

narrow sheet of water, at the head of which there are extensive meadows which are intersected by small lagoons and water courses. The harbor is six miles long and is surrounded by prettily undulating hills, on whose slopes there are cultivated fields interspersed with groves, and near its foot is a high cliff of white plaster standing conspicuously on the water's edge.

At the head of the harbor there is a very pretty flat still called the "Indian Gardens," although now no longer the property of the aborigines.

Desiring to ascertain all that the Indians might know about the place, I sent for "Old Gabe," a Micmac 86 years of age. After a few hours, Gabe, whose eye yet shines with something of the brightness of youth, came to see me, accompanied by his son and another Indian. The Indian Gardens, he said, once belonged to his race, but they had long ago been granted to an English colonel. Here they formerly planted their Indian corn. He said that the Indian name of Antigonish was "Alleget-conce-etch," "the place of the broken or bent branch." Among other information that Gabe gave me was the following: In old times in the other world (meaning before the arrival of Europeans) the Indians worshipped the sun and addressed prayers to it. "Manitou," he said, was a bad word; it meant the devil. (This, no doubt, was from the teaching of the Jesuits, who took this plan of making their word for spirit odious to them, for the true meaning of "Manitou" is spirit.) All three of the Indians recognized the name of "Glooscap," as well as the Algonquin legend of the exchange of tails between the muskrat and beaver, as also that of the reduction of the squirrel from his former immense to his present diminutive size. They also knew that "Glooscap" resided in the far off South and that three Indians visited him in quest of certain favors; that seven years were occupied in the journey; that to one of them wishing for long life, "Glooscap" granted his request by