

Old Times in Liverpool, N. S.



FROM CAPE SABLE, the southern extremity of Nova Scotia to Halifax in a straight line, is a distance of one hundred miles, and almost exactly half way between is Liverpool harbour a capacious inlet some four miles in depth, on

a rugged coast.

Into it flows the River Mersey, a considerable stream running directly from the largest lake in the province (Rossignol) some eighteen miles to the northward, into which is discharged several tributaries that drain quite an extensive region that was far-famed among the Indians for its fish, and game, before the coming of white men, nearly five hundred years ago.

The old Cambrian quartzites (or perhaps pre-Cambrian), contorted, tilted and altered into various forms of metamorphic rocks, hold back the savage Atlantic surf in long ledges, and rugged walls, that to the water's edge are loaded with glacial gravels and boulders, the imperishable evidences of that long age of ice that closed some fifteen or twenty thousand years ago. Defiant of rude winds, and chilling fogs, and unfertile soil, the spruce and firs covered all the land to the margin of the sea.

Such a locality very early attracted the attention of French fishermen and fur traders, who loaded their vessels with the spoils of the deep, and the trophies of trappers. With the Indians of this Province the French had always been at peace, and were more than