

Croix, a tributary of the Avon, as to which there is a gruesome tablet at St. Paul's Church, Halifax, Nova Scotia, to the memory of a nobleman, who lost his life "from exposure during an inclement winter, while settling a band of brave Carolinians" at Douglas.

The famous Flora McDonald, whose husband was a captain in that regiment, spent a winter in Fort Edward, the old blockhouse of which still overlooks the village of Windsor.

The house at Douglas was built in the middle of the last century, like a Norwegian lodge, of solid timber covered with boards. When Mr. Haliburton's father removed from Douglas it was floated down the river, and was placed on the bank of the Avon, where the town of Windsor now is, and in it Mr. Haliburton was born. The tide there is very remarkable, as it rises over thirty-six feet; and while at high tide hundreds of *Great Easterns* could float there, when the tide is out the river dwindles into a rivulet, lost in a vast expanse of square miles of chocolate. The village early in the century consisted of one straggling street along the river bank, under green arches formed by the meeting of the boughs of large elms, a pretty little *Sleepy Hollow*, the quiet of which was only at times disturbed by the arrival from Halifax of a six-horse stage-coach at full gallop, or by the melancholy whistle of a wheezy little steamer from St. John, New Brunswick. The limited society of the place, a bit of rural England which had migrated, was far more exclusive and aristocratic than that now found in Halifax, or any Canadian city (for a shop-keeper or retailer, however wealthy, could not get the *entrées* to it), and was composed mainly of families of retired naval and military officers, "U.E. Loyalists," professional men, Church of England clergy, and professors at the College, and also one or two big provincial