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"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some endless congruity of shade,"

and where you could get so much of solitude that you would consider yourself well stocked with it for the rest of your life. Ten miles to your left is Earltown, a hilly settlement possessed by a thriving colony of Scottish Highlanders. Ten miles to your right is the head of the fertile and blooming valley of Stewiacke. The forests around were once famous haunts of moose, bears, foxes; and it is still easy to win a splendid day's sport among the partridges. On from Riversdale the road passes through a high, well wooded tract of country, with, here and there, the cabins of adventurous but poor settlers. The traveller would wish the journey shorter till he reaches

Hopewell

which presents a fair sample of country districts in the county of Pictou, with its small farms, with small houses and big barns; women as well as men toiling in the fields; the implements of agriculture rather primitive; signs of progress all around, but still very much room for more progress. Hopewell is beginning to be a manufacturing centre, as it has good water power within reach. Six or seven miles, and you are at the

Albion Mines.

The coal seams are thicker than any elsewhere found in America,—the thickest perhaps in the world. The quality of the coal fits it admirably for the use of steamers and steam engines generally. It is of late used very extensively for domestic purposes. You are now in the heart of the great coal basin of Pictou, a wonder and a mystery, the source of immense and inexhaustable wealth for ages to come. These districts are black but not comely. The colliers' houses in the town of Albion Mines are of the poorest order. Built by the proprietors to supply the commonest necessities of life, they stretch their low length by the dingy street. They consist of two rooms—many of