

of British operations. When the independence of the Thirteen Colonies was acknowledged, the population of Halifax grew suddenly by the immigration of some thousands of United Empire Loyalists. The growth of Halifax since then has been slow as regards population, but more considerable as far as wealth and influence are concerned. The American civil war brought Halifax a short period of remarkable prosperity, when she became the head of extensive blockade-running operations and a center for Southern sympathizers. With peace came something like stagnation, from which the city has awakened only within the last decade.

THE FORTIFICATIONS.

In the city of the present day the chief interest centers in the fortifications, which constitute Halifax the strongest fortress in the New World. The defenses begin at *Sambro Island*, off the mouth of the harbor, which is occupied by a "lookout" party of artillery. Three miles below the city is *MacNab's Island*, crowned with stone batteries, and carrying a light to warn ships off the Thundercap Shoals. Above and below, strong batteries, of which the chief is York Redoubt, lie in wait at points of vantage on both sides of the harbor. In Point Pleasant Park, immediately adjoining the city, between the harbor and the northwest Arm, are the batteries of Point Pleasant and Fort Ogilvie. Across the harbor, just below *Dartmouth*, are the frowning works of *Fort Clarence*, and in mid-harbor is the grassy cone of *St. George's Island*, with armaments and defenses of vast but unknown strength. On this fortress Great Britain has lately spent and is still spending immense sums, and it may be considered the equal of the citadel, if not its superior in some respects. Of old it was possible to gain admittance to this stronghold, but now its stupendous mysteries are kept obscure, since visitors were found to have made interesting plans and notes in regard to the works. Now, if any one, peculiarly favored by authority, should gain entrance to a portion of the interior, he would find the green and harmless-looking island swarming with troops, and honey-combed with galleries and arsenals and casemates. From the port-hole of one of these casemates, around whose mouth the grass waves innocently, and behind which lurks the grim shape of a great cannon like a beast of prey in ambush, one looks out upon a sunlit scene of peace and human activity. On the ramparts