

STORIED HALIFAX

setting. "Beautiful for situation"—the phrase of the Psalmist for his sacred city, fits the capital of the Mayflower Province. Before her feet lies the great, landlocked harbour, where the old three-deckers used to swing at their anchors; on her right hand extends the long picturesque ford we call the "Arm"; on her left is a second, inner haven, twenty miles in circuit, called Bedford Basin. In the very centre is the hill crowned with a citadel. From this point of vantage, you can see how the peaceful roofs huddle close around the base of the protecting stronghold, and how the dark blue water washes all sides of the triangular peninsula on which the city stands. No town in Canada has a finer park or more delightful walks and drives so near at hand, such ample accessible playgrounds for the health and diversion of its people. Look where you will, to whatever point of the compass, at whatever season of the year, from the walk around the citadel walls, and

Straight the eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures.

Haligonians are firmly persuaded in their own minds that nowhere else in the world are sky and water more deliciously blue than over and about their beloved city. As I have heard with my own ears a true-born Irishman confess that the harbour was bluer than Dublin Bay, perhaps they are not so far wrong.

This much any one, even the wayfaring man, though a fool, can see for himself. My task is to reveal what remains a secret to the eye of sense. That blue harbour once saw the remnant of D'Anville's shattered armada creeping in to the last act of its tragedy. It was alive with the sails of Saunders and Boscawen. It has floated every flag and every kind of craft from eighteenth-century privateers to Southern blockade-runners and the steel leviathans of modern war and commerce. Past Thrum Cap, the sand-spit at the harbour mouth, came slowly two frigates on Sunday the sixth of June, 1813, with their scuppers running red, as the sailors swabbed the decks. They were the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, after their historic battle six days before. Beneath the modern city of the twentieth century, an ancient city lies buried. Up and down these time-worn thoroughfares have passed thousands of dead men, soldiers, sailors, citizens great and small, empire-builders in their way; they did their work and took their wages. Sometimes they seem to the historic sense more real and living than those who tread the pavements to-day. Halifax owed its

