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The Fortress,

built under the Duke of Kent's viceroyalty. A star fort of great strength, combining with the other forts and batteries to form an impregnable stronghold. From the walls the eye takes in a magnificent prospect, of the town lying at its base, of the ships of war and merchantmen in its harbour, of Bedford Basin stretching away up several miles: of the dock-yard, with its stores, workshops, hospitals and trophies. The town lies beneath us, sloping south-eastward to the sleeping waters. We are on a peninsula, which is connected with the mainland by an isthmus scarcely half a mile wide. Towards the south and east the sea and sky bound the distant horizon. In every other direction low ranges of hills rise farther and farther away, till they fade in a line of dim purple. The horizon is often rimmed with great jagged crag-like clouds reminding one of ranges of snow-clad mountains. Slender silvery arms of the turbulent Atlantic run up far inland. These vary in length and width. Without these the south-east coast of Nova Scotia would be a homeless wilderness, *with* these we have shelter and happy homes for our fishermen and traders with their countless fleets of vessels large and small. One of these "Arms" runs up on one side of Halifax, forming its boundary on the west. The harbour is prolonged ten miles inland beyond the city, and expands into a beautiful and spacious Basin, from which as you gaze on it you can perceive no outlet. The harbor is spacious, safe, easy of access, and well sheltered. In the mouth of it lies McNab's Island partly cultivated, partly crowned with a hardwood forest which in Spring delights the eye with its greenness, and in Autumn dazzles with the splendor of its purple and gold. Eastward of the island is the "Eastern Passage," a narrow deep well-screened outlet to the ocean, often used by small vessels. On the western extremity of the island stands the Light House, a humble but substantial structure, that has stood the buffeting of many a storm.

In the heart of the harbor rises

Georges' Island,

small, egg-shaped, bristling with guns which are ready at a