




THE OLD RED MILL.

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES   
OF        

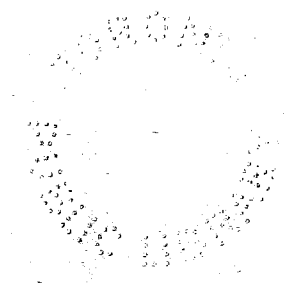


# Wentworth Landmarks

A SERIES OF ARTICLES DESCRIPTIVE OF QUAIN'T PLACES AND INTERESTING LOCALITIES IN  THE SURROUNDING COUNTY  WRITTEN BY MRS. DICK-LAUDER, MRS. CARR,  R. K. KERNIGHAN (THE KHAN), J. E. WODELL, J. W. STEAD, J. McMONIES, <sup>AND</sup> OTHERS. ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. R. SEAVEY



PUBLISHED BY THE SPECTATOR PRINTING COMPANY, LIMITED  HAMILTON, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN   



A 39448



APR 7 1937

## INTRODUCTION.

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THE following series of articles were first published in the Hamilton Spectator. They were originally issued under the title of "Delving Among Ruins," and dealt more particularly with the history of architectural relics which were the fast disappearing souvenirs of events and incidents in the early history of this district. As the series continued, so much valuable and interesting material came to light that the primary scope of the articles was considerably extended, and eventually resulted in the collection of much general information that may prove useful to the local historian of the future who undertakes to throw his literary searchlight on the dim and distant past. So general was the interest evinced by the public in these literary and artistic gleanings that it was decided to republish them in a more permanent and collected form, with such slight emendations as the exigencies of serial publication rendered necessary.

THE EDITOR.



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## QUAINT OLD ANCASTER

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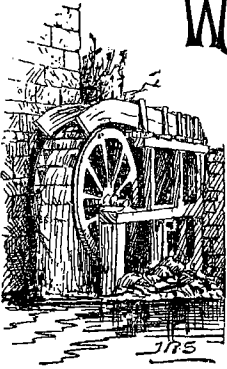
An Historic Village and its Decayed Industries. ❁ Old Residences of Ancaster. ❁ The Leeming Parsonage. ❁ St. John's Church and its Picturesque Churchyard. ❁ Ancaster in the Victorian Era. ❁ The Old Red Mill.

# WENTWORTH LANDMARKS

## CHAPTER I

### AN HISTORIC VILLAGE

"I loved the brimming wave that swam  
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill.  
The sleepy pool above the dam,  
The pool beneath it never still,  
The meal sacks on the whiten'd floor,  
The dark round of the dripping  
wheel,  
The very air about the door  
Made misty with the floating meal."  
—Tennyson.



WHEN heaven, assisted by the powers that be, orders up that electric continuation of the Beckett drive, which is to strike Ancaster amidships, it may prove a Jehemiah to trace up this old Jerusalem, to repair its breaches by pulling down the present ghastly array of specters in stones, and replacing them with the smart villa residence and the awe-inspiring summer boarding house; also, perhaps, carrying out the expressed opinion of experts that, as a healthy and desirable location for an idiot or inebriate asylum, old Ancaster stands first on the list, offering unrivalled advantages in the shape of wide horizons, church and water privileges and congenial society.

At any rate the railway is an accomplished fact as far as the survey, against whose pegs we often lately, in the elegant words of a defunct bishop, "stub our toes" when meditating along the Mohawk trail in the dusk. Thus, if the matter ends in pegs, we can at least remember that

we once had a survey, just as the crankiest female who stalks grimly down the vale of years, an unappropriated blessing, can surely recall the time when she had her one offer of marriage!

\* \* \*

One thing generally leads to another, as the man said when he launched out and bought a paper collar, so who can say that new life may not once more flow to the aged village, now high and dry on old time's sand banks, bringing back her bright meridian bloom and vigor of 70 years ago? Fanned by the breath of electricity to spring like a Phoenix from her bed of ashes—ashes, understand, being principally the matter choking up the old place with a fire record unequalled since the days of Sodom, making her an object of terror to her friends, desirion to her foes and a hoo-doo to the gulleless insurance agent.

It is rather melancholy, on a summer's day, to stand on the high bridge and watch the waters slouching by like a gang of crystal dwarfs out of a job, idling and playing, and painting the "beautiful, waving hair of the dead" grass green among the fallen ruins, which a few years ago were instinct with the hum of industry, pouring forth at stated hours, with jangle of bells, a cheerful, clattering stream of bread winners, giving life and animation to the scene, in contrast to the occasional man who now meets the casual glance up street in the sunny noon hours.

\* \* \*

These mill ruins cannot in themselves be found deeply interesting to lovers of antiquity because of their comparative modernity, though they occupy the sites of the more ancient buildings, the Union mill for example. Fire took a hand in at an early date



and began removing the village buildings, sometimes singly, at others in groups, according to the direction of the wind—as for instance when the stable of the Barley hotel caught fire and swept up, regardless of intervening obstacles, to the next inn on the corner, kept by one Tidy in a right tidy manner they say. Some still talk of a grand military ball which was held there more than half a century ago, and which apparently was a very tidy affair. How indeed could it help being so, with redcoats galore, and pretty girls from far and near, for in those days people came from Hamilton to Ancaster for their gaities, as well as their clothes and groceries? We are quite sure that on this evening long ago the candles shone o'er fair women and brave men, while

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which  
spake again—  
And all went merry as a marriage bell.

All the "first families" were there, Crookes, Cooleys, Cheps and many more of the familiar names which

Have been carved  
For many a year  
On the tomb.

A dim echo from that far-off night repeats that the fairest debutante of the evening was a sister of Sheriff Murton, whose family then resided in the original Hermitage house. Our genial sheriff himself had to remain at home, and go early to bed, as he was not old enough to frivol, or no doubt he would have been there, too.

The officers, after the custom of those days, danced the first three dances in their swords and spurs, greatly to the detriment of their fair partner's gowns.

\* \* \*

Somewhere about the year of grace 1820, the "man-of-the-time" came and took up his abode in the village, where he henceforth lived, and where he died and is buried, after having contributed much to the advancement of Ancaster in many ways.

This enterprising pioneer was named Job Loder, and he was the builder and owner of all the mills and water privileges of the whole place for many years, running grist mills, saw mill, carding and woolen mills all along the stream on the site of the present ruins.

Mr. Loder also had a general store,

close to his house in the village, where he did a rushing business, giving constant employment to four clerks and a typewriter. No, not a typewriter; I forgot it was seventy years ago! Finally the old gentleman made so much money that he didn't know what to do with it, so he sold out his mills and water privileges to a person named Russell, who is still spoken of by the older people as a man of wealth, enterprise and many misfortunes—a man with many irons in the fire, one of whose schemes was that Ancaster should supply Hamilton with water, going so far as to have a survey made, but there, for some reason, want of water perhaps, the matter stuck. He then formed a company to open a carpet manufactory in Ancaster, but that also withered in the bud, and rag carpet weaving is as far as we have got yet. Mr. Russel's house is still with us, and must have been a very desirable residence, as he had a beautiful farm at the back, stretching all along the east side of the village, from the lover's lane to the lime kiln, watered by the crystal Yuba, and wooded beautifully in those days like an English park. He lived, 'tis said, in good style, giving employment to many, and judging from his bill of sale, date 1853, he had everything requisite to make home pleasant, from cut-glass decanters and "four post beds with crimson damask hangings," down to martingales and stable buckets.

A strange and sad misfortune befell this prosperous man as he was, on one occasion, hurrying through a winter journey to Lower Canada on some contract business, of which the point was that he had to get to Montreal ahead of some rival contractor. It was a practical illustration of the old saw, "Most haste, worse speed," for, on taking some adventurous short cut over the river near Prescott, the ice gave way, the horses were drowned, and Mr. Russel only was saved after hours of frightful suffering, half submerged, clinging to the ice, and finally the poor man proved to be so terribly frost-bitten that both his arms had to be amputated. This circumstance would have been enough trouble for one incarnation surely, but it was followed after a time by a ghastly sequel in the Ancaster woolen mill, when Mr. Russel's only daughter, a bright and handsome girl, accompanied by her lover from Toronto, and

a gay party of friends, was being shown over the mill one day by the foreman.

Sleeves, then, apparently, must have partaken of the present fashion somewhat, for as the poor girl stepped lightly along under the whirring bands, a revolving upright shaft caught her sleeve, and before she could be rescued had either torn her arm off, or mangled it so badly as to render amputation necessary.

Later on, it is remembered, that the woolen mill was destroyed by fire, and the air grew thick with trouble, as the insurance company kicked like Jesus-run, and actually had Mr. Russel imprisoned and tried in Hamilton, on the word of his coachman, who swore he had bribed him to fire the building. The jury refused to convict on this evidence, however, and he was honorably acquitted. After this the mills were sold separately and passed through several hands, the woolen mill being bought on one occasion by Robert Smiley, the founder of the Hamilton Spectator. Its final owner was the late James Watson, of Hamilton, during whose reign it finally collapsed, going up to heaven in a chariot of fire one fine evening in the seventies.

Of all the mills that have come and gone in Ancaster, the grist mill alone is left, like Elijah, as our one industry, and is a thriving and prosperous one, to all appearance, under the energetic rule of Mr. Jackson. Long may it flourish! That's enough about mills; now for more interesting matter.

\* \* \*

Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat:  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw.

It has always been a puzzle why some events of our early lives are merely glanced over, as it were, by the senses, and then tossed, without more ado, into the mental waste paper basket, while others, perhaps less significant in themselves, remain ever impressed on the memory, bright and uncrushed by the passing over of the heavy ammunition wagons of later life. The writer refers to one of these little untarnished mental pictures of many years ago, being invited by the Mrs. Clergyman of that era, to accompany her in some parochial calls—one of these, and only one, stands out clearly still, with a foreground of grand old

poplar trees, and beyond them the quaintest of houses, in which several things made an unfading impression on the youthful mind. One was the venerable lady of the mansion, whose chair was placed directly underneath a large oil painting of herself, as a blooming matron in the year 1822. The other unforgettens things were an immense antique secretary with quaint crystal handles, and a truly ravishing piece of antiquity as well as handsome bit of furniture, which was an aged spinnet, with spindle legs, and a curiously carved and inlaid body, and a row of old yellow keys. This, we were told by its aged mistress, came from New York, and was the first musical instrument brought to Upper Canada.

It seems a strange coincidence, after that glimpse so long ago, to be asked to write round a cut of the Loder homestead in our village, and the task is a pleasant one, made easy by the kind courtesy of the present owner and his charming wife; of this it is unnecessary to say more than merely to mention that the writer called there timidly on behalf of the "editorial department," intending to remain five minutes and ask three questions, and stayed two hours and twenty minutes by the antique clock, and asked 400.

\* \* \*

Mr. Loder's house was built by his father in 1820, and remains practically the same to-day, only we grieve to record that it is a case of

Alas! for the shade.  
The poplars are felled.

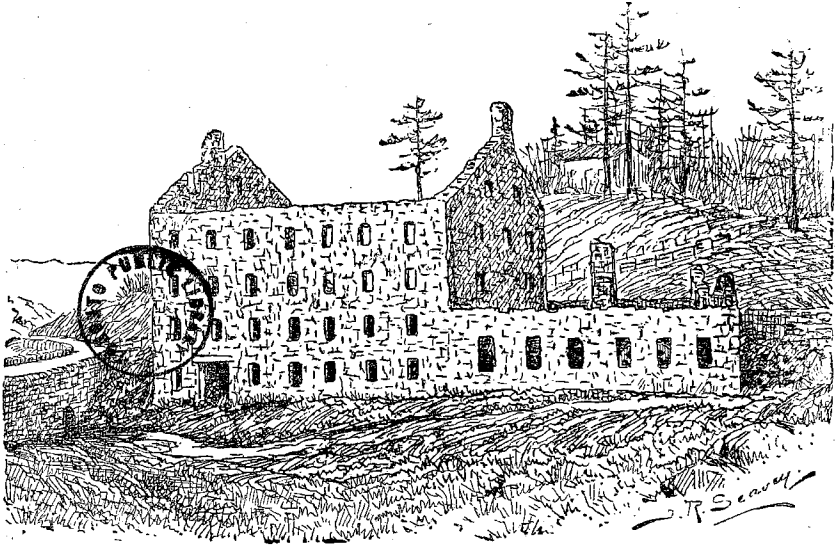
\* \* \*

Within, the very sight of the woodwork—the low ceilings, the wide old-fashioned fireplaces built for big logs, the small bright brass knobs on all the doors—carry one over the sea to some of the remembered old homesteads of Devonshire and Norfolk. The illusion begins on the doorstep even, and is heightened by entering in opposite to the most enticing low-arched passage, resembling a cave, into which the waves would wash at high tide, and which led away from the hall to regions unknown, that we secretly longed to explore. The drawing-room fireplace is peculiarly interesting, being somewhat in the Queen Anne style, and the high mantel was most fittingly surmounted by just such a tall pillared clock as Cruickshanks frequently pictures in his early sketches, early

Georgian we take it to be. It was rendered doubly interesting by the fact that it was too old to go.

On each side of this silent relict stood large silver candlesticks, such as always play a part in our baby recollections of being carried down to desert, infrequently, in one's nightshirt, and thinking that the wine, seen glinting in the decanters by tall candle-

Sheba! A long mirror, with heavy top and carved and gilded frame, furnished one with many thoughts. What must its reflections have been, hanging observantly there for more than 70 years, a silent satire on man, fuming through his little hour, and then puff! out he goes, like a snuffed candle, while the placid mirror maintains an unruffled surface, and calmly



THE OLD KNITTING MILL.

light, looked like Joseph's coat of many colors.

\* \* \*

Time and space would fail us to tell of the miniatures we saw, in the black frames of a by-gone age, the old china and the antique bronze lamp that looked like Nelson's monument in Trafalgar square. The crimson curtains still hang quaintly draped in the style of 70 years ago, and smiling down on all her former possessions is the portrait of 1822. Truly an unexpected and delightful oasis this, to find in a Canadian village! Everything in the house seemed to be at least 70 years old, and some of the things more aged still. The massive fire-irons, the venerable well-worn pair of bellows, the cupboard in the wall hard by the parlor mantel shelf, with glass doors, like the one in the Fairchild family, where Mrs. Cutshorter kept the jointed doll, left no spirit in us, like the Queen of

surveys the new-comers? Old clocks and old mirrors have a particular fascination owing to their air of superior individuality, for—

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of  
birth;  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it stood.  
As if, like God, it all things saw.

The old fireplaces have wide chimneys, which formerly were cleaned by a sweep dragging a smaller sweep up and down, and regarding this Mr. Loder tells an amusing story of the fright a strange young relative on a visit received, in consequence of this mode of chimney sweeping. One afternoon this little lad came flying forth from the Loder home, as if he had been fired as a projectile, and rushing down the street, and up to the old Andruss house, burst in, crying breath-

lessly: "Oh, Aunt Andruss, the devil is in Aunt Phoebe's house!" "Why, dear me, what makes you think so?" cries Aunt Andruss, all in a twitter. "Oh, I know, I know he is, for I saw his feet sticking down the chimney."

\* \* \*

Ancaster saw plenty of life during the rebellion of 1837, when it was quite a frequent thing for all the inns, five in number, and many of the private houses, to be full over night of red-coats passing towards the west. The old spinnet played a part in the rebellion itself, when on one occasion a wing of militia, 500 strong, under Col.

Dennistown, bivouacked over night in the village on their march through the country. The soldiers were billeted throughout the village, while the colonel and some of his officers judiciously selected the Loder house as likely to offer good cheer. During the evening the colonel discoursed sweet music on the spinnet, listened to intently by the small son of the house, who, on the principle before referred to, still has the incident hanging fresh and bright in his mental picture gallery. Heigh-ho! shall we ever hear the jingle of the spurs again through our old streets? ALMA DICK LAUDER.



THE RUINED TANNERY.

## CHAPTER II

### OLD RESIDENCES OF ANCASTER

"Green rollers breaking,  
On an ancient shore."

\* \* \*

Come out and hear the waters  
Shoot, the owl's hoot, the owl hoot:  
Yon crescent moon, a golden boat,  
Hangs dim behind the tree, O!  
The dropping thorn makes white  
The grass, O sweetest lass.  
And sweetest lass;  
Come out and smell the ricks of hay  
Adown the croft with me, O!  
—Old English Song.

\* \* \*



ES, come, come up  
the winding moun-  
tain road, higher  
and higher still,  
through ever purer,  
fresher air, up to  
old Ancaster, all in  
this leafy month of  
June, while "the  
roses bloom and the cuckoo sings all  
day." Come, and drink full measure  
of the healing beauty of the early sum-  
mer which, like a great green wave,  
has broken in spray of blossom, and  
streams of emerald on leaf and grass  
through all the sunny land.

\* \* \*

Enter with reverence this cathedral  
of the rolling year, so full of pictures  
and carvings and delicate tracery and  
vistas pleasant to the eye.

Bend to hear the pulse of nature's  
heart beat,  
And in it find the truest voice of God.

Here in the green temple, surrounded  
by miracles, it is easier to understand  
our own Tennyson when he writes of  
the—

Flowers in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies;  
Hold you here, root and all, in my  
hand  
Little flower, but if I could under-  
stand  
What you are, root and all, and all in  
all,  
I should know what God and man is.

It is a royal progress, that gradual  
ascent to Ancaster, and even the no-  
bodies must turn their heads in right  
royal fashion from side to side to  
greet the "woodsey smell" of the  
mossy fern carpet spread over the  
rocks there in the shade, to catch a  
breath from "the far off greenhouses  
of God"—to quote the Khan's beauti-  
ful conception—"To look deep into the  
rocky gorge where the bridge crosses  
over a real Hieland stream foaming  
down in haste after rains, round bould-  
ers and over hollows to join fortunes  
with the Yuba hastening from its work  
above at Ancaster."

\* \* \*

Just here the road begins to crawl,  
and so do the horses, giving time to  
enjoy all the beauteous vale of foun-  
tains, which lies revealed, perhaps in  
level beams of evening, to the never  
satisfied eye. A wonderful old basin  
it is which meets the downward glance  
with a strange story of the conflict of  
time seamed and furrowed on its aged  
face; so water-worn, so evidently once  
the head of Lake Ontario, that a very  
limited imagination could picture it  
overflowing with a wild, dark play of  
waters in which strange saurians  
swam and sported—a dusky chaos,  
spreading from rim to rim of the val-  
ley, where now the peach and apple  
bloom, and the happy fields spread out  
beside the streams, and where the dis-  
tant spires of Dundas, that Sleeping  
Beauty in her wood, make the behold-  
er cordially endorse the entry made  
long ago by William Chambers, of  
Chambers' Journal fame, in his notes  
on Canadian Travel: "Passed by Dun-  
das, a place to live and die in." Clear  
case of love at first sight, from a car  
window! Presumably it was good luck  
and water privileges, more than inher-  
ent good taste, which led the earliest  
forefathers of the hamlet to form a  
nucleus at Ancaster, but it is hard to  
imagine, looking back from the turn  
of the mountain, how they could pos-

sibly have made a better selection. It is not, at this era, very progressive, but its claim to general prettiness has never been disputed.

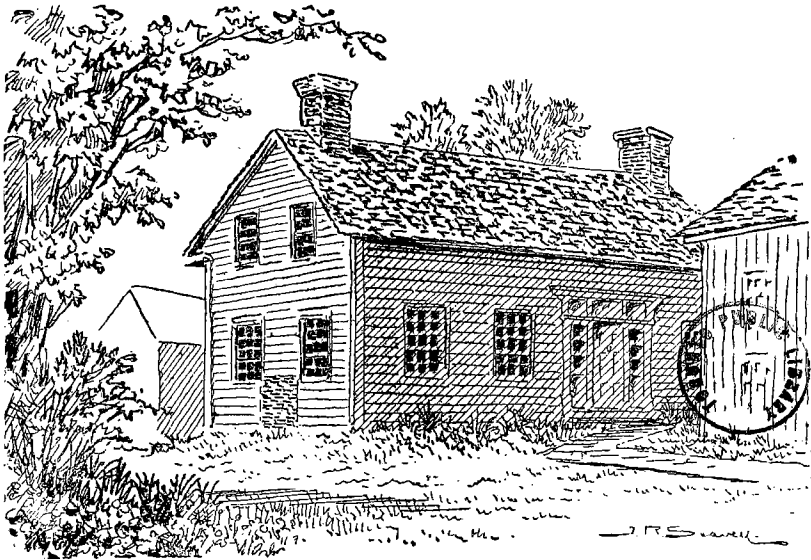
\* \* \*

It would appear also that there has always been an unusual percentage of good looks amongst the Ancastrians in days gone by, as well as to-day. Perhaps unknowingly they acted on the advice of a famous doctor who, when he lay a-dying said to his as-

So here we have a living exemplar of the fame of Ancaster in one respect at least.

\* \* \*

Some people have an erroneous idea that there is a jail at Ancaster. It is true that there were prisoners in real sad earnest here once upon a time, abiding for a space in an old log building down street, near the grist mill, and tradition farther whispers that they were deserters from our own forces in the war of 1812, and that



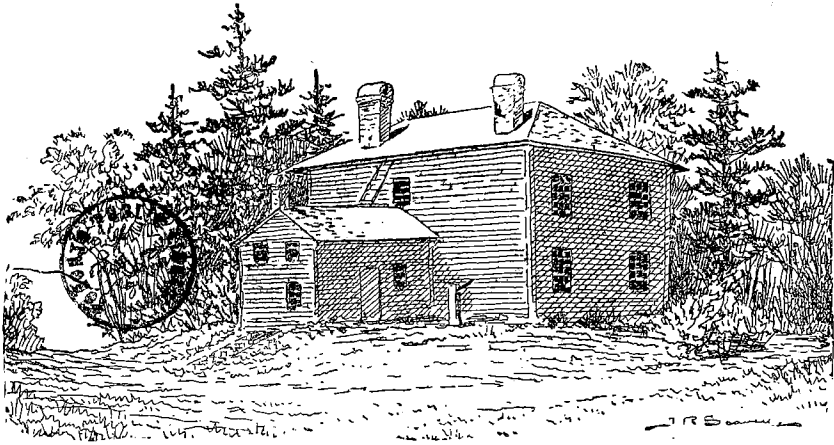
THE TISDALE HOUSE, THE OLDEST RESIDENCE IN ANCASTER.

sembled confreres round the bed, "I am going, but I leave three fine doctors behind me," (the confreres bridled consciously), "air," said he, "and exercise and gruel." (Collapse of confreres!) While on the subject perhaps it would be allowable to recall the fact that Ancaster claims the privilege of being the birthplace of the handsomest judge in Ontario (Judge Robertson), who was born in the red brick house (recently shown, incidentally, in one of the views of Ancaster given in the Spectator), formerly occupied by Dr. Cragie, of old-time renown, which stands on an eminence at the entrance to the village on the left, beautiful for situation, and still sheltered by a few of the grand old firs.

they were taken back to headquarters at Burlington and shot.

\* \* \*

The little octagon building called the lockup, and which couldn't really lock up anything tight enough to prevent its getting out if it wished, started out in life gaily as a toll-gate house when the stone road was first constructed, somewhere in the latter part of the 30's; upon the removal of the toll-gate to another part of the road in 1834, it reverted to type for a time, though memory, who has just stepped in, recalls a little crined-up old woman who sojourned therein for a time, and who used to hide her food in the oven when a visitor called and



THE SYMONDS HOUSE.

proceed to cut large slices of things more substantial than ice, by pathetically exhibiting a heel of bread and a teapot without any tea in particular, and no nose to speak of—only a little old shadow of a woman, dear to memory for the sake of the past, long since passed, we hope, to an old woman's home, where the teapot, hot and strong, is a chronic institution.

\* \* \*

One or two people have been locked up there, presumably on parole d'honneur, and in winter many a tramp finds warmth and shelter and a bite to eat within the old octagonal.

\* \* \*

Passing east from the village bastille, along the old Mohawk trail, there may presently be seen, across a little stretch of grass, an aged two-leaved gate, which yields, rather unwillingly, to pressure, and sliding back gives entrance to an unguarded paradise.

\* \* \*

Neglected, poor, forgotten, fallen from all prosperous days, nature with kindly hand is doing her best to conceal as well as beautify, with an almost tropical luxuriance of growth, beginning even at the threshold where, as the foot sinks in the long, lush grass, vague snatches of song come to mind unbidden, as the scent of certain forgotten perfumes seems possessed of an electric power which can call up the past, and cry resur-

rection to hosts of memories, long sepulchred in peace, and so pass on, murmuring:

I held my way through Defton wood,  
And on to Wandor hall;  
The dancing leaf let down the light  
In hovering spots to fall.

And also—

O many, many, many,  
Little homes above my head;  
And so many, many, many  
Dancing blossoms round me spread.

\* \* \*

There is greater or less degree of eeriness attending a sudden return to an abandoned sitting-room after everyone has gone to bed. The fire has died down to red embers, and the pushed back chairs somehow have a startled look as if the individuality of the inanimate had stepped in and filled the interval to the exclusion of the human presence. All seems the same, yet not the same, in the room we left an hour before.

\* \* \*

So it somewhat is with the empty house of those long passed away. The quiet phantoms seem impalpably to hover beneath the roof tree and in the places which now for long have known them no more.

\* \* \*

Passing inward from the two-leaved gate, paradise unfolded, even greener,

richer in wealth of climbing, branching, flowering things, a medley and a network of trailing vines and blossoming shrubs through which the sun peeped laughing.

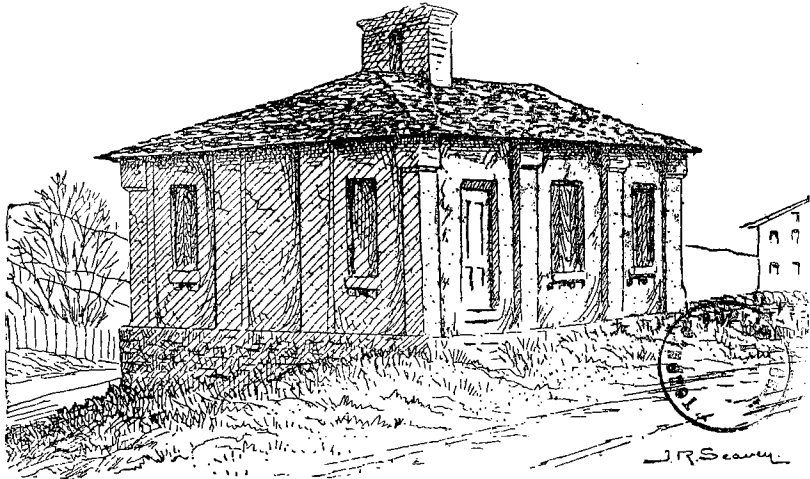
\* \* \*

There were lilacs, lilacs, sweeter sweetest, many tinted, everywhere, and the bonnie hawthornes rested their trays of snow on the tottering fence's old grey heads, while the plentiful sprinkling of grave, stately forest trees whispered softly in the rising wind to each other of what different times they could recall if they wished

old gentleman showed excellent taste in his selection of a building site on which to place his, then, handsome house. A more charming spot of the kind could hardly be imagined, cheerful to a degree, and possessing many beautiful peeps away to blue distance above Dundas, or Flamboro, with prettiest imaginable foreground of home scenery.

\* \* \*

A house set on a hill and surrounded with fine old trees has still infinite capabilities even when neglect and age have started in to do their worst.



THE OLD TOLL HOUSE.

of what was, before change and death and mutability wrought havoc with the old house on the hill.

\* \* \*

Early in the thirties an English gentleman of the name of Symonds, who had made a considerable fortune in the West Indies, happened, strangely enough, to settle for a time at Ancaster, where he became the possessor of a very beautiful estate, about 500 acres in all, extending north to the brow of the mountain, including the land on and around the present lime kilns, and the farms of Dougherty and MacNiven abutting on the Lovers' Lane. Abundantly watered, richly wooded, close to the haunts of man, and yet practically miles away, it must have been a goodly heritage. The

Though empty now, not swept nor garnished, still a glance at the silent rooms with their high ceilings, goodly proportions and well-sized windows reveals undeniably the fact that the old place was designed and built by a gentleman, for gentlefolk to live in—and here, *sui juris*, the West Indian gentleman and his wife and sons, and his friend Dr. Rolph, who had a house close by, spent several years in lavish style, with all that heart could desire, including blood horses in the stable, and a black Pompey in the house, brought from the West Indian home, until the time came that their act on the Ancastrian stage being finished, they passed into the wings, and the house changed hands, although its decadence did not begin for many years after. The largest room, which runs



almost the whole length of the house, and must have been the drawing-room, is still fascinating in decay. There are four large windows, and one end of the room is largely taken up by a huge high-mantled old fireplace which agrees well with the apparently—judging from design—antique paper which still clothes the walls. What a picture that room might yet be, furnished in bright chintz, with flowers everywhere, and fire-light playing amongst the pictures on the walls of a stormy winter's night!

\* \* \*

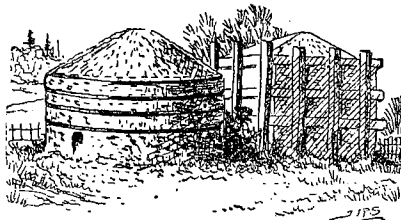
One feels for houses that have known good days and handsome furniture, almost as if they felt their degradation themselves, and shivered o' nights in the cold and darkness. This particular old Wandor hall looks to have passed beyond the stage of having even a friendly mouse to run over its old floors and keep it in touch with sentient things, but a ghost there well may be, and perhaps in the winter dusk, coming from the radiant fire-lit drawing-room suddenly, a black, shadowless Pompey might be met, climbing the stairs with noiseless feet, bearing an impalpable jug of hot water to a massa dead this fifty years and more!

One of the extinctest of Ancaster's many extinct industries is that of charcoal burning, which was carried on with much success for a number of years in the kilns at the foot of the village, which still remain to form a quaintly pretty picture in their red rotundity against the background of richest green. There is a nice old world ring about the word "charcoal burner" which carries the thoughts very far away to the Black Forest perhaps, where it is a staple industry. It made pleasant the dewy evening air in Ancaster when the kilns were lighted up, and the white smoke crawled out, and lay in cloud strata across the low lands, sending a healthy, pungent odor even into the houses.

\* \* \*

Close by Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee, as these two kilns have long been called, stands a house which claims to be of some antiquity, and which at present is undergoing a thorough overhauling at the hands of its new owner, but the very oldest house in Ancaster is said, by competent authority, to be what was formerly known as the Tisdale house, but which now forms part of a store.

ALMA DICK LAUDER.



THE CHARCOAL KILNS.

## CHAPTER III

### THE LEEMING PARSONAGE

We may build more splendid habitations,

Fill our rooms with painting and with sculpture;

But we cannot

Buy with gold the old associations!  
Ceiling and walls and windows old,  
Covered with cobwebs, blackened with mould!

—Anon.

\* \* \*



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON tells a charming tale of the goloshes of fortune, which possessed the power of transporting the wearer at a wish back to any past age of the world. For example, into the dubious delights of those "good old

times" familiarised by the very minute and particular pencil of Hogarth!

\* \* \*

It is quite one thing to love and reverence the days gone by, that smoothed the path and carved the way for the feet of posterity with such painstaking labor; but it is a vastly different matter to wish to have been ourselves a part and parcel of those times. Far preferable appears the unprejudiced birdseye view of them which we can still obtain if the glass is rightly focussed through breaks in the rolling vapors of time while seated at our ease in the balloon of tradition.

\* \* \*

For instance, the councilor who, in the fairy tale, was longing for "the good old times" as he unwittingly drew on the goloshes, exclaimed as soon as he stepped out on the street, "Why, this is Horrible (with a capital H)! How dreadfully dirty it is," for the whole pavement had vanished and there were no lamps to be seen.

Ancaster has never had any lamps,

not even tallow dips, and is waiting now for the railway before she gets any, but it is easy to fancy how "horrible" the roads and village streets must have been for many months of the year at the time when the first missionary built the old parsonage, so closely bordering on 80 years ago.

\* \* \*

The reason why a site nearly two miles from the church was selected is hard to account for, except on the supposition that all the land in or around the village was fully appropriated, a very large portion of it being in the hands of the ubiquitous Matthew Crooks. Those two additional miles, over a mud road, must have added a considerable item to the ministerial duties, not to mention the ministerial backache.

\* \* \*

To-day the Ancaster plains, as they have always been called, strike one as being rather hot and dry and comparatively shadeless, and at no time do they appear to have been wooded with heavy timber, like the lands falling north and south on either side of them. In those early days, which saw Rev. Ralph Leeming and his people building the first parsonage, we are told that all the plains were covered with a thick growth of scrub, full of game; and through which the red deer wandered in the summer dawns and passed unchallenged from water course to water course. Bears were then a mere circumstance in the daily round, and wolves, even, lurked and howled through the winter nights, and sometimes, growing bold with hunger, would raid the ill-protected sheep folds.

\* \* \*

Over the fields to the south of the old building to-day there is a damp, woodsey swale, where picturesque trees still grow, and romance still lingers,

but the wolves and deer and bears are gone lang syne, and only a stray fox or coon call in occasionally just for a chat to remind it of the good old times when a modified form of jungle law kept things on the square among the beasts of the Canadian forest.

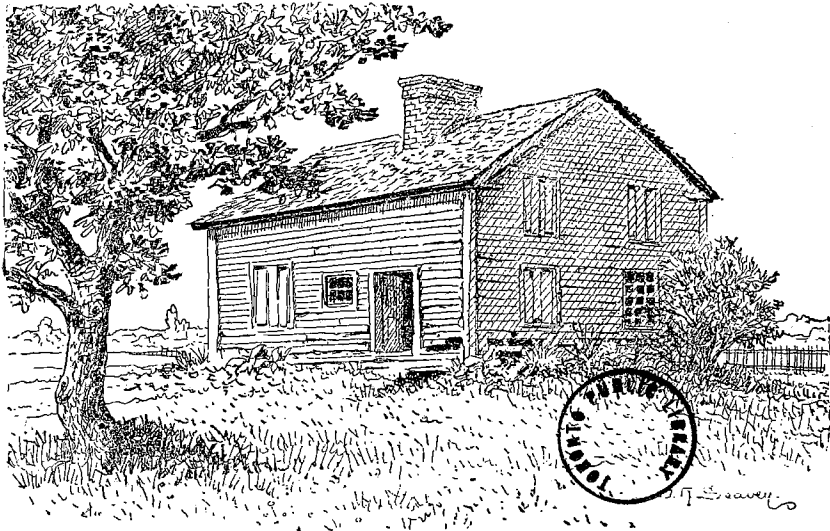
\* \* \*

The four hundred acres of the clergy reserve lands lay a whole concession back, and much farther to the south-east than the 22 acres of glebe where Mr. Leeming raised his home. They embraced a fine tract of valuable land

green is of how many feet of timber they would cut up into at the mill!

\* \* \*

It appears reasonably certain that the glebe land attached to the old parsonage was one of the free grants by which the government so liberally enticed settlement in old times. If the early worms who first came west had just been content with sitting on their fences and growing up with these government grants perhaps it would have amounted to the same thing at this end of 80 years, instead of conscienti-



THE OLD PARSONAGE—ONE OF THE EARLIEST BUILDINGS ERECTED IN ANCASTER.

rich in pine forest, now vanished long years since, gone, alas! alas! where all the woods which should, in proper hands, be the glory and pride of Canada, are so rapidly following. A race apparently has arisen "who knew not Joseph," and whose one graceless thought on finding themselves the owners of cool, dim forest lands where, in their father's days, peace and beauty, bird and beast dwelt, heedless of change or the passing over of destruction, or the drying up of the life-giving springs which rose in strength and purity among their pleasant hills, is how much will it fetch in hard cash?

Imagine the horrible desert a human mind must be whose first thought at sight of those glorious panoplies of

ously working themselves to death for the benefit of a thankless posterity!

\* \* \*

The little, old, decaying, neglected wooden building with its strong ribs and huge chimney, which forms the subject of our sketch, is not only an object of intrinsic interest, but entitled to respect as having headed the list as the pioneer parsonage in these parts and those times. It would be interesting to know if any record was built in with the foundation stone, no doubt laid with a good man's prayers, but even a vandal might regret doing anything to hasten the work of decay. Almost as soon kill a person to find out what they were going to have died of—sooner in some cases,

It must have been a very pleasant home when all was young, cheerful and bright in the summer weather and finely sheltered from the west in snows and winds by a beautiful grove of walnut, maple and willow trees, which have of late years fallen before the ax.

\* \* \*

The original house was twice the size of the front portion now remaining, and must have been quite roomy and comfortable, especially for a couple, for neither of the first missionaries who inhabited it followed the usual path of clerics in one respect, and there were no small deacons and deaconesses round their tables. Certainly the man who approved the building of the very remarkable staircase, which remains quite intact, could not seriously have contemplated having a nursery located at the top of it. I have seldom seen a greater proof of upright character than is borne out in wooden testimony by that astonishing stair. A man dwelling at the top of it would require to be all that St. Paul says a bishop should be. A hasty temper even might alone precipitate the occupant headlong or feet first down into the room below if he did not stick in the window on the way, or keep on till he reached the custards in the cellar. It is awe inspiring in the bold way it breaks at once abruptly down, simply a stepping off into chaos. First down sheer from two doors opposite each other in two wings and then a main descent broken into angles, and variegated with cupboards and twisted and turned and cork-screwed in a truly wonderful manner considering that land and timber were as hay and stubble in those days. It is a dream of a stair. A night horse in wood and cupboards, like the troubled fancies of a corkscrew pursued by ghost or devil pell-mell down the stair of slumber.

\* \* \*

If any dweller beneath that roof tree through the long years ever indulged in toddy, he would, if a prudent man, keep the bottle upstairs on the "chimbley piece," like Mrs. Gamp, and boil the kettle, lastly and in conclusion, on the bedroom fire, and subsequently avoid the "stair heid," also the sair heid, if he could.

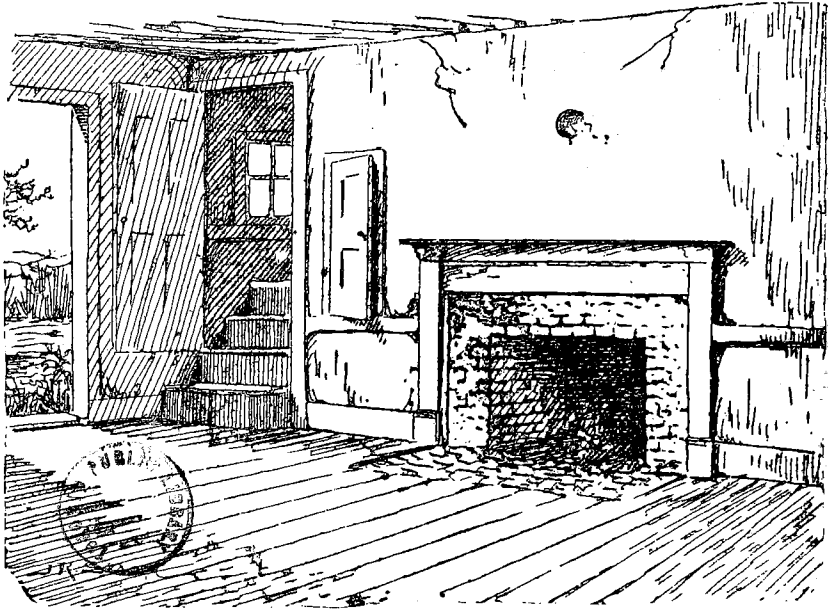
\* \* \*

The builders of the old houses, round Ancaster, at least, seem to have been very sensible on the subject of air and

sunshine, as they made so many windows that the rooms can never have been dark or dull even in autumn weather, with the combined light from without mingling with the glow of the big open fires within. A fine garden, containing all necessary kitchen supplies, and fruit and flowers formed a notable feature of the early parsonage home. No doubt in it the missionary found some relaxation from the work in the other vineyard, and a pleasant haven of peace and change after the interminable journeys to his outlying stations at Dundas, Barton, Hamilton and Wellington Square. Here no doubt some of the pleasant, old-fashioned English flowers basked away the summer days in the sun—seeds brought in so many cases direct from the old gardens at home. It is on record that Mr. Leeming gave home and shelter for many a day to a runaway slave and his wife, who in some manner had made their escape from the south. It was kind and characteristic of the man to take them in, even though he had not, like Walt Whitman at a later day, to sit beside them while they ate or slept with a loaded rifle. Mr. Leeming remained in charge of the Ancaster mission for ten years—1818 to 1828—when the long stress of roads and weather and anxiety, which had been gradually doing its sapping and mining work, affected his health so seriously that he was forced to give up his charge into the hands of his successor, Mr. Miller, and seek the more genial climate of the southern states. After some years he again took up duty for a time at Carleton Place, near Ottawa, but the last years of his life were spent peacefully in a country home near Dundas. His grave is near the south wall of St. John's church, Ancaster, nearly opposite a handsome memorial window in memory of himself and his wife. A proof that this, his first charge, ever held a place in his heart and memory exists in the fact that he left a handsome bequest of more than \$2,000 to begin and forward the building of the present rectory. Mrs. Leeming was a member of the old Dundas family of Hatt.

\* \* \*

There was once a great lawyer who had three kinds of handwriting, one that the public could read, one that only his clerk could read, and one that nobody could read. To this latter class, it is said, belonged the hand-



THE FIREPLACE.

writing of the Rev. Ralph Leeming, which probably in some degree accounts for his leaving no journals, documents or registers of the churchly doings of those times, which would now have been so interesting a phonograph to sound in our ears the echoes of olden days, floating round the people's church and the minister's hearthstone.

\* \* \*

It is said that any record he did make was of the unsubstantial order, namely a scrap of paper strung on a wire like a minnow, very handy for hasty reference, but not much service to satisfy the curiosity of the generations following after. Mr. Leeming was of the muscular Christian order, big, kindly and benevolent, whose "graciousness" still retains the favor of the very few old people now left who can remember him and his pleasant parsonage home.

\* \* \*

All his journeys being made, or necessity, on horseback, it was imperative that he should keep a couple of good mudsters, warranted to stand wear and tear, and able to show the winter wolves a clean pair of heels on occasion. One old man, alive and vig-

orous, and the best of company today, remembers about 75 years ago, in the month of June, of Mr. Leeming coming, on horseback, to pay a friendly visit to his father, in the course of which it was arranged that the hard-worked ministerial nag, scarcely recovered perhaps with recent tussels with the mud which bubbled in the spring those times, was to be left at pasture in the rich farm lands, and its place to be supplied meanwhile from the farm stock. Unfortunately the churchly quadruped did not know when it was well off, and proved to be a sort of progressive eucher party on four legs.

\* \* \*

After a time, not satisfied with rich pastures and rest beside waters of comfort, the unhallowed desire arose to see what was in the world beyond the fences guarding the pale. Like that other progressive biped in the Garden of Eden, one kick over was enough, and in both cases rather too much. The top rail off, the rest was easy, as it generally is, and the church horse found himself in a pleasant garden, full of forbidden fruits (for which he did not care particularly, as he could have them if he liked). But there, on

the sunny side, were surely some strange objects, the like of which had never come his way before. No time must be lost without a satisfactory investigation, so he draws near, puts down his head and sniffs, draws back, thinks better of it for a quarter of a second, then stoops and sniffs again, and then gives it an irrevocable push and starts back in a fright. Out swarm the dusky hordes of the avenging bees



A CURIOUS STAIRWAY.

as the hive tips over, and fasten tooth and nail on the head and neck, up the nostrils and down the throat of the astonished, plunging horse, who dashes off wild and mad to escape from this new and terrible thing which has come to him in his headlong flight, overturning as many as thirty or forty skips of bees, who all hurry to join their comrades in arms until it was hard to distinguish horse hide from bees. The impromptu steeplechase of this Mazeppa round the astonished garden and across the sunny plains lasted nearly twenty minutes from

start to finish, when he fell to rise no more, the victim of a misdirected spirit of enquiry. Some one remembers hearing (in Arcady) of a phantom night horse which was to be met at times tearing over the fields and roads not two miles from Ancaster village, but was severely snubbed for giving credence to this tale, and told that Canada was far too young a country to have anything in it so interesting, but here in a beehive lies the key to the legend. No doubt it was the ghost of this horse, who had "met the thing too much." Thus we generally find truth at the bottom of the well, or in amongst the bees after all!

\* \* \*

The great object in house-building in the early days of Canada West seems to have been to use as much wood, and in as solid a manner, as possible. It is not usual to make one's first entrance into a house through the cellar, but to leave the cellars of these old-timers unvisited would be to miss half the point. They are so solid, so unchanged, where all is changed, only a little whitewash and a few shelves wanted to bring them up to date again. The cellar beneath the old parsonage strikes the beholder at first sight as having a large open fireplace in the center, but on running to look up the chimney, only a massive floor appears over head, and the flying buttresses of stone which so readily suggest angle nooks, resolve themselves into two strong shoulders fashioned to bear the weight of the big center chimney of the dwelling.

\* \* \*

Across the ceiling run the firm beams that hold the flooring, sound and good to-day, and still wearing the bark shirts they brought with them from the forest glades that lay so near to hand, just over the ridge, below the plains.

\* \* \*

If the cellar could talk perhaps we should hear lots of domestic items. Here the vegetables from the fine garden would find refuge from the frosts of winter. Here, on a shelf perhaps, in the draught 'twixt door and window the ministerial Betty, coming carefully down the steep stairs on those far-off Saturday afternoons, would place the Sunday custards all in a row, and other good things ready for the refreshing of his weary rever-

ence on the morrow. Life in the early times had one agreeable element which is sadly lacking now in country places, and the deprivation of many comforts, the want of accustomed things congenial, which must have been overwhelmingly painful to some imported natures, had at least one redeeming feature in the fact that domestic servants were plentiful and cheap!

\* \* \*

One can but faintly imagine what a change, at the best of times, life must have been for gentlewomen of culture and education, transplanted from the refined surroundings of English life, and set down in the raw air of that dawn of Canada.

\* \* \*

No doubt the early graves in our old church yards cover the bones of many an uncalendared saint or martyr, and the hearth stones of the aged homes could tell of a few pints of quiet tears dropped on their rough faces, while seeing in the beech and maple embers odd fancies of the homes beyond the sea. So always it seems to be the world over, from Eden downwards, that the man goes forth to the exile of foreign lands, and the woman follows him. Thus did Eve get even with her Adam for sneaking and telling tales on her.

\* \* \*

Those early colonial women are worthy of most lavish praise! What must they not have endured and suffered in the rough, new land of their adoption with six weeks of tossing ocean between them and the dear British homes left for long, perhaps forever.

\* \* \*

The inborn loyalty of Canadians is not hard, or far, to trace to those who strongly believe in the permanent effects of pre-natal influence. Through those long months of weakness and hours of pain the very soul would ache and pine for the familiar scenes and faces in the home beyond the wave, crossed and recrossed a score of times a day by love on mighty wings, as the old German song says:

That which ails me past all healing  
Is that here alone I stand;  
Far from father, far from mother,  
Far from home and native land.

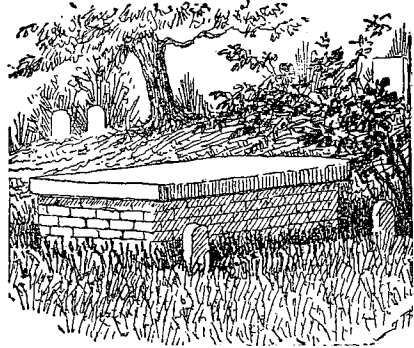
\* \* \* \* \*

Ah! were I to home returning,  
Ah! how gladly would I fly.

Home to father, home to mother,  
Home to native rocks and sky.

\* \* \*

So the old parsonage, it is pretty certain, knew homesick tears within its walls once upon a time. The effect upon posterity, however, has been undeniable and immense. Is there another nation on the globe who won't put out their plants, or take off their flannels until May 24 except loyal Canucks? Fanny Kemble in the States, and our own queen of Canadian authoresses, Mrs. Trail, the aged, have given vivid flash pictures of the lives endured, nobly and well, in those early days, by gentlewomen fresh from the well-oiled life of England. They were not new women at all; they didn't want to be emancipated; they wouldn't



ALEX. RITCHIE'S TOMB.

have known what to do with a telephone, and a she-biker, in tan gaiters, would have made them blush, but they were very noble in their devotion, and make one think of the Princess of the Day Dream:

And on her lover's arm she leant,  
And round her waist she felt it fold;  
And far across the hills they went  
In that new world which is the old.

\* \* \* \* \*

And o'er them many a sliding star,  
And many a merry wind was borne,  
And, streamed through many a golden  
bar,  
The twilight melted into morn.

And o'er 'the hills and far away,  
Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
Beyond the night, across the day,  
Thro' all the world she followed him.

\* \* \*

And posterity only hopes Adam duly  
appreciated the sacrifice.

ALMA DICK LAUDER.

## CHAPTER IV

### ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, ANCASTER

Sleep, thou art named eternal! Is  
there then  
No chance of waking in thy noiseless  
realm?  
Come there no fretful dream to over-  
whelm  
The feverish spirits of o'erlabored  
men?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Shall pain indeed lie folded  
With tired arms around her head,  
And memory be stretched upon a bed  
Of ease, whence she shall never rise  
again?  
O sleep, that art eternal! Say, shall  
love  
Breathe like an infant slumbering at  
the breast?  
Shall hope there cease to throb; and  
shall the smart  
Of things impossible at length find  
rest?  
Thou answerest not! The poppy-heads  
above  
Thy calm brow sleep—how cold, how  
still thou art!

—Sonnet.



\* \* \*  
WITHOUT doubt  
the Lord might  
have made a  
better berry  
than the  
strawberry,  
said the fam-  
ous Dr. Bote-  
ler, but with-  
out doubt He  
never did.  
Doubtless God  
might have  
made a more  
restful, pretty and attractive burial  
ground than the one surrounding St.  
John's church, Ancaster, but doubt-  
less He never did. When William  
Chambers, of Edinburgh, embalmed  
Dundas in his diary as a place to live  
and die in, he might have added An-  
caster to his eulogium as a place in  
which to be buried, and doubtless he  
would have done so had he seen it.

\* \* \*  
The stiffly tapering line of ever-

greens which help to shelter the silent  
land from the glare of sinking suns  
and the bite of wintry winds also serve  
to conceal the charms which stretch  
away behind them warmly to the  
south, and in the grey church's  
shadow towards the sunrise. It may  
perhaps be conceded that the majority  
of rural churchyards in Canada, or  
any comparatively new country, have  
a bald uniformity of type sufficient to  
give any but a dreamless sleeper the  
nightmare. Strange anomalies they  
are, some of them; neither neat town  
cemetery, nor neglected country  
churchyard, but a mix-up of both,  
commingling a dash of town primness  
with the untidy want of finish which  
is the characteristic of country things  
in general.

Sometimes the site seems to have  
been selected on account of its flatness  
and aridity and complete absence of  
large shade trees, places which in the  
summer heat suggest vague thoughts  
of dried apples in a paper bag, and  
vain speculation in the frivolous mind,  
as to what a dust an unwatered resur-  
rection would raise.

\* \* \*

But there are many exceptions to be  
found, especially in the Gore district.  
Here, at St. John's, for instance, pass-  
ing round the corner of the church by  
the path beneath the big fir tree on  
the right, surroundings appear which  
well might furnish a Canadian Gray  
with material for another elegy.

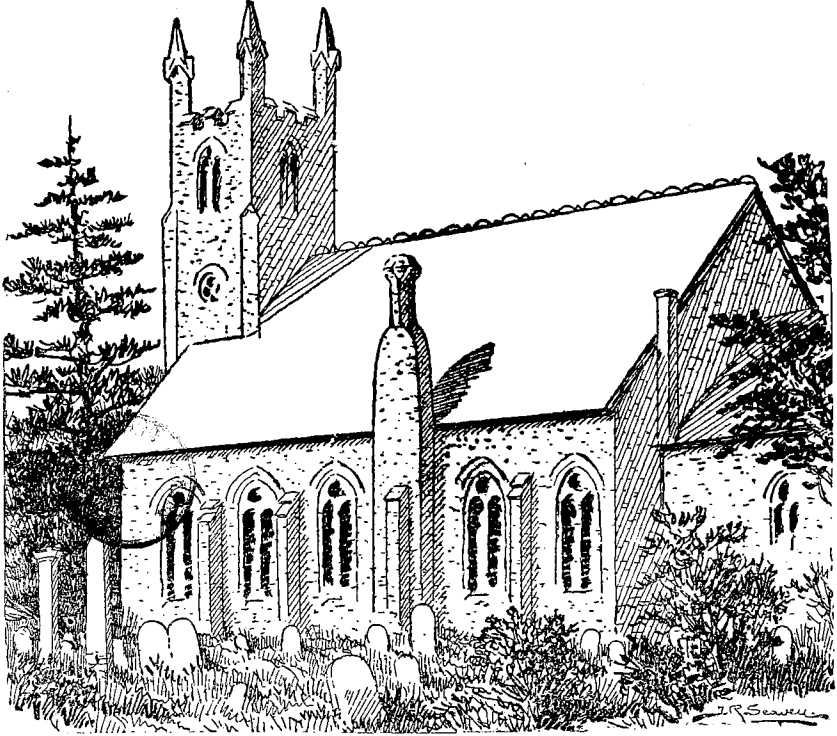
\* \* \*

Ah! that narrow path beneath the  
firs! A *via dolorosa* indeed leads here,  
watered by the tears of generations.  
Along it and by this way alone, for  
more than 70 years, the precious seed  
garnered by death has been carried  
and sown, with sorrow, in corruption,  
to be raised again, with joy, in glory.  
A host is encamped here in these green  
tents—forgotten and remembered, un-  
lamented in death, as they were un-



appreciated in life; cherished still warmly in the heart of hearts—forgiven and understood now too late—under new and costly monuments, or sunken down, down, unmarked and unknown, forgotten of all living. Truly a multitude are here, and the uneven earth gives testimony that it is honey-combed with graves which appear not, and those who walk-over them only

The very first tomb close to the pathway takes one back quite to the early days by the dates on its long, rambling face. It is to the memory of Jane, wife of Henry Schoolcraft, Esq., born at St. Mary's Falls in 1800. She died, it farther appears, at Dundas in 1842 in the arms of her sister, Mrs. McMurray, during a visit at the house of the rector of this parish, while her



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, ANCASTER.

know by the billowing hollows of the turf that they tread on sacred ground.

Thus o'er the gleaming track of life  
the generations run—

Do they to clouded darkness pass, or  
to a brighter sun?

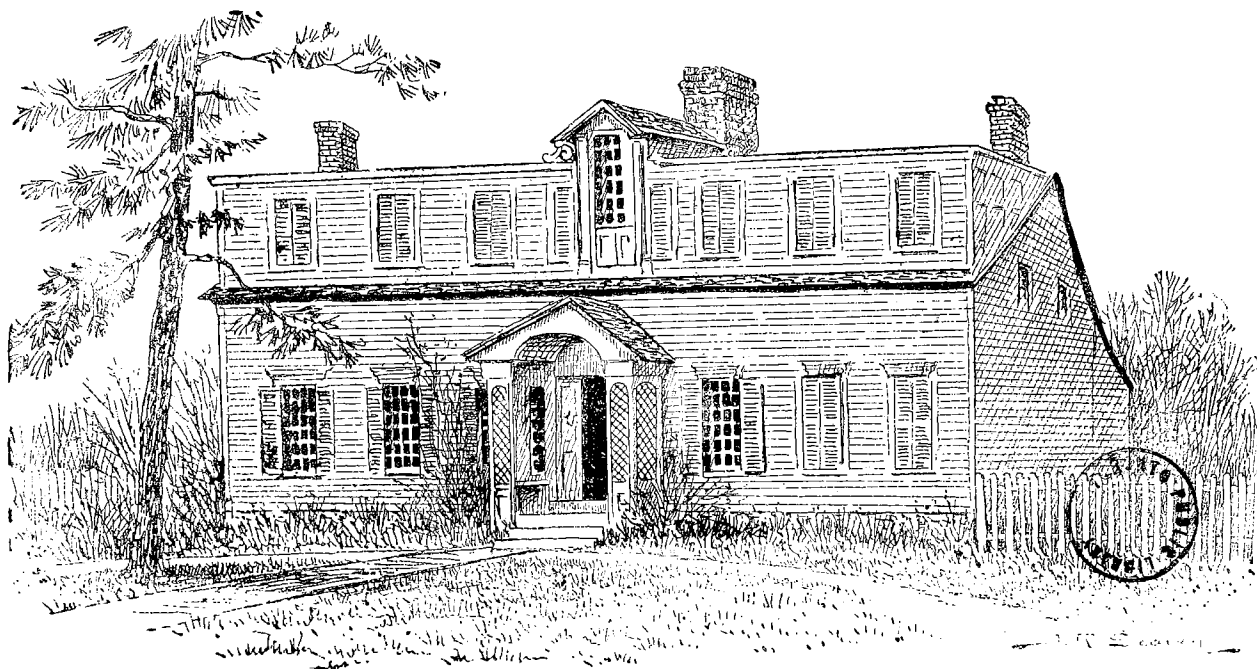
Does nothing spiritual live? Can soul  
become a sod?

Is man on earth an orphan? Is crea-  
tion void of God?

\* \* \* \* \*

And from those lands so near to heav-  
en have wondrous voices come  
Of God's eternal Fatherhood and man's  
celestial home.

husband was absent in England and her children at a distant school. She was the eldest daughter of John Johnson, Esq., and Susan, daughter of Wankopeo, a celebrated war chief and civil ruler of the Ojibbeway tribe. The inscription runs on to state that "carefully educated and of polished manners and conversation, she was easily fitted to adorn society, yet of retiring and modest deportment. Early imbued with principles of true piety, she patiently submitted to the illness which for several years marked her decline and was inspired through sea-



THE LODER HOUSE.



sons of bodily and mental depression with the lively hope of a blessed immortality."

The inscription ends with a long poem beginning, "Here rests, by kindred hands enshrined."

The mention of this lady's grandfather being an Ojibbeway war chief conjures up a vision of war paint and feathers and takes one back a long way into the last century.

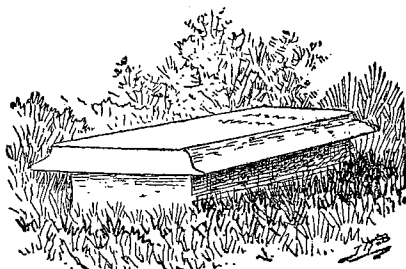
\* \* \*

Perhaps the oldest gravestone in good preservation in the churchyard is one very massive slab serving to keep green the memory of "Alexander Ritchie and Mary Lucia, his wife, who both departed this life at Ancaster on the 11th of April, A. D. 1823." It would be nice to know more about this couple who, it is to be hoped, found their lives together lovely and pleasant, as it seems they were not death-divided for even a day, which might be looked upon as the very height of blessedness, or the reverse, just as the case might be. Though dead, and under the big slab for more than 65 years, they have only at a comparatively recent date found a final rest under the oaks and roses in St. John's churchyard, having been removed from the old Hatt burying ground about a mile away.

\* \* \*

The glory of the churchyard is its grove of oaks which are sprinkled here and there amongst the graves and even close up to the chancel windows—very beautiful trees and growing more oracular every year, with bushier heads and sturdy, rugged boles—where they stand grouped thickly together with interlacing boughs down near the eastern boundary fence, an old and mossy one, in the oldest part of the yard as well as the fairest—very peaceful, very quiet, very overgrown with great bushes of sweet white syringa, and roses, almost reverted to type by now, nodding over beds of lily-of-the-valley, sending up its rank green spears like signals from the dead below. Here the birds sing and fly all summer long and the shadows play in the sunlight, and it is so enchantingly peaceful that it seems to take away all gruesome shrinking from being dead—only we feel sorry for the people under the big tombs, for they seem more dead and far away than those who have only a

sheet of earth and a green quilt between them and the light and warmth of the air and sunshine. Down here, right in amongst the oaks, are several old upright slabs, dated more than 60 years ago. Most of them are of the Gurnett family, one of the real old pioneers, who, coming originally from France, where their name was then De Gurney, settled for a longer or shorter space in the south of England, and finally some of the family crossed the ocean and took root at young Ancaster. They evidently brought French wit and English push with them, for one of them was editor and founder of the Gore Gazette in the twenties, and another attained civic honors as mayor of Toronto, and so the succeeding generations as they pass are laid in a most pleasant resting place there



GRAVE OF LIEUT. MILNE, R.N., IN ANCASTER CEMETERY.

beneath the green canopy of oak leaves in this still garden of the souls.

Then be not fearful of the thought of change,

For though unknown the tones that are to be,  
Yet shall they prove most beautifully strange.

\* \* \*

In the old portion of the churchyard, in the southeast corner, beneath a very heavy tombstone of the fashion of the day, lies anchored for time a British heart of oak, high and dry enough now under the shadow of the oak trees, far from the sea he loved, and over which he sailed and fought under Lord Nelson when the century was young. He who put in at last to this quiet haven in 1826, was, so the legend above him runs, Lieut. Milne, of the Royal navy, born at Falkirk in 1766.



ONE OF THE OLDEST TOMBSTONES IN  
ANCASTER CEMETERY—THAT OF  
LEMUEL GURNETT.

The Tiffany monument, a tall shaft surmounted by an urn, is rather a conspicuous and venerable, not to say mossy, object, not far from the oak trees either. Here rest many of the Tiffanys, notably Dr. Oliver Tiffany, who also left a remembrance to posterity in the name "Tiffany's Falls," given to a water fall on his property, not far from the village. This old gentleman died in May, 1835, aged 72 years, and the old records state that more than 600 people came to his funeral.

\* \* \*

Some of the inscriptions on the stones are utterly obliterated by moss and weather. Two simple ones, just behind the chancel, excite curiosity by their brevity—only two initials on each and the date 1823.

\* \* \*

And year by year the laborer tills  
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades  
And year by year our memory fades  
From all the circle of the hills.

\* \* \*

One memory has been kept very unfaded, in so far as being writ in stone can preserve it, through the storms of 70 years. The swirling snows of all those winters have remembered to seek it out low down there amongst the rustling sere grasses, and tracing out the inscription with their softest

white fingers, have clothed it always new in a pure white covering, meet for the virgin dust which rests there, far from home and kindred. The birds know it too, and trill their sweet mating songs every spring above the Stranger's Tomb. The wild rose bush throws caressing arms across the slab, guarding its treasure there through such long flights of time, and the grasses creep up to listen to the winds blowing soft above it, and whispering to the flowers of what they saw so long ago. The sun in his noonday glory seeks it out, and even in the evening shadows sends a beam to kiss the pathetic inscription into warmth, and bring out in fresh relief the ancient quaintness of the carved weeping willows at each corner of the slab that look so formal, as if their hair was parted in the middle into exactly eleven strands on each side, and in between which is carved also, on a stiff, box-like pedestal, an urn bearing the name "Eliza." Bordering the slab all round is cut an ornate wreath of oak leaves and acorns, within which the fast blackening letters tell that this dark, ponderous stone is sacred to the memory of "Eliza M. Johnson, daughter of Elisha Johnson, Esq., of Rochester, New York, U.S.A., who departed this life 15 September, 1827, in the 18th year of her age—a stranger's grave, honored by her respected local friends." Then below is the hymn, "The hour of my departure's come," etc.

\* \* \*

This young lady died while on a visit at the house of Matthew Crooks, and one of the invitations to her funeral has been preserved. A curious-looking document it is, folded in paper sealed with a huge black seal, and printed card enclosed, of a make and texture to stand a long life of seventy years' seclusion, printed presumably by Editor Gurnett, and requesting the recipient to attend the funeral of Miss Eliza Maria Johnson, eldest daughter, etc., from the house of Matthew Crooks, Esq., Ancaster, to the place of interment at 11 o'clock a.m., on Sept. 15, 1827.

\* \* \*

They evidently believed in those times that in the place, where the tree fell there it should lie, and certainly this young stranger has slept well in St. John's churchyard these seven decades nearly past.

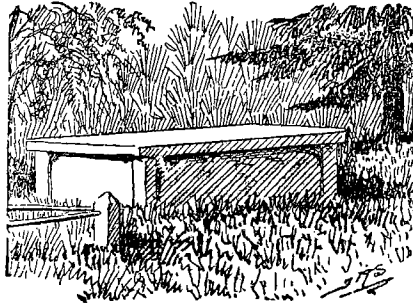
While the pioneers of the Gore district were planting and building and trading and clearing and making homes and names for themselves and posterity, they were not forgotten spiritually by the mother church of the old land beyond the seas. Thus, during the summer of 1818, by Sir John Cockburn's desire, the society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, sent out to these sheep in the wilderness Rev. Ralph Leeming as first missionary to Ancaster and parts adjacent. Mr. Leeming, who was a native of Yorkshire, had graduated at St. Bee's college, and been ordained by the Bishop of London. Ancaster being the most important place, with the exception of Niagara and muddy little York, in those days, he naturally made his headquarters there, visiting Hamilton, Barton, Flamboro and Wellington Square at stated intervals, generally through roads that must be left to the imagination, and always on horseback. Not long after his arrival he caused the first parsonage of Ancaster to be built for his accommodation, of which more hereafter.

\* \* \*

The first services were held in a hall or school house, built of logs, not far from the present site of the church. Soon after 1820, the Rousseau family, having presented the land for the purpose, the first frame church was built on the Nehemiah plan by the united efforts of both Church of England and Presbyterian people, who jointly held services there for some years, the first Scotch minister not being appointed to Ancaster before 1826, until which year Mr. Leem-

ing cured all the souls and provided for all the services, and perhaps that is the reason that he left no scrape of a pen behind him to enlighten us as to the churchly doings of those first days—whom he buried, whom he married, whom he christened, what their names were; all, all is lost, passed long since unrecorded to the land of forgotten things. The first church had no chancel, and two white glass windows, high up above the pulpit, facing the gallery, which ran across the west end over the door. What music they had we do not know, as the organ was not obtained until the fifties. One wide aisle alone ran down the center, and on one side sat the men and on the other the women, a relic of cathedral custom. After some years, the money was advanced by Job Loder to enable the Anglicans to buy out the Presbyterians' interest in the church, who then set about the building of their own, and shortly after the church was consecrated and christened by its present name of St. John's. But here, regrettably, Mr. Leeming's pen failed to record impressions! Mr. Leeming retired from active service as far as Ancaster and the other places mentioned were concerned, in 1830, although he lived to be a very old man, dying in 1872, at the age of 83. His grave lies on the south side of the church, and is marked by a handsome monument as well as a memorial window. The church of his creation survived, with the addition of a stone chancel, until Feb. 28, 1868, when it caught fire through some defect in the heating department and went after the unwritten records.

ALMA DICK LAUDER.

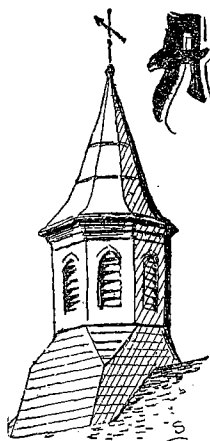


MRS. SCHOOLCRAFT'S TOMB.  
(Daughter of Chief Johnston.)

## CHAPTER V

### ANCASTER IN THE VICTORIAN ERA

Ye hasten to the dead! What seek ye there,  
Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes  
Of the idle brain, which the world's  
livery wears.  
O thou quick heart which pantest to  
possess  
All that anticipation feigneth fair!  
Thou vainly curious mind that wouldst  
guess  
Whence thou didst come, and whither  
thou mayst go,  
And that which never yet was known  
wouldst know—  
Oh, whither hasten ye that thus ye  
press  
With such swift feet life's green and  
pleasant path,  
Seeking alike from happiness and  
woe  
A refuge in the cavern of grey death?  
O heart and mind, and thoughts! What  
thing do you  
Hope to inherit in the grave below?  
—Shelley.



days and no electricity to put their fireworks to the blush.

Watching the loyal Ancestrians of 1897 jubilating round a grand bonfire on Gabel's hill, forming one of the

links in the fiery chain understood to be stretching from Halifax to Vancouver last Tuesday night, also to be astonishing the inhabitants of Mars, somehow time seemed to be bridged over in some strange, real way, as with a hand stretched out from the dimness of the past so long gone, taking with it the major part of all who could have recalled the gala doings on that night at t'other end of 60 years ago.

\* \* \*

As the vivid light of the bonfire danced gleefully over the dewy fields, and waked up the sleeping woods by plucking their green sleeves with its rosy fingers, it glinted, too, on the Scotch church towers and walls, and flickered up and down the shining granite pillars of the newer tombs, and over the flowery coverlets of many a one, maybe, who was young and gay on that coronation night, but who finished their life work long, long ago; and "Home have gone, and ta'en their wages," leaving only a shadow-here, where the sea of human life breaks round this shore of death with such a softened sound.

\* \* \*

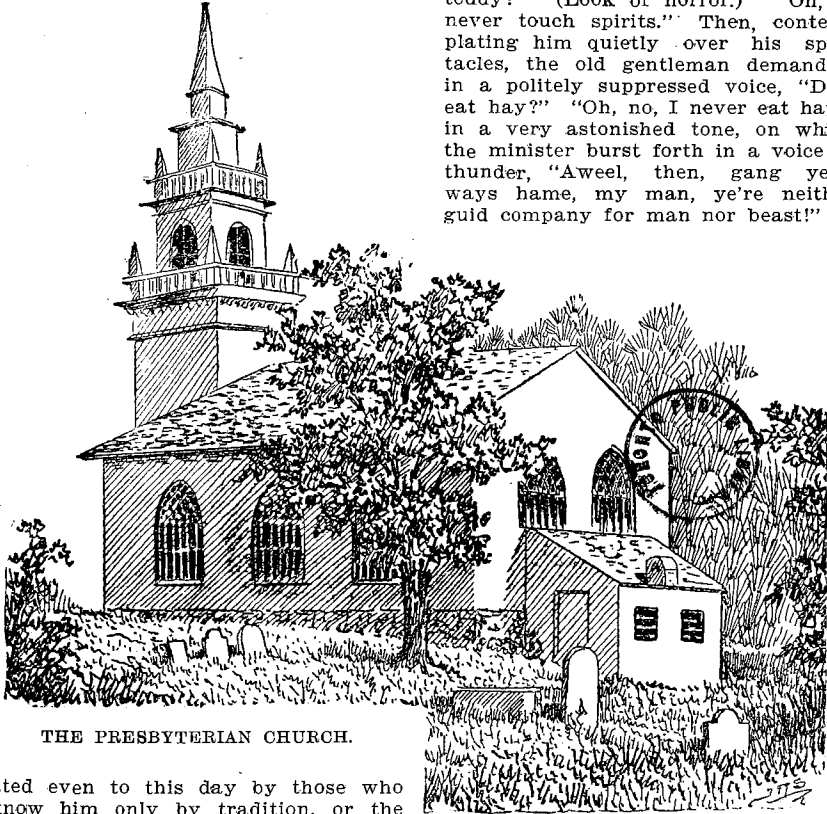
Our common expressions become from use so hackneyed that we lose sight of the original weight and beauty. Thus those touching words, "Sacred to the Memory," slip glibly off our tongues without much realisation of their true significance, or how exquisite, how pathetic, how expressive are those tender lingerings over the memory of the dead. A sacred place in memory, and a narrow, narrow niche on Mother Earth's brown breast is all the dearest claim from us till time shall be no more.

\* \* \*

Quite in the early days of Ancaster, before the rearing of church walls, the Presbyterians and Episcopalians alike worshipped in a hall adjoining

one of the hotels which stood on the left hand side of the street going up the village, hard by the site of the present town hall. In 1826 the Church of Scotland sent its first missionary minister to establish a soul cure at Ancaster, and she apparently made a wise selection in the person of Rev. George Sheed, whose name is vener-

manifested such disgust on one occasion, when entertaining a young probationer of a later school, who hung heavily in hand conversationally, putting the old minister hard to it, till at length he asked, "Will ye hae a smoke?" "Oh, no! I never use tobacco in any form," was the reply. (A pause.) "Will ye no tak' a glass o' toddy?" (Look of horror.) "Oh, I never touch spirits." Then, contemplating him quietly over his spectacles, the old gentleman demanded, in a politely suppressed voice, "D'ye eat hay?" "Oh, no, I never eat hay," in a very astonished tone, on which the minister burst forth in a voice of thunder, "Aweel, then, gang ye'er ways hame, my man, ye're neither guid company for man nor beast!"



THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

ated even to this day by those who know him only by tradition, or the fact that he was the minister who married their parents. This good man came straight from the land o' cakes, where even to this day there are infrequent ministers to be found who can not only minister to the soul oppressed by sin or sorrow, but drink a glass of toddy when they're damp, as they very often are in Scotland, and even dance a good Scotch reel, able, like true men, to use the good things of life without abusing them, remembering that great David danced before the ark, and David's greater Son turned water into wine. It was one of these sturdy, old-fashioned men of God who

Tradition says that this first Scotch minister of Ancaster was not only "guid company," but a splendid man and an indefatigable worker for church and people. His home was a mile and more from the village in the beautiful valley near the Sulphur Springs, in the original Hermitage house, of which an illustration, taken from an old sketch, is here given.

\* \* \*

An ideal manse it must have been, standing there amongst the woods and waters, surrounded by a garden where



the minister worked at his leisure, and containing within its walls pleasant rooms with small-paned windows and large fireplaces, up from which the wood smoke curled through the red chimneys. Life was pleasant there in those old days, tradition saith, and delving and studying were varied now and then by cosy little dinner parties, where the bachelor minister was the best of company and most jovial of hosts, but whether they had toddy after dinner tradition does not say. "Aiblins" they had, and made the floors shake with reels, too, perhaps.

\* \* \*

The great object and desire of the minister's life, unhampered by matrimonial cares, as the man of God should be, was to see the accomplished fact of a church at Ancaster for his people, the Episcopalians having now for some years been established in St. John's, at the head of the village. Headed by the indefatigable minister and most materially assisted by Col. Chep, William Notman and other pioneer families, the first church rose gradually near the place occupied by the present building. It was built entirely of wood and was doubtless a source of unmingled pride and congratulation in its younger days to all the assistant Nehemiahs, which makes it a trifle sad to have to record that, in spite of the edifying discourses that had saturated its walls for years, and the earnest prayers which must have invisibly perforated its roof in their upward flight through countless Sabbaths, it fell from grace and survived its usefulness as a church in the eyes of later generations and the estimation of the presbytery and was sold, removed into the next lot and turned into a cigar factory. Imperial Caesar, turned to clay, little knows to what strange uses he may come.

Fire, however, quivering hotly with burning indignation, entered a speedy protest, and carried off the poor, little degraded church up to heaven in a sheet of flame one December night some fifteen years ago.

\* \* \*

Rather a sad part in this church's early history is that, like Moses, Mr. Sheed was not permitted to enjoy the fruit of his labor. Never within the walls which he had watched arise was his voice to be heard in prayer

or sermon! He had built, but another should inhabit. He had labored, but that others should enjoy the fruit of his labor. The opening ceremony of that church was indeed a solemn function, being the beloved minister's funeral, his death occurring before the completion of the interior work, a temporary floor of boards over the beams was laid in haste that he might be brought within his church once, at least, and he, being dead, would yet speak to the hearts of his people there for the first and last time.

\* \* \*

Then they carried him forth and buried him, the first inhabitant of that pretty graveyard (perish the word "cemetery" as ever inapplicable to country churchyards!) and his sepulchre is with us to this day, being of the ponderous kind, built to withstand summer suns and winter rages. It guards well beneath that massive slab and firm stone walls the precious germ of life immortal, which has been hidden away there in earth's safe keeping since five years before those coronation bonfires blazed. The legend on the slab tells that he was an A.M., also a native of Aberdeen, and that he planted and faithfully watched over the church for the space of six years, when he was removed to his reward Nov. 26, 1832, aged 43; also that it was erected by his friends as a memorial of his worth as a man and his zeal and abilities as a minister, and below the deep-cut letters run "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

\* \* \*

In the old register of St. John's church, Ancaster, one of the numerous N.B.'s is, "On Sunday, Dec. 2, 1832, attended the Presbyterian church in the morning at funeral sermon for Rev. Mr. Sheed." Things were different then, but nowadays it would speak pretty well of his "worth as a man" if other clergy shut their churches in order to attend his funeral sermon!

\* \* \*

The completing touch to the church was the bell, which was purchased by subscription, headed by Col. Chep with his usual liberality. He also attended personally to the purchase and sent one of his teams to meet it at Hamilton. It is now the only thing remain-

ing of the original church, but, unfortunately from some defect in the hanging arrangement it cannot, since its removal to the new church, be tolled at funerals, which is a pity, as it possesses a remarkably good tone for its size. It is very much to be regretted that it bears no inscription of any kind except the maker's name, "E. Force, New York, 1835."

\* \* \*

How much the past generations might have done for us if they had only been a trifle more explicit. Brevity may be the soul of wit, but we would like a little more body regarding facts occasionally. How much more satisfactory, for instance, a remembered inscription on the tenor bell in the eight chimes of Skerborne Minster, Dorsetshire, England, where anyone with a good head many read to this day the declaration on the bell which has been chiming sweetly every day for three hundred years:

"By Wolsey's gift I measure time to all,  
To mirth, to grief, to prayer I call."

What an additional interest some of the donors names would give to this young bell of '35!

\* \* \*

Bell! thou soundest solemnly  
When on Sabbath morning,  
Fields deserted lie!

\* \* \* \* \*

Bell! thou soundest mournfully;  
Tellest thou the bitter  
Parting hath gone by!

\* \* \*

It appears quite possible to pass hundreds of times along the Sulphur Springs road, which runs below the church, and yet remain oblivious of the rural beauty hiding behind that prosaic picket fence and playing hide-and-seek there, among the granite shafts and old flat tombstones, all in the sweet June weather with the sunlight and the bees. The birds have found it out long ago, and they, too, find homes there where the tall grasses rustle and the bumble bees drone above the silent company. There where there is so lavish an out-pouring wealth of ox-eyed daisies glancing so shyly at the grand blue sky, where the pink clovers nod their heavy heads and blush hotly at the bold stare of the sweet williams, while the stone crop clusters cuddling round the

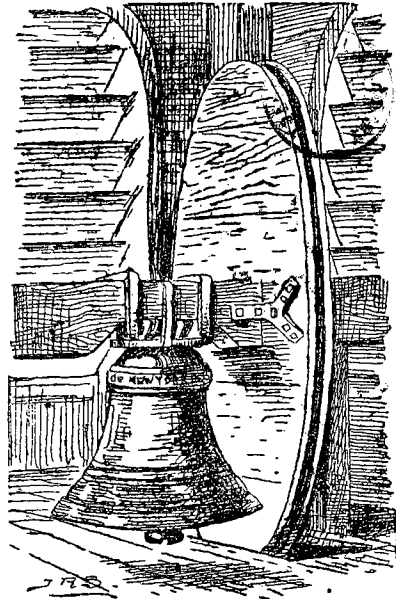
lowly or forgotten dead, wrapping them in a yellow maze.

\* \* \*

"Thou blessed one!" the angel said,  
"I bring thy time of peace;  
When I have touched thee on the eyes  
Life's latest ache shall cease."

\* \* \*

Peace, indeed, is everywhere in this most pleasant place, this unhonored prophet, where no footfall seems ever to linger except on Sundays or to a funeral. What a lot mortals sometimes



OLD BELL DATED 1835.

lose by stretching their necks out into the distance and overlooking quite the good things at the door!

\* \* \*

Here on this sacred Pisgah see under what fair horizon the exquisite home stretch of country spreads far to north and west, all with verdure clad, delightful to the ravished eye, indeed! What a setting to those clustered tombstones; what a sleeping room for all the days of time is here!

\* \* \*

Just here, pausing by the graves of a household on the outskirts of an unruffled sea of clover, listen to the pulse



THE OLD MANSE.

of nature beat, and watch the sun throwing slanting shadows and fretwork of headstones and railings over the gilt buttercups and blue vervain and clusters of white honey clover, and drawing a gleam like a big diamond from one polished obelisk close by on which appears, below a name, once known in Arcady, the simple comment, "She made home pleasant." What higher tribute, or more flattering to female virtue was ever, could ever, be paid by the most courtly husband-lover. This multum in parvo in its very brevity covers every inch of ground. A woman may, in the words of St. Paul, give all her goods to feed the poor and her body to be burnt, but if she is not a gracious woman who makes home pleasant she won't retain favor, or have nice things cut upon her tombstone!

\* \* \*

How Scotch it is here! If only the daisies were gorse and the pink clover heather, it might pass muster as a little God's acre somewhere in the Hielands, or in that enchanted borderland over which High Cheviot throws the shadows of his lordly shoulders in the waning western sun.

\* \* \*

The names on most of the stones sure came from Caledonia, stern and

wild. Such a record of Frasers, Andersons, Caulders, Fringles, Forbeses and Robertsons, with here a Turnbull, there a Campbell, Chapman, Kerr and Kelly. It would scarcely be safe to play The Campbells Are Coming on the pipes in yon kirkyard!

\* \* \*

Past griefs are perished and over,  
Past joys have vanished and died.  
Past loves are fled and forgotten,  
Past hopes have been laid aside.

\* \* \*

One of the most interesting burial mounds stands against the eastern fence and is surrounded by a railing, or rather say an old picket fence, fast going to decay. The enclosure has literally to be crawled into beneath a tangle of entwining greenery, which announced that here at least lay a time-healed sorrow, or the resting place of someone far from home and kindred.

By holding down the screen of boughs by force, an upright slab of white marble, with a unicorn's head crest carved in either corner, reluctantly gives up its story so far as to tell that here lies one Capt. Alexander Roxburgh, who was born June 18, 1784, and died Sept. 19, 1856. Then the released boughs fly back to hide the name and date and all but a narrow rim of the slab besides.

\* \* \*

Next to this sits a massive death chest of quaint and venerable aspect for Canada, claiming to hold the dust of Euphemia Melville, wife of Capt. A. Roxburgh, of the Glengarry Light infantry, and daughter of Alexander Melville, Esq., of Barqular, Scotland, who died in the prime of life at St. Margaret's cottage on Oct. 27, 1834. "A gentle, amiable and most affectionate wife; a kind, anxious and most exemplary mother; a sincere Christian and an excellent woman lies here." So she evidently made home pleasant to whoever she may have been in those old days.

\* \* \*

While these two souls have been so long in eternity, time has not been idle with the place where they left their bodies. In sooth a most pleasant place, where the good couple rest well in honorable sepulchre, while the sun kisses the great slab and makes it a pleasant place to sit while meditating at leisure amongst the tombs.

It is so high and so solid that it stands up like a rock among green seas, ever encroaching from the north in waves of sweet briar roses so fresh and young, coquetting willingly enough with the lusty honey bees, but haughtily throwing back their dainty pink faces from the rough familiarities of a close pressing squad of those sturdy Black Brunswickers, the wild brambles, who will be luscious and sweet enough themselves in days to come when the rose's bloom is over.

\* \* \*

One enormous plant of burdock thrusts up his enormous Panama hat of a face so broad and cool, just as if he had as good a right to watch the dead couple as his betters.

\* \* \*

The birds appear to resent the brief intrusion, especially a cat bird who comes down quite close to see what it is all about, and dances upon the boughs of a tree overhanging from a neighboring garden, crying, "Hey! What d'ye want? Eggs, hey?" like a deaf old woman.

\* \* \*

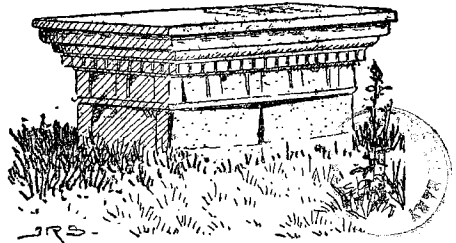
Investigation receives a check at a most interesting point, when, in a rather lonely corner, there is the most beautiful mausoleum imaginable, erected by kind nature over somebody, but she will not tell us who, and she has thrown all her heart into her handiwork here and formed it so firmly and well out of coils and coils, and graceful waving tendrils and utterly dense and impenetrable masses of the lithesome wild grape vine. "Merrily, merrily shall I sleep now!" No amount of sunlight could throw any light on this subject, or only barely enough, assisted by a stick and much poking and prying to suffice, after the eye became accustomed to the green gloom within to reveal a remaining portion of a tottering wooden fence, once entered by a small gate as the remaining hinge reluctantly testified, and a slab of the fashion of a by-gone day raised tablewise from the ground, and covered deeply with heaps of the leaf mould of many an autumn from its protecting vine above—and it keeps its secret past, only saying in effect up through the jasper light:

"Having but little eaten, drunk but little, and deeply suffered. After weary waiting at last now I am dead. Ye are all coming surely to this."

There is still living in Ancaster a venerable person in the ninety-seventh year of his age who for more than 40 years was an elder and officebearer in this church. We have much pleasure in adding that the old gentleman occasionally saws wood for two hours at a time, for exercise, not being able to walk far now.

\* \* \*

Time flies amongst the tombs, and from near cottage homes the smoke begins to curl up against the trees as the shadows lengthen to evensong, across the grassy lane and the gold-spattered field, where the buttercups drill, and away to the marsh, where green grow the rushes O, and the pussy-willows grow tall and slim, playing in the cool black loam. Three little children in red frocks playing beneath the thorns on a queer bank below furnish the foreground with local color, while distance lends decided enchantment as one of them is howling dismally, an incipient woman perhaps, "crying for she doesn't know what, and won't be happy till she gets it." They unconsciously make a beautiful picture of peace and summer, in which they are assisted by a black cow, in the field of the cloth of gold, and a roan horse and a fat brown one, all standing at ease, in attitudes to delight the soul of Auguste Bonheur, with the lush pastures stretching away over gray fences and sprouting cornfields, under stately elms and past motherly orchard trees away to the fringe of woods and jagged pines melting into the blue distance of the Flamboro heights.



REV. GEO. SHEED'S TOMB.

Already the dew-damp is in the air, and soon it will be night, calm and holy, over the little graveyard on the upland. The sentinel stars will watch, where, bivouacked in silence, minister and people lie waiting for the clear dawning of a greater jubilee.

ALMA DICK LAUDER.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE OLD RED MILL

"All along the valley stream that  
  flashest white,  
  Deepening thy voice with the deep-  
  ening of the night."

\* \* \*

A charming country walk near Ancaster, though few there be that walk it, may be enjoyed by following the historic stream, that, by the way, really ought to have a name (suppose we christen it the Yuba, pro tem), which, after its escape from the grist mill and the clutches of Mr. Jackson, makes a hurried dive across the road, crawls beneath the bridge on its hands and knees, and turning to the left, then

Chatters over stony ways  
  In little sharps and trebles—

only pausing a moment to lave the feet of the old willows, and then off in haste, cutting its way through the meadows, rushing past the hanging wood, and ducking under bending alders in a curved, deep, rocky channel, a miniature river of Niagara, where one lingers with delight on these autumn evenings, 'twixt the gloamin' and the mirk, just after the jolly miller up stream has opened the gates of Yuba dam, and the flood, set free from work, comes racing joyously down to play at hide-and-seek all night long with the moonbeams; then come farther down the rocky bed, and see the grand plunge presently, over the Red Mill fall, and hearken how the water voices go echoing on through the vale below, answering back deeply to the deepening of the night.

\* \* \*

So it has been probably for ages, and so it will most likely continue to be after we have all been ages in the beyond with our toilsome days forgotten, but the Red Mill, which has watched the Yuba flashing ever since the century was young, will have passed away entirely, it is to be fear-

ed, before many more season light on it, unless, indeed, President Mills could induce the women of the Wentworth Historical society, the old post-office being out of the running, to buy the aged ruin for their museum, and paint its faded, red coat afresh, and repair its breaches, and mend the rent, 36 feet high and broad in proportion in its poor old back, and restore again the teeth which the old fellow has dropped out in the shape of grind stones now lying prone. It hardly even answers to its name now, for the snows and rains and suns amongst them have blistered and frozen and washed away nearly all that once was red of it.

\* \* \*

Most wine, some cheese, a few men, and all buildings, mellow and improve with age, up to a certain point, beyond which, the wine, past perfection, becomes too crusty; the cheese, from first being an elegant ruin covered with creepers, collapses, its dancing days over, into a motionless heap of acrid dust; Shakespeare has told us what happens to the men; and we see for ourselves how rapidly the buildings, once neglect sets in, lapse into irrevocable decay.

\* \* \*

The Red Mill stands on the left-hand side of the old, and once only, road from Ancaster to the village of Dundas, a road with many interesting associations of early days and industries, but few feet now pass that way. It stands in a valley, clothed within fifty years from end to end with stately forests and even yet the most picturesque perhaps in Ontario, recalling by its extensive panorama of hill and dale, crag and water, with the blue and silver binding of the distant lake, on a smaller scale, the valley of the Tay in Scotland. It was not the pioneer mill of this part of the country, as some suppose. The first

one, which was really the reason for Ancaster's existence, was built soon after 1790 at Ancaster, of whose prosperity it was the forerunner. At the close of the war of independence in 1783, three strong young men arose, and leaving their home in Pennsylvania to their elder brother, who had fought under Gen. Washington with distinction during the war, turned their steps northward, and, after many days' hard journey, heard the roar of Niagara and saw the forests of the King's domain rising on their sight. Following the trail, from the river boundary it led them on to find homes in the woods near Ancaster, where they henceforth lived and married, and where they died, leaving numerous descendants, who occupy the old sites to-day. At that time there was no mill of any kind nearer than Niagara, so the early settlers, including the Pennsylvanian brothers, concluded to try a boat, which they did, and kept it at the Beach, there being no canal then of course, and had many a toilsome journey in ox wagons with their wheat to get it aboard the boat, which they then proceeded to row down the lake to Niagara, returning with the flour in the same way, a three days' business most likely—perhaps longer. Before 1790 saw the light these dwellers in the wilderness had begun to tire of this rapid transit milling business, and suddenly concluded to form a company among themselves, call a bee, dam the Yuba, and erect a mill of their own—all which was done with promptitude, and soon the Union mill was an accomplished fact, the only hitch being to find a man capable of acting as miller at the start. However, an old gentleman named Horning, grandfather or great grandfather of ex-M.P. Joseph Rymal, rose to the occasion and the breach was filled. A very few years after this the Red Mill arose out of the forest in the valley, its builder and maker being the original Hatt, whose bones are with us to this day and lie in an aged burying ground on a farm close to the village. The present owner of the mill well remembers hearing the old people tell in his young days how they came from far, in ox wagons, to have their milling done here, bringing hams and butter and feathers with them for payment.

\* \* \*

Perhaps the fact of there being a

contemporary distillery, mighty convenient, close by on the 'Yuba, may have lent a zest and given local color to those early and laborious milling transactions. The oldest inhabitant's grandfather, so he tells me, used to say it was good booze they made in those times, and the price, 25 cents a gallon, is enough to make some people swear they have lived too late.

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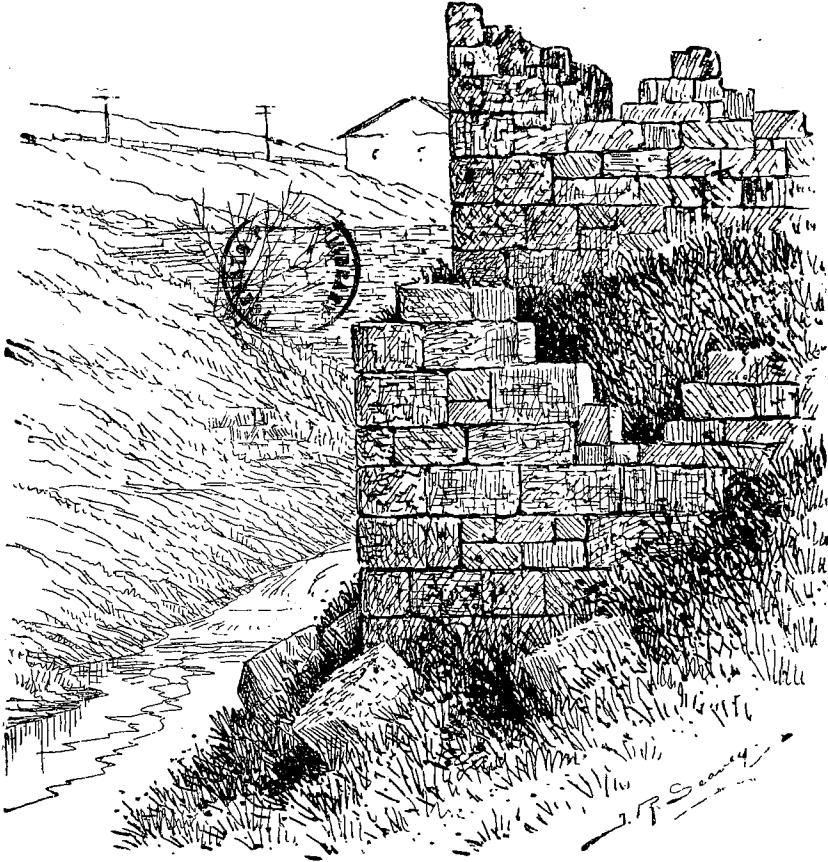
Tradition also says that when the men of old were making the road above the Red Mill, known as the Devil's elbow, they kept a boy in constant employment trotting to and fro between them and the distillery, with a gallon pail in each hand. It is presumed that there was water, occasionally, in the left-hand pail, but the facts of the case are very much obscured by circumstances, and the mists which Father Time is so fond of breathing forth in the wake of old days. The Women's Temperance Set-us-all-to-rights union might contend that these partially unearthed nuggets of folklore throw a side light upon the undeniable fact of the elbow having remained in the possession of the devil ever since as a marvel of stony and unconquerable badness. Strange sounds have been heard round that rocky curve at night, and 'tis whispered that twice a year, at the full of the moon, those road makers of the good old times are forced, by one they must not disobey, to return, and put in ghostly statute labor, replacing all the stones and uncovering all the ruts, supplied by a fiery eyed spook boy with phantom whiskey from a phantom pail. This is a sufficient explanation of the fact why the statute labor done there by earthly hands never makes the road any better.

\* \* \*

Within the old building nothing but crumbling decay meets the eye, though the soundness of the massive beams seem rather to accentuate the ruin of all else. The enormous rent in the west wall marks where the 36-foot water wheel made things hum, within the last eighty years, and did good business, having three run of stones working simultaneously with a capacity of turning out twenty barrels of flour, and from 30 to 35 barrels of pot barley per diem, besides chopping. The water power supplied by the Yuba was rated by an experienced mill-

wright at 25 horse-power, and was carried into the mill across the road by a long flume, down which, alas! through someone's blunder, in not attending to the turning off of the power, the cruel frost came creeping one bitter night, and had such a battle

or more correctly speaking, the second story of the mill, and into the presence of a motley heap of "has beens," the most interesting of which are the ancient and original flour buckets, and the two remaining grind stones, lying side by side in rest, after their busy



RUINS OF A WOOLEN MILL NEAR ANCASTER.

royal with the old king of the mill that by morning he was shattered and useless; hence the rent in the wall, through which his body was removed, leaving a fearsome, yawning chasm behind him in the earth, heaped round by a chaos of fallen stones, not hewn and trim, but round and rough just as they came from mother earth's brown breast. Using both hands and feet to clamber up the ladder-like stairway, we pass into the second circle of chaos,

days. By these we make a long pause, for are they not the very same ones that were put in when the mill was built, and helped to do the first day's work. And here they are still, with the sunlight glinting at them round the broken wall, and the rains pattering down on their seamy granite faces through the big holes in the roof. Still here, good for another century of toil, but where are the vanished generations they have helped to feed?

Over the road from the mill decays another veteran (of the distillery, only a bit of foundation remains), the house that Hatt built for the miller and his family, which is now used as a stable, and has slight savor of former interest, with the exception of an old-time stone—rough stone, too—chimney, reaching to the ground and visible from the outside. It must have been a pleasant home in old days, when the hills lifted their green crowns all round about, and though man may have been distant, Nature, who is God, was near, even at the door. Beautiful exceedingly to dwell there, in daily companionship with the grey rocks, to watch the light come creeping up the valley in those young summer dawns, or to see the sunsets dying on the hills, and to hear the Yuba, in its rocky cradle, go singing down the night; but, perhaps like Galilee of an older day, "they cared for none of these things;" perhaps the Devil's elbow was too near, and it was eerie on winter nights, when the trees crackled queerly, and weird noises echoed from the rocky glens and lonely hills.

\* \* \*

The mill has seen many changes in its long days, and known many different owners. For some 30 years before it passed into the present proprietor's hands, it belonged to one Isaac Kelly, and before that again to a Gillespie, and earlier still, to a man named Cox, of whom we can relate that all was not grist that came to his mill, because he ground pepper and spice, and coffee, too. Between 1820 and 1827 it appears to have been in the hands of the ubiquitous Matthew Crooks, whose fingers seemed to be in all those early pies, and an old friend of mine, a gentleman in a faded brown suit, and with an ancient weightiness hanging to his every word, who has just come out of his home, where he maintains a dignified privacy and seldom goes abroad, to pass this evening at my fireside by special invitation, has just been narrating in his punctilious, prosy, polite old way, with regard to the Red Mill, how that he remembers, in the year 1827, when he was just beginning

to circulate round amongst the neighbors, hearing a long story of how, "by virtue of two writs of fieri facias issued out of his majesty's court of King's bench, etc., against the lands and tenements of Matthew Crooks, by one William Crooks," and so on—(it is a little hard to keep up with these old gentlemen when they mount and ride off into the old days again)—"and so farther are taken in execution as belonging to said Matthew Crooks," says the old gentleman, "various lands and buildings, including," mark you, "including lastly," says the old gentleman, shaking a shriveled finger in my face—he had some more, but he didn't shake them—"lastly the red grist mill with two run of stones in complete repair and in good order for manufacturing flour; an extensive distillery, with a range of pens and stables for fattening hogs and cattle; carding machines, two fulling mills, clothier shops, one store house, three dwelling houses for miller, clothier and distiller, and such quantity of land as will be necessary to secure all water privileges, mills, etc., aforesaid." All this property, the old gentleman further informed me, was to have been sold at the court house in the town of Hamilton, on Saturday, the 14th day of July (1827), at 12 noon, to the highest bidder," but added that it was postponed "until Saturday, the 17th day of November, by order of William M. Jarvis, sheriff of the Gore district." This is what my old friend has just told me about the matter, and his authority there is no disputing, because he happens to have a copy of

#### THE GORE GAZETTE

and

Ancaster, Hamilton, Dundas and  
Flamborough Advertiser,

Published by George Gurnett, at  
Ancaster.

On Saturday; they did everything worth doing "on Saturday" in those days, and it was published on Saturday, Oct. 20, 1827.

ALMA DICK LAUDER.



## ANNALS OF BARTON

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The Terryberry Inn. ❁ A Forgotten House of Peace. ❁  
Descriptions of Places of Interest in the Outskirts of the  
City. ❁ The Old Roman Catholic Cemetery. ❁ The  
Brewery That Was. ❁ The Tragedy of Burlington  
Heights. ❁ Old Cholera Burial Grounds.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE TERRYBERRY INN

I, too, with my soul and body,  
We, a curious trio, picking,  
Wandering on our way,  
Through these doors amid the shadows.  
With the apparitions pressing,  
Pioneers! O, Pioneers!

—Whitman.

\* \* \*

Un-ordinary sensations are not always pleasant. For instance, we would mildly protest at a chubby snail dropping down our backs and object to snakes in our boots as tending to produce sensations, un-ordinary, but not pleasant. Yet admit, for the sake of argument, that most of us are sufficiently akin to the supernatural as to enjoy having our flesh made to creep, much as we object to things creeping on our flesh!

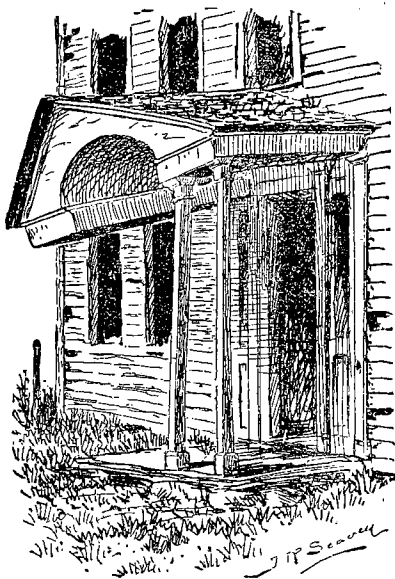
Well, one of these wild November evenings, desiring to feel creepy, I took my soul and body, and went to meditate an hour in the dusk amongst walls once bright with the fires of hospitality, but now, by Time's hard fists, battered into clinks through which the night wind whistled and the moonlight poured in floods. But we had to wait awhile for that, for we got there first in a glory of sunset, which made the sky flame to the zenith, and all the brimming dykes along the roads and the ditches in the fields blush rosy red.

In at the broken gateway, over the oblong patch of green, fringed with ragged bushes, and up on to the ancient porch where many an early settler has lingered in the twilights long ago, passing through the battered doorways and avoiding a fearsome black hole in the floor, we stand amid the shadows under the roof tree, once known far and wide to the pioneers of Canada West as Terryberry's tavern.

\* \* \*

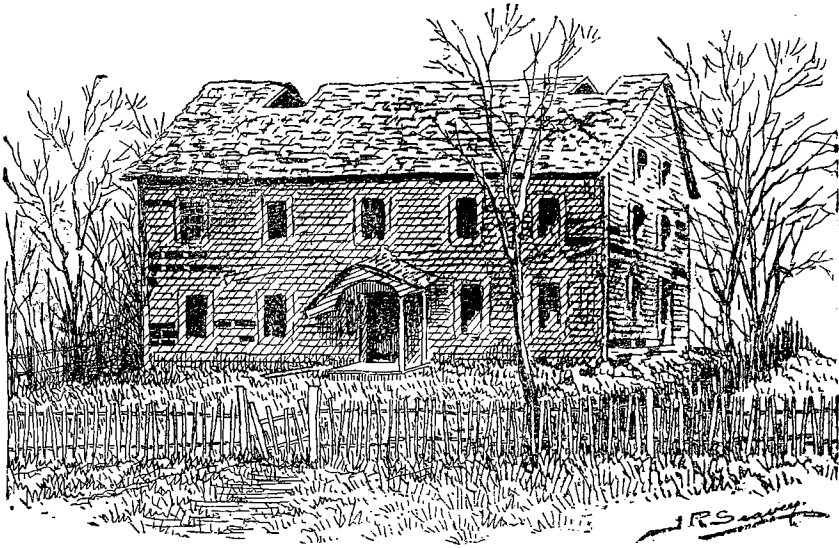
Situated on the main road from Niagara to Ancaster, this commodious house must have been hailed with delight by those early travelers through

the forest, and we fancy there must have been good cheer there then, and that man and beast alike found comfort in that inn, now a palsied, tottering old relic with both feet in the grave of forgotten things, but once so young and trim and snug and warm! Once, these worm-eaten rafters rang with laughter, and up that aged



THE RUINED PORCH.

stairway what merry feet may not have twinkled! Those rows of vacant windows through which the dusk will soon steal creepily, to fill the empty nooks and crannies with strange shapes, once smiled back like rows of diamonds to the rising sun! But before going farther in, let us glance at the old stable, or as much of it as remains, across the yard on the west side of the house. Not very much, or very large now, but built in the mas-



THE OLD TERRYBERRY INN.

sive fashion of a day when wood was no object. A more interesting find was an ancient well, a real old timer, discovered by lifting a heap of mossy boards lying in a corner of the yard near the house, then kneeling, peering down into the watery past which lay sulking far below, covered with a stagnant, diphtheria-typhoid-suggesting scum. The round stones which formed the sides were loosely put together, and green and dank with age and disuse. In former times we imagine a young oaken bucket hung by that well, and there, like enough, at eventides, some rural Jacob drew water for and looked love into the eyes of his Rachel, thus combining business with pleasure. We did not, frankly speaking, like the look of this particular "palmy well," and shut the boards down again with a reverential bang, and went back to the house.

\* \* \*

The porch is a perfect curiosity in itself, being Grecian in design and lathed and plastered beneath the peat-red dome and flat side pieces. Quite a work of art in its day, and pretty and quaint enough to copy now. On it, so the story goes, an early settler stood one day, and shot an Indian who was skulking through the forest on what are now the asylum fields. The reason why has become detached

from the legend, but presumably he had one, beyond the fact that there were plenty more Indians where that one came from, redmen and firewood both abounding in those early days.

The old house even now, in more than half ruins, has an impalpable charm of its own, and throws a glamor over one, especially when viewed at the dying of the day, which suits it somehow better than the garish sunlight. They built well and comfortably to live in then, and the Terryberry tavern contrasts favorably in plan and execution with some of the modern horrors of architectural triumph to be seen among us—those shells, gaudy with stained glass, and breathless with coal furnaces.

\* \* \*

Here, in the old house, the sun must have been a welcome guest, admitted at all the tall, high windows, and the splendid wood fires that roared up the chimneys in all the rooms but one must have kept life fresh and healthy. The hall is broad and long, running back through the entire length of the house, and the stair is broad and low-stepped, and apparently once boasted handsome bannisters up the side and all along the upper hall; but, like the frames of the windows, they are gone, and only the top railing and curious old posts remain to show what was.

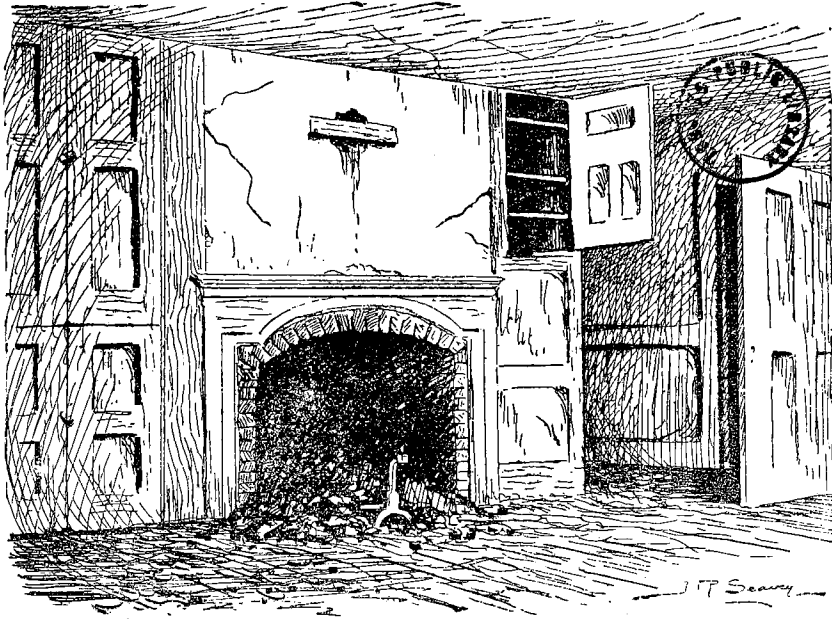


THE OLD RYCKMAN HOMESTEAD.



On the left-hand side of the entrance is the most old-fashioned room in Canada: Low, and wainscoted in dark wood, except where a large break in the wall lets in old Boreas "fra' a' the airts the wind can blow," and framed the mild face of a large white cow who looked so ghostly in the gloamin', and seemed to take such an interest in our proceedings that we set her down as the reincarnation of the original Terryberry. Above the old fire-

fireplace, in the thickness of which we discovered two more cupboards, one with delightful three-cornered shelves (woe to the nation when her people build cupboard houses, look out for decadence!), we stood in a large room which had suffered the loss of its fireplace, as the chimney, in some winter gale, had found it cold upon the roof, and so simply slidden down into the fireplace below, which it choked up, and left a ghastly heap



AN OLD-FASHIONED FIREPLACE.

place were a couple of those quaint chimney cupboards, in which the early builders seem to have delighted, and where they kept their wills and their 'baccy.

\* \* \*

On the left hand side a big cupboard runs from the ceiling to the floor, and is imagined to have been the whisky cupboard, being the biggest we saw, and that this was the bar-room; so we played that it was that way anyhow, and the white cow never said one word to contradict us.

A narrow door leading straight out on to the green further confirmed us in this belief. Passing through a doorless doorway on the right of the

of rubbish over besides; and also was the means of preventing us from opening the door of cupboard number six, a big one on the right side, between the fireplace and the east window. Possibly it was the one where they kept the family skeleton, and has never been opened yet. A window, also, opposite the fireplace, looked out to the south, across the brown fields to lacy silhouettes of trees against the paling sky.

Over the hall from the bar-room were two more good-sized, well-lighted rooms, containing curious corner fireplaces (and cupboards, it goes without saying). Through them we passed into the back of the hall, under

the broad staircase, to find ourselves confronted by a yawning black decensus avernus, down which we had to go, of course, though it was unpleasantly dusky, and we only had three matches, and one of them was a toothpick—besides not knowing what might befall us below in the way of holes and broken steps and spooks. We need not have feared those cellar stairs, for, truly, "they dreamed not of a perishable home who thus could build," for each separate step was a huge solid beam of wood, with no give to it. So in time we got landed below in the damp, finding a great deal of darkness in our hands when we got down, but fully rewarded in various ways, such as seeing a place under the foot of a chimney, where probably the first potatoes who settled in Barton found a temporary resting place.

\* \* \*

It was easier to ascend the bannisterless stairway to the second story, where the first thing noticeable was the charming broad landing in front of a big window, and the thought flashed of what a cosy corner it may once have been, and might again be, "just built for two," though capable of containing half a dozen.

Here on the right hand are three rooms, more cupboards, and a mysterious look down at the back of one fireplace, through a hole made doubtless by that chilly chimney in its descent to the room below. A large attic seemed to extend the whole size of the house, and was well lighted by several windows and the huge gaps which the departed chimneys had omitted to take with them in their downward flight. Here research was baffled and nipped in the second story, so to speak, as we had not brought our ladder, and Father Time, or somebody, had made off with the stairs, and we had to content ourselves with bringing away a mental photograph of the hole where they had been. Turning to the left at the head of the stairs, we passed in at a shaky grey door—and, by-the-bye, such curiosities in the way of latches and hasps were never seen—and exclaimed: "What a charming drawing room this would make!"—for behold a large, long room, still pinky with the last flush of sunset, towards which its four tall windows gaze. Out into the center of the room a huge old fireplace stuck its feet, and round three sides ran the rickety remains of a low fixed fender,

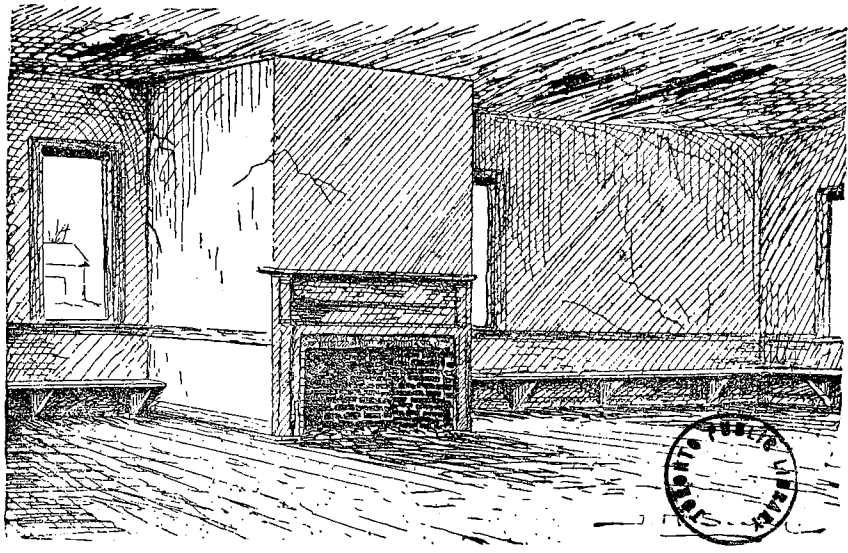
where the pretty, long-ago girls, not hello girls, nor yet bloomer, bicycle females, sat at the vanished balls, with the firelight dancing on their glossy curls, waiting for the gay militia man to pick them out. Those old walls have heard the fiddies scraping, to be sure, and seen many capers acted by those long dead and gone. We may well fancy how the old place must have buzzed with excitement during the war of 1812, and gone wild with triumph over the battle of Stony Creek. It was here before the war broke out that the militia met for drill, and livened up the green before the door with their red coats, and clanked their swords up the steps, under the Grecian porch, on their way to the bar. And later on those walls no doubt rang with news of a victory greater than Stony Creek, for they were in their hey-day when the thunders of Waterloo shook the world. Hither also came sprinklings of the regulars, and here most probably the American prisoners when on their way from Stony Creek to the jail in Ancaster called a halt. Some of the wounded soldiers after the battle must certainly have been brought here also, for it is common tradition, or rather a matter of history that the original old wooden Barton church was at that time converted into a hospital and that some of the soldiers died there of their wounds and were buried in the then new churchyard. To the tavern, 'tis said, one day in war times came Governor Simcoe on his way to or from Ancaster, in state, attended by his staff, and it was on this occasion, 'tis further recorded by the oldest inhabitant's great maiden grand-aunt, that one of the officers, a gay young blade, afterwards high in the service, occasioned some scandal by clanking and jingling down the solid steps in the wake of the pretty barmaid, going a message to a cask which stood by the chimney foot, hard by the potatoes, and behind which he boldly kissed her, not once nor twice, which is interesting history, proving that boys were boys in 1814, all the same as in '96. What apparitions haunt the old house, to be sure! The gallant young officer has mustered with the spirit army long, long ago, and as for the pretty maid,

"The mossy marbles rest

On the lips which he then pressed,

In the cellar."

—O. W. Holmes, slightly altered to suit the circumstances.



INTERIOR OF THE BALLROOM.

These old tales are apt to be a little mixed, but we are safe to accept this one, and conclude that here are very few old cellars that haven't seen some kissing in their day; but they never, never tell. It would give a zest to a kiss, in the eyes of most men, if they had to risk their necks and bump their heads down a dark stair to get one! Ah! those must have been the good old times, when whisky was cheap and red coats plenty, and 'twas:

Then hey! for boot and spur, lad,  
 And through the woods away;  
 Young blood must have its course, lad,  
 And every dog his day.

\* \* \*

But here comes the big November moon poking her yellow face in at the empty sockets of the windows, and painting strange splatters of whiteness on the dusky walls. If she could only open her silver lips and tell all she knows of the tide of life which ebbed and flowed for so many years round these old walls, since the far-off nights when she and the wolves watched them rising out of the forest beside the Indian trail, as the wolves called the road for many years after! They had a great respect for the moon and held concerts in her honor, and thought her a big and beautiful bright

thing, but wise heads nowadays say she is nothing but a cinder on the high road to extinction. However that may be, she has not lost her strange power of animating the inanimate, evolving gruesome things from the corners of these empty rooms, throwing a beam over there near the ball room door that has a queer gleam, like a white dress; and a glance upwards, towards the deserted attic, has the effect of making one's ears rise up and try to flee, pushing one's scalp in front of them. So, prithee, let's begone, for, truly:

"All houses, wherein men  
 Have lived and died  
 Are haunted houses"—

Especially by moonlight.

\* \* \*

O strong hands, so long dust! O stout hearts, so many years at home with God! we would fain wave the mists of time aside and get a clearer view of your far-off past! But we can only guess you lived and loved, suffered, hoped and toiled, as men do still.

You peaceful pioneers! we can see you gathered round the glowing logs in those genial fireplaces at Terryberry's, spinning your hunting yarns and war stories at your ease, undisturbed by the marital telephone darling at



your ears. A manly, stalwart race, you—unspoil't by riches, unwithered by self-feeder stoves and flat pies. Your faces, mayhap, were scorching at that glorious blaze, while your backs were cold; but, O pioneers! they were straight, not yet hunched up like a racoon on the trot, as the coming race will be from the "scorching" of to-day!

\* \* \*

Perhaps you missed much by living too soon, but we hope that such a share of health and freedom was yours in those fresh, strong young days, so full of action, as almost to make up for having ante-dated the X-rays, the electric button, and the Local Council of Women. Lucky pioneers!

All honor to the memory of these early settlers of our land, the youthful, sinewy race, who bore not only the brunt of danger and hardships of life, past our comprehension, but fought and bled and died for their country in her hour of need! May their dreamless sleep be sweet to them in their scattered and forgotten graves, until

Still with sound of trumpet  
Far, far off the daybreak call—  
Hark! How loud and clear I hear it  
wind,  
Swift! to the head of the army!  
Swift! spring to your places,  
Pioneers! O, Pioneers!

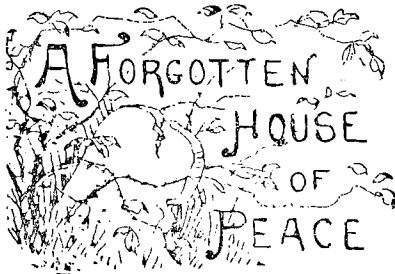
—Whitman.

—ALMA DICK LAUDER.



## CHAPTER VIII

### A FORGOTTEN HOUSE OF PEACE



Rest, rest, a perfect rest,  
Shed over brow and breast:  
Rest, rest at the heart's core  
Till time shall cease;  
Sleep that no pain shall wake:  
Night that no morn shall break  
Till joy shall overtake  
Their perfect peace.

—Christina Rossetl.

If there's a dear spot in Erin, as the song says, there is also a pathetic little spot in Barton of which few have ever heard, and fewer still would care anything about. It is so old now, so lonely, so unthought of, and uncared for, so off the beaten track, and the inhabitants have dwelt therein silently through such long years of waiting that it is little wonder they hold no place or part in the thoughts of the younger generations, who, without them, had never been.

There is such a thing as going through the world with one eye in a sling, so to speak, and the other half shut, and in this way missing a big share of the fun, and the battle, and the beauty, and the pathos, and the common objects of the country, as we go. Hundreds of people in a year pass over the mountain road through Barton, quite unaware of the fact that it is leading them in the early footsteps of Indians, Jesuits, pioneer settlers, and the soldiers of King George, through one of the most interesting and historic parts of Canada.

The cruel Iroquois nation from the

States, who depopulated Canada in old Indian days, when Fort Orange, on the present site of Albany-on-the-Hudson, was the one and only trading post between Montreal and New Amsterdam (New York), no doubt pursued their victories along this trail, following it through where Ancaster came in later times, to where it turns up to Fiddlers' Green, and so passes onward to the Grand river.

\* \* \*

The noble Jesuits passed to and fro by it, with their lives in their hands, carrying their spiritual warfare, under a commission generally sealed, sooner or later, with their blood, into the midst of the filthy aborigines. But, as Kipling says, "that is another story," and the time we want to speak of was of later date, being in the days already mentioned elsewhere, when the first settlers had carved themselves out new homes in the forest near where Barton (old) church now stands.

The three strong men from Pennsylvania, spoken of elsewhere, who left Washington at the height of his glory, and journeyed northward through the wilds, because they preferred to live under British institutions, were newly come here and formed the nucleus of a vigorous settlement by-and-bye. The crop that never fails under any possible circumstances began to spring up around the parent tree, so one of the most apparent needs of the settlement became a schoolhouse, and this we can picture being supplied out of the virgin forest in about 24 hours, old time, by a bee.

Christians, apparently, did not hate one another so well in those primitive days as they do now, and, probably, Episcopalians could speak of a Scotch church without calling it "a Presbyterian place of worship," with a supercilious sniff, as a lanky, low-browed curate did lately in our hearing; so this new school house was used for the minds of the children, on week days,

and the benefit of everybody's soul on Sundays. This was away along about the year of grace 1790. In later days they found leisure and ambition to build them a real church, but not for a good many years. Then another bee hummed, and the first Barton church arose, standing back in what is now the burial-ground, considerably behind the present deserted building, which replaced it, we believe, about '49 or '50.

bushes on the knoll which marks the desolate spot. A high fence and about three acres of Barton clay, in a state of liquidation, had to be crawled over and waded through in the first place, but mud is a mere circumstance when interest is aroused and antiquity the goal. A more eerie spot seen on that dusky afternoon could not well be imagined. All the tints were brown and sere, and all the tones were sad and in a minor key. The wind moaned through



IN THE DESERTED GRAVEYARD.

This is a digression, but long before a church was thought of, or at least built, "that dark mother, always gliding near with soft feet," had found out this settlement in the woods, and the people had remembered how to die, and thus there comes to be with us to this day that little quaint God's acre on the grassy hillock, which so many pass, but few suspect contains immortal seed.

\* \* \*

A great soft mass of blue-black rain cloud was spreading itself all over the west, and making the dark November day darker, when we reached the cross-roads just beyond the church, and saw before us in the distance the clump of

the thicket, and the field round about looked as if it had been weeping for its own ugliness, for the tears stood all over its wet brown face in puddles and runnels, while the distance became blurred by splashes of rain, blowing along slowly from the west.

Being naturally honest, however rich, we paused to remove as much as possible of the good man's farm from our boots, with the aid of a stick, and then pushed aside the branches and stood, feeling rather awe-struck, within this ancient city of the dead.

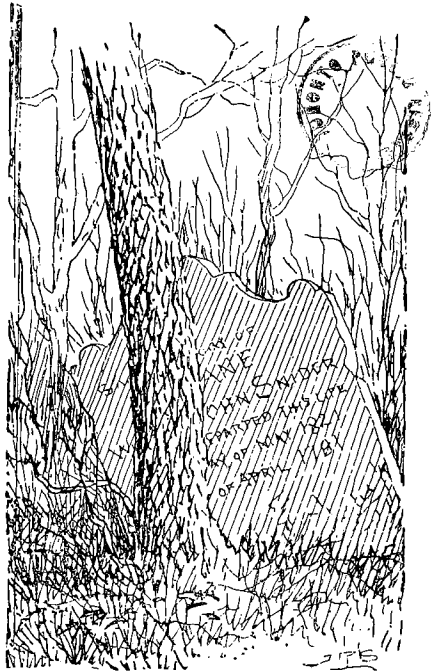
It is now the one wooded part, where it evidently once was the only cleared space, in a circle of woods. The trees and bushes have grown up so thickly

that only by getting down on hands and knees can the few remaining headstones be deciphered. The bushes scratched and clawed mysteriously, as if they resented any intrusive prying into the treasure they have guarded night and day so well. The ground is here all humps and hollows, and suggests the idea that one is treading on sunken graves, which is no doubt the case, as here and there crops up a tottering headstone, half buried in the mould. In the middle of the knoll are three graves, comparatively young and fresh, only 75 years having come and gone since the last of them was carried along the path through the wood, and put here for a good long rest. The lettering on a few, merely initials, is evidently amateur work, cut laboriously by some loving hand, long before marble works arose in the land. It is probable that many a one who lies here never had a tombstone at all, perhaps only a rough bit of granite or a wooden headboard.

Tombstones, like flax shirts, were of home manufacture in those times. Three, there to be seen, one of which has fallen, certainly answer to that description, being plain slabs of Canadian granite, roughly hewn into a shape at the top, and all bearing, for inscription, two letters only. No dates, no hopes for the future, or regrets for the lost, merely on the fallen one a plainly cut M. R., and on the two remaining upright, though tottering, S. R., and again M. R.

\* \* \*

How we should like to raise a corner of that curtain of oblivion and see the simple ceremony with which the one tired first was put away to sleep sound in that new bed, by the hand of the "strong deliveress," as the master poet of the days to be, calls death—an old man, by chance, it was, soon defeated in his wrestle with those strong young days, and pleased and willing to hear his curfew ring; or may be there was a heart-break there, healed long since; and perhaps there was put in the ground that day a wee, wee box, a tiny coffin, so rough without, so tenderly soft within, torn from the arms of some Rachel weeping, with the secret, endless, ever-springing tears, such as the mothers of dead babies only know. Can't we see her still, away back through all the years, by the light of her own feeble home-made candle, as she stands in the doorway of her log home, looking out into the night, down



A TREE GROWING OUT OF A GRAVE.

through which the rain falls drearily, and each drop as it patters on the leaves, smites the wounded heart, and the sorrow gushes forth afresh of her little "golden son" sleeping alone there, out in the dismal forest, while her breast is so soft, and her arms so empty! Poor Rachel! She has long been comforted!

\* \* \*

The ancient family of Hess appear to be well represented in the silent house of assembly. Many can still remember their farm house as being one of the old land marks, trodden down by the march of "improvement" within comparatively recent years. It stood, still flanked by some gnarled stragglers of its old orchard, on King street west, between Queen and Caroline streets, where a trim new row now makes a bad apology for its departed quaintness.

Here, in this old burial place, lies the dust of the first arrival of the handsome, well-known Rousseau family, one of the makers of Ancaster. As his name tells, he was a Frenchman, and emigrating from France after the revolution of 1793, finally

drifted to Ancaster, where his descendants to the fifth generation still reside. He died previous to the war of 1812, and the fact of his body being taken from Ancaster all the way to the burial place in Barton, proves conclusively that it was the first, and for many years the only, house of peace in these parts. The adjacent graves of the Hess's recall an interesting circumstance concerning these two families. It appears that "Monsieur" Rousseau,



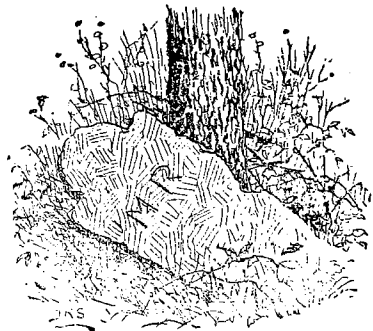
A PREHISTORIC TOMBSTONE.

at the time of his death, owned a very considerable amount of real estate in, or rather, near, the village of Hamilton, which in those days was not thought much more valuable than real estate in Ancaster would be to-day. In his will he, very unfortunately, left his widow full control of his property. She, as might have been expected, made a calamitous hash of the things committed to her charge, regardless of the interests of her husband's heirs, against whose wishes she caused to be sold 200 acres of the estate, a strip of land extending from Charles street to where the present Hess street stands, and on the north to the bay, to one Jacob Hess, who appeared to be as wide-awake to his own interests, as the previous Mr. Jacob, with whose business transactions we were all early made familiar. The story goes that long after the mismanaging widow had been gathered to her departed husband, and stowed safely away at his side on the grassy hillock, the heirs of a later day attempted to prove a flaw, and recover their property, now passed into various hands. However, afte-

considerable litigation, conducted for them by John Hilyard Cameron, and after a large sum of money had been already expended on examining the will and other law preliminaries, the heirs decided to let well alone, and the claim was abandoned. Thus, as the one-who-knew-everything tells us, the evil that men (and women) do, lives after them; but we hope sincerely the poor old dame is not getting "het shins for't the day," for having proved herself an unjust steward, minus his astuteness. It would be hard to hear the mistakes and false steps of a lifetime commented on by injured descendants, over one's head, when it had been lying low some eighty years, under the dark leaves and ever-encroaching bushes of that burial mound.

\* \* \*

This old-time place, so full of nameless graves, those ships that have gone down in the night, leaving no trace behind, fastens itself on one as sad and pathetic in the last degree. Far more belittling to human vanity than any amount of meditation among modern tombs. No display of costly marbles or lying epitaphs here; nothing but the rotting leaves and bare, damp boughs, black against the autumn sky, to come between us, and this gaunt reality of life and death, that bugbear at which

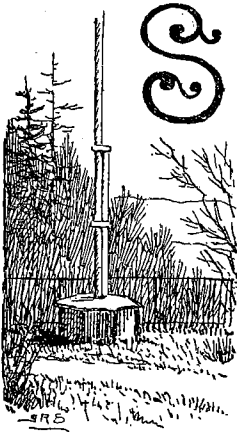


we squirm and shrivel, and cry out in fear, while Nurse Nature only smiles, pointing to the wintry branches overhead, where she has long been busy, fastening on the chrysalis leaves, ready painted in delicate and wondrous hues, and now wrapped up closely, tenderly as a dead babe, and gummed so firm and so secure, to sleep, in warmth and safety, till the spring's sweet kiss shall call them forth to light and beauty.

ALMA DICK LAUDER.

## CHAPTER IX

### HISTORIC HOMES ON THE MOUNTAIN



SOME people will know the location of the flag-staff shown in this initial scene; other people will not. Without intending at all to advertise a place which has, sad to say, been turned into a money-making spot, it would be a good thing for the reputation of Hamilton, if not only all her own people, but all the strangers who come within her gates, could be able to climb the mountain and view the valley and surrounding hills from the point of observation around the flag-pole. It is at the northwest point of the Chedoke park property, and right alongside of it one gazes down a precipice over which it would be death to tumble, for it drops into the bed of the Chedoke falls basin, where huge boulders lie moss-covered and water-washed, and where the vegetation of an almost natural wilderness flourishes all season long. To the north and west, away across the valley of the marsh and bay, tower the hills of Flamboro, taking on hues of all colors as the summer season advances and the crops along their fertile sides ripen. To the west nestles Dundas, and to the east the city lies. The flag-pole has been there many a long year, as has also the residence, built by a Great Western railway magnate for his own private use. It was a bold conceit, the building of that fine house up there on the mountain's edge, and it meant the expenditure of a great deal of money, but those were the days when money was

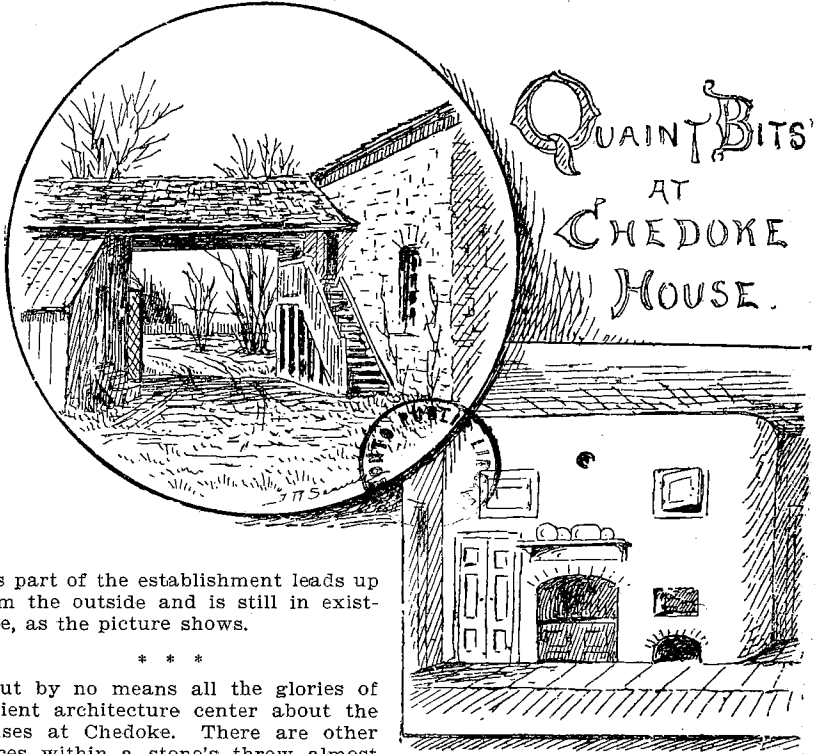
more easily made than now, and there were fewer ways of spending it. Throughout the residence was built in fine style, and there are some bits of interior there antique enough to be almost curious.

\* \* \*

In the day when that house was built there were no numerous bakeshops, no grand hotels, and few of the conveniences known in this day around the city. For this reason there was built in the Chedoke house a great kitchen and bake room. The artist shows the picture of the bake oven. There on the hot bricks the bread was baked and browned and in the great cavity behind the two doors above the smoking of hams and other meats was done. The floor in front of the bake ovens is made of great slabs of stone, and close by in the room is a pump running down into a spring of the finest clear, cold water. On the other side of the room is a dresser. Not one of the small pieces of furniture that we know in this day, but one of the old kind that takes up nearly the whole space of the side wall and reaches almost to the ceiling.

\* \* \*

The grounds up there simply abound with old buildings. There was room enough and seemed to be money enough for every department of the establishment to be under a separate roof. The chickens, the pigs, the horses and all the other animals had homes of their own and all separate. Nor were they poorly constructed places either, all being well enough built to have served as habitations for human beings. They had a chapel there too; at least it was a chapel when it wasn't something else. Billiard tables are said to have found a home in it, and the floor was too good a one to be left idle when the sound of music was heard and the young people wanted to dance. The stairway to



this part of the establishment leads up from the outside and is still in existence, as the picture shows.

\* \* \*

But by no means all the glories of ancient architecture center about the houses at Chedoke. There are other places within a stone's throw almost that are much more picturesque and beautiful. The old family home of the Buchanans is one of these set in the midst of a grand old grove of trees and looking quaint and beautiful as one approaches it. It cannot be called the house of seven gables, but it nearly approaches it, there being five along its front. From the outside one begins to feel the spell of the gothic in architecture, and once in the house the impression is soon firmly fixed that when he had the house built Hon. Isaac Buchanan was in everything a disciple of the old European style. There does not seem to be a thing in the place in which it was possible at all to make a curve that is not curved, and with the Gothic curve, too. Fire places, window arches, windows, doors and even ceiling decorations are all the same and the impression is more pleasing than otherwise.

\* \* \*

Hon. Isaac Buchanan, whose name and memory are so closely linked to the past history of Hamilton, is dead—long since gathered to his fathers.

His good wife, who endeared herself to countless numbers of persons in her life time, has also gone to her reward, and for many years now the old Buchanan homestead has been that in name only. Auchmar they called the house and Clairmont park distinguished the cool, shady grove surrounding the house. The whole place was vacant for several years after the Buchanan family moved into the city, and then a cultured English gentleman named Capt. Trigg became its owner. He has had repairs made, and while he remains there it is sure that the olden time beauty of the place will remain.

\* \* \*

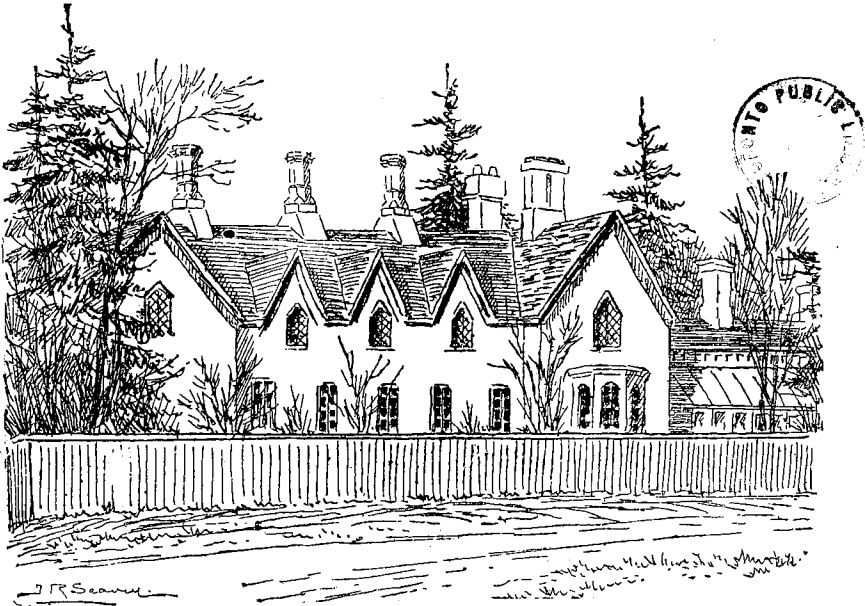
Almost the first thing that is calculated to impress one when approaching Clairmont park is the massive stone wall surrounding the grounds. From a distance it gives the impression of a little walled fort. And, strangely enough, in the whole wall there is not an angle, every change in direction being arrived at by a graceful curve, which, though it wast-

ed ground space, greatly added to the general beauty of the place. In keeping with the massive wall surrounding the grounds, there is not an entrance to the house, either by window or door that is not securely guarded by iron bars, which, in this day, give one the idea of a prison, but which, no doubt, at the time the house was built, were regarded as quite the proper thing in the line of safety. It was

and gold ornamentation. Across the hallway from this is the ball room. Capt. Trigg does not use this room as a ball room any more. It has become his preaching room, and for a considerable time he held religious service there every Sunday.

\* \* \*

The same scale of magnificence that marks the arrangement of everything



THE BUCHANAN HOMESTEAD.

all right then; it looks strange now. The eastern entrance to the house is next the conservatory, and the visitor is at once ushered into a most cathedral-like main hallway running the full length of the house, east and west, from the conservatory at one end to the reception and ball room at the other, making a full distance of perhaps 80 feet. The hall is cathedral-like because its ceiling is Gothic. Nor is it gloomy, as one might imagine. The effect is not gloom; it is something different—a dim, religious light.

\* \* \*

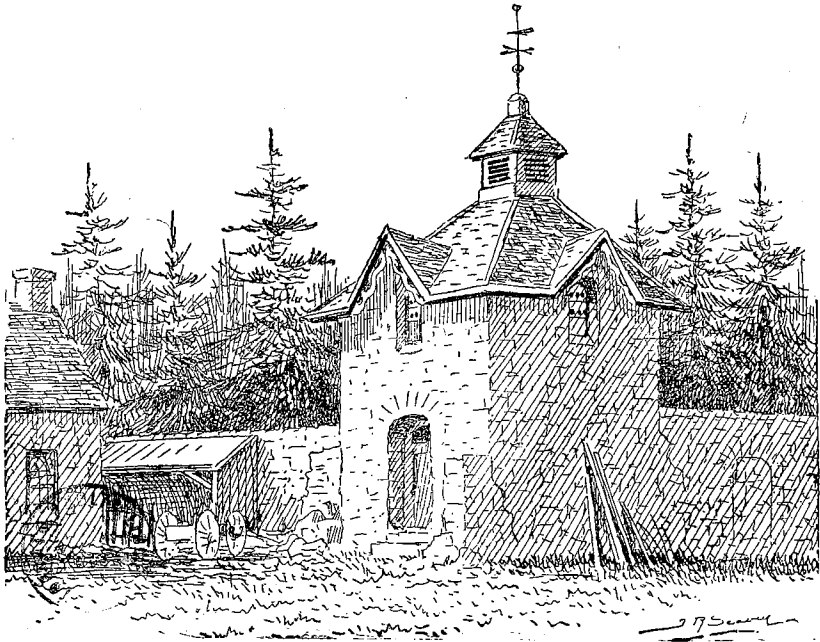
At the western end of the hall is the reception room, and a beautiful room it is, with its great windows opening out on the grounds, its curiously carved window arches and its rich white

on the upper floors applies to the basement, which, as Capt. Trigg says, is roomy enough to hide a whole regiment of soldiers and still have space for more. There are great vaults and roomy store rooms beneath the whole house, and the construction work down there is on a par with that in every other part of the place.

\* \* \*

Hon. Isaac Buchanan was a man who was daring in enterprise and as successful as he was daring. Nor did the marks of his individuality cease there. He was peculiar in his unlimited generosity and perhaps no man ever gave more genuine pleasure and enjoyment in the distribution than did he. When he came to Hamilton it was as the partner and Canadian rep-





FOR THE BIRDS AT AUCHMAR.

representative of a great firm of Scotch merchants. He helped to make not only this city, but this country, what it is to-day. His was one of the first voices raised in approval of the G. W. R. enterprise, and he became one of the directors of that road. He was always giving to the churches and religious objects, and his gift of a thousand pounds for the establishment of branches of the Free Church of Scotland in Canada will be long remembered. In 1837 he was a prominent figure in the quelling of the Mackenzie rebellion, and for several years he represented Hamilton in the house of parliament. His last appearance in political life was in 1865, when he was opposed by Major McElroy. The election continued two days and the voting was open. At the close of the poll on the second day Mr. Buchanan was ahead by 14 votes and a protest was entered. Before anything was done in it, however, he resigned and retired to private life. It was at the close of election campaigns that Auchmar was best known by the people, for then it was that Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan were to be seen at their best, receiving their friends and mak-

ing them happy. Many has been the reception to his constituents held in the park grounds, and many has been the cheer sent up from the throats of the hundreds of people gathered for the success of the man they all loved and honored.

\* \* \*

Nor has Auchmar been limited as to guests to the plebeian class, if that term will be allowed in this age of democracy. On many an occasion has its solid walls sheltered and its charming host and hostess entertained the great men and women of the old world. Lord Monck, Col. Lord Russell, Sir Francis Hincks, Sir Geo. E. Cartier and many another such have been honored guests in the now old house at different times, while Sir John A. Macdonald was a frequent visitor there. Nor is this all, for it is said that during the time immediately following the unfortunate Ridgeway affair the wounded men, who happened to come that way, were taken in and sheltered, and during the time the regulars were stationed in the city the officers had no better entertainers than the master and mistress of Auchmar. The master

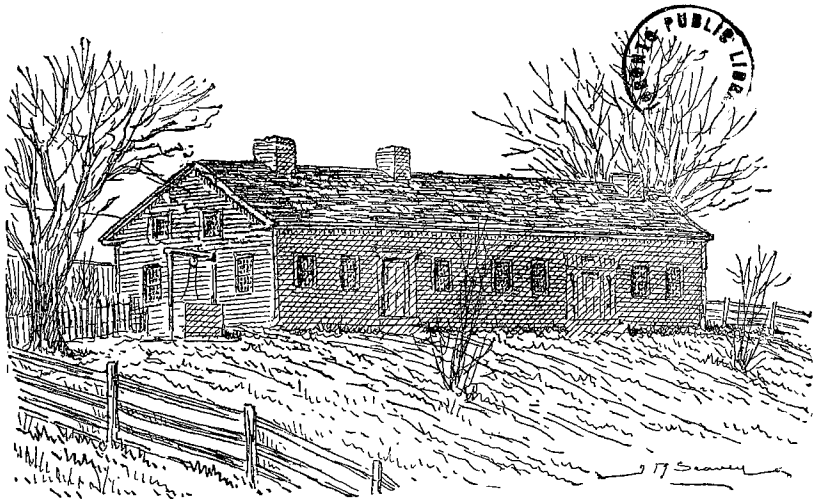
died on Oct. 1, 1883, but his name lives after him.

\* \* \*

Away back of the Buchanan homestead, several concessions south, there is an old, weather-beaten frame building which is best known as the Rymal homestead and which marks the birth-place of Honest Joe, whose name is as well known in county politics as the alphabet to the school children. The old place stands on a hill and overlooks broad acres of fertile rolling land on all sides. Old Jacob Rymal, the builder of the place, came to this country in the very early years of the present century, and he was of sturdy United Empire Loyalist stock. The first house he lived in was one of the original log dwellings of which so few are left. Then as things prospered he built the frame clapboard structure. Beyond the fact that the house was the home

of Honest Joe, it is famous for but one thing. Grandfather Jacob Rymal and William Lyon Mackenzie were fellow members of the Upper Canada house of parliament and friends. At the time when Mackenzie started his famous rebellion in Toronto in 1837 the Rymal house came into some prominence. When William Lyon was beaten at Toronto and had to run for his life, he came through the woods to the house of his friend, Jacob Rymal. There he was sheltered for an hour or two and furnished with a horse. On this horse he escaped by the old Indian trail road to Niagara and the American side. It is not on record whether he returned the horse or not. Descendants of the Rymal family still occupy the old house, and it looks as if it would continue to be the Rymal homestead for some years to come yet.

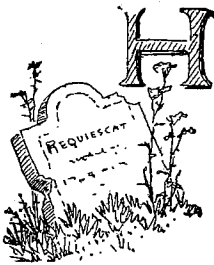
J. E. W.



RYMAL HOMESTEAD.

## CHAPTER X

### ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY



**H**ARDLY would a person go into a burying ground on pleasure bent, and yet that is what artist and writer did in their pleasureable task of delving among ruins. Just a bit tired of the country side and wanting a breathing spell before starting out from the city in other directions for new fields of research, they have taken a day off, and in among the tombs of worthies long since dead have sat them down upon old moss-grown stones to think and muse a while. But not in the modern city of the dead has their leisure hour been spent. Rather where graves have lost all likeness to their former selves; where tablets lie about in rare confusion, not one among a score serving its proper office, marking the spot particular where this or that one lies; and where the careless hand of time, unchecked, has done its wrecking work, making the former well-kept ground a wilderness where none would go of choice, save those who love the night and deeds of darkness.

\* \* \*

And this spot lies within the city limits, out on the King street road, as it dips into the deep ravine of the Dundas marsh to the west. It is the old Roman Catholic burying ground, first used about the year 1850, and left to ruin and decay in 1875, just 21 years ago. Those years have done their work of mischief with the place, and it is to-day all over just what the picture shows it in a single spot. Many a stone lies broken on the ground, many a grave is sunken in. Some of the bodies have been taken to the newer cemetery across the bay; others are there still, as if no friend

were left alive among their kin to care for human clay. For years the clergy of the Roman Catholic church have tried to impress upon their people that these bodies should be removed, but still some are there in spite of pleas and protestations. The place is no longer guarded, fences are down and vandal hands have aided in the general work.

The picture shows a vault—the only one—its side walls crumbling in, its door of iron bars loose, hanging on its hinges and from above its portal a nameplate gone. It was the last long resting place of the Larkin family, but since its dead have been removed its purpose seems to be to serve the ends of vagrants, thieves and others, fearful not of spirits, man or Deity. More than one criminal has found refuge in its long, narrow cells where once has lain a body, stilled in death; more than one vagrant tramp has sought its shelter in the storms of winter, glad enough of even such a hiding place from the cutting, chilling blast.

\* \* \*

Thanks to the good records kept, it is not a trying task to tell all about the burial places of the Roman Catholics of the city. The books go back to 1838, and from then on till about 1850 it will be a surprise to many to know that the dead found their last resting-place beneath St. Mary's cathedral. Not so very long ago a great pile of bones was taken from the ground in excavating a furnace cellar in the basement, and they were reinterred with reverential care in another spot. In 1849 Bishop Gordon, of the cathedral, began an agitation for a cemetery ground, and the record says that on the day of Aug. 19, 1849, he called together the following influential members of his congregation to deal with the matter: J. G. Larkin, Timothy Murphy, Donald Stuart, J. L. Egan, C. J. Tracey, Maurice Fitzpatrick, Wm.



OLD BARTON STONE CHURCH.

Harris, Charles Warmall, Timothy Brick, T. Clohecy, John O'Grady, Dennis Nelligan, Thomas Beatty, Neal Campbell and S. McCurdy. These men were constituted a cemetery committee, and, not coming to any satisfactory agreement with the City council for the purchase of a part of the general cemetery ground, they purchased the King street site from Richard Blackwell. The record goes on and tells of all the interments, with very full description of each person buried. It was then the beginning of cholera time and page after page is filled with names of victims of the dread scourge. Those were the days when doctors' certificates were not required in cases of death, and in many a case the cause of death is recorded in the book "unknown." Judging from the large number of cases recorded "smothered," it looks as if the day of "heart disease" recording had not arrived. In 1874 the cemetery had served its time and a new one was opened across the bay—one of the prettiest and best equipped to be found anywhere. The church still owns the King street ground, but has no use for it. It is

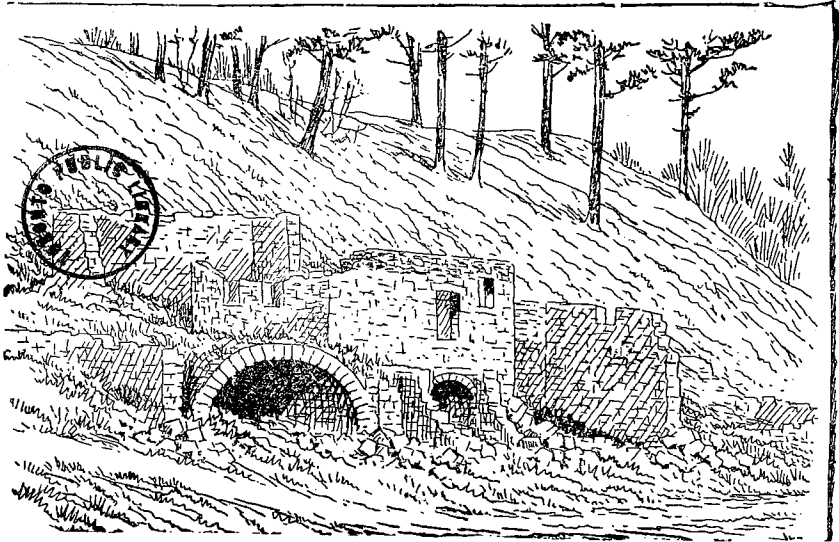
for sale, and the day may yet come when the plow will remove all trace of grave and monument, and garden stuffs will grow where grave grass once did flourish.

\* \* \*

Writing of burying grounds and their surroundings, there is another one worth considering quite near the city on the mountain top. It is the old Barton stone church premises on the back road over the mountain. Both church and burying ground are historic in their way. At the time the church was built, somewhere about 1822, the road on which it was situated was the main highway of the county from Ancaster way to Niagara Falls. Over that road in even earlier years the Indians had traveled, it being, in fact, the original Indian trail. Staunch U. E. Loyalist families, including the Muirheads, Bonds, Kerns, Fillmans, Frenchs, Gourlays and others had settled about this place, and they conceived the idea of building a meeting-house for themselves. They clubbed together and held building bees. In this way the stone was quarried, hauled, put in place and the church edifice

built. At that time the now aged and revered Canon Bull, of Niagara Falls, was a student at college, and Dean Geddes was in office in the city below the mountain brow. The then new church became a part of his charge and for some time he supplied its pulpit. Then Canon Bull was ordained for the priesthood of the church, and this became his charge. There was nothing very remarkable about the history of the place. The little ones—now the men and women

cemetery around it is well filled with graves and the headstones tell of lives passed out into the great eternity both years ago and in recent dates. Amongst the most ancient are the Fillman plot, 1822, and the French plot, 1825. An old-fashioned stone fence surrounds the church and cemetery, and the whole place bears the stamp of historic interest. It is a dearly loved spot to all the old residents, and they all still speak with reverence of the old stone church of Barton on the mountain.



THE BREWERY THAT WAS.

\* \* \*

workers of Holy Trinity church—were christened there, they were some of them married there, and others of them were laid beneath the sod there. W. Muirhead, who is one of the few old ones left, remembers the church in its prime. His daughter played the organ and the choir used to meet at his house once a week for practice. Then there came a time when the people began to populate further east, and it was decided to build another church in that direction. This was done and the old church was closed about twenty years ago. To-day its windows are boarded up, its walls are showing the effects of Time's destroying hand, and as each year passes it will become a more and more interesting relic of the days and times that were. The

From a cemetery to a church, and from the church to an old brewery seems a rather peculiar line of succession, but it means nothing. They are all in the relic and ruin line, and today around the old brewery ruin memory is just as sweet and wholesome as it is about the church or cemetery, at least in the minds of some people. The old brewery relic is down in the valley at the junction of Main and King streets in the west end of the city, and it is rapidly disappearing. The ruin is so old that it is a hard matter to get any authentic information as to its inception as a beer manufactory. It has changed hands many times, too, and so far as history goes back, every proprietor seems to have been a German. The place is certain-



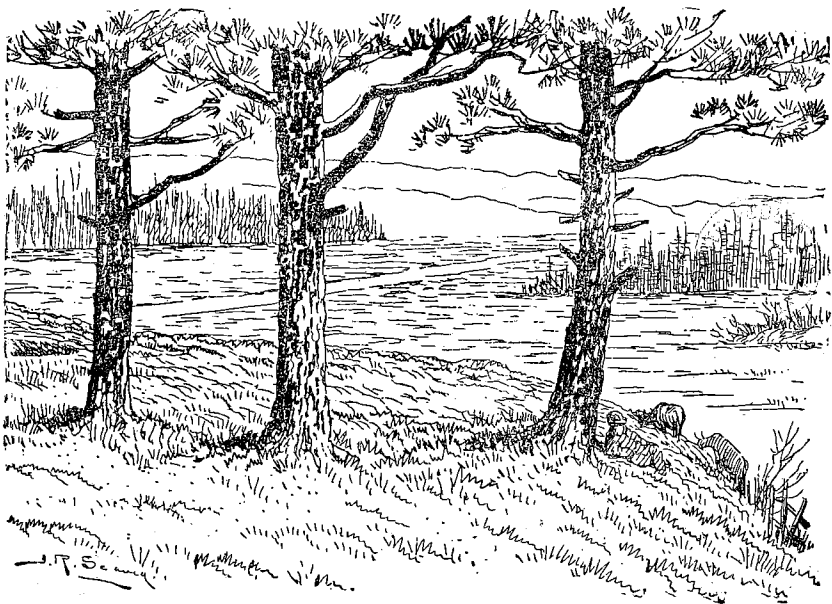


THE OLD R. C. CEMETERY.

ly much over 50 years old, and it was in operation up to within fifteen years ago, John Eyd't being the last proprietor. Twenty-nine years ago the proprietor was Edmund Ekhardt. That was just at the close of the stay of the rifle brigade here, and for two years previous to that time it had been vacant. The quality of the beer made there was such that the place was a regular hangout for the soldiers when off duty. Eckhardt died by an accident, falling from his delivery wagon and breaking his neck. His widow afterward married Archie Coutts, the hackman, being still mistress of his house. The glory of the brewery was its beer. There are men in the city to-day who delight to tell of their experiences up there. When the place was in its prime it was the most popular resort for miles around. The grounds around it were well kept and the proprietor had a large space fixed up as a summer garden. There the young men of the city used to assemble and drink beer that was beer, so they say. They could get half a

gallon of it for 10 cents, and when they finished it they were just as sober and as bright as when they started. It was beer made out of barley and hops, pure and simple, and the people liked it. The entrance to the garden was by a vine-covered arch, and over the arch was a big sign which read, "Positively no beer sold on Sunday." If what the men who patronised the placé say is true, there never was a place in the city before, nor has there been one since, that could equal it. There is little of it left to-day. The picture shows the ruin and in a few years it will all be gone. The ground now belongs to the Pattison estate, and is used as pasture land. The place is said to have been built by a German named Muntzeimer, and among the men who ran it afterward were Messrs. Beck, Schwartz, Schuch, Fletcher, Ekhardt and Eyd't. It is now a pretty ruin and many amateur photographers have taken snap shots of it to add to their collections.

J. E. W.



THE OLD CHOLERA CEMETERY ON THE HEIGHTS.



## CHAPTER XI

### BURLINGTON HEIGHTS

Not anywhere else in or near the city of Hamilton is it at all likely that a more historically gruesome ground can be found than that around Burlington Heights and the Desjardins canal. Nor is it likely that in any other district of similar size hereabouts so much money has been spent. And all this is simply in the tale of the last half century—not going back to the times before Hamilton was. The other day a farmer, plowing in a field on the side of the heights over the canal, unearthed a skeleton. Undoubtedly it was that of an Indian; possibly that of a warrior, and if records only went back far enough the story of the hills might be one of wars and conflicts, of tribe extinctions and horrible butcheries; for the heights have ever been regarded as an unusually fine strategic point, and for that purpose they were undoubtedly used. But their more modern day history is sufficient in itself for a chapter in melancholy and figures, and it can best be started off by a sketch of the canal—that canal which is the God-given right of the Dundas man, and which, from its inception to the present time, he has guarded with the same care he would his purse.

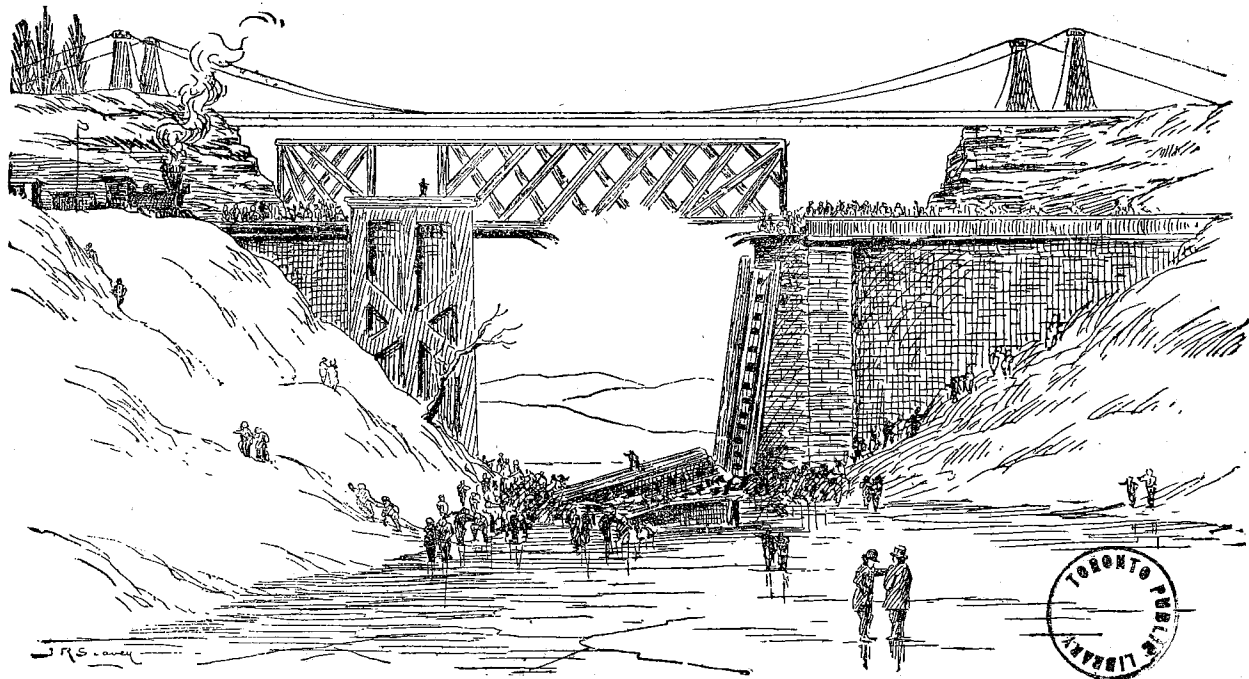
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Somewhere about the year 1816 the government granted a royal charter for the cutting of a channel through the Beach at the lake end of Hamilton bay and another one of the same kind for a canal through Burlington heights and up to the town of Dundas. Those were the days when steam power for general use was a visionary project and when nearly all carrying was done by sailing vessels and canal boats. For that reason the cutting of the Canal to Dundas was a wonderful thing for the town, as it made it the head of navigation and brought all kinds of boats to its very doors, metaphorically speaking. But though

the charter was granted in 1816, the work was not completed in 1832, and when it was done it was in a very different way than appears to-day. Persons traveling out the town line road north of the present canal bridge will have noticed the apparently clear waterway turning north some distance from the present canal outlet. This waterway is crossed by the town line road and further north again by the London division of the Grand Trunk system, and further to the north and east again by the Toronto branch tracks of the same railway. The old waterway, which can readily be traced by its clearness and freedom from the ever-present rushbeds, was the original course of the canal, which found its outlet into the bay at a point behind the Valley Inn and at the place where the Toronto branch tracks run along on the high embankment. Getting into the bay there the channel wound its way due south, being spanned by a swing bridge where the present plains road bridge crosses it, and getting out into deep, clear water past the point of land at Bayview. It was a circuitous, winding way, but the easier way, from an engineering standpoint, there being no great hills to cut through. By this way the commerce of the great lakes came and went to Dundas town, and Dundas town, in consequence, began to feel very much up on itself.

\* \* \*

Next to earthquakes they do say that railway engineering and buildings are the best medium for changing the topography of a country. People in Hamilton will readily admit that the building of railways about and in this city has done a wonderful lot to make differences in the looks of things, and the same can truthfully be said of the Burlington heights region. In the early days of the winding Dundas canal there were no railways. Had there been it is not likely there ever



THE DESJARDINS BRIDGE DISASTER—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.  
This picture shows the old Suspension Bridge which was blown down in August, 1857.

would have been a canal. But there were no railways, and the canal was, and so long as the railways stayed away Dundas and the canal had their inning. When the railway came it was different. This was in the beginning of the fifties, and the railway in prospect was the Great Western. It wanted to get into the city of Hamilton and the city wanted it to come. These two things being so, nothing like an old canal outlet was going to make any difference. The picturesque turning, winding channel must be blocked. Railway engineers figured that it would be cheaper to close up the old outlet than bridge it, even if it was necessary that a new outlet should be cut, just the canal width at some other point through the hill. With this end in view negotiations were commenced with the canal company. The proposition was that the railway was to be allowed to fill in the old outlet and cut a new one, which would make the canal passage very much shorter (the present outlet). For shortening up the artificial waterway the railway received no less than \$65,000 from the canal company, and this was merely a small part of the amount required to finish the work. Figures are not obtainable as to the actual cost of filling in the ravine and old outlet of the old canal and making the new canal, but it must have been enormous. It is known and remembered that the fill-in of the old canal bed was a long and tedious work, the marsh being extremely absorbent just there, taking in all kinds of things and still showing nothing for it.

\* \* \*

Then it was that the face of nature around the heights began to change. The railway ran along the east side of the hills and on the top was the King's highway. At the new canal outlet the canal company built a bridge on the high level, one long suspension span, a picture of which is shown with this article. The railway company, too, built a bridge at a much lower level—a swing bridge, so as to allow vessels to pass through the canal to the metropolis—Dundas. This was about the year 1853, and it was from this time that the day of Dundas began to decline. With the railway it was easier, and in the end cheaper, to do shipping from Hamilton, and the swing bridge at the canal making it incon-

venient at times for vessels to get into the canal, they gradually came to make Hamilton their stopping point. Of course, Dundas people did not like this, but there did not seem to be any way for them to stop it. However, there came a day when, so it was said, they saw a chance to have their revenge on both railway and city in an indirect way. In 1857, during a high wind storm, one August night, the high level suspension bridge across the canal was blown down. Then to get into Hamilton it was necessary to drive around by Dundas, and the Dundas people were not slow to see that if the farmers could be persuaded in some way to come there instead of to Hamilton it would be a good thing for them. They had to rebuild the high level bridge, but they did it in such a way, and after it was built kept it in such state of repair that people had no vivid hankering for driving over it. This was the argument used in court when the Hamilton and Milton Road company went to law with the canal company, and there were many people who believed it.

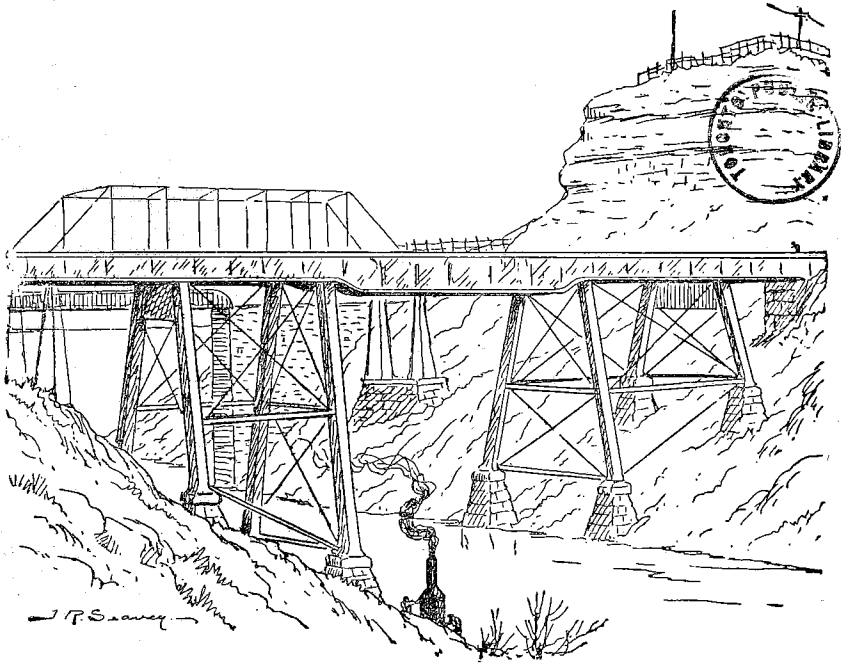
The legal action arose in this way: The toll road company, using the high level road and bridge, discovered that owing to the bad condition the bridge was in it was losing business, farmers going around by Dundas. The canal company did not seem anxious to make the necessary repairs and finally, after a long continued argument, the toll company purchased and secured privileges over land along the east of the hill. Its intention was to make a new road there, cross the canal with a low level, permanent bridge and go around the heights to the north on either side. In fact the work progressed to the bridge before any opposition came, and then the canal people kicked. An injunction was secured and the work stopped while the matter was fought out in the courts. It was said that the Great Western railway people had combined with the toll road company and advanced \$15,000 to defend the toll company's action, it being understood that the railway hoped, by the success of the toll company in getting a permanent bridge across to do away with its swing bridge, which was a nuisance, and substitute a permanent one. But the time was not just then ripe, and the canal company won its case, the toll road company being ordered for

the time being to stop its low level bridge work. This was in 1871.

The low level bridge work, however, was far enough completed to allow traffic over it, and traffic there was, as two men, at least, have every reason to know. The structure was of wood and close to the railway bridge. It was a shaky affair at best, and in crossing one had to drive most carefully. On March 16, 1874, two men

ceased to be the promenade of masted vessels of merchandise. And this brings ordinary history to present date, though even now they will not leave things as they are, and by the coming of the T., H. and B. another high level road bridge is to come, while a second low level railroad bridge takes its place.

But there is another history of the bridges. It is told in the issue of the



THE NEW T. H. & B. BRIDGE OVER THE CANAL—THE PRESENT ROAD BRIDGE AND G. T. R. BRIDGE IN THE BACKGROUND.

from Carlisle, John Moore and Francis Gray, had been in the city with loads of wood. Driving down the hill on their return with their heavy wagons they went onto and through the frail bridge structure, landing in the canal. Three of the horses were drowned and the fourth had to be shot. The men were not seriously hurt. In the same year, by act of parliament, the road company was allowed to cross the canal by a low level, permanent bridge and the old high level bridge was torn down soon afterward. Of course, a permanent railway bridge followed, and from that day the canal

Spectator for March 13, 1857. On March 12 of that year, early in the evening, the train on the Great Western, Toronto branch, went through the bridge and down into the canal, which was covered with a two-foot coat of ice. There were 95 persons on the train, and of that number at least 60 were either killed, drowned or died shortly afterward from injuries received. It was an appalling railway horror, and so far as the evidence went before the coroner's jury there seemed to be no one to directly blame. As nearly as can be made out the engine left the track just before it

reached the bridge, running into the structure on the ties and breaking it through. A broken axle was said to have been the real cause and the jury blamed no one. So terrible was the accident that people all over America were interested in the details, and Frank Leslie's Illustrated, of April 4 of that year, contained a long illustrated account of it, referring to it as the most awful railway catastrophe the world had at that time ever seen. The letter press of the report was taken from the daily issues of the Spectator, and they vividly describe the fatality in all its harrowing details. The illustration here shown is from a wood cut in the New York weekly. The Coroner's jury was sitting on that accident for over a month, holding sessions one might say daily. On March 22, less than two weeks after the accident, a new bridge was in place, tested and in operation. Following the accident also came the statement that the government intended introducing a bill at the next session of parliament to provide for the inspection of all railways by government engineers. Newspaper reports of the time also state that after the new bridge was put in running order many railway passengers refused to ride over it and the trains were stopped to let those people get out and walk across. Since then there have been several other railway horrors, not on the bridge, but in that vicinity, and for this the locality has become unenviably famous.

\* \* \*

If there is any place about the city where spirits should come from their graves at midnight and flit about in the darkness it is the heights. Just as if the loss of life there by railway horrors was not sufficient, there is a burying ground there—away up on the high

level to the north of the canal. This bleak, barren looking spot is the last resting place of countless cholera victims who died in the city of the dread scourge in the years 1849 and 1854. No drearier spot could be found for a burying ground. Perhaps a dozen fir trees are there; stunted and forlorn looking, their branches sighing in the wind as in keeping with the eternal fitness of things. To the west from the cemetery the marsh lies in the hollow and the snakelike canal shows itself through the rush bed maze. Mists rise from the dead waters in early morning and night and malaria and fever seem to breed there. Not a head stone shows in the cemetery; even the fences are down. "What are these little hills, papa?" asked the Spectator artist's little girl as she jumped from one to another. "They are graves," she was told, and at once she stopped her jumping and was serious. "And what are those holes?" she asked again, pointing to somewhat larger hollows. "They are graves, too," was the reply. "That big hole, too?" she queried again, in wonderment, pointing to a hollow fully fifteen feet square. "Yes." "Oh, papa, nobody ever was as big as that," she replied, incredulous.

Innocent little thing. She did not know that in that dread time though at first the dead wagon came over from the city with one body at a time, the day soon came when they were taken in twos and threes, and finally in cart loads, to be dumped in great holes and covered up. And there the mounds and holes are still, mute references to that awful time when the death-tipped wand of pestilence was held above the city. This, in brief, is the history of the heights, not perhaps complete in detail, but fairly correct in general outline.

J. E. W.

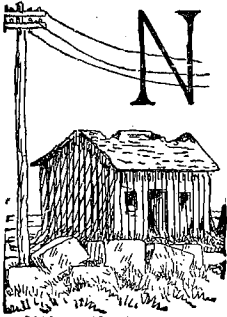
## NORTH OF HAMILTON BAY

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The Valley Inn and the Old Channel Through the Heights.  
✻ Brown's Wharf. ✻ By Medad's Marshy Shores. ✻  
Remains of a Prehistoric Indian Village. ✻ Relics From  
its Ossuaries. ✻ Legends of the Lake.

## CHAPTER XII

### NORTH OF HAMILTON BAY



NOTHING can be truer than this, that in the history of the inanimate as well as animate, the phrase holds good, "Each gives place to each." There never was anything so good but that something better was born to supersede it. It is this condition that causes ruins, and the point is so happily illustrated in the scene of the initial letter. It is the heights north of the canal mouth as it appeared not long ago. The old frame building in the back ground was once the home of a man who is now living in a city residence much more pretentious; the pile of stone blocks in the foreground is all that is left of the old suspension bridge so much talked of. They were the anchor stones of one of the cables. There are better ways of building bridges now, and men have laid the piers deep in the rock on either side of the cut and erected a newer, more modern piece of bridge construction. But one other evidence of the old days remains there. That is the telegraph poles and wires, the latter strung across the chasm, and at that point ever humming mournfully, no matter how zephyr-like the breeze may be elsewhere.

\* \* \*

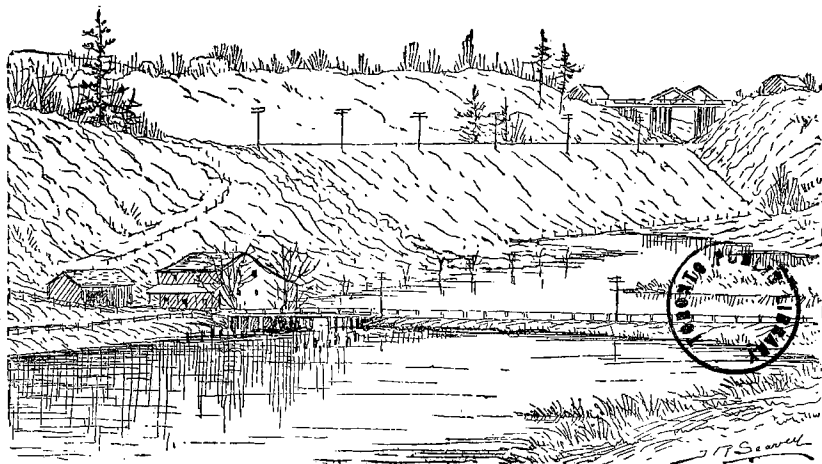
When this man was a small boy he was like nearly every other small boy—most heartily fond of exploration. Around the home of his childhood were innumerable creeks and streams, some navigable on an inch plank, others only by bare legs. Those creeks and streams led somewhere, and into the heart of great shady forests this man would wade till he found the place

where the water came from, bubbling perhaps from some natural spring or leaking out in a hundred places from some broad marsh land.

That same spirit of exploration came over this man when first he saw that arm of Hamilton bay, leading up through dense rush beds, past the Valley Inn, spanned by two bridges and losing itself somewhere away northeast between the hills. One knows it must come from somewhere, and that it is not mere stagnant bay water, wandered up the valley and lost. It has a current, which the open water-way through the rush bed shows, and the current must have a starting point. But inviting and beautiful as that place is now in summer, it was a veritable paradise for the exploring youngster many years ago, before the old canal mouth was closed up and the railway ran across there. In those days there were two ways to go. If one did not care for the northeast trip he could turn northwest and find himself in the maze of the great Dundas marsh, shut in all about by the giant hills. Now the railway fill spans that gap, and though the open water-way leading past the Valley Inn has never become weed-choked, it leads but to the steep bank of the fill-in. It is a peaceful looking little place, that Valley Inn, nestling at the water's edge in the valley, just at the junction of all traveled roads, and there is a good deal of what is known as that sweet calm in the lives of its inhabitants.

\* \* \*

There are two ways of describing locations in the country north and west of Hamilton. Either a place is on the hill or in the valley; there is nothing on the flat, because there is no flat, speaking topographically of the land. The heights, where the winds blow, the vales, where streams flow, and you have it all. And if it is a mill of any sort that has to be lo-



AT THE VALLEY INN.

cated the water-fed valley is sure to be the spot. All the valleys have their distinctive names, and one of them, north of the bay, is called Applegarth's hollow. Applegarth may have owned a few hills as well, but they do not christen the hills. This hollow, of course, has its stream (perhaps it is the stream that runs into the bay past the Valley Inn), and it also has its mill. That mill is one of the most picturesque pieces of ruin to be found anywhere about the country. It was built some time long enough ago to have had several owners and pass into the ruin stage some ten or twelve years ago. Its stone walls are actually falling to pieces, and yet inside there is a full and complete milling plant, looking as if it was waiting for the owner to come along, open the big sluice-gate, let in the rushing stream to turn the big wheel and start it all going. But that will never happen. Its day is done, and a few more years at most will see it a pile of rubbish.

Last spring, when the freshets came, the water rushed in on the great wheel, filled the wheel-pit and out came a great block of stone from the building's side. Another and another followed, and in a few hours the world, or that portion of it that chose to come and look, could see the ponderous wheel through the hole, hanging forlorn-looking and still, save for the water-drip from its paddles. To-day the ice king has the old wheel bound fast, and the wheel-pit is hung with glittering crystals.

John Applegarth, one of the original settlers in that district, built the mill, and for years ran it. Since then it has had several masters, but none better than its first. John Applegarth was known the country over as a white man. He was one of those men not now often found, who, if a man came to him for work, would never turn him away. If he had no work for him to do he would give him a job anyway and start some new work to keep him going. He and his sons had a grocery and bakery in Hamilton, where they disposed of the products of the mill. The family is all scattered now—most of them in California, one in England, and one, a daughter, in Hamilton on a visit. Close by the mill in the valley is a great elm tree. It has three giant trunks, springing from one parent shoot at the ground surface. It knows all the history of the valley, for it was born there. It must know something of the hill-top history, too, for for many years its topmost branches have been kissed by the sunshine before it threw its beams over the hill. The trees are among the most enduring of nature's many short-lived creations and more enduring than man's best effort; if they could but speak!

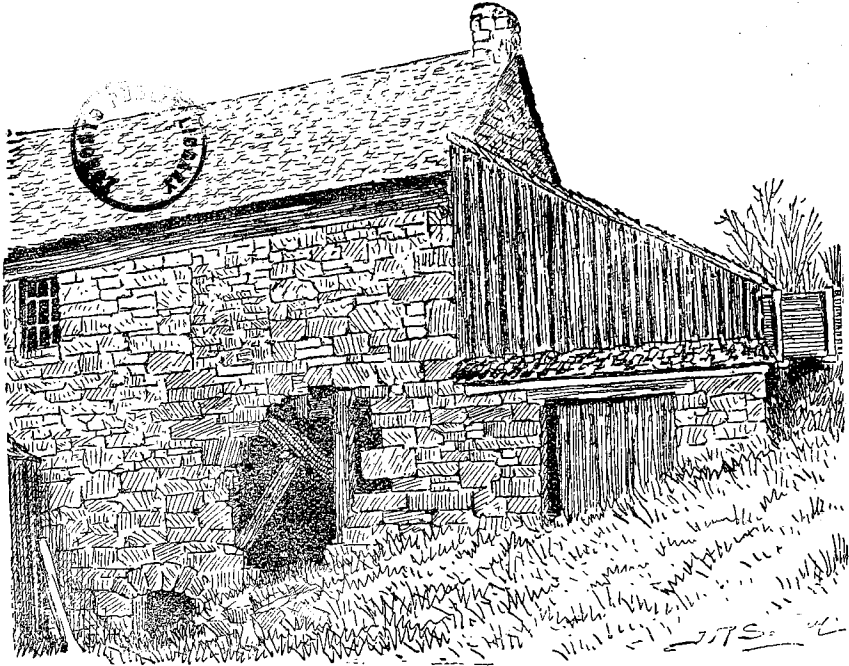
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There is no one who has lived in Hamilton a summer who has not heard of Brown's wharf. If there was nothing else by which it might be identified than a half sunken pile, water washed and weather beaten, it



would still be Brown's wharf, and for the reason that it has a past history. There was a time, not so very many years ago, when the old wharf was a busy place, both winter and summer. It was built somewhere about forty years ago by Alexander Brown, an early settler, and it soon became the shipping point for the whole country north of the bay. Those were the days when the Ontario Navigation

for many men, but the day of coal came and the cutting of wood ceased. The steamers Ocean and Persia were two Hamilton boats which clung to wood for fuel purposes for a longer time than any others. Of course the wharf was a great shipping point. Before the Intercolonial railway was built Sir William Howland's flour mills at Waterdown were supplying a great part of the flour for the maritime prov.



THE OLD APPLGARTH MILL.

company's steamers (now the Richelieu) came to Hamilton. They were the days, too, when all the lake boats burned wood, and as the country around Hamilton was heavily timbered, they shipped much of the fuel here. For years Mr. Brown had a contract with the Richelieu people to supply their boats with fuel, and in one year the contract amounted to 4,500 cords. Other boats wooded up there, too, and 5,000 cords a season was an easy estimate of the amount taken from the old wharf. The farmers worked at the wood in the winter, hauling it to the wharf, where Mr. Brown took charge of it. It meant employment

inches, and it was all shipped by boat from Brown's wharf. Lumber was another article shipped in large quantities, and among the young men who earned a living at that business were the White brothers, one of whom is now Dr. White, of Hamilton. They were lumber measurers in those days, laying foundations for future greatness with measuring sticks in hand. The lumber wagons, drawn by great Clydesdale horses, used to come in trains all the way back of Puslinch township, near Guelph. With the big shipping and the presence of the sailors came that time-honored necessity—a tavern and a bakery. Their pro-

prietors did big business while the boom was on; none when it was over.

To-day the wharf is getting somewhat dilapidated in appearance. It is not out of use entirely, this fall between 15,000 and 20,000 barrels of apples being shipped from there, but it looks as if it had seen better days, which it certainly has. It is a good place for fishing, and that is what it

is mostly used for in these days of its degenerateness. It may have another busy day; it may not. But whatever happens—whether it has a second youth or is washed and beaten to pieces by wind and wave—it will always be known in reality, or as a memory of the past, as Brown's wharf.

J. E. W.



VIEW ALONG THE SHORE OF LAKE MEDAD.

## CHAPTER XIII

BY MEDAD'S MARSHY SHORES



SOME 60 years ago Richard Thomson, one of the old pioneers of East Flamboro, with William Rose, another old resident, announced to his boys, James and Aleck, the Rice boys and the writer, that they would take us to see Lake Medad. So on a fine May morning we started from the front edge of his back clearing, lot 3, fourth concession. On lot 2 we diverged into the forest, and after some delay struck a faint footpath, which could not have been retained long if certain remembered landmarks had not occasionally appeared on the winding path. There was a large tree, whose foundation was on a large rock about five feet high and whose immense roots reached the ground down the sides of the rock. Another further on was our walking through a hollow tree, and lastly striking a spring, the rivulet from which they said was one of the feeders of the lake. On winding up a hemlock ridge we emerged from the woods into a small clearing, the only house visible being a small log one surrounded by fruit trees and occupied by an old colored man named Solomon, who, from the wonderful stories and mysterious doings related to us of him by our guides impressed us boys as being the embodiment of his namesake's wisdom.

Some doubt arose then as to where we should descend a precipitous natural stone cliff that surrounded the lake on that side, and which probably was not more than 30 or 40 feet high, but to our youthful minds was invested with the dignity of a mountain.

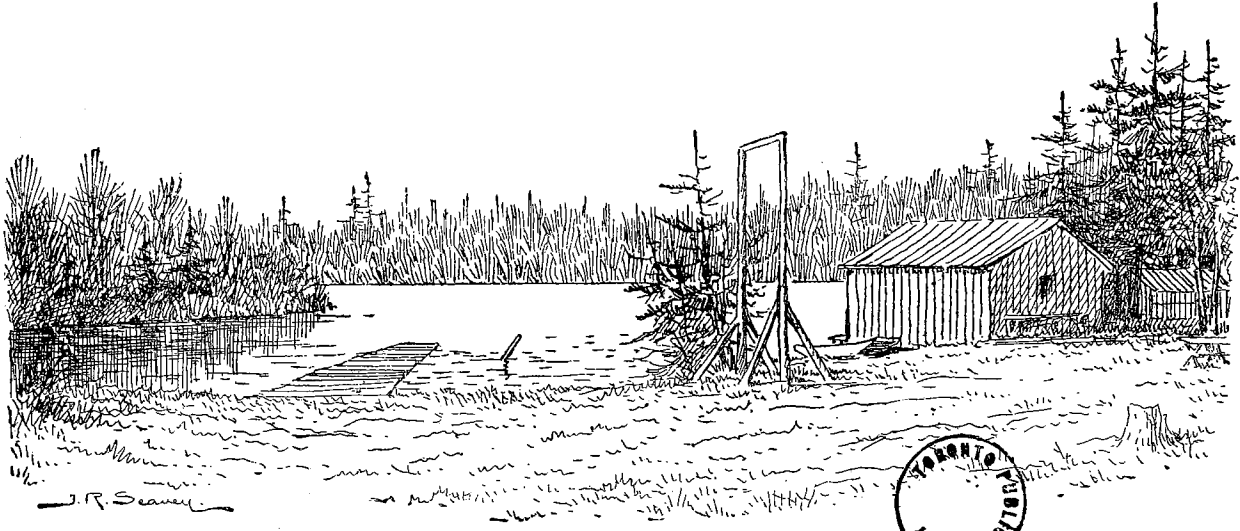
On gaining the bottom another difficulty arose as to where we should penetrate the dense forest to strike the right landing, so as to see the lake to the best advantage.

At last a log in the brushwood was discovered, on which we walked Indian file, having had direction to be careful not to step off it, as the soil was so treacherous that we might sink out of sight. Leaving it we stepped or were lifted across dangerous places, and forced our way through the thick underwood, not observing the lake till we were within a few feet of it. Then, as we had fortunately struck the right wharf or landing, which was a large prostrate cedar, fallen, perhaps, in the 1700s, and fully one-third protruding from the bushes into the water. Its top was worn flat by constant use. Here and there short upright limbs were found, to which in after years rafts and boats were tied. (There were none at that time about the shores.)

The great beauty of the large expanse of clear, bright, spring water surrounded by the dark green overhanging foliage of dense forest, was a scene never to be forgotten, and now in after life I confess that no scene, not even that of Niagara Falls, could be compared to it. Having no fishing tackle, we had to content ourselves with observing the various shoals of sunfish, shiners and perch, and then hungry, tired, but happy, we went home again. LANTERN.

\* \* \*

The description above of Lake Medad as it was sixty years ago would not do as a description for to-day. Not only has time but farm settlement changed the appearance of things. Sixty years ago one had to go through dense woods to reach the lake from the fourth concession; now it would be necessary to go a considerable distance out of the true line to find a woods dense enough



PRESENT ASPECT OF LAKE MEDAD.



to hide cleared land on its farther side. There are boats on the lake now and a wharf. The old cliff spoken of is still there, but badly disfigured by the action of both air and light, for the stone in it is soft. About the lake now are farm houses and for the most part well cleared, well tilled farm lands. Down about the lake edge and all around is the marsh land, soft and soggy now as sixty years ago, and this is thickly wooded with hemlock, birch and cedar. Good roads from all parts of the surrounding country lead to the place, and it has become a veritable Mecca for picnic parties during the summer season.

\* \* \*

Some people have said that Lake Medad is the basin or crater of some long extinct volcano, and the formation pretty well justifies the belief. But all that must have been in the days even perhaps before Noah had occasion to change his business from farming to navigating. It is a queer fact, however it may be accounted for, that the lake basin is placed away up on the hills behind the valley of the bay, and that by actual measurement the hard bottom is not struck until a depth of nearly 80 feet has been reached. Of course there is not an 80-foot depth of water. The water at its deepest point is never more than 20 feet deep, but there is a substance below the water that is in many places almost as yielding, and it is through this substance that the greater depth is reached. All around the lake basin is the marsh or bog land, so soft in places that at this season of the year when spring dampness prevails a pole may be thrust down into it to almost any depth with the greatest ease. It gives one a very insecure sensation to walk on the spongy substance, but it is safe enough, there being no record of anyone ever having disappeared beneath its surface.

\* \* \*

Around all places where the original aborigine of this country has been found to have existed, we people of these latter days have been pleased to weave all sorts of mysteries and romances. Lake Medad has not been left alone in this respect, and the imaginative mind will be able to fairly revel in myth and legend about its banks, on its placid waters, in its dense adjoining swamp growth or on the hill to the south overlooking it all

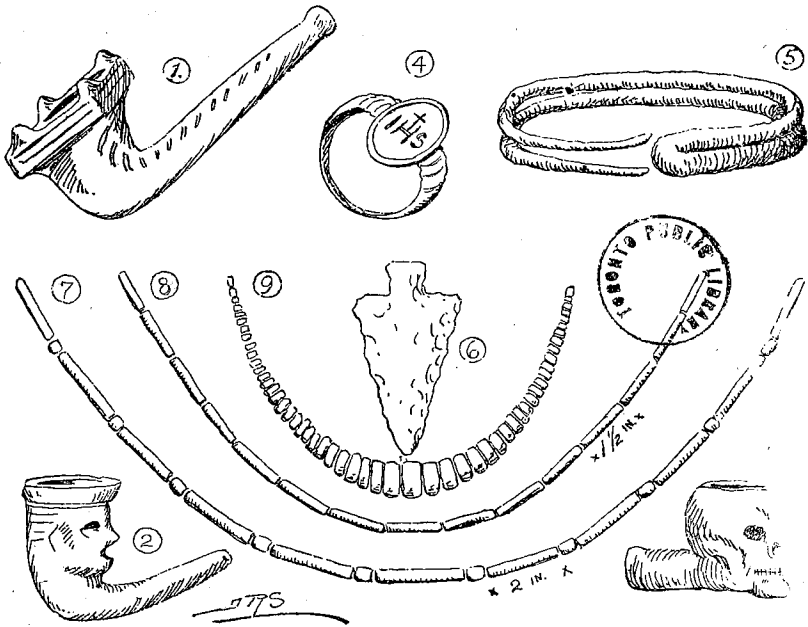
—that same hill down which Lantern and his friend clambered some 60 years ago. For Lake Medad and its immediate vicinity was in one age of the world's history one of the great gathering places of the original Indian peoples. They seemed to have been fascinated with the spot and not only lived but buried their dead there. No doubt they had their legends and stories regarding its even earlier history and formation, and it is a pity some record of their knowledge has not been handed down to us of this day. As it is, the place is most interesting to the relic hunter, and many a valuable Indian find has been made around there. But that is another story.

\* \* \*

There is one thing which the traveler to Lake Medad cannot fail to note as he walks, rides or drives over the winding road. A short distance beyond Waterdown he passes over a bridge spanning a swift-running creek, the waters of which are tumbling over the stones in a mad race for their final absorption in Hamilton bay. But a short distance further along the road he crosses another bridge over another creek, whose waters are turned in the opposite direction and seek their outlet in Lake Medad. Somewhere between these two points is the great ridge; the backbone of the hills, making the fall north and south. The waters that tumble into the bay have this advantage over the waters flowing into Lake Medad—they remain in full view of all the world till they reach the ocean.

\* \* \*

And now gather the children about in the dusk of the evening, when creeping shadows grow longer and longer and the world without looks weird and ghost-like, and tell them this, in a deep sepulchral tone and with eyes wide open: The waters flow into the lake and are never seen again. They rush on in high glee, dancing over the stones in the creek bed, sparkling in the bright sunlight, playing tag about the little eddies, never thinking for a moment of their terrible fate until suddenly they find themselves swallowed up in the lake expanse and can find no way of escape. Night comes and the wind sighs through the marsh trees making uncanny sounds; the imprisoned



INDIAN RELICS.

- 1—Clay pipe found at Lake Medad.
- 2—Totem pipe.
- 3—Totem pipe of death's head.
- 4—Brass ring found on 10th concession of East Flam-boro, probably received from a French priest 200 years ago.

- 5—Iron bracelet, Lake Medad.
- 6—Flint spear head, 5 inches long.
- 7—Red pipestone necklace.
- 8—Blue-green glass bead necklace.
- 9—Conch shell necklace.

waters lap the boggy shore in mournful melancholy; other waters come rushing in, just as they did, thoughtless and joyous, and they give way, sinking to the depths, never to be seen again. For though Lake Medad takes all the waters it can get it never willingly gives up any, so far as mortal eye can see. Down below somewhere there may be an outlet, and in some dark subterranean passage, some great fissure in the foundation rocks of the earth, it may escape, but to where no one knows. The lake takes and takes, but never gives.

\* \* \*

It has been a popular delusion with many people that to fall into the lake meant sure disappearance for good. This is not so. Twice in the history of this generation have the waters there claimed human victims, but in both cases the bodies have been yielded up again after a brief period. In both cases the drowned ones were

skaters—boys who ventured on the ice when it was not safe. In fact the bog bottom is stable enough to hold tools that have been dropped in by the ice cutters during the winter, and in summer picnic parties go in bathing along the shore without danger of disappearance in the soft bottom.

\* \* \*

When the water-power for the Waterdown mills began to fail some years ago it was thought by the Waterdown people that if they dug a canal from Lake Medad to the Waterdown creeks they would be sure to have a perpetual and efficient water supply. So sure were they that the canal was dug and opened, but the vain hope of the men who did the work was never realised. At first there was a great rush of water and everything went well, but very soon the lake level dropped to the level of the bottom of the canal and no more water came. This showed that though many

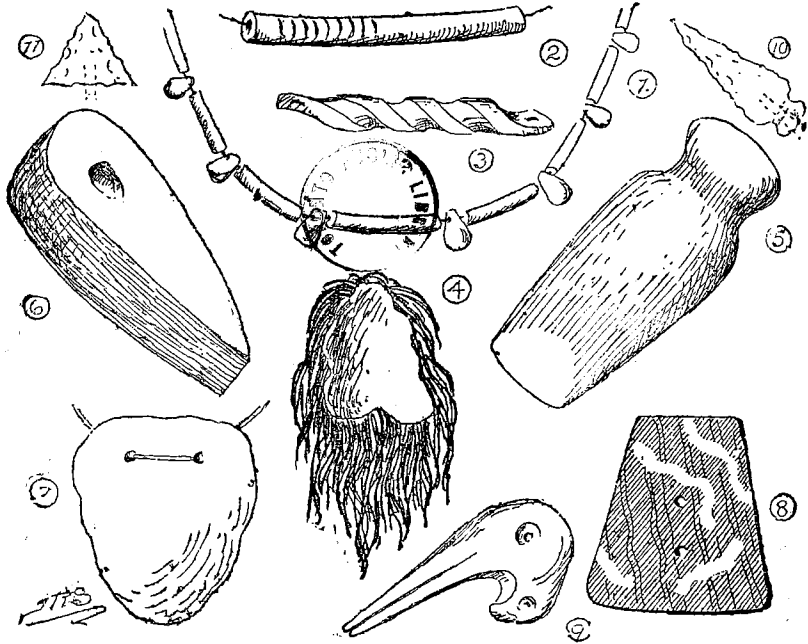
springs and creeks ran into the lake, sufficient to keep it full, it would stand no large draw off and was quite well able to dispose of all its own surplus in its own way, whatever that way is. And so the Waterdown people were disappointed and had to turn to steam-power for their salvation and the lake saved itself. It has to give up some of itself in the winter time, though, for there is no ice to the farmers round those parts like Lake Medad ice, and there are busy scenes there during the ice harvest season.

\* \* \*

And now, in this day, when every-

thing in the shape of natural beauty is sacrificed for the sake of utility, some utilitarian has discovered that the bog of the lake is rich with Portland cement marl, and that there is enormous wealth in it. A Hamilton company has been formed and there is promise that at some day not far distant the spot, so long saved in its natural beauty, will become the seat of an industry; that the hand of the capitalists, careless of everything save wealth, will destroy the last traces of original loveliness about the place and that the Lake Medad of old will live only as a memory.

J . E. W.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1—Bone necklace, Dr. McGregor.                       | 7—Conch shell, breastplate, Dr. McGregor.                       |
| 2—Tally bone, Dr. McGregor.                          | 8—Curiously marked slate gorget, or breast plate, Dr. McGregor. |
| 3—Grooved necklace bone, G. Allison.                 | 9—Highly polished green slate totem, Dr. McGregor.              |
| 4—Indian scalps, Lake Medad, G. Allison.             | 10—Hunting arrowhead.   |
| 5—Grey granite axes, early make, Dr. McGregor.       | 11—War arrowhead.   |
| 6—Perforated granite axes, later make, Dr. McGregor. |   |



LAKE MEDAD—FROM A WATER COLOR SKETCH MADE IN 1887





## CHAPTER XIV

AT-TI-WAN-DAR-O-NI-A

No wigwam smoke is curling there;  
The very earth is scorched and bare,  
And they pause and listen to catch a  
    sound  
Of breathing life, but there comes not  
one.  
Save the fox's bark and the rabbits  
bound.

—Whittier.



\* \* \*  
T-TI-WAN-DAR-O-NI-A, thou land of the fierce and warlike At-ti-wan-dar-on, where are thy children now, and who can write their nation's history? If thy great forest trees, with proudly waving tops withstanding tempest blasts of many centuries, could only speak their story it would enrich the coun-

try's history. Could but a voice intelligible be given the lapping waves of these thy mighty inland waters, tales might be told to feed the fancy of a multitude. Tales of life in days and times unknown, unheard of; before the Indian age, when peoples of great tribes now extinct both in name and nature, peopled thy broad and fertile acres, lived out their little spans of life, fulfilled their missions in the strange economy of nature and passing from the stage of action were lost—forgotten. At-ti-wan-dar-o-ni-a, who were thy peoples? What their histories? And At-ti-wan-dar-o-ni-a answers not, save by the unintelligible babblings of her many brooks, the lapping waves along her sandy shores and mournful music from her giant trees as tempest blasts rush through them.

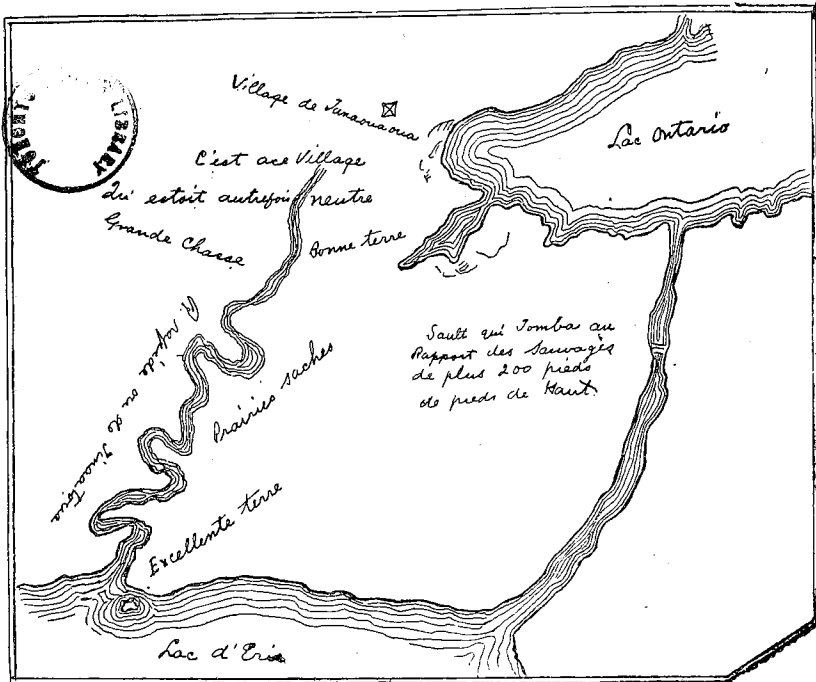
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La Salle, the lion hearted, brave ex-

plorer, has told of At-ti-wan-dar-o-ni-a. He penetrated its forests, sailed over its waters, and, if history be correct, actually came to Lake Medad, where he found a great encampment of its people. The early Jesuit missionaries followed and spent long winters in its great forests, learned the native language and listened to the old men of the tribes repeat the stories of their race as handed to them by their fathers. They listened to the legends, too; stories of history then grown so ancient that even the Indians themselves in telling them would not vouch at all times for their truthfulness. They had no written language, these early peoples; no way of saving records but by the telling of the story from father to son, thus down from generation to generation until all was lost, save the scraps gathered by the Jesuits and other early pioneers and saved by them in writing. What we know now of them can be but guessed at by the relics found within their graves. They are a race almost entirely lost to history.

\* \* \*

Authentic records tell us that these At-ti-wan-dar-o-ni-a were a mighty race. They peopled all the land within Niagara's fruitful peninsula and many miles upon the American side. It is told that they were warlike, too, and battled much with tribes upon the west and south of their lands. Yet they were peaceful with their northern and eastern neighbors, the Hurons and Iroquois, and would not enter into conflict with them, gaining for themselves by this the name of neutrals. Though the Hurons and Iroquois were always at war, it was an understood thing that when they met upon At-ti-wan-dar-on territory both were safe and no fighting was to be done. But an evil day came to the Neutrals. They had practically exterminated a Michigan tribe of Indians in one of their western raids early in the sixteenth century, and in a very few years were



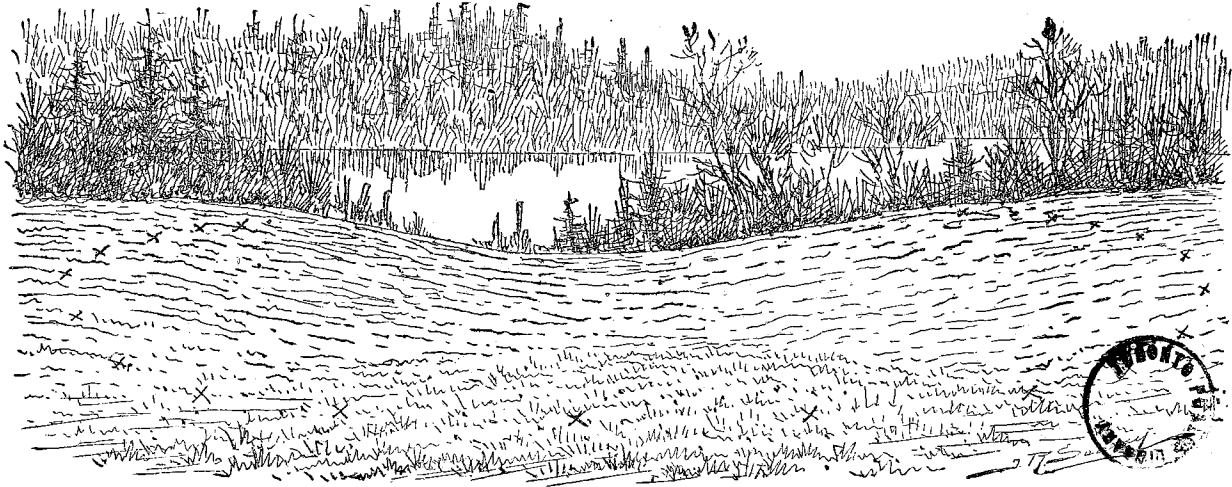
EARLY JESUIT MAP.

treated to the same fate themselves. The Iroquois became jealous of them and seizing as an excuse for hostilities the fact that the Neutrals had granted some favor to the Hurons, made war upon them, practically wiping them out of existence, at any rate as an important power. It was thus in Indian life that each gave place to each, not in a peaceful way but with war and bloodshed. It was thus that the wind-dried, sun-scorched At-ti-wan-dar-on hunters and warriors of the peninsula came to be regarded by the Indian orators of that day as the dead leaves of the forest, withered and scattered abroad. As they had given, so they took the inhuman, horrible tortures inflicted upon them by their conquerors with stoical indifference, enduring without a murmur the pains of torment until, when overcome by sheer exhaustion, they would fall or become insensible and a murderous stone or flint tomahawk would cleave their skulls.

\* \* \*

The old map printed herewith forms

a link between the busy present and long-forgotten past about this neighborhood. It is a map made by the Jesuits and the comments upon it in the French tongue are those of these early workers for the church. There is Lake Erie at the bottom, the winding Grand river to the left, the rushing Niagara to the right and Lake Ontario on the north, with Hamilton bay nestling in between. The comments regarding land and hunting are very explicit. In the lower left hand corner, so the map says, there is excellent land, while higher up it is inclined to be low and marshy. Away up again—possibly the land beneath the Flamboro heights—the comment is fairly good land. There is but one village marked on the map and it occupies a position suspiciously close to Lake Medad. A comment says that it was at this village and about it that there was grand hunting, and this can be readily believed, for game of all sorts—big and little—would naturally seek its quiet sides at all seasons as a watering place.



INDIAN VILLAGE SITE (LAKE MEDAD).

This bank in which the dead were laid  
 Was sacred when its soil was ours;  
 But now the wheat is green and high  
 On clods that hid the warrior's breast,  
 And scattered in the furrows lie  
 The weapons of his rest.

\* \* \*

No man can know Indian history without a reference to the relics of the Indian age. No county in Canada is more prolific of Indian relics than this county of Wentworth, and no part of the county furnishes better results for the relic hunters than that part now known as the Flamboros and Beverly. Not every man has a taste for relic hunting; with some men it is a mania. Some of the men with the mania live about the village of Waterdown and they have learned to love their pastime by their visits to Lake Medad and its vicinity. There are relic collections in and about Waterdown that are worth thousands of dollars and will be invaluable historically before many years. For it must be remembered that as the years have gone by the old Indian mementos have been unearthed rapidly and valuable finds are even now few and far between. Geo. Allison is one of the most enthusiastic of Waterdown's Indian relic hunters and his collection is one well worth spending many hours with. Dr. McGregor, the warden of Wentworth county, is another enthusiastic collector, but he has never yet had time to get his collection in shape. The late Luke Mullock, who began collecting in 1865, left another large and interesting collection at the time of his death four years ago.

\* \* \*

But why write of the Indians as a race that is past and dead? Men in this day are interested only in persons and things that appear as in the present. Let the vision of the past enshroud you until it lives again in your minds as an active present. Come in your vision to Lake Medad, and, unnoticed, watch. This is the year 1600 and the face of the virgin earth is as yet practically unchanged by man's hand or design. A great forest surrounds the little lake, and in the forest shade roam the animals of the earth—deer, bears, wolfs, foxes—all these and others too. The waters of the lake sparkle in the sunlight and in its clear depths reflects the passing cloud, the faces of the Indians who come to rob it of its abundance, or of the many ani-

mals who clamber down the rocky paths to reach its edge and slake their thirst. Back from the lake and on the hill overlooking it from the northeast are habitations. Not houses but teepees, conical shaped and made of skins roughly sewn together with needles such as are shown in the picture. In semi-circle the teepees are placed, just as the crosses on the picture show, the only opening being that toward the lake. It is early fall and all the villagers are home. The children play around upon the grass in nature's garb, the men, too, play and nature's garb adorns their persons also. But their play is not the play of children. They are gamesters, and in their Indian games they risk all they possess, even sometimes themselves. Where did they get their gaming tendencies? No one knows. Mayhap 'twas born inherent in the human race from Adam's day. At any rate the Indian was no worse, no better, than the white man who followed him, in this particular.

\* \* \*

The women are the only ones at work. They are also the only ones who boast of clothing, wearing about their thighs a skin or woven covering, showing the inherent shame of Mother Eve, come down through many centuries. They are seated on the ground and before them are great rough stones hollowed out in the center—mortars in which the corn is ground and which the picture illustrates. (Mr. Allison has a curiosity in his front yard at Waterdown to-day in the shape of a great stone about five feet long and a foot thick with several mortar holes in it. It is a relic of this Indian village locality.) It comes evening in the village and the fires are lighted. Why? To keep away the prowling wolf, the bear and other animals. The sun goes down, its last light glinting through the forest trees; shadows lengthen, and in an hour the mournful murmur of the night breeze is heard gently swaying the tree tops and fanning the flames of the camp fires. The moon comes up in all her silver glory, the stars shine brightly, blinking in the faces of the Indian children lying on their backs and gazing heavenward in infantile wonderment at the grand display. "What are these lights?" they ask of the old men, and the old men answer that they are the lights of the great spirit land.

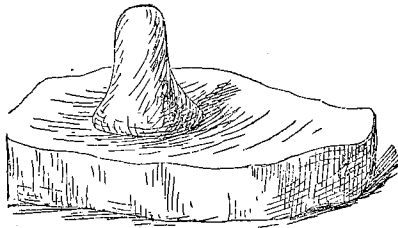
A yelping howl sounds through the still air, making the children shiver. The mothers start and the men look that their weapons are at hand. It is the wolf's snarling cry. The night birds skim swiftly through the shadowed air; they call to each other from the trees. There is a crackling of branches down by the lake on its farther side and it tells of some wild animal disputing human rights to forest territory, and coming to the lake for water. The strange, uncanny sounds of night; the paradox of forest stillness. Sleep comes and with it rest, except to him who watches. And this is At-ti-wan-dar-o-ni-a, in miniature and in a single phase of life, so many sided within its borders.

\* \* \*

Another day comes—another phase of life in At-ti-wan-dar-o-ni-a. There are rushings to and fro within the village. With paint stones rubbing the men, the warriors are decorating their faces. The chiefs are assembling, the war chant is being sung. A foreign southern tribe is pressing toward the borders of their land and the signal for conflict has come. The days of fasting are over, the chiefs come out and lead their forces off, through forest, up hill and down, along valleys, free and easy in march while in their own territory, catlike and wary when following strange and unknown paths in the land of the enemy. They meet in conflict. With stone tomahawk and cruel flint-headed war arrow they battle. Here is a brave in whose breast an arrow shaft sticks. An At-ti-wan-dar-o-ni rushes up, pulls it out—headless. The jagged flint head remains within the wound to hurry death.

Scalps are torn from heads of dying warriors, prisoners are taken. The enemy routed. Homeward they go, rejoicing in victory, and long before they reach the confines of the peaceful Medad village the children, women and old men have heard and hurry out to meet them. For days the song of victory fills the air and echoes from the hills. It is a mournful sound, this cry of rejoicing, to the sad-hearted prisoners. They know some awful fate awaits them and they steel their brave hearts to meet it. Here is an At-ti-wan-dar-o-ni-a mother whose only son was slain in the battle. She picks out the noblest of the prisoners as a sacrifice for his death. The stake is driven, the pile of tinder wood piled high around it. The day comes. From his confinement lashed to a tree and guarded by the ever watchful braves the captive is led forth. He is bound to the stake and the old woman, with glowing, heated stones, singes his limbs. He is spit upon, cruel thrusts are made into his quivering body with sharp spear points. Hours pass and still the preliminary torture continues. Blood streams from the captive's many wounds, but cry out he will not. With face firm set and rigid form he stands, voiceless and emotionless. At last the fire brand is applied; quick shoot the flames about his weakening form, the sickening odor of his burning flesh seems but to add a fury more intense to the fiendishness of his tormentors. His head bends forward, and as it does the tomahawk crashes into his skull and all is over. Thus passes another day, another phase of life in fair At-ti-wan-dar-o-ni-a.

J. E. W.



PESTLE AND MORTAR (Two Feet in Diameter).  
G. Allison Collection.

## CHAPTER XV

### INDIAN RELICS AND REMAINS

"A warrior race, but they are gone.  
With their old forests, wide and  
deep;  
And we have built our homes upon  
Fields where their generations sleep.  
Their rivers slake our thirst at noon,  
Upon their fields our harvest waves:  
Our lovers woo beneath their moon—  
Ah, let us spare, at least, their  
graves."

—Bryant.

\* \* \*

When we left At-ti-wan-dar-o-ni-a and its people last week there was war in the land. Victory had come to the At-ti-wan-dar-ons, and the savagery of the people was being shown in the torment to which they subjected their captives. It reads unreal; pity it were not. All that has been written, and more, but poorly describes that barbarity characteristic of the Indian nature. But there are other phases of life in At-ti-wan-dar-o-ni-a more pleasant to view, happier to describe. It is winter and deep snows cover mother earth. The forest trees are bare and the Indians have deserted their teepees and taken to the lodge houses. These, built of bark and skins, were the rudest sort of protection from the cold, and in them lived the population of the village. Through those long winter months the men hunt and the women and men, too, spend their idle time making amulets, totems and other trinkets. The men are fond of smoking, and their time is spent largely in shaping stone pipes and drilling out their stems. It is a time of peace within the village and also a time of suffering. There are no stovepipes in the rude lodge house, and from end to end the air is heavily laden with pungent smoke from the several fires smouldering on the hard ground floor. Eyes may smart, but there is no help for it unless the suffering one is willing to rush out in the cold, icy air and there endure another sort of suffering. Sometimes the snows are too deep for hunting, and poverty, even to starvation, comes to the camp. Then again the life of filth and dirt breeds pestil-

ence, and smallpox carries off its victims by the hundred, sometimes devastating every lodge within the nation's limits. No happy life is theirs at times like these. And this is another phase of At-ti-wan-dar-on life.

Then came the Jesuits, following close upon the French explorers, and the end of Indian life drew near. For a glittering glass bead the red man would give up in exchange furs and skins of greatest value. His eye was always for the bauble, and he had no real appreciation of commercial values. In a recent address at a Canadian club banquet Sanford Evans talked of men being subdued by nature. In truth this could be said of Indian character. Of nature the Indian asked nothing more than he needed for himself and each day's subsistence. He was content to let the forest remain, the treasures of the rocks lie uncovered, the cataract run on unharnessed, the fields continue in almost virgin fertility. His present needs supplied, it mattered little to him what happened or what came after. When civilisation did appear his heart was broken. He was a remnant of another time, his life wrapped up in memories of other and to him far better days. English succeeded French, and the Indian, robbed of his lands, was placed upon reserves or driven with the wild animals of his native forests away north and west where civilisation's march had not disturbed the original face of things, and where he might die as he had lived, and as his fathers, too, had done before him, a savage, free and unfettered. In how many a white man's heart there sometimes comes that Indian yearning for freedom; for a getting away from the conventionalities prescribed in civilisation's law, binding men down by rule and precept to a course of life to them distasteful and unnatural.

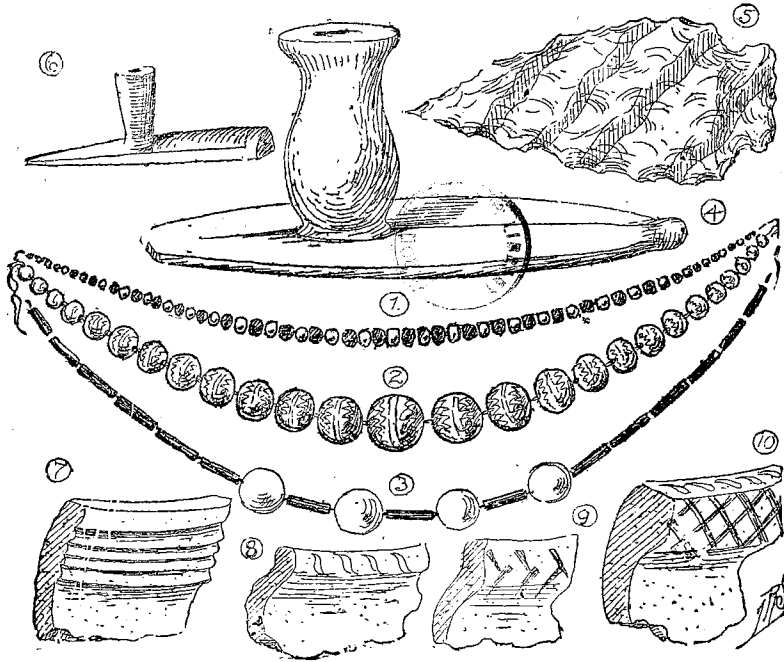
\* \* \*

The landscape on another page is but a short distance from the Indian vil-



AN UNEARTHED OSSUARY.





1—Bone and shell necklace.  
 2—Colored glass necklace.  
 3—Glass necklace.  
 4—Perfect specimen soapstone pipe.

5—Colored flint spear heads.  
 6—Small totem pipe.  
 7 to 10—Specimens of pottery patterns showing regular designs.

lage shown last week. It is quite near to Lake Medad and has been at one time a great burying ground among the At-ti-wan-dar-ons. They had queer ideas, these Indians, in the burying of their dead. When the spirit of the brave fled from its clay prison, that clay was allowed to remain where it was in the teepee, and for weeks and even months the relatives would continue their mourning in the teepee until the stench from the body compelled its removal. They had no respect for the flesh, but adored the bones of their dead, and when at last the bodies were taken from the teepees they were placed in mid air, strapped to planks suspended between tall poles, far enough away from the ground to keep away wild animals who would destroy the bones and beautifully convenient for the eagles, crows and other carrion birds who would pick those bones clean and leave them to be whitened by the air, sun and rain. After this would come the great burial time. The bones of many a brave would be

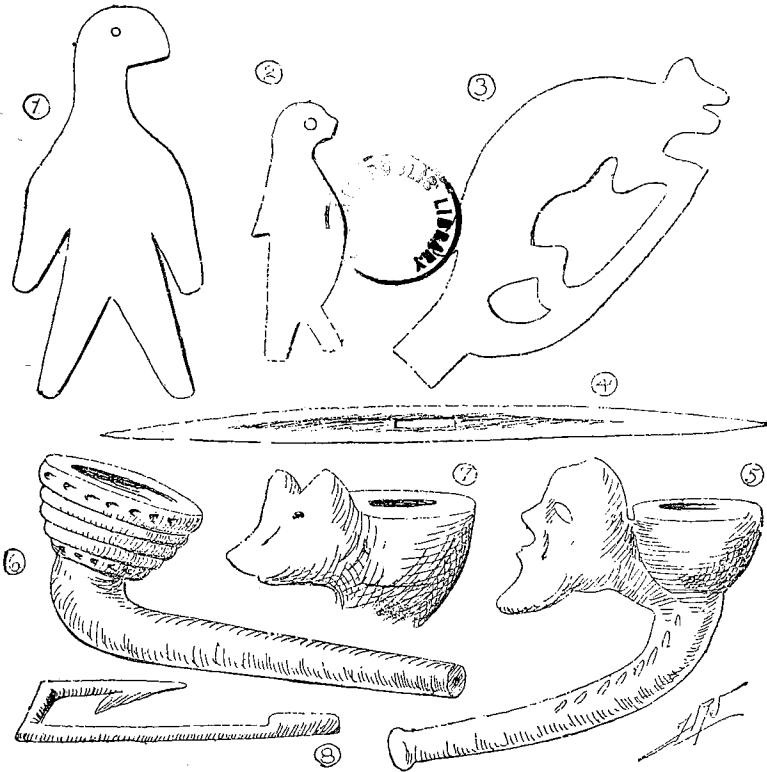
gathered in a heap and carried with all care and solemnity to the burial field, there to be interred. In with the bones were buried the weapons of the warrior, his wampun strings, his totem pipes, his beads, and other trinkets. Mother earth thus covered his remains and they saw not the light of day again till the relic hunter, to whom even graves are not sacred, found them out. It is a queer thing, too, how the discoveries of these Indian ossuaries are made. The plow has uncovered many a pile, particularly in dry seasons when the steel cuts deep in the soil. Perhaps one of the most peculiar unearthings, and one giving positive proof of antiquity, was made by one of the Waterdown collectors some few years ago. The collector was out looking for relics when he came across a great tree recently blown down and torn out by the roots. In the hole where the trunk had been he began digging out of curiosity, and soon unearthed an ossuary, finding many bones and many relics. The tree

is believed to have been all of 150 years old, and how long it was before it began to push its little leaves above the earth that the bones were buried can only be guessed at.

\* \* \*

It has often been remarked that many of the relics found about Water-down are of stone and shell uncommon

world's history discovered the rich copper mines there and worked them. From these Indians would come the stones and shells, and the At-ti-wan-dar-ons would spend their spare time shaping them with rude tools. It has also been a matter for much conjecture how they managed to drill the holes of the pipe stem for several inches through the solid stone. Re-



1, 2 and 3—Copper charms.  
5, 6 and 7—Totem pipes.

4—Bone needle.  
8—Metal fish hook.

in these parts, and the question has always been, Where did the At-ti-wan-dar-ons get them? The most probable solution of the problem is that they were secured in trade or in battle with the Indians of the south and west of the continent. It is known that the southern Indians—those who inhabited the land around the Gulf of Mexico and had plenty of the famous conch shells, came as far north as Lake Superior. Indians at some stage of the

search has pretty well proven that this was done with some hollow, hardened reed, fine sand and water, the reed being used as a drill and the sharp sand to cut the stone. The process was necessarily slow, and it must have taken months to drill the stems of some of the pipes they made.

\* \* \*

The Indian love of finery and baubles was quickly seized upon by

the French explorers and traders, and there can be no doubt but that the cheap glass beads found in many of the ossuaries were accepted in exchange for articles thousands of times their value in the European and other markets. These beads must have been made in France specially for the Indian trade, as from their pattern, size and shape they never could have been popular in the old world. They are of the commonest glass, some striped in many colors, others plain. Some are round and others long and tubular. The Jesuit missionaries left their imprint and the memory of the Nazarene there, too, for on some totem pipes the shape of a rude cross is to be found chipped in the stone, and brass rings with the cross on have also been found.

\* \* \*

One of the most gruesome finds ever made near Medad was that of a skull with a portion of the scalp and hair clinging to it. Mr. Allison was the finder. He was digging one day in an old ossuary, when he discovered an old metal pot turned upside down. On raising this he found beneath the skull, scalp and hair, along with some spearheads and other relics. Another curious incident in relic hunting occurred to Dr. McGregor. One day several years ago he found a broken pipe. The stem was gone and a peculiar thing about the bowl was that it had some tobacco leaf in it. Several years afterward another collector was looking at the doctor's broken bowl and remarked that he had the stem for it. Sure enough the stem was produced from his collection, fitting the break in the bowl exactly. It had been found at a different time and in a different ossuary.

\* \* \*

From the southern Indians the Atti-wan-dar-ons most likely learned all they knew of pottery making and they have left some rude specimens in clay of the work they did. Very few perfect clay bowls are now found, they being most of them broken by the plows when they are turned over. The picture which appears at the end of this article represents a very recent find in the sands of Hamilton Beach. It was unearthed by some workmen in excavating for the foundations of a house early this spring, and from its appearance looks as if it might have

been used as an idol. Many of the stone totems found are very beautifully polished and well made. They were used by families as tokens of family connection and distinction. Nearly all the bone beads and breast ornaments found are beautifully polished and this can have been done only by constant contact with the bare skin of the wearers.

\* \* \*

Following is another sketch from the Spectator's correspondent, Lantern, on his second visit to Lake Medad.

J. E. W.

\* \* \*

My second visit to the lake was perhaps a few years later. Then, without the aid of guides, the Thompson, Rice and Culp boys and my brother Robert and myself, made the excursion alone. On a beautiful May morning we all met at Fort Stanix. (This place may not be familiar to many of your readers.) Owing to some clearings that had been made on lot No. 2, we experienced much difficulty in getting on the right trail, but after many unsuccessful efforts we at last discovered our landmark—the tree on the rock. From thence on we made up for lost time; but on reaching the borders of the cliff or quarry we failed to strike the proper entrance, but finally struck one, which, with the same difficulties of the former, we had to overcome. We were well rewarded, however, as it was the upper landing, then so called. The wharf was a fallen cedar like the other, but projecting farther out into the lake. The scene from it was more beautiful than the other, as from it almost the entire surface of the lake was presented to our view. After gazing on its unrippled surface, watching numerous flocks of wild ducks swiftly swimming to the farther shores, we began fishing. We had a supply of hooks, lines and bait, and our next work was to get poles—a rather hard job, as the only jack-knife in the crowd was an old one, and nearly worn out at that.

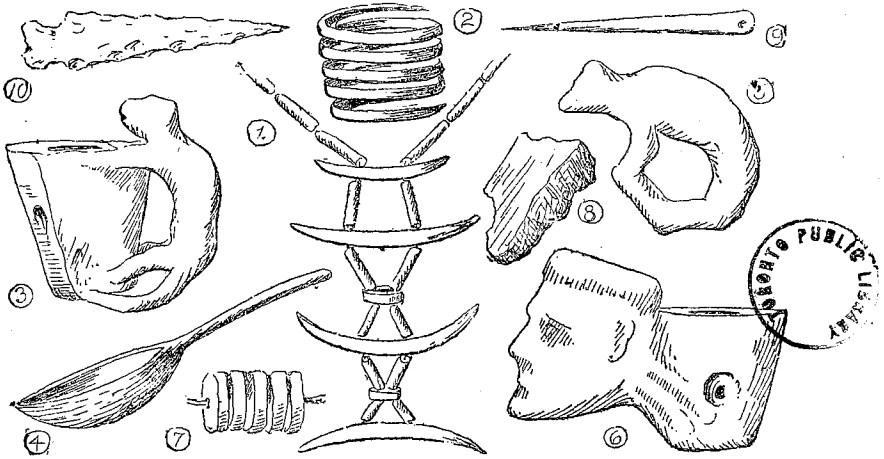
However, we were soon all out on the log as far as we dare go. Then the fun commenced. As fast as the hook reached the water a sunfish was secured. Very soon our bait was all gone, and large strings of very little sunfish, one or two small perch and a

shiner was our catch. We were proud boys, returning to our starting point, happy, but tired and hungry. Granny Rice cheered us when she asked us in and gave us all a well-battered potato cake. Did my readers ever eat one? If not, let them ask some old Irish-woman to bake one of them, and if she

has the knack old Granny Rice had they will relish it.

I think probably some of our folks were glad to see us safely home, as the yielding treachery of the shores of Lake Medad were widely known and feared. Yet, withal, I never heard of a death or casualty there.

LANTERN.



THE LATE LUKE MULLOCK'S COLLECTION OF MEDAL RELICS.

- 1—Conch shell and red pipestone necklace.
- 2—Copper finger ring.
- 3 and 6—Totem pipes.
- 4—Highly polished bone spoon, five inches.

- 5—Totem.
- 7—White wampum beads.
- 8—Paint stone.
- 9—Bone needle, five inches.
- 10—Flint arrow head.



UNEARTHED AT HAMILTON BEACH.

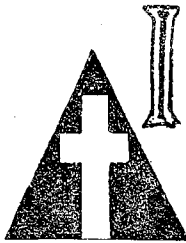
## ON THE FLAMBORO PLATEAU

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Picturesque Rock Chapel. ✻ A Pilgrimage Through Crooks' Hollow—Once an Industrial Center, Now a Silent Valley Filled with Ruins. ✻ The History of Fool's College.

## CHAPTER XVI

### ROCK CHAPEL AND VICINITY



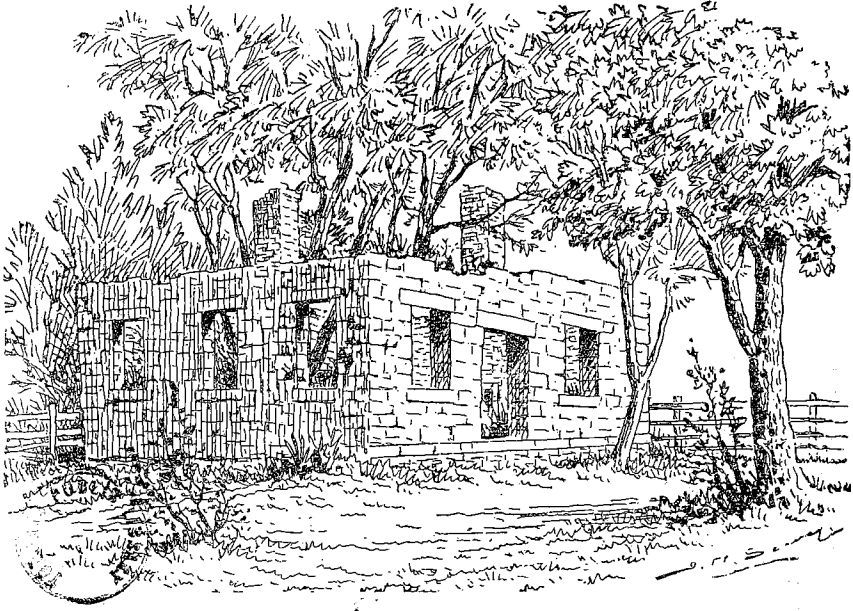
IT IS not likely that in the whole of Ontario, and perhaps in all Canada, there is a space of earth as small in size as Wentworth county containing the same number of beautiful scenes, the same variety of interesting drives and the same or as many delighting historic incidents, whether in mere association with the deeds and presence of illustrious men long since dead or in moss-covered, storm-beaten relics of things and times that have been but now are not, save in the memories of grey-headed men and women who, though they exist in the present, have their greatest joy in the long dead past. To the man who is fortunate enough to own a horse and rig; to the wheelmen and women; to the pedestrian; to the artist; the camera fiend—to everyone fond of nature and history, Wentworth county is in nearly every part a veritable mine of enjoyment; and though the days are now shortening and the weather cannot always be depended on, still a drive, ride or walk in almost any direction from the city will surely lead to some of the points and places of interest.

And even if it does not do this, the general scenery, the glory of the trees in their autumn foliage, the deep ravines with their clear water creek bottoms, fed by the thousands of bubbling springs from the hill sides—these and the Indian summer haze that casts a quietening, misty shade over the farther scenes, all go to make the most pleasant sort of a day's outing. These are the days when the squirrel and chipmunk are most busy, gathering their winter store; these the days when in the golden sunlight great spiderwebs float like silver threads, lazily through the air. This is the time when

to the butternut and walnut trees come the merry nutting parties; this the time when the good-natured farmer has tapped his first cider barrel and is anxious that its contents shall be sampled. In many respects this is the loveliest season of all our seasons, and, perhaps, for that reason, the shortest. It is the gathering-in time. The barns are filling up with grain, the pits of potatoes in the fields raise their mounds of roof above the level, with wisps of straw stuck in them for ventilators. Mother is potting the flowers from the front garden, father is patching up the clap-boards on the sheds and the boys are in the fields husking corn and gathering the late apples. In the marsh the muskrat is building his house, little circles of water among the rushes, with centers of built-up rushweed telling of his abode. And all this because—because the end of summer is near; the glories of autumn are even now fading. Some of the hill-side trees have already lost their leafy coverings and their branches stand out against the sky, ragged-looking and uncouth. There are but a few weeks yet and the wind will sigh, the air will thicken, the sun seem to grow cold and winter will reign.

\* \* \*

On the road between Hamilton and that nestling little village Rock Chapel, or, as it is vulgarly known, Monkeytown, there is an almost historic curiosity. It is almost historic because of its age and it is a curiosity because of its peculiar proof of right to historic reference. Just before the turn in the winding road that leads directly into the village, and standing on the right of the roadway, are the ruins of an old stone cottage. Nothing but the four walls are now standing, each one with gaping apertures telling where in years long past doors and windows once had place. A few oaken rafters, blackened and weather-beaten, stretch overhead from wall to wall as if to hold them in place, and on either wall



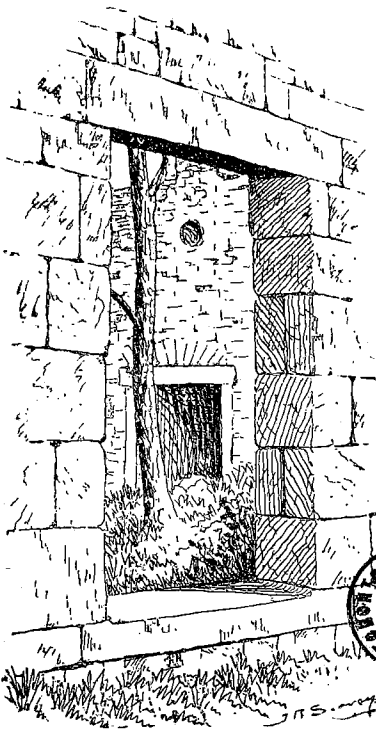
CURIOUS OLD COTTAGE RUIN.

of the north and south, the red brick tiers of former fire-place chimneys are crumbling away. Back of the ruins is an orchard, sloping down the hillside into the deep ravine below, and in all around there is ample evidence of long disuse. Dozens of squirrels and chipmunks scramble here and there among the loose and fast loosening stones, chattering away and cheekily showing their sharp teeth to the intruder. All the wood about the ruin is blackened and charred. This because one night many years ago the cottage was burned. From the time of the fire it has been deserted, and the curious proof that this intervening period has been a long one is seen in the picture. When the fire occurred it wiped out every vestige of flooring in the place and the earth beneath became the more appropriate bottom work for the ruin. Out of the earth in time came a tiny shrub and as year by year passed, sheltered within the four stone walls, it flourished till it became a young tree and its head overtopped the walls surrounding it. Still it grew, till to-day, there stands within that ruin a locust tree more than thirty feet high, with wide-spreading branches.

This tree had its earth rest at the

place where, in the house that was, the cellar stairway began. Another locust, to be more pretentious than its fellow, lodged itself in the old fire-place, just as if to glory over the downfall of the fire demon in his own home. Some ruthless hand has cut this tree down, but another one is taking its place. In fact, the whole interior of the four walls is now full of vegetation, and the view it presents, both from the road and upon close inspection, is decidedly picturesque. In one place the bricks of the chimney-place come in the way of the locust tree branch. The locust branch did not change the course of its growth, and to-day it reaches out far beyond the chimney wall, having pushed the bricks from its pathway, turning them right and left and forcing its way through.

There are not many people around those parts now who know much of the old cottage. As a child, one farmer, now forty-five years old, can recall having played about in it, and it certainly is much more than half a century old. The fire occurred more than twenty-five years ago, and since that time the place has been deserted by man and occupied by nature—a much more lovely occupant. Even the child-



THE FIREPLACE AND THE TREE.

ren around know that Ward Hopkins built the cottage, and they will tell you that at the time of the fire Joe Anderson and his wife lived in it. That it is part of the Erb estate is well known out there, and that it is owned by two girls and a boy, children of J. S. Hatton, of Toronto, can be sworn to by those who have at different times leased the land on which it stands. Perhaps there is nothing more to tell than this. It is most likely the cottage has no more right to recognition in history than the fact that it is old and can prove it by the miniature forest within its ruins. What of it? That is enough.

\* \* \*

It was not called Rock chapel because it was built of stone, but because its foundation was the solid ledge of rock that just at that point on the mountain side juts out to the earth's surface. Thus is the apparent paradox in connection with the ancient Methodist meeting house cleared away. The chapel, instead of being rock built,

is of wood, with clap-boarded sides that boast and glory in the fact that they have never been painted. Everybody has heard of it and thousands of sight-seers have viewed it as they drove past over the winding road leading by the saw mill, Hopkins' and Webster falls. It doesn't look much—more like a barn than a church, but its interest is not in looks. It has a history. The curious one who will trouble himself to get down on hands and knees at the northeast corner of the old church will find there a stone. Not one of those fancy things with beautifully trimmed front and beveled edges, such as are seen nowadays on the northeast corners



TO YE GALLERY - 175

IN ROCK CHAPEL.

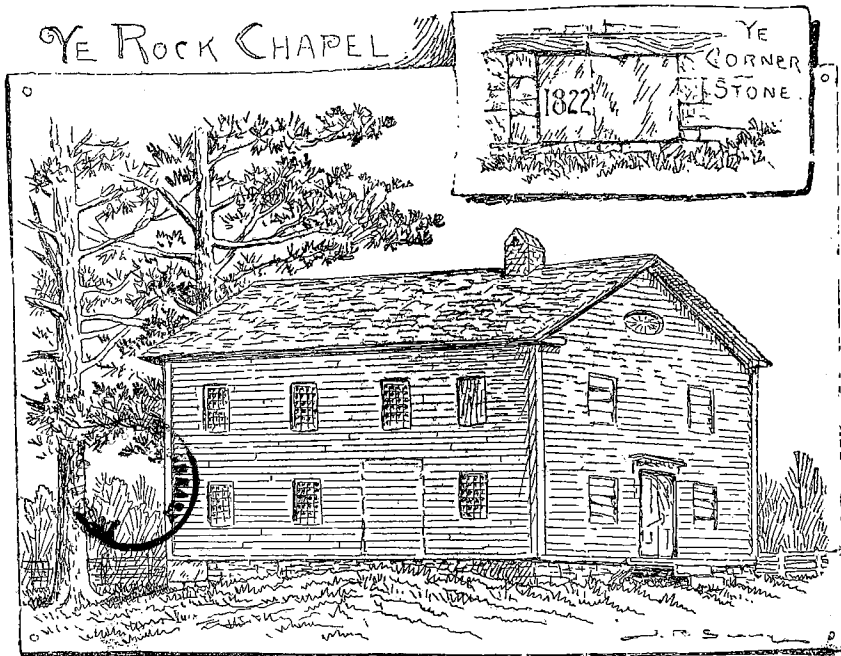
of large and important buildings, but an ordinary sort of stone, moss-covered and crumbling away. A close examination of the end of the stone will reveal the almost obliterated figures—1822—cut in the stone. That means that for 74 years the building has stood on the little hill through the blasts of winter and the heats of summer, and still stands, a double sort of monu-



ment to the cause of Methodism and to the thoroughness of the work done upon it by its builders. If in all the doings of their lives those old fathers were as thorough as in their work on the old chapel, no one need for a moment worry about their present condition. The reward for such continued good effort could be nothing short of heaven.

When the Rock chapel was built there was not another church in the country for miles, and for many years the First Methodist church—then a frame building—and Rock chapel en-

of all kinds on every Sunday. Then the Methodists got it and had trouble over it. It was in the time of the split when Wesley Methodists and Methodist Episcopalans were at war. The Methodist Episcopalans claimed the building, and were bound to have it. The Wesley Methodists were positive the place should be theirs and they were ready to fight for it. Fight they did before peace came, and the building was theirs. There came a day when the one side was in the church and the other side outside on the grass. It was a battle-day. The windows were

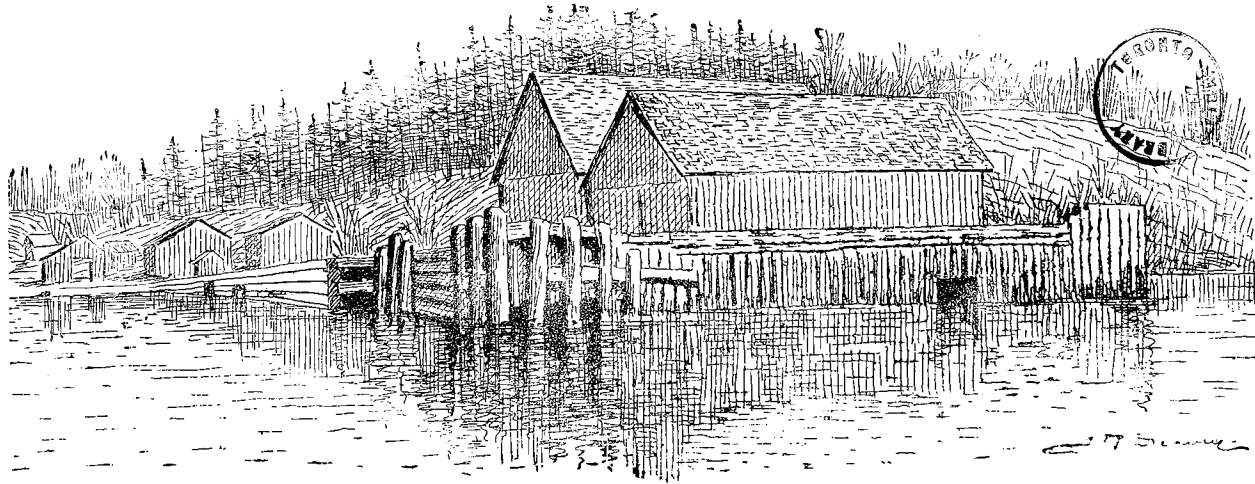


joyed the proud distinction of being the only two churches around. The old church out at Rock Chapel was not built specially for the Methodists. It was everyone's meeting-house—the place where Anglican, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist or any other might come and hold meetings. That was how it came to be built. Everyone felt he had a share in it and everyone helped. The timbers were hewn and fitted by hand, and all the other work done in pretty much the same manner. It was opened—the finest building for miles around—and for years its walls re-echoed the words of preachers

stormed from without; they were raised and the enemy would have forced their way in had not the inside party pounded every hand that appeared on the window sills or pricked them with penknives till they were glad enough to let go.

The victory ultimately was with the Wesleyans, and many a good preacher came there to minister to the people. Among them were Revs. Ryerson, James Spencer, W. Jeffers, S. Rose (father of Justice Rose), Francis Coleman (now residing in Hamilton on the retired list) and many others. Every preacher in those days had a circuit,

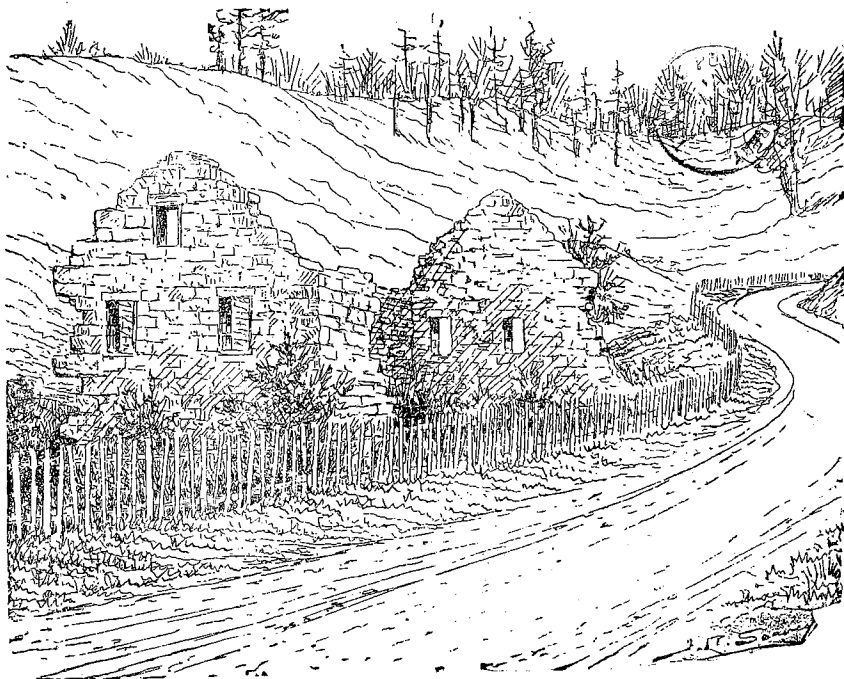




BROWN'S WHARF.

which he covered week after week on horseback. The circuit of the Rock chapel district extended over thirty miles, and the preacher there always had plenty of work to do. There was a little gallery in the church in those days, since removed, and taking it all in all, it was quite a respectable sort of meeting place. W. J. Morden, whose grandfather was one of the first settlers in that district, at one time attended church there, and as a lad attended the Sunday school. In connection with the times that were Mr. Morden's uncle, an old man, still living near the church, tells of having one night borrowed a lumber wagon—the only vehicle in the neighborhood—and hitching his team—also the only team around—driving all the way to the First Methodist church in the city to a tea meeting. Of course he would not have done it had it not been that his best girl occupied the other half of the lumber wagon seat. That was their big excursion for the season.

Finally the church became too old-fashioned, and a new one was planned and erected, but still the old building was not allowed to go unused. The young people of the neighborhood bought it for a song, and up to the present time it is used for a concert hall, a public meeting-house and a polling booth. The gallery has been done away with, and a second story put on. On the old pillars now hang election posters and directions to voters, and as these things are seen one cannot help but feel that the place is degenerating. There are many clap-boards off the sides, the wind has blown the shingles from the roof in spots, while the many broken window panes tell of neglect. Some day there will be a windstorm—a thunderstorm. The old building, tired of standing so many years will lie down; the lightning will strike it, and flames will consume its dross. It, too, will live only in memory some day, but may that day be afar off. J. E. W.



THE ANCIENT DISTILLERY.

## CHAPTER XVII

### INDUSTRIAL RUINS IN CROOKS' HOLLOW



THE Rock Chapel road is by no means dependent for celebrity solely upon the old cottage ruin and the older church building pictured in the last chapter. It has other glories well worth mentioning. They will come

in for their share of recognition as this historic story proceeds. While out in the Rock chapel district one would be very foolish to return to the city without visiting the falls along the roadside. In traveling along, up hill and down, it will not be noticed particularly that the ups are more than the downs, and not until Rock chapel itself is reached and a glimpse of the city away down in the valley below, lit up in the afternoon sunlight, caught through the trees bordering the ravine edge, will it be discovered that the altitude there is away up. Not quite to the heights level, but pretty near it. In at least three places on the road great deep ravines, with almost perpendicular sides, creep up between the hills and almost touch the road side. Inlets perhaps they were of some great lake in prehistoric days, but now the watercourses of the creeks above and the homes of the wildest sort of woodland scenery. The first of these creeks, feeling its way through the marshy meadow land and reaching down the easy slope to the ravine edge, is that running through John Borer's property, and making, as it goes tumbling down the rocky ravine end, what is known as the Saw Mill fall. It is easy to get at and well worth looking at. Next along the road and much nearer to Greenville is the Hopkins' fall—the deepest one around, the water making a drop

of 80 feet. All these creeks were at one time in their history the homes of manufacturing concerns and grist mills. Only one of them is now in use and that is the one leading to Webster's falls, quite near to Greenville.

\* \* \*

It must have been somewhere near the year 1800 that James Crooks came to this part of the country, and in his wanderings through what is now the county of Wentworth, came across the fertile valley of the creek that fed what is now known as Webster's falls. People talk about gold mines being bonanzas now-a-days. In that day, and to the far-seeing mind of James Crooks the water running through that little valley was the biggest bonanza for miles around, and he at once set to work to acquire the property surrounding it. In time he secured the right of ownership to about 300 acres all around the creek. At a point a short distance west of Greenville that now is and upon the borders of the stream he at once began the building up of what he intended was to become the business and commercial center of the county. Mills of all kinds were erected and businesses of all sorts began to boom around the prosperous place, until at one time the locating of the county government buildings in that spot was seriously contemplated. Its boom came after that of historic Ancaster, and while it lasted brought thousands of dollars to the pockets of Mr. Crooks, who afterwards became Hon. James Crooks, and to the pockets of his children. Then the water-power which ran all the industries began to fail. Hamilton started in to show what it could do in the way of becoming an industrial center and the day of the little manufacturing center in the valley to the northwest was past. Gradually the place went into decay, until today there is but one industry in operation, all the rest being in various conditions of ruin.



STUTT'S PAPER MILL.  
(Old Darnley Grist Mill).

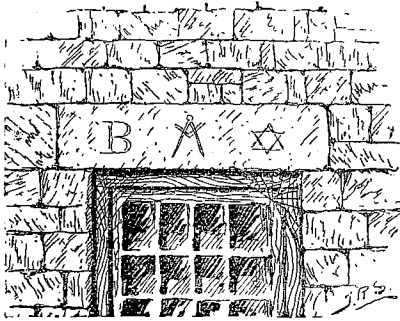
CROOKS' HOLLOW CREEK.

Crooks' hollow the place is now called, and its most peculiar historic interest consists in its many ruins. One of the first buildings to be erected there was the Darnley grist mill. That was in 1813, and even to-day, though the place is no longer a grist mill and has been thoroughly remodeled as a paper mill, the stone over the main doorway has chiseled in it the original date of erection—1813, just at the close of the war. That mill is now the only one running in Crooks' hollow, J. Stutt & Sons turning out paper there, and claiming to do a good business. The mill stands right at the roadside, which winds down from Greenville through the hollow and up the long hill on the other side, being lost to sight from below behind a heavy clump of trees, and passing on by the old Crooks' residence. The building is a most picturesque old one, its side wall shown in the picture standing up against the edge of the creek, the waters of which, through the low hanging branches of the trees along its edge can be seen

breaking into foam as they tumble down a cascade a short distance beyond. A rustic old bridge spans the creek just at the mill, and it is from this that all sorts of beautiful views can be obtained.

There is another peculiar old marking on the Stutt mill. It is over a large window adjoining the main doorway, and is shown in the cut. The markings are without doubt Masonic, but though inquiry was made all around the place from old people and young people, no one seemed to know just what they were intended for. The square and compass and double triangle were plainly Masonic, but no one knew why the letter B should have been cut in the stone. It has been suggested that this was intended as the mark of Barton lodge, Hamilton, but though Barton lodge was in existence some years before the old mill was built, there is no record in the lodge history to show that the Barton men had anything to do with the corner or other stone-laying of the mill. Another sug-

gestion has been that the stonemason who put in the stone was a Mason and that he wanted to let the world know the mill was built under proper care. To do it he cut the two Masonic emblems in the stone and added his own initial, which may stand for Brown, Boggs, Bell or any other fashionable or unfashionable name. Whatever it



MASONIC MARKS.  
(Stutt's Mill.)

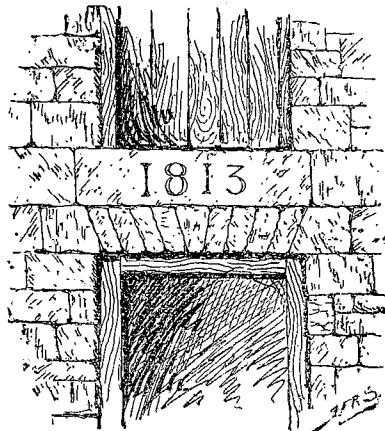
stands for, it has been for years the cause of much fruitless conjecture, and even if it has no real significance, is a curio in itself.

About eleven years ago the old mill, which was turned into a paper mill in the sixties, was the scene of an appalling fatality. One day the boiler in the engine room exploded, tearing out the old walls and instantly killing one of Mr. Stutt's sons, who was working around at the time. That has been

the horrible event of Crooks' hollow, and to-day the inhabitants use it as a date-mark from and to which to trace the times of other events of less importance. Everything about the mill speaks of other days and, in vivid contrast, everything inside tells of the days that are. All kinds of modern paper-making machinery is there and it is almost worth the trouble of the trip to go through the place.

\* \* \*

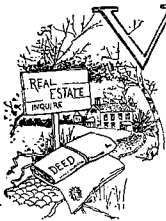
On the opposite side of the road from the paper mill is to be seen a skeleton of two crumbling end walls of stone, taken out of the adjoining hill side. This is all that is left of a famous old distillery that was in operation in 1823, and has been for over twenty years in its present ruined condition. Following the creek bottom down a short distance on its left hand shore will be seen a barn with an old-time stone foundation. That old stone foundation is all that is left of what was the first paper mill in Ontario. It was built a short time before the Barber mills, and earned from the government the bonus offered to the mill turning out the first sheet of paper in this part of the land. It was known as the Hellwell mill, being run by a man of that name for a long time. It afterward changed hands, a Mrs. Bansley taking it over. About eighteen years ago it was burned down, and afterwards was disposed of to a farmer, who heartlessly built up a frame barn upon its ruins. J. E. W.



GOOD EVIDENCE.  
(Stutt's Mill.)

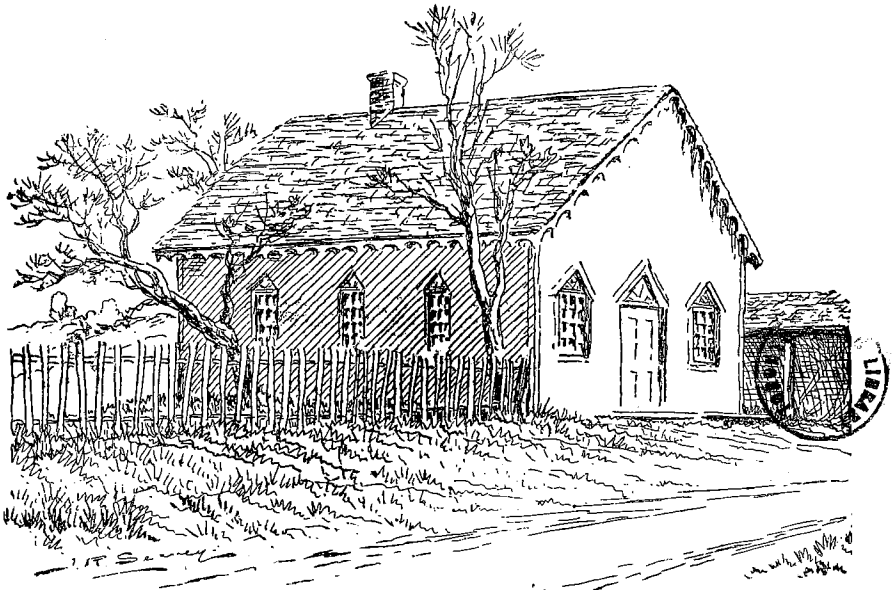
## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE FOOLS' COLLEGE



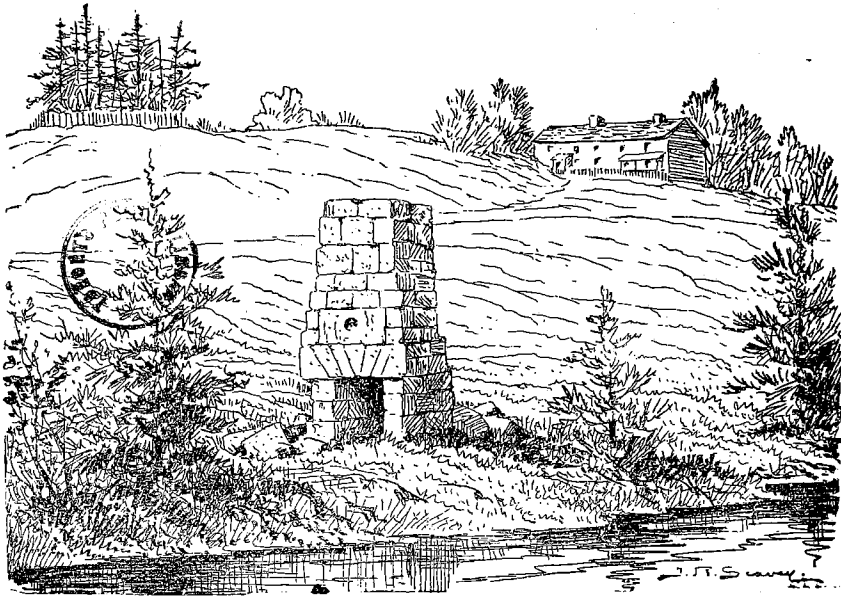
VERY much that is of interest in this district cannot be picked up in one trip over the Rock chapel road. Take, for instance, the church building at the left hand corner of the road traveled as one leaves the town line. At first glance one would never imagine it had a history worth considering. If you were to meet with any of the sons of this present decade they would tell you it was an Anglican mission, presided over by Rev. A. E. Irving, of Dundas, but that would not be all. True, it is now a church, fixed up and remodeled for the purpose, but

there was a time when it had another name. That name was Fools' college, not in a slang sense by any means, but seriously named by the builder thereof at its christening. That was in the year 18—, but what use bothering with dates? It was in the day when Father Stock and J. H. Smith, county school inspector, were young fellows, kicking up their heels around the country side like the untrained colts that they were. That is guarantee enough of old age for all general purposes. In that day the young minds of the country had a hungering and thirsting after knowledge generally and "book larnin'" in particular. The government had just commenced that very praiseworthy distribution of funds for the erection and maintenance of Me-



FOOL'S COLLEGE.  
(Now a Church.)





CEMETERY (on the hill).

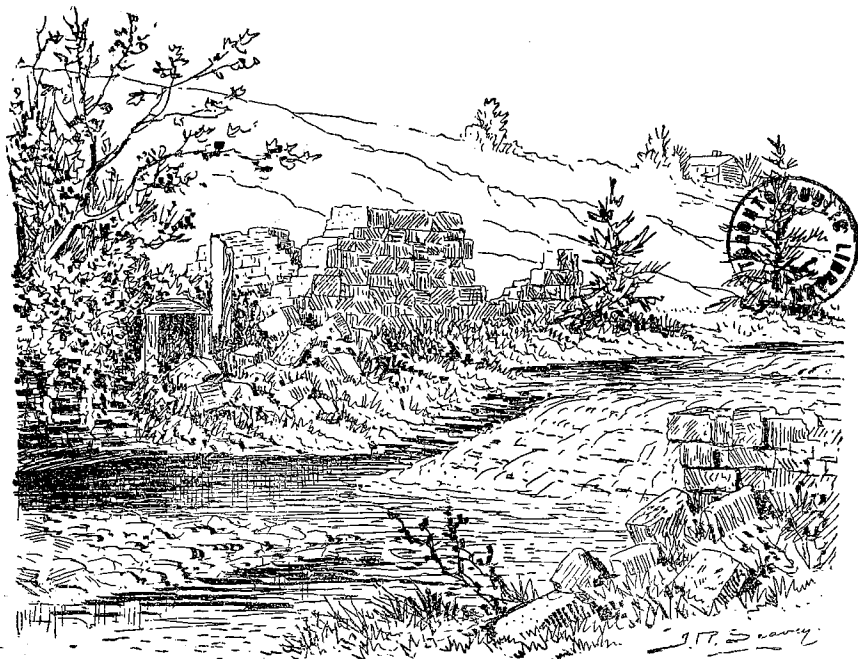
A GRIST MILL RELIC.

OLD BOARDING HOUSE.

chanics' institutes, and this building was erected specially for that purpose. Albert B. Palmer, of Millgrove, and father of John Palmer, of this city, was the builder, and it was he who gave it its peculiar name. The custom in those days was to break a bottle of liquor over every new building at its completion and give it at the same time a name, and it so happened that when the time came to do this with this building no one had thought of a name. In the dilemma Palmer came to the rescue. "Do you want a name for it?" asked he, as he stood with bottle in hand, ready to throw. "I'll name it," and as he threw the bottle, smash against the wall, he cried out, "Fools' college," and Fools' college it remained in name ever afterward.

Shortly after the advent of the Mechanics institute library, all the young men of the neighborhood took the debating fever and a debating school was started. The men divided themselves into two sections, called the Meadow Mice (those living in the valley) and the Mountain Rats (those living on the hills). Many a night did these two sections fight oratorically in Fools' college on all those subjects so dear to

the debater's heart, even to the present day. Single or married life, which? The pen or the sword, which? Nature or art, which? These and many more were the matters troubling the youthful minds of the period. It was there Inspector Smith made the first speech of his life, and that he has improved since may be known from the fact that on that occasion his address lasted about one and one-half minutes. His opponent on that occasion made much sport of him in his round, and this angered the inspector-to-be. His blood began to boil, and by the time it was again his turn to talk he was mad enough to have fought. But he didn't. He talked, and did so well and in such marked contrast to his first effort that for a long time afterward it was said of him, "If you want Smith to make a good speech just get him mad." Debates were often held with the city debating clubs, and the Fools' college men say yet that in those challenge affairs they had their full share of victories. Then came the day when the Mechanics' institute outlived its greatest usefulness, and finally the College of the Fools became the church as it is to-day. That is the history, and it is no mean one.



WOOLEN MILL FRAGMENTS.

WOOL, WOOL.

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are now prepared to pay  
HIGHEST PRICES IN CASH  
for any quantity of Wool.

### FARMERS

Support Canadian manufacture. Buy cloth  
in exchange for wool at manufac-  
turers' prices.

\* \* \*

Back of Stutts' paper mill and up the bank of the creek can now be seen a tall chimney place of stone, and that is all that remains to tell the story of a five-story grist mill. This place was some time after its erection turned into a woolen mill and run by T. Berkenshaw. It then changed again and became a cotton-batting mill, run by two men named Kerbin & Wright, and finally, about eighteen years ago, was pulled down, nothing being left but the big chimney-place to tell the tale of where it stood. On the same side of the creek a little lower down at one time stood the foundry and carding

mills of John Davies and Co. There can be no doubt about this, as a short time ago the bill here reproduced was found pasted upon a board in its ruins. Unfortunately the date of the bill was torn off.

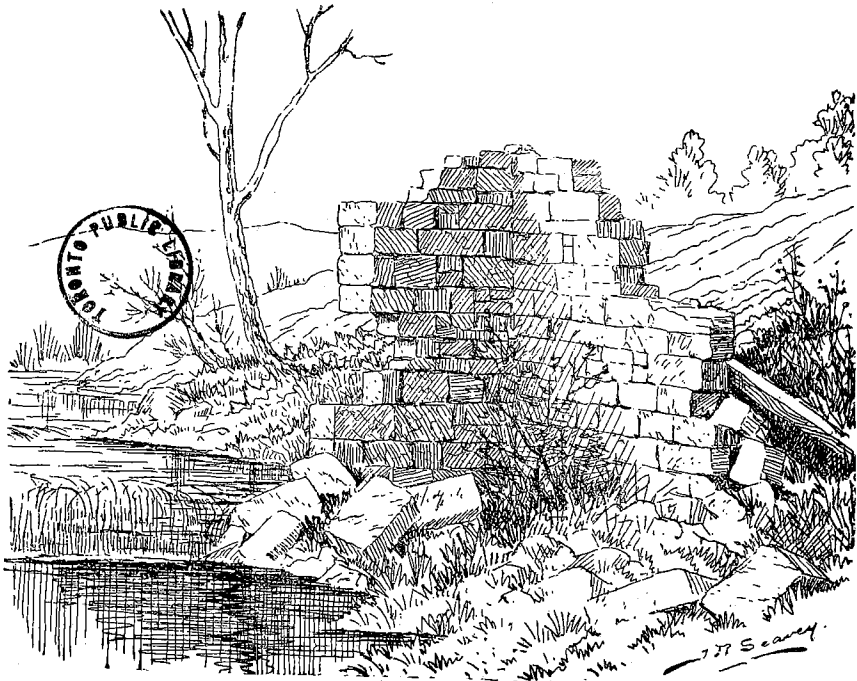
Just across the creek from this ruin will be seen a small piece of the wall of T. & J. Crooks' steam and water saw mill and out in front of the Stutt mill now in use and adjoining the old distillery ruin is all that is left of an old oil, bark and tannery premises. Away back of them all—even behind the chimney ruin of the old grist mill—is a long, low, two story frame house, still in use, which at one time was the boarding-house for many of the mill hands about the place.

\* \* \*

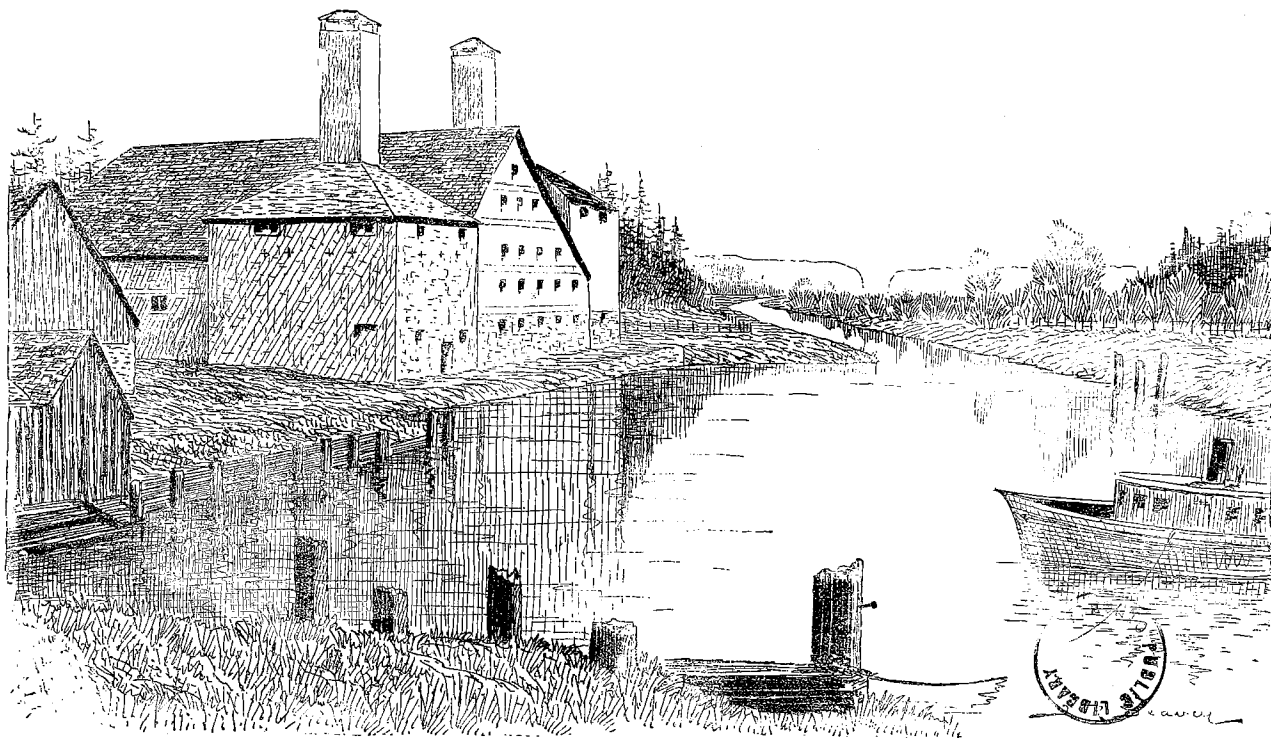
Away beyond the hill to the west is the old Crooks' residence and on the hill looking down upon the water-power that brought so much money to the Crooks family, is their family burying ground. It is a curious old place, this burying ground, not kept very well in repair. The top of the hill is

not more than twenty yards across, and this top is fenced in. Within the enclosure are several tall trees and the graves of the departed members of the Crooks family along with those of some of their friends. The last one interred there, according to the headstones, was Frances, a daughter of Hon. James Crooks. Her body was brought from Toronto and buried on the bleak hill top in January, 1895, she being at the time of her death 66 years old. The tomb of Hon. James Crooks, the founder of the settlement, is unadorned by any monument, but over the mound of earth is gathered an enormous pile of great stones, as if to insure for the mouldering clay freedom from the maraudings of any ghouls who might come to desecrate the place. Among the other graves there is that of Thomas Angus Blair, who is described as being late captain of the Fifth Royal Scots Fusileers. He was born at Blair, Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1811, and died at Crooks' hollow in 1857.

There are many other graves, and as descendants of the Crooks family die their bodies are interred there. Hon. James died in 1861, and James, a son, in 1850. Hon. Adam Crooks, another son, died at Guelph, and was buried there. The power of the family is gone from the place forever. They own but a fragmentary portion of their former inheritance there, and their present glory is in their unique burying ground, away on the top of the bleak hill, from which, if there be such things as spirits, they may look down upon what was once theirs, but has now become the property of others and has for the most part fallen into decay and ruin. This, then, is the story of Crooks' Hollow and its ruins. Much more could be written, but for the sightseer what has been written is enough to furnish food for a day's outing and this done, the artist and writer have completed their task. Go and see it all for yourself. J. E. W.



CROOKS' SAW MILL RUIN.



THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION—CANAL BASIN, DUNDAS.



## THE VALLEY CITY

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The Faded Glory of a Town Once the Head of Navigation  
From the Sea. \* Its Canal Basin, Old Buildings, and  
Industries That Are But a Memory.

## CHAPTER XIX

### EARLY HISTORY OF DUNDAS



**H**ATTS, Hairs and Heads—these are three of the oldest families in the historic town of Dundas, and they in their various branches know a good deal of the records of the place. In their honor streets are named and big business blocks are christened.

But family names are not the most interesting things in the old town, nor are the pretty modern day scenes pictured in the lately published Picturesque Dundas. To regard the Valley City from its really interesting point of view one must see the old with the new, the ruin alongside the modern up-to-date, and perhaps there is no other town in Canada possessing so much of the one with an equal showing of the other. When they compiled a hymn book for the Anglican church they entitled it a collection of Hymns, Ancient and Modern. A fitting descriptive name for Dundas town would be A Collection of Houses, Ancient and Modern.

\* \* \*

They call the place the Valley City and that is quite right. In only one way can it be reached or departed from on the level—that is by the canal route. All other ways lead the traveler up and down hill; nevertheless, they are all pleasant ways and well worth traveling. It took its name—Dundas—from the name of the long military highway opened up by Governor Simcoe from the St. Lawrence to London and christened after Henry Dundas (Viscount Melville), secretary of war in the Duke of Portland's cabinet. That Dundas street, then the way of the warrior, is now known bet-

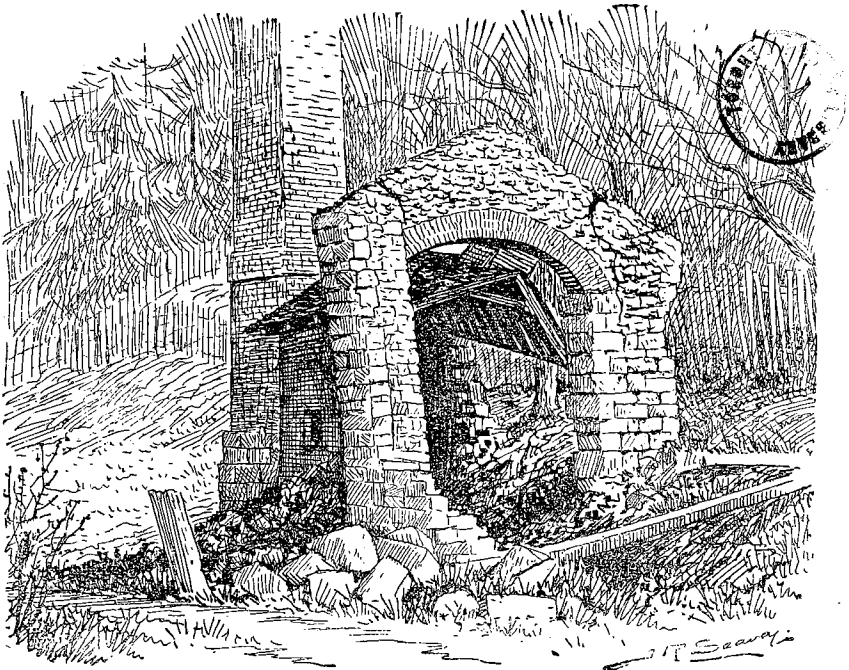
ter among county councilors and others as the Governor's road, and is used solely by followers of the peaceful art of farming and pleasant pastime of bicycling or driving. At the time when the tramp of armed men was more common in the colony than now, Dundas was quite a place, and only the advent of steam railways saved it from losing all its natural loveliness and becoming a great and bustling center of trade and commerce. Lucky accident that discovered the value of steam and saved Dundas! It has been all evolution in the town in the valley until finally the place seems to have discovered its mission and settled down to fulfil that mission as a beautiful outskirts of Hamilton, with a sufficiency of manufacturing and other business to warrant its existence as an incorporated town.

\* \* \*

In those earlier days when the valley people were flighty and soaring as the mighty hills about their homes in enterprise they projected and successfully carried through the Desjardins canal scheme, and for years fondly clung to the delusive hope that their town was to be the future great city of the province. They had good enough right to be aspiring, too, for at that time, with the shipping they had, their port was the busiest along Ontario's shores. It was in those days that the sight of from twelve to fifteen large masted boats—grain, lumber and general carriers from seaport places on the St. Lawrence river—gathered in the canal basin was no uncommon thing. In those days the shores of the basin were lined with great warehouses, where grain and other products were stored for shipment. From Galt, Guelph, Preston and all other inland centers in Dundas direction the farmers brought their stuff to the canal for shipment, and it was no uncommon

sight in the busy season to see as many as a hundred teams toiling down King street through the town to the warehouses at the canal. It used also to be the headquarters for importations by water, and many a ship load of emigrants first set foot on Canadian soil from the basin wharves. Many of the poor wretches, too, died about there, and their bones

that at that time lay to the west of the town. Since that time, however, both canal and marsh have been gradually undergoing the evolution process, and to-day hundreds of acres of land used for wheat growing was at that time far under water. The drying up is going on even more rapidly now than ever before, and the day is sure to come when the finest



RUINS OF THE OLD OATMEAL MILL.

to the number of several hundred bodies mingle with the dust of cholera victims in the dismal cemetery on the heights, their deaths being due to ship fever. James Reynolds, now an old man, was an engineer on the canal nearly 50 years ago, and handled many of the vessels whose prows were pointed toward the canal mouth from the lake. The steamer *Queen of the West* was one of the first boats to ply the mad waters, and there were many others.

\* \* \*

The canal was a fine piece of work, dredged through the immense marsh

garden land in the country will be found in the marsh land in the valley between the heights and Dundas. Coote's paradise they call that piece of country even to this day, though most people now who use the name do not know what it means. In all past time the marsh has been noted as the gathering place of water fowl, and in the early days when the men of war, stationed at York and other places, wanted good shooting they would come there for it. Capt. Coote, of the King's regiment—the Eighth—was one of these sport lovers, and so great was his passion and so assiduously did he follow the sport at this



place that is was nick-named Coote's paradise.

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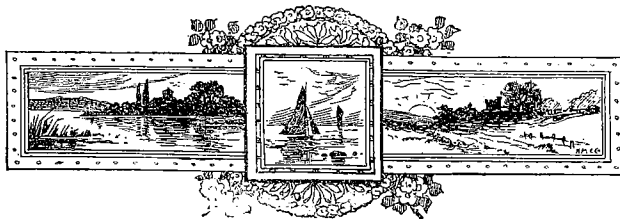
Of course, when the boom of shipping was on, the Dundas people embarked in all kinds of manufacturing ventures, and, having an abundance of water power handy, factories of all kinds sprang up on every hand. They were mostly of stone, hewn from the rocky hills around, and for that reason they will stand, making the town the picturesque spot it is. On nearly every street of the place ruins of some kind or other are to be found, and each ruin represents a step in the evolution of the place. Back of the cotton mills and at the foot of the hill leading up to Col. Gwyn's residence is a good specimen, which in some degree illustrates them all. It is all that is left to tell the story of an oatmeal and flour mill that flourished in the fifties. Down about the canal basin and along the banks of the creek leading from Ancaster, the deserted places are most numerous, and wherever they appear they lend a charm and beauty to the scene. It is out in the valley city, too, that the great iron gates now hanging at the Dundurn park entrance once used to hang, and 'tis said the big stone blocks on which they rested are still to be seen.

\* \* \*

But what has been written here is

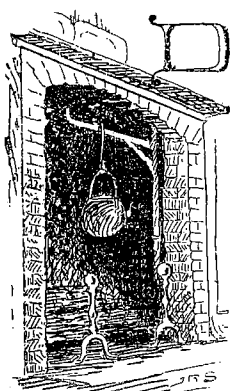
not intended to go beyond the canal and its influence upon the town. Old residents will talk of its past glories; present day residents see it merely as a sort of recreation spot where boating may be indulged in in summer and where in winter there is good skating. To-day the basin, instead of being filled as of yore with grain laden vessels waiting the springtime and opening of navigation to go on their way to Montreal, is a deserted looking spot, ice and snow covered, its pile lined side breaking away and ceasing to be of value in keeping back the caving shore line. Nothing in the shape of shipping but a steam yacht and a few sail boats now float on its waters and the enterprise of the town is turned in different directions. And yet, even with other industries, the excitements of the old days are not to be found. To-day the townspeople find all their fun in the summer season on but three occasions—the Bertram picnic, the House of Providence picnic, and the great fall fair. The rest of their summer time they spend in humdrum monotony, though in the midst of scenes unexcelled by nature in any other part of the world. So beautiful, so wonderful in fact that artists even from far away Japan have made the place their home and spent their best efforts upon the work they found so lavishly distributed in and around the corporation confines.

J. E. W.



## CHAPTER XX

### ITS PREHISTORIC BUILDINGS



OWN in the valley where dreamy Dundas lies there are many misty landmarks of long gone times, having their counterparts and verifying evidences only in the dusty archives of the county registrar's office. There has been many and many a traveler stumble over deep planted stones on some of the road sides out there, and it has never occurred to them that the stone they fell over was valuable at all. But they are. Some of these are on the old York road and bear the initials G. R., standing for George Rolph, a well-known early settler in the valley, but dead now some years. They date back to the year 1824. It was a fashion in the early days to mark by these stones the remarkable things of the time, and when Sir Allan MacNab bought the big iron gates that now swing on the rusty hinges at Dundurn park, Mr. Rolph, who then owned them, planted a stone to mark the spot from which they were taken. This stone is in a vacant lot near Gordon Wilson's store, and it marks the old entrance to Mr. Rolph's property. If anyone is inquisitive enough he may find in the wall of Dundurn near the gate an inscription which tells the date when the huge stone balls overmounting the gate posts at Dundurn were cut from the rock in Dundas.

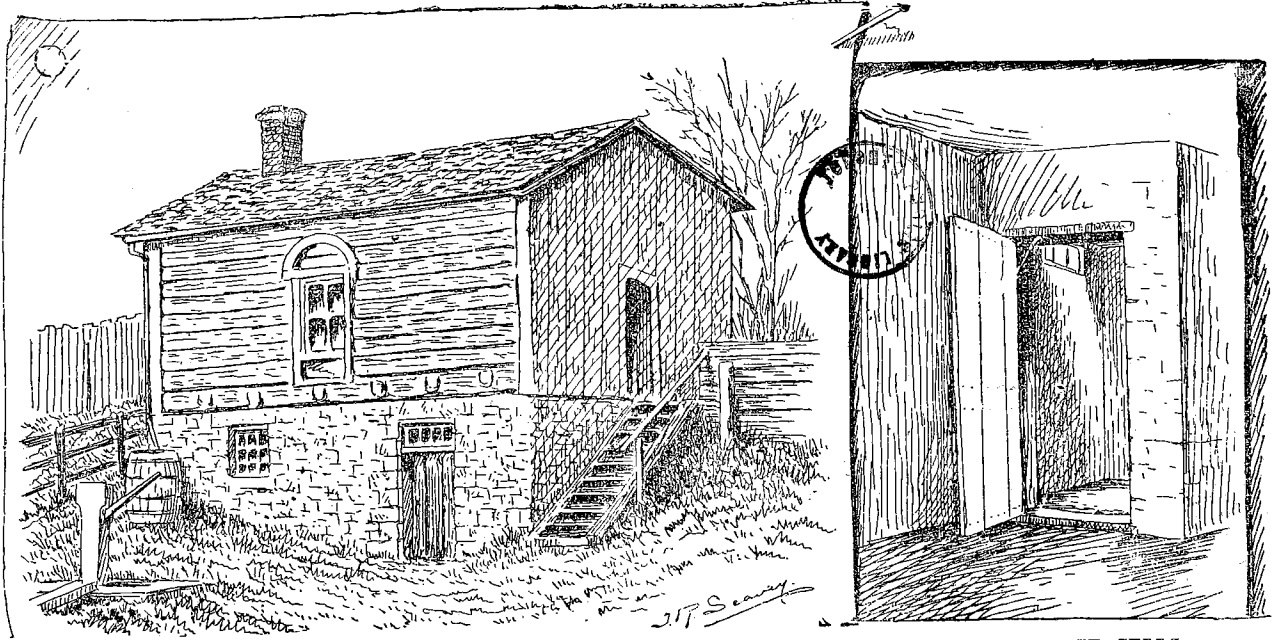
\* \* \*

The records of things that have been in Dundas are scattered abroad. In the town hall out there they say

they have no information as to the opening of the canal, but Inspector Smith, who has his recreation in ruin delving, has documents which tell the day and date of the opening, and also rehearse the names of the steamers and other craft that on opening day made their way to the basin and helped to make the affair more glorious. Miss Rolph, daughter of George Rolph, referred to above, also has a fund of information which she is collecting with the zest of an antiquary.

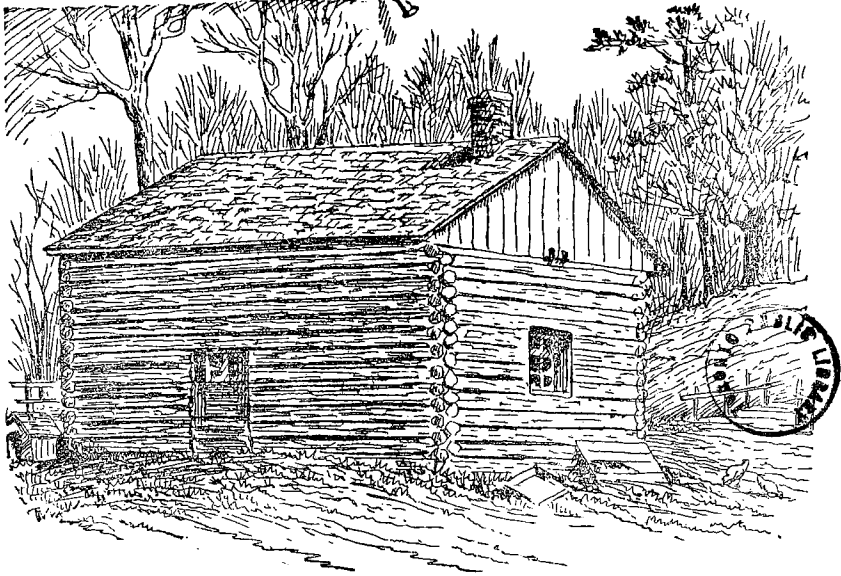
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Away out on the road leading to the driving park, on one's right hand side, there at the present time stands an unpretentious little brown house, right out to the fence line. No one lives there, nor has anyone for some years, and the place is getting a very weather-beaten look. Down on a level with the walk there is a grated window, hardly large enough for a man's head to go through, and on the inside in the basement there is a small compartment divided off from the rest of the place by a heavy stone partition. No one in Dundas seems to be able to say with absolute assurance that this place was at one time a court house, and that the partitioned off basement part a cell; but every one believes it, and its appearance would indicate that the belief is well founded. The rambler can get into the basement by climbing the fence and going down the steps shown in the picture to the door in the rear. There is not much in the basement now. First thing to greet the inquisitive eye is an old cider press, but that has been put there in rather recent times. In the cell at the right of the picture there is no mark of any kind save that of the hand of time, which shows in the dilapidated condition of the doorway. No prisoner who may have been confined there awaiting his call to the court room above ever ex-



A PREHISTORIC COURT HOUSE.

ONE OF THE CELLS.



THE OLD LOG JAIL.

pressed his feelings as prisoners are usually supposed to do by scribbling on the whitewashed walls, and the history of the place, from all that can be gleaned in and around it, is pretty much a blank.

\* \* \*

There is another building—a log structure back of the old court house and nestling in a ravine with pine trees all about. This is what is said to have been the jail proper—the town jail, for they had a county jail at that time just outside the town. The old log building is still in commission, but not as a jail. It is now a barn, and the business-like hen has taken up her abode there, cackling and scratching about just as if no one else in the world had ever had troubles but herself. Judge Snider is the happy possessor of a painting portraying these two fast crumbling relics of the judicial past.

\* \* \*

When one begins delving among ruins the more one delves the more is discovered that calls for further delving. Dundas was not always known as Dundas, and there is evidence graven in solid silver to prove there was once another name by which the place

was known. The Hatt family was spoken of as one of the oldest in the place in the last chapter, and they were there before 1817. On the first day of January in that year Richard and Mary Hatt presented a solid silver communion service to the English church there. It was a noble gift and made of sterling metal, and even today it is in use in the church on Hatt street. Rev. E. A. Irving, the rector of the church there, keeps the three pieces safeguarded in his house, but kindly allowed a Spectator artist to sketch them. They are very heavy, and as far as appearance go might not have been in use more than 20 years. But their antiquity and also the old name of the place is proven by the engraving on them. The wording is as follows:

The Gift of  
RICHARD AND MARY HATT,  
of Ancaster,

For the use of the church in the village of Coote's Paradise, District of Gore, Upper Canada, January 1, 1817.

This appears on both the tray and goblets. The box in which the set is kept is an old-fashioned one, too, made

of solid British oak, and lined with now faded silk.

\* \* \*

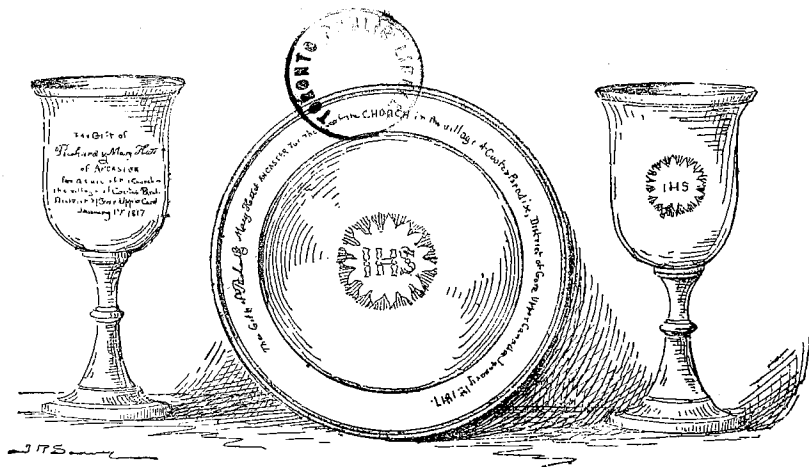
There is another curiosity resting in a back shed on the church grounds, displaced by the more modern in church architecture. It is one of the old-fashioned pulpit desks, made of black walnut and standing on a pedestal about six feet high. Steps lead up from the floor to the pulpit box, and there about ten feet above his audience the rector used to preach.

\* \* \*

The Hatts brought the communion service out from England when they came, and when they presented it to the church there was no church build-

ing. Meetings were in those days held from house to house, and when occasion came, from time to time, the faithful used the gift in their worship. It was used in the present church for the first time on the first Sunday in January, 1844. The church was built in the previous year. For some time previous to this services were held in a building down by the canal basin, called the Free church, Dr. Stark, Archdeacon McMurray and others of all denominations holding service there. Rev. Mr. Osler, father of B. B. Osler, succeeded Rev. Mr. McMurray. The first person in charge was Rev. Ralph Leeming, a missionary, who was there in 1818, and married a member of the Hatt family.

J. E. W.



A COMMUNION SERVICE PRESENTED TO COOTE'S PARADISE IN 1817.





THE OLD ROMULUS HOTEL, SHOWING STREAM RUNNING BENEATH BUILDING.

## EARLY HISTORY OF BEVERLEY

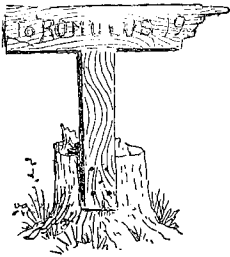
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The City of Romulus, Planned on Metropolitan Lines, But Never Realized the Hopes of Its Founder. ❁ Reminiscences of a Centenarian Trojan. ❁ A Troy Without Its Helen.



## CHAPTER XXI

### A CITY THAT WAS NOT BUILT



HERE are few persons aware of the fact that out in the wilds of Beverly township there is a large city all laid out ready to be built, but beyond a few stray log buildings of a more than usually substantial character, and the nicely colored plan of the burg which exists somewhere there is nothing remaining to indicate the originally high aspirations of the place. It can scarcely be called a dead city, because it never reached urban importance, except in the mind of the founder, who, with his immediate relatives, now sleep the long sleep among the ruins of his hopes. To that extent, if not a dead city, it may be called a city of the dead. The following article on the forgotten metropolis, which is situated two miles west of Rockton, is from the pen of the poet of Rushdale farm:

#### THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS.

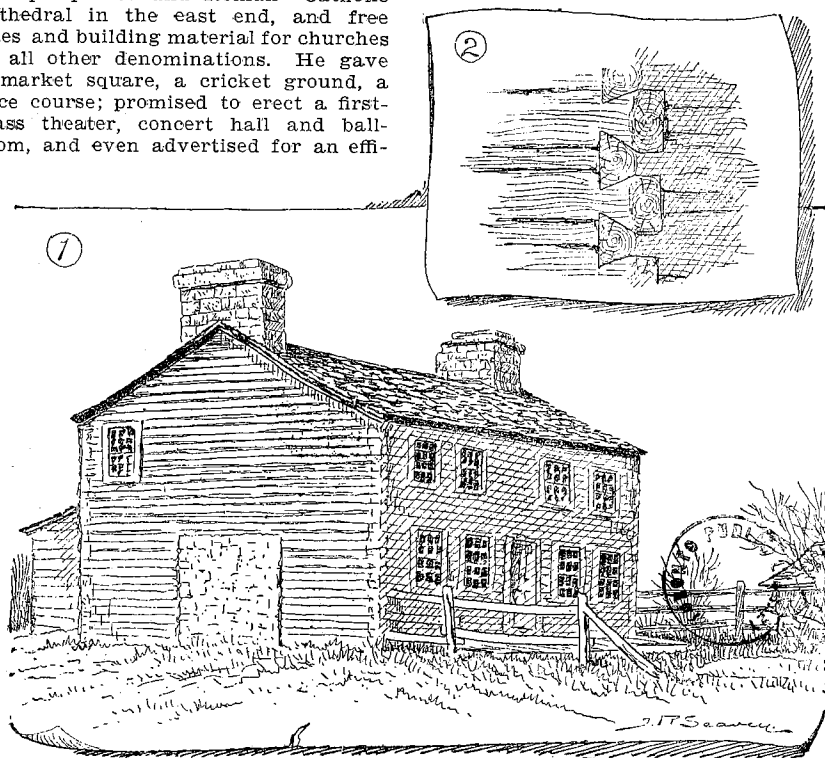
The man who founded Romulus was one of them. A giant in courage, endurance and resource—he towered above his fellowmen as the great white pines of Beverly once towered above the black birches and the beeches that grew at their feet. This man was Henry Lamb, a Pennsylvanian of Highland Scotch descent, a U. E. Loyalist as well, who, spurning a bastard flag in a land of rebels, moved north with all his belongings and settled in the very heart of the great Gore district. The stupendous obstacles in his path never for a moment daunted this old hero. From the door of the rude shack which he had built to shelter him and keep the wolves out, he could not see more than 50 yards in any direction, and naught but the

moon and stars by night and the sun by day shining above his little clearing reminded him that the universe was big and God was great. All alone, in his splendid isolation, in the superb stillness and the Titanic uproar of the forest, in the sweet safety and terrible peril of the bush, he conceived of great things. He set words to the splendid music of peerless pines, the tapering tamaracks, the heaped-up hemlocks, the majestic maples, the honest old oaks, the bizarre birches and the cold calm cedars, and he began to chant that hymn all over the world. He spread his rude map of British North America out on the top of a stump and laid a two-ounce bullet on the spot where the deserted hamlet of Romulus now stands. By the map he saw that he was located in the very heart of the British domains in America, right on the great highway from Quebec. This land was bound to have towns and cities. Why not have a great city right here under the bullet? He would build it. He bore the brand, not of Cain, but of a loyal subject and a true man, on face and forehead. Why should he not build a city? The wolves crept nearer and howled in derision, and the owls hooted with contempt, but he paid no heed. He took up 2,000 acres of land around the bullet and named the new city Romulus. Why, it is hard to tell. Did the big she wolf with hanging lugs and golden eyes that looked at him through the chinks of his cabin every night put the idea into his head? No one knows—but Romulus it was and Romulus it is, although you will look vainly in the postoffice directory for it. It is a melancholy ruin—far more desolate than the majestic forest that Henry Lamb found. Now there is nothing but tumbling walls and broken roofs and weed hidden paths and cold and barren fireplaces.

Lamb hied him to England and advertised in the principal London, Bir-

mingham, Manchester and Liverpool papers for artisans and workers in every art and profession. He promised them a house and lot and firewood free and immunity from taxes for 25 years. He promised them plenty of game and fish. He gave a free site for a Church of England cathedral at the west end of the town and another site for the bishop's palace and Roman Catholic cathedral in the east end, and free sites and building material for churches of all other denominations. He gave a market square, a cricket ground, a race course; promised to erect a first-class theater, concert hall and ball-room, and even advertised for an effi-

woods. His became the great half-way house between the head of navigation—Dundas—and the great German and Mennonite settlement in what is now Waterloo county. His wife was hostess, his brother, Major Lamb, his right hand man, and besides he had four stalwart sons, Lemuel, Charles,



1—THE LAMB HOMESTEAD.  
2—DOVETAILED LOGS IN THE WALL.

cient chief of police. He came back and built the first and biggest hewn log house in Beverly, erected a huge stone milk house over a living stream of water, a house big enough to furnish the milk, butter and cheese of the new city; opened a tavern, built a church and whooped her up generally. Settlers clustered round him, a road was built past his very door, the wagon wheels knocked chips off the corner of his house, and the lights in his window were a beacon for the weary travelers through the wolf-infested

Henry, ———, and one daughter, the late Mrs. Andrew Van Every.

What would have happened had the first three lived twenty years longer than they did it is hard to tell. The hardships and terrors of the American revolution, the great hejira northward, the perils and dangers of the unknown woods had sapped their strength and they died within a short time of one another. And these two heroes and that one heroine sleep side by side and are the only occupants of one of the strangest and most pathetic

graveyards in the world. Henry Lamb built his city on a rock, and he and his wife were determined to be buried in the middle of the town. The bodies were placed in their rude coffins side by side on the top of the ground and were covered with tons of great stones. A stone wall was built around them, and this filled in and over with soil, so that when it was finished it formed a cairn 18x27 feet at the base and ten feet high. There they slept peacefully

like the ancient Egyptian kings and queens in the pyramidal tombs, and every night the wolves foregathered above them and fought for the highest seats of the mighty. To-day these graves are unkempt and the wall in ruins. Groundhogs make their homes there down among the dead men's bones and the wind and weather of three-quarters of a century have left the cairn only four feet high.

THE KHAN.



GRAVES OF HENRY LAMB, HIS WIFE AND HIS BROTHER MAJOR LAMB

## CHAPTER XXII

### LEGENDS OF ROMULUS



REGARDING the home of Henry Lamb as he first established it, I should have said that it was a fort, or more properly a stockade. The property reaching as far as the dam, east as far as the Bishop's palace, south beyond the mill, and north bordering what is now the old orchard. It was enclosed with a hewn log wall in some places ten feet high. It was really the rancherio of South America and the kraal of South Africa. As Lamb kept the first tavern in the Gore district he early recognised that men who relied on their rifles for fresh meat, and whose gorge rose against fried bear, boiled black venison, and stewed ground hog; looked upon hens and eggs as the greatest luxury on top of earth.

Therefore Henry Lamb kept hogs, and the great tide of humanity, principally German, that flowed west, looked upon Romulus as the land of plenty. Here the first pig's foot was pickled; in that old and solemn house the first slippery, gummy head cheese was made; in that front yard the first intestines were scientifically cleansed under the supervision of an old Dutchman who had hob-nobbed with Van Der Bilt and Jacob Astor. And this leads up to my story:

The Indians, "our friends and allies," as the British government kindly called them, but painted barbarians just the same, whose descendants to this day preserve as heirlooms the scalps their enemies, not their fathers, wore at Stony Creek and Queenston Heights, used to drop down in a friendly way on the unsophisticated U. E. Loyalist.

They visited Henry Lamb once, and only once. Some travelers found him bandaged with weasel skins, which in those days were supposed to cure anything from a sore nipple to Bright's disease, and asked him what was wrong.

"Injuns," he said; "I had to fight like the devil. A man might as well lose his life as his pork."

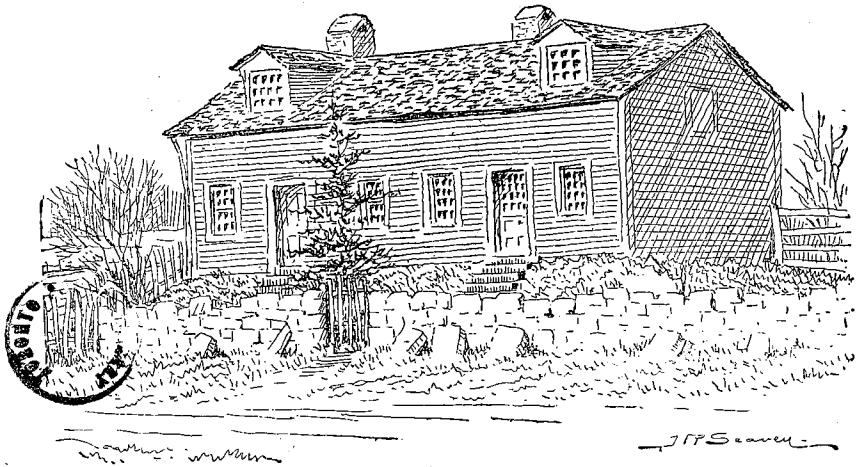
This saying has been handed down to this day in Beverly.

\* \* \*

Henry Lamb is a mystery. Even his sons could tell nothing about him, or little about his antecedents, and what added to their terror of this remarkable man was the fact that one great room at the top of the log castle was always closed. The door was double locked, the windows heavily curtained. No one entered that room but Henry Lamb and his associates, and these associates came from afar. Weary and travel-stained they came through the bush, and put up their horses in the great log corral. They looked like other men, but there was something uncanny about them.

The rough and dangerous bully of the bush, whose only law was his strong right hand, was different when these men came near. The wolf defier, the bear hunter, the bartender, the hostler, the money lender, the lay reader, the ready fighter, the man whose expressive oaths are yet a legacy, became in the presence of these men a genial gentleman of the old school, with subdued speech and manner of the old regime. Lamb's wife, a scion of one of the oldest French families, the De Bouchervilles, donned her best old silk and put on the manners of the grande dame that she was (her French school books are preserved in Beverly), and the best in the house was theirs—these strangers!

They were strange people these; they came from the north and the



BUILDING ON THE SITE CHOSEN FOR THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

south, the east and the west. One of them one night turned his back to the fire, parted his coat tails and recited Virgil. Another, a Cambridge man, gave Sophocles' Chariot Race, and when his weird and strange companions broke into a more or less discordant shout of eulogy, a she wolf screamed in the yard. Later, one by one they went upstairs into that secret room. The settlers shook their heads, the Pennsylvania Dutch talked of witchcraft, good Catholics crossed themselves, an old Indian employed about the place cut his wrist, and let the blood fall drop by drop on a burdock leaf. Crafty hunters watched the curtained window, daring wolf killers studied the men who went up those stairs. But all was silent, save when that silence was punctuated with unholy laughter. Then these men, Lamb at their head, would come down stairs and eat and eat and eat, and drink and drink and drink just like common folks. Other folks shook their heads. No good would come of it. One night after the orgies were over, Henry Lamb, Judge O'Reilly (father of ex-Mayor O'Reilly), and another whose name I cannot get, stole out of the house alone. They bore a box between them containing all of Henry Lamb's wealth in crowns, half crowns and florins. They buried the box in the hen house (right under the hens), and then Henry Lamb mounted a horse and disappeared through the moonlit forest on his way to New York to take a degree of some

kind as a Royal Arch Mason. He was gone four months, and when he returned his crowns, half crowns and florins were safe under a wagon box full of superior fertiliser, almost equal to guano.

\* \* \*

Major Lamb died first. The location of the romantic burying ground is in this wise: He was very dropsical and had traveled round the world seeking health, and had once, as he always boasted, had an audience with the Pope. Knowing that he was going to die four days before his demise, he bid them put him in the old chariot which had come from Philadelphia and drive him round the city. "I wish to be buried there," he said, pointing to a knoll—and there he was buried on the solid rock, for the rock is very near the surface all over that locality, except where there is such a knoll. When Henry Lamb died Judge O'Reilly and two other men visited the great log castle, broke open the door of the secret room, stripped it of everything within and departed, to the great relief of the people in the little locality.

That room is the haunted room, and no man in his senses would go into it alone or sleep in it for all the farms in Beverly.

Just this side of the old house is a culvert, over which the people drive to-day. I often wonder if the wheels ever wake the old ghosts or if the people who ride over the culvert ever think that they are driving through a city that lived in a great man's brain,

and that some day in another world he will show them his opera house and his skating rink. No! They are wondering what the price of potatoes is in Galt!

\* \* \*

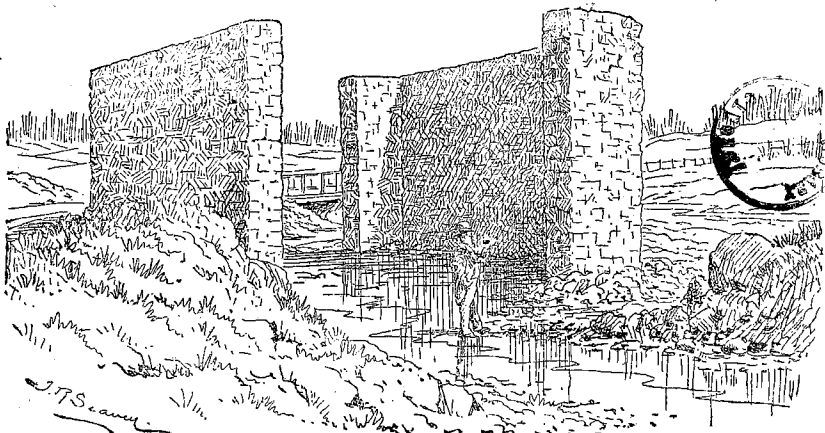
The splendid property was divided among the children, but the mighty boom had burst; Moses was dead, and there was no Joshua. The government moved the road to the other side of the milk house and the dairy was turned into a tavern. A lean-to barroom and a great fireplace were built against the south wall, and there are their ruins to be seen to-day. The old milk house still stands stout and strong with the pure and blessed water flowing through it, but the barroom is a melancholy and rotted wreck. Talking about this stream of water reminds me that about the last man who kept tavern there before Watty Barons got it was a man named Strahan. There was a trap-door to reach the water which flowed beneath the floor. Mrs. Strahan was found drowned in it one morning. There were rumors that she had been pushed in, but nothing was ever done about it. There was no use making a fuss. The ruins of Lamb's mill that furnished so much lumber for the district are still to be seen directly south of the old hotel. The mill is built on the solid rock, worn smooth as glass, and on its surface may be seen scratched deep lines from northwest to southeast by the glaciers of ages unknown. The old Mowberry tavern stands on the site of the proposed Catholic cathedral and is still in good repair.

The old Lamb homestead is a wonderful old building. There are four great six-foot fireplaces in it—two upstairs and two down. They say that walls have ears. Oh, if they only had a tongue, what rare old stories would those walls tell! As I passed from room to room ghosts seemed to flit noiselessly before me, and as I went upstairs I noticed two ax marks on the old banister rail, made in a desperate fight one wild winter's night. I would hate to sleep all night alone in that house.

It may be interesting to know that the village of Rockton was once part of the estate of Lemuel Lamb, and it came near being called Lambville. When Hemon Gates Barlow was treasurer and chief magistrate of Beverly his wife gave a party at which were present Mrs. Belden, Mrs. Andrew Kernighan, Mrs. Pettinger, the Misses McVane, Miss Kate and Miss Aggie Barrie, Mrs. Seth Holcomb, Mrs. Kirkpatrick and other ladies. The late Mrs. Cranly was waiting on the table. A government official had arrived to establish a postoffice and he was introduced to the ladies, had tea with them, and stated his mission. None of the ladies liked the name of Lambville, and in the midst of an animated discussion as to what would be a good appellation, Mrs. Cranly sang out:

"Call it Rocktown—divil a better name you'll get than that!"

And amid screams of laughter the little village received its postoffice name of Rockton. THE KHAN.



RUINS OF THE ROMULUS GRIST MILL.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### AN ANCIENT TROJAN



He wandered down the old Troy road (not the old Kent road), looking about for interesting things. It was early morning, and the bright warm sun shone strong and clear over the snow-covered earth, making fields, fences and housetops sparkle as if be-decked with diamonds. The smoke from many a farm chimney went shooting straight heavenward like incense in the frost-laden air, and there was a wonderful quiet all around. Our good friends the farmers are not especially early risers in the winter time, though they may make up for it in summer, and for some time along the up hill and down dale road the only sounds that greeted us as we passed farm house after farm house was the patient mooing of the cows and the barking of the collie dogs. But there was life inside the houses, as the smoke showed, and as our watch hands showed beyond the half-past eight o'clock all along the way was dotted by the figures of the youngsters hurrying off to school. The school bell soon afterward broke the universal stillness, and another day had begun in earnest.

\* \* \*

I wanted to go into the schoolhouse and have a talk with the teacher on the subject of Ontario's school system, but the artist, he wouldn't have it that way. Just as soon as he discovered he was in Troy his artistic soul yearned to see the ruins of the walls of the historic old place, and as soon as he located these he bethought him of the noble Helen and wanted to knock at every door to see if she might not be somewhere in hiding. We asked at the postoffice, but they said there wasn't a Helen any more in Troy, so he had to be satisfied for the time with his snow-covered walls and an old stone bridge. The walls did not at any time in their history sur-

round Troy, but marked the confines of a grist mill, which, like many another, has had its day and fallen in the march of the ages. It stood at the right of the main road, by a bridge spanning a wide and fast flowing creek, whose source was somewhere north in the Beverly swamp. Just below the bridge was a cascade, much narrowed and made the more fierce by ice bounds, and below this again was another old bridge, with loose, piled stone supports and abutments. These were enough for the artist for a little while, and the writer left him and wandered about to find something more interesting. And he found it, or rather him.

\* \* \*

Thou everpresent shadow in the path  
of man,  
Thy steps are lagging, slow;  
Thou and thine icy bosom friend,  
gaunt death,  
Taint all with dissolution's clammy  
breath,  
And make men fear thee ere they  
know  
Old Age.

The children, not yet entered in the  
course of life—  
Yet full of youthful glee—  
Oft see thy power in grandame's  
trembling hand,  
In grandpa's shaking limbs as near  
they stand—  
All fullsome evidence of thee,  
Old Age.

And thus thy darkening form is seen  
through all our life,  
A spectral token drear  
Of what we all must come to—every  
one—  
Before our life work here on earth is  
done.  
So thou and gaunt old death appear,  
Old Age.

Directly alongside the school house in Troy is a little frame cottage set on stone foundation that tells one of a capacious cellar below. In the school yard the youngest of the present gen-



ADAM MISENER, THE CENTENARIAN OF TROY



eration play about; from the cottage window in winter and leaning against the line fence in summer the oldest man in many a county watches them and has pleasant thoughts of his own childhood, so long gone from him. This was my find, and a most happy find it was, for though Uncle Adam Misener is so old—99 years on Feb. 20 of this year—he is young enough in activity to pass for a much younger man, and in conversation is a most delightful companion. When the Psalmist wrote, "The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away," he certainly did not include Uncle Misener, for though he is long past the allotted span of life's years his strength, according to his own statement, is not yet labor and sorrow.

\* \* \*

"I sawed and split all the wood we are using last summer, besides attending to the garden," said he, cheerfully. "Didn't it tire me? I wouldn't work till I got tired. I would take rests in between. But I will not be able to do so much next summer," he went on. And then he dramatically described what he called "his first stroke." It came one day last fall when he was alone in the diningroom lying on the sofa. The room was warm and he had been dosing. "I got up," he said, "to open a door, but before I had taken a step I lost my breath, and with the feeling that my pulse had stopped there was a great flash in my eyes and I fell on the floor. I got over it all right, but I haven't been the same since, and have had one or two more strokes. The doctor says it would have settled me the first time if it had been a little harder."

\* \* \*

Uncle Adam comes of sturdy stock. His grandfather, also named Adam, was a Hollander, and came to America in 1720, settling in New Jersey. One of his sons, Nicholas—the father of the present Adam—married a pretty Irish girl named Jane McLean right after the American revolution, and in 1793 he started out from New Jersey with a yoke of oxen, one cow, a mare, his wife and a ten weeks' old baby to tramp to Canada. The wife rode on the mare, which was harnessed to the cow,

and carried the baby in her arms as far as Oswego. From that port, just to give diverseness to the trip, the father, mother and child boarded a little vessel and set sail for Niagara, sending the cattle around by shore. They landed at Niagara on July 4, 1793, and went to Crowland township, in Welland county. After a stay of 40 days there the father walked to Toronto (then known as Little York), took the oath of allegiance to the British ruler, paid a fee of \$4 and walked back home, the happy possessor of a land patent. In Crowland township he cut down the forest and built him a log hut. There he cleared land and planted apple tree seeds which in time grew into fine fruit trees, some of which may be seen there yet. And there also was Uncle Adam born.

\* \* \*

Uncle Adam was a slip of a boy when the battle of Lundy's Lane was fought, and as his father's house was but very few miles from the scene of hostilities, and he was around at the time, he heard a good deal of the row, though, like a good sensible boy, he did not get in the thick of it. He will tell you now, if you care to ask him about it, how he and his sisters were out in his father's field picking peas on the day of the battle. They had heard there was to be an engagement soon and were looking for it. It started about half an hour before sundown, and as the old man now says, with a wave of his arms, "when I tell about it I get the same feeling I had then." The first noise the youngsters heard was the bang of a 32-pounder which nearly scared them out of their wits. Then came a rattle like hail on a roof, dying away and coming thicker and faster, just as the storm might increase or subside. This was the musketry discharge, and every once in a while would roar out like a great thunder peal the big piece of ordnance.

\* \* \*

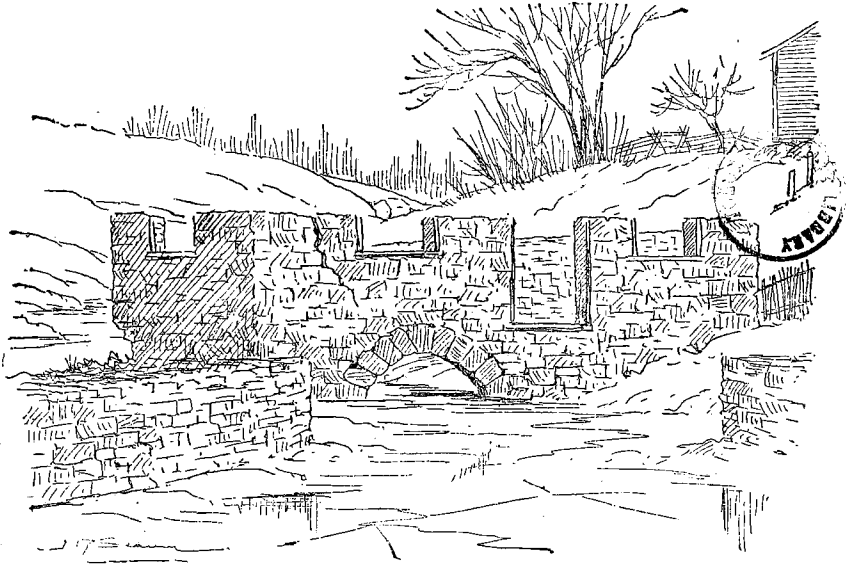
Afterward the children went to the battle ground, saw the blood-stained earth, counted 42 bullet holes in one fence rail, gathered a great store of emptied cartridges and went home with their little hearts sorrowful and their minds full of wonderment, just the same as little Peterkin.

\* \* \*

One day when he was a small boy

Uncle Adam lost the sight of one eye. It happened in a peculiar way, too. He was playing knife with some other boys, and when he came to "eyes" the blade of his knife went too far, blotting out the sight forever. When one considers that even now at 99 years of age Uncle Adam is just beginning to use glasses, though for nearly all his life the strain of sight

knots for torches, and one night, when my partner quit work, he went right home instead of calling at my house and waking me up. When he left he threw the pine-knot embers into the creek, as he thought. A little while afterwards I woke up and my room was all of a glare. I looked out of the window just in time to see the mill roof fall in and a great sheet of flame



RUINS OF THE OLD MILL.

has been upon one eye, one cannot but wonder.

\* \* \*

"March 13, eighteen and eighteen," as he puts it himself, was the time when the old man first came to Beverly. There were at that time seven families in the place and sixty-three names on the assessment roll, and forest abounded everywhere. Like nearly everyone else in those early days, Uncle Adam had to have a mill of some kind. He had a saw mill, and with it bad luck. It had been running but a month when it burned down with all the product of the month's sawing. He tells how the fire occurred: "I went in with another young man in the mill business, and we kept it running all the time, he working from noon till midnight and I from midnight till noon. At night we used pine

catch the piles of lumber we had cut. The pine-knot embers got into some sawdust."

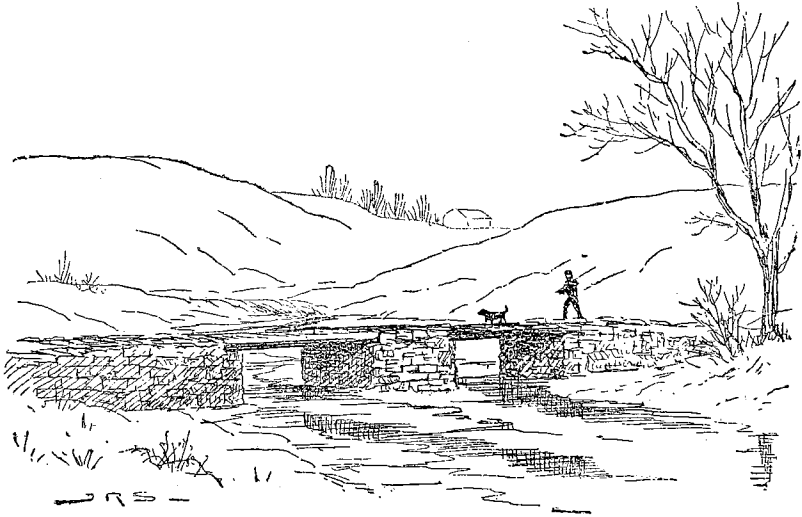
\* \* \*

Three years after settling there Uncle Adam married Miss Mary Miller, who died five years afterward. In 1831 he married Miss Ellen Coleman, who died in April, 1895, at the good old age of ninety-five years. Ten children were the joy of Uncle Adam's wedded life, and but one of them has died as yet. The sturdiness of the Misener stock may be judged when it is said that of twelve brothers and sisters, of which Adam is one, all but two have lived to be over eighty years old. One of these two died young of scarlet fever and the other at seventy-nine years. A sister—Elizabeth—died a month ago, having reached ninety-three years, and now Uncle Adam is

the only one left of his father's family. But he has perpetuated his family's name, for last November there were in the little cottage at dinner no less than five generations represented. Mrs. Clement, 271 Mary street, is a daughter of Uncle Adam.

I cannot begin to tell you all the interesting talk I had with the old man as we sat by his kitchen fire that morning. He told me, and I can readily believe it from the steadiness of his hand, that he shaves himself yet. I learned that all his long life he has been a staunch Reformer in politics, and but twice since 1818 has missed

recording his vote for Reform candidates. He admitted that he would like very much to live till he had passed the 100 year mark, though he sometimes thinks that one of those strokes will carry him off before that time comes. I gave him a paper to read, and as he sat by the fire the artist, back from his ruined walls and his search for Helen, sketched him as he sat, he not knowing a thing about it, so interested was he in reading about the developments of the Cretan trouble. Goodly, kindly old Uncle Adam; may he live to pass the century mark. J. E. W.



A TROJAN BRIDGE.

## WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT

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Saltfleet's Claim to Historic Remembrance. ✻ The Battle-ground and Its Environs. ✻ The Romantic Ravine at Albion Mills. ✻ A Post Mortem on Certain Stony Creek Remains.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### A BATTLEFIELD OF 1812

Travelers who journey to Niagara Falls or the villages and towns between on the Queen's highway, cannot fail to have noticed, a short distance west of Stony Creek and to the south of the road, a long, rambling sort of wooden structure which would not present an appearance of habitation, were it not that the surroundings of vineyards, apple and peach trees and other products of luscious fruit show that man is somewhere very near, and that, in all likelihood, he is to be found in the big wooden building before mentioned. That frame structure, odd as it looks, has a history, and a lively one; the chief events being connected with the great battle of Stony Creek in 1812. In and around that house occurred some strange events, such as have, not infrequently, changed the whole course of a country's history.

That big, wooden house, 84 years ago, was the homestead of James Gage and the scene of the repulse of the American soldiers, under Gen. Winder, by Col. Harvey and his small force of Britishers and faithful Indians. But for that set-back for the American troops, Canada—or this part of it—might have been a northern hump on the back of the great American republic, geographically speaking. In those days of guerilla warfare the face of nature on all sides of the Gage farm presented a different aspect from what it does to-day. Then, the road wound around to the south of the big wooden house and Gage's store close by, while the present roadway had not evolved from the cedar swamp that spread itself to the north. Because of these things, Gage's home was picked out by the American officers as being both commodious and comfortable and also commanding an excellent view of the surrounding country. True, nature took a rise out of it a little to the south, but the hill failed to have the compensating comforts of a home, and the Yankees were not dwellers in tents, especially when they could get such a

nice, cosy place as Gage's, with the concomitant of having plenty to eat.

It is an old, old story, familiar to many, that lingers round and about the old homestead of the Gages. The winds that whistled under the eaves, along the big verandas and round the chimneys tell it, the floors and the stairways tell it, and the surrounding landscape bears mute testimony to the stirring events of that time. One day the Americans came along, and Gen. Winder and his officers took possession of the Gage house, turning the owner and his family into the cellar. That night, when the Yankees least expected it, the British and the Indians came down upon them. The Indians, with their yells and war whoops, made the Americans fear several tribes of red men were upon them, and they fled in double-quick order.

The famous and historical house will be seen no more in its present form, as the present owner, D. A. Fletcher, has torn down one half of the building and converted what was left into a more modern structure. Standing, as it did, on rising ground, the house's prominence brought out more plainly its venerable and nearly-a-century air. It had not worn a coat—that is, a coat of paint—for several years, perhaps not less than forty, and there was a decided let-me-lean-against-you style from one end to the other of the portion facing the road. The building was 70 feet long and 30 feet wide. On the north side was a piazza, running the length of the house, which was of two stories. The front of the building, which still faces south, as it did when the road ran a short distance from it, had a piazza and a veranda running along more than two-thirds of it. Years ago, a former owner, Col. Nelson, added to the single story, and the front has the appearance of two houses, the western portion having a doorway with a somewhat ornate arch—as ornamentation went in those days.

So much for the exterior. The in-



OLD FRONT OF HEADQUARTERS, NOW THE BACK OF THE HOUSE.

terior was very much what would be expected from such a big structure. Taking the basement first, the visitor descended to it on big blocks of stone for steps. The earthen floor showed that many thousands of feet had passed over it, for it was hard as a rock. The cellars were roomy and not so bad a place for a refuge. In the eastern end of the basement the Gages made their home, while the American officers had possession of the upper rooms and had a pleasant time, when they were not dodging bullets. In the northeast corner of the cellar was a sort of recess, in which James Gage made his bed during the dark days of the Yankees' visit. Up-stairs were big hallways, roomy corridors and apartments of large size. There was enough room in the corridors and halls to find room for several families. The rooms had no striking feature, and how much they had been changed since the days of the Gages cannot be told. One large room of that time is now divided into two by a partition.

A locksmith of nowadays would look with horror upon the locks and keys used in that house. Under the stairs in the main portion of the building was a cupboard, which has a history, and also a lock and key to make the locksmith's stout heart quail. The case of the lock was nearly two inches across, and the bolt was big enough to be used in a bank safe. The key—well, there was material in it for several keys of the 1896 pattern. The shank was nearly

an inch thick, and several inches long. They say the locksmith was a blacksmith; the key bears out the statement.

Although it was wood, wood everywhere in the old building, there was no likelihood that anything less than an earthquake would bring it down. One reason for its stability was that every three feet, along the whole length of the east end, a beam 12x12 inches was placed across the structure; while down in the cellar at one end was an immense slab of stone, a foot thick and twelve to fifteen feet long, which made a portion of the foundation.

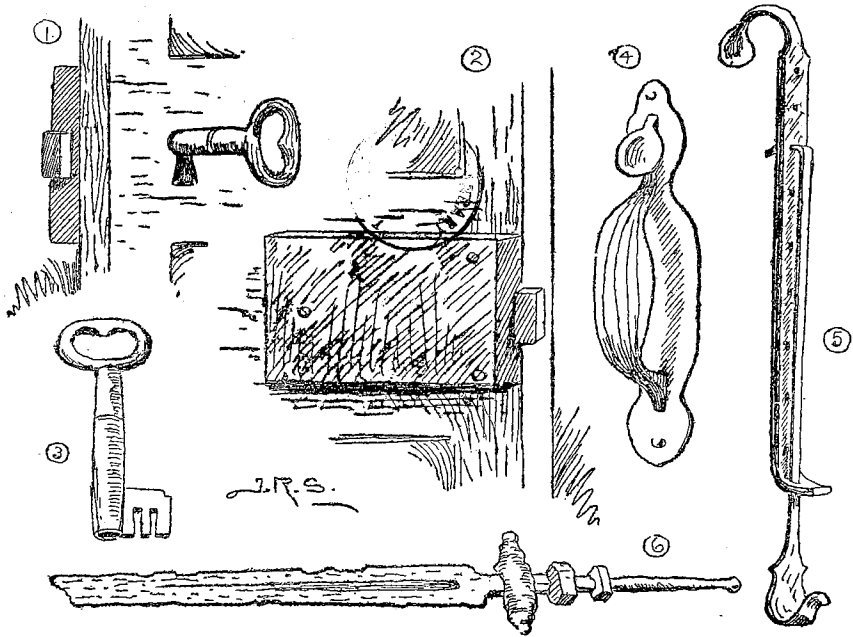
Another relic of the past soon disappeared with the half of the old house—James Gage's old store, which now stands a short distance away to the southwest. It is now nothing but a shell and will make good kindling wood. Along the front, over the front door, can yet be faintly seen the words: "J. Gage's Store." Some time ago they were painted out, and soon the whole concern will be blotted out.

Opposite the big house is shown the stump of a tree to which was speared by the Indians one of the American sentries. A short distance away was found what appears to be a spearhead, although it is not said it is the identical one that impaled the Yankee soldier.

A visit to the old home is not complete without a climb to the top of the hill at the rear, down which the Indians ran and scared off the American

soldiers that night. Mr. Fletcher, the present owner of the house and land, says that with the aid of a telescope, on a fine day, Hamilton, Toronto, Guelph and St. Catharines can be seen. Mr. Fletcher came into posses-

sion of the property last May, and before him it belonged to the Gage, Nelson, Glover, Williams and Fisher families, Mr. Fletcher purchasing it from George S. Fisher.



1 and 2—Lock on cellar door, 10 inches long. 3—Key, 6 inches long. 4—Fluted brass door latch. 5—Wrought iron extension pot hook, used at soldiers camp fire. 6—Sword or spear blade, found under the tree where one of the sentries was buried.

## CHAPTER XXV

### ALBION MILLS RAVINE

There's a fascination frantic  
In a ruin that's romantic.

Do you think this is sufficiently decayed?

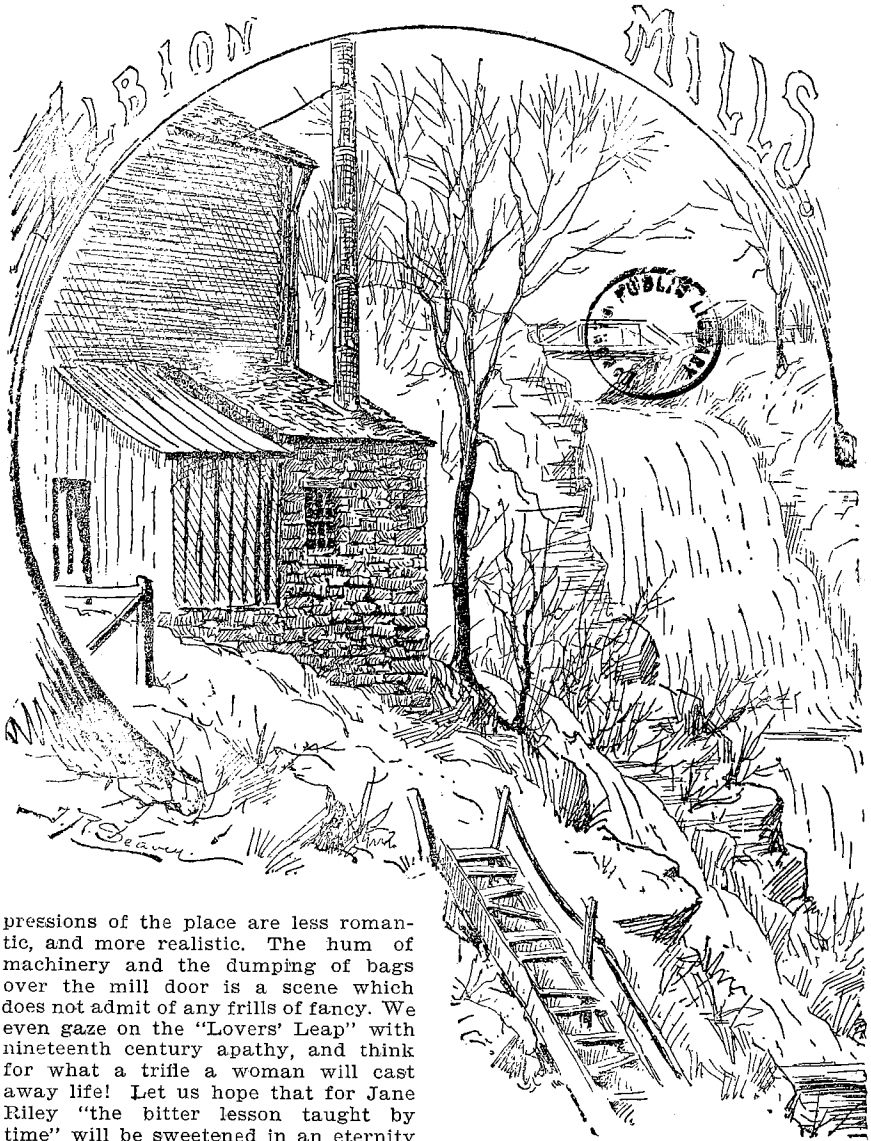


HE South Riding of Wentworth, from a picturesque and historic point of view, presents no point of greater interest and beauty than the Mount Albion ravine, at the head of which stands the grist mill, and, on the level ground above it, the remains of other buildings erected early in the present century. The road which leads around it is a favorite drive, consequently the place is familiar to the residents of both town and country. To see it at its most impressive, when it forms a picture not soon or easily forgotten, is to see it when the nights are moonlit, when the "lamp of heaven" swings just high enough to throw long lanes of light to the bottom of the dark ravine. Standing on the bridge which spans the water where it takes its first leap downward, one might fancy the silent mill a fortress, guarding grimly the mouth of the pass. The pass itself—half hidden, half revealed—is filled with strange, lurking figures, and a suppressed murmur of voices. We know the figures are only shadows cast by the somber swaying pines, and the voices are the voices of nature embodied in the trees, and running water; yet heard in connection with the idea of a fortress, they make us think of soldiers preparing for the attack, in obedience to orders passed along the line. Aided by imagination the sounds take meaning and grow distinctly on the ear. A ray of moonlight flashes on some bright object among the

shadows. Firearms surely! and instinctively we turn, half expecting to hear an awful salute from the fortress. An owl hoots dismally that weird note which turns the thoughts to death and disaster. The grey bird flits past the face of a rock that rises to a height of 80 feet, and from the top of which a young girl cast herself to death, rather than face desertion on the part of her lover, who, when the wedding feast was ready, failed to appear. Out of the gloom where the bird has vanished comes another mournful cry and the gorge is filled with ghostly echoes.

We are now in a mood to thoroughly believe all the tales in connection with a house that once stood a short distance from the mill, and of which nothing remains but a part of the chimney and a reputation for having been "haunted." One of the stories, clearly authenticated, is that a woman who was sleeping one night in an upper room of the house, awoke suddenly to find the clothes slipping from the bed. She pulled them up, and again, as if drawn by an unseen hand, they went slowly creeping towards the foot of the bed. Three times was this repeated, and the third time the process was accompanied by an impatient jerk. The woman shrieked and fled down the stair, where she fell in a swoon from which she did not recover for hours. Another story runs in this wise: A gentleman whose name I shall not publish, but who is a good judge of the supernatural, was driving with some ladies past the house after dark. The horses suddenly stopped and snorted as if in terror. An apparition (white, of course), passed by the side of the carriage. The ladies screamed and the gentleman valiantly struck at it with his whip. The whip lash cut right through it, without causing its ghostship any apparent inconvenience, for it continued on its way to the house, and the horses, relieved of its presence, started on again. By daylight our im-





pressions of the place are less romantic, and more realistic. The hum of machinery and the dumping of bags over the mill door is a scene which does not admit of any frills of fancy. We even gaze on the "Lovers' Leap" with nineteenth century apathy, and think for what a trifle a woman will cast away life! Let us hope that for Jane Riley "the bitter lesson taught by time" will be sweetened in an eternity blest by the presence of "Joseph," and all danger of further trouble avoided by the fact that there is there "no marrying or giving in marriage."

\* \* \*

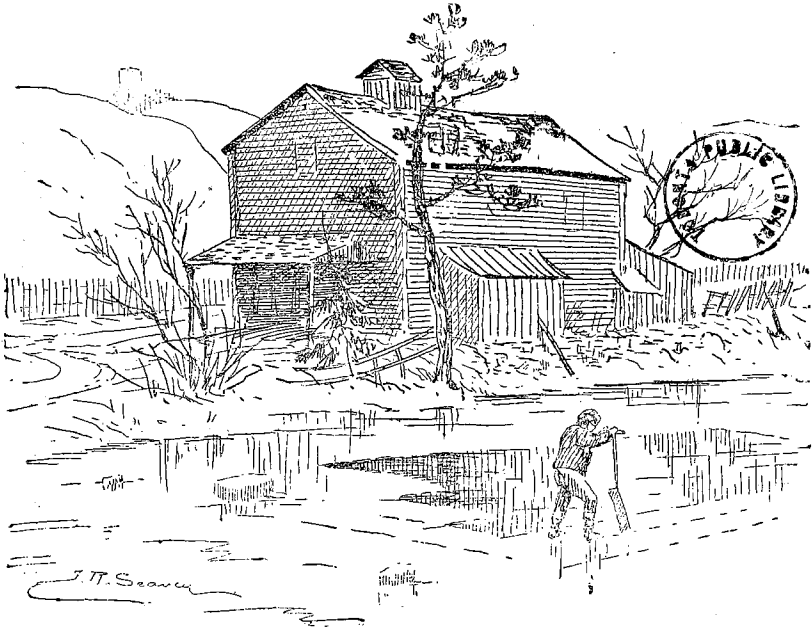
Alas, poor Jane Riley, for Joseph she did die  
By jumping off that dizzy brink full sixty cubits high. —Slater.

The above lines are all that is avail-

able of a poem (?) written by one Slater, at the time of the sad occurrence. In speaking of Slater my informant said: "He was a smart man and did not know it." I carefully made a note of it. Slater should be one of the features of picturesque and historic Wentworth. "A smart man" is rare enough; but "a smart man unconscious of his smartness" should be re-

garded as an antique, if not, indeed, as an extinct species. Joseph's mother said: "Let the blame rest on my shoulders," which was very magnanimous; and goes to prove that, like the average mother-in-law-elect, she objected to her son's choice of a wife. Some years later, when in apparently good health, she suddenly shrieked: "Jane's hand is on my shoulder," and fell dead on the floor. Jane had evidently taken

for John Secord by a millwright whose descendants have made the name familiar throughout the country. Squire Secord employed as a miller a colored man named Owen. One Saturday the millwright happened into the mill, and detecting with practiced ear an unusual sound, ordered the miller to stop a certain stone. Owen demurred. He was willing to take chances on the stone, and his employer



A VERY OLD WAREHOUSE.

her at her word. As for the ghost-ridden house, we refused to listen to explanations, though we are inclined to agree with Dickens when he says: "They were afraid of the house and believed in its being haunted; and yet they would play false on the haunting side so surely as they got an opportunity. The Odd girl was in a state of real terror, and yet she invented many of the alarms she spread and made many of the sounds we heard."

\* \* \*

It is difficult to find out just when the first mill was built at Mount Albion. There was one there in 1814 which was repaired and set in order

agreed with him. For the sequel I cannot do better than give it in the exact words of "Hans:" "It was very tempting to the miller to let the mill run on till Sunday morning. He felt a little guilty, but there was a fine head of water, and the mill was making rapid work. When daylight looked in at the windows his guilty sensations sat more lightly upon him. Pretty soon, before the neighbors had risen to witness his transgressions, he would shut off the water. Leaving the stone flat he went below, where the chopped grain was being discharged. While there a fearful crash was heard above—a sudden vibration and a hiss which sent a thrill of horror through him. He



THE LOVERS' LEAP.

sprang to an open window, through it, and up the hill as fast as his legs would carry him. Gasping for breath he looked down on the mill. Guilt and fear had nearly overpowered him. By and bye he ventured back and thrust his head through the open window. He saw no smoke and smelt no brimstone. So creeping to the foot of the

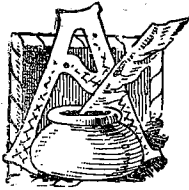
stair he found one half of the millstone poised at the top, while the other had gone into a bin of grain." Others affirm that the negro turned white with fright, and never quite returned to his original color. At any rate he was never again "cotched" breaking the Sabbath. The next to own the mill was Peter Reed, whose sons, Adam and Peter Reed, the latter ex-reeve of Saltfleet, are now resident in the township. He, while quarrying a pit for a new mill wheel, struck a vein of gas, which, however, was not utilised until the property became Mr. Crooks', when it was piped and brought in to light the mill. They also attempted to carry it to the storeroom, which is a very old building indeed, and every nail used in the building of it hand wrought. Mr. Cook, whose son, James Cook, owns the property, suffered great losses by fire. He had a large farm as well as the mill property, and his barns were burned to the ground three times about the year 1860. A number of horses and cattle were destroyed each time. In fact, all that was in the buildings, with the exception of one horse, which, unaided, struggled out of the flames, but with both eyes completely destroyed. After the third fire suspicion of incendiarism fell on an inmate of the house, a girl whom the Scotch would call "a natural," and who was employed to do rough work about the kitchen. She imagined that her rights were not properly defined, and took this way of adjusting the matter. One narrator says it was because her mistress would not allow her to share her bed with a youthful and orphaned pig. She was arrested and taken to Hamilton. Not being in the days of patrol wagons, constable and prisoner walked together along the street. A friend of the former met them, and having some information to impart to the constable, stopped him. He said to his prisoner: "Walk on a few steps and I will catch you." He hasn't caught her yet.

TONY REEK.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### EARLY DAYS IN SALTFLEET

Listen, ye men of the cities,  
To a page from the long ago,  
Nor deem it a thousand pities  
That the story's simple flow  
Throbs not with the blood of warfare,  
Political heat and strife,  
But is only a homely record  
Of the early settler's life.



AND it came to pass that there rose up out of the land of the Philistines, one named Adam, whose surname was Green. After journeying many days he came to the creek which is called Stony, and flows through the land of promise, and there he abode, he and his children and his grandchildren, even unto the fourth and fifth generation. Otherwise, or in nineteenth century parlance, Ensign Green, of Gen. Burgoyne's army, left his home in the state of New Jersey and came to the province of Ontario, where on June 11, in the year 1791, he staked his claim and became the first settler in that part of the country known later as the village of Stony Creek. To his grandson, Samuel Green, a gentleman vigorous in mind and body, and bordering on 80 years, I am indebted for my knowledge of many incidents, handed down from father to son, in connection with the pioneers of the township of Saltfleet. "Why did he leave New Jersey?" came as a natural question. "Because he had to," was the blunt reply. This was refreshing, and furnished food for thought. Having been taught to regard the U. E. Loyalist as a man who, for pure love of the mother country, had, when the United States gained their independence, shaken the dust of republicanism from his loyal feet, and of his own free will and accord had turned him to a land that seeks no greater independence than that furnished by the protection of the British crown, to say

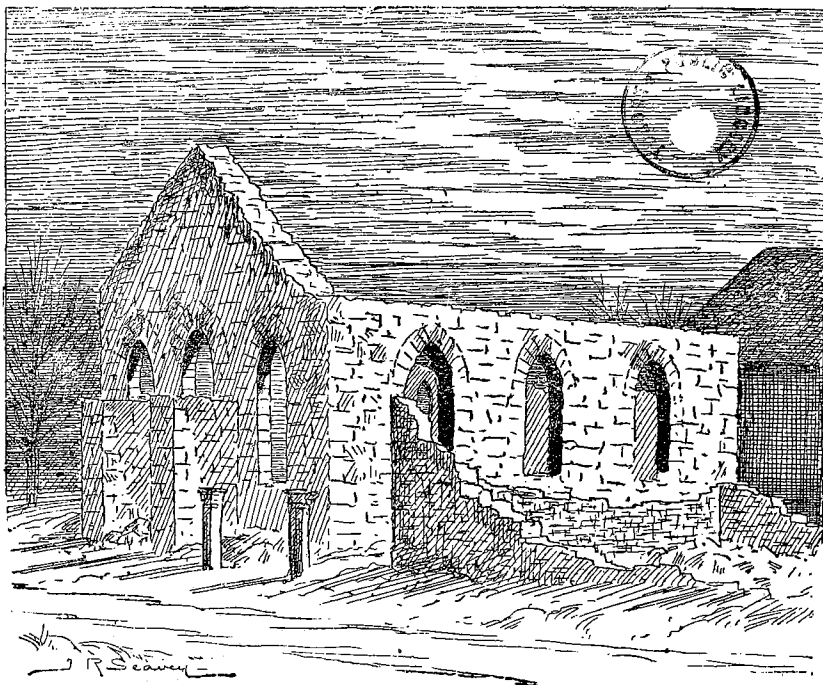
that he left "because he had to" strips the U. E. L. of the romantic halo through which he shines a splendid figure of faithful adherence to allegiance.

\* \* \*

In the days of the early settlers scientific cooking would have labored under difficulties. Wheat ground by hand in a hollowed buttonwood log, and sifted through a wolf skin, which, punched full of small holes and stretched on a wooden frame served the purpose of a sieve, turned out a brand of flour that a scientific cook wouldn't care to fool with. Such an one was the mill made by Adam Green, and the settlers as they gathered in and formed a neighborhood had either to use it or shoulder their grain and take the Mohawk trail to Niagara, where even there it was not sifted, only ground. Succeeding this primitive affair, and during the next 40 or 50 years, nine different mills were erected on the creek north of the falls. At that time the volume of water was great enough to turn a mill wheel all through the summer months. Now its feeble trickle dries up completely, and its course is naught but a bed of stones at that season of the year. Some day, when even that is filled up and built over, and all trace of the creek erased, future generations will wonder to what the place is indebted for its name. People from commonplace, thriving villages flout the idea of a future growth, and jeer at our stagnation and our toll gate. Let them! Stony Creek will live in history when the thrifty village that never had a battle ground or a toll gate is forgotten. We don't deny its broken-down, out-at-elbows look. That is its patent of nobility. It is only plebianism that must needs look sleek and respectable.

\* \* \*

The children of the first settlers had peculiar school privileges. Their teachers were mostly men from the Eastern



RUINS OF THE OLD CHURCH AT STONY CREEK.

States who, traveling westward, would engage a room in some log dwelling house and announce their intention of keeping a school for a term of three months. Each scholar signed an agreement to pay so much, and the teacher dealt out knowledge in proportion to the amount paid, and "boarded round" among the families. Some of the teachers were Puritans. Others were men out of the army, who flogged the boys most unmercifully, believing that the absorption of knowledge is made easier if taken with large doses of beech gad. School books were a scarce article and writing material consisted of a quill pen, and for ink the juice of the squawberry. The first school house erected bore over the door the date 1822. After that better teachers were available, but it was at considerably later date than the building of the school that geographies were introduced, and also Kirkham's grammar. In those days the minister of education wasn't continually grinding out school books and Bibles to suit the times; nor teachers with relentless faces ordering

the last grist from the educational mill. The first school house and the first church, or Methodist chapel, were built in different corners of the present burying ground. Not a trace of them remaineth. Even the second erections for teacher and preacher are in ruins.

\* \* \*

Spiritually the wants of the people were provided for in much the same way as their schooling. Once in two or three months a Methodist preacher or "circuit rider," came in from Niagara and delivered a sermon straight from the shoulder. Lacking that, they ministered to each other. Kent and Corman, settlers who followed close on the heels of Green, being the presiding elders. On one occasion the promised preacher not having arrived, prayer and praise were conducted by Mr. Kent. Upon leaving the church they were confronted with the following lines, painted with lamp-black on a shingle and set up at the door:

On a certain Sabbath day,  
There came no preacher with us to  
pray;  
So Satan, out of pity, sent  
His faithful servant, William Kent.

Which would argue that Mr. Kent  
had an enemy.

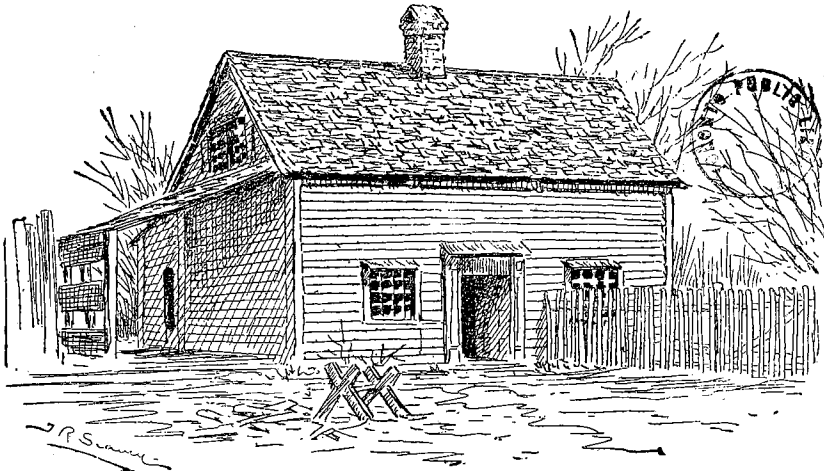
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The oldest building in the village is the Exchange hotel. Its exterior has been somewhat altered, but in many respects it is the same as when built in 1813. Another, the Canada house, was built in the neighborhood of 65

slowly on the veranda. Naturally, casual visitors decided at a glance that the Canada house was doing the business of the place. Hostelries were as thick as blackberries half a century ago, and, owing to the large amount of teaming, drove a thriving trade. Now these old buildings are an eyesore, gaunt and hungry looking, and tottering to decay—with, of course, a few exceptions.

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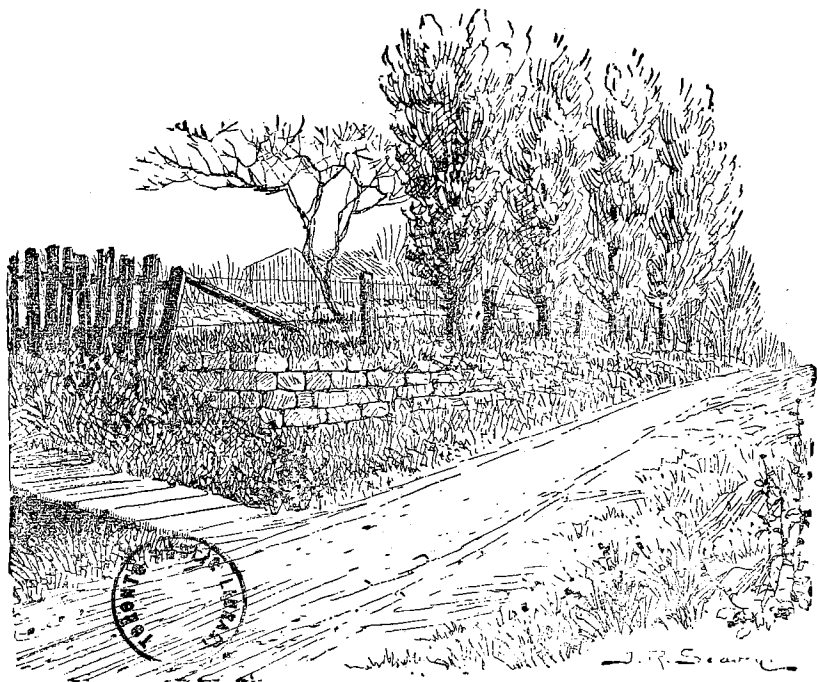
Very few of the old dwelling houses are left standing. One, the Van Wag-



THE VAN WAGNER HOMESTEAD,

years ago. It boasted a dark room, and doubtless many gentlemen of Hamilton, prominent in political circles, have pleasant recollections of holding "a flush" or a "full house" within its friendly seclusion. One of the proprietors of its early days was wont to spread his web with consummate skill for the trapping of unwary travelers. He had two vehicles which he kept in the yard to make it appear that the stable was full. To one of these he would hitch his horse before anyone else was astir in the morning, and drive up and down, up and down, before the house, the numerous tracks just made making it look as though a great deal of traffic stopped at his door. Then on the principle of throwing a sprat to catch a salmon, the usual loafers were given cigars and told to smoke them

ner house, is still to the fore, and in close proximity to the modern residence occupied by Townsend Van Wagner and family. It was built 80 years ago by the father of the oldest present generation, a man who, as one of his descendants expresses it, "came to this country backwards," having rowed in a rowboat all the way from Albany, N.Y. His family are too well known to make further comment necessary; and I feel while dwelling on these incidents of the past that I may be spoiling material that under Hans' treatment would have been a thing of beauty and a joy forever. From Col. Van Wagner, should the occasion arise, we may expect to see the fruits of the spirit which animated his ancestors when they fought for the British government in the wars of the revolution.



THE RED HILL ROAD.

While on the subject of schools I forgot to make mention of one that 30 or 40 years ago was considered the best country school in the county. I refer to the one known, as its successor also is, as the "Red Hill school"—called so from the color and texture of the soil which forms the bluff on which the school house stands. In those days the attendance averaged 100, and such teachers as Harte, Smith and Cameron (now Rev. T. Cameron, of Toronto), were employed at a salary of \$500 a year. They grounded the older scholars in Greek roots and Latin verbs, and turned out pupils that have since done credit to themselves and their early teaching. Ald. Henry Carscallen, Q.C., was an attendant for some years, and his father was trustee of the school for more than half a century.

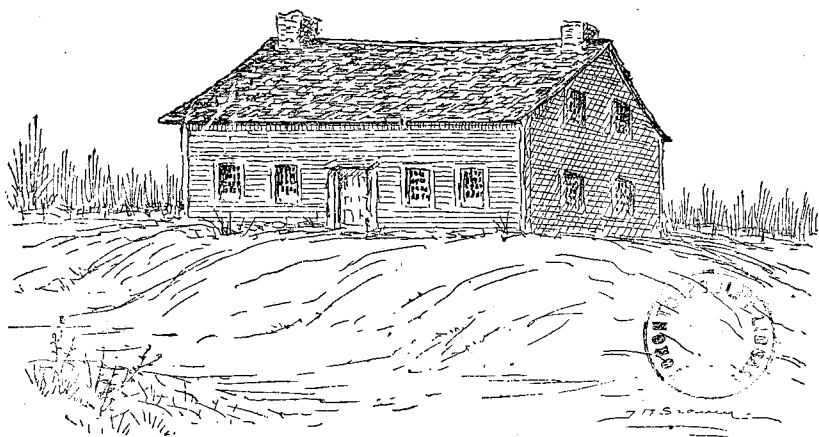
Ex-Warden J. W. Jardine and ex-Warden J. W. Gage are familiar names that were on the old school roll, only, of course, without the prefix which signifies municipal honors.

Fifty years ago the red clay or chalk before mentioned was used for making figures on the blackboard, which consisted of some roughly planed pine boards nailed to the wall. The building itself was wooden, and part of it moved from its foundation serves as a woodshed in connection with the new school house of to-day. The road leading past it was an Indian trail leading from Lake Ontario to the Grand river. It is picturesque in the extreme, particularly in the region of Vine Vale farm and round about Mount Albion. When the world was younger (we will not be particular as to dates), that part of the road was not thought safe to travel on after sundown. The cry of the wolverine and "painter" was often heard at nightfall, and different men could tell thrilling tales of hairbreadth escapes. The trees hung over the roads on both sides, and one night Col. Gourlay, riding back on horseback, heard an ominous rustling in the branches overhead,

followed by that terrible cry, half warning, wholly defiant. The colonel rode a little further down the road, dismounted and tied his horse. Before the fierce wild animal in the tree knew what it was all about, he was looking into the business end of a revolver, and with a very determined man at the other end of it. He came down out of the tree, and unlike the generality of wild animals, had two legs instead of four. From that night the road was free of wolverines and "painters."

It has even been called picturesque. To prove it I will tell of a remark

feet was "hitting the pipe." In the gutter and on the veranda played a group of dirty children; dogs basked dreamily in the sun. The lady was delighted. "It looks," said she, "like one of those dear, dirty Italian villages." As an example of the smallness of human nature, we, who a moment before were going to disclaim all knowledge of the place and pretend we lived at Winona or on the mountain—anywhere—took the compliment as a compliment to ourselves, and began to point out other interesting "bits." Modesty forbade us, however, claiming kin-



OLD HOUSE ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

This building is on the north side of the road and was in existence some time before the battle was fought.

made by a lady—a southern lady—traveling from Hamilton to Grimsby camp ground via the H., G. and B. The car stopped at the company's waiting room, which is situated in a part of the village calculated to impress a stranger with a sense of its picturesque loveliness. Next door to it is a building, once an hotel (see sketch), then a boarding house for navvies working on the construction of the T., H. and B. The roof of the veranda was on this occasion covered with orange peels, banana skins and other refuse of a fruity nature. At a window appeared a pair of very large bare feet, presumably the property of a person born under warmer skies than ours, being a study in brown. Wreaths of smoke curled from the window in evidence that the owner of the

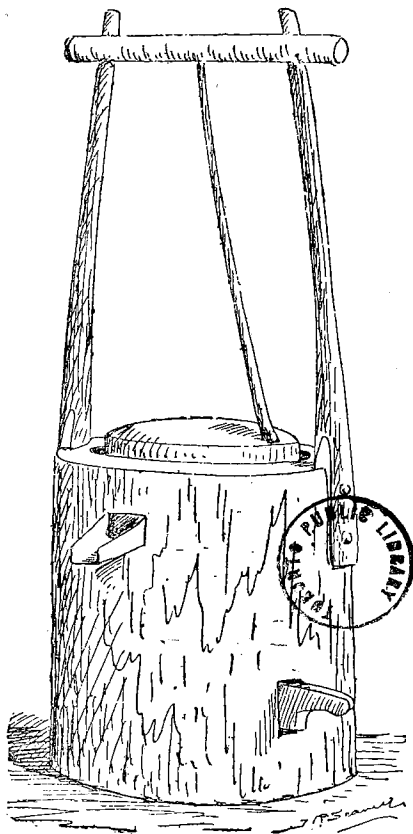
ship with the owner of the feet. Visitors of a material nature, who see no beauty except when it represents dollars and cents' worth, we take up into a high mountain (like Satan), and show them the country lying between it and the lake. It is a picture which never fails to call forth exclamations of delight, as, indeed, how could it fail to do? And if it happens to be summer time the pleasure of the visitor is redoubled. Vineyards and orchards stretching to the east and west fur on the north side by the lake and a blue line of hills. To the south peach trees and lusty grape vines clamber up the lusty grape vines clamber up the mountain side to mingle with up-lying fields of young wheat, trembling a silver grey in the light stirring of the wind. The beach, crescent shaped,



lying like a huge sickle sharply dividing the lake and the bay, and the bay itself resting like a pearl in the shadow of the hills, has been compared, in its beauty, with the Bay of Naples. In looking over the country from the brow of the mountain, one would like to be able to call up a Mohawk chief from the shades of the departed and show him the difference a century has made. Perhaps he would view it with the calm indifference common to the Indian. If so, we would point out to him the electric car gracefully describing the curves of his erstwhile trail. That would move him, and cause him to mutter in the language of the Mo-

hawk something about "the horrors that we know not of." Still we need not go back that far to make the street car a matter of surprise, and we find it difficult now to believe that only three years ago we "staged it" to Hamilton—said stage, by the way, always "smelled to heaven," and inclined one to think that the last occupant must have been on his way to the mortuary, and the horses gave one the impression of having aged through fast living rather than an accumulation of years. But I am forgetting. It is of the past, the long past, that I should be writing.

TONY REEK.



A MILL OF YE OLDEN TIME.

## THE STAGE COACH DAYS

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Recollections of Life on the Old Post Road Between Hamilton and Caledonia. \* The Wayside Inn Ruins that Mark the Route Through Barton and Glanford.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE CALEDONIA STAGE ROAD

With a pull of the line and a crack of  
the whip  
We're off on the Caledonia stage;  
Give modern-day cares and worries the  
slip  
And live for an hour in another age.  
If the road is good we may get there  
soon;  
If it isn't we'll possibly have to  
walk;  
But, speedy or slow, grant this one  
boon—  
Sit down and listen to old men talk.

\* \* \*

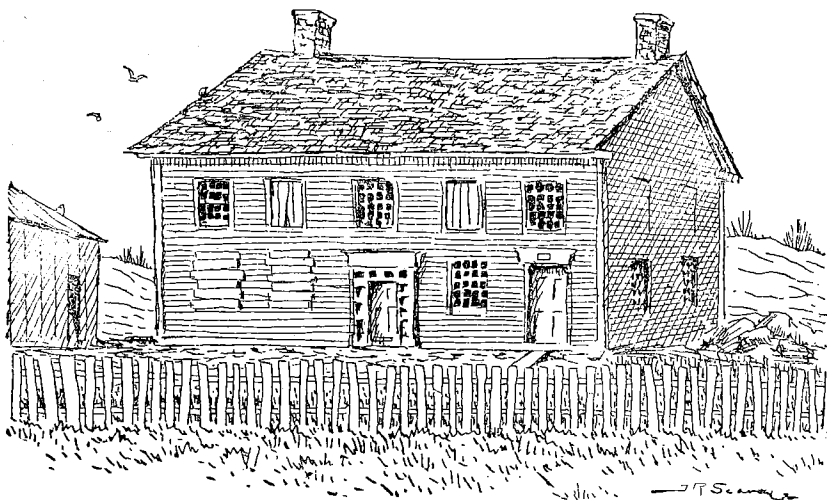


UCH as one may rejoice that his life has been set in the immediate present in this century of wonderful things there is a mine of interesting incident to be opened up and delved into when one considers the earlier years of the century around this neighborhood in almost any direction. As, for instance, the records of the old stage coach days along the road over the mountain and into Caledonia. We people of this day know next to nothing of the real old-fashioned stage coach other than what we read about it in the school books, but there are plenty of the old folks left who knew no other mode of travel in their younger days. And an interesting method of travel it used to be, too, particularly in the springs and falls of the years. For it must be remembered that in stage coach days the science of road building in this land was a thing undreamed of, and the best roads of the country were those known as plank roads. These were good enough in the summer, when everything was dry, and in the winter, when everything was frozen up, but in the spring and fall—well, they were different. That Caledonia road, now so beautifully kept by a generous toll road company, was one of those plank roads in the early days, and from

what the old people say it had a record for wickedness in spring and fall seasons. The stage would leave Hamilton in the early morning, four big, heavy horses pulling it, and at Terryberry's hotel the change of beasts would be made. When the roads were very bad it would be impossible for passengers to travel to Caledonia without saying something to each other, or in some way coming together. If they refused to be sociable in any other way a lurch of the stage would throw them unceremoniously in a heap. The mud of the road was so deep and soft at these times of the year that the coach would sink to the hubs in many places, and it was no uncommon things for passengers to have to get out and walk for miles of the way. And yet there are some of us who fail to appreciate modern methods of travel and make our lives unhappy by grumbling and growling because street cars or trains are too slow.

\* \* \*

If there are any people around this part of the country who ought to rejoice at the progress their pet reform has made within 50 years they are the temperance people. According to what the old folks tell us there was a time when no less than fifteen hotels lined the road from John Clark's, at the top of the mountain, to Caledonia. Now there are but two. And more than that; in those days there was practically no license law, and the man who wanted to drink could do it at any time of the day or night, and not get the very best sort of liquor for his drinking either. Shortly before 1856, Jacob Terryberry, who died last fall, went out into Glanford township and cast his eyes upon about 400 acres of beautifully timbered land. It pleased him and he bought it. There was a good deal of money in the lumber business in those days, and in a short time Mr. Terryberry had saw mills



THE ANCIENT HESS HOSTLERY.

going and mill hands at work all over his property. Being a good business man, and not given to wasting where he could by any means save, he conceived the idea of building a big hotel, where his mill hands could board and where the traveling public could get all the accommodation they liked, liquid and other sorts. So he sought him out a builder—John Dickenson by name, and father of John, the present M.L.A. for South Wentworth. To him he gave his orders, and in a short time 100,000 bricks were put in place, and the big hotel became an accomplished fact, as the picture will show. In its day that hotel did a great business, but with the decline of the lumber trade and the loss of stage traffic, it ceased to pay and was shut up. It is a curious thing, too, that the man who built the place—Mr. Dickenson—happened to be a license commissioner for the riding when the license was cut off and the place closed up.

\* \* \*

In the earlier days the postoffice of the township was in the Terryberry place, too. It was stationed right in the bar, so 'tis said, and it was this fact that led to its removal. There came a growth in the religious and temperance sentiment of the community, and it was thought unwise that the preacher and his flock should have to walk into a bar-room to get letters.

It may even be surmised that such a condition of affairs might have led to some very wicked deception on the part of some of the good appearing people, who may have been glad enough of the postoffice excuse to get into the bar-room and leave their thirsts behind them. Whatever was thought an agitation was begun, led by Rev. Canon Bull, who is so intimately identified with the early history of a large part of Wentworth county, for the removal of the postoffice to some more congenial, heaven-blessed spot. No one could think of any place better than Mr. Dickenson's and he was finally persuaded to become postmaster. He has held this position ever since, all through the long regime of the wicked Tory government, and will likely continue to hold it till he dies, unless his own party turns him out of office. The position brings him in \$18 a year, which is quite an item.

\* \* \*

It was over sixty years ago that Jacob Hess, at that time not a very young man, sailed into Hamilton bay in a boat, bound for the city of Dundas. Hamilton was a mighty small place at that time, but its prospects looked well, and as Mr. Hess looked from the boat to the shore his eye was pleased with the scene. He was looking for a place to settle, and he had peculiar ideas of his own about

the sort of place he wanted. There was one thing he was bound to have on his premises, and that was a living spring. With this idea in his head he carefully examined the shore of the bay till he came to a place where a swift running, business-like little stream of cold spring water made its way into and was lost in the larger body. That was what he was after, and at the source of that stream he determined to pitch his tent, wherever that source might be.

\* \* \*

Like an African explorer striking into the jungle, he started along the banks of the stream. It was no easy task he had set himself, for there was an abundance of wild growth and underbrush along its edge, and he eventually found himself up against the side of the mountain, looking up many feet at the place where the water came tumbling joyously over the rocks. Up the side he clambered, and once on the table land followed the water course again. Three days through the dense woods he followed the stream. East and west, but ever southerly, it led him, until at last he found what he started out to discover—the place where it bubbled up out of the rocks. There he stopped, built him a log hut and took up land. We know the spring now as the Hess spring. It tumbles its waters over Chedoke falls, and it isn't so very many years ago that some interested persons tried to get the city aldermen to buy the water course as a feeder for a high level reservoir. It still flows, though the man who discovered its source has long since been gathered to his fathers, and a new owner is master of its destiny. Water flows and time goes on forever.

\* \* \*

Jacob Hess was one of the interesting old men of his time. He was one of the pioneers who found it necessary to use the old Indian trail to Niagara Falls when he wanted to get his grist ground, and before his death he often told how he shouldered his first bag of wheat and tramped along the trail all the way to the Falls, there getting it ground and tramping back again with the bag of flour. When he first built his log house he and his family had to sit up at night fearful lest wolves or other wild animals would in some way get in at them. But the

scene quickly changed. The timbered land was cleared away and a frame house took the place of the log shanty. Then one of the boys built a hotel on the Caledonia road (everyone seemed to have a hotel in those days). The Hess tavern was a curious old place and still stands, an old frame wreck on the main road. It has long since been deserted as a hotel and to-day its only occupant is Jim Jones, the central market pickle prince. He may be found there on any day but a market day and Sunday, making pickles in what used to be the bar-room.

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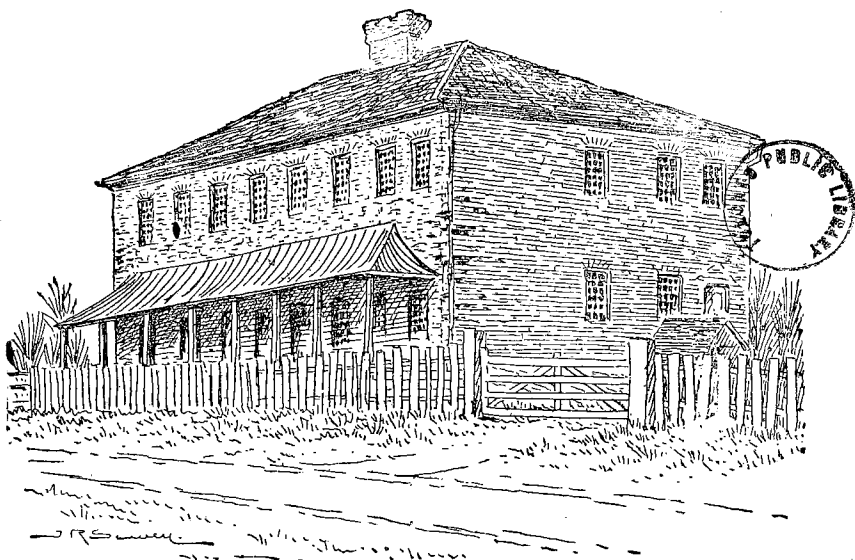
Just where the town line crosses the stone road, making a four-corners, there is a section known as Ryckman's Corners. It received that name many years ago, when Samuel Ryckman came along and received in payment for his services to the government large tracts of land. In all he owned about 700 acres of soil, at that time heavily timbered. He was one of the earliest settlers in that locality, having come from Pennsylvania, where his parents lived. He was a good Hollander and a land surveyor. There was plenty of land around this part of the country at that time in need of survey, and he was appointed crown land surveyor for a large district. Thus he acquired his large property. Building a log house and barn on the northeast corner of the cross roads, he lived an honest life, raised a family of worthy children, and ultimately, at the age of 70, and in the year 1846, died. One of his sons was Major Ryckman, another one Ward Ryckman and another Hamilton Ryckman. The major received a piece of his father's estate a short distance down the town line, there living out his life, following in his father's footsteps as to raising a family of worthy sons, among them being S. S. Ryckman, ex-M.P., and W. H. Ryckman. Ward Ryckman became famous in early history as the owner of the noted Victoria mills, which supplied the lumber from which many a Hamilton house still standing has been built. Hamilton, the other son, stuck to the old homestead, and he also aided in perpetuating the family name by his sons George, Edward, John and some more. Hamilton did not make farming his hobby by any means. He branched out as a railway

contractor and became responsible for the building of large sections of the Michigan Central railway. He fixed up the old homestead, put a brick front on it, and there his family lived until grown up. Hamilton's wife was a Miss Gage, daughter of William Gage, whose home is on the town line to the west, near the Union schoolhouse. Both he and his good wife are still living, he being 75 years old and she two years younger.

\* \* \*

In those days of the past there were

the north is the Fenton homestead, and it isn't at all likely that the general public knows that there, in a low lying piece of ground, is a gas well that to this day supplies the Fenton house with heat and fuel. In connection with the well a good story is told. Years ago some master mind conceived the idea that if he bored far enough on the Fenton property he would strike oil. A company was formed and boring began. After a time, however, no oil being struck, and funds running low, the shareholders did not want to produce the neces-



TERRYBERRY'S BIG HOTEL.

no burying grounds, such as are now known, and it was a common custom for every family to have its own burial place somewhere on the farm. The Ryckman burial ground is to be seen yet, a little to the north of the homestead, and the many tombstones there of members and friends of the family and connection are mute evidences of a past that in this day can hardly be understood, much less appreciated. At one time the Ryckman burial ground and that other one of the old Barton church were the only two in the country round.

\* \* \*

Next to the Ryckman homestead to

sary cash for further exploration. Then the cunning manipulators of the scheme poured coal oil down the hole, pumped it out again, and shouted: "We have struck oil." Of course more money was at once forthcoming and boring went on again. Finally, however, when the hole was down many thousands of feet, the job was given up as a bad one and the hole plugged. One day it was opened again, and a flow of gas noticed. From that time till now it has proved a source of profit and pleasure to the Fenton family. There are all sorts of mineral waters on the property, and it may be there will some day be a fortune on the place for its owner.

J. E. W.