

in old times, passed those isles with feelings of awe, and more than one credulous voyager could hear at night the shouts of the demons as the wind swept through the rigging and the waves dashed over the bulwarks. André Thevet, in his famous old book, "*Le Grand Insulaire*," tells some wondrous stories of these demons. "True it is," says the superstitious old writer, "I myself have heard it, not from one, but from a great number of the sailors and pilots with whom I have made many voyages, that, when they passed this way, they heard in the air, on the tops and about the masts, a great clamour of men's voices, confused and inarticulate, such as you may hear from the crowd at a fair or market-place; whereupon they well knew that the Isle of Demons was not far off." The same cosmographer records a wondrous story connected with the same or adjoining islands. Among the passengers on Roberval's ship, in the spring of 1542, was his niece, Marguerite, who was passionately enamoured of a young gentleman who left home and friends for her sake, and embarked secretly in the same vessel. The proud viceroy, finding all his threats useless to bring his niece to reason, landed Marguerite and her old Norman nurse on the haunted island. Hardly had the ship set sail once more than Marguerite's lover jumped overboard and succeeded in reaching the island. Now it appears from the story of the old writer that the sense of propriety of the demons must have been deeply outraged, for they made immediately a series of fierce onslaughts on the lovers, and would have torn them to pieces had not the Saints come to their aid and protected Marguerite and the child to which she gave birth soon after her cruel desertion. Marguerite, however, never lost heart amid all the terrors of the lonely isle. Her lover, nurse, and child died, and still she set the devils at defiance. She shot at them whenever they ventured too near, but all she ever killed were three bears, "all as white as an egg." For nearly three years

Marguerite braved all the terrors of this haunted isle, until at last she was rescued by a passing ship and was taken back to France, where Thevet heard the wondrous story from herself. It is quite probable, as Parkman hints, that the story divested of its superstitious features is true enough. Les Isles de la Demoiselle are mentioned in the Routier of Jean Alphonse, Roberval's pilot. But the old name, like the legend, has passed away from men's memories, and now even the exact position of the haunted isle is forgotten.

Among other forgotten names in the same region is that of Brest, on Bradore Bay, which is said, on apparently good authority, to have been a place of considerable importance some two centuries ago. Lewis Roberts, in his "*Dictionary of Commerce*," published in London in 1600, tell us, among other things, "that it was the residence of a governor, almoner, and other public officers." Mr. Samuel Robertson, in his "*Notes on the Coast of Labrador*," says that there can be no doubt as to the truth of Lewis Roberts's remarks, "as may be seen from the ruins and terraces of the buildings, which were chiefly constructed of wood." He estimates that one time it contained "200 houses, besides stores, and perhaps one thousand inhabitants in the winter, which would be trebled during the summer." The old town appears to have been situated within the limits of a concession made by the French King to Le Sieur Amador Godefroy de St. Paul of five leagues of coast on each side of the North-west or Esquimaux River. About the year 1600 Brest was at the height of its prosperity, but some thirty years later the fishermen began to leave, and the town slowly declined, until it literally fell to ruins, and now its very name has passed into oblivion. The old fortress of Louisbourg has also disappeared like the town of Brest, but its name and fame at least are still fresh in the memories of all, and the nucleus of a city is already forming by the side of that famous harbour where the ships of France