

Nova-Scotia with the main, commanded an extensive view of the country around; and from the ramparts, on a fine summer's day, in truth it was a refreshing thing to let the eye wander over the wide prospect, spread out on either side, like a map of diversified colouring. To the northward would be seen the great prairie of Cumberland waving its broad sheet of grass like the billows of a troubled sea, through which the waters of the Au Lac wound its silver thread, a veritable "*anguis in herba*," until it was lost in the prospective of the plain, which at the distance of six miles, terminated its breadth in a ridge of upland, indistinct and blue, above which was faintly visible, the far summit of the Shepody mountain; while to the southward, was beheld a marsh of much less extent, but like its overgrown neighbour, also possessing a permeating stream, which, like a deep trench between two belligerents, at that time divided the territories of the conflicting powers, as at the present moment it affords a line of demarcation between the sister provinces. At the entrance of this river, the Massachussetts by name, a blockhouse was erected, with a strong breast-work of timber, whose cannon commanded the passage of the stream, and garrisoned with a strong body of Acadians and Micmacs. On the high ground beyond the valley, where the village of Amherst now stands, and in a direct line with Beau Sejour, from which it was distant about one mile and a half, might be descried the outline of Fort Lawrence, the most interesting feature in the landscape to the inhabitants of the former place, for, waving over its battlements in pre-ado rivalry, was displayed the "red cross flag" of England—this fortress being purposely intended as a check upon the movements of her active adversary. To the westward the view terminated in the Bay of Chicognecto, which, when the tide was low, presented an unvaried flat of mud with low meadows on its southwest extremity. But the connoisseur, perchance, turns away in disgust from its sombre lifeless expanse, to revel in the verdure of the plains, or the luxuriant foliage of the adjacent trees, until enchanted with the vivid contrast, he glances mockingly back at the waterless bay, when—"Presto change!" does he dream? or is it but a cheat of the disordered vision? scarce a minute has elapsed, and now a wide sea of dark, tumultuous waves is tumbling and rushing in towards him with the swiftness of a race horse, as though it would overwhelm every thing in its progress; roaring upward through the mouths of the rivers, like a solid

wall, and swelling their floods to the height of 60 feet above the level of the ocean; a phenomenon which has but one or two parallels in the known world. Thus some years since on paying a visit to this remarkable spot, while musing upon the stirring scenes once enacted beneath the grassy ramparts, fast crumbling away by the touch of remorseless time, we witnessed with unfeigned astonishment, the transition above described.

From the palisades of the fort, the glacial slopes gradually until it reached the water side, and clustered about its skirts without any attempt at regularity, were visible a number of log cabins, interspersed with the simple, but picturesque wigwams of the natives, made of the white bark of the birch tree. This straggling hamlet stretched its dimensions far back to the confines of the great marsh, in one place dotting the green lawn with habitations, then again only indicated by the wreaths of thin grey smoke that ascended slowly from different points among the willow groves, and blended peacefully with the calm, blue air. Beneath the shade of an aged tree, a knot of Micmacs were playing the game of the bone, with vehement action and vociferous exclamation; while others with lazy attitude, more in keeping with the quiet repose that seemed to consecrate the hour, were stretched upon the soft turf, puffing light clouds from the beloved tomagan, and seemingly occupied with their individual reflections, or listening perchance, to the clear laughter of the French maidens mingled with the mellow lowing of the herds, borne betimes, from the meadows, on the bosom of some drowsy breeze. Yet over this rural scene was fated to pass, like the scorching simoon of the desert, the lightning breath of strife. Ere the lapse of many days, the groan of anguish, the gasp of the dying will resound through the startled groves in unaccustomed murmurs, blended with the sharp whistle of the ball, and the crash of the deadly shell.—Even so are the lights and shadows ever chasing each other over the current of our lives; to day we rest beneath the shelter of some wide spreading tree and dream of happiness and peace, the storm of the morrow comes—the tree is blighted—the illusion is gone; and alas! the dew and the sunshine can never fully obliterate the traces of the tempest, or make the heart put forth green leaves, as in "that first and only time." But the spirit that never tires nor slumbers, shrouds the record of man's ravages from the eye of offended heaven, with visions of regenerated beauty, and "smiling