

my Scotch grandmother's house, in gratefulness for his kindness to me as a voluntary tutor, occasionally, in French.

Of the two Presbyterian Church buildings, the "Auld Kirk" has no pleasant memories for me. Singularly uncomfortable, with its pulpit, precursor's desk and rectangular pews of black walnut, its long-drawn-out psalms and wearisome sermons, it had the effect of physical, as well as moral, gloom upon a child. More cheerful in every way was the smaller "white church," still standing. Here were church-goers of the old school of the types Barrie and Ian MacLaren tell about. Auld Jamie Don, with his curious red and yellow coat, of what tartan I never knew, for its stripes and checks were rendered indistinct by frequent washing. His stick, too, short and sturdy like himself, was equally ancient and equally quaint. Alec. Callam, excellent man that he was, had his pew behind my grandmother's, and boomed his guttural, unchanging bass to every tune. Like Charles Lamb, he appeared to have been "sentimentally disposed to harmony, but organically incapable of a tune."

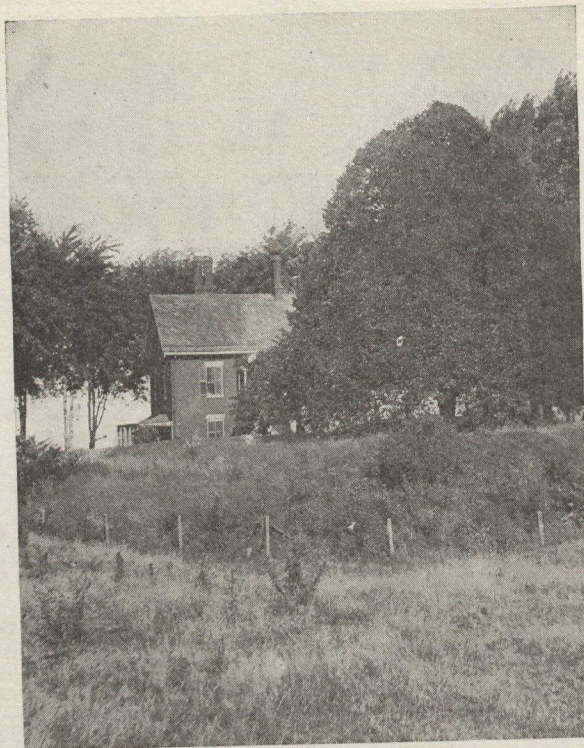
Speaking of tunes, the man who led the singing in those ante-organ days was Weelum Bartlet, a handsome man with a resonant voice, whose brightness of face and briskness of manner were at variance with the dreary length to which the notes of his psalms were drawn out. But the folk seemed to like the slowness. His standard tunes were "Peterboro," "New Lydia," and "French"; and, at long intervals, when the rhyme of the psalm and the task of the preacher of the day would permit, "St. George's Edinburgh." This last was sung faster and better than the others, and to this day it stirs me to hear in a modern choir its awakening notes. All three of the Bartlets—the other brothers were James and Alexander—were good men. Aberdonians, who had removed to Windsor by 1870, and died there, in universal esteem.

I have spoken of the attractions of the neighbourhood for sportsmen. The marshy spots and passages between the small islands near the river's mouth were as infallible a resting-place for ducks in those days as the St. Clair Flats are to-day. And in the late autumn came "the wedged wild-geese" retreating south, filling the air with their calls. Great was the amazement of dweller and visitor at the vast clouds of wild pigeons flying by at certain seasons.

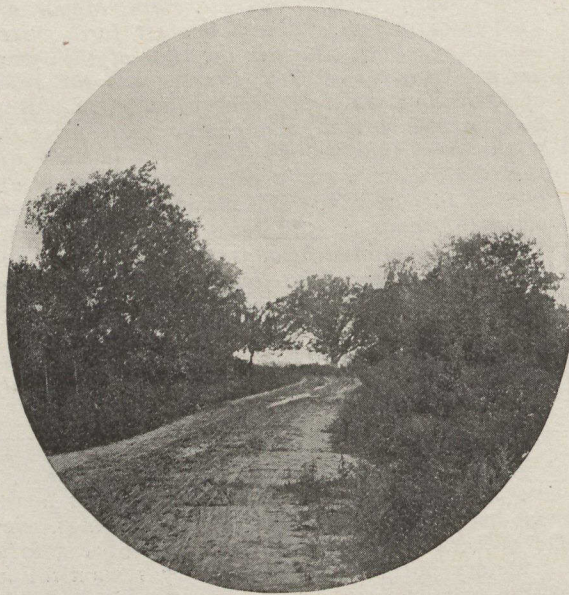
THE French-Canadian dwellers—now cheerily bold, now timidly polite, now tenderly sad. It needs no effort to recall Jacques Bernard, the water-carrier, with his capote and sash and short whip, a regular Roger Bontemps as Beranger ever imagined. He lives to-day in some of Doctor Drummond's *vraisemblant* portraits of *habitans* from the shore of the St. Lawrence. The boatmen and fishermen; the russet-cheeked farmers who hauled cord-wood; and the stately cure, Father Daudet, handsome as an Italian cardinal, suave as an old world courtier, which indeed he may have been, for the best blood of France flowed in his veins, and the story ran that he had been in the army of the first Napoleonic empire.

It had long been a distinction of Amherstburg that it was a station on the Underground Railway, or rather the terminus of that route. This phrase was applied to a system by which abolitionists in Ohio assisted slaves escaped from Kentucky to reach Canada in the years before the civil war, or in Pennsylvania to help slaves from Virginia or Carolina to escape by "under-grounding," that is, passing on the poor creatures, male and female, *sub rosa* from town to town until they reached Lake Erie's shores at Sandusky or Erie, whence passenger boats would land them on British soil, free and safe from recapture by their former masters. It was a touching sight to see them pass nervously from the gang-way of the steamer to throw themselves on their knees on the planking of a British wharf and with streaming eyes thank the Lord they were free.

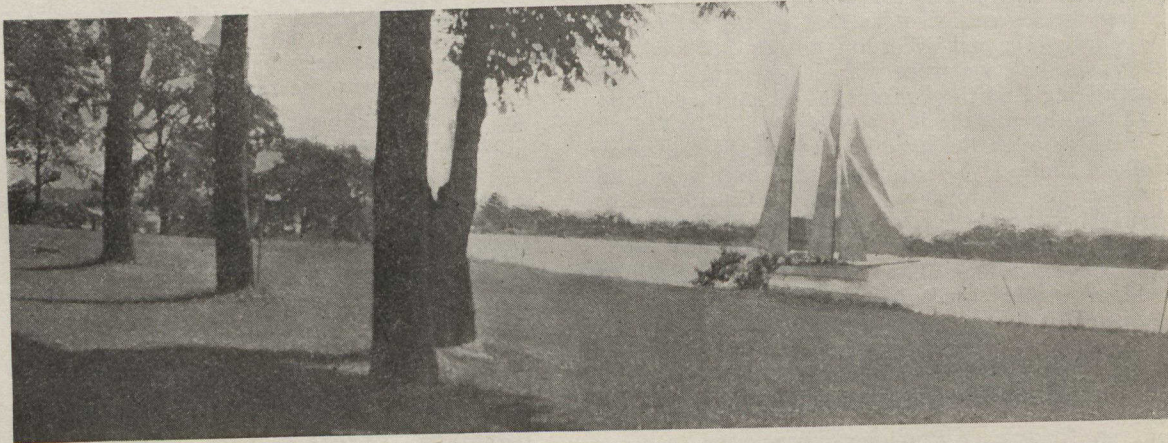
These careless and light-hearted people, often ingenious and useful, became quite a feature of the district. And after the civil war not a few found their way to Detroit as well as Windsor, some individuals becoming well-to-do. One family group from Virginia, fine-looking mulattos of unusual intelligence, formed what was known as the McCurdy Settlement, in the township of Malden, and had their own teacher, school, and, I believe, church. They prospered as farmers and became an influence for good in their neighbourhood. Among the queer darkies of the town I recall old Daddy Morgan, a very black man from Kentucky, who had one stiff knee from being shot by a slave-driver's posse while escaping, and used to swing that lame leg as he walked, in a way that caused the scoffing boys to say he was making a scythe of



"Let us heave a sigh—Down the old house goes."



Old Road Past the Picket House on Bois Blanc.



A Bit of the Grounds Surrounding the Fine Old Fort so Famous in Canadian History, and so Neglected by an Age of Progress.



What Seems of More Practical Interest, the Livingstone Channel, 24 Feet Deep in the Limestone, Leading to Lake Erie.

it. Shades of Lowell Mason! how old Morgan would make the block resound with camp-meeting hymns as he turned the coffee roaster in the yard of my brother's store. And what stories he would tell of Southern slave life, his escape included.

Nor shall the Indians be left out of the picture. A small reserve for them formed a portion of the township of Anderdon, and some were farmers in a small way, others hunters or fishermen. They were, I believe, mostly Wyandottes, whom Parkman describes as descendants of the Tobacco Tribe of the great Huron nation. But in his book, "The Origin and Traditional History of the Wyandottes," given me by the author, Peter Dooyentate Clark, a member of the tribe, in 1870, declares that the great Lake Huron was named after the Wyandotte tribe. "They were called Hurons, but Wyandotte is their proper name," and they were living on the north shore of the St. Lawrence when Jacques Cartier came over.

"QUEER people," as they would be called, if judged from the narrow platform of an Englishman, were not confined to any of the groups of the town's population I have mentioned. An embodiment of skill in handicraft was Dumont the watchmaker, who could splice a fishing-rod, hollow the blade of a boy's skate or reset a jewel. He was, besides, a cleaner and connoisseur of paintings, and had brought with him from France the manners of an old-world city. To Kalchthaler, the cigar-maker, some of us juveniles were indebted for the few words of German we ever learned. His school-room was the sidewalk, outside the always open window where he sat facing us, with his little piles of fillers and wrappers on one side of the work-bench and a paste-board box of completed cigars on the other. A well-informed German was this "Old Kolly." Another uncommon old boy was Gustavus Arwison, a wrinkled Swede, born in the dim ages, and receiving a pension from the British Government for service in the navy. To think of his grim face now brings up imaginings of Charles Tenth; but he was not an unkind man to us boys, only eccentric. He had no family—"my flowers are my children," he used to say; and truly his garden, a half-acre, enclosed by a high fence, resembled a section of the Halifax public gardens, so striking were the variety of its flowers, the glow of their colour.

To row around "The Island," as I did but a short while ago, by no means fulfilled memory's picture of 1852. The whole landscape seemed filled with buoys, range-cones, dredges, tugs, motor-boats and the other machinery which Uncle Sam and John Canuck are devoting to the clearing of a 24-foot channel four hundred feet wide through the uncompromising limestone of the river bed, to make safe a passageway for the 500 and 600-foot steel monsters of Twentieth Century lake traffic. One