

a dense smoke rises from the Steam Boat, as an indication that useful science is not unknown amid the half rural scene. The eye naturally moves along the pleasingly undulated ground, until it rests on the clump of trees, and the snug looking dwelling at the Lower-Ferry. Findlay's is delightfully situated, but like many other fine situations no advantage is taken of its beauties. A little bay, which terminates in the Mill Cove, sweeps within thirty or forty yards of the House, a soft and verdant hillock rises in the rear, and before the front a fresh water stream comes babbling under the trees. A marquee or a summer house should be erected on the summit of the little hill, its sides would afford lovely situations for pleasure gardens and rural seats, a shaded walk might conduct to the pebbly beach, along which arbours, easily formed, would be delightful resting places for the visitors from the city. Some taste and a little expense, might make the retired situation of Findlay's almost unparaleled, for delicious scenery, and for balmy airs; the ocean, the woods, the cultivated hills, the opposite town, and its own charming receding position, all unite to offer peculiar opportunities to an enterprising proprietor. The thought of the Arcadian scenes which might be produced in this neighbourhood, induces a poetic temperament, and most opportunely, the eye catches the serpentine road which winds up the high ground in the rear, and which conducts to the cottage of the Poet of Ellen-Vale; he has somewhere sung,

" For me all nature has a voice,  
The stars a hymn—the moon a lecture,  
The sun delights me with the joys,  
He gives to Earth's illusive picture;  
And Heavens high arch vast and sublime,  
Has blest my vision many a time."

And I imagine that for want of some share of this poetic feeling, the capabilities of our situation are not only often left un-improved, but remain altogether unseen.

We would still linger on Dartmouth, and noting some of its internal and neighbouring advantages, would indulge a day dream of *what it yet shall be*; but we recollect that this is a distant view of the village, and will leave its more particular and attendant features for a further sketch, at some other opportunity. Its walks, sweetly varied ground, views from the rear, lake, and canal, offer rich sources for a second picture.