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Published by Ronald Caplan on 1984/6/1

said, then 'I am content, his eyes and died." and so closed Here there was a pause. Our entertainer, waving his hand towards our mugs of Glen? livet, by way of invitation, lifted his own to his mouth by the handle, and with a dexterous tilt that showed practice, turned its bottom towards the beams of the hutch. "Do you remember any farther particulars of the siege of Louisburgh?" I asked. "Oh, yes," replied the old man, "I remem? ber grandfather telling us how he saw the bodies of fifteen or sixteen deserters hanging over the walls; they were Germans that had been sold to the French, four years before the war, by a Prussian colo? nel. Some of them got away, and came over to our side. He used to say, the old town looked like a big ship when they came up to it; it had two tiers of guns, one above the other, on the south--that is towards Gabarus bay, where our troops landed. And now I mind me of his telling that when they landed at Gabarus, they had a hard fight with the French and Indians, until Col. Fraser's regiment of Highlanders jumped overboard, and swam to a point on the rocks, and drove the enemy away with their broadswords." "That was the 63rd Highlanders," said Bruce, with immense gravity. "Among the Indians killed at Gabarus," con? tinued our host, "they say there was one Micmac chief, who was six feet nine inches high. The French soldiers were very much frightened when the Highland men climbed up on the rocks; they called them English savages." "That showed," said Bruce, "what a dommed ignorant set they were!" "And, while I think of it," added our host, rising from his seat, "I have a bit of the old time to show you," and so saying, he retreated from the table, and presently brought forth a curious oak box from a mys? terious comer of the hutch, and after some difficulty in drawing out the sliding cover, produced a roll of tawny newspapers, tied up with rope yarn, a colored wood en? graving in a black frame--a portrait, with the inscription, "James Wolfe, Esq'r, Com? mander in Chief of His Majesty's Forces in the Expedition to Quebec," and on the re? verse the following scap from the London Chronicle of October 7, 1759: "Amidst her conquests let Britannia groan For Wolfe! her gallant, her undaunted son; For Wolfe, whose breast bright Honor did Inspire With patriot ardor and heroic fire; For Wolfe, who headed that intrepid band, Who, greatly daring, forced Cape Breton's strand; For Wolfe, who following still where glory call'd. No dangers daunted, no distress appall'd; Whose eager zeal disasters could not check. Intent to strike the blow which gained Quebec. For Wolfe, who, like the gallant Theban, dy'd In th' arms of victory • his country's pride." This inscription I read aloud, and then, under the influence of the loquacious pot? able, leaned back in my furry throne., crossed my hands over my forehead, looked steadily into the blazing fire-place, and continued the theme I had commenced an hour before. A on Trans-Canada Hwy. 5 mites west of Baddeck • Swimming Pool - Hot Showers • Laundromat - Camper's Store • Supervised Children's Program • Full Hook-ups - Canoeing 295-2288 BADDECK - CABOT TRAIL KAMPGROUND * RIVERBOAT TOURS * emfOEH located 1/2 mile off the Cabot Trail at Neil's Harbour 336-2288 Eni(qi your favorite Morrison's Stores Ltd iHome Hardware If General Merchants Celebrating over 100 Years of Service St



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