

two Indians and a canoe—this is the pleasantest way of enjoying the beauties of the country—I visited different parts of the lake and amused myself in different ways; but as the description of all I saw would occupy too much space, I must confine myself to a very few details. The greater part of the land in the vicinity of the Bras D'Or and its bays is settled by the Scotch, but at intervals the forest still remains in its pristine beauty. The banks slope for the most part to the water's edge, but at times they rise gradually till they reach the dignity of mountains. As the tourist passes—I suppose him to be in a canoe—he will catch glimpses of many pretty glens and nooks, through which brooks come sparkling amid the foliage to give their tribute waters to the lake. A number of islets—some of them well cultivated—are among the picturesque features of this magnificent sheet of water.

When I was at Malagawaachkt harbour, I walked to the top of the hill, for the sake of obtaining a view of the lake and surrounding country. The Indian who accompanied me led the way through the trees and rocks that impeded our progress, and at last we reached the summit of the hill. There was no breeze whatever, and the lake resembled an immense sheet of glass, assuming varied hues when touched by the sunlight. Away to the southward and south-east, the waters stretched to the very horizon. A dark mass, rising from the lake to the northward, told us where the waters found an outlet to the ocean. Directly to the east, on the opposite side, were the heights of Benacadie and Sunacadie, the headlands of Malagawaachkt were directly at our feet, and away behind us rose a range of hills. Not a human being was in sight except the Indian by my side; not a sail flapped nor our splashed—silence brooded over lake and land.

We had moved down the hill and reached the level once more, when we came to a place in the woods, which seemed at first sight to have been an old clearing. A few birches had grown up in spots, and there were any number of hillocks where the grass was quite high. I noticed some mounds of rocks, and presumed them to have been a part of the foundations of a house that had probably stood there in former years. But perceiving John Francis cross himself very devoutly and look extremely uneasy, I asked him what was the matter.

“Old Injin burial ground; more than a hundred years ago, the Micmaes had a large village close by at Malagawaachkt, and many Injins were buried here; some of them were great chiefs. Some Injins say that they've seen ghosts sitting round the graves on dark, stormy nights.”

“Nonsense, John, you've never seen any yourself.”

“No; but Injins say they've seen 'em at Skuda-Kumoochwa-Kadie, where many Micmaes are buried.”

“Where may be that place, with the impronounceable name, John?”

“The burying-ground on an island on the Big Lake.”

John said nothing more, but his looks were eloquent as we passed over the old burial-ground of his race, and seemed to say: Stranger, tread lightly over the bones of the chiefs of the tribe who once owned this island—its rivers, its mountains, its valleys, and great lakes—