

dian Recorder a long and circumstantial account of the killing of a bear by Captain Wilson, which set the whole town laughing. The captain's sanguinary exploits, so far as he reported them, had hitherto not extended to that class of animals. When the newspaper arrived, the wags who had concocted the story naturally took care to call on the old man, one after another, and ply him with endless questions about the time, the place, the weight, the size, the color, the length of ears and tail, &c., asking for the minutest particulars. It was in vain that he denied the story, and declared it to be a hoax. They insisted on believing it and pretended to impute his disavowal to modesty. So it went on for a week or two, when out came, in another issue of the *Recorder*, what purported to be an affidavit in contradiction of the story, sworn to by the hero himself, and expressed in these words :

I Captain Wilson do declare
That I have never killed a bear
Either at Truro or elsewhere.

This is one specimen of the pranks played by the mad wags of Bachelor's Hall in those days, to which allusion is made in Mr. Howe's article.

While Bible Hill was steadily losing ground, this side of the river was as steadily gaining it. It cheerfully made room for the officials on their exodus from the hill. Not only so, but this side of the river now began to feel the advantage of its position, which entitled it to expect an accession of population from without. No better site for a town can be found anywhere than our broad plateau, extending as it does from the Bank at the edge of the interval southwards to the Base of the Hills, and stretching along the river for more than a mile. Here was abundance of space, and the ground, much of which was gravel, afforded a foundation for buildings at once solid and dry. There considerations had much to do with solving the question where the town should be. That point once settled, the growth of a Town was assured. The situation of Truro, in reference to the rest of the county, points it out as the proper site of the chief town. It is at the head of the navigation of the Bay. It is the centre of a fine agricultural county. From it, roads radiate in every direction, north, south, east, and west, like the spokes of a wheel. Beginning north of the Bay and sweeping round in a circle, we come across first the road to Ouslow and Londonderry, and all the lower parts of the county. Then comes the road to Isgonish and New Annan, then the old road to Tatamagouche, next that to North River and Earltown, then the road to East Mountain and Salmon River, then one to Greenfield, then another to Harncey and Middle Stewiacke, then one to Brookfield and Lower Stewiacke, and finally we complete the circle on arriving at the road to Old Barns and Shubenacadie on the South side of

the Bay. A town, occupying a position so central, could not fail to prosper as the county prospered. Even before the railways reached us, Truro had made some measure of progress. Its shops furnished the population of the settlements on all these roads with great part of their supplies. By and bye, other events occurred, which conduced specially to the building up this part of the town. First came the erection of the Normal school, on the site where the new building now stands. Then a bridge at the Board Landing shortened the distance to Ouslow by three miles. It saved that amount of travelling for every person going to the North. It shortened by so much every trip of the mail to New Brunswick and Canada. It was therefore a great boon to the public, but then, it threw Bible Hill in the back ground. That place was no longer on the high road to Canada and the rest of the continent. When finally the heart of our fine plateau was selected as the site of the Railway Station, the triumph of this side of the river was complete. Since then it has grown and prospered at a rate of progress without parallel in the history of our country towns. Happily refinement and good taste have kept pace with population, and we may say of Truro, what can scarcely be said of any other town of its size in the Province, that the poorest house or cottage in it, has its little garden patch in front, ornamented with flowers, and separated from the street by a neat paling, the whole indicating the good taste and thrift of the owner, and his love of order and neatness.

I have dwelt mainly on the material changes which have taken place in our town. Time would fail me to speak of the efforts made in early days to promote education and religion in the place. Much should be said of the labors and devotion of the Rev. Mr. Cock, the earliest settled minister of this place, and of the Rev. Mr. Waddel his successor. From 1770 down to the arrival of Rev. Dr. McCulloch in 1838 these men dispensed religious ordinances to the people of Truro. Thus three ministers have between them, bridged over the long period of over a century, which has intervened between the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Cock and the present day. When the Rev. Dr. McCulloch came among us, Truro was in the state of progress, indicated by my map. There was then but one Presbyterian congregations where there are now six.

When all Truro worshipped at the old meeting house, which stood on ground now enclosed within the Cemetery, it was a goodly sight to see the people streaming from all points of the compass to the house of God. From Ouslow and East Mountain, from Bible Hill and up the River, from Halifax Road, Lower Village and Old Barns, came the gathering—on foot, on horse back—often two on a