

## THE NOVA SCOTIA

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### STREAMS AND RURAL PLACES IN NOVA SCOTIA.

THERE is something not unpleasing in the idea of being natives of a small and remote province of a great empire, rather than of the central portion and immediate seat of power. It is grateful to those feelings of *locality*, by which we are ten-fold more attached to the small and obscure neighbourhood, with every spot of which we are acquainted, than if we be denizens of a city. It is true, that the man who spends his life in the crowded streets, or the dull brick houses, of the latter, may have become warmly attached to them: but this has required years. On the contrary, in the village the circumference of which might be half that of a town-square,—its inhabitants about as numerous as the inmates of a London hotel,—with one little church to which every body goes,—one little coterie, of which all the members are the best friends in the world, you soon feel an affection for every foot of the road you tread,—you would draw a limit between your vicinage and the world without, and feel, in short, as snug and as comfortable as if you sat all day in your own chimney-corner, the fragrant weed in your mouth, and a glass of—whatever you'll take (tee-total or otherwise) beside you. There is a *unity*, the oneness of thought, feeling, opinion, and information, which renders your neighbours and yourself like a pair of lovers, or rather, perhaps, like tried friends who have passed the hey-day of youth, and with whom, from long intercourse and familiarity, the possessions of each—the valued dog or the treasured curiosity—have become equally dear. Now, very similar to this is the position of Nova Scotia relatively to

the great centre of the British Empire. The latter (it hath pleasant nooks, but they have not the charm which *remoteness* gives) seems like a huge sea constantly convulsed, now rising high from its native level with tumultuous fury, now falling precipitously into a valley presently to mount anew. Faintly the murmur seems to be borne to us across the bosom of the broad Atlantic, as the fisherman reposes safely in his storm-shaken hut, and hears the roaring surge that dashes on the rocks below. But this is not the only portion of the pleasure to which we allude. It is not alone the quiet, the remoteness from the turmoil which agitates the great empire of which we are a portion; but there is something gratifying in the reflection, that we are not a mite lost to sight in the magnitude around us,—that though only a speck, the speck is distinct and perfect, standing forth boldly in relief, and not pictured faintly in the back-ground. Now this *locality* neither injures, nor is injured by, our nationality. We are equally loyal, equal compatriots of the inhabitants of Britain, and it is only as provincials, that we feel and are proud of our *unique* position.

The province of Nova Scotia is far from being destitute of rural beauty. The native lover of nature sees a thousand picturesque scenes in this—the land of his birth. True it is that he who has wandered beneath the unsullied skies of enchanting and romantic Italy, or by the banks of the majestic Rhine, can meet with no landscape in this country to attract his attention; but still there are scenes in Nova Scotia presenting a rich ex-