

affords a safe anchorage for small craft, fishing schooners and the smart pilot-boats. It is the first of the three harbours.

The traveller, entering Halifax harbour by boat, sees on the port hand, high abrupt cliffs. Then, as he passes Thrum Cap and the lighthouses, he has low, wooded shores on the starboard hand, and right straight in front of him, in the very middle of the harbour, a small compact citadel of an island with yawning embrasures for the biggest kind of guns. Although he cannot see them, there have been guns on every side of him since his ship came within range. Halifax is the Cronstadt of America, a second Gibraltar. Kipling wrote of her:

Into the mist my guardian prowls put forth.  
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie.  
The Warden of the Honour of the North,  
Sleepless and veiled am I.

It is true every word of it. This island with the odd artificial look, as if it had been built there by Vauban as a redoubt, is called George's. When Colonel Edward Cornwallis came out in 1749 to found a new city, the old soldiers and sailors who were to build it were first landed on George's. It was also used as a prison for the unfortunate Acadians. It was on June 21, O. S., that the sloop-of-war Sphinx with Col. Cornwallis and staff on board anchored in Chebucto harbour. The next day he penned his first dispatch to the Duke of Bedford and wrote the immortal words, "Our officers agree the harbour is the finest they have ever seen," which Haligonians have been inspecting with variations ever since.

What has this harbour not seen since that memorable 21st of June! Here gathered the armadas for the reduction of Louisbourg in 1757 and 1758. Loudon, Amherst, Boscawen, Rodney, Wolfe, Cook, saw the old Halifax of Short's drawings with its

stone-faced batteries lining the water-side and the old flag flying from the top of citadel hill, as it does this day. Here came Howe with his defeated regulars after being clawed by the buckskins at Boston. Here floated safe at last the thousands of Loyalists from New York who preferred exile to renouncing their ancient allegiance. In the bitter winter of 1783-84 delicately nurtured women lived in the floating transports, while others huddled in the cabbooses taken from the ships, and pitched like wigwams all along Granville street. Then during the long wars with the French Republic and with Napoleon, the waters of the harbour never rested from the stirring keels going and coming. Ships of the line, frigates with intelligence, privateers, prizes, cartels with exchange of prisoners, transports with troops for unknown destinations were in constant activity. Merchant-men plied almost as in time of peace, for Britain ruled the waves; but every one went with her array of barkers and her license to make war on King George's enemies. In the war of 1812, there were 106 ships of war on this station. These waters bore the expedition that spread havoc along the Chesapeake and burnt Washington. They floated the funeral ship which brought back from his last field outside of Baltimore, Major-General Charles Ross, one of Britain's ablest soldiers. On Sunday, June 6, 1813, this harbour saw the most memorable sight in its long annals, a procession of two ships, the little Shannon proudly leading her prize, the Chesapeake, up to the anchorage by the dock yard. All yards were manned; the bands played; the good folk on the wharves cheered like mad, for at last the stain was cleansed from the flag which Dacres had hauled down on the Guerriere.

Volumes might be written on what Halifax harbour has seen. Every spot has its story. At Thrum Cap the frigate La Tribune went aground

and was wrecked. Out of 240 souls on board only twelve survived. The sloop-of-war Atalante struck on the Sisters and went to pieces in fifteen minutes, but Captain Hickey saved every man of his crew by courage and discipline. The small square enclosure on McNab's marks the grave of Dr. Slayter, who died attending the cholera-smitten immigrants of the England. Out of the Eastern Passage, Captain Taylor Wood took the Confederate cruiser Tallahassee, while three Federal war-ships watched the other mouse-hole in vain. Then there are tales of the blockade-runners—And if I dared to tell the stories of this war, of the world-famous ships that have lain here, showing their honourable scars received in these strange new battles fought over the curve of the world as Kipling says—

There remains the third, the inner harbour, Bedford Basin. It is one of the most beautiful sheets of water imaginable. A road runs all the way round from Halifax to Dartmouth, following the sinuosities of the shore. The environs of Halifax afford engaging walks, but none is more popular than the walk to Bedford, with Miss Murphy's hot tea and buttered rolls to refresh you after your toil. The other day the "Frederick VIII." was berthed there in the open blue water, while little boys skated on the ice nearer shore. She carried an enemy of Britain and of Canada, a man known to all the world for his recent career. Conveniently close was anchored a war-grey British cruiser, with her long guns thrusting through their turrets. A pistol shot away near Navy Island are the wrecks of other war-ships, of an enemy who fought us for centuries. I reflected on the fate of all who ever opposed the Navy and I looked with pride and hope at the fluttering white ensign. The red cross on it dates from Richard Coeur de Lion's crusade. This war is the latest of crusades. And of all Canadian harbours Halifax has been changed most by the war.

## EXPECT A GREAT SEA BATTLE

**A**NOTHER week has passed and the destruction of shipping by German submarines is still inconsiderable. The average daily toll is about five or six craft, and although these are impressively set forth in tabulated figures by our daily newspapers they amount to little more than the sinkings that were previously recorded in isolated paragraphs. Germany herself claims that she sank 400,000 tons during last December, that is to say long before the "unrestriction"

began. The sinkings from February 1st to February 15th reach a total of 232,737 tons. That is to say the new sea warfare with new methods and the supposedly new fleet of submarines has accomplished practically nothing more than was done before the novelties were introduced. This seems to justify the view that I expressed three weeks ago that no real novelties need be expected, that no new fleet of submarines would be thrown into action, since no new fleet existed, and that while the scope of the "unrestriction" might be somewhat enlarged and extended the same general method had been in operation continuously. In other words, I suggested that the whole thing was a piece of military bluff, quite justifiable as bluff, but with no more practical efficacy than a hymn or an incantation. The figures for February, even as we have them, are exaggerated, since they include several vessels that were missing at the time the blockade was declared.

The hopelessness of the blockade is sufficiently evident without having recourse to the sanguine expectations of the Allies. Admiral von Cappelle has published in the Lokal Anzeiger the statistics upon which he bases his hopes of success. He says that the British tonnage available for supplies is 6,750,000 tons. As a matter of fact it was 20,000,000 tons at the end of 1916, although a certain amount of this must be reserved for purely military purposes. If Germany can sink a million tons a month, which is the dazzling figure held out before the German public, it is obvious that there would be no ships left in six or seven months. But estimates that are based

*When Germany thinks she has enough Allied Gunboats and Destroyers diverted for the business of getting Submarines, she is likely to play her last great trump—the Kiel Navy. Meanwhile the silent sleuth gets the Submarine, and the unrestricted February Campaign is a failure*

**B y S I D N E Y C O R Y N**

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in the first place upon enormous misstatements of fact, and in the second place on predictions that are hopelessly falsified, leave much to be desired from the point of view of results. If German successes during the second two weeks in February are equal to those attained during the first two weeks, the total shipping loss will be less than half a million tons instead of a million tons, which will double the British reprieve. And even this excludes all consideration of the new ships that Great Britain can build in her own yards and that can be built to order in foreign yards. We do not know what this amounts to, but we do know that Great Britain's mercantile marine at the end of 1916 was practically the same—20,000,000 tons—as it was at the beginning of the war, that is to say after the sinkings of thirty months. This points to an enormous production and one that has certainly not been dwindling as the national resources have been mobilized. That the German authorities are unaware of the actual situation is inconceivable. Of course they are aware of it. It is a matter of the simplest form of simple arithmetic. The submarine has already taken its place with the Zeppelin as a weapon of great value, but a weapon that can not perform impossibilities. And we may remember that the hopes for the Zeppelin were quite as sanguine as the hopes for the submarine.

Nor is it likely that we shall see a continuation of even such successes as the submarines have already won. The task of scouring the whole ocean for submarines is impossibly great, and the British

authorities have not attempted it. They followed the better plan of tracing certain narrow lanes for navigation, and using their resources to keep those lanes protected and open. But a number of smaller craft were either unwarned or they disregarded the warning in the effort to save time, and so wandered into the unprotected area. This is said to account for many of the losses during the early days in February, but we may suppose that experience will be productive of caution and that the admiralty instructions will now be obeyed.

**B**UT all speculations on German submarine activities are valueless without some allowance for the number of submarines that are captured. I have spoken of this before, but even at the risk of being reiterative it is necessary to use some emphasis in the matter. For we must remember that every submarine captured means a more or less permanent reduction in the offensive fighting force, and it means also a waning in the statistics of losses. Now we do not know how many submarines have been captured. This information is kept secret, and for the obvious reason of hiding the particular areas of the ocean that have proved fatal to the under-water craft. There is probably also what we may call a moral reason. There must be something awful, nerve-racking, in the dispatch of a submarine into a silence and darkness that remain for week after week unbroken. The news of her capture would at least relieve the suspense, but the tragic mysteries of silence must have their effect upon the men who are still awaiting their mission and to whom the fate of their predecessors must be a matter of terrible interest. But if we do not know the number of captures we know at least that the number must be a large one, and sometimes we get more or less reliable glimpses of how large it is. Thus we have the statement of William Palmer, second engineer of the Mongolia. Palmer states that he saw 186 German submarines in Ply-