her that the youth would surely die. Then she stood erect, and with a clear, sad voice which echoed along the banks of the chasm she sang the death chant of her race. Then she wound her dusky arms tenderly around him and bore him from the bower to the cataract's bank.

He tried to smile and gasp her name. She gave him one long, last, parting look, pressed on his cold lips one long farewell kiss, then, heart to heart, she plunged with him into the foaming torrent below. There on the rocks they were found by their people, locked in death's embrace. They were buried

"Close to the cataract's sounding shore,
In one deep grave, and there they sleep
In peace for evermore."





THE INDIANS OF 1812.



A. J. RAMSAY.



Weird as the outline of a strange old tale
By superstition told to childhood pale.



BEAUTIFUL landscape, partly composed of an oval vale full of flowers in summer, and veined by three streams that entered a little lake. To the north, endless forests, eerie, and peopled with Indians. Memory is alive with them. Their encampment was just the width of one field away to the west from our house. We children were taught to respect them because they had helped to save the country. Their village was our playground, and our doorsill was familiar to their shadows; for their footsteps are as noiseless as the shadow of a shade. The sable boys taught us the use of the bows and arrows, the tomahawk, and the birch canoe. With a strangely shaped shuttle, somewhat resembling the bottom of a scow, but small and made of stone, the squaws taught my sisters how to weave meshes for scoop nets, for speckled trout fishing. These native tatting shuttles varied in size according to the size of the fish to be caught.

The Indians made a small dam across the stream with a flume, under the little falls of which we held the scoop-net, while two whipped the stream to scare the fish into our net under the flume. The beautifully mottled flutterers were not allowed to suffer long on the flowery sward. The Indians know that fish have a finer flavor if killed quickly. This act they accomplish by pinching the back part of the head. They roast fish on the pointed ends of twigs, one in the ground, and the other, near the game, supported by a small crutch, before a fire of dry alder, which is smokeless.

When in a hurry, try us for speed. HAZELL & SON.

There was often heard in the woods a strange sound, made mostly by the squaws pounding the small-growth swamp ash, after it was water-soaked, thereby severing the circles which one year adds to another. This is their mode of splitting the wood for basket work. It was interesting to see how deftly they wove those withes. For flowering the wood they formed dyes of sliced wild potatoes, which were then plentiful, or of wild turnips. For colors they used various herbs boiled in lye. For tanning deerskins, they mixed the animal's blood and brains with ashes, and, after removing the hair, rubbed the pelt dry over the smoke of cedar-wood, which gives it a fine tint and fragrant scent.

In winter the Indians practice a game of chance and skill by scooting a crooked and smoothly polished implement made of white oak over the snow. They likewise gambled with colored beads. These beads were of all shapes, sizes and colors, and were mostly manufactured by the French, and given to the natives in exchange for furs. Another game was called *singacoot*. It was played between two parties, choosing sides. Children were fond of this sport, which consisted in chasing a grasshopper to a certain goal—a game rendered memorable in history, as follows: In or about the year 1650, a band of Mohawks came over from Cherry Valley by way of the stream of smoke, as they called Niagara, and crossed to the north end of Burlington Beach. Their children engaged in the game of grasshopper with the children of the Hurons. Soon a dispute arose about unfair play on the part of the Mohawks; the mothers on both sides joined in the dispute, and instantly the knives of the warriors were red. This is supposed to have been the beginning of that war between the Iroquois and the Hurons which eventuated in the extermination of the latter—another proof of Pope's expression that

“Great effects from little causes spring.”

About the termination of that internecine strife, or after some great and decisive battle between the Mohawks and Algonquins, Père Hennepin, who was at Niagara Falls, obtained permission of an Ojibwa chief to witness the mournful rites of the conquered Hurons at the last sepulture of their slain. The Hurons had obtained a truce of peace from the Mohawks in order to bury their dead. He describes the place of burial as being about seventy-five miles north and west from Niagara. Very likely he took the old Indian trail which the United Empire Loyalists afterwards travelled when they left the frontier, as they phrased it, to settle at West Flamboro, at which place, as before mentioned in this paper, there was a large Indian encampment; and seven miles north, at the foot of a high hill and near the Big Creek, another very extensive Indian village was situated. The hill,

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which is not far from Westover, had been used "time out of mind" for a final resting-place for the red men. They were red enough when the reverend Père stood by the brink of the trench, which he described as about thirty feet long, twenty feet wide, and seven feet deep, and into which were seven Indians, painted black, whose business was to place each instalment of bones and skulls around the edge of the trench as they were thrown in. The scene at night was peculiarly weird. The wilderness illuminated with brands of burning pitch on scaffolds erected by cross-pieces of wood on crutched posts, covered with boughs and earth. Old squaws, gnarled with wrinkles, sat in circles, crooning eerie dirges to the dead. Corpses were suspended on the swaying points of strong saplings, which had been bent down and pierced through the sides of ghastly and gaping putridity. Why this was done, the reverend father could not find out. When any newly scraped batch of bones had been tossed into the trench, many young Indians, painted black, danced the dance of death, while the wizened hags howled their dirges. Also, if the flesh gave way, and the corpse fell, the whole wilderness, semi-illuminated with alternating lights and ghostly shadows, echoed with infernal lamentations. Père Hennepin finishes his description of their sullen ceremonies by stating that, taken altogether, the forest, the fires, the gloomy but stoical, though conquered, warriors; the aged crones, the weird cries, the black dancers, the smoke and "smell to heaven" under the all-pitying stars, resembled pandemonium more nearly than any description of Dante's Inferno, or any scene conceivable by Milton of Tophet.

Having been familiar with these Indian graves for years, my opinion is that they are the mortuaries of the Hurons and the Algonquins conquered by the Mohawks, for no others answer so readily to his account. Tomahawks by the hundred were found here. Twenty a day were plowed up by a neighbor, near the ruins of the village referred to, at the foot of the burial hill; sixty or more still adorn his garden fence. Almost all of them were found broken, having been hammered, it is supposed, by the conquered Indians against the boulders, in order to render them useless to the Mohawks.

Near the battle ground, in the bush, a sandstone was used for grinding hominy. In one field a bed of burned corn can still be seen—consumed, perhaps, for the reason that the hatchets were smashed. The space of charred corn is about one hundred feet across and one and a half feet deep.

Bones and claws of all animals abound about, plentifully mixed with human remains. Broken crockery, arrowheads, wampum beads, wampum epaulets, peacepipes, iron implements, and bits of decrepit goods, once dear to their owners, were buried with them here.

When yet this wilderness was unbroken by settlers, the late Hon. James Crooks, in company with some other gentlemen, having read themselves into the impression that some Spanish adventurers had secreted gold in this vicinity, examined these graves. A copper kettle of large dimensions was found full of tally bones for dates, pipes, spearheads, carved stones, skinning hatchets and beads.

My earliest playthings were these. In after years, having salved my conscience concerning the desecration of graves by the fact that, owing to the erosive influences of frost, and storms, and the plow, they were always becoming more exposed.

I searched to the bottom of the graves above described, and found many curious things. But what perplexed me most was to find skeletons under pine trees whose boles of concentric rings showed the growth of four and five hundred years ; also to find iron implements and weapons, knowing that the Indians used no iron before it was furnished them by the white peoples, for the growth of the trees and the date of the iron do not correspond. One pine of great age was blown down, beneath which a perfect set of skeleton bones was exposed in a standing position, and in his bony hand a gunbarrel bent with the natural enlargement of the roots ; but was informed that, not only this hill had been used as a burial place for ages, but that, out of respect, a chief was sometimes placed after death under a memorial tree. These facts account for the seeming discrepancy of dates.

It seems strange that so little should be known about the heathen. They had no rest here ; have they any now ?

“ Tell us, ye dead, will none of you in pity
Disclose the secret whence it is you are ?
O that some courteous ghost would blab it out.”



The First Brick House in Hamilton.

WE are informed that one of the first brick houses in Hamilton stood on the N. E. corner of the alley-way between King and King William Streets, on John street. It is very narrow and two storeys high, and was erected by Mr. John Erwin in 1829. Mr. Samuel Ryckman was the first tenant, and had apartments upstairs. Erwin's brother occupied the store below as a hat shop, and lived in a portion of it. This may be an interesting fact for antiquarians.

A GOODLY CITY.

A. H. WINGFIELD.

In free and fair Ontario the summer sun looks down,
On many a goodly city and on many a thriving town,
But in our wide Dominion there is not a single one
That has a better claim to fame than that of Hamilton.

Her white-winged messengers of trade sail over lake and sea,
And North and South and East and West their flags are flying free,
White through her midst with fiery breath like lightning in its course,
And bearing commerce in its train, there speeds the iron horse.

The busy hum of industry upon her streets is heard,
And Science vies with Art, and Toil brings home a rich reward,
Her artisans have earned a place upon the scroll of fame,
And Europe's sons have learned to pay respect unto their name.

Her merchants in their dealings have a reputation won,
For honor and integrity that is excelled by none,
At home, abroad, their enterprise and energy we trace,
Wherever sterling worth ranks high they hold an honor'd place.

We have no gorgeous palaces, no airy cloud-capped towers,
No halls of regal state within this "Hamilton of ours,"
But we have homes where virtue reigns, and peace and comfort dwell,
And churches filled with worshippers when peals the Sabbath bell.

No fairer maids tread God's green earth than Hamilton can boast,
But it is not their beauteous forms for which we prize them most,
It is their loveliness of mind wherein their merit lies,
And modest, unassuming worth finds homage in our eyes.

And should our homes endanger'd be, our maidens need not fear,
In their defence we well can trust each gallant volunteer,
The trust we have reposed in them is sacred to them all,
"Aye ready," are they when they hear the bugle's stirring call.

Thy sons and daughters, Hamilton, may well feel proud of thee,
Thy record in the past is good, great will thy future be,
Within this glorious land of ours (and there's no land more blest)
There's many a goodly city, but I love our own the best.

HAMILTON, AUG. 12TH, 1871

Waterdown and some of its Early Settlers.

BY JUSTUS A. GRIFFIN.



IN 1634, when the French explorer, De La Salle, made his first journey through Lake Ontario and came into Hamilton Bay, he visited the Indian town of Otinaoustettaona. This town is supposed to have been located on the shore of Lake Medad, not far from Waterdown, which must have been the site of an Indian town or the scene of a battle. Flint arrow and spear heads were dug up in great numbers by the early settlers.

In the long stretch of swamp which extends from the neighborhood of Lake Medad westward many miles a number of streams take their rise. The largest and longest of these is the Twelve Mile Creek, which reaches Lake Ontario at Bronte. But one which is more important to the subject of our sketch empties into the marsh which branches northward from the western end of Hamilton Bay and finds its outlet near the Valley Inn. In its downward course it plunges by rapids and falls through a deep and picturesque ravine, which has lately been robbed of some of its beauty by the clearing of the forest.

One hundred and seventy years passed away after La Salle's visit to these parts, and the Indian towns had also disappeared, when an adventurous Scotchman, named Alex. Brown, seeking a home in the new world, located on the mountain top. About the year 1805, he bought 800 acres, on part of which the village now stands. Through this property flowed the stream whose water privileges caused the rise of Waterdown Village. A little to the east of the point where Dundas Street crosses the bridge a perennial spring rises in a little depression among the hills, and its waters, after running a few yards, plunge over a cliff into a little ravine, creating a miniature fall. The scene is still a pretty one, but in the early days of the country, when the water bubbled out from between the great roots of a

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giant tree, it was much more attractive. Near the spring the first settler built his house, and near it one of his descendants now resides.

Mr. Brown was known to the Indians as the Old Man of the Mountain, and was highly esteemed by them. In the war of 1812 he commanded a company of militia, and afterward rose to the rank of colonel. Being of an enterprising turn, Col. Brown decided to utilize the advantages he had in the stream, and built a sawmill on the falls near where Mill street crosses the creek. All trace of this mill has now disappeared, but some remains of it were apparent as late as 1860.

Within fifteen years after Col. Brown made his home on the summit of the hills, many other families settled around him. James Grierson, a brother-in-law of Brown, purchased from him forty acres off the western side of his estate. West of Grierson, was Thomas English, who gave the land for the Roman Catholic church and cemetery.

Further west, on Dundas Street, was the farm of Samuel Hunt, who sold it to Capt. Bastedo, the father-in-law of Thos. Stock, Esq., the present owner of the place. West of this again was James Lafferty, and to the north were located David Cummuns, Walter Evans, John A. Markle, Wm. Coe, — Hopkins, James McMonies and Richard Thompson. Eastward from Col. Brown, on Dundas Street, were Rev. David Culp, Isaiah Griffin and Mr. Smoke; to the south were Henry Young, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Flatt.

In 1815, there was a log schoolhouse on the corner of Dundas Street and Mill Street, in which Miss Mary Hopkins was teacher. Miss Hopkins afterwards married Elijah Merritt, of Smithville. A new frame schoolhouse was built in or about 1827 on the corner of James Grierson's farm. My father was present as a scholar the day this school was opened, and I was a scholar in it when it was finally closed, about thirty years later. The stone schoolhouse now in use was built in 1855 or 1856.

In the early days of Waterdown, the mail route from Toronto to the west passed through the settlement; but when the stage line from Toronto to Hamilton was opened the route was diverted to avoid the ascent and descent of the mountain, and at Hannahsville turned southward toward Burlington and thence by the Plains Road to Hamilton. From that time till about 1840 there was no post office in Waterdown, and none nearer than Hannahsville, a distance of four miles.

Let me now digress a little to introduce a family which had much to do with Waterdown and its progress for forty years.

In the revolutionary war in what is now the United States, many good men were hanged and others in various ways maltreated for no other reason than that they were actively loyal to the government under which they were

born. Numerous instances I could quote from well known books, were there space at my disposal.

In Dutchess County, New York, lived a large connection by the name of Griffin. Several families of them were loyalists ; others were in favor of independence. Lieut. Thos. Griffin, of one of the loyal regiments, was captured by the rebels and, with a number of other loyalists, imprisoned at Albany. The so-called Committee-of Safety condemned Lieut. Griffin to be hanged as a traitor, because of his loyalty to the empire. The jailer went to his cell in the evening, and said :

“ You have been sentenced to be hanged to-morrow.”

He replied, “ The man who will hang me is not born.” He then knocked down the jailer with his handcuffs, took the keys, liberated his loyalist fellow prisoners, among whom were several relatives, and escaped to Nova Scotia, where his descendants occupy an honorable position to-day.

Shortly after the close of the war, Richard Griffin, eldest brother of Lieut. Thomas Griffin, left his home in Dutchess County, and, with his seven sons and four daughters, struggled through the almost unbroken wilderness to Canada. They settled in South Grimsby near the present village of Smithville, which was founded by his fourth son, Smith Griffin. A great many men were employed by him in the saw-mill, flour mill, carding mill, ashery and store which he built there. In the war of 1812, Smith Griffin was a lieutenant of militia, and commanded a company in several engagements, among others, I think, at Lundy's Lane. Five of his brothers served in the same regiment.

Hon. Henry Griffin, who died at Grand Haven, Mich., in 1891, was a son of Smith Griffin, and used to tell many stories of the war of 1812, which he remembered well, though only six years old when the war commenced. He said : “ I have seen a company of Canada Militia sleeping on my father's kitchen floor one week, and a company of United States soldiers occupied the same place the next week.”

One day he and another small boy were playing in a field near the road, when a troop of United States Light Dragoons rode by. When they had passed the boys, who had noticed the letters on their caps, parodied their name, and called out “ Uncle Sam's Lazy Devils.” One of the officers turned and rode toward the fence, brandishing his sword. The courage of the boys ran out at their toes, and they lost no time in running to the wood beyond the field.

In 1823, Ebenezer C. Griffin, eldest son of Smith Griffin, bought from Colonel Brown 360 acres, being the western half of his estate, less 40 acres previously sold to James Grierson, and including nearly all the site of the

present village. He also bought the adjoining lot to the south, commencing at the concession at College Hill. With the land he obtained the sawmill at the falls and full control of the stream which run near the centre of the lot all the way through. The same year Mr. Griffin built himself a house on Mill Street. In 1827 or 1828, he put up a flour mill, much larger than any other mill then at the head of Lake Ontario. It drew custom from Hamilton, and eastward as far as Winona, southward as far as the Grand River, and eastward from beyond Hannahsville. The millwright was Henry Van Wagner, of Stony Creek; and one of the carpenters was David Parsons, father of Rev. Robert Parsons, and son of Medad Parsons, from whom Lake Medad received its name. The flour from this mill was shipped at Burlington Beach and sent to Messrs. Bell and Forsyth, wholesale merchants in the City of Quebec, and exchanged for goods.

About this time, Absalom Griffin, a younger brother of Ebenezer C. Griffin, entered into partnership with him, and the firm of E. C. & A. Griffin opened, in 1829 or 1830, a store, which they stocked with the goods obtained in exchange for flour. They also built an ashery and a turning shop. The latter was carried on by a Mr. Hooper.

All these enterprises drew other men to the settlement, and, in 1831, village lots on Mill Street were sold to Henry Graham, who built a tannery; to Levi Hawk, a carpenter; to Mr. Reeves, a shoemaker; and to Mr. Dunham, a blacksmith. All these were located on the east side of Mill Street. Not long after this, a regular survey of lots was made by Hugh Black, P. L. S., on Mill Street and Dundas Street. Lots were sold on Mill Street to A. Raymond, tailor; to Jeremiah Shute, who held property in Hamilton at that time; to Luther O. Rice; and to Patrick Flanigan, a son-in-law of James Grierson. Mr. Flanigan built a hotel on the corner of Mill and Dundas Streets. David Parsons, Levi Hawk, John Graham and others bought lots west of Mill Street. On Dundas Street, east of the bridge, lots were sold to David Springer, Solomon Griffin, Irwin Headley, Mr. Reeves and others.

In or about 1832, E. C. & A. Griffin built a new sawmill north of Dundas Street, and the same year Col. Brown raised one further up the stream. That year the first total abstinence society in this part of Canada was organized at Waterdown; and the Messrs. Griffin raised their sawmill with thirty-eight men without whiskey in one day, while Col. Brown, with the same number of men and plenty of whiskey, required two days to raise his—the size being the same. Comment on this is not necessary.

About this time, E. C. & A. Griffin closed their store, and built a new and much larger carding mill with all the appliances for fulling, dyeing and

That delicious NINCE PIE supplied by HAZELL & SON.

cloth dressing. A new double set carding machine was built on the premises by Ebenezer C. Griffin. This was one of the first of the kind built in the country, and did excellent service for nearly twenty years. Richard Ayers, who had been employed at the woolen factory in Crook's Hollow, near Dundas, was engaged to work this factory. About a year later he decided to go on his farm at Lewiston, and Robert Hunt succeeded him in the management of the factory. In 1834 or 1835, machinery for the manufacture of cloths, flannels, blankets, etc., was added to the woolen factory. In 1838, it was further enlarged and improved. On the death of E. C. Griffin, in 1847, his son, Geo. D. Griffin, who had received an interest in the factory, purchased the remaining interests from the legatees, and carried on the business till 1850, when the factory was burned.

The factory site was bought by Robert Lottridge, who built a small factory and a flour mill. Mr. Lottridge belonged to an old United Empire Loyalist family, and James M. Lottridge, of this city, is one of his sons.

In 1835, the saw-mill at the falls and the flour mill below were sold by E. C. Griffin to Haywood & Abrey, who sold it to Mr. Cummer, who transferred it to his son, Lockman Cummer, and it afterwards passed into the hands of Howland & Co., of Toronto.

In 1840, David Cummins bought the water privilege near Dundas Street. He built a saw-mill north of the bridge and a turning shop south of it. These have both disappeared entirely in the lapse of years. The turning shop was rented to Reid Baker for a rake factory, and used by him till he bought a site below the tannery, on which he built. Mr. Baker afterwards bought the tannery property and used it in connection with his business.

When Toronto University was built Walter Grieve, of Waterdown, took the contract to supply the stone. The freestone in the quarries of E. C. Griffin being easier to dress, and free from the iron rust and flaws which affected the freestone quarried in Hamilton, it was selected, and the quarry opened by Mr. Grieve. Fifteen feet of clay and eight feet of other stone were removed to reach the freestone, and thousands of cords were thrown down the hillside. The forces of nature have nearly obliterated all traces of that work, while the shrubs and trees which have grown over it give it quite a primeval appearance. The stone was teamed to Burlington Bay at the point now known as Brown's wharf, near Oaklands, and thence shipped by water.

College Hill, from whence this stone was quarried, was so called because at one time it was proposed to build Victoria College there; and a magnificent site it would have made. But, on account of its distance from

the lake, the position was not chosen, and the college was located at Cobourg.

Ebenezer C. Griffin, who for twenty-five years was the most active spirit in promoting the growth of Waterdown, was also for many years the only Justice of the Peace in a circuit of many miles. His services in the settlement of disputes and the punishment of petty offences against the law were much in demand. An old gentleman still living in Waterdown says that the genial nature and ready wit of Magistrate Griffin made his court quite popular, and that his chief fault as an administrator was a disposition to leniency in dealing out justice to offenders against the majesty of the law.

In 1853 the gravel road from Hamilton to Carlisle, passing through Waterdown, was projected by James K. Griffin, eldest son of E. C. Griffin. He organized a company and built the road, thereby securing for the village a route nearly three miles shorter than the old road from Hamilton by the plains. About the same time a toll-road was built by another company from Waterdown to the plains, by way of the Waterdown station of the G. T. R.

Waterdown, like Ancaster and many other places which appeared to have a destiny as manufacturing centres, long since reached its climax. Unlike Ancaster, it has not become a scene of decadence, but the changes incident to modern appliances and customs prevented its progress. With the clearing of the forests one source of its industries vanished, and the same cause affected other branches, the water supply being rendered far more irregular by the clearing and draining of the land. Distance from the railroad, too, seriously detracted from its success in competition with greater centres. These causes in an age of centralization have prevented Waterdown and other beautifully situated places from fulfilling the expectations of their founders.

Many settlers who had part in building the village have not been mentioned in this sketch, because information regarding them is not at hand. Interesting incidents of village history might be told also, but lack of space forbids any attempt at their narration, and these rambling jottings will leave ample room for others to tell more fully the history of the village on the hills.



The Volunteers of '85.

—O O O O O—

STUART LIVINGSTON.

—O O O O O—

[By permission of the author.]

Wide are the plains to the north and the westward,
 Drear are the skies to the west and the north—
 Little they cared as they snatched up their rifles,
 And shoulder to shoulder marched gallantly forth.
 Cold are the plains to the north and the westward,
 Stretching out far to the grey of the sky—
 Little they cared as they marched from the barrack-room,
 Willing and ready, if need be, to die.

Bright was the gleam of the sun on their bayonets ;
 Firm and erect was each man in his place ;
 Steadily, evenly, marched they like veterans ;
 Smiling and fearless was every face ;
 Never a dread of the foe that was waiting them,
 Never a fear of war's terrible scenes ;
 " Brave as the bravest," was stamped on each face of them ;
 Half of them boys not yet out of their teens.

Many a woman gazed down at them longingly,
 Scanning each rank for her boy as it passed ;
 Striving through tears just to catch a last glimpse of him,
 Knowing that glimpse might, for aye, be the last.
 Many a maiden's cheek paled as she looked at them,
 Seeing the lover from whom she must part ;
 Trying to smile and be brave for the sake of him,
 Stifling the dread that was breaking her heart.

Every heart of us, wild at the sight of them,
 Beat as it never had beaten before ;
 Every voice of us, choked though it may have been,
 Broke from hurra to a deafening roar.
 Proud ! were we proud of them ? God ! they were part of us,
 Sons of us, brothers, all marching to fight ;
 Swift at their country's call, ready each man and all,
 Ready to battle for her and the right.

ROBERT LAND, THE U. E. LOYALIST.

J. H. LAND.



WHEN the American colonies rebelled against the British Government in 1776, Robert Land, who, with his brother, had some twenty-five years before come seeking fortune in the new world, was living contentedly on the farm he had made out of the wilderness, on the Delaware River, near Coshecton, N. Y.

He had married Phœbe Scott, of Virginia, an aunt of General Wingfield Scott, and had five sons and two daughters.

He opposed the "Colonial" movement, and on the breaking out of the hostility joined the Loyalist ranks. His eldest son, John, then sixteen and able to bear arms, was thereupon seized and placed in prison, and the family subjected to all the harrassment that their enemies were master of.

Mr. Land was, owing to his knowledge of the country where the forces were operating, made a messenger, and entrusted with despatches. Finding that the feeling against him was visited on his unoffending family, and that threats of death to him, and destruction to his home, were becoming loud he decided to get away to Canada and if possible send for them from that land of safety. He arranged with a Quaker friend, who had traded a great deal in that direction, to accompany him. Through some spy their purpose and rendezvous became known, and as they started they were met by a band of "Patriots," on whose approach Mr. Land at once took to his heels, calling to his friend, a Mr. Morden, to follow. The latter, however, could see no reason why he should avoid them, he had never taken up arms nor mixed in the affair one way or the other, so in spite of the warning calls of his fleeing comrade he waited—for his death. These brave Patriots, incensed at the escape of Mr. Land, in spite of his protestations, hung Mr. Morden to a tree as a warning to all who sympathised with Loyalty. While this uncalled for crime was enacting, part of the gang had been in hot pursuit of Mr. Land, firing at him as they ran, and seeing him approaching a swamp, whose thick underbrush they knew would hide him effectually, sent a volley after him as a parting compliment. One of the bullets struck his knapsack, penetrating right through it and his clothing to the very skin, knocking him down, cutting his hand very severely on a sharpstone as he fell. Seeing him fall his enemies rushed forward to finish their work, but found only a trail of

blood leading into the dark swamp, which they tried to follow, but fortunately lost, when they concluded that a man so badly wounded could not live long anyhow, so returned to their fellows reporting him as dead, and on their return to the settlement spread the same report, taking good care it should reach his family. On falling Mr. Land, however, crawled on hands and knees behind a friendly bush, and then arose and plunging into the depths of the swamp, escaped from his present danger, but his situation was not one to be envied. Wounded, night falling apace in the dismal recesses of an unknown swamp, through which he felt he must press on and get as far away as possible before another day broke, not daring to rest, still less to light a fire, and not knowing what wild beasts were about him.

The next day he got help and direction from a trapper and continued on his journey, arriving at Niagara River, which he crossed at its mouth, and was welcomed by the little band of refugees settled there.

He applied for and received two hundred acres at the Falls, afterwards Lundy's farm, on whose Lane the famous battle was fought, and where tidings reached him of the burning of his home and massacre of the whole family. This he held for two years, when the ceaseless dirge of the great cataract, reminding him of his own great sorrow, became unbearable, and he gave it up, pushing on up the lake till he arrived at the beautiful prairie valley around Burlington Bay, where he took up a farm and built him a "shack" in 1781, the first white man who made his home where this fair city now stands. He does not seem to have had any idea of providing for more than his own wants, believing as he did that he was now alone, for his son, though not murdered with the rest of the family, would, he was sure, meet the same fate at the hands of his blood-thirsty captors. He supported himself by trapping, hunting and trading with the Indians, and lived a lonely and morose man.

Deep was the sorrow and distress of his wife and family when the news reached them of Mr. Land's death, and though they were as yet allowed to live, and work their little farm, they were in daily dread of some deed of violence on the part of their rebel neighbors, a dread only too well founded; for in early autumn, on one of those balmy nights for which September is noted, as the eldest daughter, Kate, lay asleep, an Indian entered her room and drawing the point of his spear across the sole of her foot awakened her. Thinking it was one of "Captain Jack's" tricks, for Captain Jack was a born wag, though an Indian, and a sworn friend of the family, she started up, exclaiming, "Go away, Captain Jack," but to her horror a strange voice replied, "Me no Captain Jack, me good Injun; get up, go cross river, white man's house, he hurt, want you," and vanished. Hastily dressing she sprang into her canoe and paddled over to the nearest house, the home of a family named Cane, who had been early terrorized into allegiance

to the "Colonies" and was deemed to be safe from harm. To her surprise she found the door open, and stepping in she stumbled over something on the floor; examination showed it to be his dead body, and a swift search revealed to the horror-stricken girl that the whole family had been butchered and scalped, presumably by Indians, those convenient Nomads, to whose credit even to this day the Americans are apt to place any little act of murder or pillage when circumstances will permit of it. Frenzied with fear, Kate rushed out and paddled home, roused the family, told her tale, and besought them to flee. They seized what little clothing, etc., they could lay their hands on and took refuge in the corn field. Hardly had they concealed themselves when the dread war-whoop rang out, followed by cries of disappointed rage at their escape, which had the effect of hastening their steps towards the woods, which they had hardly reached before the scene was lighted up by flames from their burning house. Wild with terror, yet thankful for their present escape, they fled from the scene of destruction, and hiding as much as possible by day, living on raw corn and grain, they made their way to New York, placing themselves under the protection of the British army, and were safe. Here they remained till the evacuation in 1783, when they, with a large number of fellow refugees, were taken to St. John, New Brunswick. After a stay here of seven years the youngest son, Robert, now seventeen, persuaded his mother that there must be a better farming country than this somewhere under the British flag, and they determined to come to Western Canada. Taking ship they returned to New York, and from there, by way of their old home, to Canada. They found the older son, John, on the homestead, he having been released at the close of the war, and being able to prove that he had not taken arms against the colonies, was reinstated in possession. He tried earnestly to persuade them to remain, but Mrs. Land had too many sorrowful memories to care to stay, and the younger son, Robert, insisted it would be a waste of time. "We have left a better country than this," he said, "and I know that there must be better land further west, and I am going to find it." The three older sons remained and the rest started on foot, on the weary tramp to the unknown country of Canada. John accompanied them for two days, trying to persuade them to stay, picturing the hardship they would have to meet, telling of the dangers from the fierce Indians of the West, and the almost certainty of slow death from starvation in that cold, inhospitable land. Failing to shake his brothers' resolution or his mother's determination to share her Benjamin's fortune, he gave them up, and weeping, bade them farewell.

The long, wearisome journey came to an end at last, they, too, reached Niagara River and crossed where the husband and father had crossed nine years before.

At Niagara they remained nearly two years, Robert's gun and traps, and what

Finest MINCE MEAT, 7 lbs. for 75c., at HAZELL'S.

work he could get to do, supporting them. During the second year they heard from a trader that there was a white man settled at the "Head of the Lake," whose name he thought was Land, and in spite of herself the widow was startled. Could it be possible that this was the husband so long mourned as dead? No; the account she had heard was too circumstantial. Still the idea would not leave her. It grew at last into a hope, and further reports raised it almost to a certainty. Again the line of march was taken up, this time with eager hopefulness, and one day the settler, Robert Land, sitting moodily in his solitary doorway, was surprised to see a tall young man, followed by a middle-aged woman and three well grown girls, approaching. Imagine his astonishment and the joy of all at this unexpected reunion, this literal "raising from the dead," the mutual explanations, the history of their wanderings, and final contented settling down to make a new home. Robert Land's hopeless apathy vanished under the influence of his family's love, and his son Robert's energy; a cabin was built of logs, a piece of ground broken up with a hoe, and the first crop planted. The gun and trap still formed their main dependence for a year or so till the first bag of grain for flour was carried on Robert, jr., back to Niagara to be ground. After that everything prospered with them until Robert, sen., was stricken with paralysis and lay bedridden for eight years before his death, which occurred in 1822.

The three elder sons, Abel, William and Ephriam, joined the family here a few years after they got settled, and taking up farms around their father's, prospered with him. The war of 1812 entailed many hardships on them and their families. They were all on service through it; two of them, Abel and Robert, as officers of the Third Lincoln Militia, and served their country well.

Whether it was owing to his experiences with them during the war of 1776, or the bias his mind got after learning of the destruction of his family, Robert Land, sen., developed an intense hatred for Indians after he became bedridden. As was the custom in those days, his rifle and powder horn hung on the wall above his bed, and if he heard an Indian's voice, or smelt one (no very difficult matter) he would with his sound hand reach for his rifle, put in fresh priming and lie with the weapon ready for use, till the poor Indian had gone.

The settlers never had any trouble with the Aborigines here.

The foregoing reads like a chapter from a novel, yet it is only the history of one U. E. L. family's sufferings, hardships and oppressions. I venture to say that with a change in the names and a few details, it is the history of three-fourths of the oppressed and devoted band whose love for English freedom and England's flag drove them to seek new homes, to replace those ravaged and destroyed in the sacred name of "Liberty."

THE BATTLE OF STONEY CREEK.



ROBERT NISBET.



AS the Wentworth Historical Society have the promise of the Ottawa Government to erect a monument at Stoney Creek, in commemoration of the battle fought there, some particulars, furnished me by the late James Gage, may be of interest to persons in this vicinity.

Being always especially interested in historical events, as my friends well know, I was anxious to see the place where that fight occurred. Either in the fall of 1851 or the spring of 1852 I drove out with the late James Gage to see it. He took me around the farm and pointed out the exact spot where the battle was fought. He told me the men were camped on the east side of the Creek and had their guns stacked in front at a distance. There were about 3,500 men. The officers were camped on the opposite side of the road, running to Stoney Creek Village, having their tents on a rise of ground close to the road. The men used the fences on Mr. Gage's farm for their fires. Colonel Sir John Harvey left Burlington Heights early in the evening with 750 bayonets, and marched down the Stoney Creek road to about the Red Hill, where they met the late Peter Gage (then a boy) driving home his father's sheep, as they were afraid the Americans would take them. Colonel Harvey stopped him to enquire about the road to Stoney Creek, and he told him of the ravine running nearly parallel with the south side of the road. Col. Harvey ordered his men to march through the ravine, which was covered with trees, and they came out close to where the Americans were camped. At the end of the ravine, a short distance from the camp, a sentry was stationed by a pine tree. The British scout, a large Scotch sergeant, advanced towards him, when the sentry challenged him, and he said, "a friend," and walking up drove his bayonet through his heart, pinning him so tight to the tree he had to wrench his musket off the bayonet to regain it. Next morning the sentry was found

still fastened to the tree, standing as straight as if alive. He had been killed so suddenly he was unable to give the alarm, therefore Col. Harvey was able to view their position by the light of their camp fires. He ordered his men to charge, and they first seized the arms, which were, as I said before, between the camp and the creek. This created a panic in the ranks of the enemy, as most of them were without arms, and their officers being across the road were not there at first to rally them. There was a general stampede. Either Gen. Chandler or Winder, I have forgotten which, wandered around the woods all night and finally surrendered to a farmer next morning, who found him sitting on a log about where the waterworks pumping house now stands. James Gage had been taken prisoner and was guarded in the corner of a rail fence near the officers' quarters on the opposite side of the road from his farm. As soon as the fight began his guard left him, and he hurried home to protect his family. He told me that as he went up the lane to the house the balls were flying around him, but he scarcely noticed them, he was so anxious about his wife and children. I have been told by some of the old settlers that one ball went through his hat, but he did not mention it to me. When he arrived at the house they were carrying the wounded in to be attended to. His daughter, the late Mrs. Wm. Freeman, of Saltfleet, also described the battle to me, as she watched it from the window.

I afterwards talked with Peter Gage about it, and he corroborated James Gage's account, and also told me he took their ox team the next day to drive the bodies of the soldiers who were killed to the Stoney Creek graveyard, where they were buried just inside the fence.

I believe that recently some soldiers' buttons, parts of uniforms, etc., have been dug up on the other side of the road, which would seem to prove that a part of the soldiers must have been buried there. James and Peter Gage were very distant if any relation at all, and being both well known as reliable men their account must be taken as correct.

Generals Winder and Chandler, with some of the chief officers, were quartered in the Gage house, while the rest were in their camps. I have also talked about it with two of Mr. Gage's daughters—Mrs. William Freeman and Mrs. L. D. Bierly—both of whom were old enough to remember the battle distinctly. They said many of the wounded soldiers were carried into the house and their mother tore up her sheets to make bandages. Hearing a noise at the door Mrs. Gage opened it, when an American officer who had been quartered in the house fell dead in the open doorway. Mrs. T. Beemer, of Toronto, mother of Mrs. Calder, President of the

Ladies' Committee of the Wentworth Historical Society, is the only surviving member of James Gage's family.

James Gage's portrait will be on exhibition in the Log Cabin at the Encampment, also the knocker from the front door of the Gage house, which was doubtless often raised by the American officers ; three salt spoons used by them while staying in the house, also the bucket in which the officers drew their drinking water from the well. The old Gage home is still standing the same as it was at the time of the battle of Stoney Creek. Any one interested in historical places can take a walk through the ravine and come out by the tree where the sentry was standing.

The Militia Colors used at the Battle of Stoney Creek and Lundy's Lane are now in possession of Canon Bull, and he has kindly loaned them for the benefit of the Log Cabin.



A Prophecy

THE following extract is taken from a poem in four books, called "Hamilton," written in 1840 by William A. Stephens. The book was loaned by Mr. C. R. McCullough, is very interesting, and, if space permitted, I would like to give more of it.—M. J. N.

Upon the mountain's base, beneath our feet,
 Embower'd in woods you see *his* rural seat
 Whose name is given to the town, along
 Which we have sought to twine the flow'rs of song ;
 When first I saw it, some ten years ago,
 A scatter'd village then was Hamilton,
 It shortly after took a sudden *start*,
 And now it stands a brisk commercial mart ;
 Anticipation looks through future years
 —The town is gone—a city then appears,
 While all her suburb mountain-heights around
 With castles, villas, and chateaux are crown'd,
 Where urbine grandeur, wooing nature's charms,
 Is clasped in rural beauty's flow'ry arms,
 And science plants her Academic bow'rs,
 While from their midst her classic temple tow'rs.
 May bright prosperity for ever claim
 The—town or city for her own domain,
 Thy sons for ever fraud and vice eschew,
 Thy maidens modest and thy matrons true.

A MODERN UTOPIA:

FRANK L. DAVIS.

One night, feeling pensive and thoughtful, in a mood to meditate
Upon matters and things in general, I sat by the glowing grate,
Resting my weary head at ease, in contentment I closed my eyes,

Fancy I gave free rein, painting pictures somewhat in this wise :
As I thought of our fair city and what years had brought as they sped,
I seemed to see our loved mountain uprearing its stately old head,
Rich in trees and smooth terraces, with true lover's walks and arbors,

Crowned by a park, with a glorious view of one of the world's best harbors.
I could see the tall shining spires, towering o'er churches old and new,
Their pews now letting for six, which of late years could only hold two.
Yes, Madam Grundy's decree is passed, small sleeves and hats are the rage.

Our long-suffering masculine theatre-goers can now get a view of the stage.
For the girls in stores there now are seats and other comforts galore.

Have now no need of screens for saloons, as our youths go there no more,
And the Madi's office a sinecure is, he wears white gloves every day.
Merchants and husbands are happy, for amateur shows have passed away.
It's assuring, too, knowing our City Fathers no longer bear the onus
Like those of yore, wasting hard-earned cash to enrich the Yanks by bonus.
The Hospital Board are now at peace, our Police well inspected and gritty ;
Our Smelting Works are a *fait accompli* (with exemption, more's the pity).
No wonder that after feats like these we are dubbed the "Ambitious City."

Once more the East End Incline let forth its fiendish scream :
Nothing but vain delusions these, "things are not what they seem,"
The scene is changed, the visions past. Alas ! 'twas but a dream !



❧ The · Hamilton · of · Ye · Olden · Time ❧

(From an old newspaper.)



BEFORE Hamilton received its present name, it was known as "Burlington," and as late as 1829 letters addressed to people here bore the superscription, "Burlington, near Ancaster." The latter place was of considerable trade for years before Hamilton existed at all. A pioneer named Rousseaux; near the end of the last century, came up Lake Ontario in a canoe, and entered our bay, proceeding to erect mills at Ancaster, thus forming a nucleus for a village, which rapidly attained some importance. The British forces after a defeat at the Thames retreated to Ancaster, and I have heard it said, the first newspaper printed west of Kingston was issued at Ancaster.

The Township of Ancaster was early settled, and fine farms abounded there before the war of 1812-14. But when the Burlington Bay Canal had been completed, Hamilton took the lead and soon surpassed its rival village both in business and population. At this time there were two roads leading to the bay—one down James street to Hughson's storehouse, which was a log building directly under the bank, there being only three feet of water at its outer end. There were several "corduroy" bridges on this road, and it entered the primitive forest shortly after leaving the present location of Christ Church; the other road to the bay led to Land's storehouse at the mouth of the inlet at the foot of Wellington street. From this point up to the base of the mountain ran a hemlock swamp, with a sluggish stream passing through it to the inlet. One branch of the stream ran past Judge O'Reilly's residence and across Augusta street—then all woods—up to James street. It was in jumping across this brook, at a point near Hughson street, using his gun as a pole, that the only son of Sir Allan MacNab accidentally shot and almost instantly killed himself. He was a mere lad, and was on a hunting expedition.

Mr. Land owned all the mercantile marine then belonging to Hamilton. It consisted of a batteaux, with which he brought down flour from Hatt's

mill in Dundas, proceeding up the channel of the creek to that place. This cargo he carried through the "outlet" near the west end of the Beach, and there shipped it on board schooners for Prescott. Mr. Land also made trips to "Muddy Little York" with his boat, loaded with apples, in the fall, as the site of the city was nearly covered by orchards, yielding very fine fruit.

The first lake craft which entered the bay was the General Brock, commanded by Captain Zealand. This was a great event. The inhabitants of the neighboring townships came en masse to feast their eyes on the "ship," and the urbane captain kept his small boat in constant use all the first Sunday after his arrival in carrying his visitors to and fro, as there was no wharf. The craft lay anchored off the foot of James street. This operation, however, was greatly facilitated by the fact that the wives and daughters of farmers in those good old days were amply clad in five yards of print and wore no trunks.

The year of the first cholera, 1832, was a very sad time for the village, no less than six deaths a day taking place, which, looking at its small population, was a large mortality. The dead were buried at night and in great haste, in fact it was said some were put in their coffins before the breath had left the body, and no doubt this was the case with Mr. Tidd, then the jailer. An hospital had been established on the heights, west of the present cemetery, in a building used as a barracks during the war. This was put under the charge of an old soldier named Heslop, who kept himself well saturated with "old rye," and, as he put it, did not care for the cholera. In the room where he slept he kept two rather strange pets, in the shape of two large rattlesnakes. These he had in a flour barrel standing on its end, with the upper heading removed.

One Dr. McKenzie became somewhat prominent at this time. He had been an assistant in the hospitals during the war, and later took to preaching. McKenzie also published a paper, which was printed in a small building where Myles' coal yard office now stands. Dr. McKenzie undertook to cure the cholera by injecting salt and water into the veins of the patient, and some persons having recovered under his treatment his services were in constant demand. He afterwards obtained a regular license to practice, but becoming involved in the rebellion of 1837-8, he fled to the United States.

Mr. Peter Hamilton having laid out his farm, west of James street, in lots, building commenced in that locality. Then it was determined by those interested to open a road on the line off that street to the top of the moun-

THE DELICIOUS TEA served everywhere at this Encampment is BRADT & CO.'S "5 O'CLOCK TEA."

tain in opposition to the John street road. By this road they expected to command the trade of Ancaster Township, the principal trade of the town at that time coming from that quarter. The road was made passable, and the event was celebrated in rather a strange style. A man by the name of F—s was hired, by the promise of a quart of whiskey, to sow John street with grass seed. He proceeded to earn his wage, fitted out with a bag containing the seed, commencing at the corner of King and John, and scattering his seed proceeded up John. He was destined to come to grief, for as he approached Maiden Lane he was met by the exasperated John streeters, who saluted him with volley after volley of eggs, etc., until he was forced to make quick time back to his employers. They were glad to pay him his hire and get rid of him, as he presented a most disgusting figure.



CANADA TO HER COUSIN.

A. J. RAMSAY.

THE men of brawn, the armies truly bold
 Are born in climes comparatively cold.
 Rome in her glory fell by Northern Huns,
 France left her fame in Russia and her sons.
 Albion admonished France in sultry Spain,
 Scotland, tho' strong, did scarce disperse the Dane ;
 Thy northern arms expunged foul slavery's stain,
 And we victorious were at Lundy's Lane !
 Where thou, 'gainst peaceful neighbors and all laws
 Did'st make thyself a foe without a cause,
 And strove to wrench—it was thine only chance—
 While England battled with infuriate France,
 This brightest gem from her tiara large,
 But could not stand before a British charge ;
 Whilst liberty, to which thou art untrue,
 Was bought by her for thee at Waterloo.
 Thou art that fabled tree whose branches high
 Scorn the strong roots that hold them to the sky.

Who gave thy veins their vigor to improve
A land where gold is god all gods above ?
Is Gaul thy sire ? or Spain ? or by his hearth
Did the Rus rock thy crib ? Who gave thee birth ?
Great Britain. From her race imperial rolled
The power thy envy hates as once of old
Rash Cæsár hated Britain, nor could bear
One equal the wide world of Rome to share.
Who carved the corner stones, or framed the sills
Of thy proud cities ? Many a man who fills
A grave more honored here than in that land
Built thy first fañes, thy Pennsylvanias planned,
From which thy treason forced them here to flee,
Leaving their lands, their looms, their homes to thee
Who never paid, and ne'er intend to pay
For that which is thy boast, thy pride, thy prey.
But let that pass ; perchance it is heaven's will
England should aid thee thus, as we do still,
By laws more free, by loyalty unfeigned,
For all republics are by thrones sustained.
If George the Third did err, say, was it right
For thee to rob whoe'er refused to fight
'Gainst Freedom's throne, which tho' that instant wrong
Has braced the world and helped to make thee strong ?
That time thy Revolutionists awoke,
And, as they phrase it, brake the British yoke :
Three times a thousand loyal subjects left
The land rebellious 'gainst its King and cleft,
Their wrong thro' tyranny and swords aflame,
Thro' wrongs for which the history has no name :
With children wandering sad in regions wild,
With greivous age scarce stronger than a child :
How long the way, how slow the march along,
Harassed by hungering wolves, by humid wrong,
Till in the shelter of those liberal hills
They hewed their homes begirt by want's worst ills.
And, subsequently, that vile war which rose
'Twixed nations who are not, nor should be, foes—
Red fields were fought beside Niagara's flood ;
Aged grief shed tears, their sons, more freely, blood.
But still, tho' oft ill-clad, anhungered, cold,

Uncurbed by thee, unconquered, uncontrolled.
 Still true to Freedom's flag they heaped the slain
 Of fierce aggression red on Lundy's Lane.
 Shall we to whom they left this goodly land,
 Bright thro' blood-purchased with its record grand,
 Shall we all weakly yield without a blow
 This wealth so won in glorious war? Ah, no!
 There is a huge gulf of hindrance, and of late
 Thine acts have magnified it into fate,
 Come not with annexation to repay
 That which they Fenian Raiders fetched away.
 Thine Alabania surplus reimburse
 Ere it be history's by-word and thy curse.
 Thy boast is to be free, we too revere
 All that is truly so, but find it here.
 Be neighbors just, nor with invasion woo,
 Or by the tingling blood that still throbs thro'
 These veins from their's who honorably bled,
 A living witness from the deathless dead,
 Thou shalt not own this realm they grandly gave
 Till each true son add to their gift, his grave.



CAMEOS FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF ANCASTER,

*As found in the Church of England Parish Register, kept by the
Rev. John Miller, and dated 1829.*

MRS. E. J. FESSENDEN.



FROM within this quaint old book, with its stiff parchment cover, kept fast
 by strong brass clasps, we gather pleasant reminiscences of the early
 enterprise, loyalty and generosity of ancient Ancaster. Here we learn
 that our beautiful St. Johns was the mother church of the whole Gore
 District, and ministered to her daughters in Hamilton, Barton and
 Flamborough.

On the 10th October, 1830, Ancaster church was consecrated by the Bishop
 of Quebec. There was a congregation of about 300 present at the morning ser-

That delicious MINCE PIE supplied by HAZELL & SON.

vice. After service the Bishop confirmed 35 persons. Hamilton shared in the benefits of Mr Miller's work, though it does not seem to have been as fortunate as Ancaster in the possession of a church, judging from this entry: "Sept. 2, 1832. Hamilton court house being considered infectious from cholera, I did not use it this day." Hamilton also owes Ancaster a tribute of love in that here in 1835 "the Rev. Gamble Geddes," late dean of Christ Church Cathedral, who for over forty years gave loving and devoted service to its people, "was ordained priest by the Bishop of Quebec, assisted by the Archdeacon of Toronto," and Mr. Miller. The Bishop of Quebec seems to have had rather an extensive diocese in those days

Not only is the village of Hamilton under tribute to Ancaster for religious services, but Guelph also. On the 11th June, 1831, Mr. Miller, "by desire of the Bishop of Quebec, and requested by the inhabitants, visited the township and village of Guelph, preached on the evenings of the 12th and 13th, and baptized twenty children."

Ancaster seems to have experienced trouble in the same way as have our modern villages of Toronto and Hamilton in laying their asphalt pavement. On Dec. 3, 1837, our good missionary was unable to reach his outlying station, as "the roads were so cut up by the workmen engaged in preparing to macadamize them as to render them impassable." The roads, however, must soon have been gotten into order or the patriotism of its inhabitants most severely tested, for on the "15th Dec. 1837, an alarm of rebellion was most extensively circulated, and many hundreds of men were called by the governor to Toronto McKenzie and his followers appeared in open rebellion. On Christmas day there were only 50 persons present at church," owing to the disturbed state of the country and number of militiamen proceeding to Chippawa to make an attack on McKenzie; and on the 31st December Mr. Miller still reports, the men of the village and neighborhood absent in Chippawa, watching McKenzie's rebel party on Navy Island. The sexton then as now was a most important personage, for he gets special mention as "being absent on the frontier." Peace with its white wings soon hovered over our pretty village. On Feb. 6, 1838, there were eighty persons present at St. John's Church "at a public thanksgiving by proclamation from Sir Francis Bond Head for victory obtained over the rebels in both provinces and for their general despersion."

What think you of the generosity of those early days? Think of the great City of New York and remember that in its great fire of 1836 the people of Ancaster gave through the offertory £2 5s. for the sufferers. The further sum of 50s. was "deposited at the Dundas Bank to the credit of the Bishop of New York." Though Dundas had a bank (a private one, perhaps), it had only a union

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place of worship. Presumably no sexton, for "the place was very cold at Dundas, there being no fire wood," on January 8, 1837.

We regretfully close this quaint chronicle of the olden time. Would that we were permitted to tell how Toronto found its Mayor in an Ancaster lad ; to linger over the hero legend entwining the grave of the wife of Col. Johnson Butler, of Niagara ; to pay the tribute of tears to the tragic fate of a continent linked to that other grave of the Indian princess hard by the warrior trial of her race, inevitably passing to the hunting grounds of the other world ; to tell of all that Christ-like missionary life recalled by the last entry, written in a strange hand, recording the passing of the chronicler himself to his long home in our sweet God's acre.



Training Day in 1819.

GEORGE III.'S BIRTHDAY AND ITS CELEBRATION.

An old resident of this town, and our oldest contributor, has furnished us with a sketch of the 4th of June, "In olden times, when George the Third was king." He writes from memory and thought, his account is brief, it is none the less interesting, especially after the celebration of our own more modern and National Day, July 1st. He says :

The 4th day of June in the earlier days of Hamilton was decidedly the most lively of the whole year. On this day the general training, as it was called, of the "Men of Gore" took place. All the men liable to militia duty in this locality had to "fall in" in the morning and answer to their names and perform such company drill, etc., as the officers might see fit to command or were able to give instruction in. The preliminary company drill invariably consisted of men of each company clustering round the captain,

while he called over his list of names. The word "march" was then given, and a half made in front of a store, when a pailful or more of "blackstrap" was compounded and passed around until all were satisfied. This delectable drink was made by mixing rye whiskey and West India molasses, and was altogether a most deceiving beverage. After all had partaken to their heart's content (and there were no laggards in this regard in those days) the real warlike aspect of the day came to the front. All disputes and quarrels during the past year were then settled by personal encounters. It had come to be understood that there was "no law on the 4th of June," and it seemed to be a fact, as no interference was ever attempted in the numerous pitched battles which took place all over the village on "training day." The old style of base ball, jumping and horse racing, were also indulged in, and altogether a most jolly time was made of King George IV.'s birthday, for such it was.

The horse racing was down King street, from what is now Queen street, to James street, where Mr. Miller kept a tavern. Mr. Andrew Miller was from Geneva, N. Y., and was a land surveyor, who came in here just after the war. His tavern stood where the drug store is now, and a double sign was a very conspicuous object on the road—very far off—and for that reason was selected as the "coming in" place of the races.



Chrysler's Farm.

*Ad opus of the monument dedicated Sep. 25, to commemorate the
victory of 1813.*

Across the river, whittling as he came,
Strode the tall figure of old Uncle Sam.

To greet him with a neighbor's friendly hand,
Stood John Bull Canuck on sacred land.

And soon the twain where in a pleasant chat
Discursively discussing this and that.

From great affairs that boded ill of good
To smaller gossip of the neighborhood.

THE DELICIOUS TEA served everywhere at this Encampment is BRADY & CO.'S "5 O'CLOCK TEA."

At length by chance Sam's roving eagle eye
Described a new-erected shaft near by.

"Oho," said he, "John, this is something new,
I didn't know this sort of tree you grew."

"When did you plant it? What do you suppose
It's going to be good for when it grows?"

John blandly smiled, "that special bred of tree
Is good for jogging memories," quoth he.

"You've only got to give it half a look,
And it will talk just like a history book.

"To our Canadian youth that is, I mean,
It has a lot to say about Thirteen."

"You didn't 'spose that sort of tree we grew?
If I may use your phrase, you bet we do!"

"This land round here grows anything we please,
It sprouts up soldiers, Sam, as well as trees."

"For don't you know" --John proudly waved his arm--
"This place you're standing on is Chrysler's Farm!"

Old Uncle Sam he raised his hat and bowed
Toward the shaft, and said, "It does you proud."

J. W. BENGOUGH



KNIGHTS OF SHERWOOD FOREST.

JOHN B. BUCKINGHAM.



THE Knights of Sherwood Forest are the uniformed branch of the Ancient Order of Foresters and are a most valuable adjunct of that well-known society. Their existence is due to the happy thought of some enthusiastic members of the order in St. Louis, Mo., some sixteen years since.

They saw the need of adding a military feature to the A. O. F., and the Knights of Sherwood Forest are the outcome of the idea.

Where did you get this COFFEE? At HAZELL'S.

Sherwood Forest is inseparably connected with Robin Hood and his merry men and the government of the present Ancient Order of Foresters. The traditions associated with the famed outlaw appear to be the basis of the formation of the order of Royal Foresters, which flourished in the northern counties of England in the sixteenth century.

The social features of fraternity were always prominent, but the order passed through troublesome times, as did all other societies, until 1843, when, at a convention in Yorkshire, the present Ancient Order was firmly established with its medical, sick and funeral benefits.

The order was established in Canada about a quarter of a century ago, and during that time has done immeasurable good through its courts in various parts of the Dominion. The order is truly a royal order, being honored with having for its patronesses Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, in England, and the Countess of Aberdeen, in Canada, as vice-patroness, besides having as honorary members many of the nobility and commoners of distinction of the old countries.

The introduction of the uniform branch in Canada happened in 1883, when Pioneer Conclave, No. 1, was inaugurated in the City of Hamilton, and whose intricate movements, fancy drill and sword exercises have been gratuitously tendered for the benefit of the Wentworth Historical Association, its members being largely composed of natives of the city or county. Since its organization, some twelve years, it has ever sought to extend the principles of the order, besides devoting attention to the military features, and has been successful in the latter as will be shown by the trophies they have won in competitive drills, having taken first prizes in Detroit, Mich.; London, Woodstock, Paris, Toronto, St. Thomas, Guelph and other places. The Ontario battalion is officered by Sir Knights J. B. Buckingham, Lieut.-Col., Hamilton; A. Martin, Senior Major, Hamilton; and W. Gillespie, Junior Major, Stratford; and comprises seven companies with two hundred swords. The local Conclave is officered by Major A. Martin, in command; C. G. Wheeler, First Lieutenant; and C. Ashby, Second Lieutenant. Their tent is situated at the opening of the large double doors, and the entertainment given by the Sir Knights every evening will be interesting and well worth seeing.



THE DELICIOUS TEA served everywhere at this Encampment is BRADT & CO.'S "5 O'CLOCK TEA."

The Right House

CORNER OF
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AND
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ALWAYS IN STOCK. LARGE VARIETY OF
SILKS, CREPONS and BRILLIANTINES

SUITABLE FOR EVENING WEAR.

Opera Shades of Gloves and Hosiery. New Opera Cloaks.
New Opera Shawls in all the new effects.

First-class DRESS-MAKING on short notice.

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT is always complete. The latest London and New York Novelties are always found on our counters. New Ties, Shirts, Collars, Umbrellas, etc.

HANDSOME DISPLAY OF HOLIDAY GOODS in Leather Goods, Wicker and Fancy Straw Baskets and Ornaments, White Metal Frames, Mirrors, Dressing Cases, etc.

HAMILTON, Nov., '95.

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Agents for "Our Bass" Ale.
Agents for Spatt's Dog Cakes.
Agents for Dal (for soup).

Menu Devilled CRABS at HAZELL & SON'S.



Order of Attractions

Artillery Tent.

MRS. M. LEGGATT, Convener, assisted by Mrs. JAMES TURNBULL.
The Artillery Corps will be present and execute some military manœuvres.

++++

13th Regt. Tent.

MRS. HENRY McLAREN, MRS. J. J. STUART,
LIEUT. COL. MOORE and the officers of the 13th Regt.

++++

Ambulance Corps.

In charge of MRS. T. H. PRATT and MRS. O. G. CARSCALLEN,

ASSISTED BY

Miss Ethel Lazier	Miss Mabel Bickle	Miss Agnes Powis
" Mary Cameron	" Jennie Cook	" Florence Barker
" Marion Burns	" Aurora Mills	" Taylor

In this Tent will be sold ice cream, lemonade, and patent medicines, the latter healing all ills to which the flesh is subject, even those of the heart. The young ladies will wear the war uniform, which will greatly enhance their natural attractiveness.

++++

Highland Tent.

MRS. A. MORGAN, Convener.

ASSISTED BY

Miss Edith Barker	Miss Harvey	Mr. H. Balfour
" Bella MacDonald	Mr. A. Glassco	" W. Leggatt
" Mabel Bickle	" N. Nicholson	" M. Hendrie

Dancing in charge of Mr. Mathieson.

Messrs. Mathieson and Wm. Hendrie, jr., and Misses Henderson and Mathieson will give exhibitions of Highland dancing.

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Roots, Roman Hyacinths, Bermuda
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GARDEN PEAS.*

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**HARDWARE,
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TINWARE**



**PAINTS,
OILS AND
GLASS**

BICYCLES

51-53 KING ST. WEST.



65 KING ST. EAST.

Are you tired of your Grocer? Then try HAZELL & SON.

There will be a collection of purely Scotch relics, among others, Robert Burns' spinning wheel, which doubtless served as the inspiration of his poem containing the following lines :

“ Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessie at her spinning-wheel ?”

ADMISSION, TEN CENTS.



Mess Room.

MRS. ALEX. MCKAY, Convener. MISS ISABEL BURROWS, Treasurer.

ASSISTED BY

Mrs. H. Carpenter	Miss C. Findlay	Miss Grace Rutherford
“ Sutherland	“ M. Findlay	“ Minnie Gardener
“ Slater	“ Bowditch	“ Bertie Gardener
“ F. Bruce	“ Burrows	“ M. Vallance
“ A. McLagan	“ Sutherland	“ Marion Bowes
“ D. B. Pratt	“ Slater	“ Scadding
“ H. Burkholder	“ Cook	“ Louise Lawrie
Miss A. Rastrick	“ Susie Blackley	“ Ethel McKay
“ G. Stewart	“ Edith Grant	“ Florrie Jones

In this Tent will be served *LUNCHEON* from 12.30 to 2 p.m. ; also *HIGH TEA*, from 6 p.m. to 7.30. Tickets, 25 cents.

The Luncheon tickets also admit to Drill Hall.

The young ladies in waiting will be attired in Mess Room uniform.

Don't keep them waiting too long.



Canteen.

MRS. FRANK WANZER, Convener.

ASSISTANTS :

Mrs. Muir

Mrs. Hendrie

Miss Roach

These numbers will be largely augmented by young ladies from the different tents each evening.

The ladies will dispense coffee and cigarettes, and there will be an attractive concert programme each evening.

THE DELICIOUS TEA served everywhere at this Encampment is BRADF & CO.'S "5 O'CLOCK TEA."

A. MURRAY & Co.,

ARE STILL ALWAYS IN THE FRONT AS

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF
FIRST-CLASS DRY-GOODS, MANTLES AND MILLINERY.

Every Department always full of the very latest novelties
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21, 23 AND 25 KING STREET EAST.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

SPECIAL EFFORTS

Have been put forward by us to have a BETTER
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AND ALL HOUSEKEEPERS SHOULD SEE OUR

Fruits, Seeded Raisins, Tom Smith's Crackers,
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HAZELL & SON,
KING and MacNAB SREETS,
BRANCH,
MAIN and WENTWORTH STS.

Finest of Creamery and Dairy Butter. Try them. HAZELL & SON.

Log Cabin.

VALUABLE RELICS

MRS. F. W. FEARMAN, Convener. MRS. L. D. BIRELY, Secretary.
MRS. JOHN HOODLESS, Treasurer.

ASSISTED BY

Mrs. Burns	Miss G. Land	Miss De Cou
" W. W. Waddell	" B. Burkholder	" Alice Stiff
" Robert Fearman	" M. J. Nisbet	" Fanny Simpson

GUARDS :

Roy Burkholder and Valentine Cormack Bugler, Wm. Pringle

In this Log Cabin will be found a great

Historical Loan Exhibit

of Relics, whose intrinsic value is enhanced by their genuine antiquity. Among these relics are a pair of spurs (loaned by Mr. Munroe, contractor) worn at the battle of Waterloo, the wearer having had three horses shot under him.

The heroic Laura Secord's dog is also shown. This dog followed her the night she carried the warning to Col. FitzGibbon that the Americans were planning a surprise. (The dog won't bite.) The lady's portrait is also shown.

Mr. J. W. Smith, of Dundas, loans a Medallion worn by an officer of the Spanish Armada.

A medal bearing the date of 1812, loaned by Mr. Cal Davis of the *Times*. Another Waterloo Medal, loaned by Mr. Chas. Armstrong.

A footwarmer, loaned by Mrs. Robt. Nisbet, which dates back to 1795.

The keys of the Bastile are loaned by a Woodstock gentleman, through Dr. Storms.

Major Grant loans a very valuable collection of relics.

Santa Anna's riding whip, used at the battle of Buena Vista, also Sir Walter Scott's Inkstand.

Mrs. Bruce Griffith loans a sword, used by George IV. at the battle of Waterloo, and a piece of the first Atlantic Cable.

Miss Nisbet loans her grand-mother's wedding dress made in 1816.

Roy Burkholder wears the uniform worn by his grand-father in the war of 1812.

A number of rare old books are exhibited

A catalogue may be obtained in the cabin, which will give the full list of the relics.

ADMISSION, 10 CTS.

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We deliver to any part of the city. HAZELL & SON.

Russian Tea.

MRS. J. W. MURTON, Convener.

ASSISTED BY

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 " Kate McDonald



Flower Booth.

In charge of MRS. J. J. SCOTT and MRS. GEO. BRISTOL,

ASSISTED BY

Miss Helen MacDonald Miss Florence Harvey Miss Maud Bruce
 " Violet Grant- " Lizzie Dunlop " Caborne Simonds
 " Harvey



Candy Tent.

MRS. H. C. BAKER, in charge,

ASSISTED BY

Mrs. Arthur Gates Miss Lucy McInnes Miss Kate Mills
 " Sidney Mewburn " Kate McInnes " Marion Baker
 Miss Amy Martin



Theatricals.

There will be a strong cast of amateur performers, who will give the following plays :

"ACCEPTED BY PROXY." "LOT '49." "PEACE AT ANY PRICE."

Those taking part are—

Mr. H. C. Baker	Mr. A. McLaren	Mrs. Wolverton
" P. Bell	" C. W. Ricketts	Miss Bell
" G. D. Burns	" H. H. Robertson	" Carr
" R. A. Dillon	" L. F. Washington	" Dillon
" W. MacKenzie	Mrs. Simonds	



THE MINSTRELS

Will occupy the West End Gallery. The names of those taking part are :

JAS. F. KERR, Stage Manager.

E. F. Martin	J. Taylor	Percy Heming
Geo. Sharpe	T. Hobson	W. W. Stewart
A. Morgan	Jas. Vallance	A. P. Goering
J. B. Jardine	Jack Laidlaw	Leslie Birch
Wm. Andrews	F. Chittenden	M. Dolman
Percy Moore	Geo. Ryckman	R. Wilson
A. Andrews	L. Birely	Geo. Taylor
Tony Heming	Percy Papps	J. Murton
R. Fraser	Harry Bull	

D. J. Greentree, Accompanist.

D. J. O'Brien, Conductor.

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"5 O'CLOCK TEA."

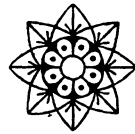
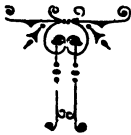
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*"5 O'CLOCK TEA" never varies.
It ALWAYS gives out a Full, Rich,
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FEARMAN'S HAMS AND BACON
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You won't be satisfied until you try us. HAZELL & SON.

GRAND PERFORMANCE
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OLD SOUTHERN MINSTRELS!
← ONE WEEK →

Commencing Monday Evening, November 25, 1895.

Two performances each night. Change of programme at each. Everything new!

FIRST PART:

Consisting of solos, comic songs, dancing, and side-splitting jokes, by the following mirth-provokers:

BONES.		TAMBOS.
Jim Vallance,	Leslie Birch	Jack Laidlaw, "Wallie" Stewart
J. Murton		Dick Griffith

Interlocutor: Griffith Lloyd.

Solos by the following local favorites: Mr. Ernest Martin, Mr. Andrews, Mr. James Jardine and Mr. Geo. Ryckman.

Chorus: Messrs. Sharpe, Morgan, Moore, Heming, Fraser, Taylor, Hobson, Chittenden, Birely and Papps.

SECOND PART,

A unique and original bone performance.

MR. DOLMAN.

MR. ED. HAVILL, in one of his original Specialties.

"The New Woman." : : : "The Coming Dude."
JIM KERR.

Mandolin, Guitar and Banjo Selections.

By Messrs. Andrews, Stewart, Griffith, Goering and A. Andrews.

"THE IRISH TERRIERS."

An original uproariously funny farce by

"Patrick Casey,"	-	-	-	-	-	HARRY BULL
"Tim Mulligan,"	-	-	-	-	-	PERCY HEMING

Do Not Miss It, and Bring Your Girl, Sure!

Admission, 10 cents.

TO Roast your Turkey, You should
Bake your Xmas Cake, have the best
Range you can
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Which is the **NEW STEWART RANGE**

Sold by **A. H. McKEOWN**, Sole Agent,
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COURT HOUSE, HAMILTON.

Children's Parade.

MISS FRANK L. DAVIS, Convener.

Mrs. N. Humphrey	Miss Florrie Jones	Miss Annie Rastrick
" John Calder	" Mary Turner	" Edith Hood
" Chester Fearman	" Ethel O'Reilly	" Leila Kenney
" S. S. Ryckman	" Daisy Rousseaux	" Allie Williams
" A. Ruthven	" Grace Rutherford	" Mamie Woods
Miss Isabel Burrows	" Carrie Wilson	" Edith Hurd
" Daisy Land	" Belle Kerr	" Helen Anderson
" Lena Downs	" Mabel Fairgrieve	" Irene Ryckman
" Jean Leslie	" Ada Burns	" Grace Clark
" Alice McKelcan	" Maud Findlay	

This beautiful exhibition will take place every evening at 7:30, except Saturday, when the parade will be at 4:30 p. m. It will consist of floats representing Historical, Allegorical, ideal and original pictures and characters also representations on foot. About two hundred children between the ages of five and sixteen will take part. A number of handsome prizes have been donated, which will be awarded by competent judges to the best representation in each class of exhibits.

The order of the procession will be as follows :

1st. The "New Woman."

2nd. Bicycle Club.

Managers : MISS EDITH HOOD, MISS ANNIE RASTRICK.

- | | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Graham Calder | 5. Hector Armstrong | 9. Ben Kilvert |
| 2. Jimmie Morrison | 6. Jimmie Lawrie | 10. Charlie Tunis |
| 3. Willie Griffith | 7. Willie Watkins | 11. Harold Fralick |
| 4. Barnard Hoodless | 8. Jimmie Moody | 12. |

A 1st, 2nd and 3rd prize will be awarded for the best decorated Bicycles.

3rd. The Queen of England.

Managed by MISS MAMIE WOODS and MISS EDITH HURD.

QUEEN : Annie Woods, preceded by her pikemen,

Ernest Watkins David Blackley Norman Kittson Beverly Grant

Attended by her Maids of Honor :

Miss Ethel Catchpole and Miss Minnie Patterson.

THE DELICIOUS TEA served everywhere at this Encampment is BRADT & CO.'S "5 O'CLOCK TEA"

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S. C. MEWBURN.

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W. L. Phelps.*Telephone 1221.***TEETZEL, HARRISON & McBRAYNE,**

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Also her Body Guard :

Captain (mounted)—Reggie Hood.

- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|----|
| 1. Herbert Gallagher | 4. Harold Lazier | 7. |
| 2. Clifford Morden | 5. Andrew Patterson | 8. |
| 3. Langford Robinson | 6. Willie Wilson | |

(Character Float.)

4th. Highlanders.

Managed by Miss GRACE RUTHERFORD.

- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. May McNicol | 6. John Mathewson | 11. Thos. Campbell |
| 2. Opal Henderson | 7. — Mathewson | 12. Allan Long |
| 3. Pearl Campbell | 8. Gordon Henderson | 13. — McPherson |
| 4. Jennie Babcock | 9. — Henderson | |
| 5. May Appleton | 10. Dommie Warren | |

5th. "Fair Canada."

Managed by MISS MARY TURNER and MISS ETHEL O'REILLY.

FAIR CANADA : Lulu La Chaunce,

Escorted by her Maidens :

- | | | |
|----------------------|------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Franklin McKelvey | 3. Edna Hoodless | 5. Phyllis Hendrie |
| 2. Rose Truesdale | 4. Mabel Moore | 6. Blanche Armstrong |

(A Character Float.)

6th. Jack in the Box.

Managed by Mrs. A. Ruthven.

JACK : Harold Ruthven. Companions :

- | | | |
|--------------|------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Ed. Sweet | 2. Harold Hacker | 3. Wells Herman |
|--------------|------------------|-----------------|

(A Novelty Float.)

7th. Spring.

Managed by Miss Ada Burns and Miss Maud Findlay.

SPRING : Marjorie Evel. Escorted by her Maidens :

- | | | |
|--------------|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. Mary Peel | 3. Carman Kinnear | 5. Annie Austen |
| 2. — Peel | 4. Marjorie Insole | 6. Leila Morris. |

Prize awarded for the best representation of The Seasons.

8th. Summer.

Managed by Miss Belle Kerr and Miss Mabel Fairgrieve.

SUMMER : Ina McCullough. Escorted by her Maidens :

- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Jean Armstrong | 3. Florence Fearman | 5. Rita Fairgrieve |
| 2. Edna Howell | 4. Elsie Fearman | 6. Aileen Davis |

9th.**Autumn.**

Managed by Miss Leila Kenney and Miss Allie Williams.

AUTUMN: Ruby Gallagher. Maidens:

- | | | |
|----------------|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. Edna Gage | 3. Ruth Quarrie | 5. Innes Mason |
| 2. Leila Lewis | 4. Ethel Catchpole | 6. Ruby Campbell |

10th.**Winter.**

Managed by Mrs. Chester Fearman and Miss Isabel Burrows.

LITTLE WINTER GIRL: Ida Scott. Toboggan Boys:

- | | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Ellis Payne | 4. Herbert McPhie | 7. Ernest Moore |
| 2. Albert Newport | 5. Alpie Ecclestone | 8. |
| 3. Douglas Blackley | 6. Norman Blackley | |

11th.**Doll's Parade.**

Managed by Miss Grace Clark.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Helen Marjorie Howell | 5. Rosalia Moore | 9. Maggie Rae |
| 2. Lena Wingate | 6. Addie Davidson | 10. Evaline Gillard |
| 3. Enid Hendrie | 7. Maggie Webber | 11. Mamie Moody |
| 4. Olive Fralick | 8. Gracie Wellington | 12. Mary Appleton |

12th.**A Bride.**

Managed by Mrs. S. S. Ryckman and Miss Irene Ryckman.

BRIDE: Bradley Ryckman. Cupids:

- | | | |
|----------------------|------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Harold Storms | 3. Donald Manson | 5. Addie Ballantyne |
| 2. Gibson Ballantyne | 4. Willie Manson | 6. Roger McIntyre |
- (A Character Float.)

13th.**Watermelon.**

Managed by Miss Jean Leslie and Miss Alice McKelcan.

IN THE MELON: Mamie Roads.

- | | | |
|-------------------|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Annie Roads | 3. Sanford Casey | 4. Ishman Harley |
| 2. Ethel Thompson | | |

(A Novelty Float.)

14th.**"A June Ride."**

Managed by Mrs. John Calder.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|------------------|-------------|
| 1. Marjorie McPherson | 3. Phyllis McKay | 5. — Webber |
| 2. — McClure | 4. Lilian Shaw | 6. |

GROOM: Wilfred Gardener.

(A Novelty Float.)

5th. Japan.

Managed by Mrs. N. Humphrey.

LITTLE MISS JAPAN: Gladys Newbery. **Attendant Maidens:**

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Eva Burte | 5. Clara Geron | 9. Lillian Hurrell |
| 2. Lillian Gray | 6. Edith Lumsden | 10. Ella Boyce |
| 3. May Mathieson | 7. Flo Cope | 11. Eva Bland |
| 4. Louie Witter | 8. Ora Blachford | |
- (Character Float.)

16th. "T. H. & B."

Managed by Mrs. Chester Fearman.

Boys:

- | | | |
|--------------|---------------|----------------|
| Forest Young | Frank Fearman | Roy Ecclestone |
|--------------|---------------|----------------|
- (Novelty Float.)

17th. Queen of the Brownies.

Managed by Miss Daisy Land.

QUEEN: Flo Mills. **Brownies:**

- | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Ed. Stairs | 5. Charlie Wilson | 9. Gordon Bamfield |
| 2. Fred. Stairs | 6. Walter Lumsden | 10. Davis Barton |
| 3. Charlie Lumsden | 7. Birdie Ayres | 11. Stanley Davis |
| 4. Hugh Lumsden | 8. George Smith | 12. Reggie Millen |
- (Character Float.)

18th. "Flower of the Family."

Managed by Mrs. Chester Fearman.

FLOWER: Herbert Fearman.

- | | | |
|----------------|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Frank Sturt | 2. Willie Ecclestone | (Novelty Float.) |
|----------------|----------------------|------------------|

19th. Fire Brigade.

Managed by Mrs. Chester Fearman and Miss Helen Anderson.

CHIEF: Frank Hopkins.

- | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Newton Newport | 5. Willie Dixon | 9. George McBeth |
| 2. Norman Newport | 6. Arthur Darling | 10. Ed. Young |
| 3. Mark Holton | 7. Henry Hill | 11. |
| 4. Reggie Doran | 8. — Tiercy | (Character representation.) |

20th. "Little Miss 1812."

Managed by Mrs. L. Birely.

"LITTLE MISS 1812": Rizzie Birely. **A GENTLEMAN OF 1812:** Garnet Long
(Character representation.)

21st.

Old Woman in Shoe.

Managed by Miss Daisy Rousseaux.

OLD WOMAN : Jessie Armstrong. Attendants :

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Walter Howell | 3. Walter Webber | 4. Fergie Armstrong |
| 2. Murray Wilson | | |

Children : " Too numerous to mention." (A Novelty Float.)

22nd.

Jockey.

Managed by himself : Limie Griffith. (Character representation.)

23rd.

Yacht.

Managed by Miss Carrie Wilson and Miss Florrie Jones

- | | | |
|------------------|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. Grasett Gates | 4. Wilfred Western | 7. Hubert Hood |
| 2. Earle Gates | 5. Bill Stewart | 8. Clyde Walker |
| 3. Harry Leitch | 6. Otto Stewart | (Novelty Float.) |

The use of the artillery gun room (south east corner of hall), in which to form the procession, has been granted by Lieut.-Col. Van Wagner, and it will start from there every evening at half-past seven, except on Saturday, when the parade will be in the afternoon. Generous supplies of candies have been donated by our city confectioners, and will be showered on the audience from the parade as it moves round. Children, watch for them. Seats have been reserved in the east-end gallery for those wishing a more perfect view and may be obtained for ten cents.



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