

pull hard enough the cod or haddock will come floundering into the boat. In nearly every stream which runs into the lake there is good prospect of trout and salmon, especially in the early months of summer.

After a short stoppage at the Grand Narrows, from which gleamed the lights of a good sized hotel recently built for summer tourists, the *Neptune* landed us at Baddeck before midnight, and the landlord of the hostelry, making us as welcome as though we had been old friends, conducted us to our chamber. Baddeck is a pretty village whose one long street slopes down towards the wharf. It is in the heart of the most enticing district of Cape Breton. There are so many places in the world which claim to be the "paradise for sportsmen" that one does not like to involve the question by rashly adding to their number. It is enough to say that a few hours' journey over the hills will bring you into the haunts of the moose and cariboo and bear and wolf, and that smaller game is found in abundance. Our inclinations being less sanguinary, we spent the day after our arrival in search of trout. Our waggon was driven with the characteristic furiousness which might almost be called a native virtue, contrasting as it does with the general air of human inactivity. The most unpromising quadrupeds are stimulated to a degree of awkward speed which proves a little too much for the nervous system of the uninitiated. The road in parts was bordered with pine and hemlock, and the purple mist which hung over the hills rather heightened than concealed the picturesque grandeur of the landscape. A farmer, whose homestead we reached after some hours' driving, not only accommodated our eccentric steed but suggested the best pools for our operations. In fishing, as in every thing else, there are unaccountable caprices of fortune. We were not without experience, but the trout seemed scarce, or perhaps were not well-disposed to artificial methods of capture. Returning with a paltry dozen of small fry, it gave us no small irritation to be informed by one of the urchins who volunteered to be the witness of our exploits that he had been much more successful with his wriggling worms on the previous day. He had such an air of pardonable pride about him, and told his story with such a broad Scotch accent, that we were compelled to believe that he spoke the truth.

Apart from its appearance and surroundings Baddeck could not be called a place of permanent attraction. The chronic repose which envelops it, though soothing enough at first, palls after a time, and one almost feels like offering an apology if he is detected in the act of taking interest in anything. The people, however, are for the most part contented, intelligent and decorously cheerful. There cannot be much crime in that region, or else the pretty-looking cottage which stands a little off the road would soon be filled. A few iron bars round the front windows are the only indication that this is the local jail. The casement being open we looked into one of the rooms, where a woman sat knitting a stocking beside a cheerful fire. Supposing her to be the wife of the keeper, we ventured to make some complimentary reference to the estate, and soon discovered that we were conversing with the only prisoner, who, in consideration of her enterprise in selling ardent spirits without a license, had been admitted to this bower. She did not deny the soft impeachment, but seemed unwilling to dwell upon the melancholy fact that in a few days she must again encounter the scant charity of the world.

The inscrutable laws of the steamboat company ordain that part of the glory of the *Bras d'Or* shall be veiled until the return trip is taken. You must leave Baddeck for the north at night if you are going to leave it at all. We were not long in finding our way to one of the comfortable state-rooms on board the *Marion*. Waking rather early in the morning, we became conscious of a little more motion than was quite pleasant. The length of the *Bras d'Or* had been traversed, and we were steaming in the open sea towards the harbour of North Sydney, a stirring little town, nearly all embraced in the long street which fronts the water. Several foreign vessels were lying at the wharves, and a short railway brought coal for export from the adjacent mines, which, in this district, constitutes the most important industry. Sydney is four miles distant across the bay. It is a picturesque place, with a decidedly aristocratic air about it, but lacks the activity of its smaller neighbour. A French man-of-war was anchored in the commodious harbour, and some schooners were unloading at the docks. The inn was unpretentious, but comfortable, and the personal solicitude, which one so often misses in the modern hotel, marked its hospitality. Over the way was the lawn tennis club, where some young Englishmen were playing. The sheriff conducted us through his domain, from which two adventurous captives had escaped the week before by squeezing themselves through the grating of their cell and scaling the high wooden wall. At the head of the harbour are to be seen the slender vestiges of the old fort which once graced it. In Canada a respectable ruin is not to be passed over lightly, for it is rather rare. For this reason, among others, the traveller ought to visit Louisburg, twenty-four miles distant, the ancient capital of the island when the French had possession of it, and the scene of the most interesting events in the earlier chapters of its history. In those times of stormy conflict between France and Britain, Louisburg became the strongest fortress in the New World. Twice it was assaulted and taken. In the second siege Wolfe so distinguished himself that he was appointed to the fatal honour of planting the English flag upon the Plains of Abraham. Louisburg was dismantled and its fortifications blown up; but among the

grassy mounds of its deserted site, the traveller can still trace the contour of the old battlements, or, perhaps, unearth some rusty memorial of its sanguinary story. As if in protest against such premature decay, a pretty little village has sprung up on the other side of the harbour, which is the only one in Cape Breton that does not freeze in winter. Louisburg is doubtless destined, therefore, as the country develops, to become again, in more peaceful ways, a place of considerable importance.

Sydney, which is the largest town in Cape Breton, containing a population of about six thousand, may also be regarded as the *Ultima Thula* of its civilization, so that unless the tourist is enthusiastic, it is likely that at this point he will retrace his steps. But a wild, mountainous tract of country, the home of the hardy fishermen, lies still further north, and thither, by means of one of the Newfoundland steamers, we determined to make our way. No one at Sydney seemed able to tell us definitely when the *Harlaw* would arrive. She had started from Halifax at a certain time, and might be there that night. We went to bed with an uncomfortable foreboding, for the shriek of the *Harlaw's* whistle, we were told, was enough to strike terror into anyone. The night passed without disturbance, but early in the morning an unearthly sound broke the stillness, and a loud rap soon after at our door, confirmed our suspicions that the dreaded herald had come. They called the whistle a "siren," but it was an atrocious libel on those classical enchantresses. I have no doubt that it would be useful off the Banks in frightening the fog away. The hurry of preparation for departure was succeeded by a tantalizing delay in starting, but at last we began our journey towards the extreme north of the island. Newfoundland being the goal of the *Harlaw's* ambition, she simply contented herself with a shriek of warning at one or two ports of call, and standing well off in the roadstead, awaited the coming of the little boats which were to bear away such passengers as necessity compelled to land in them. It was midnight when we reached the southern edge of Aspy Bay, and prepared to disembark at White Cave. The inhabitants of the fishing village were evidently sound sleepers, and a bewildering variety of the siren's allurements were called into requisition before the light of an approaching dory could be seen upon the water. Six of us scrambled into this craft, and the long sweep of the oars soon brought us shoreward. The tide was out, and the belated travellers wearily climbed a ladder leading up to the fish-besprinkled wharf. A bluff and hearty Englishman, with whom my friend, happily, had some slight acquaintance, extended to both of us the hospitality of his house. He was the proprietor of the fishing-station, and we gratefully availed ourselves of his kindness, for the village was innocent of any sort of hotel, and there seemed a prospect that we might have to pass the remainder of the night in the shed among the cured fish. The rest of the party, I believe, found shelter somewhere, though I could not bring myself to inquire too curiously as to their fate. Our host preceded us up the hill, and having invoked the grudging aid of a servant roused from her slumbers, made ready a much more comfortable repast than the rude accommodation would have led us to anticipate. He then conducted us to a chamber scantily furnished, where the murmur of the sea soon lulled us to rest.

The morning revealed the grandeur of our surroundings. The white huts of the fishermen lay scattered at the foot of the huge hill up which we climbed, to be greeted by the "innumerable laughter of the sea," and the coastline of rugged headlands stretching away for miles, and breasting with their granite sides the ceaseless rush of the waves, now calm enough, but in a few hours tossing their white arms of surf high up upon the shore. Our host conducted us to a dizzy height, whence looking down we marked how the sea had bored its way among the rocks, hollowing out their foundations, and threatening to hurl down the jutting crag on which we stood from its precarious eminence.

After breakfast we set out in a fishing-snack for the other side of the bay, where a courteous Frenchman, whom we encountered in our travels, had invited us to visit him. The wind had risen, and as the spray was dashing over our vessel we were glad to make a safe landing within the bar which protected the little harbour. Our host was manager of a lobster factory, and resided on the premises. The limited resources of the establishment could not damp his ardour or check his flow of spirits. He was a trader with St. Pierre and Miquelon, a brilliant talker, a linguist, and a scholar. Yet he seemed quite contented in his lonely retreat, solacing himself with the prospect of an occasional visit to *la belle France*. The unwonted presence of company caused a flutter of excitement in the housekeeper's breast, and necessitated an improvised chair in the shape of a herring-box for our accommodation at dinner. But neither the garlic nor the grease nor the leathern pancakes could destroy appetites whetted by healthy exposure to wind and weather. We speedily demolished the viands, and enjoyed the long, thin rolls of tobacco which were produced after the repast as much as if they had been the choicest Havana. But a trout brook was not far off, and waving adieu to our kind host we rowed up the river. It seemed to be a holiday, however, with the fish, and only a few yielded to our enticements. We were fortunate enough to have an introduction to the chief man of the North Bay, a burly Dutchman, trader and exporter of fish and lobsters, who gave us a genial welcome to his fireside, when, after a drive of some miles along the coast, he repaid his hospitality for the night. There are social conventions even in such remote regions as those in which we were journeying. One could scarcely have expected to

encounter in succession three men of different nationalities, living in such a primitive way, yet intelligent and enterprising, and with that strongly marked individuality which the more machine-like movements of great centres of population seem in part to destroy. The family of our last host had been well educated, and as we sat in the parlour playing chess with the charming daughters of the household the hardships of our recent journey were soon forgotten. Just outside the Dutchman's estate, beautifully situated by the open sea, rose the frowning hill over fifteen hundred feet in height, which, from the shape of its summit, was called the Sugar Loaf. A recent fire, originating probably in some traveller's camp, had broken out among the brush at its base, and a strong wind had carried a wide fire-track up to the top, which showed bare and grim in contrast with the thick pines which elsewhere covered the mountain.

Having now accomplished our purpose of voyaging the length of Cape Breton, a distance of over one hundred miles, we determined to return as far as Baddeck by land. A railway is now in course of construction in another part of the island, between Sidney and Port Hawkesbury; but it will probably be a long time before the whistle of the iron-horse wakes the echoes of the north. The main roads in Cape Breton are fairly good, but our course over the mountains was not so easy. Setting out from North Bay in the morning, we jolted slowly, but without adventure, over the stones to the half-way house on the road to Ingonish. A few miles further on, however, we entered a bog, and came within a little of staying in it. Happily, we encountered a native rider, who, though seeming rather proud than otherwise of the disgraceful condition of the highway, was good enough to tell us that by unharnessing our horses and taking them round through the bush we might manage to pull our waggon across the slough. We attempted, with partial success, to carry out his advice. The bush-path was discovered, and our horses landed on *terra firma*, but our driver, in his praiseworthy solicitude for the waggon, treading between and not upon the slender timbers with which indifferent local charity had bridged the gulf, was fished up in a muddy condition, and treated to the condolence which, in lieu of anything better, we were glad to offer him. But not even the perils by the way could blind us to the picturesqueness of a scenery unsurpassed, perhaps, on the whole continent. A turn in the road revealed now and then the open sea, or a perpendicular cliff looked down upon us, or a dashing waterfall seemed to leap out of the heart of the forest. At night we reached Ingonish Bay, having accomplished, according to the Government survey, a paltry distance of twenty-six miles. Ingonish Bay is about eight miles across, and pretty fishing villages lie at both ends of it. Here we spent another day among the trout, this time with good success. It was cold work wading up to the waist in the pools, but the eager sport took away the discomfort, and the hours passed away merrily. Up the river we halted at a small farm house and presenting part of our treasures begged the favour of hospitality. We were graciously received. The house boasted of only two rooms, one of them reached by a ladder. From the upper chamber descended, shortly after our arrival, a surprising apparition—a city-made girl, with all the modern appliances of dress, who, having spent a winter in Boston, was attempting to transplant into the wildwood the enticing manners of the Hub of the universe. We were quite unprepared for such an encounter, and involuntarily glanced at our bedraggled garments, painfully conscious that our general dishevelment would jar on the sensitive nerves of our hostess' daughter. That worthy matron, however, was intent on cooking our fish: and, with the aid of some salt, which, providentially, we had brought with us, the house not boasting that luxury, they were rendered quite palatable. A little embarrassment attended our departure. We felt unwilling to establish a precedent which might check spontaneous kindness in the future. But the deed was done; and even Mary Ann seemed visibly mollified by our trifling *solatium*.

The inhabitants of Cape Breton are chiefly of Highland Scotch and Acadian French descent. Among the former the Sabbath is observed with scrupulous exactness. It must be tantalizing to know that the fish are breaking the day of rest by coming in shoals into the bay, but they are not molested till the morning—when, alas! they may be gone. For nearly a week, at the annual communion seasons in July, no work is done at all, and it would be thought sacrilegious to indulge in any form of amusement. A vast concourse of people gather from all the country round, holding protracted services in the open field, and quartering themselves in case of need, upon the adjacent farm-houses. But the natural depravity of man seems to assert itself even in the face of such rigorous discipline, and, by a revolt not much to be wondered at, sometimes joins a great deal of religion with a meagre stock of morality. In many parts, English is an unfamiliar, if not unknown, tongue, and the Gaelic flourishes in its native grandeur. If you can say, "Cia-mar a tha sibh an-diugh?"—a feat, by no means easy of accomplishment—which being interpreted is, "How are you to-day?" you have open sesame to all hearts, and will be considered a person of some taste and culture. We admit having employed the shibboleth ourselves, with an effect to which our intrinsic merit scarcely entitled us. It must be hard work for the minister to discourse for an hour in English to a congregation, half of whom do not understand what he is saying, and then, after a brief respite, repeat the message to those who have grace to know the language of Paradise. But the critical spirit seems to be penetrating even into these