

## A YANKEE IN HALIFAX.

BY ALLAN ERIC.

It is not the lot of an American, born and bred, to reside in a garrisoned city, and a citizen, like myself, of a peaceful nation, finds himself laboring under a variety of emotions as he stands for the first time with guns to the right of him, guns to the left of him,

very best of feeling, and that I would not harm anybody, so long as they would let me alone.

The old city of Halifax fully justified my expectations. I had pictured the staid old stronghold as a gray city, aged in appearance, solid and substan-



BARRINGTON STREET, HALIFAX.

guns above him, and, in fact, guns all around. Indeed, as I stood on the deck of the Plant steamship *Olivette*, as she steamed in by Sambro Light at the entrance to Halifax harbor, and watched the puffs of white smoke which ascended from the York Redoubt, followed by a heavy "boom," and then as I watched the shot ricochet across the water, I hardly knew whether to regard it as a sign of hostility or a special salute. I secretly determined to lose no time, as soon as my feet touched Plant wharf, in assuring everybody that I had come with peaceful intentions, with the

tial, secure amid its surroundings, the rocky and forbidding coast on one side and the green hills of Nova Scotia on the other. And so I found the city of Halifax. I looked along the water front as we approached, and saw the substantial buildings, the shipping and the steamers at anchor. I saw the dockyard with Her Majesty's ships *Blake*, *Canada*, and *Magicienne*, lying beside it. Then I looked up and across the terraced city and beheld the citadel, stern and forbidding. I realized, what I knew well, that I was in the lap of the most formidable and perfectly impregnable stronghold on the American