

have completed your ramble over it, makes very little progress compared with what it should when we consider the variety of resources it possesses. Its largest town has not a population exceeding a thousand souls, and on all sides you will see the want of enterprise and activity. This fine island has been in the possession of the British for over a hundred years, and yet its total population does not equal that of some towns in the far west, which was only the wilderness yesterday. The development of its coal mines has been almost entirely left to American capital and enterprise—what a magnificent country we could make of it, if we had it all to ourselves. Well, at all events no one can prevent us turning to account those natural resources which the Provincials do not appear to value as they should.”

The Americans, however, cannot always monopolize the coal mines of Cape Breton—the capitalists of the New Dominion must sooner or later appreciate its resources and position at the entrance of the gulf, and on the pathway of traffic between the old world and the new.

ON THE BRAS D'OR.

There was a slight mist enveloping the harbour when we started on a sultry Thursday morning for Whycomagh, at one of the heads of the lake, but it commenced to rise as we passed slowly down the river, and reveal the fine farms of the surrounding country. We soon reached the entrance of the harbour and passed up the little Bras D'Or which winds, like a pretty river, in most perplexing fashion, through meadow lands, dotted at intervals with clean, comfortable looking cottages. Now and then a tall white spire rose against the sky. Trees fringed the low banks, and paths embowered with foliage wound down to some rude wharf, where fishing boats or “coasters” are moored. Sometimes we thought ourselves landlocked, but just as we appeared to be running ashore and wondered at the temerity of the captain, we would dart among the foliage which concealed the inlet from our view. Then we came to an island—long and narrow—so thickly covered with birch and beech trees that they kissed the very water—

“So wondrous wild the whole might seem,
The scenery in a fairy dream.”

One recalled Scott's descriptions of Highland Scenery, and it would have been quite an agreeable incident had we seen an Indian maiden dart from under the foliage, in her bark canoe, but no such thing occurred. In all probability had an Indian damsel presented herself, it would have been with some such mercenary request as—“Want to buy 'em basket.”

Among the passengers was a neatly-dressed and intelligent-looking squaw, of middle age, who was very communicative, and showed, whenever she spoke and laughed, rows of teeth of perfect whiteness. She belonged to Escasoni—the principal Indian settlement on the Bras D'Or, where the Micmacs have a chapel and several farms—but was at that time on a visit to some of her tribe at Whycomagh. What astonishment would her present mode of conveyance have caused to her red-faced ancestors—those great chiefs who formerly paddled on