

subjected to a foggy, nasty passage. We were on the pier at Annapolis Royal when she discharged her passengers. Scores and scores were gentlemen and ladies evidently travelling for pleasure, and to whom a few dollars extra of fare would have been no object had it brought a fuller measure of comfort. By train over the Eastern and Maine Central to Bar Harbor—no change of cars—they would have reached Annapolis Royal, an hour or two in advance of the all-steam ship route from Boston, with only a short night passage by boat and no seasickness, as against a crowded sea passage of twenty-nine hours. And this is what the New England and Acadia Steamship line hopes to accomplish—divert a portion of this immense summer travel over the rail and by its own steamer.

After entering the beautiful Annapolis Basin, Digby is the first port made. This is a pretty little town of about two thousand inhabitants, pleasantly situated on a slope at the foot of the basin. It is the shire town of Digby county, and the northern terminus of the Western Counties Railway—a road connecting Digby with Yarmouth, seventy miles distant. We steam up the Basin from Digby, leaving on our right the Bear river country—where the farmers have extensive cherry orchards—to Annapolis Royal, a distance of about sixteen miles. On both sides of the river are extensive diked marshes. On the western side, between the Basin and the Bay of Fundy are high wooded mountains; but between the Basin and the base of the mountains is a strip of land varying in width from one-half mile to a mile, comprising magnificent orchards. Here one enters the fruit section of the Annapolis valley which extends eastwards for sixty miles, when it reaches the Cornwallis valley—the “Garden of Nova Scotia.”

Annapolis Royal—opposite to which is Upper Granville—is the gateway to the lovely valley of Acadia. It is the terminus of the several lines of steamers connecting with the states. A steam ferry connects it with Upper Granville. Annapolis Royal is the oldest town in Nova Scotia, the site of the old French settlement. It now contains twenty-three thousand inhabitants. Toward the western part of the town, on an elevation commanding the Basin, are the remains of the old fortifications, which still show signs of the many sieges to which the town has been subjected. Here are the old earthworks, magazine, sally-port, barracks, and prison wall—all interesting and well worth a visit. Near at hand is the old cemetery, and here I spent half an hour just at twilight, on Saturday, among the old tomb stones—many of which, moss-covered and

fast crumbling to decay, told of the royal virtues—for many of them bore coats-of-arms—of those who lived a century ago, whose souls are now at rest “where the noble have their country.” Above the ferry is French bay, where the last naval engagement between the English and French was fought.

The modern village of Annapolis is a quite cleanly, well-ordered town. It has much the appearance of an old New England village, and yet it has not. There is something about it which makes it seem to you like a foreign country. The landscape is not thoroughly American; the ways and language of the people are decidedly foreign, Provincial. They are talkative, hearty, hospitable. You feel at home among them. Many Americans visit here every summer. Our dear poet Longfellow has made this whole world famous. The “Land of Evangeline” route is advertised on railway bills; the locomotives are named “Evangeline,” the steamers are named “Evangeline” and “Hiawatha,” and the pictures of the beautiful, large-eyed, sad-faced heroine of one of Longfellow’s finest poems adorn Tourist’s Guides and time-tables. The hotels are good. I found a good home at the “dominion,” kept by Mr. A. H. Riordan, and feel safe in recommending Americans to visit it when they come here. I saw no drunkenness in the streets; and do not remember of seeing liquor sold or bars kept—I am sure about this, notwithstanding I was not looking for them. The houses are chiefly of wood, and most have large gardens attached to them—gardens in which all kinds of vegetables make a rank, vigorous growth, and which the owners seem to have a pride to keep free from weeds. The love of flowers is universal, for at every house—almost without exception—in village and country, all the windows, both upstairs and down, were filled with plants and bloom. Especially did I linger long in front of a neat cottage near our hotel, whose owner has his workshop and house connected with a covered walk, and whose yard, garden, summer-house and windows were completely embowered with plants, vines, flowers and shrubbery of almost every kind. If there is a man in Annapolis who loves his home and his garden we venture it is “A. Hindon, Boot and Shoe Maker.” He has my hand!

I have just said that Annapolis was remarkably free from drunkenness and rowdiness, and wish to emphasize the statement. Our landlord tells me that on last “Dominion Day”—July 1—there was an immense crowd of people here, some three or four thousand strangers were in the town. A large Fair was held at the Rink, a Catholic Fair which netted some \$1,100. Throughout the day every-

thing was orderly, and there was not a single arrest for drunkenness made for the day. Surely this speaks well for the good name and sober character of the people of Nova Scotia.

Just a little back I alluded to the vast numbers of cherries grown in the Bear river valley. It is a section famous for fine fruit of this description. Large quantities are shipped to the States, and in years of abundant crops thousands of bushels rot on the trees. Next Sunday, (July 20), is “Cherry Sunday”—and this is a day that has come to be quite a great holiday. The cherry section is visited by hundreds of people from all parts of the country, all are given as many cherries as they can eat, with lots to carry home. Every year the day is becoming more and more observed. The varieties grown are chiefly White-heart, Ox-heart and French.

To-day I attended services at the Methodist church, and had the pleasure of listening to a very fine discourse from the new pastor Rev. Mr. Dunn, who had just been sent here by his conference, and who gave a most appropriate discourse—the first one preached to his people since his new appointment. It was particularly home-like; but when, in his prayer, he asked the blessing of Almighty God upon “our Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria, and all the members of the Royal Family; Thy servants the Governor General and the Provincial Governors, and all others in authority,” I realized I was in a country not my own, although among my own people. This evening, Gen. Cary of Ohio lectures on temperance, just across the river in Granville. The town this evening is as quiet as the country.

Annapolis, N.S., July 11th, 1884.

The Annapolis Valley is the great fruit-growing section of Nova Scotia; Cornwallis is more largely devoted to the growing of potatoes. These two crops, with hay, are the staple products of the Province. “Sixty miles of orchard blossoms,” is the description which one journal gives of a ride up the Annapolis Valley by rail in the month of June. “A forest of apple trees” is what an intelligent gentleman tells me the country is to-day. Apple orchards everywhere, and in this valley new orchards are now being planted at the rate of ten thousand trees a year. Twenty years ago there were not sufficient apples grown in the Province to supply the home market. Then they began to be shipped to Halifax and St. John. About that date a few were sent to England by sailing vessels. During the past ten years the business has assumed extensive dimensions, and for the past four or five years steam