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??'??'0??>,;. .;|C %\*# • ??' \*>ir:'''-'E;''' Aerial view of the fortress area, circa 1935. Looking closely, you can see to the right the ruins of the casemates. Just left of centre is the granite column- on the King's Bastion, erected by The American Society of Colonial Wars in 1895, to commemorate the capture of Louisbourg in 1745. More about that monument on page 31. A little right of centre is the triangular cairn placed by the Historic Sites & Monuments Board of Canada, 1926. I have been scoured. I never saw drawing-room that could compare with the purity of that interior. It was cleanliness itself; but I saw many such before I left Louisburgh, in both the old town and the new. We sat down in the "hutch," as they call it, before a cheery wood-fire, and soon forgot all about the outside rain. But if we had shut out the rain, we had not shut out the neighboring Atlantic. That was near enough; the thunderous surf, whirling, pouring, breaking against the rocky shore and islands, was sounding in our ears, and we could see the great white masses of foam lifted against the sky from the window of the hutch, as we sat before the warm fire. "You was lucky to get in last night," said the master of the hutch, an old, weather-beaten fisherman. "Yes," replied Picton, surveying the grey head before him with as much complacency as he would a turnip; "and a serene old place it is when we get in," To this the weather-beaten replied by winking twice with both eyes. "Rather a dangerous coast," continued Picton, stretching out one thigh before the fire. "I say, don't you fishermen often lose your lives out there?" and he pointed to the mouth of the harbor. "There was only two lives lost in seventy years," replied the old man (this remarkable fact was confirmed by many persons of whom we asked the same question during our visit), "and one of them was a young man, a stranger here, who was capsized in a boat as he was going out to a vessel in the harbor." "You are speaking now of lives lost in the fisheries," said Picton, "not in the coasting trade." "Oh!" replied the old man, shaking his head, "the coasting trade is different; there is a many lives lost in that. Last year I had a brother as sailed out of this in a shallop, on the same day as yourself," pointing to the Balaklava (the travelers' vessel); "he went out in company with your captain; he was going to his wedding, he thought, poor fellow, for he was to bring a young wife home with him from Halifax, but he got caught in a storm off Canseau, and we never heard of the shallop again. He was my youngest brother, gentlemen." It was strange to be seated in that old cottage, listening to so dreary a story, and watching the storm outside. There was a wonderful fascination in it, nevertheless, and I was not a little loth to leave the bright hearth when the sailors from the schooner came for us and carried us on board again to dinner. The storm continued; but Picton and I found plenty to do that day. Equipped with oil-skin pea-jackets and sou'westers, with a couple of fish-pughs, or poles, pointed with iron, we started on a cruise after lobsters, in a sort of flat-bottomed skiff, peculiar to the place, called a dingledekoochi. And although we did not catch one lobster, yet we did not lose sight of many interesting particulars that were scattered around the harbor. And first of (these) fisheries. All the people here are directly or indirectly engaged in this



business, and to this they devote themselves entirely; farming being scarce? ly  
thought of. I doubt whether there is a plough in the place; certainly there was I  
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