

STORIED HALIFAX



Looking down George Street to Dartmouth

was laid by a Royal governor with most imposing ceremony. With colors flying and music playing, the red-coats made a lane from Government House to the Parade, through which passed the stately procession—His Excellency and his glittering staff, the civic magistrate, dignitaries of all sorts, officers of the army and navy, citizens. The Grand Master of the Free-Masons had his part. Prayers were said, the stone was lowered into its place and duly tapped with a silver trowel. Symbolic oil and corn and wine were poured out in pagan libation, speeches were spoken and so was Dalhousie College publicly instituted on May 22nd, 1820. For years it served all sorts of purposes, save the one for which it was designed. A museum, a debating-club, a Mechanics' Institute, a post-office, an infant school, a painting club, a cholera hospital and a pastry-cook's shop all found shelter at different times under this complaisantly hospitable roof. It was used for its proper purpose also; and the early collegians are believed to have sported the Scottish gown of flaming scarlet, now only to be seen at Saint Andrew's.

Looking west towards the Citadel, from the Parade, I see half-way up the steep hill, the clock-tower built by the Duke of Kent, to

