

[Page 53 - Cruising Cape Breton, 1878 & 1884](#)

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Breton Island, yet were destined to be robbed of their inheritance by the law of the strongest. It is a fact that the Indians of Cape Breton still consider themselves to be the rightful owners of the island, and, while living on friendly terms with the whites because obliged to do so, bear them no good will. It is not so many years since an open attempt was made to assert these views, when, under the influence of liquor, a number of them undertook to break into a house, violently declaiming against the invasion of their rights. At present no one is allowed to sell liquor to these Indians, and they are, for the most part, an inoffensive race, devoted to a life of indolence, with intervals given to fishing and the making of tubs and baskets. The Indians of Cape Breton are Micmacs, and number, perhaps, two thousand. There is a large settlement of them at Whycocomagah, where they live in neat huts on a reservation of two thousand acres. Near the western end of the Bras d'Or they own an islet, called Indian Island, on which there is a large Roman Catholic church. Once a year, on the third of August, they assemble there from all this region, put up wigwams for the occasion, and spend a week in reviving Indian games and ceremonies. Religious services are also performed in the church, which are intended to sanctify them for the ensuing twelvemonth. Each individual is expected to give the priest ten cents before he can be absolved. As these Indians are wretchedly poor, receiving pay in kind for what they produce, it is said that many find it difficult to contribute even this minute offering. 1878: At night we again anchored, at Grand Narrows, and Skipper and I repeated our foraging expedition. We were lucky enough to come across some very nice people, bearing the famous names of M'Niel and M'Donald. The next morning, just after we have up anchor, a boat overtook us, bringing a supply of milk and eggs from our friends of the previous evening, which very materially added to the slender stock of pork, beans, and molasses, that constituted the commissariat of the Anna Maria. But generally the people are a pretty rough set, with a decided talent for brawling and drinking. When we were going aboard at night, we came across three sturdy fellows, well braced with gin, and altogether too willing to fire off the guns they carried to make them pleasant companions, especially as they seemed inclined to pick a quarrel. But evading them in the dark