

some 2,400 feet high, rears its lofty head, overshadowing the tremulous waters of Aspy Bay, of cable celebrity, below it.

But *revenons à nos moutons*.

We coal again at Pictou, and start once more for the Isle of Sable. A few hours steaming past noble promontories (Cape George included), brings us to the northern entrance of the Strait, or Gut, of Canso, separating the Island of Cape Breton from the main, and forming a grand canal for ocean traffic which Lesseps would envy. This strait is about 15 miles long, averaging a mile or upwards in breadth; bounded, especially on the Nova Scotia side, by stupendous boulders of rock, and in winter closed by ice, or rather *barricaded* with it so as to render passage dangerous, and infrequent for several months. This, with the impossibility of its being bridged (except, perhaps, at an expense which would build a railroad to the Pacific), precludes the connection by railway bridge of Cape Breton to the Main, at least, till wonders multiply, and an *eighth* one is added to the already famous *seven*. Still, a railway to the Strait of Canso is not only highly desirable, but an imperative necessity, and will undoubtedly be built, connecting, at Antigonish, with the projected railroad between New Glasgow and White Haven.

Passing through the strait, touching at Arichat, a village almost exclusively peopled by the descendants of the French Acadians, and situated on Isle Madam, separated by the Lennox passage from Cape Breton Island, we steam away for White Haven harbor, there to wait a favorable chance to run for Sable Island, and which harbor we enter by the eastern passage (it has three noble entrances, Southern, Western, and Eastern) into one of the grandest and most spacious havens on the continent, with a depth of water throughout capable of floating the largest ships, and an anchorage unsurpassed.

Quoting from the prospectus of the "White Haven, New Glasgow, and North Shore Railway Company," Admiral Owen, sent out to Nova Scotia by the British Government in 1846 to survey the harbors of Halifax and White Haven, and report on their respective merits, thus speaks of it: "White Haven, in 45° 10' N. lat., 61°

10' W. long., is a most splendid and commodious port, at the nearest available point of North America to Ireland—its natural facilities greatly exceeding those of Halifax or any other point upon the coast, requiring less than three miles of pilotage, and entirely free from ice at all seasons of the year." And his testimony is confirmed by every one who has a knowledge of the port.

During the two days of our detention, we took the opportunity of going over the harbor and its surroundings, and all that the Admiral or any one else could say in favor of this splendid harbor, would be only true to nature, which seems to have created it specially for the ocean *entrepôt* between the two continents of Europe and America.

The Dominion Government (we understood) had already bought land, or arranged with its owner for the erection of a coal depot and wharf at White Haven—a wise and prudent act of foresight; for the steamers visiting Sable Island, as they must now do so frequently, with supplies for the large Government staff—two light-houses and fog-whistles there—generally put into White Haven (the nearest harbor on the main), to wait a good chance for favorable weather to run over; and sometimes wait so for several weeks. This is one strong reason (though by no means the weightiest) in favor of a cable from White Haven to the Island—the distance being only 85 miles; and while the weather on the main may be unfavorable, it may be, and often is, the best time for landing on the Island. But of the importance, nay, even absolute necessity, for having a cable to the Island we shall refer again.

On the evening of Saturday, after "four bells" had sounded, supper settled, the anchor weighed, and things prepared for heavy weather, the "Lady Head" steamed out of the Southern passage close to the light on Whitehead Island at the entrance to the harbor, having passed which we were immediately floating on the broad Atlantic, with nothing possible to bring us up but a colliding ship, Sable Island or the Western Islands. Fine weather, fair head of steam, and good navigation, brought us safely to anchor some distance off the