Some years ago the island was heavily wooded, but by some means or other all the trees were burnt off; and now, where the woods formerly stood have sprung up large patches of wild strawberry plants. Here, on the 13th of August, we picked the most delicious large berries, and in sufficient quantity to abundantly supply our table. From Cow Head along down we saw various large forest fires, and were told that they had been started in order to clear the land by some enterprising native, who simply started them; and if they only cleared off his place, it was of no concern to him whether any other's property was destroyed or not.

A run of a day and half brought us off the Cape Breton coast, near Cape North. The wind blew directly ahead for us on each coast, and so we anchored, and waited for a change.

The coast along here is high and well-wooded, presenting a beautiful appearance from the water.

When we got the desired breeze, we started down the eastern coast of Cape Breton for the famous Bras d'Or Lakes. This side of the island has not the wildness of the northern coast, and has many more harbors than the latter.

By evening we had reached the entrance of the Great Bras d'Or, where we anchored for the night.

The physical conformation of Cape Breton Island is peculiar, being divided into two portions, of very nearly equal size, by an arm of the sea, about seventy miles long, the two parts being united at the western end by a neck scarcely a mile wide. Several years ago this neck was cut by a canal, making the lakes a favorite route for trading-schooners and yachtsmen.

Next morning a short run brought us to Kelly Cove, as it is called, where we tried to find some person to take us through, as our own pilot was not familiar with the channel. We soon found a man willing to guide us. A fine easterly breeze drove us along as rapidly as we could desire.

The approach to the smaller, or Little Bras d'Or, is exceedingly beautiful. The hills on either side are of graceful outline; on the lower slopes, here and there, are farm-houses and clearings, while the tops are covered with tuft-like forests. The scenery is very much like that of the Hudson, and the resemblance is much enhanced by the numbers of small islands with their little white lighthouses. As we opened the lake, palisade-like gypsum cliffs began to appear, adding greatly to the beauty of the scenery.

These gypsum cliffs are a prominent feature of the Cape Breton scenery. When the rock is first broken it has a rich creamy tint, but the action of the weather gradually tones it down to a light gray. By one o'clock we had reached Baddeck, the capital of Cape Breton Islands. On either side of the entrance of the harbor are lighthouses, and there, against a background of rolling green hills, lay Baddeck, a miniature seaport in a miniature sea. The city is complete, and has its ship-yards, wharves, custom-house, jail, suburbs, hotels, and all, yet it numbers only about one hundred houses, and a population of five hundred. We stopped here only a short time, in order to land our pilot, and then we continued.

The Little Bras d'Or is about ten miles square. It is connected with the Great Bras d'Or by Barra Strait, better known, perhaps, by the name of Grand Narrows.

The large lake is about fifteen miles in width. The northern side is dotted with picturesque little islands, while the southern side is lined with vertical gypsum cliffs. Taken altogether, a more beautiful and attractive place than the Bras d'Or for summer cruising would be hard to find.

After leaving the Great Bras d'Or we enter one of the most enjoyable portions of the lakes. The channel is narrow and tortuous, and the whole is filled with little islands, and the shores are indented with small coves. In going through this portion, short tacks and the greatest care are necessary to avoid getting aground.

By five o'clock in the evening we had reached the canal at St. Peters, but as it was Sunday