

the Gulf stretching out before me, and—cool and ozone-laden—fell with soporific effect, gratefully as a blessing, on weary limbs and tired mind. ☛

Stretched out full length—after invoking with appropriate ceremony the great god Nicotine, contented, I fell to sleepily musing about the old fort that lay around me—a ruin picturesquely draped and covered up in a disguise of Nature's bestowing.

But 'twas not so very long ago. Not very many generations have passed away since the first tree was hewed here to mark the site of the little fortress.

I imagined the impetuous Frenchmen and their Mic-Mac allies laboring together to make the clearing; then the ramparts going up and the log houses built within the sheltering enclosure; the mounting of the little carronades that hardly could be said to command the harbor's entrance; the soldiers busy at their various duties; then the arrival of the ships from France containing their women-folk; their little church; their priests; their baptisms. So for a while the white lilies of France waved from the little flagstaff, while men of noble birth enjoyed undisputed power.

But on a certain day the flag with its fleur de luces was pulled down in the Fort La Joie, and the reign of the Anglo-Saxon had begun.

I sat up, disturbed by the knowledge that I was not alone. A few paces off, just on the edge of a flourishing field of potatoes, stood an Indian, accompanied by the indispensable camp dog. Seeing me wide awake, he lost no time in begging some tobacco from his white brother.

And although I looked about me on every side, not another living trace of the past that belonged to France could I see.