

named him "Our Cock Robin" which stuck to him, until they buried him ten years after his arrival, under old Saint Paul's Church.

There were at least two disappointed men present at the meeting of Council at which Parr took his oaths of office. Lt.-Gov. Hammond, who had been promised the position, openly expressed his chagrin and anger, and retired shortly after to Britain. The other was Lt.-Gov. Michael Francklin, who for several years had felt the resentment of the Legge faction in London, but who, conscious of his steady loyalty and trusting in the justice of the home authorities, believed up to the moment of the arrival of Parr in Halifax, that he would be re-instated in the office of which he had been so unjustly deprived. To Francklin, Parr's appointment was fatal, and he really died of disappointment, within one month after the coming of Parr to assume the position of Governor of the Province. Parr arrived on the 8th of October. Francklin died on the 8th of November, 1782.

The unpleasantness connected with his appointment did not appear to disturb Parr. It soon wore away when the Council found that the new Governor was an eminently practical man, willing to avail himself of the advice and experience of his advisors, and although not brilliant, yet possessed of a good stock of sound common sense, with an evident anxiety to discharge his duties in a prompt business-like manner, with a single eye to the comfort of all he came in contact with. He proved worthy the estimate formed of him by his advisors, and in the changing conditions of the Province, caused by the revolution in the neighbouring colonies, and the coming to Nova Scotia of a vast body of helpless loyalists, Parr with his life long experience of war, and its alarms, wants, anxieties and emergencies, was the ideal Governor.

To-day the majority of Nova Scotians, look upon this crisis in our past history with indifference. The French and American writers bring up *Evangeline* and mourn over an imaginary heroine