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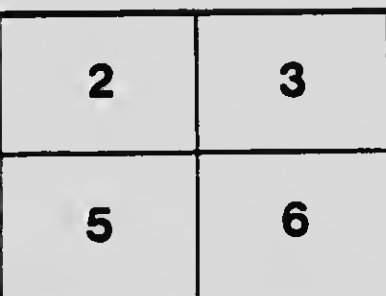
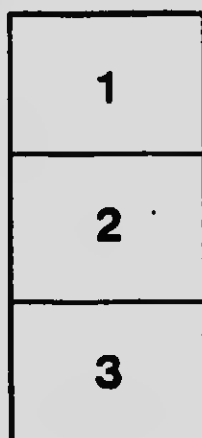
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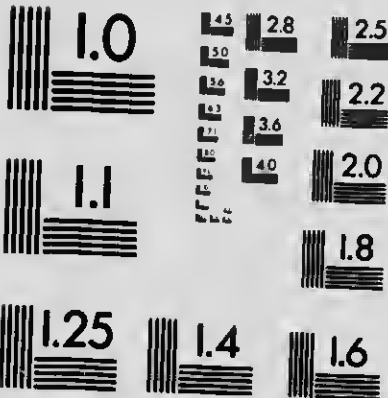
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The Warden of the Honour of the North



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General View of Halifax from George's Island



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Looking up George Street, showing St. Paul's Church and Citadel Hill

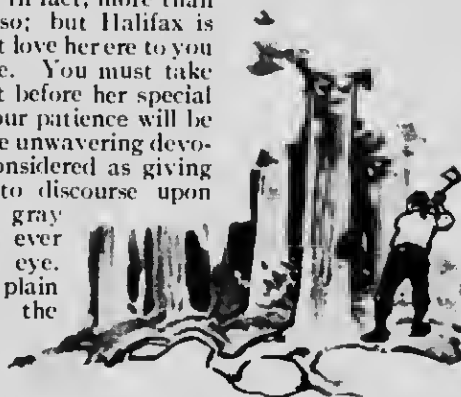
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"The Warden of the Honour of the North"

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

OF course, if history is a sealed book to you, and if you have no imagination, you may visit Westminster Abbey, the Forum, the Acropolis, the Holy City itself and remain unmoved. So, as a hasty tourist, you may dash through Halifax, and put yourself on record as having seen only a certain number of buildings much in need of paint and the scrubbing-brush. In fact, more than one sapient traveller has done so; but Halifax is like Wordsworth's poet: you must love her ere to you she will seem worthy of your love. You must take time to study and learn her past before her special charm becomes apparent, but your patience will be rewarded in the end. Perhaps the unwavering devotion of twenty years may be considered as giving the present writer some title to discourse upon those attractions of our old gray city by the sea, which must ever remain hidden from the casual eye.

One feature must be plain even to the least observant, the unmatched magnificence of the



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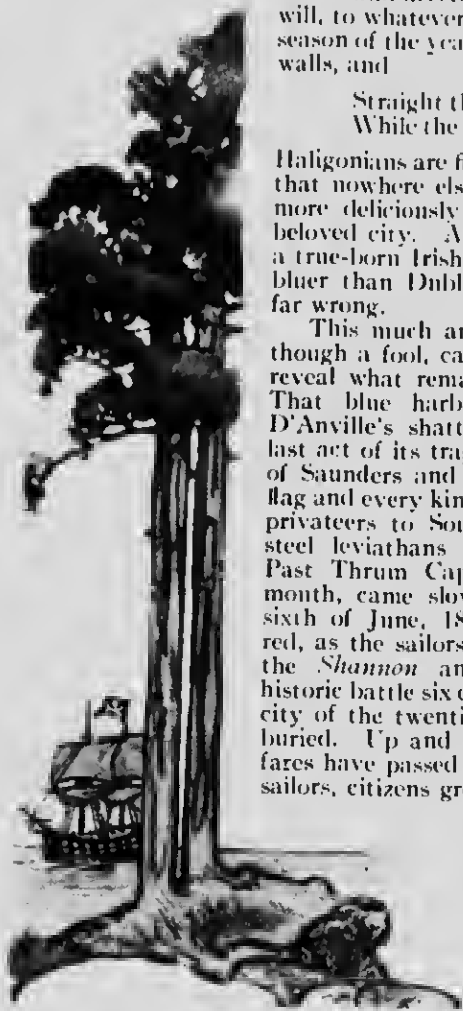
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setting. "Beautiful for situation"—the phrase of the Psalmist for his sacred city, fits the capital of the Mayflower Province. Before her feet lies the great, landlocked harbour, where the old three-deckers used to swing at their anchors; on her right hand extends the long picturesque ford we call the "Arm"; on her left is a second, inner haven, twenty miles in circuit, called Bedford Basin. In the very centre is the hill crowned with a citadel. From this point of vantage, you can see how the peaceful roofs huddle close around the base of the protecting stronghold, and how the dark blue water washes all sides of the triangular peninsula on which the city stands. No town in Canada has a finer park or more delightful walks and drives so near at hand, such ample accessible playgrounds for the health and diversion of its people. Look where you will, to whatever point of the compass, at whatever season of the year, from the walk around the citadel walls, and

Straight the eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures.

Haligonians are firmly persuaded in their own minds that nowhere else in the world are sky and water more deliciously blue than over and about their beloved city. As I have heard with my own ears a true-born Irishman confess that the harbour was bluer than Dublin Bay, perhaps they are not so far wrong.

This much any one, even the wayfaring man, though a fool, can see for himself. My task is to reveal what remains a secret to the eye of sense. That blue harbour once saw the remnant of D'Anville's shattered armada creeping in to the last act of its tragedy. It was alive with the sails of Saunders and Boscawen. It has floated every flag and every kind of craft from eighteenth-century privateers to Southern blockade-runners and the steel leviathans of modern war and commerce. Past Thrum Cap, the sand-spit at the harbour mouth, came slowly two frigates on Sunday the sixth of June, 1813, with their scuppers running red, as the sailors swabbed the decks. They were the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, after their historic battle six days before. Beneath the modern city of the twentieth century, an ancient city lies buried. Up and down these time-worn thoroughfares have passed thousands of dead men, soldiers, sailors, citizens great and small, empire-builders in their way; they did their work and took their wages. Sometimes they seem to the historic sense more real and living than those who tread the pavements to-day. Halifax owed its



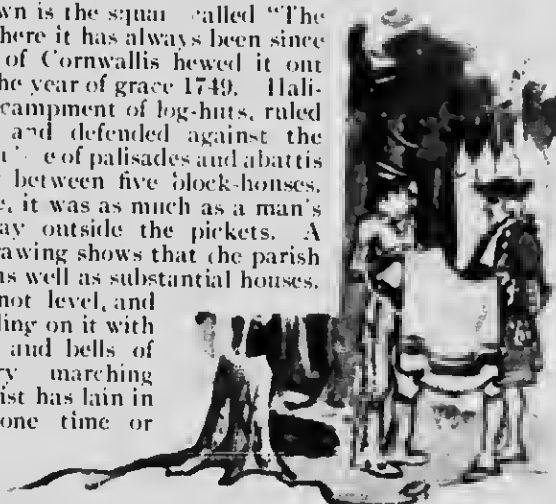
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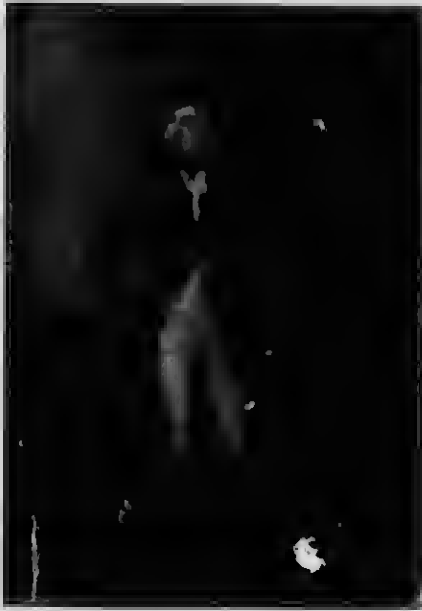
Prince Street, Halifax

existence to a military necessity. It was built and first settled by men from disbanded regiments and paid-off ships, which had just been fighting the nation's chivalrous battles in defence of Maria Theresa's queenly right. For a century and a half it was a garrison town and a naval station, and on its history the pageantry of war has left its ineffaceable mark.

It does not matter where you turn. The suggestion of the place begins to work at once. Here in the centre of the town is the square called "The Grand Parade," just where it has always been since the pig-tailed axemen of Cornwallis hewed it out of the spruce wood in the year of grace 1749. Halifax was then a rude encampment of log-huts, ruled by a British colonel, and defended against the French and Indians by a line of palisades and abattis of felled trees running between five block-houses. For ten years and more, it was as much as a man's life was worth to stray outside the pickets. A decade later, Short's drawing shows that the parish church had been built as well as substantial houses. The Parade is clear, if not level, and four companies are drilling on it with halberdiers, field guns and bells of arms. Almost every marching regiment on the army list has lain in Halifax barracks at one time or another and has



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The Duke of Kent

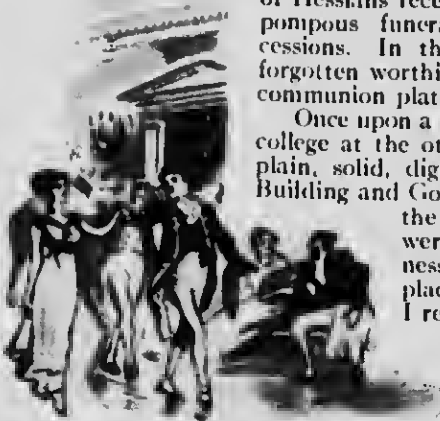
been put through its facings on this small plot of ground. In the olden days, the impressive ceremonial of guard mounting took place here every morning with the salute and troop before relieving. Now the band of the "Royal Canadians" plays for an hour on Saturday mornings, the last flash of the ancient military ritual which once brightened this historic spot with the bravery of martial scarlet and gold.

Along Argyle street there, sedan-chairs could once be had for hire. Sedan-chairs! the whole eighteenth century is in the word.

At the southern end of the Parade stands the old parish church of Saint Paul's, the oldest Protestant church in Canada, just where it has stood for a century and a half. The entrance has been changed about, the steeple has been rebuilt, wings and a

chancel have been added, but the original frame and design remain unaltered. It is essentially a London church of the eighteenth century, such as Sir Roger de Coverley rejoiced to see rising outside the city and such as Hogarth used to draw. It boasts a Royal foundation. Its walls are covered with marbles and brasses inscribed with the history of our old families. Two monuments came from the studios of Gibson and Chantrey. Here lies Sir John Harvey, the hero of Stoney Creek. The old church has seen strange sights in its time—a congregation of Micmac Indians hearing service in their own wild tongue, a whole battalion of Hessians receiving the communion at one time, pompous funerals, weddings, christenings, processions. In the entry hang the hatchments of forgotten worthies, rich in armorial devices. The communion plate dates from Queen Anne.

Once upon a time, the church was balanced by a college at the other end of the Parade. It was a plain, solid, dignified structure like the Province Building and Government House, and belonging to the same architectural era. Many were the scenes the old college witnessed before it moved away and gave place to our present Guildhall, which I refuse to characterize. Few institutions of learning began more auspiciously. The corner-stone



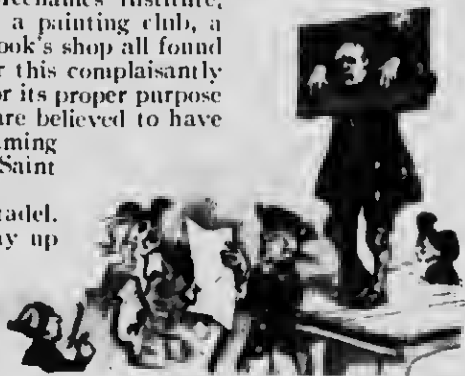
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Looking down George Street to Dartmouth

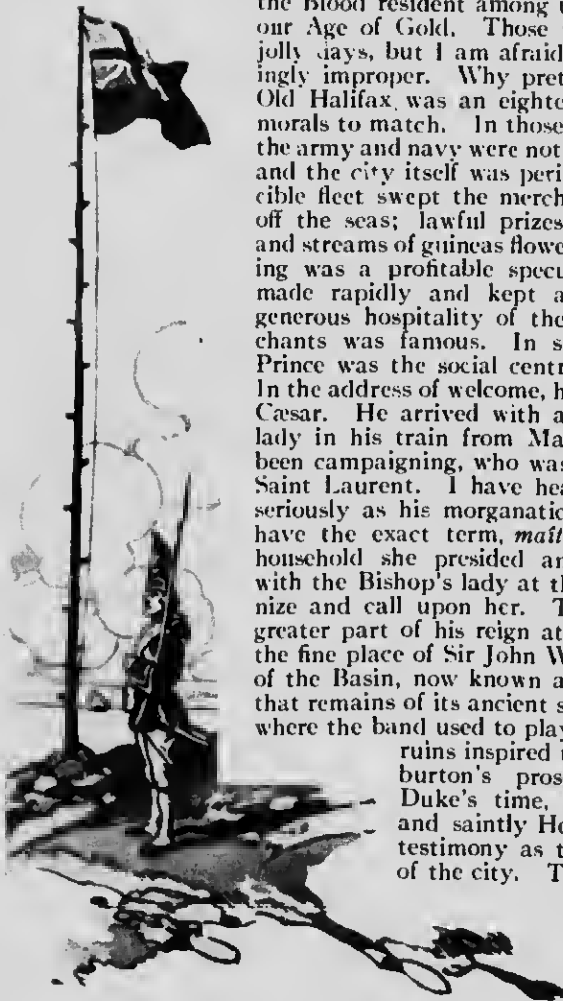
was laid by a Royal governor with most imposing ceremony. With colors flying and music playing, the red-coats made a lane from Government House to the Parade, through which passed the stately procession—His Excellency and his glittering staff, the civic magistrate, dignitaries of all sorts, officers of the army and navy, citizens. The Grand Master of the Free-Masons had his part. Prayers were said, the stone was lowered into its place and duly tapped with a silver trowel. Symbolic oil and corn and wine were poured out in pagan libation, speeches were spoken and so was Dalhousie College publicly instituted on May 22nd, 1820. For years it served all sorts of purposes, save the one for which it was designed. A museum, a debating-club, a Mechanics' Institute, a post-office, an infant school, a painting club, a cholera hospital and a pastry-cook's shop all found shelter at different times under this complaisantly hospitable roof. It was used for its proper purpose also; and the early collegians are believed to have sported the Scottish gown of flaming scarlet, now only to be seen at Saint Andrew's.

Looking west towards the Citadel, from the Parade, I see half-way up the steep hill, the clock-tower built by the Duke of Kent, to



STORIED HALIFAX

remind Haligonians, saith Dame Rumour, of the exact time of day. His office at headquarters, reporteth the same trusty gossip, was full of all varieties of clocks, watches, time-pieces, chronometers, horologes, sundials and hour-glasses, for the encouragement of punctuality in all and sundry with whom he had to do, military and civilians. In truth, His Royal Highness was a martinet formed in the hard old Prussian school, and a rigorous enforcer of discipline. When he took final leave of Halifax in 1800, he left eleven poor fellows under sentence of death for mutiny and desertion. Eight were reprieved under the gallows and three were hanged on it by the neck until they were dead. Altogether, he lived in Halifax for six years as commander of the forces; and this period, when we had a Prince of the Blood resident among us, is justly regarded as our Age of Gold. Those were very splendid and jolly days, but I am afraid that they were exceedingly improper. Why pretend or blink the facts? Old Halifax was an eighteenth century city with morals to match. In those high and far-off times, the army and navy were not exactly convent schools, and the city itself was perilously rich. The invincible fleet swept the merchantmen of our enemies off the seas; lawful prizes came in almost daily, and streams of guineas flowed like water. Privateering was a profitable speculation. Fortunes were made rapidly and kept as well as made. The generous hospitality of the old-time Halifax merchants was famous. In such a community, the Prince was the social centre and set the example. In the address of welcome, he was hailed as a second Caesar. He arrived with a very beautiful French lady in his train from Martinique, where he had been campaigning, who was known as Madame de Saint Laurent. I have heard her described quite seriously as his morganatic wife; but the French have the exact term, *maitresse en titre*. Over his household she presided and respectable Halifax, with the Bishop's lady at their head, had to recognize and call upon her. The Duke lived for the greater part of his reign at Friar Lawrence's Cell, the fine place of Sir John Wentworth on the shores of the Basin, now known as Prince's Lodge. All that remains of its ancient splendour is the rotunda where the band used to play on gala days; but the ruins inspired the finest page of Haliburton's prose. Years before the Duke's time, good Mr. MacGregor and saintly Henry Alleyne gave their testimony as to the moral condition of the city. To them it was the City of Destruction. No doubt the moralist



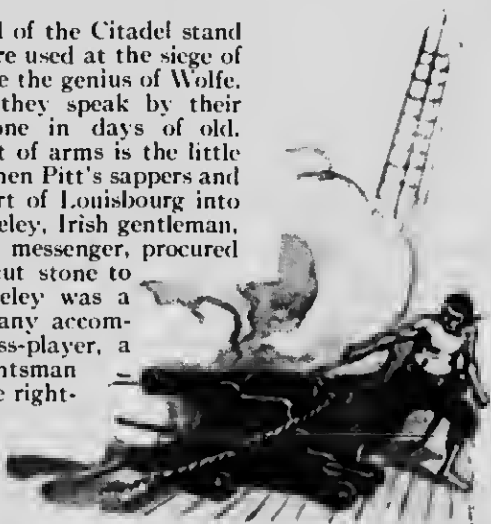
STORIED HALIFAX



Halifax Harbor and Town, as seen from Dartmouth

had cause to shake his head. At the same time, the balls, parties, levees, dinners, the Sunday reviews on the Common, the illuminations for great victories by sea and land, the feasting, the fighting, the raids of the press-gang, the constant military bustle in the streets, the coming and going of ships in the harbour, the prizes sold at the wharf had made life in this demure old town a brilliant, stirring spectacle down to the dramatic close of the great Napoleonic wars.

At the bee-hive-like portal of the Citadel stand two muzzled mortars that were used at the siege of Louisbourg, when it fell before the genius of Wolfe. Though mute now forever, they speak by their silence of the great deeds done in days of old. Another reminder of that feat of arms is the little hotel beside Saint Paul's. When Pitt's sappers and miners blew the great rampart of Louisbourg into the moat, Mr. Secretary Bulkeley, Irish gentleman, ex-dragon officer and King's messenger, procured him a shipload of the good cut stone to build this mansion. Bulkeley was a character, a little man of many accomplishments, an excellent chess-player, a fine horseman, and a draughtsman of no mean skill. He was the right-hand of Cornwallis in founding the city, and for years he managed it and the



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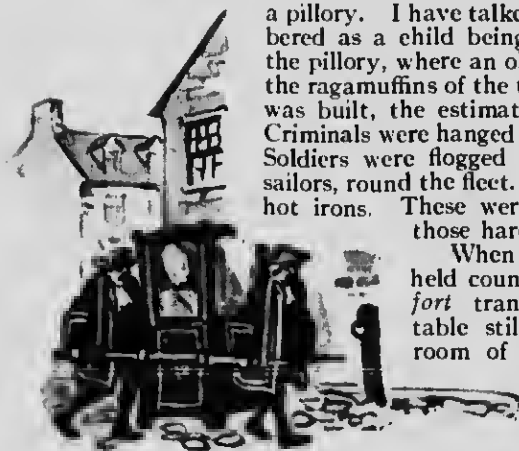


Halifax from St. George's Island, looking towards The Narrows

Province and the successive governors as they came, a quiet tactful power behind the throne. His hospitality was famous; the present hotel dining-room with its black marble mantel-piece from Louisbourg has seen Royal Princes and foreign potentates entertained with by-gone ceremony and splendour.

George street traverses the Parade and runs down to the market wharf. A fanciful view of Halifax "from ye topmast head" published in London in 1750, six months after its foundation, shows the waterside decorated with a gallows and a pillory. I have talked to an old lady who remembered as a child being hurried by her nurse past the pillory, where an old man stood to be pelted by the ragamuffins of the town. When the poor-house was built, the estimate included a whipping-post. Criminals were hanged in chains beside the harbour. Soldiers were flogged in the barrack square, and sailors, round the fleet. Thieves were branded with hot irons. These were the usual punishments of those hard old times.

When Cornwallis came first, he held council in the cabin of the *Beaufort* transport, round the long oak table still to be seen in the ante-room of the Council Chamber. By the middle of October, 1749, there was ready for



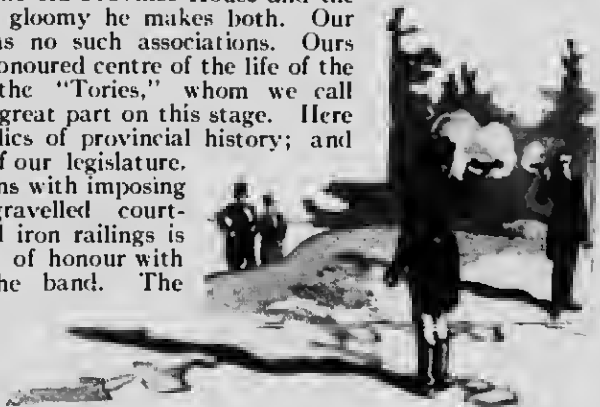
STORIED HALIFAX



Looking down Prince Street, Halifax

him a small, low building of one storey, the frame of which came from Boston. Eight or nine years later, it had given place to the rather fine two-storey building to be seen in Short's plate with a sentry-box at the gate and an original British Grenadier mounting guard. It was the official residence of the Governor and often the scene of high wassail in the olden time. The present House of Parliament dates from 1811 and cost £52,000. Government House was begun in 1800, but it was not "rendered habitable" until about five years later.

Perhaps some readers may remember Hawthorne's sketch of the old Province House and the old Tory and how gloomy he makes both. Our Province House has no such associations. Ours has ever been the honoured centre of the life of the community; and the "Tories," whom we call Loyalists, played a great part on this stage. Here are found many relics of provincial history; and here is the home of our legislature. The House still opens with imposing ceremony. The gravelled courtyard within the tall iron railings is filled with the guard of honour with the colours and the band. The Governor drives up under the thunder of a salute from

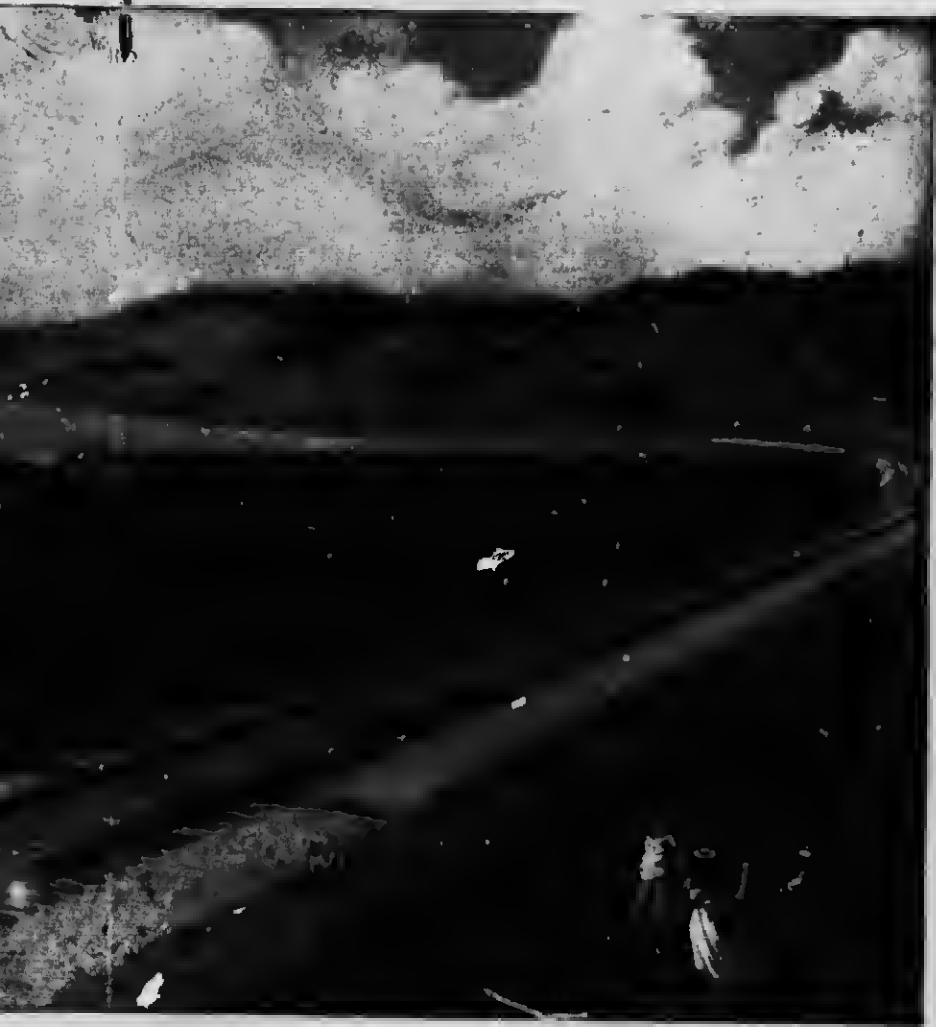




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the guns on the Citadel. Before entering, our ruler pauses on the low platform before the door, the band plays the opening bars of the National Anthem, and the soldiery present arms. In January, 1842, no less a personage than Charles Dickens, passenger on the Cunarder the *America*, was present at the ceremony and has recorded that it was "like looking at Westminster through the wrong end of a telescope."

Our local House of Lords is housed in the Council Chamber, a magnificent room which happily remains in its original state, unspoiled by modern improvements. Here danced the Prince of Wales in 1860; and here Sir John Thompson lay in state in a wilderness of flowers and greenery one day of January, 1901. This room is our local Valhalla or Westminster Abbey, containing portraits of the most distinguished sons of the Province: Sir Fenwick Williams, whose brilliant defence of Kars redeems Britain's part in the Crimea; Colonel John Inglis of the Rifle Brigade, who held Lucknow throughout the darkest days of the Mutiny, and Haliburton, who first brought Nova Scotia into literature. The portrait of Chief Justice Strange is by Benjamin West. There are also full-length portraits of George II. and George III. in royal robes, and their resplendent queens.

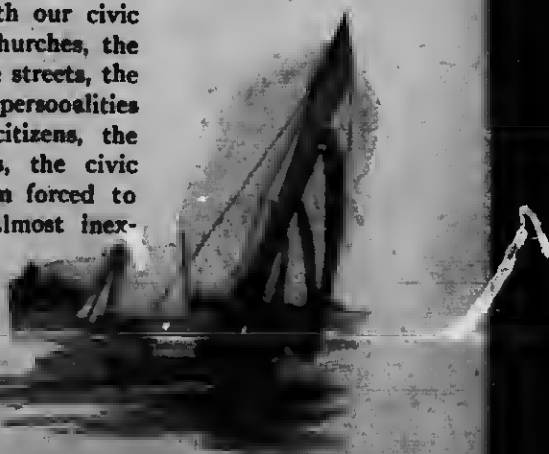
The library is another quaint room with its alcoves and gallery and tall windows facing the east. Here is preserved the "North Atlantic Neptune," the very charts that were once owned and used by Nelson himself. It was once the court-room and the scene of many trials. The first man to be tried in it was Richard John Uniacke for the fatal duel in which he shot William Bowie at the north government farm near the Lady Hammond Road. An old lady of my acquaintance remembered the seconds coming in the early morning to her father's house for pillows to put in the carriage which was to convey the wounded man to his home. Uniacke entered the court-room leaning on the arm of the father, the attorney-general of the Province, an aged giant of a man dressed in a snuff-coloured suit and carrying a seven-foot staff in his hand. He made a little speech to the judge and jury; it was in the laws of the code; and his son was

STORIED HALIFAX



The North West Arm

acquitted. Howe fought a duel near the Martello Tower, but no one was hurt. Here, too, were tried the wretched pirates of the *Saladin* for their stupid crime. A small full-length panel of the Duke of Keot in uniform decorates this room, together with portraits of distinguished Nova Scotians like Sir Samuel Cunard and Sir Provo Wallis, Admiral of the Fleet. All this does not begin to exhaust the historic significance of old Halifax. I have only walked in fancy down one short street and pointed to three or four old buildings closely bound up with our civic life. The associations of the other churches, the cemeteries, the forts, the environs, the streets, the public buildings, the dockyard, the personalities and achievements of distinguished citizens, the share of Halifax in the great wars, the civic jests and legends and anecdotes I am forced to leave untouched. My subject is almost inexhaustible; I have barely stirred the surface; I have merely hinted at the mines of interest in the past of Halifax.

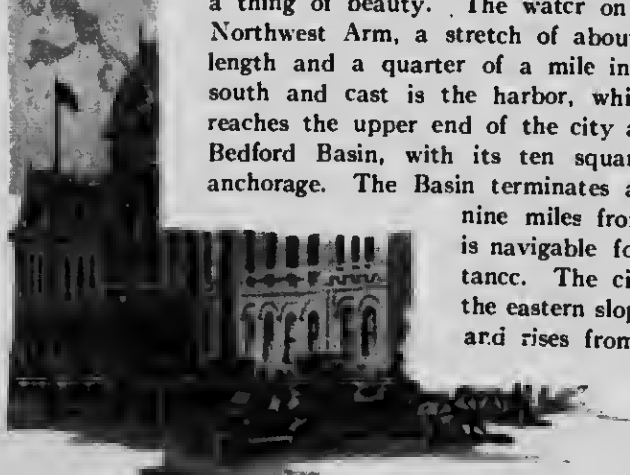


HALIFAX TO-DAY



HALIFAX TO-DAY

HALIFAX, the capital of Nova Scotia, with its splendid summer climate, ideal situation, noble harbour, and beautiful surroundings, has, for many years, been in great favour as a place of summer sojourn. The city occupies a commanding position on a rocky peninsula and was for long years the chief British military and naval station in America. Now it is garrisoned by Canadian troops and is no longer a rendezvous for war fleets, although it has been selected as the site for the Naval Academy to be established by the Canadian Government in accordance with the Canadian naval plans. The sea is before it robbed of all its terrors, appearing only as a thing of beauty. The water on the west is the Northwest Arm, a stretch of about three miles in length and a quarter of a mile in width. To the south and east is the harbor, which narrows as it reaches the upper end of the city and expands into Bedford Basin, with its ten square miles of safe anchorage. The Basin terminates at a distance of nine miles from the city, and is navigable for the whole distance. The city proper is on the eastern slope of the isthmus and rises from the water to a height of two hundred and



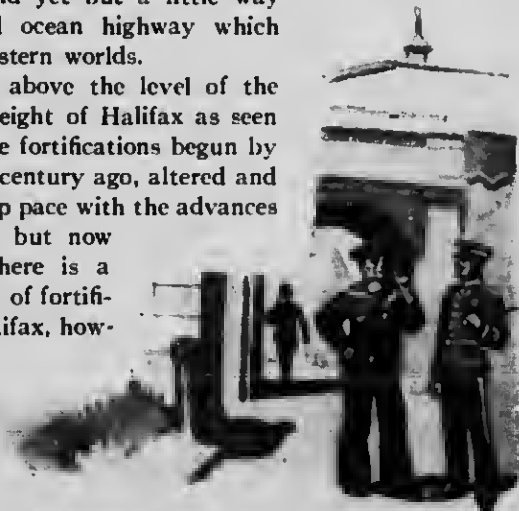
HALIFAX TO-DAY



Halifax from the Citadel

fifty-six feet at the Citadel. On the eastern side of the harbor is the town of Dartmouth. In the harbor and commanding all parts of it is the strongly fortified George's Island, while at the entrance, three miles below, is McNab's Island, which effectually guards the passage from the sea. The harbor is one of the finest in the world—a haven in which a thousand ships may rest secure, and yet but a little way removed from the broad ocean highway which unites the eastern and western worlds.

Citadel Hill, 250 feet above the level of the harbor, is the crowning height of Halifax as seen from the water. On it are fortifications begun by the Duke of Kent, over a century ago, altered and improved for a time to keep pace with the advances in the science of warfare, but now regarded as obsolete. There is a thoroughly modern system of fortifications in and around Halifax, however, the islands and prominent points of the shore being fully equipped for purposes



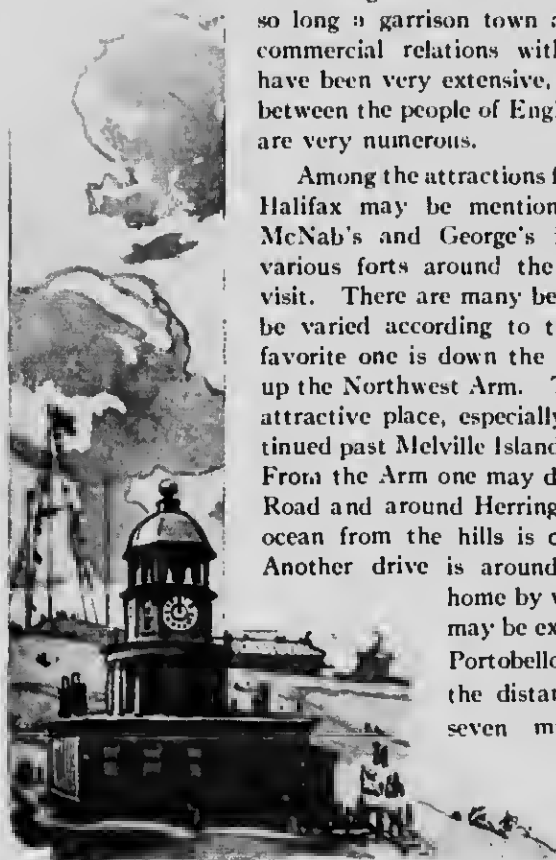
HALIFAX TO-DAY

of defence with the latest armament of quick firing and disappearing guns.

An excellent view of the city and its surroundings may be had from the Citadel. It commands land and water for many miles. The Arm, the Basin, the harbor with its islands, the sea with its ships, the distant hills and forests, the city with its busy streets—all are present to the eye in a beautiful and varied panorama. Dartmouth, across the harbor, is seen to fine advantage, while on the waters around the city are ships of all the nations of the earth. No amount of elaborate word-painting would do justice to the view on a fine summer day. It must be seen, and once seen it will not be forgotten.

Halifax is an English city in a very pronounced degree—the most English on the continent, nor is this strange when it is considered that it has been so long a garrison town and naval port, that its commercial relations with the Mother Country have been very extensive, and that the family ties between the people of England and those of Halifax are very numerous.

Among the attractions for visitors in and around Halifax may be mentioned the fortifications of McNab's and George's Islands, as well as the various forts around the shore, all worthy of a visit. There are many beautiful drives, which can be varied according to the time at disposal. A favorite one is down the Point Pleasant road and up the Northwest Arm. The Arm is a particularly attractive place, especially when the drive is continued past Melville Island and as far as the Dingle. From the Arm one may drive out on the Prospect Road and around Herring Cove. The view of the ocean from the hills is of an enchanting nature. Another drive is around Bedford Basin coming home by way of Dartmouth; or it may be extended to Waverley and Portobello before starting for home, the distance being in all twenty-seven miles. Indeed, speaking generally, all around Halifax are bays, coves,



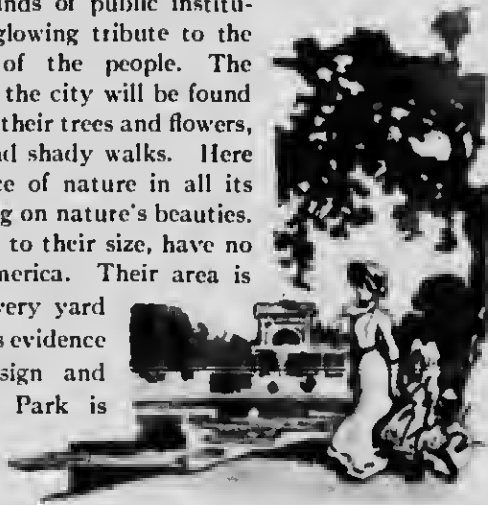
HALIFAX TO-DAY



In the Public Gardens, Halifax

islands and lakes, any one of which is worthy of a visit.

In the city itself there is much to interest a stranger, there being many public buildings and institutions worthy of attention. Among these are the historic Government Building, with its legislative hall and the provincial library, the Dominion Buildings, several historic churches, handsome modern churches, and all kinds of public institutions—some of which bear glowing tribute to the charity and philanthropy of the people. The Public Gardens belonging to the city will be found a most pleasant retreat, with their trees and flowers, fountains, lakes, and cool and shady walks. Here one may enjoy the fragrance of nature in all its glory, while the eye is feasting on nature's beauties. These gardens, in proportion to their size, have no superior in the cities of America. Their area is about fourteen acres, and every yard of the cultivated ground bears evidence of the best of taste in design and execution. Point Pleasant Park is another exceedingly



HALIFAX TO-DAY

beautiful place, with its drives and pathways and the sea close at hand.

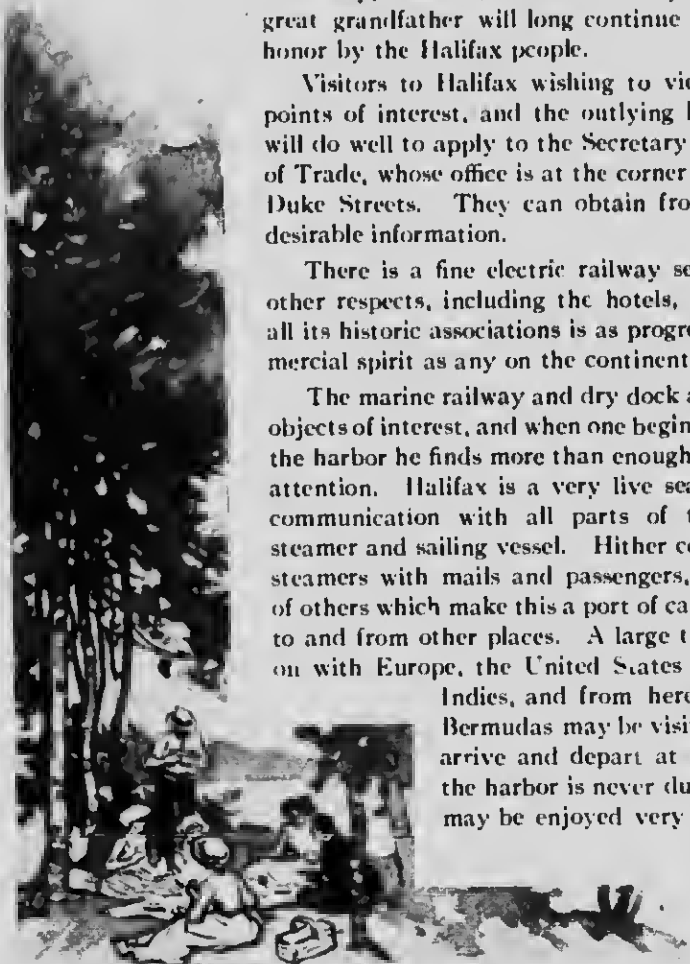
One should have a sail on Bedford Basin, that fair expanse of water, broad, deep, blue and beautiful. Here it is that yachts and boats of all kinds are to be found taking advantage of so fair a cruising ground, spreading their sails before the breezes which come in from the Atlantic. It was on the shore of this Basin that the Duke of Kent had his residence, and the remains of the music pavilion still stand on a height which overlooks the water. The "Prince's Lodge," as it is called, may be visited during the drive to Bedford. It was a famous place in its day, however, and the memory of the King's great grandfather will long continue to be held in honor by the Halifax people.

Visitors to Halifax wishing to view the many points of interest, and the outlying beauty spots, will do well to apply to the Secretary of the Board of Trade, whose office is at the corner of Hollis and Duke Streets. They can obtain from him much desirable information.

There is a fine electric railway service, and in other respects, including the hotels, the city with all its historic associations is as progressive in commercial spirit as any on the continent.

The marine railway and dry dock are among the objects of interest, and when one begins to go around the harbor he finds more than enough to engage his attention. Halifax is a very live seaport. It has communication with all parts of the world by steamer and sailing vessel. Hither come the ocean steamers with mails and passengers, and numbers of others which make this a port of call on their way to and from other places. A large trade is carried on with Europe, the United States and the West Indies, and from here also the fair Bermudas may be visited. Steamers arrive and depart at all hours, and the harbor is never dull. Sea-fishing may be enjoyed very near the city.

All sorts of fish and wild fowl are for



HALIFAX TO-DAY



Bedford Basin

sale when [in season in the city. Indeed, the Halifax fish market is one of the sights and nowhere can there be seen a greater variety of the finest fish of the sea.

To the eastward is a somewhat wild country, on the shores of which fishing is extensively carried on. Numerous arms of the sea admirably suit the occupation of its people. Back from the shore the country abounds in heavy forests and is abundantly watered with lakes. This is the great country for moose, which are found within easy distance of the settlements. Here is a place for sportsmen—a hunters' paradise.

The town of Dartmouth is situated across the harbor from Halifax, and is easily reached by a finely equipped steam ferry. It can also be reached by the Intercolonial Railway from Windsor Junction. An attractive part of the town is the park, which comprises about sixty acres, and has a beautiful location on high ground. The views from this part of Dartmouth are extensive and



HALIFAX TO-DAY



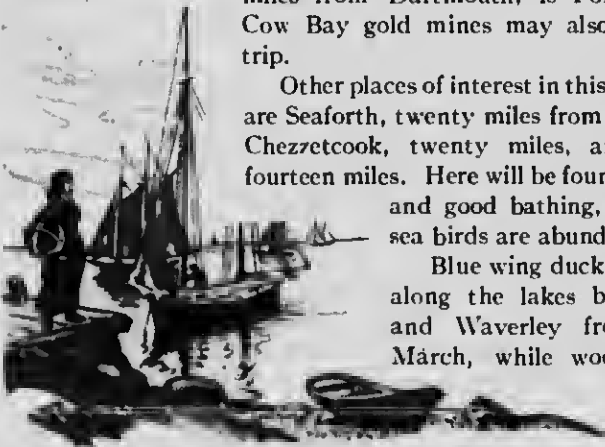
The Naval Dock Yards

varied, that from Mount Edward being an especially fine one.

It is by way of Dartmouth that Cow Bay is reached by a drive of nine miles, for six of which the salt water is in view. Cow Bay, famous for its surf bathing, has a fine beach about a mile and a half long, where the sea rolls in with a magnificent sweep, and where the bather can safely go a long distance from the shore, and close at hand is a freshwater lake. On the road to Cow Bay, three miles from Dartmouth, is Fort Clarence. The Cow Bay gold mines may also be visited on this trip.

Other places of interest in this part of the country are Seaforth, twenty miles from Dartmouth; West Chezzetcook, twenty miles, and Lawrencetown, fourteen miles. Here will be found beautiful scenery and good bathing, while all kinds of sea birds are abundant.

Blue wing duck and teal are found along the lakes between Dartmouth and Waverley from September to March, while woodcock, snipe and partridge are



HALIFAX TO-DAY



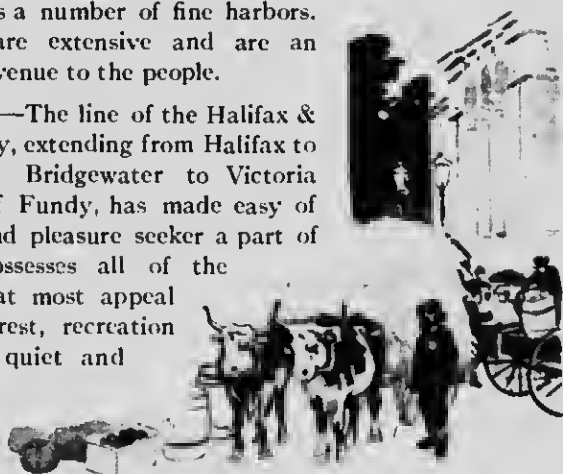
Martello Tower

found in various other parts of this district.

Good trout fishing may be had in Spider Lake, six miles from Dartmouth, and in Soldier Lake, twelve miles from the town. Grayling are caught in Waverley Lake, seven miles from Dartmouth, and the fishing stand is close to the highway. May is the time to fish for them.

EAST AND WEST OF HALIFAX.—The county of Halifax extends along the Atlantic coast nearly a hundred miles, and has a number of fine harbors. Its shore fisheries are extensive and are an important source of revenue to the people.

THE SOUTH SHORE.—The line of the Halifax & South Western Railway, extending from Halifax to Yarmouth, and from Bridgewater to Victoria Beach, on the Bay of Fundy, has made easy of access to the tourist and pleasure seeker a part of Nova Scotia that possesses all of the delightful features that most appeal to those who seek rest, recreation and enjoyment amid quiet and beautiful surroundings.



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