

"And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes ;

"The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here."

We soon passed through Mabou, a neat village, not far from the sea-board, and exhibiting some of the characteristics of New England thrift and cleanliness, and, an hour later, came within sight of the blue waters of the Gulf. To the northward extended the cliffs, indented with many a picturesque cove where the fishermen dwell.—Landwards stretched a wide expanse of green fields. To the left, the waters of the Gulf, whitened by many a sail, sparkled in the sunshine, and far away at the verge of the horizon, what seemed a bank of fog indicated some headland of Nova Scotia.

Port Hood is a very insignificant place, and even its harbour is being rapidly destroyed by the shifting sands. Some days, at the approach and close of the mackerel season, the waters of the Gulf, as far as the eyes can reach, are alive with American schooners—low-lying, clipper-like craft—on their way to Chaleur, Gaspe, and other parts, where the fish are generally found in large quantities. These vessels come up the Strait of Canso, which they perfectly pack at times—perhaps as many as seven or eight hundred vessels pass this way in the course of a week.—The mackerel appear to have deserted the shores of New England, and to have found more congenial resorts on the southern coast of Nova Scotia, and especially in the Gulf. Probably 70,000 tons of American shipping are annually engaged in the fishery of this beautiful denizen of the waters, with its back of cerulean hue, and belly of pearly whiteness.

When I left Port Hood, I followed the coast line as far as the settlement of Margarie,* situated at the mouth of the river of that name. The whole coast as far as Cape North—the extreme northern point of the island—is exceedingly bold and precipitous—a coast to be avoided in stormy weather, as the ribs of many a wrecked vessel on the shore painfully attest. Some years ago, when there were no settlers whatever on the coast, the crews of vessels wrecked in the fall would often perish miserably in the thick and sombre forests that cover that rugged part of the island ; but the probability of such occurrences is now diminished by the erection of buildings and the settlement of fishermen at different points. The scene in winter must be grand in the extreme, for vast fields of ice come down the Gulf and choke up the Strait, so that it is sometimes impassable for days at a time. The ferrymen at Plaister Cove—where the headquarters of the American Telegraph Company on the island is now situated—have many a perilous escape ; but so great is their skill and knowledge of the currents, that accidents have not occurred for many years. The ice will be forced down by the northerly winds and block up the passage, but by watching the currents the ferryman will seize a favour-

* A corruption of Marguërite.