

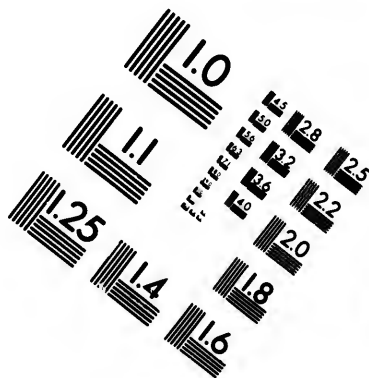
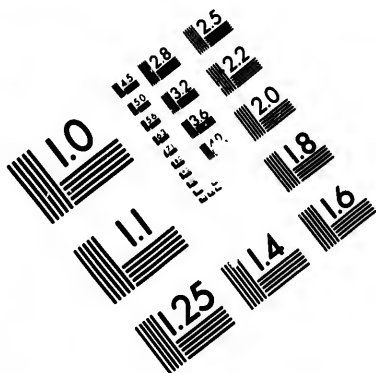
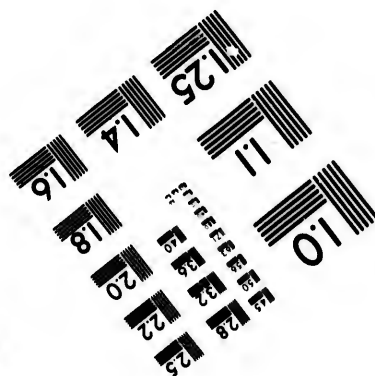
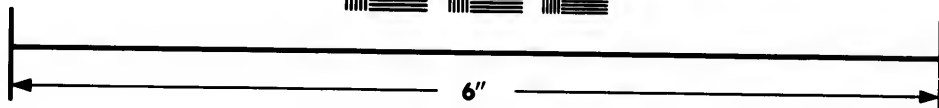
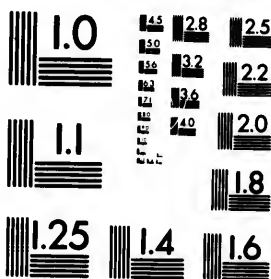


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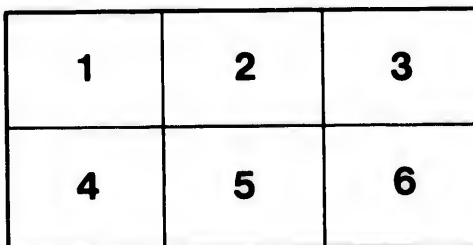
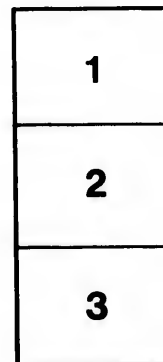
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ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY HIS HONOR,

THE

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA,

THE HONORABLE ADAMS GEORGE ARCHIBALD, C. M. G.

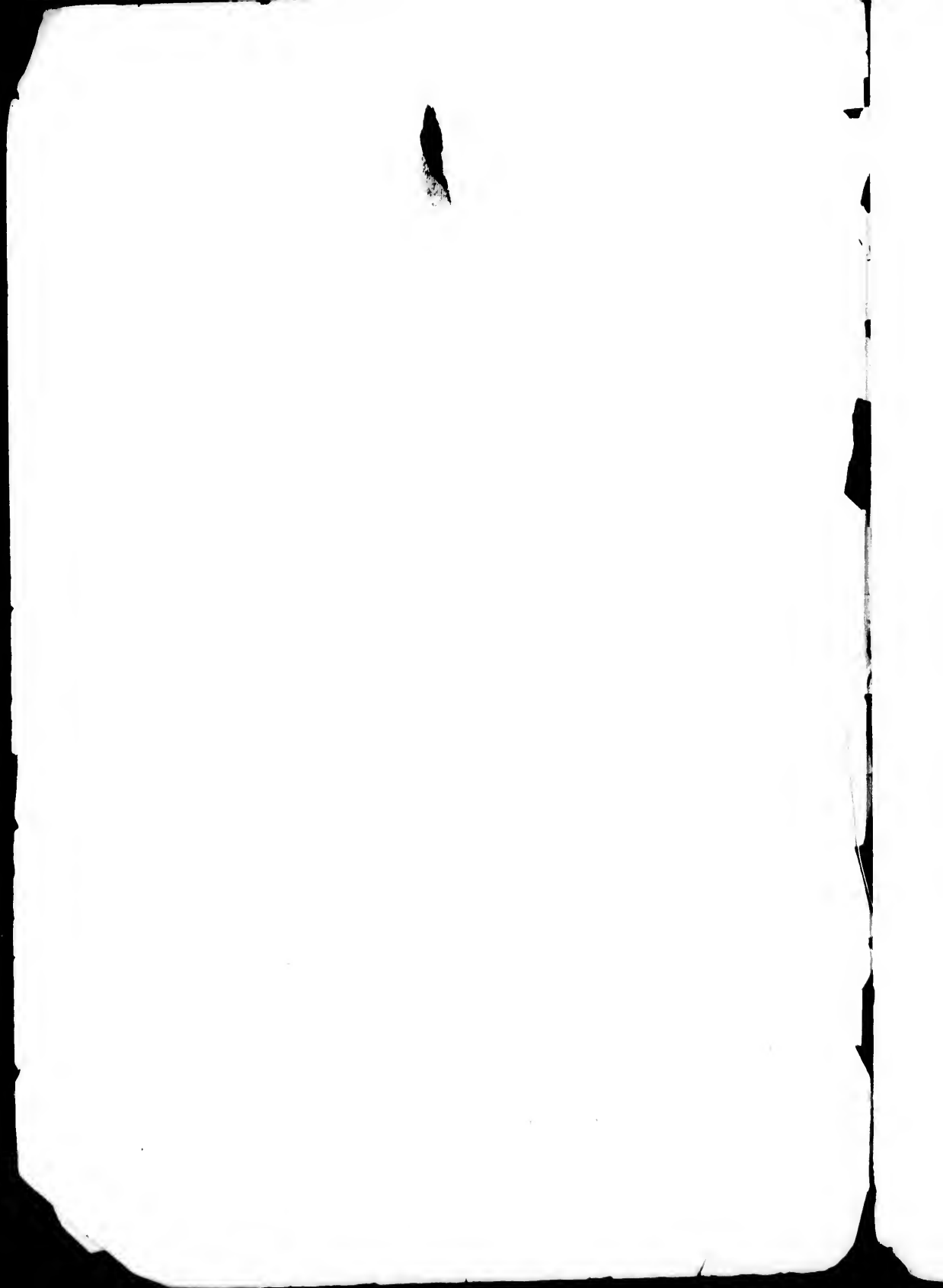
SEPTEMBER 13th, 1882,

On the Occasion of the 121st Anniversary

— OF —

TRURO'S NATAL DAY.

— ◆ —
"SUN" Job Print, Truro, N. S.



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.

—0—

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

to the savage his sport and his support, are like himself wanderers on the soil; but the time has arrived in the order of Providence when the land is no longer to lie waste. It has hitherto been but a place of transit, it is now to be a possession. The laws of nature, which have hitherto done all, are now to do only part. The earth is to yield its increase still, but of what nature that increase shall be, is to be settled by the mind of man. Forests are to give place to fields, huts to houses. The horse and the ox are to supplant the bear and the loup-cervier. The stationary is to take the place of the nomadic. Hitherto the products of nature are those which she has yielded of her own accord, as the accidents of wind or water, of growth or decay, of clime or season, may have determined. Now her energies are to be guided and directed. She is henceforth to produce what man exacts from her. Year by year he casts seed into her bosom, and calls with confidence for a return of the same, with ample increase.

This eventful day in the history of Truro dates back near a century and a quarter. It is something over 121 years since the first British settlers penetrated to this place with the intention of making it their home. We do not take into account the evanescent visit of the French Acadians. Their occupation, such as it was, hardly extended to uplands or to forests. The entire extent of the cleared land in all Truro did not exceed 100 acres.*

Small patches of clearing, there must have been, for houses and gardens, but beyond these, no encroachment appears to have been made on the forest. What was done in the way of agricultural occupation, had reference to the marshes. A few embankments, some of them not a mile from the spot we stand on, remain to this day to bear witness that some effort had been made to shut out the tides from the higher mud flats.

*See report of Surveyor General Morris to Lieutenant Governor Belcher, inclosed by the former to the Lords of Plantations in a despatch dated 11th Jan'y., 1762.

The Acadian French had gradually extended their settlements eastwardly from their head quarters, at Port Royal. They had spread along the little streams which fall into the Bay of Fundy. They had made settlements at Minas and Pisiquid and had gradually penetrated to Cobequid to a place a few miles below what is now Truro. There they had erected a house of worship, from which the adjoining water was called *Cove d'Eglise*. This name by a liberal protestant translation, has adhered to the place. The settlement is called Mass Town to this day. Some Acadians, continuing the progressive settlement eastwardly, had, about this time, moved further up the Bay to this part of what was then known as Cobequid. Then came the cruel edict of the 5th Sept. 1755, which banished the whole Acadian race from home and country and scattered them as wanderers in the old British colonies, among a people who, to them, were heretics in creed, and aliens in race.

How many of these people had settled in Truro proper, we have no means now of knowing. It would appear by an enumeration of the French inhabitants quoted by Surveyor General Morris in a report of his made just previously to the expulsion of the race, that between Isgonishe (or as it was then called Chaganois) and the head of Cobequid Basin, which he states as a distance of two leagues, there were 20 families. Of this section, what is now Truro was the most remote part, but assuming the twenty families to be equally dispersed over Lower and Upper Onslow, Bible Hill, the Upper and Lower Village of Truro, and Old Barns, it would give to each of these places an average of less than four families. A country with inhabitants so scattered, and they just entering upon the lands, can scarcely be said to have been settled at all. They must have had some houses, such as they were, but these were probably destroyed when the people were driven away.

At all events, six years afterwards, when the British settlers came, there were no vestiges of houses to be found

within a range of many miles from this spot. Two barns indeed were still standing, a fact which is perpetuated in the title of "Old Barns" so long applied to the part of Truro where the buildings stood. This name, with its historic value, remained till some restless innovator arose in the settlement and succeeded in burying it under the new tangled title of "Clifton."

After the expulsion of the Acadian French, many of these people who had escaped to the woods, or had returned from exile, were found to be hovering around their old homes—a circumstance which occasioned much alarm to the Local Government of the day.

At this time Cape Breton belonged to France, and the Governors of the Island were constantly plotting against the peace of Nova Scotia, using the Acadians and the Indians as their instruments. The route lay between Tatamagouche and the upper waters of the Bay. A short portage between the sources of the Waugh River and of the Chaganois, as it was called, was all that impeded the passage of canoes between Cape Breton and the Bay of Fundy. By this route, and by the Shubenacadie Lakes, an expedition was projected against Halifax, when that town was only a few years in existence, which, if it had been as vigorously carried out as it was ingeniously planned, might have had a disastrous effect upon the infant colony.

The alarm felt by the Local Government appears to have extended to England and to have given rise to the policy, then adopted, of having the vacant lands settled by a race of Protestants who had no injuries to avenge, and who might be counted on as loyal subjects of the Crown. Very considerable sums of money were expended by the Imperial Government in this service. Special inducements were offered to immigrants, such as transport to the Province, grants of cleared lands, and aid in the first years of settlement. In this way in the year 1760 were settled Granville and Cornwallis, Annapolis, Horton

and Falmouth. Early in 1761 Newport was settled, and in the latter part of the month of May of that year a body of immigrants landed in this Township, and another in Onslow. The intervening lands between Newport and Truro on one side of the Bay and between Onslow and Economy on the other, were left for subsequent years.

The first settlers at Truro consisted of 53 families, comprising in all 120 souls. They had come originally from the north of Ireland, having first immigrated to New Hampshire. After a short stay there, hearing of the inducements to settle in this Province, they agreed to come on to Truro, under the guidance of Colonel McNutt, who, for several years, was extensively engaged in carrying out the projects of the British Government for settling the Province. The immigrants had with them 117 head of cattle, their farming implements and household utensils, together with seed-corn and potatoes. Government supplied the transport. The voyage from New England was tedious. The ships were detained by contrary winds and it was well on to the end of May before they arrived at this place.

We can have no difficulty in picturing to ourselves the scene presented to the eyes of the new comers. The dykes built by the Acadians were broken. The tide had resumed its sway over the muddy expanse which extended westwardly from the Lower Ford, so called. One vast sheet of dreary mud flats reached from the intervals of the Salmon and North Rivers all the way down to Savage's Island. Above, to the east, all was wilderness. The lovely meadows, which now form so fine a feature of the scenery on North and Salmon Rivers, were then covered with the virgin forest, of which a few elms only now survive. From either side of the Bay, the flats on the opposite shore were skirted by a forest which extended away as far as the eye could reach, till the tops of the trees on the hills were outlined on the sky. The flats were unsightly objects, but they furnished

the material for splendid bay grounds, when reclaimed from the tide; but this involved labor and much of it. The forest afforded a fine sight, but, to the new settlers eye, the sight of fields was much finer, and before a forest could become a field, there was much work to be done. But our ancestors did not come here to be charmed with the sight of forests, or disgusted with that of mud flats. They had work to do that left little room or time for mere sentiment. First, their seed was to be put in the ground. The season was already late enough, but before they could prepare such ground as was above the tide-level and free of forest, for a crop, the season was far advanced. Then a great drought occurred. The seed sown in dry ground was followed by a crop, which made its feeble appearance on the surface only to be withered by a fiery sun. Later on came severe frosts. The crop was largely a failure, and the stout hearts of the settlers must have quailed when they thought of the coming winter and how little preparation they had been able to make for it, but they had no time to repine. They had now their houses to build. Fortunately this was not a tedious business. A few trees chopped down and cut into lengths, then hewed and piled on each other, gave the four walls required. Poles, surmounted with bark, made a roof—places for windows and doors were sawed in the walls—and a chimney was soon improvised. A square framework of sticks, plastered inside with mud, gave all the flue that was required, while a huge opening below offered a fire place large enough to warm and light the apartments with logs felled at the door. Fodder for the cattle during the winter was secured by mowing and curing the salt grass which grew on the higher mud flats. When this was safely stacked* the settlers went to work to repair the old French dykes. Fortunately for them, the remnants of the dykes were there to show them the nature of the work to be done. They had

had no experience, in their old home of the devices required to draw sustenance from land below the level of the sea, and must have spent much unnecessary labor, as indeed did the French before them, in erecting the immense mounds which, in those days, were thought necessary to ward off the tide. However stout hearts, and strong arms they had, and, with the old dykes repaired and secured, they could, notwithstanding their loss of crop, look forward with hope to the next season when the seed could be sown in due time. Meanwhile the Government had come to their relief, and had lent them 600 bushels of corn to tide them over the winter, to be repaid at a future day, if demanded. This was at the rate of five bushels per head of the inhabitants, and was a most seasonable aid.

We need not pursue the further history of the infant settlement. The people were industrious, frugal and honest, and soon thrived, as men, with these qualities, will always thrive.

We catch a cheerful glimpse of the young community, as it existed five years afterwards, from a letter of the Lieutenant Governor of the day, sent to the Secretary of State. He writes:

"The Townships of Truro, Onslow, and Londonderry, consisting in the whole of 664 men women and children, composed of people chiefly from the North of Ireland, make all their own linen and even some little to spare to the neighboring towns. This year they raised 7,524 lbs. flax which will probably be worked up in the several families during the winter."

It is worth while quoting an additional passage from this Despatch, to show how the Government of that day regarded the policy of promoting domestic manufactures among our people. Governor Francklyn, after stating how busily the people were employed in the art which they had probably brought with them from the great seat of the flax industry in the North of Ireland, apparently fearful that the jealousy of British manufacturers might be aroused

*See Governor Belchers letter to the Lords of Plantations under date of Nov. 1761.

ed, goes on apologetically to say. "This Government has at no time given encouragement to manufacturers, which could interfere with those of Great Britain, nor has there been the least appearance of any association of private persons for that purpose; nor are there any persons who profess themselves weavers, so as to make it their employment or business, but only work at it in their own families during the winter and other leisure hours."

The discouragement of local manufactures indicated by the passage we have quoted, is in as marked contrast with the National Policy of to-day, as is this large crop of Flax, being at the rate of almost 12 lbs. per head of the population, with the production of the plant now. The quantity of Flax dressed in the whole County of Colchester at this day, with its 23,000 people, and after the lapse of a century, is little more than what was manufactured by three settlements then not over five years old, well a population not amounting in all to 1000.

For three quarters of a century after the settlement of Truro, its material progress was much the same as that which has marked all the settlements organized on the same plan. That plan was to grant a Township to a large number of Proprietors, to be held by them in common, in shares or rights. Every share entitled the owner to a house lot, a farm lot, a wood lot, and a marsh lot, which were to be assigned to him when the Township came afterwards to be divided among the shareholders. In the first instance, the settlers selected their own house lots, and front lots, according to fancy, convenience, or mutual agreement. When the partition afterwards took place, the possession so taken was respected, and such lands formed part of the lots assigned to the occupant in respect of his share. This arrangement was favorable to the formation of villages on the Front, but prejudicial to the settlement of the back lands. These latter were held for wood lots only, and were considered of

little value, except for fuel. Belonging to farmers with abundance of other land, with fine intervals and marshes on their front lots, they were not in the market for sale, and it was a long time before even a few of them found their way into the hands of strangers, and came to be cleared and cultivated as farms. The change in the appearance of Truro therefore, for a long time after its settlement, was mainly in the line of fields extended, of additional marsh enclosed, and of better buildings erected.

The properties, as originally assigned on partition, remained very much in the same families, and even where a farm changed hands, the new owner held by the original boundary lines, and possessed the same farm as his predecessor. This is observable still in some parts of the Township which are exclusively agricultural. The adjoining village of Onslow, which was settled in the same year and under the same conditions, is wholly agricultural, and the Front lands, as seen in driving down the road on the Bay Shore, appear mainly to be held by original boundary lines.

I have from memory made a map of the Truro of forty years ago, marking the houses then standing. Haliburton in his history states that there were in 1838 about 70 houses in the Upper and Lower Villages. How sparse and scattered they were, may be gathered from what appears on my map. Prince street was then a road with cradle hills still on it. No vehicle less solid than a cart could travel over it. Queen street, which was then called Front street, had only 7 houses from the River Bridge to the Common. In point of fact, however, old Truro was not the Truro of to-day. Truro then meant, in common parlance, that part of the village which lay to the north of the River. On Bible Hill, as it was called, were the principal Hotels—one on each side of the street. There were the public offices, the Registry of Deeds, the Custom House, the offices of Judge and Registrar of Probate. There was the Post Office, and there for a long time stood

the Court House. From Witters Hotel, there situated, ran the stage coaches which connected us with the capital and with Picton. There were the offices of the Lawyers practising in the county. Theretoo was the Holy-Well, consecrated in French Acadian times. After the English came, it was at this fount that generations of lawyers, while attending the Court, which generally lasted a week each sitting, slaked every morning the thirst born of the exhaustive festivities of the previous evening, which distinguished those days. There too, was the Free Masons Hall, which preceded Temperance organizations, and had perhaps something to do with creating the necessity for such societies. Then there was the Bachelors' Hall, where some eight or ten young men lived together, lawyers, doctors and merchants, many of whom afterwards achieved distinction, though at the time they were noted more for the pranks, and diversions, and frolics, which belong to youth, than for the more solid qualities of men of business. Thus the society of Truro was all on Bible Hill. There was one thing to add to its lustre. At that part of the town, was the residence of the great man, not of Truro only, or of Colchester, but of the whole Province. He was our Representative in the Assembly from 1806 to 1841, and during that period wielded a power in the Legislature that has never been attained by any other man—before or since. His house stood on the east side of the road. The view from the front door, looking to the west, across a rich meadow, studded with lovely elms, was one of the finest in the Province, and many a gay company has stood on the platform of the old Portico of that house, gazing on this beautiful scene, now in raptures with the lovely picture spread out before them, now moved to laughter by the sallies of wit and humor which issued from the lips of the brilliant host. Is it any wonder then that with all these advantages and attractions Bible Hill was Truro "par excellence?"

It was fashionable Truro, it was official Truro, it was business Truro, it was sportive Truro. The part of the town which lay to the South of the River, the part where we are now assembled, was a mere suburb of Truro. The Hill, on the first settlement of the Town, fell to the lot of a family of Archibalds, who were Presbyterians of the strictest sort, and it was probably the sneer of the less orthodox and devout, who were inhabitants of this side of the River, that gave birth to the name of Bible Hill, which has stuck to it to this day. But it is almost the only thing that has stuck to it. The whirligig of time has brought about strange reverses. Go there now, and you will look in vain for Court House, or Registry of Deeds or of Probates, for Post offices or mail coaches, for Masons, or Bachelors Halls, for Judges or Lawyers or Prothonotaries. No great Statesman resides there, the cynosure of all eyes. All have disappeared. Lastly, and this is the strangest thing of all, when Truro came to receive a mayor and corporation, Bible Hill, so long the only Truro known to the world, was actually left out of the municipality—what had been the *whole* of Truro, was no longer even *part* of it. Ichabod was written over its door posts. The glory had departed from it.

A fitting sequel to all these reverses remains to be mentioned. The old homestead of the great man of earlier times, came into the market a few years ago, and was purchased by a gentleman who has since built a new house on the same site. The old house was removed to the opposite side of the road, its front wheeled round to the East, and thus, as was quite proper under the circumstances, it was made to turn its back on the beautiful scene on which it had gazed for over three score years. Even the Holy Well has become indignant. The fountain, which for ages had poured forth a limpid stream that had given comfort and cheer to thousands of others, besides thirsty lawyers, has ceased to flow, or at all events its waters have become so turbid and tainted, that when last I visited it, some two years ago, with a son of the great man I have spoken of, who has himself just received a signal mark of the approbation of his Sovereign, we found the well in such a condition that we did not venture to taste its waters.

I have spoken of the lovely view from the front door of Mr. Archibald's residence.

But that was not then, nor is it now, the only charming scenery of which Truro can boast. The hills, which surround the town like an amphitheatre, afford from their crests the most varied and striking views. Some fifty years ago when the late Joseph Howe was just beginning a career of great distinction, he wrote and published in his newspaper, under the head of "Eastern Rambles," some racy sketches of the scenery of this part of the Province. I had quite forgotten the articles till, the other day, on turning over the leaves of the Nova Scotian of 1830, I stumbled upon them. One or two extracts from them will show, not only how highly Mr. Howe appreciated the beauties of Truro, but also what a vigorous pen he wielded, even in those early days when his style was comparatively unformed. We shall find in these extracts, abundant traces of the sound sense, combined with the lively imagination, and genuine humor, which distinguished his later productions. Take this account of his visit to the Falls, about a mile south from the Railway Station. From that day to this, the scene is unchanged. There is not a word of Mr. Howe's eloquent description less appropriate at this moment, than it was on the day it was written. No tourist should leave Truro without a visit to the spot.

"Following up a small stream which runs along a narrow strip of meadow, that extends to the rear of the fields on the southern side of the Village, as you recede from the cultivation and improvements of man and approach the wildness and primitive negligence of nature, a sudden turn to the left shuts you out from the softened and beautiful scene of mingled meadow and woodland and encloses you between two high ranges of land, that rise up on each side of you as abrupt and precipitous, as the waves of the Red Sea are said to have towered above the host of Pharaoh. The small stream is still murmuring at your feet, and pursuing its way, sometimes over, and occasionally under, a luckless windfall that the violence of some Borean gust has stretched across its current. For the distance of 100 perhaps 150 yards this ravine is highly picturesque and attractive. It keeps narrowing as you go on; its sides, which are in most places crowned with trees and shrubbery to the very edge, offer most singular and attractive combinations, and you find your progress in some places nearly impeded by the lower steps, so to speak, by which the waters descend from the highlands to the quiet vale below. After clambering up sundry ledges and rural staircases, formed by the projecting points of rock, old stumps, and bending saplings, and after stopping a dozen times to gather breath, or admire the minor beauties which claim a portion of your notice, ere you arrive at the chief attraction, you come in sight of a steep rock, which having been thrown across the ravine has

for ages withstood the efforts of the falling waters, to push it from its place or wear it away. From the level of the clear pool at its base to the summit over which a narrow and beautiful stream descends, may be about 50 feet.

Lay thee down upon that rock my gentle traveller which the heat of the noon day has warmed, despite the coolness of the neighboring waters, and there with thy senses half lulled to forgetfulness by the murmurs of the falling stream, thy eyes half closed, and thy spirit all unconscious of earthly turmoils and care, give thyself up to musing, for never was there a more appropriate spot than the Truro Falls, for our old men to see visions, and our young men to dream dreams. You are as effectually shut out from the world, as though like Colonel Boon, you were at least 100 miles from a human being, and, if you are poetical, you may weave rhymes, if you are romantic, you may build castles in the air, and if you be a plain matter of fact man, you may pursue your calculations by the side of the Truro Falls without the slightest danger of interruption. Should you be advanced in years, my gentle traveller, how must you sigh that Time will not allow you a discount of twenty summers, and place by your side within the quiet shelter of this beautiful ravine the chosen deity of your youthful adoration. Oh! would not her accents of acknowledged affection mingle delightfully with the falling waters? and would not every vow you uttered catch a solemnity and power from the retired holiness of the scene? Perhaps on that very rock where you recline many an expression of pure and selfless regard has burst from lips that, after long refusal, at length played the unconscious interpreters to the heart. Many a chaste, and yet impassioned embrace, has made eloquent acknowledgement of all that the young heart has dared to hope; and perhaps we err not when we say, that there are, among our numerous readers, many a happy couple, who, while tasting the pleasures of the domestic circle, bless the balmy summer eve when they first strayed to the Truro Falls."

Since the day when Mr. Howe wrote this eloquent and beautiful passage, who can say how often the fates of young people have been decided under the soothing influence of those descending waters.

As a specimen of his composition on a different theme let us find room for his description of the grave yard which stood in the rear of the old Presbyterian Meeting House, and which is included within the fences of the present cemetery.

"The grave yard, says Mr. Howe, 'lies immediately in the rear, and see, my gentle traveller, the gate is half unclosed, as though it would invite us to pass through, and linger a moment among the lowly beds of those whose spirits have departed to a better world. He must have a dull and sluggish soul—who can

look without emotion on the quiet graves of the early settlers of this country—who can tread upon their mouldering bones without a thought of their privations and their toils—who can, from their tombs, look out upon the rural loveliness—the fruitfulness and peace by which he is surrounded, nor drop a tear to the memories of the dead, who won, by the stoutness of their hearts, and the sweat of their brows, the blessings their children have only to cherish and enjoy; who plunged into the forest, not as we do now, for a summer day's ramble, or an hour of tranquil musing, but to win a home from the ruggedness of uncultivated nature, and in despite of the dusky savage thirsting for his blood. Oh! for the muse of Gray to pour out a besetting tribute to the dead. He caught from the sanctity and softened associations of an English graveyard, an inspiration that rendered him immortal; but the graves among which he stood were the resting places of men whose lives had been tranquil and undisturbed; who had grown up amidst the fruitfulness of civilized and cultivated country, and had enjoyed the protection of institutions long firmly established, and the security and cheering influence of ancient usage. How much deeper would have been the tones of his harp, had he stood where we now stand, had he been surrounded by the graves of those who found his country a wilderness and left it a garden; who pitched their tents among the solitudes of nature and left to their children her fairest charms, heightened by the softening touch of art; who had to build up institutions as they built up their lowly dwellings, but nevertheless inherited to their descendants the security of settled Government, the advantages of political freedom, the means of moral and religious improvement, which they labored to secure but never lived to enjoy. We have no Abbeys or Cathedrals where our warriors and statesmen are preserved. We have no monumental piles, fraught with the deeds of other days, to claim a tribute from the passer-by. The lapse of ages, political vicissitudes, violent struggles, and accumulated wealth are necessary to the possession of these; but in every village of our infant country we have the quiet graves of those who subdued the wilderness, who beautified the land by their toils, and left not only the fruits of their labors, but the thoughts and feelings which cheered them in their solitude, to cheer and stimulate us amidst the inferior trials and multiplied enjoyments of a more advanced state of society. May we while contrasting the present with the past never forget the debt of gratitude we owe and while standing beside the humble graves of our early settlers, may we ever feel our spirits awakened by the recollection of their lives, our thoughts ennobled by the remembrance of their trials, and our holiest and best resolves strengthened with a portion of their strength."

We shall make but one more extract from these pleasing papers. You will recollect my allusion to the inmates of Bachelors' Hall, their fun and their frolics. The Hall was just at the top of the hill, as you ascend the road from the interval. The river here is fringed by a bank of red sandstone which extends from the Holy Well far up the stream. It forms a fine feature of the scenery from the opposite side of the river. Along the slope of this bank the bachelors had cut a path in the sandstone, about half-way up between the river edge and the top of the bank, and at the end of the path had built a spacious bower. Here they resorted on occasions of merriment or revelry. All this is beyond the recollection even of middle aged men of

the present day, but it was quite fresh at the time of Mr. Howe's visit. Listen to his description of the place.

"Extending due east from the principal inns and forming the southern termination of what is called 'The Hill,' is a very steep bank of red clay, which the action of the elements keeps continually wearing away, and threatening, as it were, to convert the upland of the worthy proprietors into very excellent intervals. Along the sides and part of the brow of this bank are a range of trees and beneath their shade in the times gone by, as the village tradition goes, there stood a rural bower. The Deity to whom it was dedicated we could not with accuracy ascertain, but certain it is, that it used to be the scene of singular cantrips and orgies. The peasantry who therabouts do well, are bold to declare that of a summer evening as they passed along, volumes of smoke would be seen bursting from its leafy sides, and ascending in varied curls upon the balmy air; but whether it smelt of brimstone or tobacco, has to this day remained a point of doubtful settlement, and given rise to much rural and 'nice argument.' True it is that voices used to be heard, and sometimes a ringing and tinkling sound, like the meeting of friendly glasses, and ever and anon there would break forth from that mystical bower the sounds of song, sometimes accompanied by instrumental music, which the credulous passerby took for some fiendish scraping, but which the less timorous believe to have been the notes of a violin. There were many things to strengthen the belief that herabouts did dwell the very spirits of mischief; for it was no uncommon thing for marvellous accounts of slaughtered bears, and chivalrous captains to be sent to the Halifax newspapers bearing date at Truro, and purporting to be accurate and faithful narratives of heroic and daring exploits; and on connubial occasions a troop of cavalry would sometimes wheel up in front of the bridal chamber, and discharging a volley of firearms in at the window, gallop off in the twinkling of a bedpost; or maybe a large standard would be found waving from some chimney top, like the banner of some fencible chieftain from the loftiest battlement of his castle, spreading terror and anxiety around. But these days are passed—the mad spirits who used to play such pranks are either caught in traps matrimonial, and, like the gentle Ariel confined to the clefts of their domestic hollow trees, or are scattered to other portions of the Provinces, where from the want of countenance and example, they are forced to restrain the bent of their humor and conform to the even tenor of a more matter-of-fact existence.

The bower has fallen to earth; its branches are scattered along the side of the bank and its leaves are dancing on the breath of many a breeze, but from its site there is decidedly one of the prettiest views of the course of the Salmon River that is to be found in the neighborhood of Truro.

Many of the allusions in this paragraph will be understood from what we have said in introducing it, but the reference to "slaughtered bears & chivalrous Captains," revives a funny incident of those days. A worthy resident of the town had been in some way connected with military affairs and called himself Captain Wilson. This gentleman used to tell marvellous stories and was himself generally the hero of them. The bachelors of the hall, soon took his measure, and had great delight in turning him into ridicule. One day in 1821 there appeared in the Aca-

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

horse—in carriages, such as we have seen in the procession to-day—of every shape and build, (except perhaps those of the class familiar to modern eyes), fording streams—some even at low tide wading across the bay. Thus they thronged to the Sanctuary. These were the days of long sermons. Two or three hours of religious exercises were followed by an intermission of fifteen minutes. This, in summer, was spent by the people under the shade of the old spruce trees, which then stood in front of the church on the opposite side of the road. There they partook of the refreshments they had brought from their homes. It was a charming quarter of an hour. It passed away with marvellous rapidity. Everybody enjoyed it, the young particularly. When the time allotted had expired, and the people began to wend their way back to church, for three hours more of religious exercises, an acute observer might have detected on the faces, at all events of the boys and girls, an expression, that betokened a wish, either that the sermons were shorter, or if that could not be, at least that the intermissions were longer.

I have not spoken of the other denominations, because in early times the greater part of the people were Presbyterians. At first all were so, and it was only by secession from people of that creed, and by the arrival of new comers from without, that the other denominations grew to the position, as regards numbers and respectability, which they hold at this moment. Nor have I time to tell of the events which preceded or accompanied, or followed the construction of the buildings which have made Truro the centre of the common school education of the Province. Much less can I tell of that long line of public men, who have represented us in the Assembly, from the year 1766, when old David Archibald first took his seat for Truro, down to the present time. On this point let me mention in passing, a circumstance which I do not think has occurred in any other county of the Province in connexion with the representation. In the long period of 116 years during which our constituency has existed, the family of the first member has furnished four representatives in lineal descent one from the other, while the family of a younger brother of his has furnished three members in as many different generations. It is clear therefore that that family had had its full share of public honors, and it was quite time it should stand aside for others to take their turn.

But the waning time bids me bring my observations to a close. Let me say in conclusion that:—

The progress made by Truro within the past few years justifies the hope of a prosperous future. As the centre of a fine agricultural County, it would be assured under any circumstances of a continuous—even if only a moderate support. The site admits of an indefinite extension in all directions. It affords every convenience for carrying on industrial enterprises. As regards Railways, the position of Truro fits it for being a distributing centre. There cannot be a doubt therefore that so far as physical conditions are concerned, every thing is favorable for the growth of the Town. These are very important considerations—indeed almost indispensable—but they will not of themselves make a town. One thing more is wanted, and that is a spirit of energy and enterprise among its people. That spirit has created towns where many of our advantages were wanting, but without it all the advantages in the world will not avail. It is this which creates industrial undertakings that employ and reward labor. These invite population, create wealth, in short make what in American parlance is called a 'live' city. Of this spirit our people have shown of late that they have a goodly share. What has been done, is a fair measure of what we may expect to be done.

Let each of us do what in him lies to promote the interests of the Town. Let us feel for the place as a whole something of the regard we have for the part of it which belongs to us individually. Let us take pleasure in the sight of other houses as tidy and neat as our own—of other gardens, blooming with flowers like our own—of streets as clean and skirted by trees as beautiful, as are the streets and the trees which are nearest our own places. Let us delight in the evidence of culture and refinement all around us. We will thus make our Town an object of beauty as well as a place of business, and may cherish a pride in it, which these things will amply justify.

Then let us encourage in every way in our power the establishment among us of every industrial enterprise that offers a reasonable prospect of success. Let us welcome to our midst every man who can bring with him skill and energy, industry and probity, and who will place these qualities at our service in building up our Town.

I trust that one effect of this celebration will be to increase the interest we take in our past and present, to knit us more closely together as members of one community, and to induce us, however much we may differ on other matters of more or less importance, to work together with one heart and one mind for the best interests of our beloved Town.

