

the blackened earth with pieces of charcoal, where probably once stood a forge, and half-filled cellars over which once blazed the family log-fire, are all the memorials he meets with, of a community that has passed away, and whose place knows them no more.

When Francis Douville and Charles Charpentier in 1719, found their way to this stormy inlet, two considerations may have brought comfort to them in their solitude—the land was fertile and the sea swarmed with fish. Dense forests, however, occupied the land, and the harbor was unprotected from a fierce and easily-roused ocean. Here, the dunes take the place of rocks on bolder shores, and the gale that stirs the waters of the gulf, drives a tempest of sand before it on the shore—every year the narrow entrance is changed by the shifting sands.

Inland from the region of sand, along the shores of the bay, the land on either side assumes a bolder aspect, swelling back from the water in rounded ridges to east and west. On the south where the land first begins to rise from the shore level, half way up a very gradual slope, stood the houses of the fishermen. Two rows of cellars, each extending about a hundred yards, and separated by a wide street, still mark the spot. Other dwellings were scattered up and down athwart the declivity, while among the dunes and sand mounds the wind at times clears out some spacious foundations, where probably stores and warehouses may have stood. On the crest of the eminence, a few yards from where now stands the dwelling of Mr. Sinott, rose the church. Franquet says of it, that it was a large and solid building. On this same eminence, that observant engineer recommended the four-bastioned fort to be placed, which he had designed for the protection of the settlement. *A few paces from the site of the church, a square plot of land carefully fenced in, is preserved by the reverential owner from all contact with the plough; for tradition says that there, in sacred burial, repose the bodies of many a toil-worn settler. A cluster of dark firs casts a sombre shade over the hallowed spot.

*Franquet's voyage.