

the eastern shore. It is also the commencement of the main post road, leading round the lakes, to Colechester and other counties, east of Halifax.

In closing these imperfect sketches, the writer need not remind those who may peruse them, that the place of which they treat is but a small part of a slowly improving Province, and that there is nothing of *very great* interest to be traced in its past history. The future of Dartmouth, it is to be hoped, will afford grounds for a brighter picture. Its proximity to the Atlantic seaboard, and its connection with Halifax, must one day make it a town or city of considerable importance. It has already been recommended as a preferable terminus for the great *contemplated* Railway, from Halifax to Quebec. Whatever happens, may it increase and prosper, and be, in all time to come, the abode of an intelligent, upright, and happy people.

#### STRAY STORIES.—No. 2.

A correspondent in the August Number of 'The Provincial,' has called attention to the beautiful Islands which adorn the Basin of Chester, and given an interesting story in connection with one of them. Another tale equally tragical and distressing, with that narrated of the murder and capture of the Payzant Family, is brought to mind, the plain recital of which is communicated to 'The Provincial.' The writer hopes that other persons who may be in possession of legends connected with this delightful locality, may also be induced to submit them to the public.

Chester Bay is indeed justly celebrated through Nova Scotia, and admired by all who have seen it, for those clusters of beautiful islands which stud its bosom. Some are as mere specks upon the ocean, while others extend for miles in circumference. The whole appearance of the harbour is very attractive. To stand and look upon its broad expanse, when the rosy light of morning first tinges its blue depths, and mark the many groups of wooded or cultivated islands that rise from its bosom, is a sight that may well repay the exertion of early rising.

On some, neat homesteads and smiling farms are visible, while others look like entire though tiny forests where the dark fir trees are seen growing down to the extreme verge of the water. The islets seem very peaceable and fair in the bright sunshine, and as the glad waves ripple between them, and the soft wind of summer plays lightly among their trees, it were no hard task to wish for a hermitage in any one of them, so far removed they seem from turbulence and bustle.