

shore of the river is the lake entrance to the Feeder. The lock is about a quarter of a mile up it.

Round about us lie the houses of the Port, and, if decay and dinginess are signs of the picturesque, this place must surely be an Artist's Paradise, for more dilapidated-looking affairs than some of these old structures are, could scarcely be seen anywhere. The light-keeper's house and the neat hotel are modern, respectable and prosaic, but the rest of the buildings are antique, unpresentable, and dear to the poet and the painter's heart.

See, that worn-out frame cottage. It stands there on the sand-bank, but every house in Port Maitland rests on a similar foundation. It is a village built on sand.

During the war of 1812, and for many years after, Port Maitland was a naval station, perhaps the most important on the lake. Some of the old inhabitants here, can remember H.M.S. Minos, and her commander Lieutenant Hatch. She was stationed here away back in the forties, and was withdrawn when Great Britain and the United States withdrew all war-vessels from the lakes.

The Port was a busy place formerly, but its trade, like that of the Grand River, has fallen off.

Steamers here took in their supply of firewood, and great piles of it were to be seen on the docks. The harbor was filled with vessels all summer long, steamboats wooding up, schooners which had put in for supplies or for shelter, little fleets of Grand River scows and barges waiting till the lake

was calm enough for the tugs to tow them across to Buffalo. Great rafts of timber often lay here for days. During the time of the American civil war, a good deal of round pine was brought in to go through the canal, immense sticks, some of them over one hundred feet in length and three or four in diameter. At that time the Southern ports were blockaded and ship yards had to get their masts and spars from Northern forests.

The only industry which seems now to flourish in the place is fishing; this is carried on to a considerable extent. The great reels for nets which are seen on the sands in front of some of the houses show what is the occupation of the inhabitants. Some of these fishermen ply their trade along the beach with seines; others have gill nets in the lake. Any one who stays here for a few weeks will have an opportunity of seeing their little steam-boat come in at early morning with its cargo of fish, and go out at evening when they set their nets. If one is fond of fishing either with hook or trawling line, he can find no better place for a summer outing: there is the river to sport on and near by is the cool lake. Accommodation is easily obtained; no more comfortable and pleasant country tavern can be found than the cheerful-looking little inn, with its good table, airy rooms, and aspect of neatness, so that a stay by the spot where the broad, slow river, melts into the breezy bosom of Lake Erie, lacks not in the comforts of life found in other summer resorts.

