

man of mine who settled here in the wilderness some years ago, and established a bucket manufactory. He was then worth nothing—he is now a rich man." True enough, this was the only tenement we saw, through a journey of sixty miles, which wore an air of neatness. We came occasionally to a clearing, as it is expressively called, containing, perhaps, one or more sheds, but, for the main part, our route lay through the untouched forest. We saw two wigwams of the Indians during the day; I had seen the people before in the streets of Halifax, and their features struck me as decidedly Asiatic.

We stopped at Truro, which is placed at the edge of a wide plain of alluvial soil, occasionally subject to inundations from the sea. This alluvial soil forms the most valuable kind of land here, which they call marsh land. The next in quality is what they call interval land, which is also alluvial, on the banks of rivers; and the third is the upland. The first sometimes sells from 20% to 50% per acre: the second, at from 10% to 15%; and the third, at various prices under 10%.

From Truro we passed on some miles, to a place called the Folly, where we slept in a small cottage, in which, however, we met with clean beds. Late at night, as we were passing along, I noticed the sheep yet abroad in the fields, and on asking the driver if there were no wolves and bears in the country, he informed me they had been so worried by the settlers that of late they had ceased to molest the farms—a slight mark this, in a new country, of an energetic race. In France, the shepherd yet carefully folds his sheep, and sleeps beside them.