

province; it is claimed to have more miles of railway, in proportion to its population, than any country in the world. According to the records of the British army, its climate is one of unsurpassed salubrity. The fisheries, both of the Atlantic and the Gulf ports, are of incalculable value, and give employment to many thousands of hardy mariners. The lumber industry is carried on on a vast scale on all the rivers, and reaches, says a competent authority, the value of \$4,000,000 a year.

I resume my personal reminiscences at the Missiguash River, the boundary line between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, on the eastern and western banks of which respectively are situated the ruins of Fort Lawrence and Fort Cumberland.

Crossing the river I climbed up the steep slope of Fort Cumberland, over masses of half-buried squared stones, once forming part of the strong defences. A great crumbling breach in the ramparts gave unimpeded entrance to a well-constructed star-shaped fort, whose bastions and curtains were still in a state of remarkably good preservation, and all were turfed with softest velvet, and in the mellow afternoon light gleamed like emerald. Grim-visaged war had smoothed his rugged front and the prospect was one of idyllic peace. I paced the ramparts and gazed upon a scene of rarest beauty. The white-walled houses and gleaming spires of Amherst and Sackville were about equidistant on either side. In the foreground were fields of yellowing grain, and stretching to the landward horizon was the vast expanse of the deep green Tantramar and Missiguash marshes—not less, it is said, than 50,000 fertile acres. Looking seaward the eye travels many a league down the blue waters of the Cumberland Basin. One solitary schooner was beating up against the wind, and nearer land the white sails of a few fishing-boats gleamed like the wings of sea birds seeking shore. A peculiarity of these marshes was, that they had no dwelling-houses; but scores on scores of barns were dotted over their surface, from which many hundred carloads of hay are shipped every year.

Within the enclosure was a large and dilapidated old wooden building, apparently once used as officers' quarters. Beside it was another, which had completely collapsed, like a house of cards. I crawled into the old casemates and bomb-proofs, built of large squared stones. Some of these were nearly filled with crumbling *débris*. In others the arched roofs, seven bricks in thickness, was studded with stalactites from the drip of over a hundred years.