

Let us endeavor to picture the scene and its surroundings. The virgin city of Halifax was then just thirty-one years and nine days old. The Province of Nova Scotia then comprised, in addition to the Province proper, the whole of New Brunswick, the late French Colony of Cape Breton, and Prince Edward Island, then called the Island of St. John. Its Governor-General was Francis Legge, Esq. He had been appointed in 1775, but during the six years of his incumbency he resided the most of his time in England, and the administration of the Government was confided to a succession of Lieut.-Governors. On the 30th June, 1780, Captain Richard Hughes, R. N., was Lieutenant-Governor. He became a Rear Admiral, and eventually a Baronet shortly afterwards, and was succeeded by Sir Andrew Snape Hammond, (after whom Hammond's Plains was named, and the Lady Hammond Road after his lady.)

The year (and especially the summer) of 1780 must have been a period of great excitement in Halifax. The American Revolutionary War was then at its very height. George III., then in the full vigor of his manhood, was King of England. Louis XVI. was King, and supposed to reign over France. The great Frederick of Prussia, although the days of his warring were long past, was still the object of admiration in all European military circles. Washington, the "Father of his Country," as he was afterwards called, was then the idol of the American insurgents. But there were others, then born into the world, who were ere long to make *that world* forget even the wondrous achievements of the great Prussian King.

Two men, who were then boys about 11 years of age, were destined to be—the one, the great disturber of European peace; the other, the great Pacificator. The first was the Corsican, Napoleon Buonaparte; the other, Arthur Wellesley, afterwards named the "Iron Duke." In those days Voltaire still lived, and was in the zenith of his fame; the great German poet, Guthrie, was still a youth, and only beginning to court the muses; Samuel Johnson was then the Great Mogul of English *literati*, and almost absolute dictator, as to the reputations of literary men. In Scotland there was one Robert Burns, about twenty-two years of age, then but little known beyond the limits of his own Ayrshire, but how widely known and how intensely admired during the hundred years that have since elapsed?

But to return to America. As has been said, the American Revolution was then raging. Never since its commencement had the cause of the insurgents seemed so hopeless as it then was. The British King and Cabinet, and the Royalist army in America, were in high hopes that the re-

bellion was on the eve of extinction; and they had special cause for so thinking, for this was the time when the celebrated negotiations were pending between Major General Arnold, of the insurgent forces, and Major Andre, Adjutant General of the British army. Within three months from that 30th June, 1780, the well devised plot had exploded. Arnold had to fly from his home, while Andre was seized by the insurgents, and on the 2nd October, 1780, was executed as a spy. The British, from that time, became disheartened, and never afterwards made any headway against the insurgents.

And now let us see what our own little Halifax was doing during these troublous times. The civilian population in 1780 was less than 5,000, but was often doubled and even trebled during the war by the accession of naval and military men. The town itself could not have extended much beyond the limits as originally surveyed and enclosed about 1749. That is east by the harbor, west by the Citadel, north by Jacob street, and south by Salter street. Even within these limits the town was not closely built up with contiguous houses, as we now see it. Sketches of the town at this period (of which there are a few still extant, some, if not all, in the possession of Hon. Senator Almon), show it to be more like a village, with large buildings standing singly, or in detached groups, with large spaces between. There was a small outlying settlement in the north, outside the original stockaded limits, inhabited by Germans, and then, as sometimes now, called *Dutch town*. Within the town proper the streets existed rather in the *design*, than as serviceable highways. Many of them were impassable for wheeled carriages, owing to the presence of rocks and stumps, the remains of the primeval forest. The present Ordinance Yard, the site of the adjacent pentagon buildings, and the neighboring streets, were a vile swamp. By land there was only one means of approach to Halifax, and that was the old road from Windsor, which entered the town by a circuitous route from Bedford Basin, by the way of the Common, near St. Andrew's Cross, wound round to the southward of the Citadel Hill, along what is now portions of Queen Street and Spring Garden Road, and into the town at one of the south gates of the Stockade at the head of Salter street, just near the present site of the old Masonic Hall, which was then the main guard house and military prison. The dwelling houses in Halifax at this period were more quaint looking and curious than architecturally beautiful or comfortable. They were for the most part small and low, and always of wood, often mainly formed of hewn logs, sometimes of round logs unheven, real log shanties such as are