

the tide flowed on. Emigrants, in the old days, were forced to spend weeks or even months on the voyage, pent like cattle in ships frequently infected by small-pox and scurvy.

Some 25,000 Scottish peasants settled on Cape Breton Island alone, while numbers landed on the shores of Northumberland Strait, in the counties now known as Pictou and Antigonish. Their hardships were not over when they landed; but with indomitable pluck they persevered until they had carved homes for themselves out of the forest.

From one end of the peninsula to the other the cemeteries are filled with the tombs of the Frasers and the Macdonalds, the Macleans and the M'Nabs. At Shelburne, that "dead city" of the Loyalists, I copied out a lengthy inscription on a granite stone to a Loyalist heroine:

THE WIFE OF JOHN MACLEAN

WHO DIED 28TH MARCH, 1791, AGED 32 YEARS

She left her native country, Scotland, and numerous friends and companions, to follow the fortunes of her husband during the war with America in 1780. And when New York became no longer an asylum to loyalty, she joined him again on the rugged shore of Nova Scotia as an affectionate and faithful wife, a cheerful and social friend, humane and charitable, and pious as became a good Christian.

Another elsewhere oddly records that: "Here lies Angus M'Donald and his five sons, who lived ever on the side of the King, and died on this side of the Ocean."

No; New Scotland is no misnomer; and the Patron