

medals and decorations could not wake it up. The little old houses seem to look with wondrous apathy as these pass by, as though they had given each other a quiet nudge with their quaint old gables, and whispered "Keep still."

"I wandered up and down those old streets in search of something picturesque, but in vain; there was scarcely anything remarkable to arrest or interest a stranger. Such too, might have been the appearance of other places I wot of, if those staunch old loyalists had had their way in the days gone by!

"But the Province House, which is built of a sort of yellow sand-stone, with pillars in front, and trees around it, is a well-proportioned building, with an air of great solidity and respectability. There are in it very fine full-lengths of King George II., and Queen Caroline, and two full-lengths of King George III., and Queen Charlotte; a full-length of Chief Justice Haliburton and another full-length, by Benjamin West, of another chief-justice, in a red robe and a formidable wig. Of these portraits, the two first-named are the most attractive; there is something so gay and festive in the appearance of King George II., and Queen Caroline, so courtly and sprightly, so graceful and amiable, that one is tempted to exclaim: "Bless the painter! what a genius he had!"

"And now, after taking a look at Dalhousie College with the parade in front, and the square town-clock, built by his graceless Highness the Duke of Kent, let us climb Citadel Hill, and see the formidable protector of town and harbor. Lively enough it is, this great stone fortress, with its soldiers swarming in and out like bees, and the glimpses of country and harbor are surpassingly beautiful; but just at the margin of this slope below us, is the street, and that dark fringe of tenements skirting the edge of this