

gaps (as blown open by gunpowder), present a melancholy picture of past energy. The strong and capacious magazines, once the deposit of immense quantities of munitions of war, are still nearly entire, but hidden by the accumulation of earth and turf, and now afford a commodious shelter for flocks of peaceful sheep, who feed around the burial ground, were the remains of many a gallant Frenchman and patriotic Briton are deposited ; while beneath the clear cold wave may be seen the vast sunken ships of war, whose very bulk indicates the power enjoyed by the Gallic nation, ere England became mistress of her colonies on the shore of the western Atlantic. Desolation now sits with a ghastly smile around the once formidable bastions—all is silent except the loud reverberating ocean, as it rolls its tremendous surges along the rocky beach, or the bleating of the scattered sheep, as, with tinkling bells, they return in the dusky solitude of eve, to their singular folds ;—while the descendant of some heroic Gaul, whose ancestors fought and bled in endeavouring to prevent the noble fortress of his sovereign being laid prostrate before the prowess of mightier Albion, may be observed wandering along these time-honoured ruins, and mentally exclaiming in the language of the Bard of Erin :—

On Louisburg's heights where the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the war ships of other days
In the waves beneath him, shining ;
Thus shall memory often in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;
And sighing look back through the vista of time,
For the long faded glories they cover.

Mr. M'Gregor, who visited the spot, says, that a few fishermen's huts form a melancholy contrast to the superb edifices, regular fortifications, naval grandeur, military pomp, and commercial activity, of which Louisburg was once the splen-