

One of the most notable was the Lord's Day Gale, of 23d August, 1873, which carried mourning to the homes of so many fishermen's families in Massachusetts and the Provinces. Traces of this terrible gale are to be found all along the shores on this part of the Gulf. The graphic description by E. C. Stedman is only too faithful:

Cape Breton and Edward Isle between,
In strait and gulf the schooners lay;
The sea was all at peace, I ween,
The night before that August day;
Was never a Gloucester skipper there,
But thought ere long, with a right good fare,
To sail for home from St. Lawrence Bay.

The East Wind gathered all unknown,—
A thick sea-cloud his course before;
He left by right the frozen zone
And smote the cliffs of Labrador;
He lashed the coast on either hand,
And betwixt the Cape and Newfoundland
Into the Bay his armies pour.

He caught our helpless cruisers there
As a gray wolf harries the huddling fold;
A sleet—a darkness—filled the air,
A shuddering wave before it rolled:
That Lord's Day morn it was a breeze,—
At noon, a blast that shook the seas,—
At night—a wind of death took hold!

From Saint Paul's light to Edward Isle
A thousand craft it smote amain;
And some against it strove the while,
And more to make a port were fain:
The mackerel gulls flew screaming past,
And the stick that bent to the noonday blast
Was split by the sundown hurricane.

There were twenty and more of Breton sail,
Fast anchored on one mooring ground;
Each lay within his neighbor's hail, {round:
When the thick of the tempest closed them
All sank at once in the gaping sea,—
Somewhere on the shoals their corpses be,
The foundered hulks, and the seamen drowned.

On reef and bar our schooners drove
Before the wind, before the swell;
By the steep sand cliff their ribs were stove,—
Long, long their crews the tale shall tell!
Of the Gloucester fleet are wrecks three score;
Of the Province sail two hundred more
Were stranded in that tempest fell.

TRIPO TO HALIFAX.

An abrupt transition from the wild and rugged scenery of Cape Breton to the fair inland villages of Colchester, and soon we are among the Stewiackes. This is a fine part of the country, the most flourishing portion of which

is not seen from the railway. Large tracts of rich intervale and excellent upland make the district a good one for the farmer,—one of the finest in Nova Scotia. Through this district flows the Stewiacke river, which takes its rise among the hills of Pictou and flows for forty miles, or so, until it empties into the Shubenacadie at Fort Ellis. The Shubenacadie is a large and swift stream, and was at one time looked upon as the future highway of commerce across the Province. More than half a century ago the people of Halifax grew excited over the idea that the trade of the Basin of Minas was being carried to St. John. Nature had placed a chain of lakes at the source of the river, and it would seem that art would have little trouble in constructing a canal. Meetings were held, surveys and speeches were made, money was subscribed and the work was commenced. It was never finished, and never will be. The enthusiasm subsided, the supplies ceased, and the Great Shubenacadie Canal was abandoned. The ruins still exist, but the railway has taken the place of a canal for all time to come.

Both the Stewiacke and Shubenacadie have good fishing, and so have the lakes beyond the latter as Windsor Junction is approached. Grand Lake has fine grayling fishing in June, July, September and October. Four years ago, 120,000 whitefish were put into this lake and are believed to be doing well. All the lakes of Halifax county afford good fishing, but the rivers, with a few exceptions, are short and rapid streams which become very low during the summer season.

The country from Shubenacadie, east to Canseau abounds with moose and other game, as has already been intimated in connection with Guysboro.

Windsor Junction, 14 miles from Halifax, has admirable facilities for the pasturage of goats, and the procuring of ballast for breakwaters. Here the line branches off to Windsor, and down the Annapolis Valley by the W. & A. Railway. Passing by the Junction, the next station is Bedford, nine miles from Halifax, and here is seen the upper end of that beautiful sheet of water—Bedford Basin. Along its shores the train passes and as the city becomes nearer the beauty of the scene increases. At length the city is reached and the traveller alights in that finest of the Intercolonial structures, the North Street Depot.

HALIFAX.

Everybody has heard of Halifax, the city by the sea, and of its fair and famous harbor.