

To

S. M. Strong

with the writer's kind regards

A. D. W.

## WILLIAM GREENWOOD

**H**ALIFAX, the ancient and picturesque capital of Nova Scotia, is visited every summer by hundreds of American tourists. They enjoy their escape from the torrid heats of August to the cool sea air, the clear blue days and the peaceful, sleep-filled nights, and they find no little interest in the bowery public gardens, the mazes of the sea-girt park, the royal prospects from the star-shaped citadel, and the many monuments that record the history of this old garrison town. As long ago as the eighteenth century, hundreds of American citizens used to visit the place, but they did not come willingly; they were singularly blind to its scenic charm and they took the earliest possible opportunity of returning to their native land. They were, in fact, prisoners of war gathered up by His Britannic Majesty's cruisers and land forces. They were confined in jails and prison-ships and barracks, and they lived on prisoner's fare. Their lot was hard and they gave the city of their captivity a bad name which it was slow to shake off. Sooner or later, they were sent home by cartel in exchange for British prisoners gathered up by the Continentals; but the more impatient broke out by force or stratagem, and the sympathizing Nova Scotians helped them "up along to the westward" on their way to freedom.

The rape of the *Flying Fish* is a case in point; and it also shows how peaceful men suffer in time of war.

On the evening of April 7th, 1780, a little ten-ton schooner with this poetic name lay at a wharf in Halifax, probably Fairbank's, near the foot of Blowers street. With the help of a single other hand, William Greenwood had brought her up from Barrington, a small fishing village at the butt-end of the province, to the capital, with a load of potatoes. He had sold his cargo, possibly to the commissariat department, for Halifax had a huge garrison to feed at the time; and he had