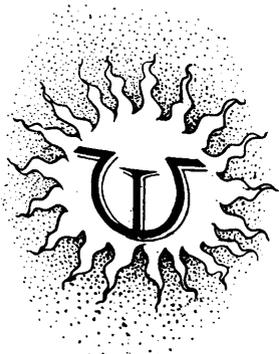




WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA, IN 1840.
(From an old print)

AMONG THE BLUENOSES.

BY SIDNEY OWEN.



WHEN the thermometer in less favoured dominions is away up among the nineties, and Old Sol bestows his rays too bountifully to be agreeable, many a tourist makes his way to the little province of Nova Scotia, and there among the Bluenoses, and in their quaint old city of Halifax spends a glorious vacation.

The pale-faced student, fresh from his well-worn volumes, coned by the midnight oil, here finds rest for his throbbing brain. The busy lawyer, the toil-worn merchant, the weary teacher, all bless the winds and waters wooing them back to health. Down here by the sea they revel in day dreams born of the beauty of sea and sky and landscape.

To watch the long wave,—
"Lift its languorous breast,
A moment and no more."
to sniff the ozone-laden breezes from the great Atlantic, and to wander among the old pine trees and out among the slumbering hills and valleys, is to enjoy Nature in all her grand magnificence.

The Haligonians are very proud of their park, and well they may be, for its natural beauties are unsurpassed. As much of the wild grandeur of Nature as could be retained, has been carefully preserved in the arrangements of the walks and drives, and the result is one of the finest parks on the American continent. Beautiful walks, cool, shady dells, great trees stretching their giant arms overhead, and here and there glimpses of the sea showing through from away in the distance—all these make up the charms of this pretty resort.

In the centre of the park is the "Round Tower," a quaint looking structure, with tiny prison-like windows, that give the building a gloomy aspect. Away through the trunks of the trees, stretching high and bare, glimpses of the sky meet the view, mingling with the distant hills, and reminding one of Cooper's vivid descriptions in "Oak Openings."

The Halifax Public Gardens are worthy of comment. The grounds are beautifully laid out, with here and there a

miniature pond or lake, where revel the water-fowl. A pleasing feature in connection with these Gardens is the evening promenade concerts, which take place at intervals during the summer. The brilliantly lighted grounds, the ever-moving, surging throng of spectators,—the moonlight falling on fair and happy faces,—for

"Scotia's capital had gathered there,"

and the enchanting, dreamy strains of a fine military band all combine to render the scene one not soon forgotten,—a vision of fairy-land fleeting and fading as all good things of this earth do fade. But a crumb of comfort is here—our concerts come as the swallows do, with the return of summer.

The summer visitor to Halifax finds the cosmopolitan character of her market a source of amusement. To our discredit be it said, the city boasts no market building, and around one of the principal squares the vendors of garden wares are ranged in the early summer morning. The sturdy dame of English, Irish or Scotch origin stands side by side with the Acadian French girl. The latter wears the "Kirtle of blue and the ear-rings," but the mantle of loveliness from Longfellow's beautiful heroine has not descended to her. Here a woolly-headed son of Africa displays his grinning rows of ivory as he descants on the merits of his wares to the bustling housewives. A short distance away, in an embrasure formed by the wing of a large building, a group of Micmac Indians are seated, busily fashioning baskets of every conceivable size and shape. Here a spoilt child is insisting that the Indian shall make her a little basket while she watches. Mamma gives the order, and with a grin of satisfaction the squaw picks up a bundle of withes already prepared for the purpose, that lie at her feet, and the flying fingers soon fashion the miniature toy. The pale-face child bears it off in triumph, with a parting glance at the pappoose, snugly ensconced in the blanket at her mother's back; while the round, bead-like eyes of the Indian child watch the scene around her with amused interest.

About two hours ride from Halifax, by the railway, brings us to the pretty and historic town of Windsor, the seat of King's College, the oldest university in British dependencies. Beautifully situated on a slope of rising ground, the college looks down to where spreads a scene worthy of a painter's brush. Valley and meadow and smooth green fields

stretch away to meet the blue hills in the distance. One prominent feature of Windsor, and of the college woods in particular, is the grand old trees. Stately elms and chestnuts, and the maple and birch rich in the crimson and gold luxuriance of autumn form a pleasing picture; their towering forms fraught with suggestions of the long ago, when another race lived and loved beneath their branches.

In the centre of the town is Fort Edward, where still stands the old block-house, the scene of many a fierce encounter between the early settlers and the Indians. The old inhabitants tell thrilling tales of the cruelty of the red men. But that was years ago; no Micmac war whoop now breaks the calm that reigns amid the elms of Bonnie Windsor. Here too, is the old home of Haliburton, or, as he was familiarly called, "Sam Slick," the gifted author of *The Clockmaker*. The house stands, environed by trees, looking down on the pretty Avon river where it is spanned by a railway bridge, over which the iron monster glides on its way to the lovely Gaspereau,—the home of *Evangeline*. The grounds of Haliburton House are now fallen into decay, but beautiful still in their wild luxuriance with signs of past grandeur. Winding paths through the shrubbery, cool, sequestered nooks,—how meet for lovers' trysts,—the remains of rustic bridges over miniature streams,—all are there, while the wild fir and elder now grow side by side with the hawthorn and sweet briar.

Just inside the entrance gates is a deep, dark pool known as the "Piper's Pond." To the youth of Windsor this spot is fraught with suggestions of hobgoblins and all uncanny things. It received its name from a Scotch piper, who was connected with a Highland regiment stationed at Fort Edward many years ago, and who, while attempting to drink water from the Pool, fell in and was drowned. The body was never recovered; tradition says the depths of the pool have never been sounded. The deep, treacherous looking water, within the shadow of the trees that render more intense the black surface, is certainly of a weird aspect. A miniature *Avernus*,—it wants but Charon, the boatman pale, is the thought in your mind, as you turn away from the beautiful but, somehow, sad surroundings of Sam Slick's house.

Why He Was Not Visible.

"Where's that living skeleton? asked the gentleman visiting the show.

"Well, the fact is," said the showman, confidentially, "he fell into the slot of that weighing machine this morning, and we haven't got him out yet. If you come back to-morrow night I fancy you can see him."