

grassy knolls and a sloping vale like Crusoe's, or Rasselas' land full of sylvan beauty.

"At hand lies the southern coast, one frowning mass of rock stretched facing the ocean, where the Atlantic wave has hollowed out many a picturesque chamber. The cheerful eminences are numerous. One winds and curves in the little domain ever on this green turf like a fairy, bordered by the rugged forest. It is a charm to view its picturesque wildness. One feels, not oppressed by nature, but drawn to her socially; for there is every variety of cove and field, hollow and dingle.

"The great tides rush against this island, and recede, leaving great masses of magnificent seaweeds, as if the ocean combed its hair there, and set its locks to dry. Grand spectacle is it to see the sea laid bare, its depths revealed, — to feel the salt brine seasoning every sense.

"The plan is to keep this island refined for healthful, simple living, a home of cottages and neighborly life, in the woods, on the bays along the shores, with their bold frontage on the sea.

"This tendency to Maine, therefore, and Nova Scotia,