

than lights in making port, and the swirl of the tides, which rise at some points over fifty feet, seems fraught with peril, as vessels, borne upon the crest of the bore, appear about to be dashed upon the land. Scylla and Charybdis are as nothing to the dangers which beset its channels, and we may indeed think of Horace's *robur et ars triplex* as being about his breast, who first dared its navigation.

It is not hard to figure to ourselves the early French explorers, coasting along the iron-bound shore which extends from Cape Sable to Cape Blomidon, where the cliffs are high, the sea wall being the northerly edge of a range of lofty hills, a hundred miles in length and three or four miles across. Anxiously they must have been peering through the mist to search for a river mouth, for a safe anchorage, for a fertile valley, while nothing but water-worn precipices, covered at their base with abundant seaweed, and on their crest with forests of stunted spruce, could have met their view. They perhaps thought that King Henry's minister, the great Sully, was truly in the right when he opposed the extension of French enterprize so far northwards, and preferred the mines and other natural wealth of the South as promising to the nation better returns. They had tried the Atlantic coast, looked in at Port Rossignol (now Liverpool), and left it hastily; they stayed on shore at Port Mouton for a month, and in vain sent out their boats to find a fit locality. They had tried St. Mary's Bay, on the Bay of Fundy side, but two or three weeks there disgusted them, so what mingled joy and astonishment must have possessed them when they came to a narrow strait, 825 paces wide according to Champlain, and passed through what is now Digby Gut, into a spacious harbour, from which they could perceive a lovely valley with rich meadow lands, and with well-timbered slopes extending eastward further than the eye could reach! We can see

them floated up the harbour by the tide, landing where the river joins the sea. Port Royal they fitly called the place, joyfully accepting the name Champlain proposed, and the river they named the Dauphin, the title of their monarch's eldest son.

Byron says that on this changeable globe the two things most unchangeable are the mountain and the sea, and this will come home to most visitors to the spot, as it has come home to the writer, who pass out of the Bay of Fundy, after anxiously listening to the doleful sound of the steam-whistle at the entrance to this narrow Digby gut, damp and disgusted with the fog banks, shivering with cold, the frame if invigorated certainly irritated by the bleak winds, wondering if it is safe to approach the shore without seeing it. They will be swiftly swept into the basin, and find that they have left the mists behind, with a sharp line of demarcation between them and a cloudless sky. The temperature has risen ten degrees in as many minutes. Instead of the dreadful roar of breakers against what are rightly inferred to be massive, pitiless rocks, they will see the ripple of placid water upon a pebbly beach; instead of the black spruce, (dwarfed by the absolute want of soil) which is the usual vegetation of the coast, they will find fertile meadows about the shores; and as these slope gently upwards to the hills, they will perceive similar forest growths to those of the fair Province of Ontario—beeches, maples, elms—and will understand the feelings of De Poutrincourt, who at once made up his mind that, although the imperial views of De Monts might, as they did, lead him to a less peninsular situation, and notwithstanding that from its position Port Royal could never be the seat of empire or the capital of a great country, yet it was a place where he and his might be usefully and pleasantly employed, and could happily spend their days. De Poutrincourt was evidently not of the lordly, ambi-