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land in the shape of a bent arm. The water is deep and the land rises in steep rocky hills 400 to 500 feet high on the left or western side; but, on the eastern side, they are not higher than one hundred feet. The shelter is good; for Old Fort island at the mouth of the bay shuts it in. There are a large number of islands which render navigation intricate and Bonne Esperance harbour is easier of access.

Mr. Stearns was thus in the very centre of the traditions of the coast and he learned them from the residents. The fort or battery was supposed by many to have been on the west point at the entrance of the bay, but, though that might be, as a defence from the sea, the best place for a fort, no trace could be found of any fort having ever existed there. The residents stated that there had been ruins at a late date; while others were of the opinion the fort was further up the bay on the same side. It is most probable that the latter supposition is correct; for the fort would have been intended to protect the place from the Esquimaux and would have been near the sheltered spot where the boats were laid up for winter and the huts were doubtless built. The "traditions" placed the old settlement on the western shore just within the elbow. There, the residents asserted, ruins had existed down to a recent date; but there also the most diligent search could find no trace of them. Mr. Stearns found there, however, a natural basin showing signs of having been enlarged and deepened so as to make a sort of dock for small boats. What seemed to be an embankment could be seen and large stones apparently kept the earth in place. He inclines to the belief that this was the work of former settlers, although of ruins of houses or forts he could find no vestiges.

The chief facts accessible concerning the mythical city of Brest are now set forth. It may seem tedious to devote so much time to this subject but it is not unnecessary. Around such a letter as this of the *Sieur de Combes* a mass of conjecture will probably gather, and a new growth of mythology may be superadded at the sources of our history. The city of Brest on the strait of Belle-Isle can have been nothing but a fishing establishment like those usual on the coast; the city of Norumbega on the Penobscot, with its broad streets of houses pillared up with crystal and silver, was an encampment of Abenakis and the Seven Cities of Coronado's search were the dwellings of the Pueblo Indians now visited by curious travellers on the Topeka and Santa Fe railway. If, as Lord Bacon says, "a mixture of a lie doth always add pleasure," we have a new and abundant source of pleasure available in the story of the *Sieur de Combes*. The letter may be left to the writers of romances, but what the object of the publication could have been is by no means clear. It must be classed among works of the