

Miscellaneous.

(From the Waltham, Mass., Free Press.) A Trip to Nova Scotia.

The Editor of the above paper has been paying our beautiful valley a visit, and the tribute he pays to our charming scenery is well worth reading.

St. John was not our ultimate destination, and after stopping in the city over night, we took passage in the steamer Empress, which left at 8 o'clock a. m., on Wednesday morning, August 4th, for Annapolis, N. S., via Digby, distant about sixty miles, our course lying across the Bay of Fundy.

Passing out of the spacious and convenient harbor, in about four hours we reach Digby Gut, with its narrow channel, rapid current and high bluffs. Entering Annapolis Basin we stop a short time at Digby, and in less than two hours after, find ourselves at Annapolis, which many years ago was the seat of government, an honor now claimed by Halifax.

The sail, particularly for the latter part of the way, was one of much enjoyment. The scenery embraced rocky coasts, bold cliffs, verdant fields, and wooded hills, at times seen clearly, and anon draped with the deepest mists, which withdrew long enough to reveal charms that stir the blood in the most sluggish veins.

As Annapolis is reached the Windward and Annapolis Railway cars and road fourteen miles to Bridgetown. Hiring a carriage at B. we were driven across the bridge that spans the Annapolis river at this point, and then back on the opposite side of the river to Granville, some seven miles, and the point of destination. This is a beautiful and interesting trip, and we were driven across the bridge that spans the Annapolis river at this point, and then back on the opposite side of the river to Granville, some seven miles, and the point of destination.

Resting at the house of our friend, Mr. Horace Bent, a farmer, whose broad acres—embracing pasture, cultivated fields, woodland, meadow and salt marsh—stretched out on every side, we had a very excellent view of this part of Annapolis valley. And on every hand the prospect was charming. On each side and distant from the winding river was a range of mountains, hills we should call them, (we saw none higher than Prospect) mostly covered with forests, white in the valley, and far upon the elevations were cultivated farms, the whole combining to make one of the most pleasing landscapes I have ever seen.

At a lady who had visited Scotland, declared to us that the scenery there was not superior to that of Nova Scotia, or New Scotland. As she lived, when at home, (for she sometimes followed her sea-faring husband to distant parts of the globe) at Yarmouth, N. S., it is natural to imagine she was disposed to look upon her native land with favoring eyes.

We were informed that for sixty or more miles much the same lovely scenery is presented to the eye. Had time permitted we should have been glad to have climbed the mountain tops and taken a view on the one side of the Bay of Fundy, and on the other of the broad Atlantic. This peninsula, which is of varying width, and about 300 miles long, is connected with New Brunswick by a long sandy isthmus, 14 miles across, and separated from Cape Breton by the narrow strait of Canso. Its area is 15,620 square miles, about one-fifth part of which consists of lakes, rivers and water inlets. The winters are long and often severe, but there seems to be a warm winter sufficient to mature great quantities of rye, wheat, oats, potatoes and corn.

Of the more than 800,000 acres cultivated many years ago, according to the estimate then made, 400,000 acres consisted of cultivated marshes reclaimed from the sea along the Bay of Fundy by means of dikes. The sea also yields great quantities of different kinds of fish, fishing and farming comprising the two great industries of the inhabitants. Manufactures are not numerous, but ship-building is an important branch.

Acadia—by which the peninsula of Nova Scotia was called from its first settlement by the French in 1604 to its final cession to the English in 1713—is now only a name in history and poetry, and is associated with an act of cruelty on the part of the English nation in 1759, and of a wrong and suffering inflicted upon the French population. Such is the first thought on reading history, but it will hardly do to judge the English by the light of that day, when public sentiment demanded far different treatment than was meted out by the victors to the conquered.

This then was the country over one page of whose history, Longfellow has thrown the magic charm of his matchless verse. Some distance beyond where we were stopping, at the beyond of the night Atlantic, a peninsula jutting out into the Bay of Fundy, is Cape Chignecto, among the most remarkable headlands, at either side of which is Minas Basin. We read in 'Evangelist':

In the Acadia land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pre lay in the fruitful valley.

Again— Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant, Slapt out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floods came. Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander as will o'er the meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the Blomidon rose; and away to the northward aloft on the mountains, Sea-fogs pitched their tents; and misters from the nightly Atlantic fell on the happy valley; but never from their station descended. There, in the midst of his farms, reposed the Acadia village!

In a former number we expressed a doubt as to the absence of fog in the valley. Personal observation, although limited, and the testimony of old residents, go to show the accuracy of the poet's description. This is the more worthy of note from the fact that he has visited Acadia, only a few years ago. A letter from Longfellow to a conductor on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway contains this confession, as we were informed by a passenger on the boat from Annapolis. This letter was in response to one from the railroad official tendering to the poet the gift of a canoe made from the wood of an apple tree growing at the place.

Genial Joe—Ed. Mon.

What have you thought me here? Speak out at once? Lillian cried impatiently. 'I ain't nothing to say,' returned Dan. 'I know better than to tell tales—their poor things which may be true, you had me another day. If we don't say nothing, we can't tell nothing, can we?' As he murmured this he passed his hand along the bottom of the boat, and from among a pile of fishing-nets he drew a pistol, sea-polled, and laid it on Lillian's lap. She recognized it instantly. It was 'Thursstone's', and on the mounting was his crest and initials. Pale and speechless she gazed on it, her hand receding from its touch.

'Put your cloak well over your knees—the evening is chill,' said Dan meaningly. 'I hear a boat coming down upon us.'

'How away from it?' Lillian cried excitedly. 'I could not endure any one to look upon my face.'

She had covered the pistol with her cloak just as a gay boating-party went by them, visible at the edge of the mist. Bright, merry, laughing faces, shining youthful eyes, happy voices, all floated by like a vision, and then vanished in the white cloud through which the vessel was leaping up.

Lillian looked after them in wonder. She forgot that only the day before she had been as one of these. The day before was as years ago to her now.

'What does this mean?' she said to Dan, her eyes drooping upon her cloak. 'Well, miss, it means that people very often throw away things they don't want—and the sea, you know, is a good deal in which to throw 'em. And fisher-folk like me, catches them things at times in their nets; and, when they're worth a penny, they gets saved. All kinds of queer things have come floating into my net over now. Dried birds, old shoes, bones of drowned men—I threw them all back again; pieces of timber—then I gather up to burn; and now then, dredging, a gold ring or a broken chain, a pistol or a cup, have fallen to my lot, and I've sold 'em or saved 'em, just as I liked best.'

'And you saved this?' said Lillian with wild eyes. 'There's a bit of silver on it, you see,' returned Dan. 'And I thought, if I sold it, then perchance might come banking round for silver like you look did. Neither by word nor by look did he betray that he knew the pistol to be 'Thursstone's', but Lillian understood it well that he knew it, and that now in his old age he was seeking to screen her lover whom he had a strange superstitious liking—and at the same time to do a good stroke of business for himself.

'I will buy it of you,' she said. 'Do you think the silver is worth five pounds, Dan?' 'About that, miss, I should say,—and his keen eyes twinkled greedily.—'And what I'm writing to take that for? Lillian handed him the money, and as she looked down at it, she saw a small slip of paper tucked into it. 'Don't you do more for him than this? Don't you now? I was warned you were. I tell you he is one of the most marked men, he is! I've known you ever since you was a little maid that high, and I seek to you, I do seek to you, and I'm crafty with all sorts set upon a road. I'd cry out to her—wouldn't I?—and so I do to you. Now do be warned by old Dan, and steer clear of danger.'

The money had softened him so much that his sight was blurred, and he saw the back of his hand across his eyes to clear before he took up his bag again. 'Stop! said Lillian in a broken voice. 'Call me where you found this—this silver.'

'Well, it was lying pernicious like off the point—not far, I reckon, from Lady Katherine's grounds.' 'The girl's face dropped a moment or her hands; then she raised it calmly. 'Anyone might have thrown this into the sea.'

'Yes, anyone, or dropped it from a boat, said Dan—'anyone now, for instance, going off early to a ship this morning.'

Lillian's eyes were fixed on his so piteously that he was fain to look away and bend with double strength upon his ears; but his glance came back to her in spite of himself, and when he saw all the anguish of her face, the white trembling lips, the tears heard in not falling, his caution relaxed.

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Shuttles, Needles AND EXTRAS of all kinds in stock.

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OF BOTH AMERICAN AND CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS. Instruments guaranteed for five years and sold on easy terms.

DYE WORKS, GILBERT'S LANE, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

MEN'S CLOTHES, of all kinds, CLEANED or RE-DYED and Pressed, equal to new.

FAVORITE LITERATURE, AT CONNOLLY'S. LATEST LIST.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway, Summer Arrangement. Time Table, COMMENCING THE 14th DAY JUNE, 1880.

GOING WEST. Halifax—leave 7:45 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 1:00 p.m., 3:00 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 7:00 p.m., 9:00 p.m.

GOING EAST. St. John—leave 6:30 a.m., 8:00 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 2:00 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 8:00 p.m.

Look Here, Look Here! S. N. Fallesen's CHEAPEST PLACE Your Clothes. A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

BRIDGETOWN Marble Works. ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN are now manufacturing Monuments & Gravestones OF ITALIAN AND AMERICAN Marble.

CAUTION! EACH PLUG OF THE Myrtle Navy T. & B. IN BRONZE LETTERS. NONE OTHER GENUINE.

Lowest Market Prices! JOHN Z. BENT.

Still further Reduction, as he hopes his Sales will increase under the New Tariff.

PARLOR FURNITURE, in Suits, from \$60.00 to \$150.00.

BEDROOM SUITS, in Pine, from \$24.00 to \$40.00.

WASH STANDS, \$1.00 to \$1.25.

JOHN B. REED, Bridgetown, April 2nd, 1879.

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN BOOK STORE.

BRILL HEADS at this office.

supposed to be the scene of 'Evangelist's' home. We cannot forbear making one more quotation, to picture this home.

'Firmly built with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady Sycamore grew by the door, with a wooden wreathing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats on benches; and a footpath led through an orchard wild, and disappeared in the meadow.'

On the Bay of Fundy side of the mountain, opposite Granville, is a tribe, or a remnant of a tribe of Indians. These red men were highly spoken of as peaceable, industrious and trustworthy. A young man from Massachussetts, whose acquaintance we made on board the steamer Empress, on his homeward journey, had something to say on this subject drawn from his own personal experience.

For three months this party of young men had been 'roughing' it with two Indians for guides; the latter—who were hired for \$1.50 a day—carrying each a canoe. They had travelled hundreds of miles over Nova Scotia, over land and water, gunning, fishing, etc., and lived a life as free and unrestrained almost as that of the birds.

Our young acquaintance was enthusiastic in his praise of his Indian guides. Perfectly at home in the forests or elsewhere, skilled in the management of the canoe and in all things pertaining to camp life, with powers of physical endurance truly wonderful, they brought all to the service of the party with fidelity and singleness of purpose which won their respect and admiration, and which left nothing to be desired in this respect.

READ THE FACTS. Toronto, April 3, 1880. 5 Dear Sir,

Superior Blood Purifier. TONIC FOR THE STOMACH.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK. Saint John to Halifax and Yarmouth via Steamer and Rail.

UNTIL further notice, STEAMER 'EMPERESS' will leave here, return, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY morning at 8 o'clock, and every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY evening.

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Joker's Corner.

One day recently an old farmer, with his face streaked with blackberry juice, went into a dentist's office on Main street, Hartford, Conn., and after staring around a few minutes, he said to the doctor: 'My wife's mother died of a short time ago, an' I fits these 'ere old grinders, an' I wan't to git 'em out off and fixed over, so's they fits my wife's mouth. The old man untied a dirty newspaper, disclosing a dirty, disgusting set of teeth, with the body-piece about the size and shape of a horse-shoe. With a lashing he could not suppress the dentist turned away remarking that he could make a new set, but could not attempt to fit the old ones. The old man grined broadly for a moment, and continued: 'I wish you could fix 'em some way, for the old woman would like ter keep 'em in her mouth, an' if I don't get 'em done, then Satan'll be ter pester 'em, I've got the measure of her mouth, for the old man took a tape measure from his 'ere chest; 'out off her 'ere old grinders, an' I wan't to git 'em out off and fixed over, so's they fits my wife's mouth. The old man untied a dirty newspaper, disclosing a dirty, disgusting set of teeth, with the body-piece about the size and shape of a horse-shoe. With a lashing he could not suppress the dentist turned away remarking that he could make a new set, but could not attempt to fit the old ones. 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