

THE DELIGHTS OF SUMMER IN HALIFAX.

There are fewer places offering greater attractions to tourists than Halifax and its delightful surroundings. The cool weather of the summer months alone draws hundreds of visitors, anxious to escape the prostrating heat in the States. Most of these find strength and health in the cool ocean breezes, and return home delighted with the climate, but with very poor opinions of the facilities for getting about, and the information in regard to local points of interest at the traveller's command. While every moment of their time might be pleasantly employed in excursions by land or water, many monotonous hours are passed in the hotels or in visiting the same places day after day, while, if properly directed, they might spend weeks in this city and vicinity, and still have been unable to exhaust the many sources of recreation and amusement that are so bountifully provided.

Having visited the gardens and taken in the magnificent view from the citadel; having driven through the park and around the arm; having gone aboard the men-of-war, and made a rapid inspection of the troops in barracks, they generally consider that they have "done" the city, and then depart to spend the greater part of their time in some picturesque country town, where the inhabitants vie with each other in showing attentions to their guests, and where boating, fishing and driving, pleasant company, balls and parties cause the time to pass in a round of healthy amusements, and Halifax to them seems dull and stupid in comparison. In reality, it would be hard to find a place where the pursuit of pleasure has become more systematized than here; and let a visitor once be admitted within the charmed social circles, and he will be forced to admit that Halifaxians know how to enjoy themselves, and to wonder how they ever find time to work. Cricket matches are of almost daily occurrence, and at least two or three a week are of sufficient importance to draw crowds of the fair sex, who, although fiercely chaperoned, manage to indulge in any amount of chaff at the expense of their numerous male admirers. Yachting, boating on the harbor, lobster spearing along the banks of the arm by torchlight, lawn tennis, garden parties, five o'clock teas, balls, military and naval reviews, base ball, walks, drives, picnics, and what not, furnish a constant round of mild dissipation, and theatres, concerts, and operas have, as a consequence, great difficulty in obtaining audiences. Drives and walks are innumerable, and most of them end at some favorite resort a few miles out of the city. Crossing the ferry to Dartmouth, a drive of some nine miles down the Eastern Passage Road towards the mouth of the harbor, leads to Cow Bay, where a fine sandy beach provides unequalled surf bathing. In any other country, a large summer hotel would give accommodation to hundreds of guests, but the Moshers, who own the beach and adjacent land, demand such high prices for their property that capitalists will not invest, and, as a consequence, limited but excellent accommodation is provided in the various farm houses owned by them. Returning from the Bay, the Cole Harbor route should be taken, a slight deviation being made to visit the dyke, where, when the sea trout are running there is excellent sport, and which, at the proper season, is a favorite resort for wild geese and ducks. A drive of three or four miles brings one to Mrs. Walker's, a well-known resort on Salmon River, and here spring chickens, etc., not to be equalled elsewhere, are to be obtained, if required. Dartmouth is now distant seven miles by the main coach road, and when reached, the circuit of a most picturesque country has been made. Isnor, of Dartmouth, runs a coach to Cow Bay, and tourists would find this a delightful and inexpensive way of making the trip. Another favorite drive starting from Dartmouth, is along the beautiful Dartmouth lakes to Waverley, thence to Bedford and around the Basin to Halifax. The celebrated Montague gold fields are only some three miles from this road, and would well repay a visit. Waverley has now a large stock of ready-made, but empty houses, the gold excitement under which it sprung up, as if by magic, having for the present been transferred to other districts. A gold mine and mill in full operation, as at Montague, are not often to be seen in such close proximity to a city. Porter's Lake is sixteen miles from Halifax, and is reached *via* Dartmouth by the regular post road. Innumerable lakes, which at certain seasons afford good trout fishing, surround the city in all directions. Clear as crystal, they generally nestle in the valleys, but often are found on the tops of hills. Surrounded by fragrant spruce and hemlock woods, their calm surfaces only broken by the rising trout, there is an air of restful quietness in their neighborhood which lures one to spend hours in wrapt contemplation. A favorite drive to the west of Halifax is out the Margaret's Bay road to Wilson's, six miles, where a party can be royally entertained, and best of all, at a most reasonable rate. The rocking stone should certainly not be overlooked. It is on Kidson's farm, four miles from the city, and would make a capital picnic ground. Herring Cove, Prospect, Sambro, and the towns along the west side of the harbor are reached by branches from the Margaret's Bay road, and a day could be spent in visiting each. Here the visitor will encounter the hardy fisherman, and will find him the soul of hospitality. In fact, drive which way you will from Halifax, the road will be found interesting, and in most cases, give glimpses of fine scenery. Where there is a party, they should by all means combine and secure the tally-ho coach, which Mr. Bothwell has with commendable enterprise placed at the disposal of the public on most reasonable terms. Think of the delights of being whirled along by a four-in-hand, and of the splendid view to be obtained from the elevated position on the outside seats of the coach. Pedestrians will find the roads around the city most excellent to walk upon. With no dust and quickly drying mud the walker finds himself striding along the hard roads, and leaving mile after mile behind him with comparatively little exertion. Starting from Halifax, a walk of some twenty miles completes the circuit of the Basin. Bedford is half way, and very few pedestrians manage to pass Beech's. His hotel is one of the best kept houses in the Province, and as a caterer it would be difficult to surpass him. Most pedestrians start out to walk

right around the Basin, but after one of Beech's dinners, they generally break down, and are glad to return into town on the evening train, thoroughly delighted with their trip.

The Dartmouth lakes, the Harbor, Arm and Basin, furnish the canoeist with extensive practice ground. The oarsman delights to get "his sweetheart" into his boat, and row her to McNab's Island or round the flag ship while the band is playing. What an advantage he has over the rest of mankind in popping the question, as what girl would dare refuse a man, who might in his chagrin send them both to the bottom.

Excursions by steamer to Bedford, McNab's Island, and up the Arm, are frequent and cheap, and the harbor offers superior inducements to yachtmen. In fact, if our hotel proprietors had the time to direct the tourists to half the places of interest in Halifax and its vicinity, they would (the tourists) have to return several seasons in succession, in order to exhaust the great attractions provided, instead of (as many do at present) spending only a few days, and then flying to the country.

STRUGGLING AND KICKING.

Mr. Gladstone continues, to the distress of those who would gladly maintain their old opinion of his integrity, to furnish evidence that he has allowed the mortification of defeat to exercise a deteriorating effect on his loftiness of purpose. This obliquity has been strongly evinced with painful frequency in his distortions of history, and in the gratuitous and discursive nature of the inferences he draws from them. In a speech lately addressed to a group of his American admirers, he spoke once more of "the long, mournful, and almost, though not quite uniformly, disgraceful period of 700 years, during which we have been responsible for the affairs of Ireland." If it were not palpable that Mr. Gladstone's lust of popularity has driven him to seek for it in all directions, unrestrained by any sense of dignity, fitness, or patriotic feeling, it might be supposed that the practicalness of an "old parliamentary hand" would deter him from the superfluously mischievous course of raking up ancient wrongs for which, as has been shown in these columns, at least two generations of liberal English politicians have endeavored to atone.

Even if this were not so, the present generation is not responsible for acts of injustice committed by its forefathers; and to dwell upon them for party purposes—for it is impossible to ascribe the references to them to higher motives—is not only useless, but tends, by adding fuel to ferocious passions, to throw formidable obstacles in the way of the true and lasting union between the two peoples which it should be the aim of a conscientious and enlightened statesman to promote by every means in his power. If the common sense of the Scotch were not too strong, too sound, and too solid, to be stirred by claptrap, one might fancy Mr. Gladstone dwelling, to a Scottish audience, on the Flodden Field, or the oppressions of Edward the First. The same high-handed monarch was by no means tender of his Welsh conquest, and it is, perhaps, to be wondered at, that the G. O. M. has not (so far as we know) essayed to stir the Kymrie soul by the pathos of that historical event.

A large proportion of the people of Wales has indeed been stirred, both on religious and agrarian grounds, by the example of Irish agitation, and, although the Welsh movement differs from the Land League, there are suggestive points of resemblance. The most notable is that prompted by the observation of Mr. Cornwallis West:—"However desirable in themselves the measures demanded by the Welsh people may be, they can never be promoted by lawlessness." Is this sentiment, which, *prima facie*, so naturally commends itself to the law-abiding, entirely and unreservedly true? Does lawlessness never promote reform? We heartily wish we could give an unhesitating answer. But governing bodies are slow to redress wrongs they do not themselves feel. Ireland has experienced this in the repressive and, unfortunately, controlling action of the aristocratic class down to the latest times. Wales, in a less degree, feels it now in connection with the national church. There is still sufficient orthodox and aristocratic influence to delay the abolition of tithes, which are but a relic of ecclesiastical feudalism, and are, by the necessity of the case, unjust to nonconformists. That the tithes must go, no one can doubt. That with, or after them, will go the Establishment in Wales is as little to be questioned. The Anglican Church will be, in the long run, none the worse, and the Welsh farmer will be relieved of an impost perhaps more distasteful than absolutely oppressive, but none the less unfair.

But would these results, which it is impossible to doubt are desired by a majority of the Welsh people, be at all on their way to accomplishment if they were not promoted by a determination which, perhaps unavoidably, assumes a somewhat lawless aspect? We fear that the historical *insouciance* of the British Legislature requires the stimulant of a little struggling and kicking to awaken its attention to required change.

It may not be generally known, says a German paper, that the little seaport town of Wismar, on the Baltic, is virtually in the same position as Montague Tigg's shirt, namely, at the pawnbroker's. It was in 1803 that Sweden pawned the town to the Duchy of Mecklenburg for a round sum of money. It was then stipulated that the town should be restored to Sweden at the end of a century, provided the sum lent, together with interest, were paid back to Mecklenburg. This sum is now said to amount to several hundred million marks, and apparently there is little chance of Wismar being able to pay it at the date fixed. This singular treaty has lain dormant in the archives of the municipality ever since it was made, up to the other day, when apropos of the concession of some land to the customs authorities, it was exhumed for legal purposes.