

some of the ships sunk by the French during the second siege—now all traces of them have disappeared.”

We peered down to the bottom, but saw nothing except sea-weed and small shells.

“Do you remember,” here interrupted my Boston friend—“those verses of Moore, in which he recalls a tradition which long existed in Ireland?”

“On Loch Neagh’s banks as the fisherman strays,
When the cold, clear eve is declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining.
Thus will memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
And sighing, look down through the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover.”

As we stood, a few minutes after the foregoing burst of sentiment on the part of my companion, on the brow of one of the ruined ramparts, we saw before us a very impressive scene. The *contour* of the grass-covered ramparts was boldly marked against the sky, and the huge casemates looked like so many black ovens on the green fields. To the south-west stretched the ocean; to the north rose the cliffs, amid which stood the light-house. The day was exceedingly hot, the sky was cloudless, and there was no wind to disturb the bosom of the harbour. Far out at sea, against the clear horizon, a slight breeze just stirred the waters to a deeper and purer blue; but below us, behind the black point, jutting boldly from the shore, long sheets of light, unshadowed by a single ripple, traversed the harbour basking warm and still in the sunshine of a July day. The idea that was conveyed by the whole scene was one of intense solitude. No doubt this feeling was intensified by the recollection of the very different spectacle that must have been presented during the middle of last century, when a stately pile of fortifications and buildings stood on the point, and the harbour was crowded with vessels from Canada, from Louisiana, from France, from Martinique and Gaudaloupe. Notwithstanding its admirable position for the prosecution of the fisheries and for the purposes of general commerce, Louisburg has been, for a hundred years, comparatively deserted, as if it were under a perpetual curse.

“The French doubtless believed,” observed my friend as we slowly moved away from the site of the old town, “that they were about establishing a great empire on this side of the Atlantic, when they built a series of fortresses—of which this was the strongest—throughout their wide domain. Indeed, it must be confessed that during the year poor Braddock fell, they seemed in a fair way to realize their ambitious projects and confine the old colonies, for some time at all events, to the Atlantic sea-board. The superior energy of the British, however, triumphed in the end, and the experiment of the French to found an empire in America failed just like the experiment they tried of late in Mexico. But coming to the present, is it not a great pity to see so noble a harbour actually going to waste—only frequented by a few fishing boats? Cape Breton, indeed, as you will see by the time you