

—abounds with scenery resembling in many respects that of the Hudson or Lake George. Large numbers of the Micmacs, who played so important a part in the wars of old times between the French and English, still live in wigwams or on small farms in the vicinity of the lake. Several settlements of that unsophisticated race, the Acadian French, are scattered over the island, principally on the sea-coast, and have changed but little since the days when their forefathers were driven from the fertile farms of the Grand Pré and the Gaspereaux. Then there are the ruins of the “American Dunkirk,” where any one of antiquarian propensities can pick up many relics of the days of French dominion in America, and trace the line of the formidable fortifications which long menaced the integrity and security of the old Colonies on this continent.

SYDNEY.

The tourist who comes to Sydney in a steamer or sailing-vessel, first finds himself at what is called “the Bar”—the resort of the shipping engaged in the coal trade. A row of wooden shanties, disfigured by huge, glaring signs, on which the names of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family appear conspicuously; a long dirty street following the course of the harbour; a number of shops, in which everything, “from a needle to an anchor,” is sold; rude wharves of logs jutting out for many feet; a long wooden platform, where the vessels ship their cargoes of coal—such are the characteristics of Sydney Bar. A steamer of the smallest size, called the *Banshee*—rather an ominous name—connects with the old town of Sydney, which is five miles higher up. The harbour is justly entitled to its reputation of being one of the finest sheets of water on this continent; for it is remarkably expansive and free from shoals and rocks. In old times it was known as the *Baie des Espagnols*; indeed, it is still frequently called Spanish Bay or River.

The capital was founded some twenty years after the fall of Louisburg, and is prettily situated on a peninsula; but notwithstanding its age, it is a very insignificant town, and has a decayed look about it that shows the absence of a large commerce. At the time of which I am writing—the latter part of June—we saw two men-of-war anchored in the middle of the river, but when we looked for the Union Jack, we saw the Tri-colour gaily floating in the breeze, not only from the ships but from a large white building close to the shore.* We saw a ruined battery at the entrance, and an old flag-staff near by, but nowhere was there any evidence of British dominion. From the land came the notes of “*Partant pour la Syrie*,” and we caught a glimpse of French marines marching on the esplanade. One’s memory naturally recalled the days when the *Fleur-de-lis* floated from the French ports throughout *Isle Royale* by right of ownership. Had Cape Breton been ceded once more to France? A bystander kindly relieved the inquisitive stranger from the dilemma by informing him that the

* The residence of the French Consul, Hon. J. Bourinot, one of the Senators of the Dominion.