

was a great array of cups and spoons, and the kettle and teapot made a delusive show, but the waters of Tantalus were not more aggravating than our black and bitter draught. In our desperation it continually reached our lips, but though we 'made believe' a great deal, it went no further. At last we be-thought of an expedient for relief, and deputed a fair one of the party (who was fortunately endowed with a gift of stating powerful objections in a peculiarly meek and disarming manner) to proceed forthwith to the holding of an interview with our hostess upon some amicable pretence, and in the progress of a few elaborately arranged remarks, endeavour to insinuate delicately that we had been 'accustomed to good tea;' whereupon, one who had come unexpectedly and pleasantly among us, seriously damped our prospects by hinting that the lady might possibly reply that '*she had been*' accustomed to good manners. We were, however, in a direful strait, and in the bravery of despair our missionary did her duty, and during the remnant of our stormy stay in that 'bounteous T——o Vale' the obnoxious beverage disappeared, and we drank coffee fit for an Arab.

We did not, however, leave this soft lap of the hills, without a glimpse of the honored but now almost deserted mansion of one whose gracious manner, elegant wit, and captivating eloquence so long adorned the high places of our land; and in the unusual refinement and culture which marks society in this vicinity, we fancied that we could trace the influence of his persuasive and graceful genius.

Upon the following day we went gently onward, until we began to descend shortly before sunset a valley so calm and golden-green that we involuntarily recanted all former heterodox opinions of pastoral scenery, and felt, that let the morrow find us where it would, for that day and hour, 'we too were in Arcadia.' I never shall forget that lovely level plain and bright winding river, fringed with trees whose grace and beauty might recal the Hamadryads; and hold in my heart a cloudless vision of that gorgeous evening picture. I see still the broad unbroken meadows, brilliant with the young vivid after-grass, and picturesque with the peaceful herds, and—

Feathery elms, that grouping stand  
Across the green and pleasant land;

The distant swelling uplands, dotted with snowy sheep, and the grand old hills clothed in crimson, green, and gold, standing all around. Nor did the gentle and hospitable owners of the soil belie its promising aspect, as six hungry travellers amply testified at the close of the day, when they found themselves seated with a kind host and hostess around a table which abundantly proved them to be in a land flowing with milk and honey.

The next morning we drove up and down six miles of a mountain (now don't be absurd making abortive witticisms about Nova Scotia mountains) and began to shape our course along the banks of the 'chosen waters.' I think you know already that the Indian word Musquodoboit signifies the 'culled or