

one, holding her close and lavishing upon her the gurgles of endearment which come so easily from his kind, ending by handing her over to a young woman with more brown eyes and more dimples, just emerged from the low doorway. "Ah, mechante; va-t-en; va-te-coucher." Then, turning to me again, "But I thank you, I vair moch oblige; she often loss. Goo' bye."

The lumberman of the Ottawa, the fisherman of Gaspé, the ordinary habitant of Quebec, and the extraordinary descendant of the noble French of the 17th century, have all been talked up and written up with such painstaking perseverance that it was with relief I found myself among the French of Upper, instead of Lower Canada. Granting the flatness of the land and the general softness of the timber, one must be more than difficult to please if not entirely charmed with many bits on the Detroit River. The county of Essex is full of interest, but the district of the Detroit appeals most nearly to the hunter of the quaint; and the day that I found my Brownie was only one of a series of expeditions, when I and Rosinante took our fill of the beauties of the elm-fringed back roads or the river bordered front one. Verily, decay, if not much change, all around I see; and the first question asked by the stranger is *where* is the spirit of those brave old original habitants, whose clustered white cottages and thriving homesteads bore witness, in the early days of settled living after the nightmare of an existence daily threatened by the "Satan of this forest paradise" was done away with, to the brains and capable hands of their owners? Where, indeed. The present-day happy-hearted, blanketed Lower Canadian is no more like his iron-souled ancestors than is his graver brother of the Detroit.

Choosing a July day which had enough of the freshness of a recent June upon it to insure one's earthly happiness, I began one of my pilgrimages, taking, as a starting point, the reeds and lagoons to which one has best access by the courtesy of the proprietors of "Bondys," opposite Deschreeshoska. It looked as if one good jump, and one would be over—free to explore Fighting Island, without thought of or care for the summer hotel and appliances for modern enjoyment now covering its east end. The ambuscades laid by those Red Devils for the explorers whose bateaux first furrowed the waters now teeming with the world's shipping come to one's mind here in all the vividness of Parkman's word pictures; and, as I laboriously hopped over the stodgy ground, grasping at the reeds to save myself from an untimely end, my floating soul was too charged with great thoughts to give heed to minor things, and I was full of admiration for our first fathers, French and English alike. For, can the English in any part of Canada ever object to the people who remind them that their country has a history. Providence has placed them in a land which is surely large enough for both. The one is the conqueror of the other; but it is when we listen to the tongue spoken by Cartier, Frontenac and Montcalm, that justice makes us remember who won that country for us from the savage and the wilderness. My soul might float; but my boots were horribly mired. So I made my exit through Bondy's friendly gate, and Rosinante drew me on my travels eastward.

A slight detour, and I alighted at the Roman Catholic cemetery in Sandwich; an odd old spot, never looked to, apparently unless when a new grave has need to be

dug. The piled and broken headstones, the defaced mounds, the gloomy unpruned cypress and cedar trees, combine to depress the casual visitor even on this God-given day; But I did not turn away without a lingering glance at the ancient and quaint wooden crosses, the name of the sleeper below each, and I.H.S., studded into the boards with nails.

Sandwich, fitly named by an inhabitant "The City of the Dead," is the beginning of a line of residences which seems, save for a business-like interruption at Windsor, to stop only at Drouillard's Point, some miles beyond the thriving town of Walkerville where a certain world-renowned "Club" is manufactured. Rip Van Winkle should be the name of every second soul in Sandwich. Except that Rip Van Winkle does wake up. But there are some whose next awakening will only come with the sound of the trumpet which will call us all to the new order of things, whose death and form of burial, in the hearing of it, stirs the blood of even the strolling summer visitor. We turn from the place where one common pit holds the unnumbered cholera victims, to the unpretentious flat stone raised from the ground by a few bricks, which records an incident of '37—an era in our history whose deeds of action were not confined to Montgomery's Tavern, Papineau and Lount, as one quickly finds in a half-hour's conversation with the children of the contemporaries of Prince and Rankin. Dr. Hume, who, as it is told, on some hours' leave, had been spending the evening with several others, at the house of a friend in Sandwich, found that their pleasant meeting had been prolonged well into the early hours of another day before the return towards Windsor was thought of. But he scoffed at his host's alarms, saying "Who would touch a doctor!" The epitaph, though well known, never loses its interest to the reader and tells the story in more forcible language than could be substituted for it, and the full text is given below.

"Sacred to the memory of Jno. James Hume, Esqre., Staff Assistant Surgeon, who was inhumanly murdered and his body afterwards brutally mangled by a gang of armed ruffians from the United States, styling themselves PATRIOTS, who committed this cowardly and shameful outrage on the morning of the 4th December, 1838, having intercepted the deceased while proceeding to render professional assistance to Her Majesty's gallant militia, engaged at Windsor, U.C., in repelling the invasions of this rebel crew, more properly styled PIRATES."

The same men were almost immediately caught, and, according to Colonel Prince's famous report, were ordered "to be shot, and were shot accordingly." The alleged manner of the shooting, however, transfers some of our sympathies even to the "Pirates," who were done to death by British colonists in a way which could successfully compete with the methods of the Iroquois in the seventeenth century. The men were given "a chance for their lives," and, as they ran, were shot. One, who took refuge behind a haystack, was followed, as the local tale has it, by a member of the firing party, who accentuated the bitterness of his speech by a final thrust which relieved the poor wretch forever from his terror. It is said that the owner of that bayonet carried it proudly home, unwiped, and, entering his wife's sickroom, waited for her comments.

From Dr. Hume's grave it is but a step to a heavily shaded plot where several

mounds lie side by side, each facing the east whence final light is expected; but the sentiment of the questioner receives a shock when he learns the local history of the one grave which lies at right angles to its fellows, unmarked by board or headstone. It is pleasanter to ponder on Rector Welby's gift to the church, when we walk farther on to the grave of his little daughter—a plot to be kept in perpetual order, as a record of the parish's appreciation of an unsought gift.

Twilight drew on apace, and Rosinante and I were anxious to see the site of the French windmill where U. E. Loyalist and habitant of former times took their grist; so we hastened through Windsor, along the river road where the old pear trees of the Jesuit Fathers still stand like sentinels; and, as the glorious tints of sunset faded from the waters, I paused on the bridge to think on the littleness of man and the mightiness of nature. As the lights of Detroit burst into being and hang like stars let down from heaven, we leave distilleries, maltheuses and ironworks behind us, and the mind returns to the days of La Salle and Hennepin. Well might those first explorers say, "Those who in the future will have the good fortune to own this lovely and fruitful strait will feel very thankful to those who have shown them the way."

K. M. LIZARS.

PROMINENT CANADIANS.—NO. XLIX.

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The character of one's country should be an object of deep concern to every citizen. This concern shows itself in the attempt to understand the various elements operating to produce that character. To gain a knowledge of our national life, the study of the aims and in a measure of the special character of the work of our prominent men, is signally helpful. The deeper their work the greater light does the knowledge of it afford of the conclusions we should reach regarding our country's present condition and its future destiny. It has been said that a people need have no concern about the framers of their laws provided the makers of their songs are sound. This means that those moulding the thinking of a people are its most veritable rulers. To the truth of this statement none will refuse assent. The most practical man among us is he who trains us to think most sanely regarding ourselves in connection with the secular and religious conditions in which we find ourselves placed in the present world, inasmuch as he who sets forth most intelligently man's chief end in life does thereby fit us to deal most effectively with all its secular instrumentalities.

Hence in turning our minds to prominent men in Canada, the study of the poet and philosopher claims a pre-eminent place.

Dr. Watson, professor of Ethics in Queen's College, was born in Glasgow some forty-six years ago. His maternal ancestors were of Northumberland stock. His great-grandfather on his mother's side was a burly, broad-shouldered Englishman of great mental capacity and of keen sympathy with every human interest. His paternal ancestors were farmers in Lanarkshire. His father, however, turned from agricultural to manufacturing pursuits. John went to school at Kilmarnock, whither the family removed from Glasgow when he was six years of age. Even as a boy the subject of