

plan, at a less cost than usually has to be incurred in the laying out and building of a town. For a distance of ten miles, following the sinuosities of the shore, its borders, with the exception of about a quarter of a mile at Point Pleasant, where a shoal and a ledge make out seaward, are washed by what navigators call "good water." The whole of that distance, with the exception named, is available for wharves, piers, and quays, with sufficient depth of water to admit vessels close in shore, and with good "holding ground" in front.

The more compactly built portion of the city—the town proper—lies along the Eastern side of this peninsula, and consequently on the Western shore of the harbor. It is built, for the most part, on the slope of a hill, the summit of which is surmounted by Fort George, or the Citadel. The best view of the town is when seen from the opposite, or Dartmouth, shore; but the prospect from Citadel Hill is one which no visitor should fail to see. We will suppose him there upon the ramparts, or outside the works, at an angle of one of the bastions. Clustering almost beneath his feet, and spreading out more visibly on his either hand, North and South, is the town. Beyond it lies what is often, and probably with truth, called "the finest harbor in the world." Set in it, like a gem, is the green, mound-like George's Island, crowned by Fort Charlotte. These waters—blue as ever the Mediterranean was—stretch away to the right, or Southwest, laving for miles the shores of McNab's Island, with its forest-clad hills and breezy downs; gleaming through the dark pine tops of the luxuriant Tower Woods; mirroring the pretty village of Falkland, which seems to clamber up the steep hill side from the lofty summit of which frowns York Redoubt; now playfully rippling and now rolling in, in curling and foaming waves, over Point Pleasant ledges and the more distant Thrum Cap shoal; until off Sambro, about nine miles distant, it becomes one with the