

the Court House. From Witters Hotel, there situated, ran the stage coaches which connected us with the capital and with Picton. There were the offices of the Lawyers practising in the county. Theretoo was the Holy-Well, consecrated in French Acadian times. After the English came, it was at this fount that generations of lawyers, while attending the Court, which generally lasted a week each sitting, slaked every morning the thirst born of the exhaustive festivities of the previous evening, which distinguished those days. There too, was the Free Masons Hall, which preceded Temperance organizations, and had perhaps something to do with creating the necessity for such societies. Then there was the Bachelors' Hall, where some eight or ten young men lived together, lawyers, doctors and merchants, many of whom afterwards achieved distinction, though at the time they were noted more for the pranks, and diversions, and frolics, which belong to youth, than for the more solid qualities of men of business. Thus the society of Truro was all on Bible Hill. There was one thing to add to its lustre. At that part of the town, was the residence of the great man, not of Truro only, or of Colchester, but of the whole Province. He was our Representative in the Assembly from 1806 to 1841, and during that period wielded a power in the Legislature that has never been attained by any other man—before or since. His house stood on the east side of the road. The view from the front door, looking to the west, across a rich meadow, studded with lovely elms, was one of the finest in the Province, and many a gay company has stood on the platform of the old Portico of that house, gazing on this beautiful scene, now in raptures with the lovely picture spread out before them, now moved to laughter by the sallies of wit and humor which issued from the lips of the brilliant host. Is it any wonder then that with all these advantages and attractions Bible Hill was Truro "par excellence?"

It was fashionable Truro, it was official Truro, it was business Truro, it was sportive Truro. The part of the town which lay to the South of the River, the part where we are now assembled, was a mere suburb of Truro. The Hill, on the first settlement of the Town, fell to the lot of a family of Archibalds, who were Presbyterians of the strictest sort, and it was probably the sneer of the less orthodox and devout, who were inhabitants of this side of the River, that gave birth to the name of Bible Hill, which has stuck to it to this day. But it is almost the only thing that has stuck to it. The whirligig of time has brought about strange reverses. Go there now, and you will look in vain for Court House, or Registry of Deeds or of Probates, for Post offices or mail coaches, for Masons, or Bachelors Halls, for Judges or Lawyers or Prothonotaries. No great Statesman resides there, the cynosure of all eyes. All have disappeared. Lastly, and this is the strangest thing of all, when Truro came to receive a mayor and corporation, Bible Hill, so long the only Truro known to the world, was actually left out of the municipality—what had been the *whole* of Truro, was no longer even *part* of it. Ichabod was written over its door posts. The glory had departed from it.

A fitting sequel to all these reverses remains to be mentioned. The old homestead of the great man of earlier times, came into the market a few years ago, and was purchased by a gentleman who has since built a new house on the same site. The old house was removed to the opposite side of the road, its front wheeled round to the East, and thus, as was quite proper under the circumstances, it was made to turn its back on the beautiful scene on which it had gazed for over three score years. Even the Holy Well has become indignant. The fountain, which for ages had poured forth a limpid stream that had given comfort and cheer to thousands of others, besides thirsty lawyers, has ceased to flow, or at all events its waters have become so turbid and tainted, that when last I visited it, some two years ago, with a son of the great man I have spoken of, who has himself just received a signal mark of the approbation of his Sovereign, we found the well in such a condition that we did not venture to taste its waters.

I have spoken of the lovely view from the front door of Mr. Archibald's residence.