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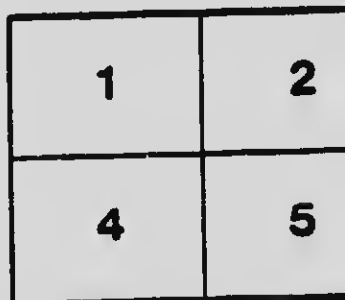
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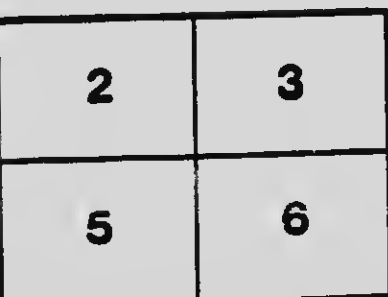
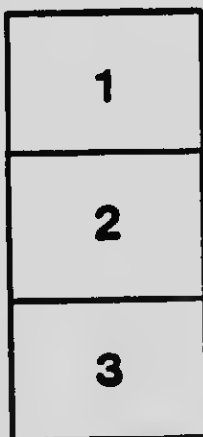
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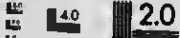
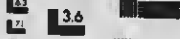
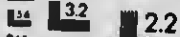
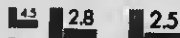
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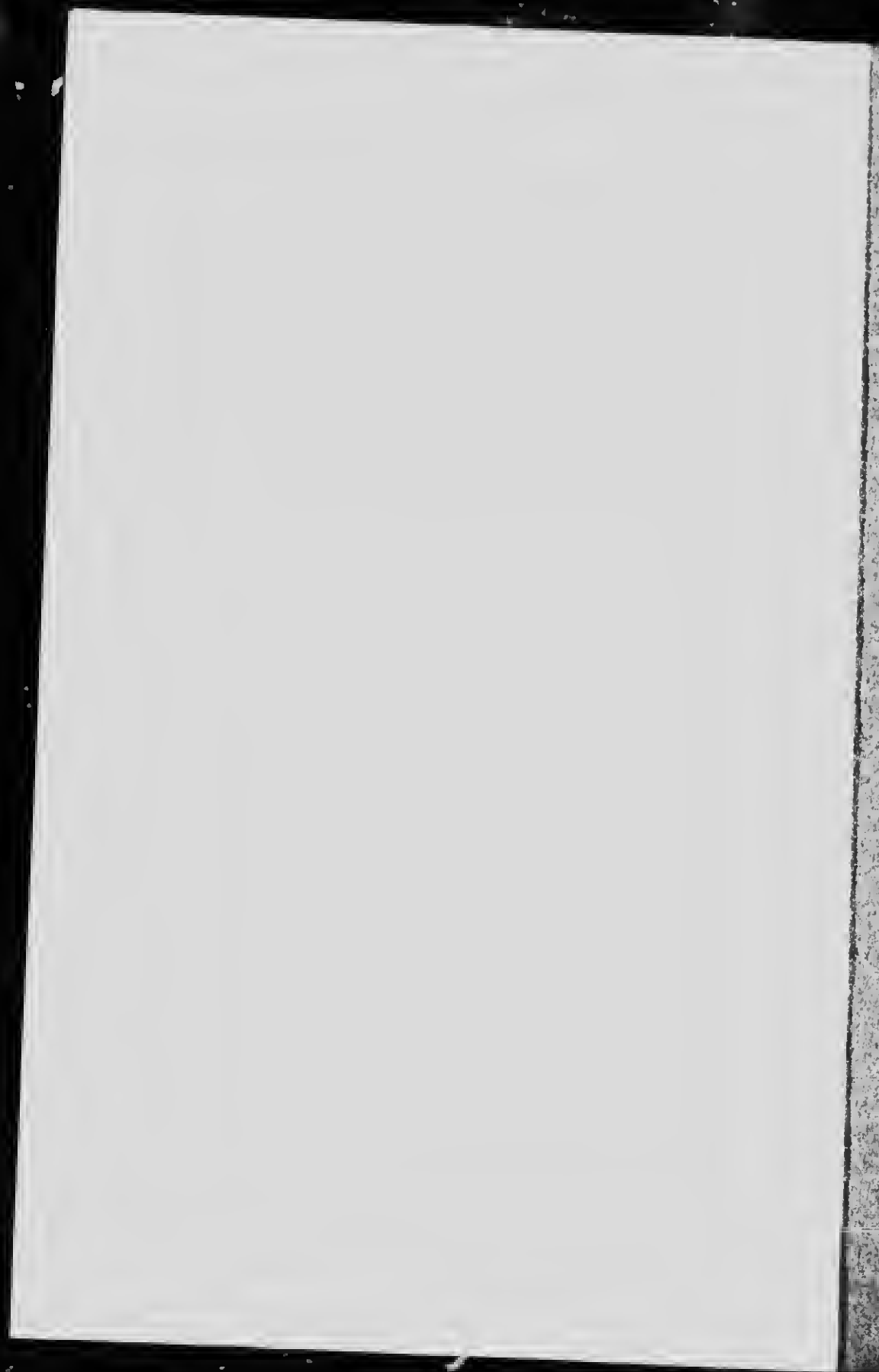
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HALIFAX IN BOOKS.

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PROF. A. MACMECHAN,

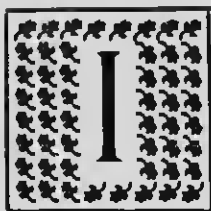
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OL. VI. 752, 3

1406

Halifax in Books.

I.



IN the course of its long life of more than a century and a half, Halifax has been, like the Iron Duke, "much exposed to literary men." It was a pivot of the great war between France and England for the possession of the continent. It has been a garrison town from the days of Wolfe to the days of Roberts, and a naval station from the days of Hawke to the days of Fisher. Many travellers have visited the old garrison city by the sea. Once it was a half-way house between Liverpool and Boston, and the *Asia* and *Britannia* of the old Cunard line once called regularly at the port, where the line was founded. Soldiers, sailors, novelists, missionaries, ladies of rank, scholars, globe-trotters have praised, blamed, criticized the old place and have left their opinions on record. Favorable or not, their opinions are always interesting. A hasty review of them will help Halifaxians to see themselves as others saw them.

The line of bookmen stretches from Burke to Rudyard Kipling. The Irish Demosthenes abused us roundly and the "Interpreter of the Army on the March" found an honorable place for us in the Song of the Cities. "Into the mist, my guardian prowls put forth"—everyone knows the noble quatrain, but few know the eloquent Hibernian flouting. In his speech on Economic Reform, on February 11, 1780, Burke denounced the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantation for their extravagance.

"The province of Nova Scotia was the youngest and the favorite child of the board. Good God!

what sums has the nursing of that ill-thriven, hard-visaged and ill-favored brat cost to this wittol nation! Sir, this colony has stood us in a sum of not less than seven hundred thousand pounds. To this day it has made no repayment. It does not even support those offices of expense which are miscalled its government; the whole of that job still lies upon the patient callous shoulders of the people of England."

He says Nova Scotia, but Halifax was then Nova Scotia.

There is an ancient, oft-repeated calumny, anent Haligonian conviviality which I have heard even in my own time. It is traceable to a New England settler, writing from Halifax in 1750, to the Rev. Dr. Siles of Boston.

"Halifax may contain about one thousand houses, great and small, many of which are employed as Barracks, Hospitals for the army and navy, and other public uses. The inhabitants may be about 3000, one-third of which are Irish, and many of them Roman Catholics, about one-fourth Germans and Dutch, the most industrious and useful settlers amongst us, and the rest English with a very small number of Scotch. We have upwards of 100 licensed houses, and perhaps as many more which retail spirituous liquors without license, so that the business of one-half of the town is to sell rum, and the other half to drink it. You may, from this single circumstance, judge of our morals, and naturally infer that we are not enthusiasts in religion."

"The business of one-half of the town is to sell rum and the other half to drink it," is a taking jingle. Haliburton in his history, and Patterson in his memoir of MacGregor have helped to diffuse it widely.

In the winter of 1762-63, the fleet stayed at Halifax and spent a large part of the rich plunder of Havana which had fallen in the previous summer, as prize-money usually was spent in those days.



Halifax in Pre-Loyalist Days.

- 1.—St. Pauls. 2.—St. Mather's. 3.—Governor's House. 4.—Market Place.
5.—George Street. 6.—Duke Street. 7.—Major's Houses, and Wharf.
8, 8, 8, South Middle at North Batteries.

Published April 25th, 1777, by John Baydeli, Engraver in Cheapside London.
Serres, zinc. R. Short, delinut. Mason, sculp.



**Governor's House and St. Mather's Meeting House, in Hollis Street, looking up
St. George Street, including part of the Parade and Citadel Hill.
Pub. 25th April, 1777.**



The morals of eighteenth century Halifax were apparently those of the eighteenth century. (See Lecky).

Hear the testimony of Henry Aline, the fervid "New Light" preacher, whom James classes with Bunyan, in his "Varieties of Religious Experience." Aline visited Halifax in 1783, just before the coming of the Loyalists.

"Jan. 1, 1783. I went on board of a schooner, to go to Halifax, if God permitted. When I came there, I preached in different parts of the town, and have reason to believe that there were two or three souls that received the Lord Jesus Christ. But the people in general are almost as dark and as vile as in Sodom. I stayed about ten days and returned again to Liverpool."*

The Presbyterian testimony is nearly as severe as the Baptist. The Rev. James MacGregor left Greenock on the brig *Lily*, Captain Smith, on June 3, 1786. He reached Halifax exactly one month later.

"The immorality of Halifax shocked me not a little, and I hastened out of it hoping better things of the country."*

A few years later, however, a Methodist preacher has a totally different idea of us. This was Joshua Marsden,* a sturdy, short-necked, bullet-headed little Englishman, happy, patriotic, enthusiastic. In company with "Bishop" Black and three other young missionaries, he left England in the snow *Sparrow*, Captain Humble, on Aug. 14, 1800. A voyage across the

*The Life and Journal of the Rev. Mr. Henry Aline. Boston, 1806.

*The Narrative of a Mission to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the Somers Islands, with a Tour to Lak, Ontario. To which is added, The Mission, An Original Poem, with copious notes, also A Brief Account of Missionary Societies, And much Interesting Information on Missions in General. Plymouth Dock, 1816.

Atlantic in 1800 was not the tame ferry trip it is now. A "drawback to our comfort" as Marsden naively puts it, was the leakiness of their little vessel. The sailors were always at the pumps; thirty tons of cargo melted away. His "birth" was also "uncomfortable"; "my quilt and blankets were seldom dry." There was always the chance of being overhauled by a French cruiser, or privateer; and even the missionaries must be prepared to fight. "Bishop" Black was elected captain, and "Messrs. Bennett, Lowry, and Oliphant huddled on the marine accoutrements." "I requested to have my station in case of an engagement at one of the great guns." The *Sparrow* was chased once by a French corvette. "On this occasion, the ministers of peace buckled upon themselves the implements of war, and Dr. Black with his four marines and small arms was disposed to give them as good a reception as David gave Goliath." But on a closer view, the Frenchman did not like the looks of the heavily armed *Sparrow* and her consort and crowded all sail to get away. Without further adventure, Marsden reached Halifax on Oct. 4, 1800, after a passage of six weeks. He has the first good word for Halifax.

"We are now in a new world, and what at first furnished matter of surprise was to see the houses, though built of wood, wear an elegant, clean and neat appearance; the friends in Halifax received us with every mark of gladness and respect and welcomed our arrival to this western Scotland, with much Christian affection. Perhaps in no part of the world is there a kinder or more generous society than the flock at Halifax, indeed this is a characteristic of most of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia; these wild woods are the nurseries of real kindness and their frozen climate is a noble theatre of hospitality; few people in any part of the world treat strangers with more

kindness or manifest more affection for their minister than the inhabitants of this province."

His description of the city will serve as well as any.

"Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, was built by a colony from England in 1749; it is delightfully situated in Chebucto harbor, lat. 44 degrees 44 minutes north, long. 63 degrees 30 minutes west. The town is an oblong square, extending from what they call fresh water river southward to the king's dock-yard in a northerly direction; its whole length is about two miles, and contains a large garrison, a naval yard and a population of about 9000 souls. The market is fine, and for plenty of choice and cheap fish is superior to any place in the world; salmon, mackerel, shad, lobsters, halibut and various other kinds are met with in the greatest abundance; they mention an instance of an admiral who had lately arrived, and having an entertainment sent his servant for a dollar's worth of lobsters, who, to his no small surprise, brought a whole boat load on board: in a word the place abounds with all the blessings of life. Here are two Episcopal churches and one Presbyterian; a Methodist chapel, a Roman Catholic chapel, and meeting houses for the Baptists, Seceeders and Quakers. The government house is built of free-stone, and is a large handsome edifice: there is a house for the second in command, a court house, a province hall where the assembly meet, an arsenal, naval yard, marine hospital, together with large ranges of barracks both for the officers and men. The town is the residence of the governor, the admiral, the bishop of Nova Scotia, and a number of other officers belonging to the government; it probably contains about 1000 houses, many of them handsome, and all rising on the side of a hill, have a fine appearance from the harbor. Our chapel is not handsome but it is well attended, and on Sabbath evenings always crowded; adjoining the chapel is a very good mission house, for the residence of a married mission-

ary. The country around Halifax exhibits a scene of sylvan barrenness; yet the prospects are romantic, and the roads remarkably good; the climate is perhaps more moderate than any other part of Nova Scotia; the thermometer is seldom lower than 16 degrees in winter or 70 degrees in summer. A few Indians live in the vicinity of Halifax; but alas! these natives of the wilderness are much diminished in every part of the province; in general they are civil and harmless, unless when intoxicated with spirituous liquors. This town will in time become a place of great trade; during the late war it flourished beyond all former precedent, which may be chiefly attributed to the vast number of prizes continually coming in; it is the great emporium of Nova Scotia, and indeed, of British America, and carries on a great trade in fur, lumber, fish, oil, beef, cheese, pork, oats."

Joshua Marsden had his eyes in his head, where the wise man's should be. He noted the beautiful situation of the city and the famous Haligonian hospitality, as well as the possibilities of the sea-port. Others bear testimony to the wealth that flowed into the city coffers, during the "late war," when the American merchant marine was wiped out. These are his mature views, for he did not write them down till sixteen years after he came to this country, when he was safe back in England. His simple "narrative" was soon bought up, and he issued a second more ambitious edition in 1827. In the interval, his opinion had not changed for the worse.

"Perhaps there are as few of the dark mists of bigotry obscuring the moral atmosphere of Halifax as in most parts of the world; many of its inhabitants are intelligent and moral; and not a few, I trust, conscientious followers of the Son of God."

Some of Marsden's experiences in Halifax were less pleasant.

"During my stay in Halifax I had an opportunity

of visiting several deserters, under condemnation for leaving their posts and firing at the party sent to pursue them; when I first entered the guard house prison, I observed one of them had a paper in his hand, which he was reading with great earnestness, I requested to see it and found that it contained a prayer——”

“Having sat up with them all the night previous to their execution I attended them early next morning to the fatal spot; and * * * * they died with a humble reliance on the mercy of Christ.”

His artless words throw a grim light on a typical tragedy, the condemned cell, and the fusillading of the deserter.

One of our most famous visitors was young Tom Moore, fresh from his Anacreontic successes as “Little.” In 1803-4, he made a visit to America which lasted about fourteen months. I have found only scanty traces of the impression made on his mind by this part of the world. On Sept. 16, 1804, he wrote to his beloved mother an ecstatic letter from Windsor.

“I arrived at Halifax last Tuesday week, after a passage of thirteen days from Quebec. . . . Well, *dears of my heart*, here I am at length, with the last footsteps upon American ground, and on tiptoe for beloved home once more. Windsor, where I write this, is between thirty and forty miles from Halifax. I have been brought hither by the governor of Nova Scotia, Sir J. Wentworth, to be at the first examination of a new university they have founded. This attention is as you may suppose, very singular and flattering; indeed where have I failed to meet cordiality and kindness?”

His delight at the prospect of returning home found also poetical expression.

To The Boston Frigate, on leaving Halifax for England, October, 1804.

"With triumph this morning, O Boston I hail
The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,
For they tell me I soon shall be wafted in thee
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
And that chill Nova Scotia's unpromising strand
Is the last I shall tread of American land."

Evidently he doted on our very absence. King's College has a memento of his visit in the shape of a book with his autograph in it. I have also seen his opinion of the Windsor road.

The next witness is a Scottish statistician, who is opposed to land speculators directing emigration towards the United States. He thinks British North America a better place to go to, "infinitely more valuable than any of our other possessions," with the possible exception of New Holland and Van Dieman's Land. In 1828, J. McGregor published in London a small book on the maritime colonies of Great Britain, which he followed up later with a more elaborate treatise. He has his opinions of Halifax as a distributing centre, and of Halifax people.

"There are certain points on the face of the globe, which, by their position, seem intended by nature for the site of great storehouses, or places wherein to deposit the productions of one country, for the purpose of distributing them again to other. With respect to British America, Halifax must doubtless be considered the best place of deposit to answer all general purposes, especially during the winter months. There is much activity observed, particularly about the wharves and vessels, among all classes connected or employed in trade. During the last war the vessels and property captured from the enemy on the coast of America, were sent into Halifax for condemnation. At

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The Church of Saint Paul and the Parade Ground.

I. The Printing House.

Serres pinx.

R. Short, delint.

Jno. Foyeron, sculp.

Published 25th April, 1777



The Town and Harbor of Halifax, looking down Prince Street.

On opposite shore the Eastern Battery, George and Cornwallis Islands, Thrum-Cap, etc.
to the Sea off Chebucto Head.

Serres pinx.

R. Short, delint.

Jas. Mason, sculp.

Pub. 25th April, 1777.



this period money was exceedingly abundant; everyone who possessed common sagacity accumulated considerable sums, and Halifax became the theatre of incessantly active enterprise, and commercial speculations. But the merchants and traders, as well as others, became at the same time so far intoxicated with, or lured by, the gains of the moment, that they apparently forgot, or at least did not stop to consider, that according to the common order of things, a change would inevitably take place that would speedily destroy the then sources of their wealth. They accordingly entered into imprudent speculations, and launched into a most splendid style of living. The peace crushed both and opened their eyes. Since then trade has been established on a more regular system, and Halifax is, at the present time, in as prosperous a condition as any town in America."

The Scottish caution so plainly observable in the foregoing statements makes them all the more valuable. In what follows, we must remember, that "respectable" is a term of high praise in Scotland, at least before Carlyle poured the vials of his scorn upon it.

"The state of society in Halifax is highly respectable; and in proportion to the population, a much greater number of well-dressed and respectable-looking people are observed, than in a town of the same size in the United Kingdom. This is indeed peculiar to all the towns in America, and may readily be accounted for, from there being few manufacturers, or few people out of employment, and the labouring classes living chiefly in the country. The officers of the Government, and of the Army and Navy, mix very generally with the merchants and gentlemen of the learned professions; and from this circumstance, the first class of society is more refined than might otherwise be expected. The style of living, the hours of

entertainment, and the fashions are the same as in England. Dress is fully as much attended to as in London; and many of the fashionable sprigs who exhibit themselves in the streets of Halifax, and indeed in lesser towns in America might even in Bond Street be said to have arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of dandyism."

The year 1828 saw also the most famous of all "dandy" novels, Lord Lytton's "Pelham," so mercilessly chaffed by Carlyle and the wits of Fraser's Magazine. It was the "Age of Dandies." McGregor continues:

"The amusements of Halifax are such as are usual in the other towns in the North American provinces; in all which, assemblies, pic-nics, amateur theatricals, riding, shooting, and fishing form the principal sources of pleasure.

"The markets are abundantly supplied with all kinds of butcher's meat and other eatables;.... The fish market is the best supplied of any in America. I have heard it said, of any in the world. Fishes of different kinds, and of excellent quality, are brought by the boats fresh every morning from the sea, and none else is suffered to be exposed."

II.

For 157 years Halifax has had a garrison of British regulars. Almost every famous regiment on the Army list has lain in Halifax barracks, and many famous officers, from Wolfe and Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, to Captain Hedley Vicars. British officers are, in the main, as fine types of manhood as can be found; but there are also curious exceptions. One was Captain Moorsom of the 52nd, which was here in 1830, with the laurels still fresh which it won in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. If Captain Moorsom was not the original of Lord Dundreary, or

Captain de Wellington Boots, his style of writing does him gross injustice. But it was the Age of Dandies, and he represents the military puppy of the period.

In 1830, he published in London, his "Letters from Nova Scotia," one of the most amusing books, unconsciously amusing, ever written. Howe scored it once in a lecture.

Moorsom notices the endemic "scarlet fever" which has always prevailed in Halifax, and some of its disastrous effects.

"Since the settlement of the town on the present site in the year 1749, its population has increased to nearly 14,000 souls. The garrison forms about one-eighth of this population, and of course materially influences the tone of society. A young officer in whose head conceit has not effected a lodgment, from the specimen of military life he may just have tasted in England, stands every chance of undergoing a regular investment, siege, and assault from this insidious enemy on joining his corps in Halifax. He finds himself at once raised to a level above that accorded to the scarlet cloth at home—his society generally sought, frequently courted, and himself esteemed as a personage whose opinions are regarded with no little degree of attention. The causes of this are various."

More than twenty years later, Lt. Col. Sleigh of the 77th noted the same thing.*

"I must confess—and I do it with great regret, as one who has served for many years in the army,—that officers in the Colonies often assume the most abominable airs of self importance. Detached in out of the way localities, the red coat is a passport to any

*Pine Forests and Hackmatack Clearings; or Travel, Life, and Adventuring in the British American Provinces. London, 1853. Page 26.

society, and the officers are *par excellence* the lions of the day. This spoils the weak-minded people of "the cloth;" and attributing the attention they receive to other than the real kindly feeling of colonial hospitality, they look down upon all around, and fancy themselves for a time "monarchs of all they survey." This has tended much to exclude them from the houses of many families, who cannot and will not perceive any superiority in these gentlemen, to their own educated and accomplished sons. Nothing has such a beneficial advantage upon young officers, as when their regiments return to England, their being quartered in large cities and towns. They at once find their proper states, and are no longer the only people of importance who inhale the same atmosphere."

Lt. Col. Sleigh (retired) had his own grievance against young officers: One whom he met at Windsor had exhibited the "self-importance" he complains of; but other observers will agree with him.

Captain Moorsom thinks Haligonians are much like English people, but more like the Irish; society is not stiff or formal.

"There are many spots in this province, to which, if one of our countrymen were suddenly transported, he would not immediately perceive any dissimilarity to Great Britain, and more especially to parts of Ireland. The universal wooden house, in place of more solid materials, and the absence of hedges in the cultivated tracts, are the most striking changes. Let him be placed in the midst of the party at the Governor's weekly *soirée*—he would not conceive himself to be elsewhere than in some English provincial town, with a large garrison. In fact there cannot be any town out of Great Britain where this similiarity is so complete as at Halifax; for at least one-half the circle of society consist of those who are

not natives, and the other half are the immediate descendants of the same."

The later half of that sentence sounds like an Irish bull; two meanings may be taken from it. "To learn the popular characteristics," says Captain Moorsom, "you must go into the country." The tone of Halifax society does not entirely please his fastidious taste.

"The winter is here, as in other places, the season for gaiety similar to that we find prevalent elsewhere in the shape of dinner and evening parties, rational and irrational; festive, sober, and joyous; insipid, dull and stupid. How far individual *gout*, or rather *dégout*, may act to give a jaundiced eye, I know not; but it seems to me, the general tone of these social meetings indicates a stage of luxury rather than of refinement,—of mere gaiety, rather than its combination with that intellectual foundation which renders such gaiety truly delightful. How often has this view caused me to regret, that the good material I see abundant in some respects should in others be clouded by neglect, or even choked by the weeds of its own luxuriance. The exquisite powers of musical concert, and of all that has been so emphatically comprised by Hannah Moore under the term Conversation, are here almost unknown, and, except in one or two solitary instances, hardly attempted. The data in fact are wanting; the dawn of cultivated education has hardly yet risen upon the province; and its first ray has glanced on the soil, almost as soon as the soil itself was prepared to receive its vivifying influence.

"We must not expect to meet in young countries with that cultivation—" but is there any need to finish the sentence? Canadians are fairly familiar with that "young country" idea, the mental attitude, and the very tone that go with it.

The truth is that Captain Moorsom of the 52nd has a more Johnsonian style, an insufferable air of pomposity and affectation. He quotes French like

one of Ouida's heroes, and peppers his page with bits of cheap Latin. Here is a specimen of what he calls "plain English." He wants to say that the Halifax girls think too much of accomplishments, drawing, music, and so on.

"In plain English, those accomplishments which should be pursued (keeping in view the state of the country) but as lighter auxiliaries, that enable us more pleasurably to unbend during our hours of relaxation are regarded too much as the *ultima Thule* of attainment, to the proportional neglect of all those exercises more peculiarly adapted for enlarging the mental capacity, and for rendering us beings in every sense of the word, rational. The literary emporia of the town but too clearly bear evidence to the same fact. A few law and school books fill the catalogue, as do drawings and etchings the windows—of the solitary bookseller of Halifax. In vain do we inquire for some of those numberless sheets printed for the instruction of the juvenile, or for the standard works that assist in forming the more advanced mind: none such are to be procured, except by express commission to England; and the reason uniformly assigned us—We should find no sale for them.

The gallant captain's plain English is very much like Madame D'Arblay's in its later development, the style that Miss Barbara Pinkerton cultivated in her academy for young ladies on Chiswick Mall. Here is another specimen: (He wishes to say that there are no really good schools for girls in the province, and that this would keep good families from settling in the province.)

"These impediments in the way of education,—and especially of female education—are, in my opinion, one of the most solid objections that can oppose themselves to the influx of that class of emigrants most needed in the province,—those who compose the gentry at home. I speak here of the superior rather

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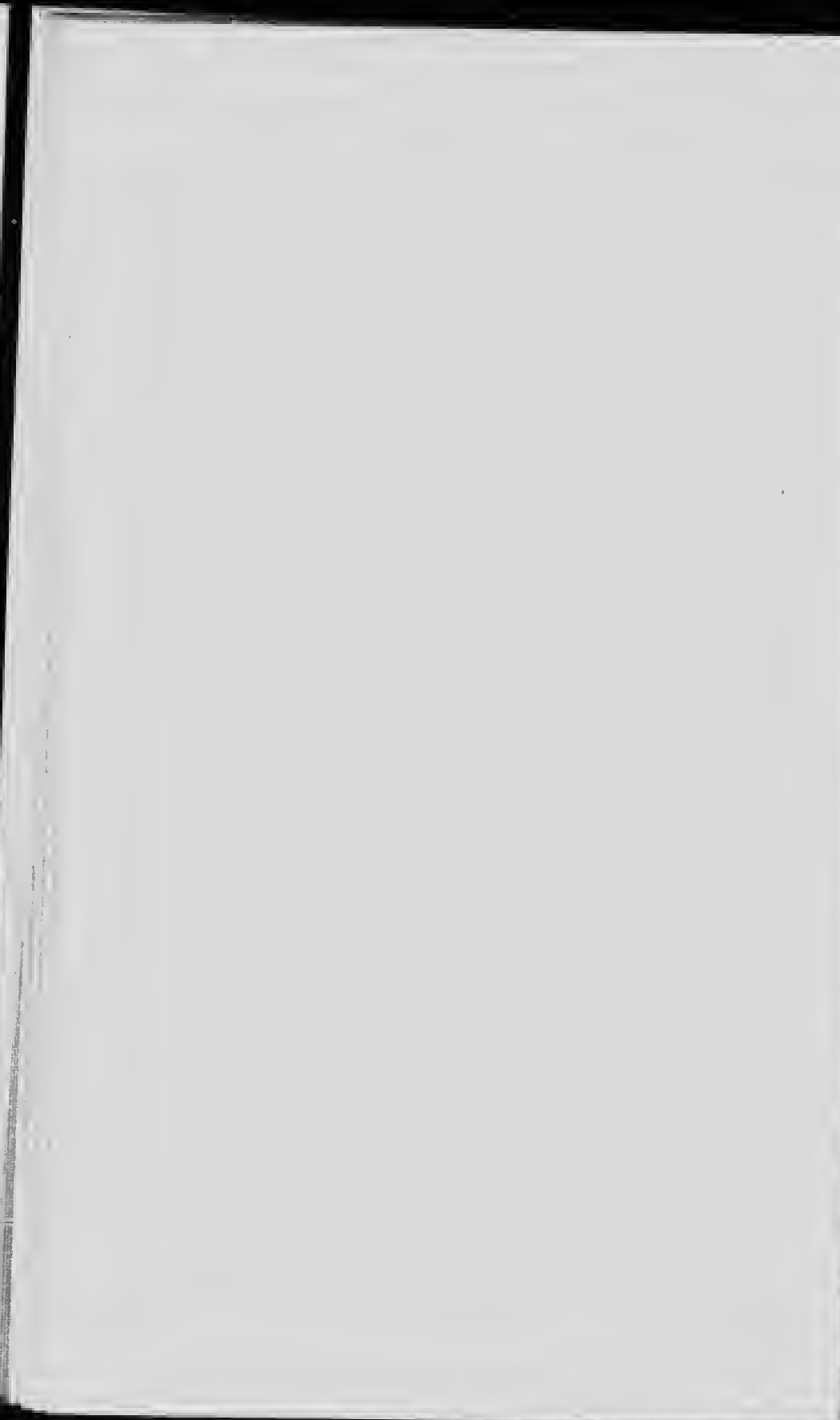


The Town of Halifax in Nova Scotia from Point Pleasant

HALIFAX FROM POINT PLEASANT. [From an old print.]



Tandem Club Assembling in front of Dalhousie College. [From an old print published and sold by C. H. Belcher.]



than of the elementary branches of instruction; not that the former can be properly attained without the latter as a foundation, but that the elements are already to be found in a preparatory collegiate establishment at Windsor, and under the auspices of an English lady and her family, whom the exertions of a distinguished member of the provincial community have happily induced to settle lately at Halifax."

Halgionian hospitality meets with Captain Moorson's distinguished approval, though with reservations.

"It is not the fault of the inhabitants if Halifax be not a pleasant quarter for a stranger, and particularly for a military stranger. Hospitality, unbounded in comparison with that which such a person will experience in England, is offered for his acceptance; and if he is not fastidious, he may quickly enjoy the pleasures of a small society, unfettered by that ceremonious restraint which frequently becomes an annoyance in the intercourse of larger ones."

He seems to think that we are rather free and easy, but charitably makes allowances and excuses.

"The general tone of intercourse is somewhat analogous to that we meet with in Ireland; it is in fact such as naturally prevails where the circle is not very extended,—where the individual members have been long acquainted and where military have long been stationed with few internal changes. On the Englishman, especially if he have not previously travelled, the earlier impressions will probably be unfavorable; he will at least be surprised at the apparent familiarity subsisting between those whom at home we should consider all but strangers. The impression will not continue when he becomes more conversant with the circumstances out of which it has arisen. He is introduced as a perfect stranger to Mr.—; two hours afterwards, he meets the same gentleman in the street, the drawing-room or

elsewhere; he is surprised to find himself recognized by a cordial shake of the hand, accompanied with the air and manner of an old acquaintance. He will soon learn, that while in England the manual salutation reserves itself for expressing as plainly as a sign can speak, "Here's a hand, my trusty friend," in America, it is also commonly used to express, "How do you do, sir?" And a return to his hotel, after the temporary absence of a day or two, would ensure the equally cordial grasp of his host. I remember being excessively flattered on evening at the hand of a young lady, proffered evidently without art or affectation on our second meeting or thereabouts; but then I had only been a short time in the country."

His account of the amusements current in Halifax in the twenties of the last century is unconsciously amusing. He lards his page with cheap scraps of foreign languages, like one of Ouida's guardsmen.

"There are no regular public assemblies in Halifax. A theatre conducted by amateurs, is opened five or six times during the season; but a dearth of female performers renders it not peculiarly attractive. Quadrille cards have lately been issued every fortnight by one of the regiments in garrison, and have been received in the light they have been intended—as an earnest of social harmony and amusement.

"Picnic parties in summer, and sleighing excursions in winter, complete the scale of *divertissemens*. The latter are peculiar to the climate. The quantity of snow that falls in the course of the winter, and remains on the ground without being carried off by the mild intermittent weather we experience during the same period in England, forms, when trodden down, a road almost equal to the finest railway. The snow then becomes sufficiently firm for the grasp of the horse's hoof when rough-shod, and yet so soft as to prevent any injury arising from too rapid action; friction is reduced almost to its minimum, and vehicles

in the form of a phaeton, tilbury or even chariot and coach, mounted on a sort of broad skate, which extends the whole length of the carriage on each side in the place of wheels, glide over these roads with far more ease than is afforded by the famed McAdam. Whenever a fine day and a well-formed road combine their attractions,—from a dozen to twenty members of the sleigh club may be seen with tandem, pair, four-in-hand, or postilions à l' *Anglaise*, first making a tour of the streets to the open-mouthed admiration of all the little truant ragamuffins, and then dashing out of town along the fine "bason road" to partake of a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at some country inn a few miles off. Each *preux chevalier* is accompanied by the lady of his choice, while some in double sleighs are so unconscionable as to monopolize three or four. The only *sine qua non* of propriety seems to be that the *signorine* shall be matronized by some one. Strange as it may appear, while hosts of the *unqualified* are ready to the moment, matronly volunteers are rarely to be found; and the one who is eventually pressed into the service usually finds her numerous charge as perfectly beyond all control as the necessity for such control is perfectly trivial."

His detailed description of coasting is equally amusing but too long to quote. Pompous as his style is, Captain Moorsom is really well informed and desirous of explaining Nova Scotia to the people of England. His work is really an important study of our province and our people from the British officer's point of view, when the nineteenth century was young.

The mental attitude of the New Englanders towards Nova Scotia in the early part of the nineteenth century is not less remarkable. To them it was the "Tory" province, the refuge of the hated Loyalists; Halifax was Anathema Maranatha. In derision of "Tory" privations, they nicknamed the province "Nova

Scarcity." The earliest mouthpiece of these ideas is a Mrs. Williams, who in 1841 published a novel called "The Neutral French," *dealing with the expulsion of the Acadians. She drew her material from Haliburton's newly published history and her book had in turn its influence upon Longfellow's *Evangeline*. The happy state of the Acadians is like the first state of Auburn; mottoes, illustrations and ideas being borrowed from Goldsmith's famous poem. Some passages from her introduction are illuminating.

"Perhaps there is not a place on the habitable globe, where the foot of civilization ever trod, of which mankind in general have such an erroneous idea as the province of Nova Scotia, or New Scotland. Within a very few years, indeed, it has been a more fashionable trip than formerly. The few strangers who go there, however, usually go by water to Halifax, and back again, during the period of mid-summer, and generally know as much about the country after their return as before they started.

"With the exception of its inhabitants, or rather the more cultivated and intellectual part of them, who have the taste to admire the beauties of natural scenery, patience to investigate, and judgment to appreciate its internal riches and immense resources, and a few casual visitors from the mother country, and the knowledge possessed by the banished Acadian, Nova Scotia has as yet been an unknown land, a place which the ignorant of every country seem to

*The Neutral French; or The Exiles of Nova Scotia, by Mrs. Williams, Author of "Religion at Home," "Revolutionary Biography" etc., etc. Two Volumes in One. Providence. Published by the Author." (N. D.) It is dedicated to the Hon. John Fairfield. Preface, I-X; Introduction, 11-79. Vol. I. pp. 81-238; tail pieces, new title page; Vol. II, pps. 103. Appendix, Letters of Winslow, etc., pp. 105-109. Illustrations, amusements of the Acadians, from some edition of "The Deserted Village." Described from the copy in the Legislative Library, Halifax.

consider as the extremity of the north pole, and hence the saying, "cold as Nova Scotia," "barren as Nova Scotia;" and when some poor houseless vagabond is seen to pass, that "he looks as though he were bound to Nova Scotia;" or of some hardened villian who is a nuisance to the community, that "he ought to be banished to Nova Scotia."

"Even in this enlightened age, when the facilities of travelling and voyaging have brought us nearer and made us familiar with almost every people under heaven, the ignorant prejudice respecting this province still remains; and the bare mention of it in most companies, will set their teeth to chattering.

"Whether the word Nova, (new,) being translated *north*, which we are confident it very generally is, is the cause of the chilling associations connected with it, we are unable to say. Perhaps the stern despotism which has been always exercised there, since the English sat foot upon the soil, has had its share in producing them.

"The memory of the thousands of our brave countrymen who have perished in the dungeons and prisonships at Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, during the war of the Revolution, is yet rife in the mind of every American; and there is nothing in prison discipline remembered with so much abhorrence; unless it is the accaldama of Dartmoor, or the black-hole of Calcutta.

"The enactment of the cruelties practised in Nova Scotia, however, towards the French or our own helpless citizens, has not made the place bleak or sterile. The grandest scenes in nature have sometimes been the theatre of the most horrible tragedies; and though, by association, they may in a measure lose their charms, yet the face of the country is not changed; and this province is, for the most part, eminently beautiful in its scenery."

After all allowances for the bitterness of the time are made, the general character of Mrs. William's views would seem to be based on strong tradition. British soldiers and sailors were treated harshly by their own governments and it is not likely prisoners would be much regarded. There seems to be no corresponding tradition at Halifax. The Halifax people did give subscription balls for the benefit of prisoners of war. The notion that the "despotism" and "cruelty" of England had *not* altered the scenery is interesting.

A. MACMECHAN.

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THE TOWN AND HARBOR OF HALIFAX IN NOVA SCOTIA.
 As appears from George Island, looking up to the King's Yard and Basin.
 Serres, pin. Jas. Mason, Sulp. R. Short, delin't.



PART OF THE TOWN AND HARBOR OF HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA,
 Looking down George Street to the opposite shore called Dartmouth.
 Serres, pin. R. Short, delin't, Jas. Mason, sulp.
 1. King's Yard. 2. Barracks, 3. Printing House.

Halifax in Books.

(Concluded.)

III.



“ALL sailors agree that Halifax is one of the most delightful ports in which a ship can anchor. Everybody is hospitable, cheerful, and willing to amuse and to be amused.”

The opinion from *Peter Simple* is endorsed by a much later visitor, Mr. W. Fraser Rae in his *Newfoundland to Manitoba*, (1881.) He has also a good word for the Halifax Club. Captain Marryatt was for years on this station and thought well of his head-quarters. It was on board the *Sauglier* frigate in Halifax harbour that Captain Kearney “fell back and expired, having, perhaps, at his last gasp, told the greatest lie of his whole life. “I once knew a man—to live with—the rattle in his throat—for six weeks.”

Halifax was also once honored by the presence of that ornament to the service, Mr. Frank Mildmay. He came from Bermuda in a schooner with a drunken skipper and crew that piled her up on Cornwallis (now McNab's) Island. He calls Halifax “this paradise of sailors,” and according to his own account, did great execution among the Halifax girls.

“The frigate I was to join came into harbor soon after I reached Halifax. This I was sorry for, as I found myself in very good quarters. I had letters of introduction to the best families. The place is

proverbial for hospitality; and the society of the young ladies who are both virtuous and lovely, tended in some degree to polish the rough and libertine manners which I had contracted in my career.

"I was a great flirt among them and would willingly have spent more time in their company. . . ."

"When the ship was ordered to Quebec. . . I ran round to say adieu to all my dear Acadian friends. A tearful eye, a lock of hair, a hearty shake of a fair hand, were all the spoils with which I was loaded when I quitted the shore, and I cast many a longing, lingering look behind, as the ship glided out of the harbour; white handkerchiefs were waved from the beach, and many a silent prayer for our safe return was put up from snowy bosoms and from aching hearts. I dispensed my usual quantum of vows of eternal love, and my departure was marked in the calendar of Halifax as a black day, by at least seven or eight pairs of blue eyes."

It was also at Halifax that Mr. Mildmay encountered Sir Hurricane Humbug and his biological experiments. Here the ladies from Philadelphia paid their memorable visit to the man-o'-war, and Miss Jemima got the white paint on the "western side" of her gown. What gives additional interest to these passages is that "Frank Mildmay" is Frederick Marryatt himself.

A much more famous novelist was Charles Dickens, who spent a day here in 1842. He left Liverpool in January, 1842, in the Cunarder *Britannia*, an old-fashioned three-masted paddle-steamer. He had a very bad passage. The ship was crowded; both he and his wife were ill and very anxious. And when the *Britannia* was at the very mouth of the harbour and had taken on the pilot, she lost her way in the fog and went ashore in the Eastern Passage. These facts explain much of his delight on landing. But he had the further good fortune of falling into the hospitable

hands of "Joe Howe," whose kindness made his stay in our city memorable. The great novelist's impressions of Halifax were most favorable.

"I was dressing about half-past nine next day, when the noise above hurried me on deck. When I left it overnight, it was dark, foggy and damp, and there were bleak hills all round us. Now we were gliding down a smooth broad stream, at the rate of eleven miles an hour; our colors gaily flying; our crew rigged out in their smartest clothes; our officers in uniform again; the sun shining as on an April day in England; the land stretched out on either side, streaked with patches of snow; white wooden houses; people at their doors; telegraphs working; flags hoisted; wharfs appearing; ships; quays crowded with people; distant noises; shouts; men and boys running down steep places to the pier; all more bright and fresh and gay to our unused eyes than words can paint them. We came to the wharf paved with uplifted faces; got alongside, and were made fast, after some shouting and straining of cables; darted, a score of us, along the gangway, almost as soon as it was thrust out to meet us, and before it had reached the ship—and leaped upon the firm glad earth again.

"I suppose Halifax would have appeared an Elysium though it had been a curiosity of ugly dulness. But I carried away with me a most pleasant impression of the town and its inhabitants, and have preserved it to this hour. Nor was it with regret that I came home without having found an opportunity of returning thither, and once more shaking hands with the friends I made that day.

"It happened to be the opening of the Legislative Council and General Assembly, at which ceremonial the forms observed on the commencement of a new Session of Parliament were so closely copied, and so gravely presented on a small scale, that it was like

looking at Westminster through the wrong end of a telescope. The Governor, as her Majesty's representative, delivered what may be called the Speech from the Throne. He said what he had to say manfully and well. The military band outside the building struck up God Save The Queen with great vigour before His Excellency had quite finished; the people shouted; the in's rubbed their hands; the out's shook their heads; the Government party said there never was such a good speech; the Opposition declared there never was such a bad one; the Speaker and members of the House of Assembly withdrew from the Bar to say a great deal among themselves and to do a little; and in short, everything went on and promised to go on, just as it does at home upon like occasions.

"The town is built on the side of a hill, the highest point being commanded by a strong fortress, not yet quite finished. Several streets of good breadth and appearance extend from its summit to the waterside, and are intersected by cross streets running parallel to the river. The houses are chiefly of wood. The market is abundantly supplied; and provisions are exceedingly cheap. The weather being unusually mild at that time for that season of the year, there was no sleighing; but there were plenty of those vehicles in yards and by-places, and some of them, from the gorgeous quality of their decorations, might have "gone on" without alteration as triumphal cars in a melodrama at Astley's. The day was uncommonly fine; the air bracing and healthful; the whole aspect of the town cheerful, thriving and industrious."

Nine years later, another English visitor was taken in charge by Howe. This was James F. W. Johnston, Reader in Chemistry and Mineralogy in the University

*American Notes, cap. II., The Passage Out.

of Durham, with half an alphabet tacked to his name. He also came out in one of the original Cunarders, the *America*. In 1851, he published his "Notes on North America, Agricultural, Economical and Social," in two volumes. He is the first visitor who is also a man of science, a trained observer.

"The noble harbour of Halifax, in which all the navies of the world might securely float, is only one of the countless inlets and basins which the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, from Cape Canseau to the Bay of Fundy, everywhere presents. The jagged outline of this coast, as seen upon the map, reminds us of the equally indented Atlantic shores of Scandinavia; and the character of the coast, as he sails along it—the rocky surface, the scanty herbage, and the endless pine forests—recall to the traveller the appearance and natural productions of the same European country."

Mr. Johnston also observed faces.

"A European stranger, who, on landing in Halifax, looks for the sallow visage and care-worn expression which distinguish so many of the inhabitants of the Northern States of the Union, will be pleased to see the fresh and blooming complexions of the females of all classes, and I may say of almost all ages. Youth flourishes longer here, and we scarcely observe in stepping from England to Nova Scotia that we have as yet reached a climate which bears heavier upon young looks and female beauty than our own."

On the day he landed, Mr. Johnston was taken by Howe to a large picnic of the Roman Catholic schools on McNab's Island.

"I saw neither intoxication, nor disorder, nor rudeness, nor incivility anywhere. A little of the liveliness of the early French settlers probably clings to the modern Nova Scotian; but though there were many both Irish-born and of Irish descent among the

crowd, there was no shade of disposition to an Irish row."

Johnston noted with approval the tolerance that existed among the various religious bodies; and he was "both surprised and pleased to see a perfectly black man sitting in the box, as a juror," in the court "where the author of *Sam Slick* presided."

On Aug. 8, 1862, Professor Giovanni Capellini of the university of Bologna, left Liverpool on the *Asia* and reached Halifax on the 18th at 1 o'clock. He had letters ready for Italy and went ashore to find the post-office. He tried to visit the "museum of natural history," but it was in disorder. He met Mr. Willis who showed him his collection of shells "molluschi marini."

In his "Ricordi di un viaggio scientifico nell' America Settentrionale," (Bologna, 1867), he states that he ought to have been surprised at the aspect of the country; but, at the present time, as much as in the geological epochs, this part of the world is most like the northern part of the old continent. Granite hills and a vegetation like the north of Europe would make you think that you were in Norway or Scandinavia, as readily as in America. Halifax has 40,000 inhabitants, and is, for the most part built of wood. Although granite makes a good pavement, many of the streets are mire "fango," with only some paving-stones to cross on. The view of the city from the harbour is most charming "graziosissima," and no one would believe that these magnificent buildings which seem to be of granite could be devoured by the flames in a few hours. Capellini noticed also the wet mailbags from the wreck of the *Anglo-Saxon* being put on board here before the *Asia* proceeded to Boston.



HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, FROM THE BLUE BELL INN

Citadel and the Dartmouth side in the distance.

From an Engraving in the possession of the late T. B. Akin; copy by E. Bowman, in the possession of J. J. Stewart, Esq.



TOWN OF HALIFAX IN NOVA SCOTIA FROM MOUNT PLEASANT.

From an Engraving in the possession of the late F. B. Akin; copy by E. Bowman, in the possession of J. J. Stewart, Esq.



No English visitor disparages Halifax or Haligonians, but our visitors from the United States assume a patronizing attitude. One of the most amusing is Frederic S. Cozzens, who visited our city for his health in 1859. His sketchy book, "Acadia, or a Month with the Bluenoses," deserves to be better known. Cozzens finds it necessary to apologize for coming here. His remarks are curiously like those of Mrs. Williams of eighteen years before.

"That the idea of visiting Nova Scotia ever struck any living person as something peculiarly pleasant and cheerful is not within the bounds of possibility. Very rude people are wont to speak of Halifax in connection with the name of a place never alluded to in polite society—except by clergymen. As for the rest of the province, there are certain vague rumors of extensive and constant fogs, but nothing more. The land is a sort of terra incognita. Many take it to be part of Canada, and others firmly believe it is somewhere in Newfoundland."

His descriptions of what he saw and his comments thereon are the liveliest I have discovered.

IV.

"The city hill of Halifax rises proudly from its wharves and shipping in a multitude of mouse-coloured wooden houses, until it is crowned by the citadel. As it is a garrison town as well as a naval station, you meet in the streets red-coats and blue jackets without number; yonder with a brilliant staff rides Sir John Gaspard le Marchant, and here in a carriage is Admiral Fanshawe, C. B., of the *Boscawen* flag-ship. Everything is suggestive of impending hostilities; war in burnished trappings, encounters you at the street corners, and the air vibrates from time to time with bugles, fifes and drums. But oh! what a slow place it is! Even two Crimean regiments with

medals and decorations could not wake it up. The little old houses seem to look with wondrous apathy as these pass by, as though they had given each other a quiet nudge with their quaint old gables, and whispered "Keep still."

"I wandered up and down those old streets in search of something picturesque, but in vain; there was scarcely anything remarkable to arrest or interest a stranger. Such too, might have been the appearance of other places I wot of, if those staunch old loyalists had had their way in the days gone by!

"But the Province House, which is built of a sort of yellow sand-stone, with pillars in front, and trees around it, is a well-proportioned building, with an air of great solidity and respectability. There are in it very fine full-lengths of King George II., and Queen Caroline, and two full-lengths of King George III., and Queen Charlotte; a full-length of Chief Justice Haliburton and another full-length, by Benjamin West, of another chief-justice, in a red robe and a formidable wig. Of these portraits, the two first-named are the most attractive; there is something so gay and festive in the appearance of King George II., and Queen Caroline, so courtly and sprightly, so graceful and amiable, that one is tempted to exclaim: "Bless the painter! what a genius he had!"

"And now, after taking a look at Dalhousie College with the parade in front, and the square town-clock, built by his graceless Highness the Duke of Kent, let us climb Citadel Hill, and see the formidable protector of town and harbor. Lively enough it is, this great stone fortress, with its soldiers swarming in and out like bees, and the glimpses of country and harbor are surpassingly beautiful; but just at the margin of this slope below us, is the street, and that dark fringe of tenements skirting the edge of this

green glacis is, I fear me, filled with vicious inmates. Yonder, where the blackened ruins of three houses are visible, a sailor was killed and thrown out of a window not long since, and his shipmates burned the houses down in consequence; there is something strikingly suggestive in looking on this picture and on that.

"But if you cast your eyes over yonder magnificent bay, where vessels bearing flags of all nations are at anchor, and then let your vision sweep past and over the islands to the outlets beyond, where the quiet ocean lies, bordered with fog-banks that loom ominously at the boundary-line of the horizon, you will see a picture of marvellous beauty; for the coast scenery here transcends our own sea-shores, both in color and outline. And behind us again stretch large green plains, dotted with cottages, and bounded with undulating hills, with now and then glimpses of blue water; and as we walk down Citadel Hill, we feel half-reconciled to Halifax, its queer little streets, its quaint mouldy old gables, its soldiers and sailors, its fogs, cabs, penny and half-penny tokens, and all its little, odd, outlandish peculiarities. Peace be with it! after all, and it has a quiet charm for an invalid.

"The inhabitants of Halifax exhibit no trifling degree of freedom in language for a loyal people; they call themselves Haligonians." This title, however, is sometimes pronounced "'Alligonians," by the more rigid, as a mark of respect to the old country. But innovation has been at work even here, for the majority of Her Majesty's subjects aspirate the letter H. Alas for innovation! who knows to what results this trifling error may lead? When Mirabeau went to the French court without buckles in his shoes, the barriers of etiquette were broken down, and the Swiss Guards fought in vain.

"There is one virtue in humanity peculiarly grateful to an invalid; to him most valuable, by him most appreciated, namely, hospitality. And that the 'Alligonians are a kind and good people, abundant in hospitality, let me attest. One can scarcely visit a city occupied by those whose grandsires would have hung your rebel grandfathers (if they had caught them), without some misgivings. But I found the old Tory blood of three Halifax generations, yet warm and vital, happy to accept again a rebellious kinsman, a real live Yankee, in spite of Sam Slick and the Revolution.

"Let us take a stroll through these quiet streets. This is the Province House with its Ionic porch, and within it are the halls of Parliament, and offices of government. You see there is a red-coat with his sentry-box at either corner. Behind the house again are two other sentries on duty, all glittering with polished brass, and belted, gloved, and bayoneted, in splendid style. Of what use are these satellites, except to watch the building and keep it from running away? On the street behind the Province House is Fuller's American Book-store, which we will step into, and now among these books, fresh from the teeming presses of the States, we feel once more at home. Fuller preserves his equanimity in spite of the blandishments of royalty, and once a year, on the Fourth of July, hoists the "stars and stripes," and bravely takes dinner with the United States Consul, in the midst of lions and unicorns. Many pleasant hours I passed with Fuller, both in town and country. Near by, on the next corner, is the print-store of our old friends the Wetmores, and here one can see costly engravings of Landseer's fine pictures, and indeed whole portfolios of English art. But of all the pictures there was one, the most touching, the most suggestive. The presiding genius of the place, the unaccepted

Queen of this little realm was before me—Faed's Evangeline! And this reminded me that I was in the Acadian land! This reminded me of Longfellow's beautiful pastoral, a poem that has spread a glory over Nova Scotia, a romantic interest, which our own land has not yet inspired! I knew that I was in Acadia; the historic scroll enrolled and stretched its long perspective to earlier days; it recalled De Monts, and the La Tours; Vice Admiral Destourelle, who ran upon his own sword, hard by, at Bedford Basin; and the brave Baron Castine.

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"Let us visit the market-place. Here is Masaniello, with his fish in great profusion. Codfish, three-pence or four-pence each; lobsters, a penny; and salmon of immense size at six-pence a pound (currency), equal to a dime of our money. If you prefer trout, you must buy them of these Micmac squaws in traditional blankets, a shilling a bunch; and you may also buy baskets of rainbow tints from these copper ladies for a mere trifle; and as every race has a separate vocation here, only of the negroes can you purchase berries. This is a busy town, one would say, drawing his conclusion from the market-place; for the shifting crowd, in all costumes and in all colors, Indians, negroes, soldiers, sailors, civilians, and Chizzin-cookers, make up a pageant of no little theatrical effect and bustle. Again: if you are still strong in limb, and ready for a longer walk, which I, leaning upon my staff, am not, we will visit the encampment at Point Pleasant. The Seventy-sixth Regiment has pitched its tents here among the evergreens. Yonder you see the soldiers, looking like masses of red fruit amidst the spicy verdure of the spruces. Row upon row of tents, and file upon file of men standing at ease, each one before his knapsack, his little leather house-

hold, with its shoes, socks, shirts, brushes, razors, and other furniture open for inspection. And there is Sir John Gaspard Le Marchant, with a brilliant staff, engaged in the pleasant duty of picking a personal quarrel with each medal-decorated hero, and marking down every hole in his socks, and every gap in his comb, for the honor of the service. And this Point Pleasant is a lovely place, too, with a broad look-out in front, for yonder lies the blue harbor and the ocean deeps. Just back of the tents is the cookery of the camp, huge mounds of loose stones, with grooves at the top, very like the architecture of a cranberry-pie; and if the simile be a homely one, it is the best that comes to mind to convey an idea of those regimental stoves, with their seams and channels of fire, over which potatoes bubble, and roast and boiled send forth a savory odor. And here and there, wistfully regarding this active scene, amid the green shrubbery, stands a sentinel before his sentry-box, built of spruce-boughs, wrought into a mimic military temple, and fanciful enough, too, for a garden of roses. And look you now! If here be not *Die Vernon*, with "habit, hat and feather," cantering gayly down the road between the tents, and behind her a stately groom in gold-lace band, top-boots, and buck-skins. A word in your ear—that pleasant half-English face is the face of the Governor's daughter.

"The road to Point Pleasant is a favorite promenade in the long Acadian twilights. Midway between the city and the Point lies Kissing Bridge, which Halifax maidens pass over. Who gathers toll nobody knows, but I thought there was a mischievous glance in the blue eyes of those passing damsels that said plainly they could tell, an they would. I love to look upon those happy, healthy English faces; those ruddy cheeks flushed with exercise, and those well-

developed forms, not less attractive because of the sober-colored dresses and brown flat hats, in which, o' summer evenings, they glide towards the mysterious precincts of The Bridge. What a tale those old arches could tell? *Quien sabe?* Who knows?

But next to Kissing Bridge, the prominent object of interest, now, to Halifax ladies, is the great steamer that lies at the Admiralty, the Oriental screw-steamer *Himalaya*—the transport ship of two regiments of the heroes of Balaklava, and Alma, and Inkerman, and Sebastopol. A vast specimen of naval architecture; an unusual sight in these waters; a marine vehicle to carry twenty-five hundred men! Think of this moving town; this portable village of royal belligerents covered with glory and medals, breasting the billows. Is there not something glorious in such a spectacle? And yet I was told by a brave officer, who bore the decorations of the four great battles on his breast, that of his regiment, the Sixty-third, but thirty men were now living, and of the thirty, seventeen only were able to attend drill. That regiment numbered a thousand at Alma!"

On Sunday, our sentimental friend looked in at the R. C. chapel, and then went to see the usual tourist spectacle—the parade at the Garrison chapel.

"A bugle-call from barracks, or Citadel Hill, salutes us as we stroll towards the chapel, otherwise, Halifax is quiet, as becomes the day. Presently we see the long scarlet lines approaching, and presently the men, with orderly step, file from the street through the porch into the gallery and pews. Then the officers of field and line, of ordnance and commissary departments, take their allotted seats below. Then the chimes cease, and the service begins. Most devoutly we prayed for the Queen, and omitted the President of the United States.

"It was my fate to see next day a great celebration. It was the celebration of peace between England and Russia. Peace having been proclaimed, all Halifax was in arms! Loyalty threw out her bunting to the breeze, and fired her crackers. The civic authorities presented an address to the royal representative of Her Majesty, requesting His Excellency to transmit the same to the foot of the throne. Militia-men shot off municipal cannon; bells echoed from the belfries; the shipping fluttered with signals; and Citadel Hill telegraph, in a multitude of flags, announced that ships, brigs, schooners and steamers, in vast quantities, were below. Nor was the peace alone the great feature of the holiday. The eighth of June, the natal day of Halifax, was to be celebrated also. For Halifax was founded, so says the Chronicle, on the eighth of June, 1749, by the Hon. Edward Cornwallis (not our Cornwallis), and the 'Alligonians in consequence made a speciality of that fact once a year. And to add to the attraction, the Board of Works had decided to lay the corner-stone of a Lunatic Asylum in the afternoon; so there was no end to the festivities. And to crown all, an immense fog settled upon the city.

"Leaning upon my friend Robert's arm and my staff, I went forth to see the grand review. When we arrived upon the ground, in the rear of Citadel Hill, we saw the outline of something glimmering through the fog, which Robert said were shrubs, and which I said were soldiers. A few minutes walking proved my position to be correct; we found ourselves in the centre of a three-sided square of three regiments, within which the civic authorities were loyally boring Sir John Gaspard le Marchant and staff, to the verge of insanity, with the Address which was to be laid at the foot of the throne. Notwithstanding the despairing air with which His Excellency essayed to reply to

this formidable paper, I could not help enjoying the scene; and I also noted, when the reply was over, and the few ragamuffins near His Excellency cheered bravely, and the band struck up the national anthem, how gravely and discreetly the rest of the 'Alligonians in the circumambient fog, echoed the sentiment by a silence, that, under other circumstances, would have been disheartening. What a quiet people it is! As I said before, to make the festivities complete, in the afternoon there was a procession to lay the cornerstone of a Lunatic Asylum. But oh! how the jolly old rain poured down upon the luckless pilgrimage! There were the Virgins of Masonic Lodge No.—, the Army Masons in scarlet; the African Masons, in ivory and black; the Scotch piper Mason, with his legs in enormous plaid trousers, defiant of Shakespeare's theory about the sensitiveness of some men, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose; the Clerical Mason in shovel hat; the municipal artillery; the Sons of Temperance, and the band. Away they marched, with drum and banner, key and compass, *Bible* and sword, to Dartmouth, in great feather, for the eyes of Halifax were upon them."

Halifax has also found its way into modern fiction. Zangwill makes the hero of *The Master* a Nova Scotian and lays part of his scene in Halifax. After the descriptions of eye-witnesses, Zangwill's picture is an interesting example of what can be done by what Ruskin calls the constructive imagination.

"Halifax exceeded Matt's expectations." Matt is the hero of the story, the country boy of genius who becomes a great painter in London. His prototype is George Hutchinson, a Folly Village boy, whose father was master of a small vessel and was lost at sea.

"For the first time his soul received the shock of a great town or what was a great town to him. The picturesque bustle enchanted him. The harbour with its immense basin and fiords, swarming with ships

and boats, was an inexhaustible pageant, and sometimes across the green water came softened music from a giant iron-clad. High in the back-ground of the steep city that sat throned between its waters, rose forests of spruce and fir. From the citadel on the hill black cannon saluted the sunrise, and Sambro Head and Sherbrooke Tower shot rays of warning across the night. The streets throbbed with traffic and were vivid with the blues and reds of artillery and infantry. On the wharves of Water Street, which were lined with old shanties and dancing-houses, the black men sawed cord-wood, huge piles of which mounted skyward, surrounded by boxes of smoked herrings. On one of the wharves endless quintals of codfish lay a-drying in the sun. And when the great tide, receding, exposed the tall wooden posts, like the long legs of some many-legged marine monster, covered with black and white barnacles and slime of a beautiful arsenic green, the embryonic artist found fresh enchantment in this briny, fishy, muddy water-side. Then the Government House was the biggest and most wonderful building Matt had ever seen, and the fish, fruit and meat markets were a confusion of pleasant noises.

"In the newly opened Park on the "Point" the wives of the English officials and officers—grand dames who set the tone of the city—strolled and rode in beautiful costumes. Matt thought the detached villas in which they lived, with imposing knockers and circumscribing hedges instead of fences, were the characteristic features of great American cities. He loved to watch the young ladies riding into the cricket-ground on their well-groomed horses."—

It is "the same but not the same." Zangwill never saw Halifax and must have relied upon descriptions.

The latest traveller to "write up" Halifax is Mr. Douglas Sladen. He sets out with a fixed resolution to be pleased with everything Canadian; and,

he was most favourably impressed with Halifax at the end of the nineteenth century.

"Halifax is a beautiful place, a *rus in urbe*, a city full of turf and trees, clustered round the citadel as a mediæval town grew under the shelter of its castle. It has its citadel for a heart and the arms of the sea embrace it. It has a charmingly laid-out public park, yet more charmingly because it is not laid-out at all, but simply faithfully preserved Nature; and delightful villas embowered in the woody banks of The Arm. The city is enlivened, moreover, by naval and military pomp. Stately men-of-war ride in the harbour, while dashing sun-burned British officers and well set-up, scarlet-tunicked Tommy Atkinses capture the feminine hearts of their respective grades in society; for Halifax is as particular about its society as an English garrison town. We spent a day in Halifax to drive through its pleasant streets, admire its court-house and one or two other fine mansions, go over to the seat of the Provincial Legislature and Supreme Court, and wander reverently round its old church, full of monuments to young scion of noble English families, who died in what was then a distant and perilous service. The founders of Canada were literally men of the best blood in England; and though the Provincial Government is anything but enthusiastic in the matter of patriotism, Haligonians remind me with intense pride that the Knight of Kars and Sir Provo Wallis, and Stairs the companion of Stanley, were Nova Scotians; as was the founder of the Cunard Line." (*On The Cars And Off*, London, 1895.)

The finest thing ever said about Halifax is the shortest. In his "Song of the Cities," Mr. Kipling gives our town an honorable place.

"Into the mist my guardian prowls put forth,
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie;
The Warden of the Honour of the North,
Sleepless and veiled am I."

A. MACMECHAN.



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