

the old fortress of Louisburg. But the railway had ceased to run trains, and in consequence of heavy rains the coach-road was in a very bad condition. Our engraving, however, accurately portrays the most salient feature that is left of the once most famous fortress in America.

In retracing my way through the Big Bras d'Or I had, through the courtesy of Captain Burchell, the opportunity of studying the striking scenery from the elevated pilot-house. The twilight shadows of deeper and deeper purple filled the glens and mantled over the broad slopes till it became too dark



RUINS OF LOUISBURG.

to see, and I turned to the less esthetic, but more practical, rites of the supper-table. Here let me commend Steward Mitchell, of the *Marion*, as one of the best of caterers. His broiled mackerel were really a work of art. The steamer was crowded, no berths were to be had, so the steward made up a cot in the cabin and tucked me in my little bed just before we reached Baddeck. But the deck passengers were very noisy, and I found it impossible to sleep—we had a lot of Italian railway navvies, and Indians with their squaws—the latter carrying bundles of birch bark to build their next wigwam. So I went.