

tent of prospect, and some which, we have often thought, would bring strikingly to the remembrance of the wanderer from our father-land some long-familiar spot. There is little attractive scenery in Nova Scotia in which water does not form a very prominent point. Those sequestered nooks, in which a cottage, a prominent tree, a close circumference of wood, a distant spire, are sufficient to be marked by a quiet and bewitching beauty, are but rarely to be met with here. The prospect is in general wide, and the very *soul* of it, at all times, seems to be the bay, harbour, river, or lake which forms a portion of it. Indeed, in water scenery Nova Scotia has nothing to fear in a comparison with many more celebrated aquatic places. The harbour of Halifax is excelled by few, if any, in the United Kingdom, while the three principal rivers, as we presume we may term the Annapolis River, the Avon and the Shubenacadie, are all beautiful. The Annapolis River takes its rise in the eastern part of King's County, and flows through King's and Annapolis Counties with very little variation in its course, into a harbour formed by the bay of Fundy, and which is one of the most beautiful sheets of water, of the same extent, in North America. The Avon is short, but wide, and runs in a northerly direction. The beauty of its appearance below Windsor is, however, somewhat spoiled by the tide which, at low water, leaves the banks of a muddy hue. The third river, which is known by the Indian name of Shubenacadie, (river of Acadia), has its source in the well-known chain of lakes near Dartmouth,—and, flowing to the north, with an easterly inclination, runs a distance of some twenty miles by the side of the great eastern road, from which the traveller may now catch a glimpse of its extremely picturesque waters, and now lose sight of them as they take a more circuitous route and pass on unseen amidst the dense and majestic forest. The unfortunate issue of the attempt to connect, by a canal, this river, the lakes, and Halifax harbour, and which would have been of immense advantage in opening an inland navigation through the centre of the province, is a subject with which every one is acquainted. The timber on the banks of the Shubenacadie is by it made highly profitable. It is transported to the mouth of the stream in the Cobequid Bay, which is a portion of the Basin of Minas,—and, being of a large growth and otherwise valuable, ship-building is carried on to advantage. At the mouth of the river, the harbour, or rather basin, formed by its waters and those of the adjacent stream, is, at high water,

very beautiful, and, on a fine evening in the time of the Salmon-fishery, there is not a more pleasant sight than the boats of the fishermen dropping up slowly with the flood, unpelled by oars, while their occupants are securing that delicious fish which Mrs. Hemans should have enumerated among the treasures of the deep. The sun in the west, sinks below the waters of the Bay of Fundy, and leaves twilight to rest softly and not less pleasantly upon the scene.

At the head of the Cobequid bay we find the little river of Truro. This is a fine stream for trouting, but besides being small, it is too deficient in any particular attraction to merit attention, save that it runs through a place which is said somewhat to resemble in appearance an English Village. The village of Truro lies in a valley nearly surrounded by hills, for the most part, of no great height. Though its appearance is pleasing, it would be difficult to say in what the similarity spoken of consists. The hawthorn hedge, the thatched cottage, are wanting; but that in which it more peculiarly differs from English villages is the extent of prospect, Truro being wide and diffuse, on a uniform level. It is however one of the prettiest places in the Province. The hills on one side are covered with spruce, fir, birch &c. and in the course of a stream which flows amongst these, there is a waterfall—small, indeed, but of no mean beauty. The partridge shooting was very good at the place we speak of, a few years ago. We remember, on one occasion, being with a party who dived into the recesses of these woods on a shooting excursion. The day proved extremely fine, and the sport ditto; but a few drops of rain having fallen towards evening, and the sky beginning to look dark and lowering, it was determined to return at once, although we had before resolved to remain out during the night. On mustering our party accordingly, an Irishman who had accompanied it was found to be missing. In vain we hallooed with our utmost strength—the echoes of the forest were the only reply. Loading our guns, we separated into five bands, each composed of three persons. One of these parties was left on the ground at which we divided, and the rest took different routes, intending to make a circuit of about six miles. The missing man had not been seen since two o'clock, at which time he had, with several others, made a halt, and refreshed himself with the creature comforts. Various surmises were, of course, hazarded as to his fate. Two or three large bears had been seen in the neighbourhood shortly before, but it was very unlikely that they should have remained