

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY HIS HONOR THE LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA
—THE HONORABLE ADAMS GEORGE ARCHIBALD, C. M. G.—13TH
SEPTEMBER, 1882, ON THE OCCASION OF THE 121ST ANNIVERS-
ARY OF TRURO'S NATAL DAY.

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In the lives of all of us, the recurrence of a Birth day is a subject of interest. To some, the day is a season of solemn thought, to others it is only an occasion of merriment. Some feel the return of the day as a reminder that another year has passed away, and they ask themselves how they have spent it. Others, welcoming the anniversary as an excuse for a little extra indulgence, seek enjoyment without reflection on the past, or thought of the future. But in whatever aspect we view it—be the tone or temper of the mind what it may, few persons regard the day with indifference, and we may say of these few, that they are not, as a rule, of the class that commands the respect or esteem of their fellows. Something like the interest what belongs to the birthday of an individual attaches to the natal day of every country, city or town. The feeling in this case should be shared by all the inhabitants or citizens. The natal day has in it less of the selfish than the individual birth day, but it resembles it in this respect, that those who have no share in the feeling, are not apt to stand

high in the respect and esteem of the community in which they reside.

In the old world, as a rule, the natal day is not observed as it is on this continent. There the origin of nations, of cities, and of towns, is buried in obscurity. No man can tell what was the first step taken in the ages of barbarism to settle a country or to found a town. Thick darkness broods over these early beginnings. On this continent it is otherwise. Everything here has been done within historical times. It has been done in the broad day. The press and the school defy oblivion. In speaking of these things, we are in the region of fact.

The natal day of every place on this continent—the day on which the solitude of the wilderness comes to be disturbed—the day on which civilized man for the first time obtrudes on the domain of the Savage, is the turning point in the history of the place. For countless ages the soil has been roamed over, but never occupied. The products of nature are those only which grow spontaneously. The wild animals which yield