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THE ISLAND OF CAPE BRETON:

ITS HISTORY, SCENERY AND RESOURCES.

By J. G. BOURINOT, Sydney, Cape Breton.

INTRODUCTION.

I propose, in the present sketch, to take the readers of the QUARTERLY to a section of the Dominion of Canada, far out of the ordinary route of American or Canadian tourists, and give them a brief description of its scenery and resources. I refer to the island of Cape Breton, lying to the north-east of the province of Nova Scotia, from which it is separated by a narrow strait, much frequented by American fishermen, who annually visit the Gulf of St. Lawrence in search of mackerel. This island was known as Isle Royale, and was the scene of events of great importance during the eighteenth century. On its southern or Atlantic coast, the French had erected a pile of fortifications, as a part of their ambitious design of controlling the two great arteries of this continent—the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi—and hemming in the old British Colonies by a cordon of fortresses. But after the fall of Louisburg in 1758, Cape Breton ceased to be the battle-ground of nations, and consequently passed into obscurity. Now and then some adventurous tourist, seeking “fresh woods and pastures new,” or some enterprising American, interested in mining speculations, finds his way to this island, as it were a sentinel placed by nature to guard the approaches to the Laurentian Gulf and River; but most of the readers of this periodical probably know very little about Cape Breton. But those who, like the writer, have often rambled over the island, must come to the conclusion that it affords not only an extensive field for the employment of capital, but innumerable attractions to those in search of health or pleasure. Its rivers and lakes teem with salmon and trout of a size and quality that must make the eyes of the *bon-vivant* and sportsman sparkle; the moose still roams in the valleys of the northern section of the island. From its lofty headlands and mountains, the spectator will see a wide expanse of country still covered with the virgin forest, or the foam-flecked bosom of the ever-restless Atlantic. Its noble lake—more properly a gulf, separating the island into two nearly equal parts—