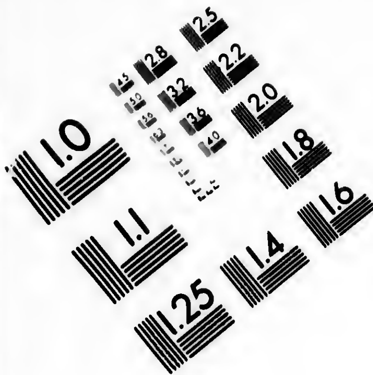
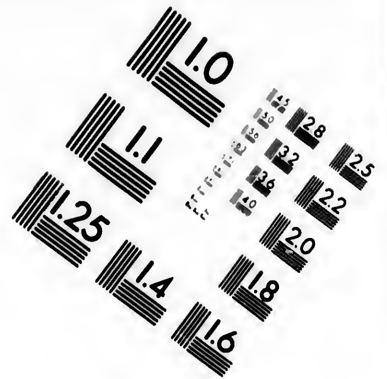

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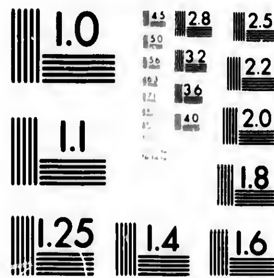
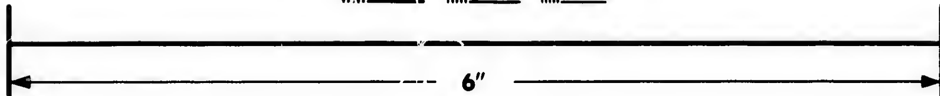

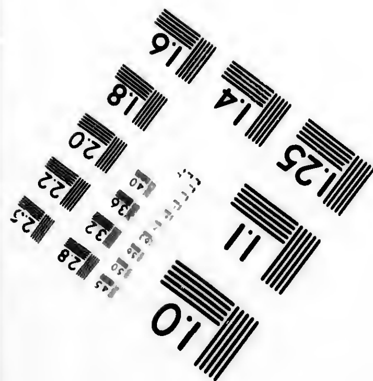
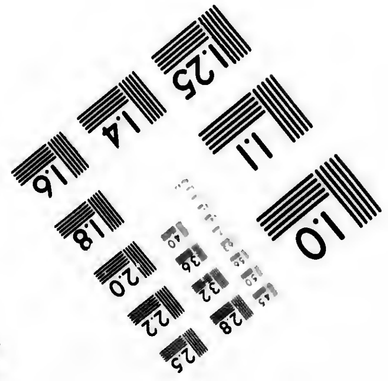

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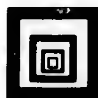

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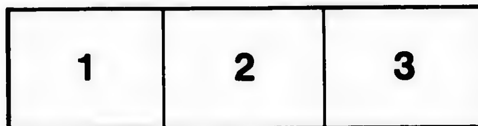

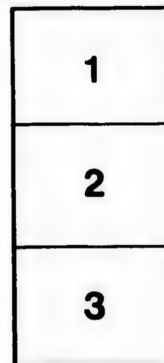

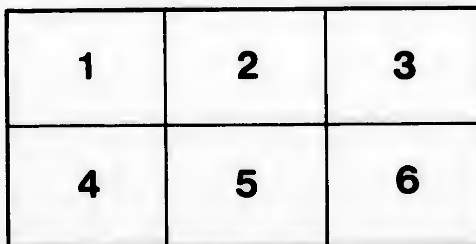

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ILLUSTRATED HALIFAX

...ITS...

CIVIL, MILITARY AND NAVAL HISTORY

BY NORBERT METZLER

WITH A BRIEF SKETCH OF ACADIAN ANNALS,

DEALING WITH THE ANGLO-FRENCH STRUGGLE FOR EMPIRE AT ANNAPOLIS ROYAL AND LOUISBOURG, AND WITH THE TRAGIC STORY OF THE EXPULSION OF THE NEUTRALS FROM

THE LAND OF EVANGELINE

PUBLISHED BY

. . JOHN McCONNIFF . .

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MONTREAL.

FOR SALE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS IN HALIFAX

HALIFAX BY MOONLIGHT.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1891, by J. McCONNIFF, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Halifax, from Spire of St. Mary's Cathedral.

AMONG the cities of our fair Dominion Halifax has an interest quite its own. Besides its historic importance as the capital of the great Maritime Province of Nova Scotia, known best to the student, perhaps, as the Acadia of the French régime, Halifax has a special importance as the only garrison town now in Canada, and as the chief naval station of Britain in the New World. In this latter respect it seems to form the one distinctive and inseparable link of connection between the colony and the mother land. In its origin, not only is the link with Britain close and intimate, but, in what may be

termed its medieval era, the link is strengthened by the fact that it was once the residence of Her Majesty's father, the Duke of Kent, while commanding the forces of Britain on the North Atlantic Station.

The distinctive feature of the city is its military and naval character. Here, on any summer day, may be seen throngs of "jolly tars," or, in the popular phrase, "blue jackets," parading the streets, or a company of red-coated soldiers marching with measured tread from some one of the many military stations to another. In the beautiful harbour, riding secure from danger of wind or wave, are vessels of all nations; the peaceful trader from remotest clime, the hardy fisherman, and the mighty war-ship of old England. Guarded by forts and battlements on shore, and by a noble fleet on sea, Halifax basks contentedly in the genial warmth of her summer sun, and invites her American cousin and inland Canadian sister to come and note her warlike security, to be enlivened by her sports and pastimes, and enraptured by the sights she can show them. Here is the land; there the sea. Would you walk, drive, hunt or shoot? Would you row, sail, bathe or fish? Each and all are open to you. Would novel sights and sounds amuse you? Then, again, will Halifax furnish such entertainment as can be had nowhere else in America. In the spacious roadstead may be seen mock battles of the war-ships with each other and with the forts; on shore the sham fights of the garrison, divided for the occasion into opposing forces. To this is added a summer climate, clear, cool and healthful; scenery and surroundings of extreme beauty; and a hospitality which the visitor has ever found warm and true.

The object of the present volume is to treat of these and other features of the place, and to give at the same time a succinct yet comprehensive history of the city, from its foundation to the present day.

To those who have known and loved Halifax, and to her warm-hearted, patriotic citizens, the publisher and compiler alike respectfully dedicate their work, in the hope that it may meet with the approbation of those for whose pleasure they have sought to cater.

View in the Public Gardens.

Point Pleasant Park.

Halifax, from George's Island.

HALIFAX OF TO-DAY.

THE Halifax of to-day presents a far different aspect from that seen by Governor Cornwallis as he sailed up Chebucto Bay that bright June morning nearly a century and a half ago. Then a dense and unbroken forest stretched away from the water's edge back as far as the eye could reach, while lurking savages, concealed in the thicket, breathed fearful menace against the hardy voyagers who had dared to invade their domain. Amid difficulties and dangers the settlement was begun. Arduous though the task, the forest was felled, dwellings were erected, and soon all was life and animation where so short a time before had been silence and solitude. Confined at first within a space bounded by Barrington, Salter, and Buckingham Streets, the town soon reached out and climbed the hill to the base of the Citadel. Then, as though becoming emboldened and conscious of increasing strength and security, it crept first north and then south. Afterwards outlying suburbs were built. Year by year the city extended, sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly and cautiously, as though half-fearful of its own temerity, and uncertain of the result. As time

ENTRANCE TO CITADEL.

COURT HOUSE. POST OFFICE. ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

rolled on the dangers which beset the path of the earlier settlers were removed and more rapid progress was made, until to-day Halifax is a thriving and picturesque city of some 45,000 inhabitants—the commercial and political capital of a prosperous and wealthy province. Its fishing fleets scour the waters of the Atlantic from the Bay of Fundy to Labrador, and the white sails of its traders dot the harbours of the globe. Rich in natural products and in manufactures; possessed of one of the finest roadsteads in the world, in which a thousand of the largest vessels afloat could ride in safety; the winter port of the Dominion, nearer to the Old Country than any seaport of consequence in America, and having railway communication with the whole continent, its brilliant future is assured.

Merchants Bank.

There is much in Halifax to interest and attract. To its commercial advantages and natural beauties its importance as a military and naval station adds a prestige which it might not otherwise enjoy.

From the summit of Fort George, better known as Citadel Hill, a superb view of the city, the harbour and the surrounding country may be obtained. The older portion of the town lies between it and the water, and the straight, cross streets lead the eye down to the harbour, where vessels bearing the flags of all nations are at anchor. On a clear sunny morning the scene is one of the prettiest sights imaginable. To the north, shimmering in the summer sun, and specked with the white wings of pleasure boats, lie the bright waters of

Bedford Basin, into which the harbour opens out after passing through the Narrows. To the east are the low hills on the Dartmouth side, and George's Island, green and well-kept, looking as though dropped mid-harbour by some giant in his play. Beyond are the massive buildings known as Mount Hope Insane Asylum, with Fort Clarence, grim and stern, a little below. Near the mouth of the harbour is McNab's Island, the city's picnic grounds, with its beautiful groves and walks, its fort and rifle range; while on Mauger's Beach, "jutting out nose-like from the island," stands an antiquated Martello tower, turned in old age from the warlike uses of its youth, and peacefully holding aloft a bright beacon to warn the sailor off the reef below. Beyond this again is a wide sweep of sail-flecked ocean, with perhaps the smoke of a passing steamer dimly visible on the horizon. Below and around are the buildings of the town, with here and there a spire rising from among green foliage.

Halifax, however, is seen to best advantage from the water. A former writer thus refers to it: "Step into a small row-boat, such as lie for hire by the score at the various public wharves, and push out on a summer evening when the sun is setting behind the Admiral's house, and the moon waits, over the Dartmouth hills, for her turn. On every glassy ripple glimmers a mimic sun, the terraced city is bathed *en couleur de rose*, the grass in Her Majesty's dockyard, and the big tree near which his worship the Mayor stands to welcome royalty, take on a gem-like green—as though illumined and transformed by Aladdin's lamp. The windows of Mount Hope Insane Asylum are sheeted with fire, that slowly dies as the sun sinks lower; soon only the tall flag-staff on the Citadel, with its many streamers telling of ships coming home, wreaths itself aloft in the dying sunset. Myriads of pleasure boats thread their way in and out on the water-alleys among the ships at anchor. Her Majesty's flag-ship and its consorts lie motionless as forts amid the animated scene."

MOAT AND FORTIFICATIONS OF THE CITADEL.

EARLY HISTORY.

By the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and the vast solitudes of the Hudson's Bay Territory, were ceded to Great Britain. Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, and Canada proper, were, however, still retained by France. Hence for half a century further conflict and uncertainty prevailed, for the French had many sympathisers in Nova Scotia. In 1745, Louisbourg, the French stronghold in Cape Breton, was taken by the English, and in the following year France formed a determined plan to sweep the British from the American continent. An armada, which it was hoped would prove invincible, was fitted out at Rochelle. It consisted of 40 ships of war, with over 3,000 sailors and some 30 transports. The command was entrusted to Duc D'Anville, who had orders to occupy Louisbourg, reduce Nova Scotia, destroy Boston, and ravage the coast of New England. It proved to be an ill-fated expedition. Disaster fell upon It, and not

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHES:

St. George's. St. Paul's. St. Luke's Cathedral.

St. Matthew's. Old Dutch Church. St. Mary's Cathedral.

a solitary victory did it gain. Two ships of the fleet were captured by the British while yet on the coast of France. A succession of terrific storms was encountered. Many of the vessels were driven off their course and never reached their destination. Some were lost at sea and a number wrecked on Sable Island. On September 2nd, when D'Anville arrived at Chebucto Bay, he had but a wretched remnant left of the grand force with which he had so proudly sailed. To add to the other misfortunes of the expedition, scurvy broke out among the crew, and 1,200 perished. The admiral himself died six days after his arrival, and the vice-admiral, D'Estournelle, driven mad by the accumulation of troubles which had overtaken the enterprise, committed suicide.

The fleet anchored in Bedford Basin, and a landing was effected near the Prince's Lodge. The place of disembarkation is known to this day as the French Landing. Here barracks were erected, and an effort was made to care for the sick. Notwithstanding every attention over 1,000 men died and were buried in the woods near by. Their remains were afterwards discovered, an unhappy memento of an ill-starred enterprise.

In the course of a few weeks five ships of war and twenty frigates and transports—all that was left of D'Anville's fleet—had gathered in Chebucto. A council of war was held, and it was decided to sail for Annapolis, reduce the British stronghold there, and thus gain possession of the whole peninsula, after which an attack was to be made on Boston. Off Cape Sable, however, where many a noble ship has since been cast away, a violent storm arose, and nearly all the vessels were either wrecked or so badly crippled that the remainder turned their prows homeward and sailed for France.

The colonists of Massachusetts, by this time much alarmed, sent strong representations to Great Britain, advising the establishment of a military and naval station on the coast of Nova Scotia. The cession, shortly afterwards, of Louisbourg to the French by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748), rendered such a step still more necessary, and it was accordingly determined to organize an establishment in the country and make Chebucto a place of strength. Considerable interest was aroused in the scheme, and its execution was finally entrusted to the Lords of Trade and Plantations, in the name of the British Crown.

North-West Arm. (1)
Halifax Club, Hollis Street.
North-West Arm. (2)

North-West Arm. (1)
Halifax Club, Hollis Street.
North-West Arm. (2)

In March, 1749, the Board, acting under orders from the king, issued a proclamation offering to officers and privates discharged from the army and navy, as well as to mechanics and farmers, a free passage, provisions for the voyage, liberal grants of land, supplies for one year, and farming and building implements, as well as arms and ammunition for defence against the Indians and the French. Every private soldier and seaman was to be allotted fifty acres of land and ten additional acres for each member of his family. Parliament voted £40,000 for the expenses of the new colony, and acted with the utmost liberality throughout the period of the settlement.

Attracted by the generous terms offered, volunteers soon came forward. Among them, we learn from contemporary records, were two majors, six captains, twenty-two lieutenants, fifteen surgeons and twenty-three midshipmen, all eager to try their fortunes in the new land. A fleet, consisting of fifteen transports and one sloop of war, the *Sphinx*, was fitted out, and sailed early in May, 1749. The fleet was under the nominal command of Colonel the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, M.P., who had been appointed Captain-General and Governor of Nova Scotia. The transports carried 2,376 settlers, of whom 1,515, including children, were males. The *Sphinx*, with the Governor and suite on board, was the first to reach her destination. She arrived off the coast on the 14th of June, but did not make the harbour until the 21st, when the party disembarked on George's Island. Their proceedings were watched with interest by the wondering savages, who peered out at them from the shelter of the thick forest which lined the shores of the harbour and the heights beyond. Nor was the curiosity of the savages abated when, a few days later, the transports swept up the bay with crowded decks, streaming flags, and loud hurrahs from the settlers, weary of their long voyage and gladdened at the sight of their land of promise.

Immediately on his arrival, Cornwallis sent word to Governor Mascarene, at Annapolis, to join him at Chebucto, which the latter soon did, bringing with him a company of Rangers. Five transports were also sent to Louisbourg to convey Col. Hopson and the two regiments that had formed the garrison of that town, now being evacuated by the British. These additions greatly strengthened the infant colony.

THE GRAND FALLS, NEAR DARTMOUTH.

THE HARBOUR, FROM GEORGE'S ISLAND.

One of the first steps taken was the organization of a civil government and the appointment of a Council to assist the Governor in the legislative business of the Province. Its formation was formally announced on the 14th July by a salute from the ships in the harbour, and the day was devoted to general rejoicing. The first meeting of the new council was held on board the *Beaufort* transport, and the table round which its members assembled may still be seen in the small council chamber in the Province Building, a sturdy old relic, replete with associations of the past and bidding fair to last for many a long year to come. Early in the same month a spot was pitched upon for settlement at Point Pleasant, and the colonists commenced to fell trees and clear the ground for the foundation of the town, which it was decided to name HALIFAX, in honour of George Montague, Earl of Halifax, the head of the Lords of Trade. An insufficient depth of water, the extent of the adjacent reef, together with the strength of the surf and other inconveniences, caused the site to be abandoned and one farther north selected. The latter commanded a plentiful supply of water, a prospect of the whole harbour, and many

THE GATE, ENTRANCE TO PUBLIC PARK.

other advantages. The town was laid out in blocks or squares of 320 by 120 feet, the streets being 60 feet wide, and each block contained 16 town lots, 40 feet front and 40 feet deep. The original limits were Buckingham Street on the north, Salter Street on the south, Barrington Street on the west, and the harbour on the east. The western limit was soon extended to South Brunswick, formerly called Barrack Street, and the northern flank to Jacob Street; the whole being surrounded by a strong palisade, with block houses at convenient distances. About the same time the northern and southern suburbs were surveyed, and a year later the German lots in the north end were laid out. The work of erecting dwellings was vigorously prosecuted. Frames were brought from Massachusetts, and for a time all were kept "busy as beavers." Considerable difficulty was encountered owing to the inexperience of the settlers in the construction of wooden buildings, but the consciousness that some 5,000 people had to be housed before winter inspired them, and on the whole things went smoothly enough. Several transports were covered in for the accommodation of those whose homes were not ready, and everything possible was done for the comfort of the colonists.

In that summer of long ago, we are told, the harbour sparkled with fish, and the coast far and near was rich in those treasures of the deep. The settlers were from the first encouraged to engage in the fisheries. It has been affirmed, indeed, that this "wealth in the deep" was one of the chief reasons for the selection of the new settlement, beyond its importance as a military and naval station.

On July 17th the second meeting of the Council was held, when a proclamation from the Governor was read forbidding any one to leave the Province without permission. The Council at this time consisted of five members: Paul Mascarene, John Gorham, Benjamin Green, John Salisbury, and Hugh Davidson. The number was shortly afterwards increased by the addition of Ellison, Mercer, Horseman, Hopson, Lawrence, and How.

On August 14th the Indians, who were disposed to be friendly, sent delegates to the governor, and on the following day the Treaty of 1726 was enacted. Unhappily, however, it was but little regarded. The French, viewing with alarm the establishment of the new colony, incited the Indians to hostilities, and made every effort to retard its progress, hoping to so disgust the settlers that they would withdraw. The colonists were

constantly harassed and annoyed, and stragglers without the palisade were frequently cut off. In the Fall news was received of further incursions by the Indians at Annapolis, and two companies of independent Rangers were organized as a protective measure. It was also decreed at a meeting of the Council, held on board the *Beaufort* transport, October 1st: "That orders be given to commanding officers at Annapolis Royal, Minas, and elsewhere throughout the Province, to annoy, distress and destroy the Indians wherever found, and that a premium be promised of ten guineas for every Indian killed or taken prisoner; but that war be not declared, as that would in some sort be to own them a free people, whereas they ought to be looked upon as so many rebels to His Majesty's government, or as so many banditti ruffians, and treated accordingly." This harsh and inhuman proclamation was issued the next day, in which reference was made to the various outrages committed by "the Indians, commonly called Mic-Macs." Among these outrages were the taking of twenty of His Majesty's subjects prisoners at Canso, an attempt to capture a sloop, the murder of four, and the carrying away of one settler near the saw-mill.

BEDFORD ROAD.

This policy of extermination, it would seem, did not meet with the approval of the Lords of Trade, for in a subsequent letter to Governor Cornwallis they refer to it as likely to have "an evil effect on the other colonies, by filling the minds of the Indians with ideas of our cruelty, and instigating them to a dangerous spirit of resentment."

About this time, to add to the troubles of the infant colony, a fearful epidemic broke out, and nearly 1,000 persons are said to have perished. When it is remembered that this meant about one out of every five of the

population, some idea may be had of the horror of that dread epoch in the history of Halifax. So terror-stricken had the inhabitants become, so inert and apathetic through sheer despair, that they allowed the bodies of their dead to lie without burial. Finally it became necessary for the Governor-in-Council to issue an order to the Justices of the Peace, commanding them to name so many persons from each quarter to which the deceased belonged, to attend to the burial of the dead, under pain of being struck off the mess-book and register of settlers as unworthy of His Majesty's country. All householders were also commanded to report their dead within twenty-four hours.

Laws similar to those existing in Virginia were adopted, and it was decided that no debt contracted prior to the establishment of the settlement, or the arrival of the settlers in Halifax, should be collected in any court of law in the province, except for goods imported into the colony. This, no doubt, was found a very convenient provision by many.

In December, 1749, a proclamation was issued, calling for the organization of a militia force, so frequent had the outrages by Indians and French stragglers become. Four days later information was received that a French contingent had been despatched overland from Canada to attack and destroy the settlement. Then all was excitement. After Divine service the inhabitants were assembled on the Parade, when the proclamation was again read to them, and they were commanded to fell all the trees around the town, without the forts and barricades. A captain and fifty men mounted guard every night near the Parade, with a lieutenant and twenty men in each division of the town. The settlers, even during this anxious period, did not take kindly to military service, and it was found necessary to impose a penalty of twenty-four hours imprisonment, and a fine of five shillings, for neglect or refusal of duty. The alarm proved a false one, however; the enemy never came. In fact, the truth of the old adage that "threatened people live long," was never better exemplified than in the case of Halifax, which, though threatened time and again in the course of its history with invasion and destruction, has never yet been attacked.

In August, 1750, the ship *Alderney* brought out 350 additional settlers, and in September some 300

Central Avenue, Public Gardens.

Germans from the Palatinate arrived. Lots in the town were then quoted as worth fifty guineas, and the authorities were somewhat embarrassed to provide for the newcomers A number of them were sent to the other side of the harbour, where they founded the settlement of Dartmouth. In December following, the first ferry was established, and one John Connor appointed ferryman.

The little town was not destined to remain long undisturbed. The dreaded Indian lurked in the forest, jealous of the encroachment, and hungry for the scalps of the hated English. One night, within a year of the founding of the colony, the Indians surprised the settlers, scalped a number and carried off others as prisoners. The rattle of musketry, the flare of torches, and the shrieks of the helpless victims, apprised the horrified watchers on the Halifax side of what was going on; but before they could cross the harbour in sufficient force to be of assistance to their luckless friends, the Indians had escaped to the woods. When morning dawned the rising sun looked upon a scene of ruin and desolation not soon to be forgotton. The settlement had been all but destroyed. Lying among the ruins were the mutilated bodies of the unfortunate settlers who had been roused from sleep to pass at once to a horrible death. About one-third of the colonists had been either slain or carried away. A number of the survivors left the place, and but little progress was made by the settlement until 1784, when Governor Parr induced some twenty families to take up land there. It was then laid out anew, and £1,500 voted for the erection of buildings. It is now a pretty and flourishing town, with between four and five thousand inhabitants.

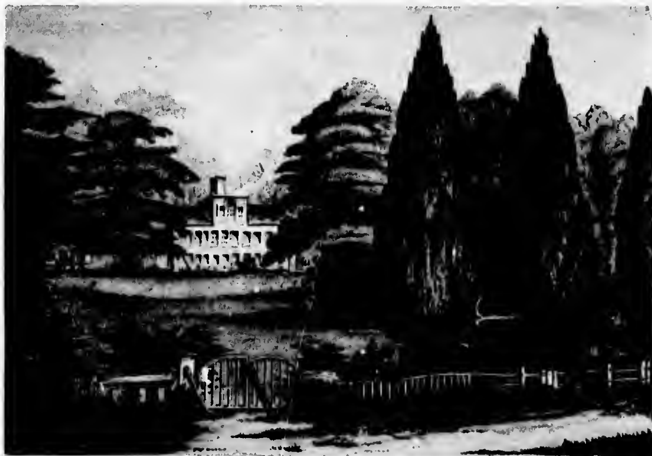
Although no attack was made on Halifax itself, either by the Indians or the French, stragglers without the palisade were being continually picked off, especially along the shores of Bedford Basin, where the settlers resorted for firewood. So dangerous had this locality become that it was found necessary to send out an armed body whenever fuel or lumber were needed, the bloodthirsty natives usually retiring before an organized force.

France and England, at this time, were nominally at peace; but the French in Nova Scotia still looked upon the English as intruders, and made use of the Indians to harass and annoy them in every way. The

Old Province Building.

Government House.

latter, from their trading and other interests, were naturally friendly with the French, and predisposed to hate the English. No effort on the part of French delegates from Canada was neglected to foment this hatred. Violent harangues were made to them, giving accounts of alleged English cruelties, and an officer, a Count Raymond, in the course of a wild tirade, referring to what the French called "that horrid affair of 1746," exclaimed: "Never let it be blotted from your memory. The woollen goods which you bought from the English traders, at Minas Basin, were all poisoned, and two hundred of your people lost their lives." The fact was, that during the time referred to an epidemic of small-pox had prevailed among the Indians at Minas Basin, and the survivors were easily persuaded that the calamity was caused by the English.



Prince's Lodge, once the Residence of the Duke of Kent.

The regular troops and undisciplined militia being quite unfit for Indian warfare, the colonists had, so far, contented themselves with acting purely on the defensive; but now they hired a number of New England Rangers, from the interior of Massachusetts, who, the late Dr. Aikens, in

his valuable essay on the early history of Halifax, 'which has been largely drawn from in the compilation of the present work,' tells us, "ascended rivers, penetrated the heart of the Province, and carried the war into the Indian stronghold, with the result that the enemy soon found it to their interest to make peace."

BAND ROTUNDA, OPPOSITE PRINCE'S LODGE.

Even at this early period of its history Halifax, which at present is considerably excited on this subject, found it necessary to enact stringent laws regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors. Then, as now, the unlicensed vendor flourished, and at a council meeting, held to discuss the question, it was decided that the penalty for selling without license should be thirty lashes and a fine of £10 sterling, one-half to go to the informer and one-half to the poor. The option was three months' imprisonment. The case is recorded of one offender who informed on himself, was fined the £10, gravely paid back five, and then was given the thirty lashes. If he intended the affair as a joke, it evidently did not turn out as he anticipated.

A newspaper was started as early as 1752, the first issue bearing date March 23rd of that year. It was published by John Bushell, at his office in Grafton Street. In it the omnipresent and irrepressible "oldest

inhabitant" comes calmly to the fore, and informs an interested constituency that the winter just past was the severest within his recollection. So it will be seen that even in the first years of its foundation Halifax was not without the amenities of older established towns, in that it possessed the luxury of an oldest inhabitant. Nor was it without the ubiquitous newspaper correspondent, for the following interesting, not to say unique, despatch is found in the Boston *Post*, under the heading of Halifax, May 30th, 1751: "On Saturday last was taken within the mouth of the harbour, and on Monday brought to town, a sea monster, a female of the kind, whose body was about the bigness of a large ox and something like one, covered with short hair of a brownish colour, the skin near one and one-half inches thick, the neck thick and short, resembling that of a bull, the head very small in proportion to the body and considerably like an alligator's. In the upper jaw were two teeth of about 9 or 10 inches long and crooking downwards, of considerable bigness and strength, supposed to be pure ivory; the legs very short and thick, ending with claws and fins like those of a sea turtle. The flesh and inwards, upon being opened, appear to resemble those of an ox or horse. It has been on exhibition for several days, and has been viewed with general satisfaction." The presumption is that it was a walrus, as years ago they were sometimes seen in the harbour. The resemblance of the head to that of an alligator probably existed only in the imagination of the correspondent.

Murdoch, the local historian, tells us that the occupants of the 300 houses which formed the town in those days, were cheerful and convivial, afraid of neither Indians nor French, and ready to give "stroke for stroke, blow for blow." The expulsion of the Acadians, in 1755, added greatly to the citizens' sense of security. This action of the British Government, which has given rise to much controversy, met at the time with the unanimous approval of everybody, except, of course, the Acadians themselves and their compatriots. This historic incident is elsewhere referred to in these pages.

In the Spring of 1751 over 900 German settlers arrived, and the following year 1,000 more came, induced to emigrate by the promises of George II., which, it is claimed, were never fulfilled. The difficulty of locating them proved a serious one; but finally, in June, 1753, about 1,500 embarked for Marligash

R. N. DOCK YARD. (1) WELLINGTON BARRACKS. R. N. DOCK YARD. (2)

George Street—Market Day.

harbour, in Mahone Bay, where they founded the town of Lunenburg, now one of the prettiest and most prosperous in the Province. The remainder settled in the north suburbs of Halifax, and were the first to inhabit that portion of the peninsula, for many years after known as Dutch Town.

Haligonians then, as now, seemed greatly attracted by the metropolitan City of Boston, and the emigration to New England was so great that notwithstanding repeated large grants of money from the Imperial Government (which, by 1757, had expended no less than £560,000 on the new colony) but little progress was made in clearing the country, while the fisheries were almost altogether neglected. The population was reduced to less than half its original number, and it lived chiefly on the moneys expended by the Army and Navy. Still the settlement, though in some respects not nearly so successful as was expected, was of vast importance to Great Britain as a military and naval station, and to its establishment may, in no small measure, be ascribed the downfall of French dominion in America.

In the meantime, war between France and England had again broken out in all its fury. The prize was the sovereignty of a continent and the lead in the New World in modern civilization. Halifax was once more plunged in excitement. In 1757, the combined fleet and army under Lord Howe arrived, soon to be followed by Lord Loudon, with 6,000 provincial troops from New York. The object of the expedition was an attack on Louisbourg, but the enterprise failed and returned to England, several of the transports and ships of war remaining to winter in Halifax. The following year 12,000 provincial troops from New England, under General Amherst, arrived, and were afterwards joined by Admiral Boscawen. On May 18th, this armament,

consisting of 23 line-of-battle ships, 18 frigates, and 116 transports, sailed for Louisbourg, which, after a stubborn siege of two months, capitulated, when the attacking force returned to Halifax to refit. This was a good thing for the settlement. Many of the provincial troops that had enriched themselves with the spoils of Louisbourg, bought their discharge and became settlers in the town. All the ammunition and stores were removed to Halifax, which was turned into a camp for the troops. Provisions commanded a high price, considerable money was put into circulation, and the place began once more to assume a prosperous appearance. Indeed, the town was not destined to lack enlivenment for some time. Both before and after the siege of Quebec it was made the rendezvons of the fleet and army under Wolfe—following the news of whose victory, we are told, "the town was illuminated, and fireworks, bonfires, and entertainments lasted several days." From the fall of Quebec (1759) until the close of the war, the harbour was the constant resort of the squadron under Lord Colville and others, and the city was made gay by the presence of a large contingent of the army and navy.

Church of England Institute.

After the fall of Fort William Henry, in 1758, the Marquis de Montcalm sent a number of prisoners, taken at that place, to Halifax, with the benevolent intention, it is charged, of introducing the small-pox into the settlement. This design was, however, frustrated. The prisoners, chiefly provincial soldiers from the banks of the Connecticut, half starved and exposed to the cold, either died on the way, or soon recovered. On the other hand, the French in charge of the vessel, taking no precautions, but indulging in wine and living luxuriously, caught the small-pox themselves, and nearly all perished. The ship was brought into Halifax by the prisoners.

MELVILLE ISLAND AND PRISON. WATER FRONT, HALIFAX HARBOUR.

The year 1758 is memorable as that in which Representative Government was established in Nova Scotia. The first Legislative Assembly consisted of nineteen members, who gave their services gratuitously. All the money in the treasury at the time was £2,204 17s. 11d., a balance of duties raised on spirituous liquors. One of the earliest measures was a vote of £1,000 for a light-house at Sambro, and of £500 for a poor-house. The second meeting of the Legislature was held on December 4th, 1759, when there were twenty members present. The Governor, in his opening speech, referring to the fall of Quebec, spoke of it as "that barbarous metropolis whence his good subjects of this Province, and the King's other American dominions, have groaned under such continual and unpardonable wrongs." The Assembly, in reply, referred to Canada, at the time wholly French, as the "mother and nurse of the most cruel, savage enemies of these His Majesty's American colonies."

In 1760, George III. came to the throne. The proclamation of the young king was, we learn, made the occasion of great rejoicing. Amid the booming of cannon, from the fleet in the harbour and the forts on shore, the document was read in various parts of the city as well as to the troops, who were drawn up on the grand parade. In the following summer a number of delegates from the Monquaash Indians, headed by their chief, Joseph Argunault, appeared before the Council and signed a treaty of peace. The members of the Legislature, magistrates and public officers were also present. After executing the treaty, the Indians were taken to the Governor's gardens, where, after a repast, the form of washing the war-paint from their bodies was gone through with and the hatchet buried. The ceremony was concluded by all present drinking the King's health.

Halifax at this period was a prosperous and thriving settlement, but from the close of the French war until the beginning of the American Revolution, the city continued to decline until the population did not exceed 3,000 all told. Intercourse with the agricultural districts round the Bay of Fundy was greatly retarded by the lack of good roads. There was but little trade done, the fisheries were neglected, and only a small portion of the peninsula on which the city is built had been cleared for cultivation, so that the settlers practically depended upon New England for all their supplies. Some effort was made to remedy this state of

View from the Citadel, Looking towards Dartmouth.

things, and in 1770 an Act was passed authorizing a lottery, to raise £1,000 for the improvement of roads and the construction of bridges.

From 1770 to 1776 was a period of great public excitement. Trouble was brewing in New England, and emissaries from the revolted colonies were numerous. Lord Bute's government was anything but popular, and among the various exhibitions of public feeling at the time was the erection of a gallows on the common, with a boot suspended from it, in token of disapprobation. The people were, for the most part, however, unshaken in their loyalty to the mother country, and the House of Assembly returned no answer to a letter from New England asking them to join in the revolt. The actual commencement of hostilities led to many Loyalists hastening with their property to Halifax and other parts of Nova Scotia. Troubles and perils multiplied on every side, and to add to them an epidemic of small-pox broke out. Matters soon brightened, however, for Halifax again became the resort of troops and of shipping, and an era of what was called good times set in. In March, 1776, a large fleet appeared off the mouth of the harbour. A report soon spread that the French were about to attack the settlement. There was a general call to arms, and the citizens were much alarmed. It proved to be the the British fleet with 10,000 soldiers, sailors and loyalists from Boston, which had been evacuated by the English. The vessels continued to come in for two days, and as several of the transports were in a leaky condition, and many of them short of provisions, it was found necessary to disembark immediately. Cabooses from the ships were brought ashore for cooking, and ranged along Granville Street, back of Government House, and every vacant building in the town was crowded to excess. All the cattle that could be found were slaughtered, and provisions became so scarce that beef sold readily at 2s. 6d. per pound, and butter at 5s. From then until the close of the war Halifax was constantly thronged with refugees from the revolted colonies.

In the winter of 1778 the Hessians and other German troops, under Baron Knauphausen, were quartered on the town, and barns and public houses in the north suburbs allotted to the hussars under Baron de Seitz. In the Spring the troops encamped on the common, and the scarcity of provisions increased to an alarming

Custom House. Exhibition Buildings. Deaf and Dumb Institute. County Academy (High School).

degree. Baron de Seitz died while at Halifax, and was buried under St. Paul's Church in full regimentals, with sword and spurs, according to an old feudal custom in Germany when the last baron of the house dies and the title becomes extinct. The Baron's monument and escutcheon may still be seen in the east gallery of the church. The year 1783 was an important one in the history of Halifax. Loyalists came from New York and New England in great numbers, which gave to the town many enterprising and intelligent settlers. A number of spacious and commodious residences were erected to take the place of the low gable-roofed dwellings, which, till then, had prevailed, and all was life and activity. The population nearly doubled, and, in 1784, was quoted by Governor Parr as 12,000. Yet, strange to say, so great and continuous was the emigration that only seven years after it had again dwindled to about 5,000.

In 1784 a number of Loyalists who had settled at the mouth of the river St. John, and founded the City of that name, quarrelled with Governor Parr and petitioned for a division of the province. As many were men of influence and ability they soon gained their object, and the British Government set off the country north of the Bay of Fundy as the Province of New Brunswick. Cape Breton was also, in the same year, made a separate province, but it was afterwards (1820) reunited to Nova Scotia.

Nova Scotia was erected into an Episcopal See in 1787, and Halifax became the place of the Bishop's residence. In the same year the city was first honoured by a visit from royalty, and Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV., then a midshipman on board a war-ship in the harbour, was given a banquet at the British Coffee House, which stood at the head of Marchington's, now O'Connor's, wharf. This building was burned down about the year 1837.

In 1793 war again broke out between France and England. This was the tragic era of the French Revolution, when nearly all Europe was engaged in the attempt to crush the new republic. Halifax was not attacked, but, with its usual good luck, benefited by the renewal of hostilities. British cruisers frequently arrived with prizes. On one occasion no less than thirteen were brought in by two men-of-war. Cargoes of fruit, wine, flour, etc., were often captured, and the market abounded in good things.

During these troublesome times a number of Nova Scotian privateers were fitted out, and many stories of their achievements are still told with pride in the "land down by the sea." One, the authenticity of which is vouched for, will serve as an illustration :—The *Rover*, of Liverpool, N. S., an armed brig mounting fourteen four-pounders, and carrying a crew of 55 men, under Captain Godfrey, encountered a French vessel of sixteen guns and 155 men, and carried away from her a ship which the Frenchman had captured. Later, Godfrey gave battle to a schooner and three gunboats, the former mounting ten six-pounders and two twelve-pound carronades. After a struggle, which continued for over three hours, the gunboats made off and the schooner was captured. Godfrey says, in his report of the engagement, "Every officer on board of her was killed, except those in command of a party of twenty-five soldiers. There were fourteen men dead on her deck when we boarded her, and seventeen wounded. The prisoners, including the wounded, number seventy-one. My ship's company, including officers and boys, by this time amounted to forty-five, and behaved with that spirit which British seamen always show when fighting the enemies of their country. I had not a man hurt. The enemy lost fifty-four. I landed all the prisoners except eight, taking their obligation not to serve against His Majesty until regularly exchanged." The British Government offered the gallant captain command of a man-of-war, but he declined; and, after many adventures, arrived safely in the *Rover* at Liverpool, where, subsequent to the peace, he disarmed her and became a trader between that port and the West Indies.

In 1794, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, a younger brother of Prince William Henry, and father of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, came to Halifax as commander-in-chief of the garrison. He remained about four years, after which he returned to England. His stay in Halifax is elsewhere referred to.

In 1796 some 550 Maroons were brought here from Jamaica, and an effort made to utilize them on the fortifications. They had been wild and desperate rebels in their native land; the descendants of old slaves, they had made their home in the glens and caves of the mountains, whence they descended to rob and plunder the settlements, laughing at all attempts to capture them. Finally a number of Cuban dogs were procured to

hunt them, and, alarmed at this, they made submission. On their arrival in Halifax they were lodged in tents near the city, but were afterwards removed to Preston, where they were for a time supported by the Jamaican government. When this aid was withdrawn and they were left to themselves, they were found incapable of self-support. They also suffered severely from the cold, and after the lapse of about four years were sent to Sierra Leone. A few, however, remained, and their descendants may still be seen round Halifax, especially on market days, when they come into town in force.

In 1808, Robert Emmet attempted to rouse New York to the fighting point, and declared war against Great Britain. He wished to begin by conquering Halifax, which he considered could be done with the aid of 7,000 men. But the project failed. In 1811, misunderstandings between Great Britain and the United States became more frequent. The *Little Belt*, a cruiser mounting

View in Public Gardens.

twenty-one guns, was attacked by the United States ship *President*, forty-four guns, and was badly damaged. She put into Halifax for repairs. The officers of the *President* declared that the *Little Belt* had commenced the fray, but this was denied, and was not considered at all likely, owing to the superior size and equipment of the American vessel.

The following year the War of 1812 broke out, and privateers were active on both sides. Though Halifax, as usual, escaped, many of the coast settlements were plundered, and a number of trading and fishing vessels captured. Chester, in Lunenburg county, was attacked several times; and Hall's Harbour, on the Bay of Fundy, was the headquarters of a band of pirates, who made frequent raids upon the Cornwallis valley. Mahone Bay was the scene of an exciting incident. Pursued by two British war vessels, the *Young Teazer*, an American privateer, ran up the bay, and, on the point of being seized, blew up. It was afterwards discovered that an English deserter on board, fearing capture, had thrown fire into the powder magazine. Of thirty-six men on board only eight were saved.

The arrival of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, after their famous duel off Boston harbour, caused intense excitement in Halifax. The tale is almost a household one, and is told as follows in a history of the city published some years ago: "Captain Broke, cruising off Boston in the *Shannon*, thirty-eight guns, invited Captain Lawrence, a gallant young American, who had command the *Chesapeake*, to combat. The *Chesapeake* mounted forty-nine guns. Lawrence promptly availed himself of the offer; manned his ship with 440 picked seamen, and, completely fitted for action, put to sea on June 1st. Some residents of Boston went out in sail-boats to witness the expected victory. The *Shannon* took up position between Cape Ann and Cape Cod, and there awaited the attack. The *Chesapeake* bore down on her rival and delivered her broadside. The engagement lasted just fifteen minutes, and it ended in the capture of the *Chesapeake*. Captain Broke was badly, and Captain Lawrence mortally, wounded. The *Shannon* had about ninety killed and wounded. She went into action with 330 men. The *Chesapeake* lost seventy killed and over one hundred wounded. Captain Lawrence died June the 5th, and was buried on the 8th in the old English burying-ground

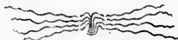
opposite Government House. His remains were landed under a salute of minute guns, and followed to the grave by his own surviving comrades, by all the British naval and military officers in the town, and by many of the inhabitants. On the United States flag which covered the coffin, were placed the sword, cap, and other insignia of rank of the deceased, and the pall was supported by six captains of the Royal Navy. A military band attended, and three hundred men of the 64th regiment fired three volleys over the grave. The funeral service was performed by the rector of St. Paul's. The remains were afterwards removed to the United States."

American prisoners of war were kept on Melville Island, at the head of the North-West Arm, but so many had been brought in that the little islet became too small to hold them all, and in 1813 many were allowed to hire out to the neighbouring farmers. As the headquarters of a vast fleet, and having a large illicit trade with the United States, Halifax at this time was in a prosperous condition. Prizes, Spanish, French and American, were daily swept into the harbour. The youth of the town were eager to share in the fortunes of war, and some four or five subsequently rose to be admirals in the Royal Navy. Not long after the war the naval establishment was greatly reduced, and important dockyard works were removed to Bermuda, greatly to the dissatisfaction of the Haligonians.

MONUMENT TO NOVA SCOTIAN OFFICERS WHO FOUGHT IN THE CRIMEA.

South Park Street.

During the American Civil War, from 1861 to 1865, the city was again the headquarters of a lucrative trade with its neighbours to the south, when the foundations of many a goodly fortune were laid. Since then its history has been an uneventful one, of steady commercial progress. Its manufacturing, shipping and other interests have grown with the population, and to-day there are few richer towns of its size on the continent. Its people, warm-hearted, hospitable and patriotic, view with affection and pride the beautiful old city which has given them birth, rejoice in its sure and substantial growth, and look forward with confidence to a bright and glowing future.



DEFENCES AND FORTIFICATIONS.

HALIFAX is, without question, one of the most strongly fortified cities in the world, and certainly no place in America approaches within measurable distance of it in this respect. Year by year since its foundation have the defences been renewed, improved and added to, until the result to-day is an array of forts and batteries commanding every avenue of approach. Grim and threatening, from out the very heart of the city which nestles below and around it, rises the mighty Citadel, a stern and watchful sentinel, keeping unceasing guard over its peaceful charge. On the right and left of the harbour, as well as on the islands, which add so much to its beauty, are other fortresses with frowning cannon, seaward-pointing, ever ready for the enemy who would dare invade. Models of strength, and as nearly impregnable as modern science can make them, they are a never-failing source of pride to the citizen, and of curiosity and admiration to the visitor.

The first defences of Halifax were of a most primitive nature. They consisted merely of a palisade, with block-houses built of logs at convenient intervals. An old map of the city shows the line of palisades; commencing on the beach at about the foot of Salter Street, whence it extended to where the Masonic Hall now stands; thence to the site now occupied by St. Mary's Cathedral. From the latter the palisade ran on to the Engineers' barracks, and across the foot of the Citadel to the head of Buckingham Street; thence east to Parker's market, and down to the water's edge. This fence stood until about 1753, in which year four batteries were erected along the beach. The central one, called Middle or Governor's Battery, stood where the Queen's wharf now is, directly in front of the old Government House, now the site of the Province Building. The second was placed where the Ordnance wharf was afterwards built. The third was situated north of Fairbank's wharf; and the fourth, called the Grand or South Battery, at the lumber yard, where its foundation may still be seen. The fences were built of cross logs, filled in with stone and gravel, covered with earth and planted with grass. They were elevated about twenty-five feet above the level of the sea, and had battlements at the front and at both ends. In 1783, the Ordnance Yard and the Queen's wharf, then swamps round the batteries, were appropriated to their present uses, filled up and levelled, and the fortifications removed. A battery and guard-house on George's Island were erected about the same time. Drawings of the town, published in 1774 or 1775, show fortifications on the island, and a small redoubt, with flag-staff and guard-house, near the summit of the Citadel; but it was not until the Revolutionary War that the construction of regular and permanent works appears to have been begun.

Citadel Hill seems to have been for the first time regularly fortified about the year 1778. The summit was then about eighty feet higher than it is now, and the works consisted of an octagonal wooden tower and block-houses; the whole encompassed with a ditch and ramparts of earth and wood, with pickets placed together slanting outwards. Below this and extending down the hill were several outworks of a similar character. In 1775, a battery and small block-house were erected opposite the old Dutch Church on Brunswick Street, and another at the extremity of the same street, in the field adjoining the present Admiralty grounds;

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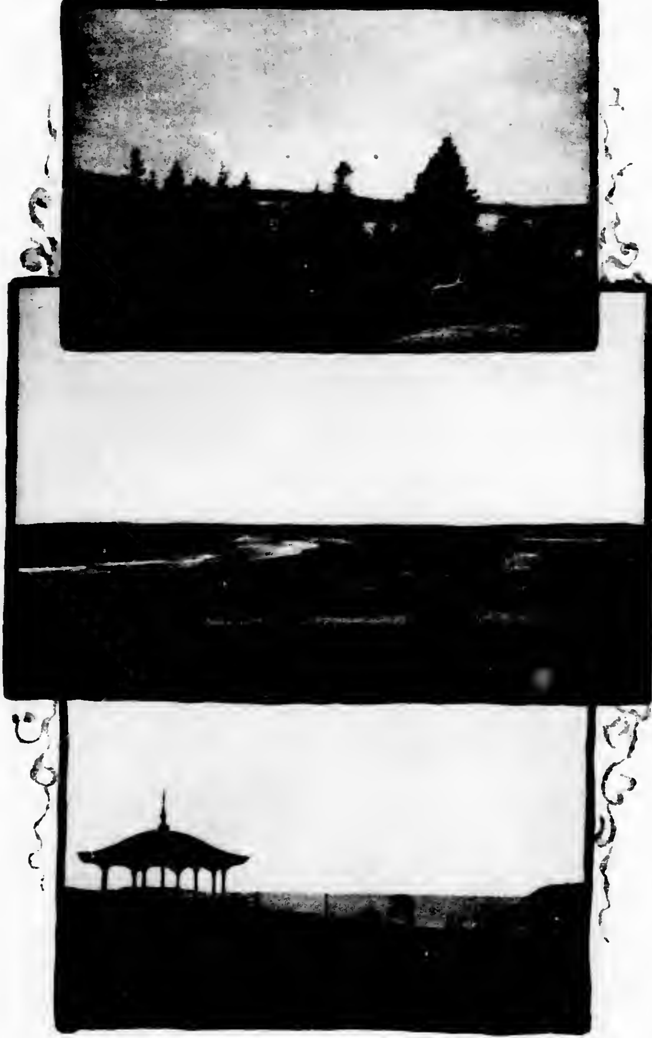
SECTION OF CITY AND HARBOUR.

the latter remained until it fell into decay, but the former was demolished in 1783, and the ground granted to the German parson for a residence. The old wooden fortifications on the Citadel were removed by the Duke of Kent, while commander of the garrison. He cut down the hill and constructed ramparts of earth, mounting five or six guns at each angle, surrounded by a deep ditch. Willow trees were planted round these ramparts and the whole enclosed with a [illegible]. There were also covered ways and passages leading into the fort. Towers on George's Island, [illegible], East Battery, Mauger's Beach and York Redoubt were built about this period. The works on the Citadel, commenced by the Duke, have since been continued by succeeding commanders. Nearly every year has seen some additions and changes made, resulting in the present immense stronghold. The hill is 256 feet above the sea level, and within it are bomb-proof barracks with accommodation for a whole regiment. It also contains a station for electrical apparatus connecting the adjacent forts, a flag-staff, signal station and a storm-drum, which is used to give warning of approaching disturbances of the weather. The numerous bastions on the ramparts, separated from the glacis by a deep moat, frown with guns of heavy calibre, and command the approach in every direction. To the casual observer the Citadel gives little sign of life within, and a solitary sentinel marching up and down the swinging bridge over the moat, at the narrow entrance, is the only indication of the busy world concealed in the bowels of the great hill.

An outer battery formerly stood near the portal, but was recently removed, and the antiquated guns of which it was composed now mount guard at Point Pleasant, mutely gazing seaward, still on duty, and still waiting for the enemy who has never come. At the south end of the glacis are the extensive barracks of the Royal Artillery; and at the north-east end, the Pavilion barracks, or married men's quarters. To the west stretches the Common, a vast field, or rather a series of fields, used for military parades and reviews; while to the north, on the corner of Gottingen and Cogswell Streets, stands the military hospital, erected in 1868 at a cost of over half-a-million of dollars.

The battery on George's Island is built on a plan somewhat similar to that of the Citadel, and, like it, is constructed of massive stone, behind great earthworks. "Picturesque Canada" describes it: "An ant-hill of



Looking up the Arm, from the old Chain Battery.
Cow Bay.
Summer House at Point Pleasant.

human beings, whose cells are casements, armories and arsenals, in the vaulted flanks of bastions, deep buried in the piles of masonry. As we grope after a guard through descending passages, the air gets colder until the walls can be seen glistening with ooze-hidden springs, and ice-cold pools receive our unwilling feet. We step at length into one of the casements, where a cannon stands before its round port-hole, like a lion peering from his covert, waiting for his prey." Near the entrance to the harbour, on the western side, stands York Redoubt, a powerful fort, on the top of a high bluff. It is also a signal-station for shipping. Forts Ogilvie and Cambridge, in Point Pleasant Park; Point Battery, Fort Clarence, on the eastern passage; and Prince's Battery Fort, on McNab's Island, complete the fortifications—all built on the latest and most approved plans, swarming with soldiers and bristling with cannon.

LADIES' COLLEGE.

Halifax is the headquarters of the Imperial forces in British North America, and its garrison is, as we have said, the only one in Canada composed of regular troops. The commander-in-chief is a general, who, in the absence from the Dominion of the Governor-General, acts as administrator. The garrison includes a regiment of the line, a battery of the Royal Artillery, two companies of the Royal Engineer corps, detachments of the Commissariat and Transport corps, of the Ordnance store, and the Hospital corps, besides the Medical and Army Pay Departments. In addition to this there is a corps of Submarine and Torpedo Engineers, who devote their whole time to submarine engineering. These men have placed a number of mines and torpedoes along the bottom of the sea at the entrance to the harbour. By an

ingenious arrangement they can tell, without leaving their office, when a vessel is immediately over any one of these, and all that remains for them to do is to touch a button and the ship is reduced to splinters.

In addition to all this the city is, and always has been, a great naval station. It is the headquarters of the North American and West Indies squadron of the Royal Navy. It is a vice-admiral's command, and the flag-ship, as well as the greater portion of the fleet, remain in the harbour nearly all summer. While on shore, the admiral on duty resides at Admiralty House, on Gottingen Street, in the north end of the city. It is a plain, substantial residence of stone, commanding a magnificent view of the harbour and surroundings, and contains a signal-station, by means of which the admiral communicates with the ships lying below. It was here that H. R. H. Princess Louise resided on her first arrival in Canada.

To the north, on the same street, are the Wellington barracks. These are built of brick, and occupy the whole slope of the hill between Gottingen and Water Streets. The buildings are very commodious, and afford excellent accommodation for a part of the garrison. The lower range contains the officers' quarters, mess-room, etc., while the upper is occupied by the men. Just below Admiralty House is H. M. Naval Yard. The big wall by which it is enclosed was built in 1770. During the two great contests with the United States it was invaluable as a station for the Royal Navy. Many trophies of the War of 1812 were formerly kept there, including the figure-head of the American frigate *Chesapeake*, whose capture by the *Shannon* is elsewhere related. In 1815 it was the scene of a celebration to commemorate the battle and signal victory of Waterloo.

MILITARY AND NAVAL DEMONSTRATIONS.

The extensive military and naval manœuvres of which Halifax is every summer the scene, are a never failing source of interest both to the citizen and the visitor. To the latter, more especially, they possess all the charm of novelty, as nowhere else on this continent, and for that matter in very few places in the world, are such scenes to be witnessed. Imagine a bright July morning with cloudless sky and fresh, pure air scented with the breath of the broad ocean. On the blue waters of the harbour, rippled by the light morning breeze, Her Majesty's men-of-war are quietly resting. Presently the shrill call of a boatswain's whistle rings out. The crews swarm up the rigging, sails are loosed, anchors raised and a stately fleet of war-ships sail majestically down past the city and out to sea. "War" has been declared, and when they return it will be as enemies to capture and bombard the town.

The militia is called out, lookouts are stationed at every point of view, and the whole garrison is on the alert, awaiting the attack. When or where it will commence no one knows but the admiral in command. The submarine and torpedo engineers are busy all day laying surface mines and seeing that the sunken mines already laid are in working order. Night steals on and the enemy have not yet come. Perhaps they will avail themselves of the friendly darkness, and under its cover attempt to creep up past the forts. To prevent this unceasing watch is kept. Now and then a bright search light flashes out from one of the forts and illumines the sea for miles. First in one direction then in another it is thrown, but on the bosom of the silent deep no huge monster of war looms up. Only some peaceful trader making harbour is discerned, her startled crew wondering whence came the bright glare that for a second enveloped them, and then disappeared as suddenly as it came. Thus the night passes while the city slumbers. But at daybreak a change comes. The booming

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PUBLIC GARDENS.

of cannon at York Redoubt announces that the attack has begun. Then there is a scrambling out of bed, a hurried dressing, and a rush for the heights of the Citadel and the shore at Point Pleasant to see the fun.

Exciting as are the naval manœuvres, the military reviews and sham-fights on the Common in rear of the Citadel are scarcely less interesting, and draw crowds of spectators; while the yearly regimental sports, generally held on the grounds at the Wellington Barracks, and open to the public, afford an exhibition of athletics not elsewhere to be seen in this part of the world.

PLACES OF INTEREST.

AMONG the places of interest not mentioned in the foregoing pages, the churches of the city take prominent rank. Haligonians have always been a church-going people. One of the first undertakings of the infant colony was the erection of a place of worship, and in the original plan of the town one square was reserved as its site. The frame and other building materials were imported from Boston, and the edifice completed in 1750; Divine service being celebrated there for the first time on September 2nd of that year. The design was furnished by the Imperial Government, and was an exact copy of that on which St. Peter's, Vere Street, London, was built. The new church was named St. Paul's, and is to-day the oldest building of any importance in the city. It stands on a commanding site, facing the Grand Parade, and for many years was used by successive bishops as a cathedral. In 1812 it was enlarged by an addition to the north end and a steeple erected, in which was placed a chime of three bells, donated by Mr. Andrew Belcher, son of Governor Belcher, and father of the late Admiral Sir Joseph Belcher. St. Paul's is rich in mural tablets, richer than any

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SECTION OF CITY AND CITADEL HILL.

church in Canada it is said, for many distinguished men sleep their last sleep within the shelter of its protecting walls.

On the corner of Gerrish and Brunswick Streets the "Little Dutch Church," another relic of olden times, still stands. It was built in 1755, by private subscription, supplemented by a grant of £47 from the Government, and was at first used as a school-house. Later, a steeple was added, and in 1761, the date it bears, it was consecrated as a church for the use of the Lutherans who came to Halifax in 1851-2. Some years after, however, its congregation was merged with that of St. George's, and the old church reverted to its original character. The grounds were formerly used as a cemetery, and still contain many time-worn, weather-stained tomb-stones, bearing records of the death of early German settlers. The building has been kept in good repair but has not been altered in any way. It remains to-day just as it was when erected. It is, perhaps, the smallest of existing churches.

Dalhousie College.

The principal church of the Presbyterian body in Halifax is St. Matthew's, on Pleasant Street, near Spring Garden Road. The front is of freestone, and the sides of brick, covered with mastic, in imitation of stone. The main entrance is surmounted by a massive square turret with elegant pinnacles, from the centre of which rises a tall spire. The church possesses considerable claim to architectural beauty, and was erected in 1859 as a successor to the old St. Matthew's or Mather's church, which was destroyed by fire in 1857. The ground for

the original edifice, which was built very shortly after St. Paul's, was assigned by Governor Cornwallis in 1749.

On Spring Garden Road, opposite the old English burying-ground, is St. Mary's R. C. Cathedral. It is a handsome structure with beautiful granite façade, and is deemed one of the finest churches in Canada. Its tall white spire glistening in the sun is perhaps the first sight to greet the incoming traveller from the mouth of the harbour. It was erected on the site of the "old St. Peter's," the first Roman Catholic Church in Halifax. The latter, at the time, was removed to Dartmouth and is still in use, shortly to be replaced, however, by a more commodious structure. St. Patrick's R. C. Church on Brunswick Street, at the north end, has an interesting history. It was originally built by a Methodist lay preacher, was afterwards used by the Government as a military chapel, and finally was purchased by the Roman Catholics, who, some few years ago, tore down the old building and erected a handsome new edifice of brick and stone, capable of accommodating a large congregation.

The R. C. Church of "Our Lady of Dolours," in the cemetery of the Holy Cross, possesses the unique distinction of having been built from the foundation to the roof-tree in one day. The sight must have been a novel one. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh, the then R. C. Bishop of Halifax, had called upon the congregation to assist in the erection of the church, and we are told that at half-past seven on the morning of August 31st., 1843, the day fixed upon, "crowds of all degrees, sexes and professions, gathered round St. Mary's church, anxious to exhibit the readiness with which they were prepared to answer the call of religion." Headed by the bishop, they marched in procession to the cemetery and accomplished their purpose. It was certainly a good day's work, and little wonder that Halifax felt proud of itself, for the whole town was interested, and the Catholics were not without helpers from the other denominations. The city then, as now, was characterized by a complete absence of bigotry, and the harmony that has always existed between the followers of the different sects and creeds might be imitated with advantage in other cities on this continent.

The parish church of St. George, C. E., commonly called the "Round Church," stands embowered in a

grove of beautiful shade trees at the corner of Cornwallis and Brunswick Streets. It is built of wood and was erected in the year 1800. There are not a few traditions to account for its peculiar shape; one, that the Duke of Kent was partial to round buildings; another, that the old Germans who largely assisted in its construction, made their church round in order that the devil, who loves to lurk in corners, might find himself without a hiding-place in this sanctuary. Be that as it may, the edifice is a handsome and commodious one, and has well withstood the siege of time. The Garrison Chapel, a plain substantial wooden structure, in an open field, at the corner of Cogswell and Brunswicks Streets, is sure to attract the attention of the visitor. As its name implies, it was erected for the convenience of the garrison, and every Sunday morning crowds collect round it to watch the troops from the different barracks march in, in uniform, accompanied by a full military band. The service of song in the church is also led by the band. At the evening service, however, except on special occasions, the organ alone is used.

In all there are forty churches and chapels in Halifax, being nearly one to every thousand of the population, and most of them would well repay a visit. They are classified as follows: Church of England, twelve; Presbyterian, eight; Methodist, seven; Baptist, six; Roman Catholic, six; and Universalist, one. The Young Men's Christian Association own a handsome and imposing structure on the corner of Granville and Prince Streets. The Church of England Institute and the St. Mary's Young Men's Total Abstinence and Benevolent Association's Hall, both on Barrington Street, are new and fine buildings of brick and stone, containing reading rooms, billiard halls, etc. The St. Patrick's branch of the latter society also own a handsome hall at the northern end of the same street.

Dalhousie College was founded by the Earl of Dalhousie in 1821. The original endowment was derived from funds collected at the port of Castine, Maine, during its occupation, in 1814, by Sir John Sherbrooke, then Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. It formerly stood on the site of the present City Hall. The beautiful building now occupied by the college is situated in the south-western part of the city, fronting on Morris, Robie, and College Streets. The site is a commanding one, and the college is one of the first objects to

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View from the Citadel—George's Island.

attract the attention of the passenger on an inward bound vessel. The institution is richly endowed, and the course of study, acknowledged the best in the Maritime Provinces, will compare very favourably with the chief universities in Quebec and Ontario. Among other noteworthy educational institutions are: The Sacred Heart Convent, beautifully situated in spacious grounds on Spring Garden Road, opposite the Public Gardens; the Ladies' Presbyterian College, on Pleasant Street, a commodious and handsome building recently erected and admirably conducted; the Convent of the Sisters of Charity at Mount St. Vincent, on the shores of Bedford Basin, at Rockingham. The latter is a large and elegant edifice of brick and stone, commanding a magnificent view of the Basin and surrounding country, with extensive and well-kept park and pleasure grounds. The School for the Blind, one of the most complete and best managed institutions of its kind on the continent, and the Deaf and Dumb Institute on Gottingen Street, are also notable attractions.

Among the more important charitable and benevolent institutions, of which Halifax is said to contain more than any city of its size in America, are the City and Provincial Hospital, the City Poor House, Home for the Aged, Protestant Orphan's Home, Industrial Schools (Protestant and Roman Catholic), St. Paul's Alms House, R. C. Orphans' Home, Visiting Dispensary, and a number of eleemosynary societies such as the St. Vincent de Paul's, St. George's, North British, Charitable Irish, etc. The Halifax Club, on Hollis Street, and the City Club, on Barrington Street, are both fine buildings, and the resort of the *elite* of the male portion of the community.

Government House, on Pleasant Street, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, is one of the oldest buildings in the city. Its erection was begun about the year 1800, and it was first occupied by Governor Sir John Wentworth, in 1805. It was, however, still incomplete, and grants were required from year to year to finish the building and enclose it in a substantial manner as it now exists. The first Government House stood in the centre of the square now occupied by the Province Building. It was erected soon after the town was laid out, and was a small, low, wooden structure surrounded by hogsheads of gravel and sand, on which a number of small cannon were mounted for its defence. In 1757-8, this little cottage was razed, and a more spacious residence built by Governor Lawrence. The latter structure was in its turn removed, to make way for the

LAUNCHING THE JOGGINS' RAFT.

A VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOUR.

Province Building, and the materials of which it was composed used in the construction of a dwelling house on Tower Road, afterwards occupied by Colonel Balgazette. The existing gubernatorial residence is a massive building of freestone, blackened with age, and is one of the sights of the city. Its present occupants, His Honour Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Daly, the latter a daughter of the late Sir Edward Kenny, are extremely popular.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILROAD DEPOT.

The Province Building, erected, as has been said, on the site of the old Government House, was commenced in 1811, the corner stone being laid on the 12th of August in that year by Sir George Prevost. It is built of brown freestone. The original cost was a little over $200,000, and up to 1830 it was considered the finest building in North America. It is still the admiration of visiting architects, as some of its halls are of great beauty, both in proportion and decoration. It contains a well-stocked library, presided over by Mr. F. Blake Crofton, the well-known author and *littérateur*, and is rich in historical portraits.

Perhaps the finest public building in the Lower Provinces is that known as the Dominion Building. It is occupied by the Customs and Post Office Departments, and also contains the Provincial Museum. Except the

basement, which is of fine cut granite, it is constructed of freestone, in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and with its elaborate carving is the most profusely decorated building in the city. It is four storeys high with a pitch roof and a cupola rising out of the centre. The Court House is another large and ornamental structure of freestone. It is situated on Spring Garden Road, at the southern termination of Grafton Street. The new City Hall is a handsome stone edifice, fronting on the Grand Parade and facing old St. Paul's. The one with its century-and-a-half of years, the other the growth of yesterday; both challenge the attention and admiration of the sight-seer. The Nova Scotia Hospital for the Insane is on the eastern side of the harbour, below Dartmouth. It is a huge building of brick 600 feet long, and was erected at a cost of $500,000. The average number of patients is about four hundred. The Dry Dock, adjoining H. M. Naval Yard, is something of which Haligonians may justly feel proud. It is constructed of granite and concrete, built in the solid rock, and is large enough to accommodate any vessel afloat. It is 613 feet long, and 102 feet wide at the top, and 593 feet long, 70 feet wide at the bottom. It is seldom idle, and one is almost sure to find there some big vessel undergoing repairs which will fit her for further mission on the deep.

The Fish Market, north of Queen's wharf, with its stock of glistening salmon, cod, halibut, haddock, mackerel, herring, cusk, whiting and a dozen other varieties of the finny tribe, affords a spectacle of never-failing delight to the epicure. To the student of human nature also it is not without interest, for here in the early morning are gathered "all sorts and conditions of men." The wealthy citizen who trusts nobody but himself to decide as to the "freshness of the gills or the elasticity of the tail," jostles elbows with his poorer brother of the work-shop. There, too, is the regimental mess-man, the gun-room steward from the Dock Yard, the gentleman's servant, the boarding-house keeper, the shrewd housewife intent on a bargain, and perhaps a "coloured lady" from Preston, who bears away in triumph the head of a cod or halibut, which in most parts of the world would be considered a prize of the choicest, but is sold here for a mere song.

The Green Market, near by, on Wednesday and Saturday mornings, is another point of attraction. It should by all means be visited. A writer thus describes the scene: "From the country settlements east and

Public Gardens.

west they come in horse-carts, ox-teams and on foot. There are Dutch women, from along the eastern shore, with their baskets of green crops, which have been nourished on the purest ozone and the richest sea-kelp. There are Blue-nosed women, broad and high coloured, fearless alike of wind and weather, as they drive their loaded teams by night over rough and lonely roads to reach the earliest Dartmouth ferry-boat. They offer, with a friendly smile on their weather-beaten visages, primrose butter, *perdu* under cool cabbage leaves, and pearly eggs, food for the gods. There are lank-limbed countrymen, clad in rough grey homespun, standing beside their loads of vegetables or salt marsh hay—not keen and shrewd like New England farmers, but bashfully courteous of speech, with the soft lisp of the German father land on their tongues, or the burr of their Scottish ancestry. Here are a couple of French women, each with a basket of knitted goods on her arm. Contrast the withered and yellow grandame, her grizzled hair bulging in a roll above her bushy eyebrows, her claw-like hands plying her knitting-wires, with the fresh young girl by her side, whose arch black eyes sparkle from out her smooth olive face, and her white teeth display themselves in full force as we finger the huge mittens in her basket. Old and young alike are habited in blue or black handkerchiefs tightly knotted under the chin, loose blue jackets with napkin shawls folded over them, and short woollen skirts. Scores of them have been on the road all night, covering the twenty-six miles from Chezzetcook on foot, their fingers busily plying the knitting needles all the way. There squats a negro matron on the pavement, her clouted feet stretched before her in utter disregard of passers-by, a short black pipe between her pendulous lips. Her layers of rags clothe her like the fungi of a dead tree; her padded hood is fashioned to fulfil the office of a saddle for her load. She has luscious wild strawberries in little birch-barks, which she offers you in an unctuous falsetto, stuffing her pipe into her bosom the better to over-haul her store for a fresh one. You pause in your bargain as you wonder whether her teeth hulled the tempting fruit! The 'noble red man' and his squaw also attend market. There they stand, a degenerate pair, clad in the cast-off clothes of the white man, their merchandise consisting of flag and willow baskets gaily dyed, and an occasional porcupine-quill box."

The North-West Arm, formerly called Sandwich river, must be seen to be appreciated. Its richly wooded banks; its graceful windings; its sheltered coves and little headlands; its clusters of beautiful residences, with well-trimmed lawns sloping down to the beach; its fleet of pleasure boats, their white sails gleaming as they merrily cleave the bright blue waters, all tend to render it one of the prettiest spots in the world. "If," a visitor writes, "one would feast his eyes on a prospect not easily forgotton, let him climb the hill which overlooks the Arm on the western side, and enjoy it at his ease in the rustic summer-house that has been perched there by Sandford Fleming, the great engineer." At the head of this arm of the sea is Melville Island, where prisoners of war were formerly kept, now used as a military prison, and near the mouth are the massive iron rings between which, in the old troublous war times, heavy chains were stretched from bank to bank to bar the passage of the enemy. In every direction are delightful bits of scenery, sheltered nooks and beautiful groves, interspersed with patches of soft green sward.

Halifax, however, delights above all things in its Public Gardens and its Park at Point Pleasant. The former, admittedly the most beautiful of their size in America, comprise some fourteen acres artistically arranged with ornamental shrubberies, arbours, ponds, fountains, statuary, stately shade trees and exquisite flowers. A capable superintendent, with a small army of under-gardeners, is employed, and succeed in keeping everything in a condition so nearly approaching perfection that the most captious find little room for cavil. Every Saturday afternoon a military band discourses sweet music from a tree-embowered pavilion, and the gardens are then thronged with the *elite* of the city.

The Park, at Point Pleasant, is beautiful beyond comparison. Its woodland driving roads and riding paths, twisting and twining with serpentine grace in and out through forests of spruce and pine, with glimpses now of the harbour, now of the Arm, anon of the broad ocean rolling in through the big mouth of Chebucto Bay and thundering on the beach at your feet, all enchant you. Nothing can be more delightful than to go out to "The Point" on a bright summer day, where you may breathe the pure salt air fresh from the sea, and stroll through the groves inhaling the odour of resinous pines, never tiring the while of the new beauties that

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H. M. S. "CANADA" ENTERING DRY DOCK. H. M. S. "CANADA" IN DRY DOCK. H. M. S. "BELLEROPHON," FLAG SHIP, 1885-1891.

open out to you at every turn of the road. All the time your pulse will tingle, the blood course merrily through your veins, the colour come to your cheek, and you will not wonder that Halifax knows so little of sickness or ill-health, with such a restorer and vivifier at its very doors. "Picturesque Canada" thus describes this charming resort: "Broad carriage drives of a most excellent smoothness wind through the natural forest, the shimmer of the sea ever and anon closing the vista. Footpaths abound, where one might loose himself most enjoyably among the labyrinths of rocks, trees and tall brackens. Shut your eyes and ears to the plashing ocean all around, and fancy yourself in the Black Forest of Germany. There are the mossy reaches under tall pines, the wealth of wild flowers, the sweet, resinous odour as the path winds up and up, you care not whither. Where are the ruins? There is a good substitute in the old Martello Tower,—'Prince of Wales Tower,'—standing guard in the centre of its green clearing, and though there are no legends of Black Barons or wily Loreleis attached to its walls, it is a memorial of the days when rough-handed marauders hung about the shores, and skulking Indians peered out of the surrounding greenery at the pale-face braves, longing for their scalps."

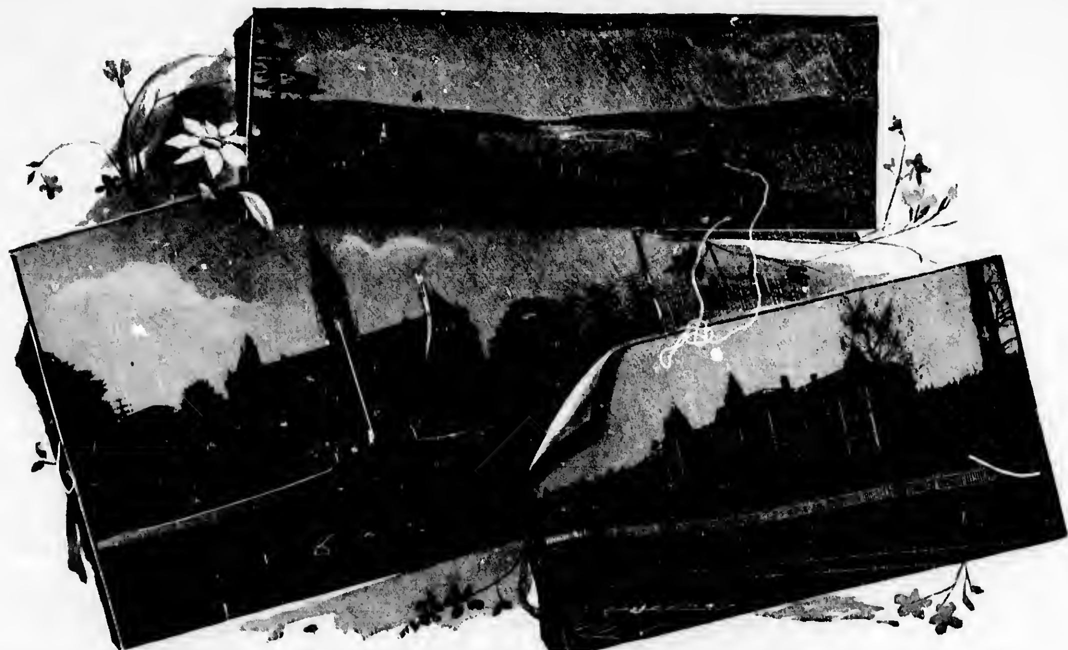
There are many beautiful drives in and around the city. Among them that to the Dingle, back of Melville Island, and to Bedford, along the shore of the Basin, past Prince's Lodge, are the most favoured. About three miles from the Dingle is a granite rocking-stone, resting on a strata of rock that rises to the surface of the ground. It is twenty feet in length, fourteen in breadth, nine in height, and seventy-four in circumference. It is estimated to weigh one hundred and sixty-two tons, and moves on a pivot of twelve by six inches. It is easily set in motion with the aid of a small wooden lever, but is said to have been so nicely balanced some years ago that a push of the hand was sufficient to rock it.

In the Arm and the Harbour, as well as in the numerous lakes and rivers near the city, there is excellent fishing, and in the Fall of the year the sportsman need not let his gun lie idle, for good shooting and plenty of it is to be had within easy distance. Those who enjoy surf-bathing may revel in it to their heart's content at Cow Bay, a magnificent stretch of sandy beach, about nine miles from Halifax, on the Dartmouth side, on

the shores of the broad Atlantic. Sea-going steamers make one and two-day excursions to some of the numerous pretty towns and settlements along the shore, almost weekly throughout the Summer months, and satisfy the longing of those who love the sea but cannot take too much of it at a time. In fact, both in and around Halifax there are many places of interest not mentioned in the foregoing pages, but the necessarily limited space at command in a publication of this nature has precluded the possibility of noticing any but the more important. The tourist is cordially invited to come and see for himself, and is assured that he will not regret an acceptance of the invitation. Nor will he lack good hotel accommodation, fear as to the quality of which, and perhaps not without reason, has in former years kept many a would-be visitor from these hospitable shores. The Halifax of to-day possesses not one but many hostelries well equipped with every convenience for the comfort and pleasure of its guests, and that at more reasonable rates than, as a rule, are elsewhere obtained. The most popular, perhaps, is The Queen, on Hollis Street, recently refitted and under able management.

PRINCE'S LODGE.

H. R. H. Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of H. M. Queen Victoria, came to Halifax, in 1794, as commander-in-chief of the garrison. A strict disciplinarian, he tolerated neither dissipation nor idleness, and did much to break up the drinking habits which had prevailed previous to his arrival. The troops were kept hard at work on the fortifications and at road-making, and, it is said, in winter time, had to keep the road from



NEW CITY HALL. VIEW OF NORTH-WEST ARM, FROM HORSE-SHOE ISLAND. CONVENT AT MOUNT ST. VINCENT

the city to the Prince's Lodge clear of snow-drifts—no small undertaking. The Lodge, on the shore of Bedford Basin some six miles from the town, was the favourite residence of His Royal Highness, and was embellished with all the splendour befitting royalty. In the grounds, we are told, "serpentine walks, shaded by noble birches, stretched to the verge of the forest, while here and there along the grateful promenade, enticing arbours, fantastic summer houses and secluded grottoes, offered pleasant retreats in which to rest and view the charming prospect." A miniature lake and waterfall adorned the park, and, even at the present day, neglected and run wild as it is, the spot is a most beautiful one. Of the lodge itself nothing now remains but a few traces of the foundations and a small round building, formerly the band-house, which has been kept in good repair. The following, from Judge Haliburton's "Clockmaker," gives a vivid picture of the place as it looked some twenty-five years or so after the Prince's departure, and will also serve to show the kindly remembrance in which His Royal Highness was held by the citizens of Halifax, to whom he was ever affable and courteous and by whom he was greatly beloved: "It," Bedford Basin, says Sam Slick, "is an extensive and magnificent sheet of water, the shores of which are deeply indented with numerous coves and well-sheltered inlets of great beauty. At a distance of seven miles from the town is a ruined lodge, built by His Royal Highness, the late Duke of Kent, when commander-in-chief of the forces in the colony, once his favourite summer residence, and the scene of his splendid hospitalities. It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fence, the prostrate gates, the ruined grottoes, the long winding avenues, cut out of the forest, overgrown by rank grass and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that pervades everything all bespeak a rapid and premature decay, recall to mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of fleeting pleasure and the transitory nature of all earthly things. But this is the only ruin of any extent in Nova Scotia, and the only spot either associated with royalty or set apart and consecrated to solitude or decay. The stranger pauses at a sight so unusual and inquires the cause; he learns, with surprise, that this place was devoted exclusively to 'pleasure,' that care and sorrow never entered here; and that the voice of mirth and music was alone heard within its gates. It was the temporary

Military Prison, Melville Island, North-West Arm.

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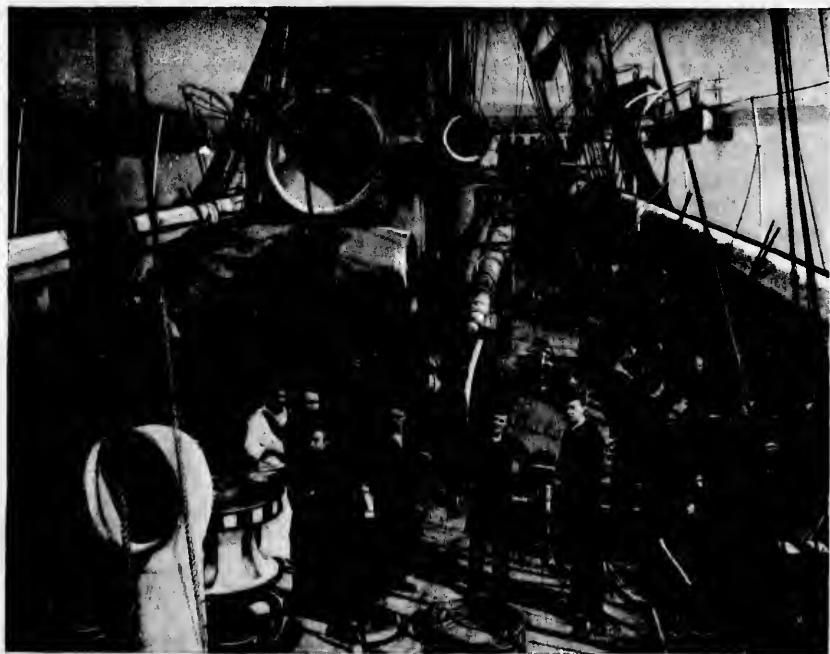
abode of a prince—of one, too, had he lived, who would have inherited the first and fairest empire in the world. The affectionate remembrance that we retain of its lamented owner may have added to my regret and increased the interest I felt in the lonely and peculiar ruin. In the Duke of Kent the Nova Scotians lost a kind patron and generous friend. The loyalty of the people, which, when all America was revolting, remained firm and unshaken, and the numerous proofs he received of their attachment to their king and to himself, made an impression upon his mind that was effaced neither by time nor distance."

PORT ROYAL, LOUISBOURG, GRAND PRÉ AND THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

The interest, historically, in Halifax is in the main British; in the Province at large it is for the most part French. When we say this we refer, of course, to the early history of Nova Scotia, L'Acadie of the French kings, Henry IV., Louis XIII., and le Grand Monarque. With the early years of the seventeenth century France opened the eventful era of her colonization in the New World by founding a Huguenot settlement in the Bay of Fundy. In 1604, De Monts' fleet entered the Basin of Annapolis, and at the head of its beautiful waters De Poutrincourt secured a grant of the region, erected a fort on it, and called it Port Royal. Here, two years afterwards, he was joined by the historian, Lescarbot, while Champlain was also among the first explorers of Acadia before proceeding to Quebec to found the French colony on the St. Lawrence. The founding of this



MEN AT QUARTERS ON BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR.

outpost of France in Acadia at once roused the ire of the British colonists all down the Atlantic seaboard, from Massachusetts to Virginia. In 1613, Argall swooped down upon Port Royal with his Virginian levies and laid the French post in the dust. This was the beginning of the hundred and fifty years' fateful struggle between France and Britain in North America, a struggle which ended only with the fall of Quebec and the triumph of British arms in the New World.

After the Argall expedition the whole of Acadia was granted by James I. of England to Sir Wm. Alexander, a Scottish noble, who gave it its title of Nova Scotia. Later on, Charles I. created the Order of Baronets of Nova Scotia and parcelled out the Province in feudal fashion; but ephemeral were the English-speaking settlements founded at this time. In 1632 France regained its hold upon the region, and now began the long feudal wars of the rival French governors, La Tour and D'Aulnay, with the romantic and sometimes tragic incidents that marked the fratricidal contest. In this period of strife Port Royal was more than once to suffer, not only from the forays of the Lord of La Tour (St. John), but from the descents of the New England colonists upon the place. In 1654 it was also visited by a fleet sent out from England by the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, but though the post was taken it was not long held by Britain. Towards the close of the century the fortress again fell before a New England contingent, under Sir Wm. Phips, but the fortunes of war, in 1697, once more placed it in the hands of France. In 1707 and in 1710, Port Royal was further harried by Massachusetts troops: on the latter occasion the garrison surrendered and were all deported to France, while the name Port Royal was changed to Annapolis, in honour of Queen Anne. Three years later (in 1713), the Province was formally ceded to Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht.

For full forty years after this transfer to Britain, French enmity made Acadia the scene of irritating race-turbulence and strife. Into the happy Arcady, where nature smiled on the fair fruit-fields recovered from the sea by the labour of humble French peasants, there entered the slimy serpent of disaffection, beguiling the would-be honest people from their new allegiance. From the position, at least, of neutrals, in the contest going on elsewhere between British and French arms, priestly machination turned the Acadian peasantry into

treacherous and malignant foes. To priestly intolerance was added Indian hate, and both were actively fomented by race jealousy, operating from the far-off base of disaffection in the French colony at Quebec. When clemency and forbearance could no longer stand the strain, the English Governor and the Council of the Colony reluctantly issued, at Halifax, the grimly repressive edict of expulsion. This occurred in 1755, when the entire French population of the Province (some 7,000 in number), was seized, put on shipboard, and deported. The alien Acadians were taken by surprise, their villages and holdings given to the flames, and the smiling land everywhere made desolate. The tragic event has given to the poet Longfellow the theme of one of the most exquisite narrative poems in the language. Unluckily it is a sentimental poetic version, not a trustworthy historical narrative, as Mr. Parkman and the local annalists of the Province abundantly testify. There can be no question as to the severity of the measure and the harrowing incidents attending its execution: but confiscation and enforced exile were, unhappily, the sole cure, and these were employed reluctantly and only as a last resort.

Whatever military justification there was for the action of the English Council at Halifax, the poet has rightly or wrongly, given us a picture so tender and pathetic of the dire occurrence as will not only pass into literature, but make the beautiful meadows of Grand Pré a shrine for all time.

> "Many a weary year has passed since the burning of Grand Pré.
> When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
> Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
> Exile without an end, and without an example in story."

"Naught but tradition," says the poet in his charming hexameters, "remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré." All around, however, there is Nature, and here she is decked in her loveliest and most varied attire. Very pleasing in every direction is the landscape. There are smiling farms and fruitful orchards, rich stretches of meadow land, valleys gleaming in the sunlight, and, seaward, the frowning front of Blomidon, the

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HEAD OF THE BROOK, NORTH-WEST ARM.

swaying tide of Minas Basin, and, when the fog lifts over the Bay of Fundy, the far-off Parrsboro' shore. All these form entrancing features in the idyllic story given us by the author of *Evangeline.*

To reach this classic ground from Halifax, the tourist will take the line of the Intercolonial as far as Windsor Junction, then pass across the peninsula to Windsor by the Windsor and Annapolis railroad. From Windsor he may proceed either by steamer down the Avon river to Horton, or take the rail *via* Hantsport and across the Gaspereaux River to Wolfville, thence by private conveyance to Grand Pré. From Wolfville, if he does not intend to return to Halifax, he may take rail down the Cornwallis Valley to Kentville and Annapolis, thence across the Bay of Fundy to St. John, N. B., and onwards to Quebec, or to Portland and Boston.

Should the tourist desire to return to Halifax, historic interest will, more than probably, draw him to Cape Breton to look on the site of the dismantled fortress of Louisbourg, the "Dunkirk of America." The customary route is by steamer to Hawkesbury, on the Strait of Canso, thence, by way of the Bras D'or lakes, to Sydney, and on by rail to Louisbourg. This most interesting place is now all but "a deserted village," but it has a richly storied past. France early took advantage of its fine harbour as a naval depot in the New World for operations against her hereditary British foe and the colonies of the Atlantic seaboard. The fortress was begun in 1720, and it took twenty years, and over thirty million livres from the royal treasury, to complete the citadel and its defences.

The fateful history of Louisbourg is comprised within the years 1745–1758. In 1745 British colonial prowess won a signal victory. In that year the New England legislatures organized an expedition to attack it with all the sternness of a Puritan crusade. The military command was assigned to Col. Wm. Pepperell. The colonies supplied an army of some 4,000 men, with the necessary transports, and this force was aided by the mother country's West Indian fleet, under Commodore Warren. After a vigorous siege and a protracted bombardment, the stronghold surrendered, an equivalent, it was observed by contemporary historians, for all the successes of the French upon the European continent. The fall of Louisbourg was so keenly felt by the French Government that, in the following year, it sent out a formidable Armada to retake it, but the expedition

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proved unsuccessful, and unsuccessful also was a second expedition, the latter being routed by a British fleet before it had gone far on its mission. In 1749 the War of the Austrian Succession being ended, Cape Breton was restored to France, and with it the great fortress.

With the renewed outbreak, in 1755, Louisbourg was once more threatened, but nothing beyond a blockade by the English fleet was achieved. Three years afterwards, Britain roused herself for a mighty effort, and there appeared before Louisbourg Boscawen's great fleet and the invincible army of Amherst and Wolfe. The incidents of the memorable siege that followed need not detain us. On the 26th of July, 1758, Louisbourg surrended, a prelude to the greater victory of next year at Quebec. The capitulation included nearly 6,000 French, with 236 pieces of artillery and immense military stores. The place was dismantled by the British, and to-day the tooth of Time mocks war's pride and the ambition of nations.

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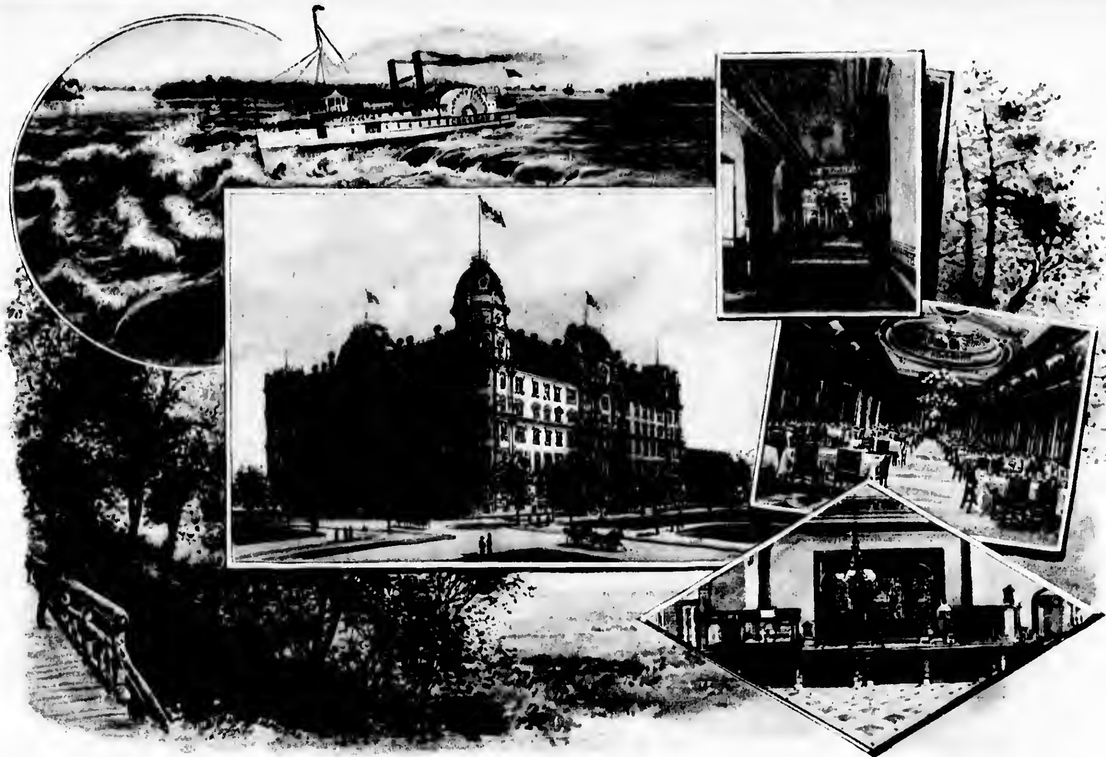

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WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL.

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