

has been Master of the Grand Lodge of Oddfellows of the Province, and carried, with well merited pride, several badges and testimonials of which he has just reason to be proud. One was a gold watch presented by his Honor Governor Archibald, and another a gold medal presented by friends in recognition of his bravery in risking his own life to save that of a passenger at the time of a railroad accident at Beaver Creek Station, in 1879. Mr. Edwards was selected to conduct both parties of the Maine Press Association on their several visits to the Province. The Windsor and Annapolis Railway extends from Annapolis to Halifax, a distance of 130 miles, and is a well managed corporation, and has done much for the business of the Province. The headquarters of the road are at Kentville, which is the residence of Mr. Innes the General Manager of the Company. The road extends along the valley of the Annapolis and Cornwallis rivers, among the farms and orchards—a most delightful and pleasant section of country. Well has it been termed the “garden of Nova Scotia!” It is such a country as one might well be happy in, for I am sure independence and every needed comfort and enjoyment are possessed by the farmers living in this portion of the Province. There are fine old orchards, (and many young ones cultivated to beans and potatoes), fields of stout grass and large fields of potatoes all along the line of the road. All crops have a wonderfully green, vigorous look. There is some attention paid to dairying along the valley, and several cheese factories have been established. Middletown, as I said in one of my previous letters, is the centre of the strawberry growing district of the valley, and from this station alone, 15,000 quarts have already been shipped this season, and as many more will probably be shipped as the season lasts all through the month of July. Kingston has also forwarded 12,000 quarts this season, chiefly to Halifax. There is one gentleman in Kingston who has ten acres of strawberries, put out last spring, which he intends for the Boston, Bar Harbor, and other American markets. I have said in my second letter that before leaving Annapolis, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Harry V. Barrett, representing the London House of John S. Townsend & Co., from whom I obtained much information relative to the shipping of apples to England. Mr. Barrett’s house are large handlers of Nova Scotia apples, and Mr. Barrett usually sends over to them twenty thousand barrels annually.

Ten miles after leaving Kentville we reach Grand Pre, immortalized by the pen of Longfellow as the home of Evan-

geline. “Great meadow” the French meaning is, and it is indeed inspiring to stand on the site of the old French village, just upon the slightly elevated upland above the marsh, and look over the Grand Pre to Cape Blomidon on the shore of the Basin of Minas. Thousands of acres of the most beautiful land in the Province stretch out before you; the farms betoken independence, the farm houses are large and substantial, (roomy and comfortable as I can testify), and the landscape is one of great beauty. There is no tavern at Grand Pre, but the traveler or summer tourist will find a royal place to stop at the house of Mr. Robert L. Stuart, on the very site of the old French village, and but a few steps from the spot where stood the smithy of Basil, the blacksmith. A large, roomy, substantial house, with good beds, a well-spread and finely-served table, and withal a good-cheer that will make the stranger feel at home—these are the accommodations, and welcome he will surely find. At night on going up to my room I found it fragrant with the perfume of a bouquet of freshly-plucked roses, while in one corner was a library of some three hundred volumes of the best class of books,—a sight which made me feel completely at home, and which tempted me to read history and poetry, philosophy and theology for half the night.

*Halifax, N. S., July 17, 1884.*

My last letter was written in the chamber of Mrs. Stewart’s roomy old mansion, with its choice volumes of which I spoke, tempting me to read, looking out over the fertile marsh of Grand Pre, with the rain pouring down in torrents. I had intended to take an early morning train for this city, but it is a sailor’s motto never to leave a good harbor in a storm, and I thought it a good one to follow, landsman thought I was, in this instance. So I busied myself with correspondence of one sort and another, letters of friendship and business; read up on the romantic and surring history of the old Acadians, from Murdoch’s excellent “History of Nova Scotia”—which would be more sensible if it had contained an index; skipped through some of the choice volumes near my table, had a sound nap of an hour or so in the seductive easy chair with which my room was furnished, and was only awakened, near noon, by the young lady tapping at my door and telling me a gentleman below wished to see me. I went down to be introduced to Mr. William Stewart, one of the commissioners of sewers and dikes for the Grand Pre, who kindly offered to take me in the afternoon over this grand marsh of which he had the honor to be in charge,—another evidence

of the hospitality and friendliness of the good people of Nova Scotia, of which I have already mentioned several in previous letters. The rain having ceased, leaving the ground drenched as in April, with little rivers pouring down all the roadside gutters, I improved the half hour before dinner by calling upon James Laird, Esq., of Horton,—whom I found an old friend, for (with many others whom I meet in the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia), he felt acquainted with me, he said, and know me well from my former connection with the *Maine Farmer*. Pleasant it is to feel you are not a stranger in another land than your own, and to be assured that your labors for the improvement of the best of human arts—because an art of peace and a means of comfort—have been appreciated by those who were before strangers to you. I found esquire Laird a most hearty and communicative gentleman, ready to give me all information in his power, and, as we Yankees say “a great talker.” I had only to regret that I could not remain with him half a day, instead of half an hour. He is well informed concerning the history of his locality, is collecting information respecting the early English—New England—settlers, and showed me a copy of an old map of the town of Horton, with the lots on the Grand Pre, made in 1760, (the original), which was a very neat piece of work, all done with his own pen. On a slight elevation on his farm he pointed out to me the graves of Col. Arthur Noble, his brother Lieutenant Noble, and Lieutenant Leachmere, who were all slain by the French, in the winter of 1746–7. “Why,” I said “Mr. Gould ought certainly to come here.” “Senator Gould, do you mean?” asked Mr. Laird; on my replying in the affirmative, he said that he was here some years ago and had since corresponded with him. Mr. Gould knows how to write history, and his sketch of the life of Col. Noble prepared for our State Historical Society proves it.

Promptly on the hour appointed Mr. William Stewart called for me at “mine inn,” and it was not without some regrets that I left the kind and hospitable quarters to which I had been recommended by Miss Bink, whose acquaintance I had made on the train down from Annapolis, and who had pointed out to me many objects and places of interest on the route. With Mr. Stewart I drove all over the Grand Pre dike, crossed over to Long Island, a ride of good farming land on the Basin of Minas, comprising a rural population of something over one hundred persons, and then Mr. Stewart drove with me to Horton Landing in season for the evening express train bound eastward. At this place I had