

the site of the ancient fortifications, first French then English; the quiet resting-place of those who died at the forts, either in times of peace or in one or other of the three skirmishes of which we have record as having taken place here; wherein, too, were laid the bodies of those pioneers who passed to rest in the little colony whose habitations clustered for protection under the shadows of the military strongholds. In the field which slopes northward from Fort Amherst, a depression was evident, probably indicating the course of the tunnel which led from the beach at Amherst Cove to the fort, the entrance now concealed by the disused limekiln. One of the party, the present proprietor of the place, learned in all the historic lore of the locality, told me that the iron gates which had closed the entrance to this tunnel had been bought for old iron by a blacksmith named Robinson, then living in Charlottetown, who turned these appurtenances of warfare to the service of peaceful pursuits.

On the shore we found dark, well-glazed bricks, manufactured by the French out of clay taken from a locality near by, now marked by a depression in which tall bulrushes grow, while, a stone's throw distant, a similar pit shows wherefrom the mud was taken for bricks for the first house of that material in Charlottetown, the property of the late John Morris, Esquire, on the south side of Queen's Square.

Passing, on the west, the place where once stood the abode of the French Commandant, and, later, the residence of our first English Governor, let us continue our wanderings on the shore. A joyful exclamation greets the finding of a fossil marking. Deep down in the alternating strata of dark-red sandstone, soft micaceous sandstone, light red calcareous sandstone, shales, conglomerates, and chalky deposits, red and gray, runs a band of hard grey rock, standing out in prominent endurance from the ruddy strata above and below it. Slabs of this are scattered on the beach at our feet. We eagerly scrutinize each stone, and with success, for here on one is perpetuated the outline of a branch of some forgotten plant which waved its luxuriant foliage