

# CARNIVAL NUMBER

## EVENING MAIL

HALIFAX, AUGUST, 1880.

### HALIFAX AS A SUMMER RESORT.



THE thermometer is going up, up, past the seventies, into the eighties, touches the nineties. —Life in the crowded cities of the interior becomes unbearable! Even Boston and N. York, washed by the ocean, swelter in the summer sunshine; the multitudes pant for

breath, the busy crowds long for coolness. The hours go by; evening comes on; darkness falls, but the heat remains—no whisper of air; no stray, feeble current to bring refreshment to feverish brows; the worn toilers and seekers after wealth find night as irksome, as terrible as day. Heat hath murdered sleep. Morn dawns, and it is again

The blaze upon the waters to the east,  
The blaze upon the city over head,  
The blaze upon the waters to the west.

Temperatures suffer; the sweetest dispositions sour readily under the scorching rays of the worse than tropic sun. Sharp replies, hasty rejoinders rise easily to the lips.—"Oh I go to Halifax!"

Now, you have unwittingly hit it. That is the best advice you can give, O fellow-cooked, to all who

long after coolness and delights of summer-time. By all means go to Halifax—by sea, if you can; by land, if you come from the interior—but go; spend a week, a month, your whole summer vacation there; and you will not only enjoy it yourself, but you will want every man, woman and child you know to come down there too.

What does one expect to find in a summer resort? Some will answer—quiet walks, secluded lounging places, where one may lie under canopy of trees and hear the soft sighing of the wind through the foliage; or rocky nooks, where the rippling tide splashes gently and the weary worker may gaze out on the blue sea spotted with white sails.

Others prefer more bustle—ask for change of excitement, novel amusements, rather than for rest and solitude. They want the varied aspects of life, the pleasures of society; the frequent picnic, the sailing in company of kindred spirits, the games and sports they particularly affect—these are the attractions that alone can win them.

Others again differ—a summer resort must show them something new, strange, unaccustomed. What they have not and cannot have in their homes they wish to see abroad. To them the American seaboard or the banks of the St. Lawrence are wearisome familiar.

All can find what they look for in Halifax and the Province of which it is the capital.

Let them try it. Lovers of society, worshippers of nature, seekers after novelty, inquisitive linguists in search of dialects, antiquarians hunting for new treasures of former days, historians building up the story of the continent, adventurous canoeists and yachtsmen in quest of new grounds, fishermen longing for fresh brooks and lakes, worn-out toilers asking only for peace and quiet under changed skies; those who love mountain and forest, and those who care for naught but the mighty ocean—one and all exploring city, coast, and interior will acknowledge their merits and attractions. Very easy, is it not, to write all this? Imagination will do much, and a picture can be painted with but scant materials to come and go upon. True, universal sceptic; but imagination has nothing to do with this.

I know Halifax like a book; being a reader, that means a great deal; and not only know it, but love it, spite of its drawbacks, for it has some, and no one is better acquainted with them than an ex-resident. But one cannot love a place unless it has charms, and the summer charms of Halifax are manifold and great.

Sail up the harbor on an incoming steamer. You need not fear the fog, it is not always there; the Bay

of Fundy, not of Chebucto, is its home and favored abiding place. Look, in the glorious sunshine that lights up the landscape, at those granite cliffs, verdure-topped, on the left. See, down in the clefts of them, the fishers' huts nestling close together; and yonder, frowning over all, the formidable redoubt that watches the ocean. Here, on the right, beyond the stretch of golden sand, guarded by red-roofed light-house, the swelling downs of Macnab's, clothed with rich woods, and farther yet, the crimson and green coast line fading into the blue of the horizon.

Now opens up yet another scene—the Arm, its waters gleaming like burnished gold between its banks, fringed with gardens, lawns and shrubbery; the Park of Point Pleasant, its dense woods coming close to the beach, where break with subdued roar, the white-maned rollers. There Dartmouth's shores, all copse and fields, with villas hid between; here, right in front, rising from the waves, another fort, still, silent, seemingly deserted, but full of life within its casemated walls. And now the whole city is in view; rising tier upon tier from the wharves where lie great steamers and smart sailing craft; tree-embowered, spire-studded, and guarded by the great fortress reared on topmost hill, and over which waves and flutters, and gleams and shines the glorious flag that circles the world and tells all men of freedom and power.

Yet onwards, and the harbor you thought ended, spreads out northward, whence comes the cool and grateful breeze that fans your cheek. Lying on the waves, majestic in the consciousness of might, are the great war-ships, their taunt spars and square yards standing out against the blue sky, and the flash of brass and steel making an aureole of glory around them. There flies the red cross of England; and see, near by, the white and black of triumphant Germany, the tricolor of France, the Stars and Stripes of the Union, show a meeting of the powers. That American frigate has just arrived; watch her, there is time before the wharf is reached. Away aloft on the foretopmast stands a single tar—he puts out his arm—guides a black ball that runs up past him; it reaches the truck, breaks out, and England's flag blows out—hark! a gun; and from the shining black sides of the ship flash after flash spurts out, cloud after cloud of white smoke rolls, and curls and rises. It is the salute to the flag. Now turn to the Citadel. There, right under the low walls, you see a crowd of dark uniformed men. They are the gunners at the saluting battery—Crash! goes the first gun. Keep your watch in your hand and time them. Never a fraction of a second between each shot of the twenty-one. And the American lieutenant on board his ship notices it with an appreciative smile, as he counts the replies. Gun for gun; the two countries have said, "How do you do?"

Is it over? Oh, no. Our friend the tar is still



ALONG THE SHORE, POINT PLEASANT.