

This relic consists of "a wrought-iron bar, an inch and a half in diameter, nearly four feet long, attached at one end to an iron joint, with strong attachments to fit solid stone masonry. Near the hook end of the bar is fastened a chain consisting of several strong links, which led to a lock which had also been attached to the masonry." The chain was still fast in the lock when it was discovered. Every part of the structure was made in the strongest manner, capable of great resistance, and weighed some hundred pounds. Although somewhat wasted with rust, its shape was as perfect as it was the day it was made. This lock evidently belonged to the Queen's Gate, near the eastern or sea-end of the walls of the fortification.

As the tourist stands upon the brow of the ruined ramparts and surveys the present aspect of Louisbourg, he cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the intense loneliness and desolation of the scene. The contour of the grass-covered walls is boldly outlined, and the huge casemates look like so many black ovens rising out of the green fields. To the south-west stretches the ocean; to the north rise the cliffs amid which the lighthouse flashes forth its beacon of warning from eve to day-break. The land towards the interior is low and covered with a small growth of firs, while the houses are small and scattered. Early in the morning and late in the afternoon the harbour presents an animated spectacle, as the fishing-boats, of which there is a large number, dart merrily through the water; but at noon of a summer's day, unless there are vessels in port, the scene is inexpressibly lonely. The

tinkle of a cow-bell, or the cry of the circling gull, alone startles the loneliness of the ruined fortress. Our thoughts naturally fly back to a century ago, when a stately pile of fortifications and buildings stood on that low, green point now only covered by a few grass-covered mounds to tell the story of the past. Port Royal, La Tour and Beau Séjour, were but comparatively insignificant forts while Louisbourg for years was one of the strongest fortified towns in America; but all are now alike in their desolation and ruin. Nothing but historic tradition remains of the old buildings in which the Frenchman of the last century talked with his comrade—

"Of sallies and retiring, of trenches, tents,
Of palisades, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners, ransoms, of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of heady fight."

Yet the time may not be far distant when we shall see another city rise above the ruins of Louisbourg. The harbour is one of the most accessible on the Atlantic coast of the Dominion, for a vessel can reach its shelter in a very few moments, while it is always remarkably clear of ice during the winter. It has been already urged in Parliament and in the press that it should be made the Atlantic terminus of the Canadian system of railways; and the writer has no hesitation in placing himself among those who believe that, in the course of a very few years, Louisbourg will have entered on a new era of commercial progress, and will more than realize, under British-Canadian auspices, the idea of those who founded the old town more than a century ago.