

Halifax Temperance Society.—W. M. Brown, W. C. Silver, C. Robson, E. G. W. Greenwood.

St. Mary's T. Society.—D. Creamer, P. Swayne, J. W. Quinan.

Union Engine Company.—T. Lownds, S. Caldwell, A. Reid, J. Eason, W. Stevens, J. J. Bennett, R. Romans, J. Jackson, M. McIlreith, W. C. Manning, G. A. S. Creighton, T. Holliway, J. Tremaine, Jr., J. B. Fay, J. Reeves, B. Wier, D. Calder, C. Barnstead, W. H. Pyke, J. Black, E. Young, J. Crosskill, Jr., N. L. West, C. Silver.

Abolition Society.—S. Clarke, C. Roan, R. A. Tripp, P. W. Sport, C. Morris.

Masonic.—Hon. A. Keith, A. Primrose, H. C. D. Twining.

Young Men's N. S. Society.—C. C. Vaaz, J. Richardson, H. D. Barratt.

"The approach of day," says the *Times & Courier* of that date, "was hailed by a salute of one hundred guns, fired by the Volunteer Artillery Corps of this City, stationed on the Grand Parade; and it was a happy thing for those who had set their hearts upon celebrating this rare occasion, that the sun rose in unclouded splendour, fringing the distant hill-tops with his rays, and bathing in golden light the yet untroubled waters of the same harbour where the ship of *Cornwallis* quietly rested after her ocean voyage a hundred years ago. The same misty veil which at that distant era hovered above the Lakes of Dartmouth, now slowly floated from the horizon, as if ashamed to linger and shroud in obscurity the scenes which were intended to beautify and consecrate the day. The deep dark shadows which in the olden time skirted the placid waters, had now given place to gaily painted houses and verdant fields on the eastern side; while the quays, and dwellings of *THE CITY OF HALIFAX*, stretching along its western margin, offered a striking contrast to the still solemnity of the scene on the first morning when an English man-of-war slept between shores of unbroken forest.

The booming echoes of the cannon had scarcely died away, when the bells of the city from turret, spire, and steeple, rang out their merry chimes—even "the grave Old Time Piece," which four times an hour warns soldier and citizen of the flight of Father Time—forgot the measured length of its solemn notes, and broke out with a merry peal that made its old sides shake with glee. The Old Town Clock itself fears that it may never see another birth-day of a hundred years; and joined in right good will with the *Tongues* which seemed to say:—

Oh! ring away cheerily,
Rejoice while you may,
Leave care for the morrow,
Be merry to-day.

At six in the morning one of the halls of the Sons of Temperance opened for the installation of The Centenary Division, and at the same hour the Union Mark Lodge opened at Freemason's Hall for the transaction of Masonic work.

At seven, the Bells of the Churches again commenced ringing, and the doors were thrown open for Divine Service.

Fountains in both areas of the Province Building threw up their streams all day, descending in sparkling geyse on the grassy lawns which enliven and refresh the centre of the city.

The citadel was gaily decorated with a profusion of bunting flaunting from every staff, while from housetop, balcony, and window, of the dwellings of our citizens, and from all public places, were hung out a thousand colours, conspicuous among which were everywhere to be seen the British Ensign, and the Union Jack—representatives of that Great and United British Empire, whose sceptre is awayed by one Sovereign—