

can make them. A little higher, built on the bare rock, rises "The Tower"—an old but strong structure, intended to bear some part in the defence of the city when the day of trial comes. Nearer us spreads the "Common"—the veritable "Campus Martius" of these sea-provinces. Yonder, too, is the well-thronged city of the dead—drearily situated—unsheltered, bleak, and flat. But the dead and the dying heed not this dreariness. "So that the heart be right it matters not how the head lieth."

Near the city of the dead is the public garden, brightly blooming, now, showing richly the result of skill and enterprise and ever watchful care. In a range with one another, a little southward, appear the City Poor House, the Hospital, the Asylum for the Blind, and a neat Public School House, the finest in the Province. In the same direction extends the fashionable "South End" of the city.

I have drawn but a very rough outline of the picture before me. The Citadel itself is the centre. It is a "Star Fort"—the strongest in America. It was finished at an enormous expense. It commands the city from end to end—the whole extent of the harbour, and the country round to the farthest extremity of the Peninsula. Passing to and fro are gallant British soldiers—Scotsmen in the garb of the ancient Gael—true brave men who would fight the battles of their country in any clime against any odds: and above us waves that unblemished symbol of national power and prestige, the Royal Standard.

Across the harbour, eastwardly, more than a mile away, lies Dartmouth,—its houses apparently struggling up the gentle sides of several small hills. It looks white and pretty. Many of its houses are embosomed in trees or surrounded with green fields. The Lunatic Asylum on Mount Hope towers massive and dull in the distance. It has more of moral than of material beauty connected with it; but its site is all that the eye could desire, commanding, as it does, the best possible view of the city, the harbour, and the outlying islands and hills.

I could name many an historic spot within view, but this would lead to too many digressions and take up too much space. I wish I could describe the varying scenes that are to be witnessed—that I have beheld from this point of view:—the lakes that gleam through dusky bosage among the hills—the hills themselves now bright with sunshine, now dim with mist, now gloomy with the bursting storm; the houses, churches, streets, the woods,—the ever-resting, ever-moving harbour! I wish I could describe the rising of the sun as I have seen it here, but I cannot: no, I dare not try. The water in the harbour is as still as glass. Every field and tree and building within sight is reflected on its bosom. Ships, great and small, that have not been used to repose, are sleeping without fear of danger, and well they may. The sun gilds their sails, or their masts when no sail is spread. A score of sea-gulls poise themselves easily in the buoyant air and seem to watch playfully their own bright shadows in the water. The sun is attended by rich masses of white and golden and purple clouds. These, too, are shadowed with unfailing truth in the translucent mirror. The waters are bright and golden and purple and