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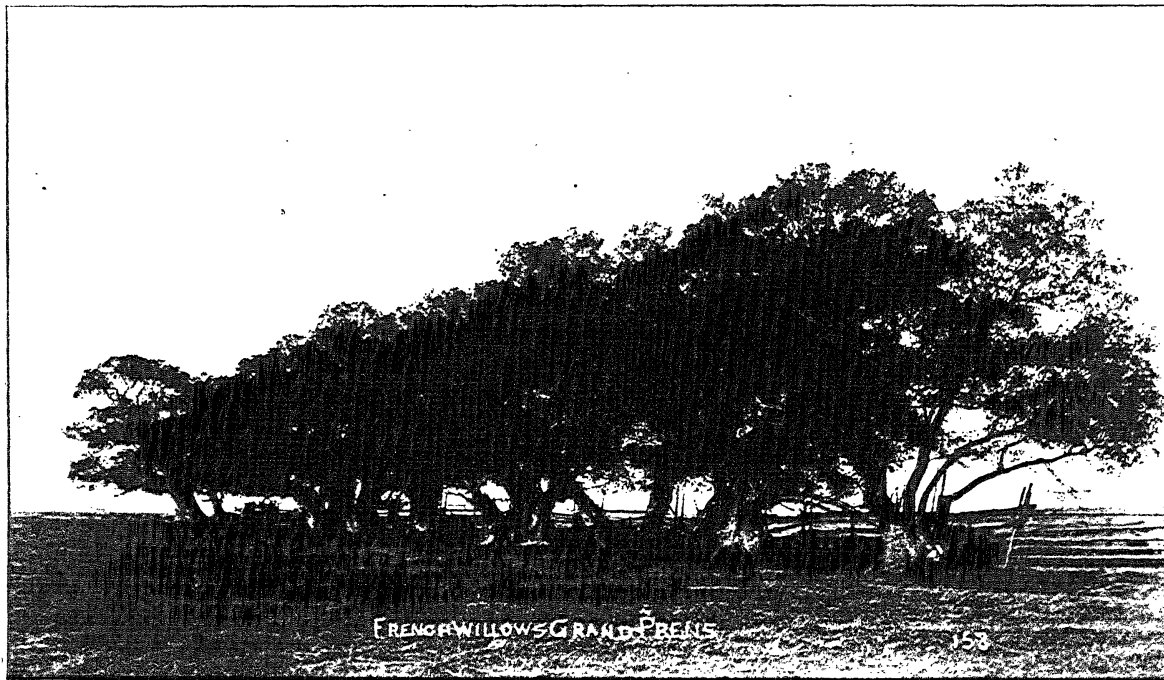
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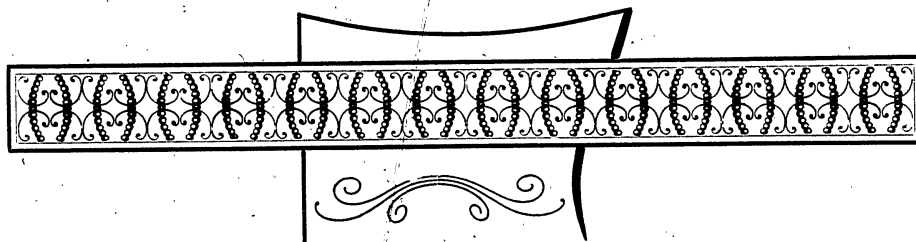


FRENCH WILLOWS, GRAND PÈRE, N. S.

GEMS FROM ...
... SCOTIA'S CROWN

BY

AGNES HELEN LOCKHART



PRINT OF
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BOSTON

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The Author is indebted for some fine views of Nova Scotia contained in this book, to Mr. J. F. MASTERS of the Dominion Atlantic Railway.

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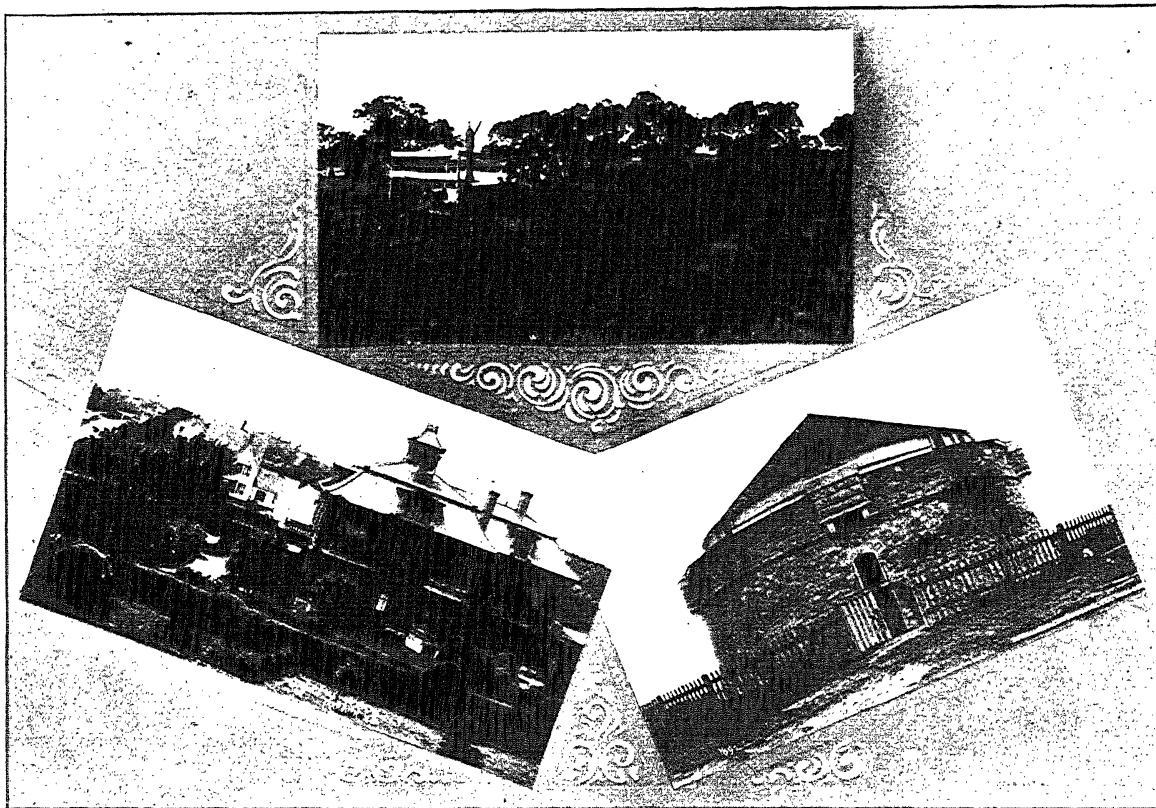
GEMS FROM SCOTIA'S CROWN.

By Agnes Helen Lockhart.



FEW spots in all the world exhale such a breath of romance as Acadia. "The shores of Acadia" seem almost synonymous with the "Garden of Paradise," so much has been sung of this land of marvels. Artists have made many of its scenes immortal, but no brush has painted its landscape in truer color, no poet sung its praises with deeper fervor, and no novelist woven its pathetic romances in such vivid style, as Longfellow, whose *Evangeline* will live in poetry, as long as a tree stands in Acadie, to whisper in the silent night, the immortal tale of the beautiful maiden, with her "Norman Cap and Kirtle." Many foreign tongues have breathed their love stories under these Cerulean skies, but the words have had their own music and been understood, no matter what the accent. Many descendants of the old Scottish nobility may still be found throughout the province. A mist envelopes the origin of the name Acadia, though some claim it originated from the Micmac Quoddy, meaning a region. Lescarbot has written much in verse of the early French life under De Monts, and of the conversion and baptism of the aged Membertoce on the shores of Minas Basin. The forests caught up and echoed the chant of the *Te Deum* as it rose and fell on the peaceful air. The exile of the Acadians, has formed the theme for many poems, yet to-day no trace of French *régime* remains, and the English flag waves peacefully over the hero, and heroine, who sleep on, unmindful of the shifting scenes in the drama of life, or the looming shadow of Mount Blomidon, that through all the changing lights and shades—like the sphinx, wears an immovable face.

Many of the descendants of the exiled Acadians are located along the shores of St. Mary's Bay, near Meteghan. This bay is a delightful sheet of water, in which, during certain seasons of the year, shad and mackerel fairly swarm. In 1604, these waters were explored by



RESIDENCE OF R. GAIL, YARMOUTH.

EVANGELINE'S WELL, GRAND PRÉ.

OLD MARTELLO TOWER, HALIFAX.

De Monts, and a priest of the party who was lost existed for two weeks on berries found in the woods. Champlain named the place Baie Ste Marie. The French residents are a very thrifty people, retaining many of the primitive customs. Some fine religious and educational structures may be found in this section,— notable among them being Ste. Anne's College, and the Stella Maris Church, erected at a cost of \$50,000. The career of the famous Abbe Sigogne is closely identified with the French settlement. A high bridge spans the river, and the turbulent waters beneath remind one of the gorge at Niagara with its foam crested waves.

The "Bar Harbor" of Nova Scotia is Digby, with its magnificent sweep of beach. Looking from the west of the hill on which the town is located, the gorgeous scene impresses itself on the mind forever, and the artist has yet to be born who can successfully reproduce its beauties on canvas. Five hundred feet below, spreads the twenty-mile stretch of Annapolis Basin, with Ancient Annapolis glimmering in the distance. Through the mile-wide gap of Digby Channel, the restless waters of the Bay of Fundy come rushing in with resistless force, as the tides ebb and flow.

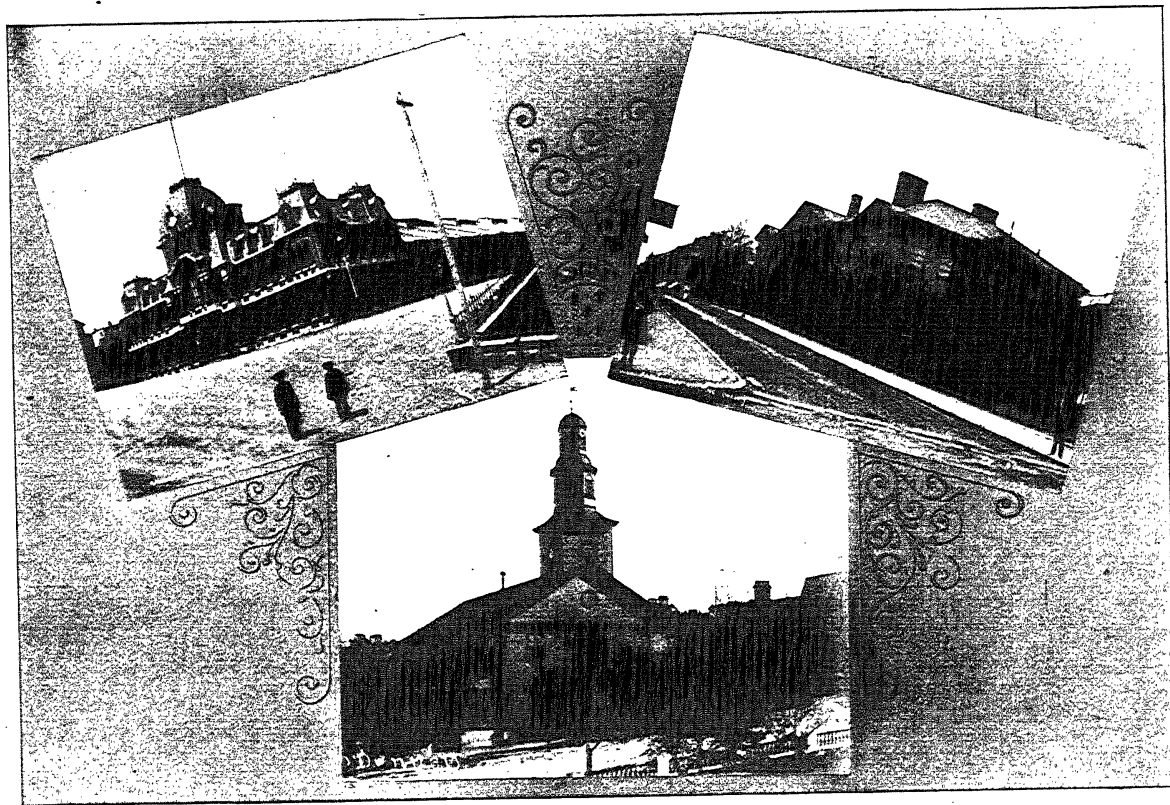
Many of the inhabitants of Digby are descendants of the loyalist refugees of New York and New England. Acacia Valley is a pretty point of interest, and a drive of a mile or so brings one to the famous cherry-growing centre of Nova Scotia, some six miles distant.

Like a beacon, watchful and alert, stands the light-house at rocky Point Prim, at the very entrance of the wonderful gap.

From Mount Beaman, a beautiful view of the surrounding country may be had. The many quaint fishing villages lie like rare jewels in their picturesque settings. Jasper, Agate, and Amethyst minerals, are plentiful in the red sand on Digby Neck. Sparkling and blue lies Annapolis Basin, with here and there a sailing craft dimpling its surface. Ravines, farms, and orchards add to the charming scenery, with here and there Indian Wigwams, from which peep stolid looking squaws with their papposes. Like a great boa-constrictor, the Annapolis river winds its way past the dyke lands that remind one of Holland.

The sally-ports and ramparts of Annapolis now wear coats of moss, and the peaceful town shows only the ruins of the monstrous fortifications of the Annapolis Royal of 1713. Numerous relics of these ancient times exist, and point to the gateway of the glorious Annapolis Valley. The former football of contending races, this historic town, has become world-famed.

Canning, with its peaceful surroundings, leads to the "Look Off," where from the summit of the North Mountain, a view that almost bewilders the senses, may be had. Meadows, orchards, farms, and marsh lands, with the silvery waters of the bays and rivers winding in and out, lie like a series of fair gardens, and stamp themselves forever on the memory of the beholder. Five counties stretch before the view, the meadows seeming like vast expanses of garden beds, the roads forming serpentine walks, the waters, limpid lakes, the fields of waving wheat, orchards heavily laden with choice fruits, and the golden sunshine falling over all, lend a never to be forgotten charm to this



INTERCOLONIAL DEPOT.

ST. PAUL'S (Church of England) CATHEDRAL.
HALIFAX.

PARLIAMENT, BUILDING, WEST.

novel scene. White farmhouses lie in the distance, a church spire rises here and there, but looking down from this height, human beings seem but pigmies, forest and trees but tiny shrubs, while dwellings and churches seem like numerous toys scattered by some gaint in his play among the hills. To the left sparkles Minas Basin, and like a series of beautiful blue ribbons, Canning, Cornwallis, and Canard rivers ripple peacefully along. Directly at the feet of the "Look Off," lies historic Grand Prè, the home of Evangeline, Basil, and Gabriel. Sentinel-like, between the Basin of Minas and the Bay of Fundy, stands Cape Blomidon, formed of red sandstone, bearing indications of volcanic action, and rising over six hundred and seventy feet. It is a grand and inspiring sight, whether the sun shines on its precipitous sides, and glints through the trees that crown it, or when fleecy clouds wrap it in a soft garment of fog. Beautiful legends cling closely round this cape, as the old Indian micmacs believed it to be the dwelling place of the Mighty Glooscap, who broke away a Mammoth beaver dam (that thrown across the basin caused an overflow in Cornwallis Valley), and swinging the end of it around, formed Cape Blomidon. This is a fine field for mineralogists, as the place is said to abound in Agate, Chalcedony, and Amethyst. Partridge Island, too, was a favorite rendezvous of Glooscap, and the Five Islands are supposed to be the massive rocks which he playfully hurled at Great Beaver, when he demolished the dam.

A remarkable causeway of eight miles, and Moose River, with its picturesque waterfall, are also attributed in this micmac legend to Glooscap.

Some nineteen rivers flow into Minas Basin, and the scenery hereabouts is not lacking in diversity.

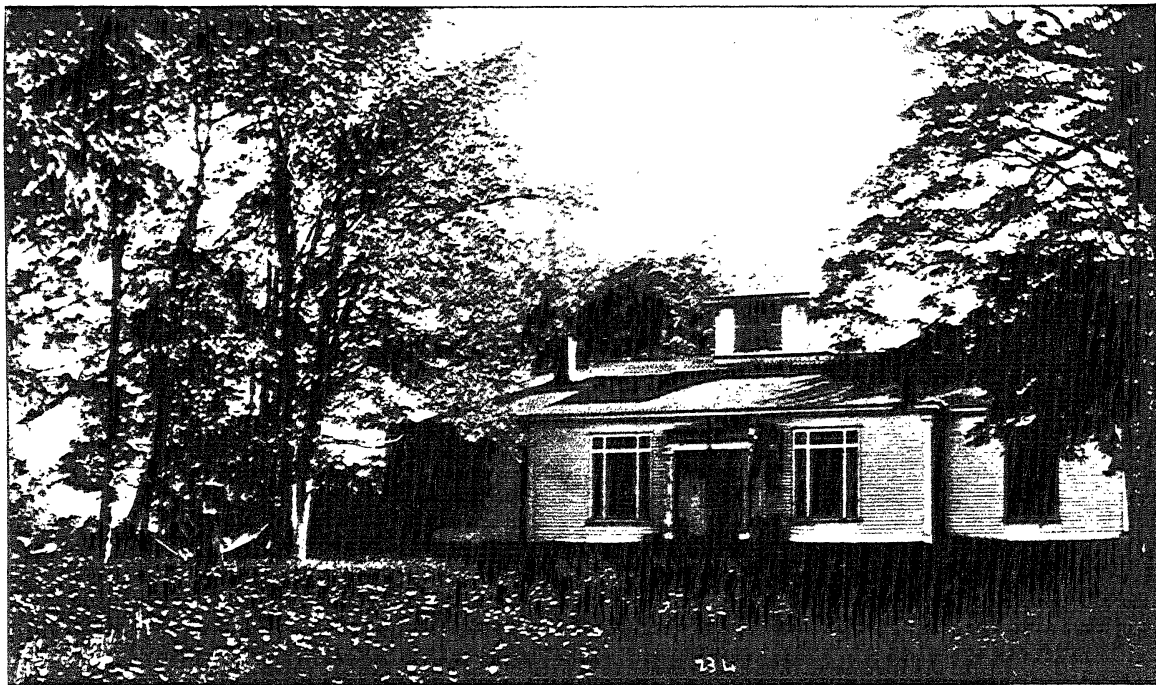
Numerous dykes, within view of the Gasperean River, reclaim thousands of acres of rich meadow land from the sea, and attest to the thrift of the ancient Acadian peasants.

From the top of Mount Denson, another superb view may be had, and to quote from Judge T. C. Haliburton (the famous "Sam Slick"), "there is little in Europe or America to compare with it."

Antigonish is known as one of the prettiest spots in the Province. Here the bishop of Arichat resides, and it contains the College of St. Francis Xavier, and the Cathedral of St. Ninian, one of the largest and grandest places of worship in the Dominion.

Tracadie is noted for its monastery and the farms of the Trappist Monks, while seventeen miles beyond is the shore of that gorgeous "Golden Gateway to the Gulf of St. Lawrence," the Strait of Canso, across which smiles the beautiful face of Cape Breton, with its 2,000,000 acres, of which 800,000 consist of beautiful lakes.

The great salt water inlets, Great Bras D'Or and Little Bras D'Or, well typifying the "Arm of Gold," and famous for their wild beauty, are marvelous gems. A broad Scotch accent marks the speech of the natives of Cape Breton.

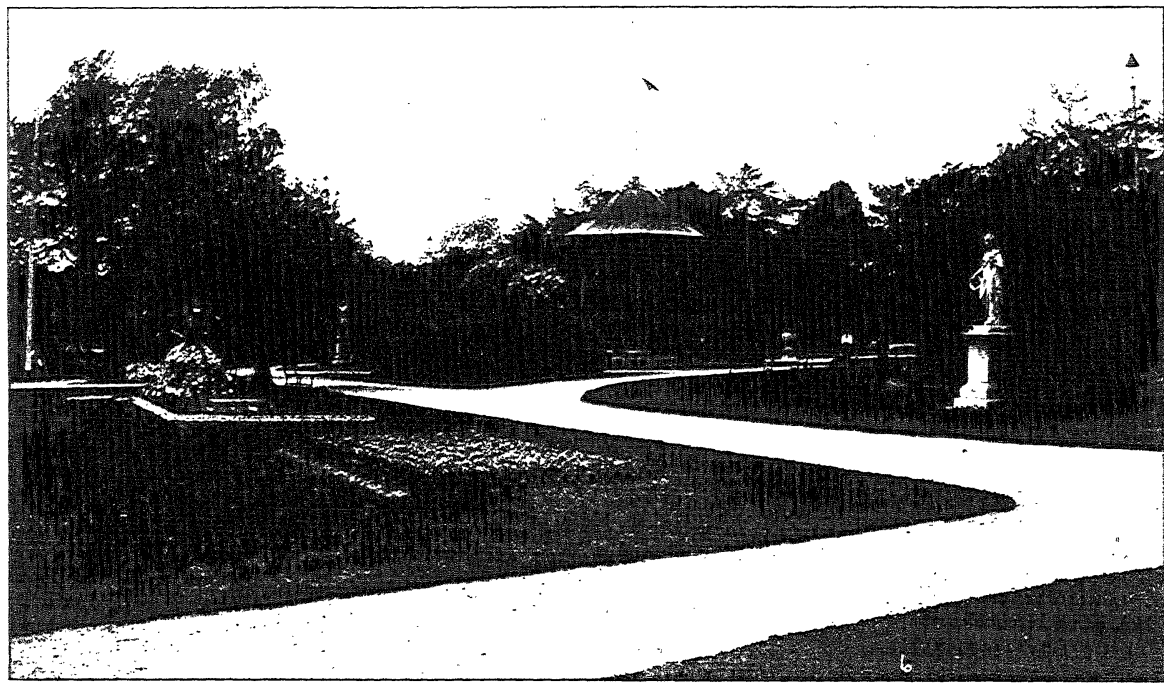


"SAM SLICK'S" HOUSE. WINDSOR, N. S.

Great hills vested in vivid green, with blue clad ones off in the distance, rise on either side, and sailing over the beautiful waters, either when the sun gilds the rippling waves, or the moon's bright rays bathe its surface in silver, one is lost in admiration of the beautiful scenery, and intoxicated with the incense of the forests, tempered with the salty fragrance of the balmy air. The old fort of St. Louisburg stands like a reminder of the once magnificent fortress, on which the French lavished a quarter of a century, and over six millions of dollars to make it impregnable,

The oldest graveyard in America is in Annapolis Royal; here, too, the old fort archway still stands, buffeted by the storms and kissed by the sun's bright rays, while the ancient Barrack, built some two hundred and thirty years ago, looms gray against the crimson west, as the day dies softly out. Wolfville has achieved fame from her college "Acadia." Kentville is a decidedly pretty and thrifty town, and Windsor, which is the seat of King's College, points justly with pride to the magnificent building (founded in 1790), which has sent forth into the world some of the most brilliant men of the day. The home of the late Judge Haliburton, under the cool shadows of lofty trees, conjures up many memories of Sam Slick, and "The Clockmaker." Halifax — the capital, and the Gibraltar of Nova Scotia, is an important military and naval station. Long before British rule was established in India, or Quebec was captured by Wolfe, Halifax was a fortified post. This is the only station on the continent of North America where British troops are sent direct, and that is seldom without one of Her Majesty's great ironclads lying at anchor in the harbor, which is one of the finest in the world.

Many ancient structures abound in Halifax, and Dickens would have revelled in its old curiosity shops, and quaint, smoke-begrimed houses. St. Paul's (Church of England) Cathedral, a reproduction of St. Peter's in London, is the "Westminster" of Nova Scotia, for in the vaults beneath, lie many noted men, while the walls of the Cathedral are rich with the mural tablets, and coats of arms, of many of Nova Scotia's heroes. The old Province building is a fine structure, being completed about 1818 — its building having occupied seven years. Its proportions are unexcelled on the continent. Its Executive Chamber contains many portraits of brilliant men and women — kings, queens and commoners. The provincial Legislature meets annually in this building, and many voices have here uttered some of the finest sentiments the world has ever heard. Here too, in 1860, a grand ball in honour of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, was given. St. Mary's Catholic Cathedral is a beautiful edifice, its tall, white spire sharply outlined against the clear blue sky, and the isles mellow in the "dim religious light," caress the gay shadows that slant from the stained glass windows across the dusky space. Government House has been, and still is, the seat of many brilliant social assemblies. Admiralty House has rather a severe exterior, but during the stay of the warships in harbour this residence is occupied by the Naval Commander or Admiral, and becomes a perfect fairy palace for balls, dinners and hops, while the music from the ship's band floats out on the air, and is echoed from Bedford's pebbly shores, to the forest-tipped heights of Dartmouth.



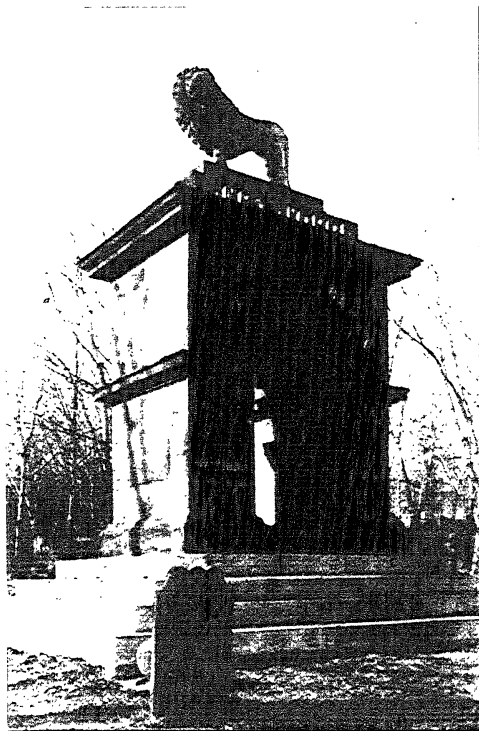
VIEW IN PUBLIC GARDEN, HALIFAX, N. S.

Halifax is decidedly English, and possesses a splendid location, being gifted with a harbour where the world's fleets might ride with safety. The city contains over thirty-nine thousand inhabitants, who look with pride on the capital, whose streets are enlivened by the scarlet-coated soldiers, the jolly Jark Tars, and the regimental bands that discourse sweet music as they escort the military troops to and from the services at the garrison chapel every Sunday morning. The Northwest Arm, along whose shores many summer villas are dotted, is a perfect dream of beauty, and a miniature Niagara is seen at the head of the brook, as the white foam, dashing over its rocky bed, and leaping high in air, sends forth a shower of spray as though in farewell to the rocks, from whose embrace it leaps. Off in the distance lies McNab's Island, smiling and placid, and wearing on her fair face no trace of the hundreds of sufferers, who, quarantined on her shores over thirty years ago, succumbed to the dread disease, cholera, and have slept these many years undisturbed by the suns of summer or the chilling frowns of winter. Here too, on behalf of these plague-stricken people, one of Nova Scotia's greatest heroes — Doctor John Slayter — sacrificed his life. The emigrant steamer "England," of Liverpool, on her voyage to New York with a crew of over one hundred men, and upward of twelve hundred passengers, after being five days out, was thrown into disorder through the discovery that Asiatic Cholera was raging on board. The captain decided to put into Halifax, as nearly one hundred had already died, and the crew were suffering from the disease. So rapidly did the infection spread — fifty deaths occurring the day after the steamer's arrival in the Halifax Harbour — that the staff on board could not cope with it. A call being made for assistance, it was quickly responded to by health officer Doctor John Slayter, Rev. Father MacIsaac (a Catholic clergyman), three sisters of charity, Doctor John Garvie, Doctor Gossip, and a medical student, Mr. Frank Garvie. A heart-rendering scene met their gaze when they boarded the steamer. The dead and dying lay huddled together in corners and on the decks. Soon, many of the passengers were removed to McNab's Island, and there quarantined. The "Pyramus," an old warship, was improvised as a hospital, and lay astern of the "England." Within a short distance of Findlay's Wharf, — where in summer time so many gay picnic parties now land, — an immense trench was dug on a hillside near the shore, and here daily, the dead were buried from the "England," the "Pyramus," and the Island. Scores of male emigrants, crazed by fear, fled to the woods, where their decomposed bodies were found a few days later.

The brave volunteers were untiring in their efforts to render assistance and relief. Day and night Dr. Slayter was among the sufferers, visiting the patients on the Island, superintending the daily report of deaths to the authorities, visiting the sick on board the "Pyramus," and assisting in the burial of the dead. Rev. Father MacIsaac was indefatigable in administering spiritual consolation, as, shoulder to shoulder, he and Doctor Slayter entered into the thickest of the battle for life or death. On the 16th of April, about midnight, though very much exhausted, the Doctor was on duty, helping to place the remains of a German emigrant in a coffin, when, with a piercing cry, he fell back stricken with the disease, and seized with fearful pain. In less than six hours after the attack, having suffered terrible agony, he bade his



CUP MADE FROM A PART OF THE SALOON OF THE
PYRAMUS.



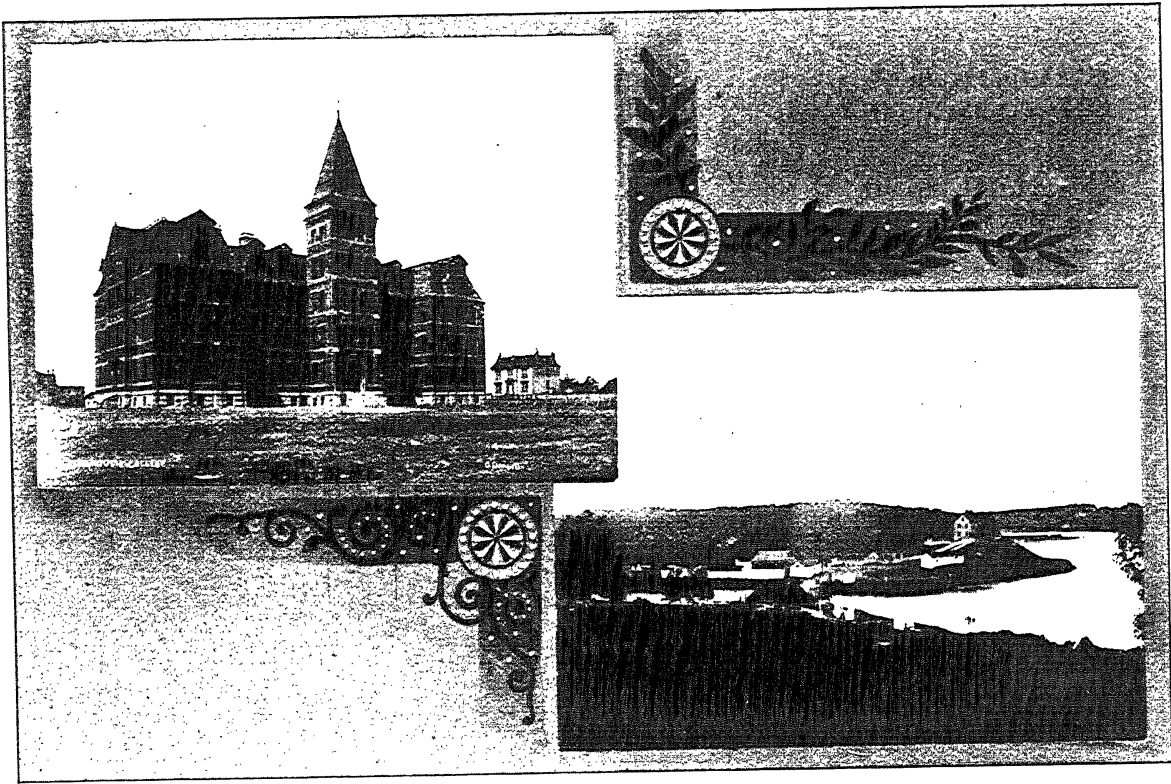
PARKER AND WELSFORD MONUMENT.



DOCTOR SLAYTER



FATHER MacISAAC.



DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, HALIFAX.

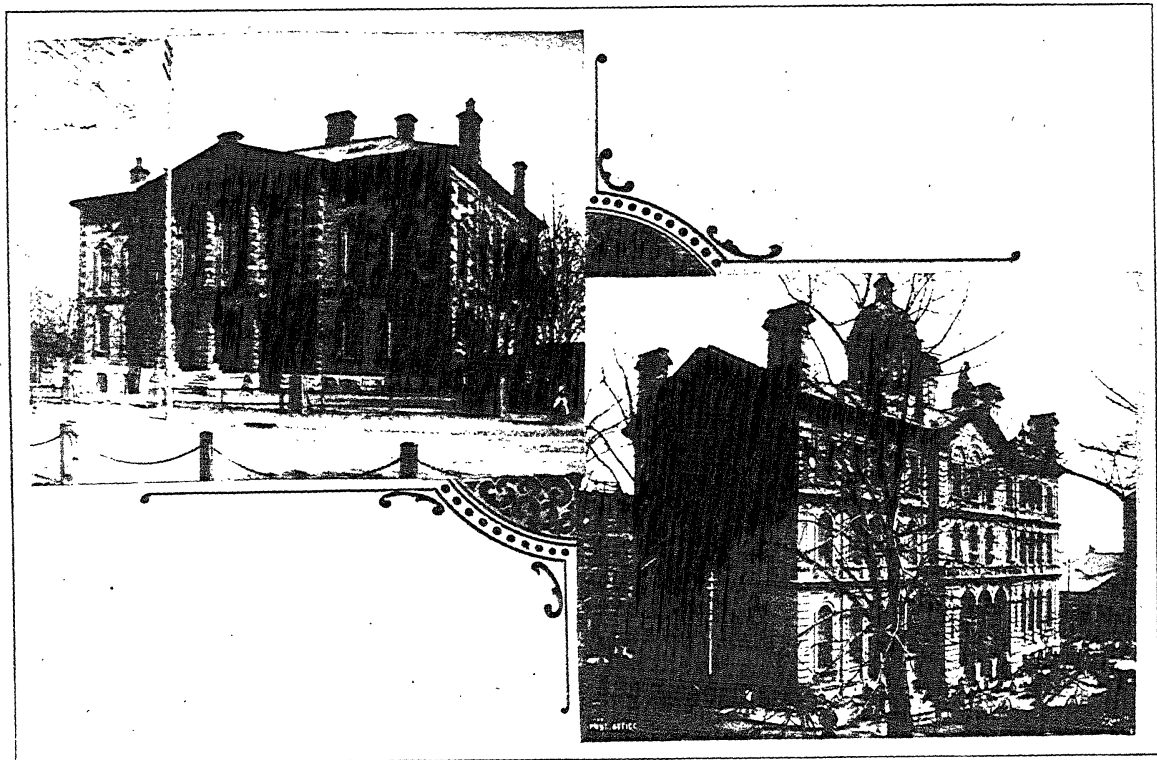
MELVILLE ISLAND AND MILITARY PRISON, HALIFAX.

co-workers good-bye, and, with a farewell message on his lips for his wife and little ones, he died — an uncrowned hero. Yet, his memory will live forever in the hearts of Nova Scotians, and his name stand out on the pages of Provincial history. Over his resting place in Camp Hill Cemetery, the city erected a monument, bearing the following inscription :—

“ THIS MEMORIAL
IS ERECTED BY THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN
OF THE CITY OF HALIFAX,
TO MARK THE ESTIMATION ENTERTAINED
BY THE CITIZENS
FOR THE HEROIC CONDUCT OF
JOHN SLAYTER, M. D.,
LATE HEALTH OFFICER FOR THIS PORT,
WHO, WHILE IN THE DISCHARGE OF HIS DUTIES
ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP “ENGLAND,” IN QUARANTINE,
IN THE HARBOUR OF HALIFAX,
FELL A VICTIM TO CHOLERA
APRIL 17, 1866.
IN THE 36TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.”

General Williams (then Governor of Nova Scotia), paid a high tribute to those who had volunteered their services. Each of the surviving doctors was presented by the Civil Authorities with a gold watch. Father MacIsaac was offered a substantial recognition of his heroic efforts, which he declined to accept.

Halifax Harbour is studded with gem-like islands, strongly fortified; and the approach to the city by water is one of the grandest to be found on this side of the continent. About nine miles from Halifax, Cow Bay, with its stretch of sandy beach, like shimmering threads of gold on the blue Atlantic, is the Saratoga of Haligonians. It is reached by a charming drive through Dartmouth, which is a remarkably pretty site, separated from the opposite shores of Halifax by the harbour, that rather binds (like a fair blue ribbon), than separates, the two cities, that smile across in friendly recognition of each other's beauty. Bedford, a haven of rest to the wearied, lies ten miles beyond the city,



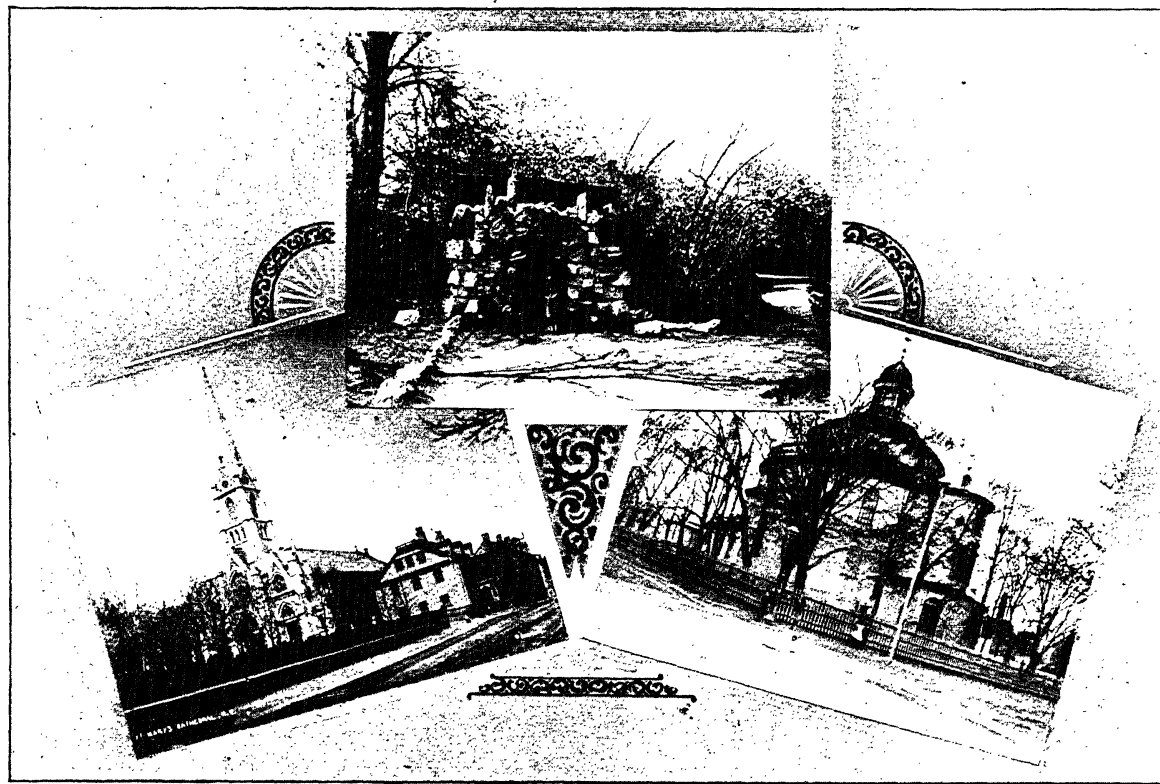
SUPREME COURT HOUSE,
Halifax.

POST OFFICE, HALIFAX.

and its elegant summer residences, together with quaint little cottages almost imbedded in flowers, and where sweet-throated songsters flit about, filling the air with music, gazes contentedly out over the glittering Basin, where trim yachts dimple the surface of these gleaming waters. Halifax is not lacking in beautiful drives, an especially fine one being to Ketch Harbour—a primitive fishing village, sixteen miles from the city. Here, the fishing boats lie rocking on the breast of the impatient waters, telling little of the hopes in the heart of the sturdy fisherman, as, with strong arms, he pushes his craft from her mooring, and rows with steady stroke to where the finny tribe swim, unconscious of the shadow drawing near to put an end to their freedom. Wide open stand the doors of the fisherfolks' homes, and hospitality reigns unstinted.

Whether one would fish, bathe or sail, the marvelously beautiful waters of Nova Scotia offer every facility for the indulgence of any of these recreations. The sham battles between the warships in the Halifax Harbour, and the garrisons on the Common are novel features of the summer months in this fair clime. In the springtime, the Province of Nova Scotia is balmy, and redolent of the breath of sweet-scented blossoms; picturesque and beautiful during the summer months; peaceful and grand in its autumnal splendor; and sparkles in beauty, even when wrapped in its ermine-trimmed garment of winter, when its crown is studded with diamonds, scintillating in the wonderful blue of its peaceful skies. Teeming with romance, this gorgeous summer garden impresses itself on all hearts, and being so easy of access by the New England traveller, it has come to be a charm to the tourist in search of relaxation from the cares of a busy world.

The Market place in Halifax is a unique sight on Saturdays. Here from early morning until night, scores of county people, are busy disposing of their stock, in the open space around the Post Office. The darkies who have travelled many miles, offer tempting berries in cool bark receptacles, and the Indians and Squaws, with their baskets, bows, porcupine, and bead-work, add to the picturesqueness of the scene. The Post Office is a substantial looking building, and contains the Provincial Museum. The Ordnance Yard, within a few minutes walk of the Post Office, contains cannon and shot enough to lay the city and surrounding country in splinters. St. Pauls Cemetery (a very old graveyard), bears on its tombstones many quaint inscriptions. Here too is seen, opposite the grand gateway on Pleasant Street, the Parker and Welsford Monument, in memory of the Crimean heroes. The Academy of Music with its modest gray front, gives little hint of the brilliance of its interior, when an opera graces its boards—under the patronage of the Commander of the Forces, and his staff of officers, who attend in full Military uniform, that blending with the ladies handsome costumes, lend a grandeur to the scene within. An immense Dry Dock 613 feet long is the pride of Haligonians, as is also the Imperial Dockyard adjoining, opposite to which lie one or more of Her Majesty's warships, and tenders, during the Summer months. The Victoria General Hospital occupies a pleasant site on Barrington Street, as does also The New City Hall on the Grand Parade Ground. Dalhousie College is to Halifax what Harvard is to Boston. It is a grand building. The Deaf and



ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, R. C.

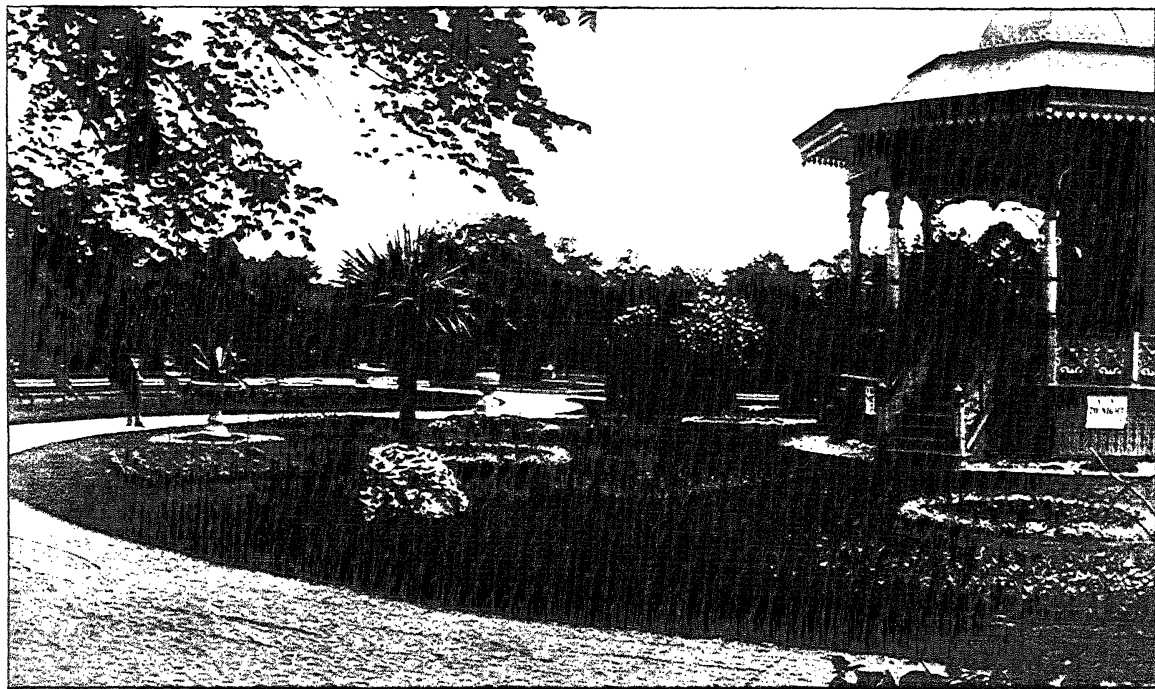
DRINKING FOUNTAIN, PUBLIC GARDEN, HALIFAX.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, EPISCOPAL.

Dumb Institute and the Institution for the Blind are fine structures. The Exhibition Building stands out gaily bedecked with its flying flags. Mount St. Vincent, The Convent of The Sacred Heart, and the Young Ladies College, are all first-class seats of learning. Many other schools are deserving of more than passing notice, and are a credit to the city. The County Academy ranks high in the educational line, while several convents presided over by the Sisters of Charity, graduate numbers of brilliant pupils yearly, and a feeling of general good fellowship exists between all schools and churches throughout the city. The shops here are substantially built, and though there is not the keen competition found in American cities, they all flourish in an easy going, quiet way.

Electric railways run on the principal thoroughfares, and offer facilities for pleasant drives throughout the city. These cars replaced the old omnibus, or 'bus of a few years ago, when the accommodating driver would stop his vehicle at any point or place designated by his patron. Melville Island, at the head of The Northwest Arm, now a military prison, was formerly a keep for prisoners of war; near this spot, sunk in stone, are the massive iron rings, between which, years ago, when the times were less peaceful, immense chains were stretched from shore to shore, to bar the passage of the enemy's ships. Now, beautiful crafts, their sails as white as the wings of a fair dove, float over the clear expanse of rippling waters, while the iron rings, in their stony beds, nestle more closely to the yielding stones, which are gradually wearing away, and taking on the impress of the circular forms above them. Some passer by lifts the massive ring, then passes on, and the huge circular iron falling back with a clear metallic ring, says nothing to the occupants of the pleasure boats, only it whispers to the rock, "my place is not here, amidst this peace and tranquillity; in turbulent times I was of importance as being useful; now, I am scarcely remembered." The waters laugh musically, the trees gently sway their branches, and the merry pleasure parties with gay song and laughing jests, pass over the mirror-like surface of this Arm of the Sea — this Hudson of Nova Scotia.

The Court House, on Spring Garden Road, is a very ornamental building of freestone. North of the Queen's Wharf, the Fish Market with its stock of dozens of different kinds of the finny tribe, is a delight to the epicure. Well equipped hostleries may be found in Halifax, and one may ride over splendid roads, either in the country or through the beautiful Park, with its serpentine drives, through vistas of resinous, pines and spruce, catching glimpses of the ocean rolling in with a thumping roar, or the Arm with its fascinating scenery. The pure, salt air, mingling with the scents of the pines and forest trees, intoxicates one with its sweetness. Here one might well forget the world, and bring before his vision, the heart of the Black Forest, with its tangled branches and Prince of Wales Tower, its plashing waves, mossy turf, and gorgeous flowers of every hue. Under the mossy turf, creeping like a beautiful child along this floor of earth, the trailing Arbutus or May-flower, pressing her lovely pink-tinted face against the dewy sward, hides shyly from the admiring glances of the golden sun, only to be plucked by a passing hand, to wilt and die ere many days have passed, in grief and sorrow, for her native home in the heart of the forest, under

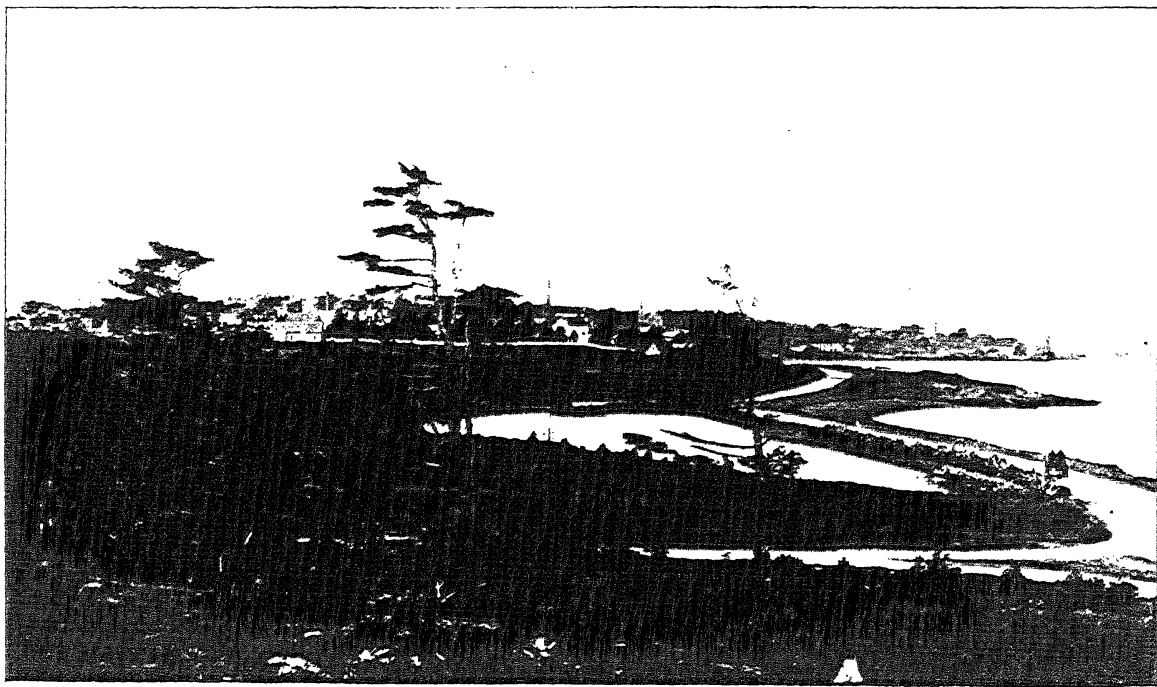


VIEW IN PUBLIC GARDEN, HALIFAX.

the sheltering boughs of the friendly trees. This emblem flower of Nova Scotia grows on her very threshold, and sends its perfume over the rippling bosom of the Great Atlantic, mingling its breath with the health-giving balm of the salty ocean.

Near the Dingle is the famous Rocking Stone measuring some twenty odd feet in length by fifteen in breadth. Its weight is said to be about one hundred and sixty tons, and it turns on a pivot, being easily set in motion by a slight push. Halifax is the terminus of the great Intercolonial Railway, and its handsome Depot on North Street is the admiration of native Haligonians as well as visitors to the city. The water front of the Capital is its greatest attraction, and beautifully equipped Steamers from Boston land hundreds of tourists almost daily on Canadian shores, to feast their eyes on, and drink in, the beauties of this garden of Eden. Passengers may embark on one of these palatial steamers, and ere they are aware that the Stars and Stripes have faded out in the distance, they are again on terra firma with the Union Jack floating above them, and in a country whose customs are as foreign as though the tourist, after a sail of some ten days had suddenly landed in a British city. Hospitality is coupled with their foreign manners, and the American soon finds that Halifax occupies a prominent place in the ranks of culture, education and natural refinement. What are termed stores in Boston are shops in Halifax, and the use of "me" for "my," and the broad "a" will be apparent in the Haligonian speech. Daily at twelve o'clock a cannon booms from Citadel Hill, and another at half past nine every night. The residents are as thoroughly used to these sounds as in early times people in England were familiar with the "Curfew Bell." At sundown a cannon is fired from the naval warships in port. On the side of Citadel Hill—its long fingers marking the hours on the dial of time, stands the Old Town Clock, being a dome-like structure of wood, with clocks set on the four sides of its tower. Many years this reminder of the "flight of time" has gazed out on the restless waves of ocean as though seeking to time their movements, but the waters rush on, the hands creep slowly around with monotonous precision, and the chiming of the passing hours tells nothing of the clock's faithful watching, as the minutes glide into hours, the hours into days, and so on, until eternity has been reached.

Many of England's nobility have visited the shores of Halifax, among them King William Fourth (then Prince William Henry), King Louis Phillipe (then the Duke of Orleans), his two brothers the Duc de Montpensier and Count Beaujolie. In the breasts of all a warm love has grown for these rock-bound shores, and one cannot wonder—for, resting on the flashing bosom of the great Atlantic, this city, justly termed "The City by the Sea," lies in all the splendor and wealth of magnificent scenery. True, no gilded domes rise proudly heavenward from this land, no mosques or ivy-clad turrets are silhouetted against her clear blue skies, and yet, nature has touched with loving fingers the rugged peninsula, over which Britain's flag keeps watchful guard. Citadel Hill, rising two hundred and fifty feet above the sea level, is a mighty fort, whose mantle of green velvet conceals beneath its folds, monstrous weapons of war. A large barracks is in the square, and sentinels patrol here with military precision. From this fort flags are always flying, and as soon as a steamer or ship is sighted, a signal is run

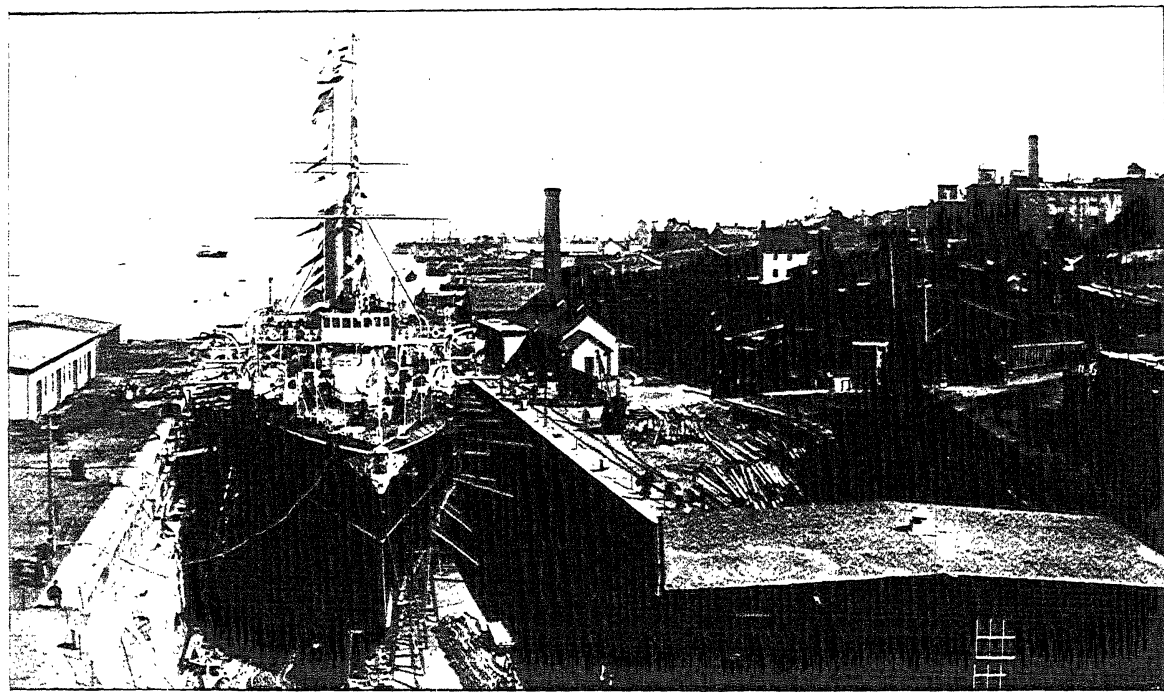


STEELE'S POND, POINT PLEASANT PARK, HALIFAX.

up on the tall masts that rise from the crest of Citadel Hill, which can be plainly seen from almost any point in the city proper. Below yawns the moat, and cannons looming high above it, throw their huge shadows over the peaceful city. Like a vast emerald, sparkling on a sea of glittering sapphire, the beams of the mid-day sun kissing its summit and crowning it with gold—Georges Island—anotlier fort, gazes seaward.

Across the harbour, Dartmouth with her wealth of glimmering lakes and forest-crowned heights, grows more beautiful in the glory of the dying day, when the sun touches with radiant fingers this fair city, which lies like an Eastern beauty, gazing with pride into the waters at her feet. The Public Gardens of Halifax must be seen to be appreciated. They have few equals in the world, but the Haligonians are a conservative people, and their gardens, like their society, is inclosed by a high fence, and few could judge by the exteriors of the magnificence within. Inside the gates, one involuntarily gasps in ecstasy—miniature ponds and lakes are dotted here and there, while white and black swans glide gracefully over their surfaces. Some of the finest carpet bedding in the world is displayed in this garden, and many choice pieces of statuary (the gift of the late Sir William Young), are outlined against handsome shrubbery. An especially fine piece of floral architecture is the circular bed of nature's royal velvet, on which rest (or grow), the Sovereign Queen's Crown and the Royal Arms, with "V. R." deftly woven in vari-colored foliage. Above the whole, floats the "Union Jack," as though guarding the treasures that lie beneath its waving shadow. The air is rife with the incense of rare and fragrant flowers.

Point Pleasant Park (leased to the city by the military) is a masterpiece from nature. A Martello Tower stands like a mighty monarch in the heart of this Park. True, its usefulness is long since passed, but its beauty mellows in the fleeting years. Grand old trees interlock their mighty branches high overhead, and gaze down on a rich carpet of emerald turf, sprinkled with a pattern of nature's own weaving, in vari-colored flowers that grow here in all their natural beauty and wild luxuriance, while the music of the murmuring Atlantic as it winds its way like a silvery ribbon along the borders of Point Pleasant, breaks on the shore with a low musical laugh, or dashes in anger against a chance rock that seeks to bar its progress. Here the sun waves his magical wand over the earth, and a ruddy glow, mingling sky, earth and ocean in one, spreads like a vast sea of blood over the landscape, and touches with glory the ancient pines, that stand like hooded monks, who grown weary of their pilgrimage—halt by the roadside to drink in the beauty of the ocean that ripples at their feet—or the wonders of the brilliantly lighted dome which stretches above them, and changes its tints with every passing hour. A snatch of a love song from a pleasure boat in the distance is borne on the air, and the monks by the roadside, drawing their cowls over their faces, raise their heads, and proceed slowly on their upward path towards the sky, that seems to reach down in benediction over them. Softly, nature touches with deft and loving fingers all the surrounding scenery, and weaving her shuttle in and out, sends from her loom in quick succession, unrivalled beauties of texture, coloring



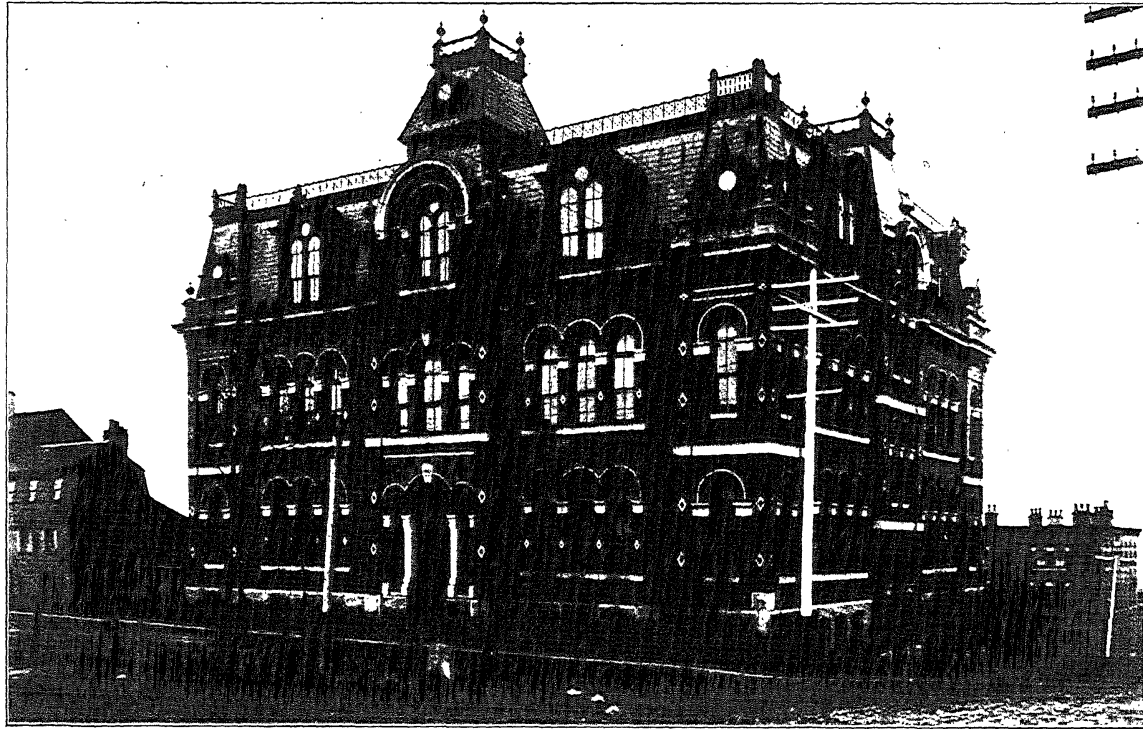
H. M. S. BLAKE, IN THE DRY DOCK, HALIFAX.

and harmony. "Greenbank," jutting out over the sea, stoops over the glistening waters like a mother guarding her frolicsome child. Twilight deepens into night, and the moon's disc shows itself against the sky, that but a moment ago was flushed with the glory of sunset.

Steele's Pond, a treacherous death-trap, laughs and dimples as its silvery surface reflects the trees, that carry locked up in their breasts the secrets of the cruel depths, where many victims of its wiles sleep their long last sleep. Far-off, sailing vessels, like white-winged messengers of peace, glide over the bosom of the softly, rippling waves. Fishing vessels shoot out from the coves along the shore, and propelled by sturdy arms are quickly lost to view; soon to return with the bounty that the sea may yield, or perhaps, who knows, to greet no more the loving watchers who wait in vain. Tragedy and comedy walk hand in hand on this great stage of life. Gazing into the calm depths of this sea of silver, with its clear, unbroken reflection, it seems like standing on the threshold of an inverted world, in which are pictured masterpieces from the hand of the Artist Creator whose touch is everywhere apparent on nature's vast expanse of canvas. A charm lies over this spot, like a filmy veil over the face of a fair bride. A mighty cathedral rises before the imagination from a sea of molten silver; its aisles carpeted with a rich tapestry of vivid green, gaily sprinkled with modest wild flowers, with here and there the night dew glistening like stray diamonds as the gossamer webs are gently swayed by a passing breeze. The swell of the mighty organ, swept by an unseen hand, is heard in the voice of the waters as they ebb and flow, or break against the boulders of rock. Like the soft cadence of an Æolian Harp, comes the whispering breeze through the branches of the hemlocks that waft their incense as an offering to the moon, which rises like a great white host from its chalice of gold. The flower-bells stirred by the same breeze, tinkle, as though admonishing mankind to reverence this grand sacrifice on the altar of nature.

The walls of this cathedral of nature are frescoed by the same Infinite Hand that paints the dome a translucent blue, flecked with points of silver. Stars are the only tapers on this magnificent altar; but the moon's rays linger lovingly on the rocky pulpits, from which the voice of the mighty orator illustrates the wonders of creation. The giant trees silhouetted clearly against the brilliant sky bow their heads in reverence — orisons break forth from bird and insect, as the queen of night, trailing her robes over the tabernacle from which the host has risen, touches with glory the rustic pews, the smiling waters, and the tessellated altar floor. The flowers bow their heads like nuns at prayer, and the grasses — devout-hooded monks — touch reverently the bowed forms as they whisper good-night to the sleeping world. A bell in the distance chimes softly the passing hour, the waters dance in the moonlight, the night is swiftly dying — the starry tapers go silently out, the soft glamour fades, and lo! Heavens canvas is painted with the wondrous glory of rosy dawn. How infinite the God artist — how infinitesimal man!

Halifax abounds so plentifully in romantic spots that it is hard to select any particular one, yet the Prince's Lodge is well worthy of



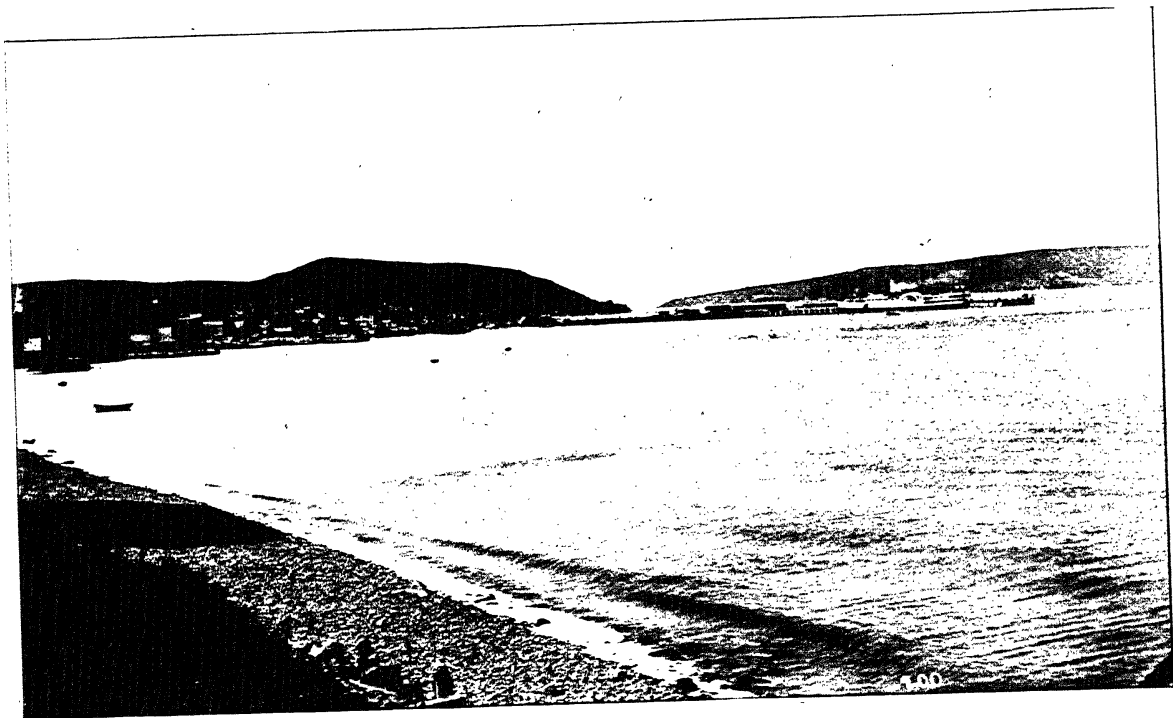
COUNTY ACADEMY, HALIFAX.

more than a passing word. The delightful residence which occupied this site over a hundred years ago was inhabited by H. R. H. Edward, Duke of Kent. It was built on the shores of Bedford Basin, and was the scene of many brilliant *festes*. The grounds were beautifully laid out, and the noble trees that outlined the graceful walks interlocked their branches with those of the forest birches. Grottoes, shady arbors, and fanciful summer houses, were gaily dotted over the carpeted expanse of green, and enticing retreats at every turn invited rest. A waterfall murmured musically in the grounds, and the whole place bore the stamp of royalty, ease and pleasure. Music and laughter filled the air, leaving no space for dull care to enter the portals; but alas! now decay seems to mock the works of man. The winding paths and avenues are overgrown with tangled shrubs and grasses that sway idly to and fro in the summer breeze, as though harkening for the voices of mirth, that are long since hushed. Nothing now remains of the lodge save a few ruins of the foundation, and the band rotunda, yet the same trees whisper and nod, and tell the younger bushes of the gayety that once held sway under their mighty branches. Though the spot is a melancholy one, yet a weird; strange beauty haunts it still.

The grottoes are but a memory, and the scene calls to mind "Laugh, and the world laughs with you — weep, and you weep alone." Many indeed, have laughed in this royal garden, but now in its solitude it mourns alone, its past only kept green in memory by the rymth of the self-same waters, the sighing of the self-same trees, that over a century ago harkened to the strains of merriment, contributing their share towards the grand scenery that encompassed this prince of the royal blood — the father of our well beloved and noble Queen — Victoria. Long may she reign, and this, her Diamond Jubilee Celebration, be crowned with the peace so dearly loved by this perfect woman, who, wielding her sceptre of love over the world, has won for herself the richest jewel in her crown of gems — title not only of Queen of the Realm, but Queen also of her loving husband's, children's, and subjects' hearts, combined with the strong loyalty of Nova Scotia's sons and daughters, who sing in unison,

"God Save Our Queen."





DIGBY, N. S., SHOWING WHARF AND GAP.

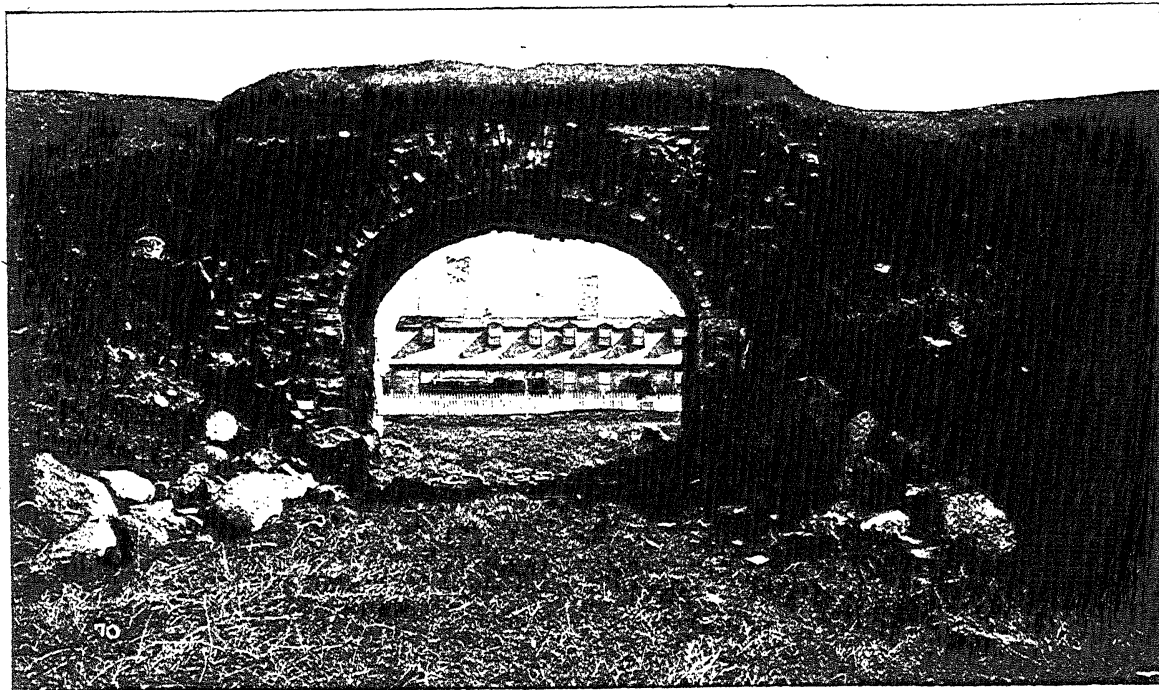
O H! Shores of Fairest Acadie! Thy crown with gems is bright,
For Nature's wrapped thee round about, in robes of gorgeous light.
'Neath French *régime* your forests echoed sounds of revels gay,
But peace, beneath the English flag — makes calm your face to-day.

This rock-bound summer garden, mellowed with the years,
Has strung in golden rosaries her many smiles and tears.
The smiles still linger on her face, and keep her beauty fair,
The tears have formed in limpid lakes, and shine like jewels rare.

The murmuring pines and hemlocks, like giant kings of old,
Guard their native forests with branches firm and bold;
Looms to the northward Blomidon, but ne'er from her height descends,
As her gaze from the misty Atlantic, o'er the peaceful vale she bends.

Sweet is the dawn, and clear as the song of the lark and linnet,
Is borne on the morning air like the low sweet strains of a spinnet,
Mingling with sounds of nature fall the tones of the village bells,
And the rippling of Tusket's waters is echoed in mossy dells.

One leaves fair Yarmouth's kindly shores with half reluctant feet,
And enters Digby, where new pleasures everywhere he'll meet.
The lordly Fundy dashes on with loud and mighty roar,
While glimmering through the mists beyond is Annapolis Basin's shore.



OLD FORT ARCHWAY, SHOWING ANCIENT BARRACKS, ANNAPOLIS, N. S.
Built about 1665.

Oh! Brightest gem in Scotia's crown, thou art transcendent fair,
Her brightest jewels shine amidst the glory of thy hair!
The sweetest flower in thy crown is that of charity —
Thy land did open wide her arms to clasp the refugee.

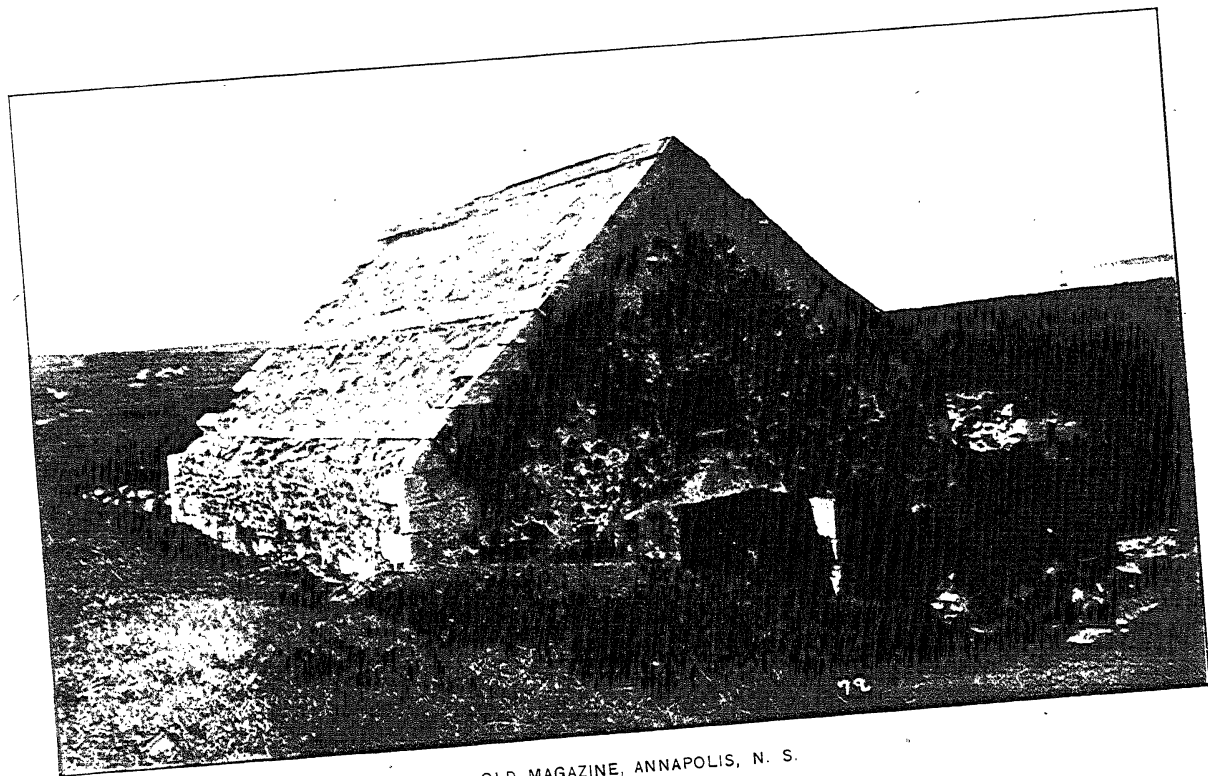
Annapolis, Royal and LaQuille, lie smiling and serene,
While ruined forts look grimly down upon the placid scene.
Ah! Many secrets lie untold within these grass-grown forts,
But man, alas!— can never read these mighty monarchs' thoughts.

The dazzling Minas Basin, aglow with sapphire light,
Lies sparkling in its splendor and the beauty of its might,
As on the day when Evangeline was borne to her exile,
The river glides as calmly with melancholy smile.

Grand Prè, whose every flower's rife with tales of mystic love,
Reflects upon her peaceful brow the light of skies above,
The willows nod and whisper, the rugged trees bend low,
As though before the shrine of love their aged heads they bow.

Beneath these trees, Evangeline, with pure celestial face,
Repeated her *Ave Marie's* as the Angelus chimed apace;
And the Forge of Basil the Blacksmith, glowed with the cinders red,
That brightened Acadia's landscape, as the embers grew and spread.

The charming Bedford Basin, with broad and pebbly shores,
Is dotted o'er with pleasure crafts that breathe of beauty's stores.
Down where the tangled seaweed lies, the laughing, rippling waves
Leap playfully o'er the pebbles, and are borne to ocean's caves.



OLD MAGAZINE, ANNAPOLIS, N. S.

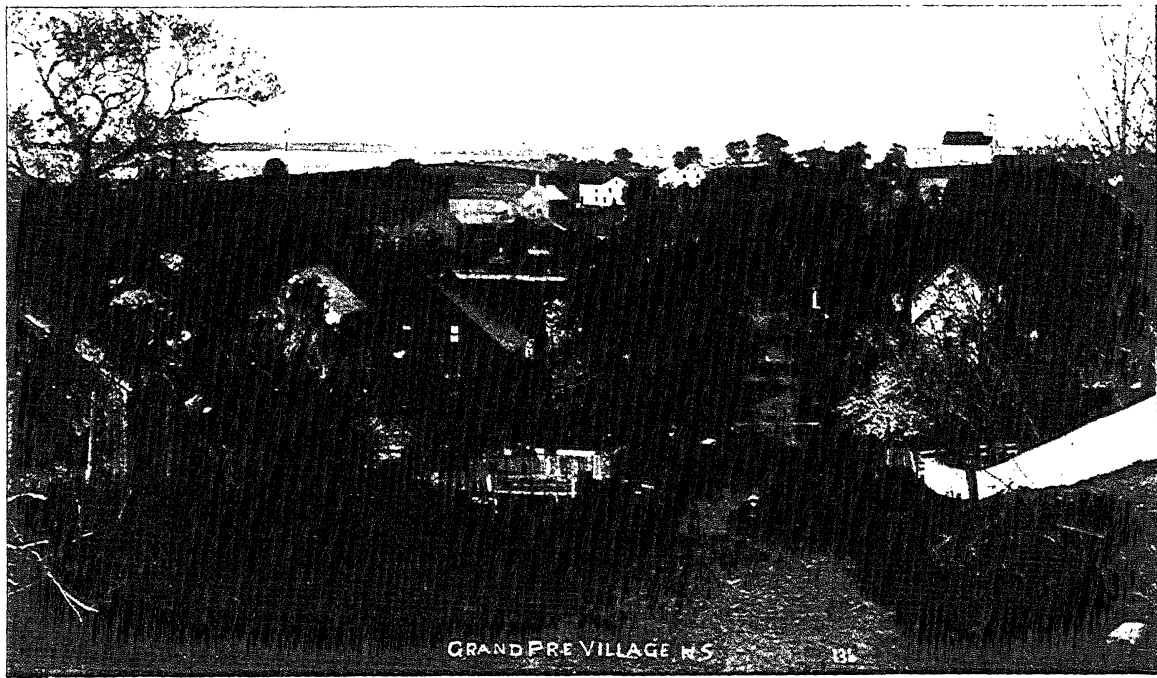
The Gibraltar of the Province, quaint City by the Sea,
Is Halifax the capital — the home of Britons free;
The headquarters for her army, her navy strong and true,
The soldiers with their scarlet coats, the sailors with their blue.

Here, Darkies with their berries, and Indians with their bows,
Form features of the market-place, in true artistic pose.
Point Pleasant is a gorgeous park, with stretch of mighty pine,
The shimmering water at her feet is Scotia's lordly Rhine.

The Public Garden, too, is grand with wealth of floral bloom;
The Northwest Arm, a work of art, from nature's magic loom,
And Citadel Hill, a mighty fort, stands forth in all its might
In the centre of the city, on a grand and noble height.

Cape Breton — Scotia's "Switzerland" — of summer resorts the queen,
With skies of tinted azure, and carpets emerald green,
Whose lakes of crystal waters — the Great and Little Bras D'Or,
All form a perfect picture — a theme for poets' lore.

Oh! Fair and beautiful Scotia! Thy picturesque rugged shore
Cries out, "God save our gracious Queen, and bless her evermore!"
While giant hemlocks proudly guard the humble, sweet mayflowers
That waft their greetings to our Queen, from out their leafy bowers



GRAND PRÉ VILLAGE N.S.

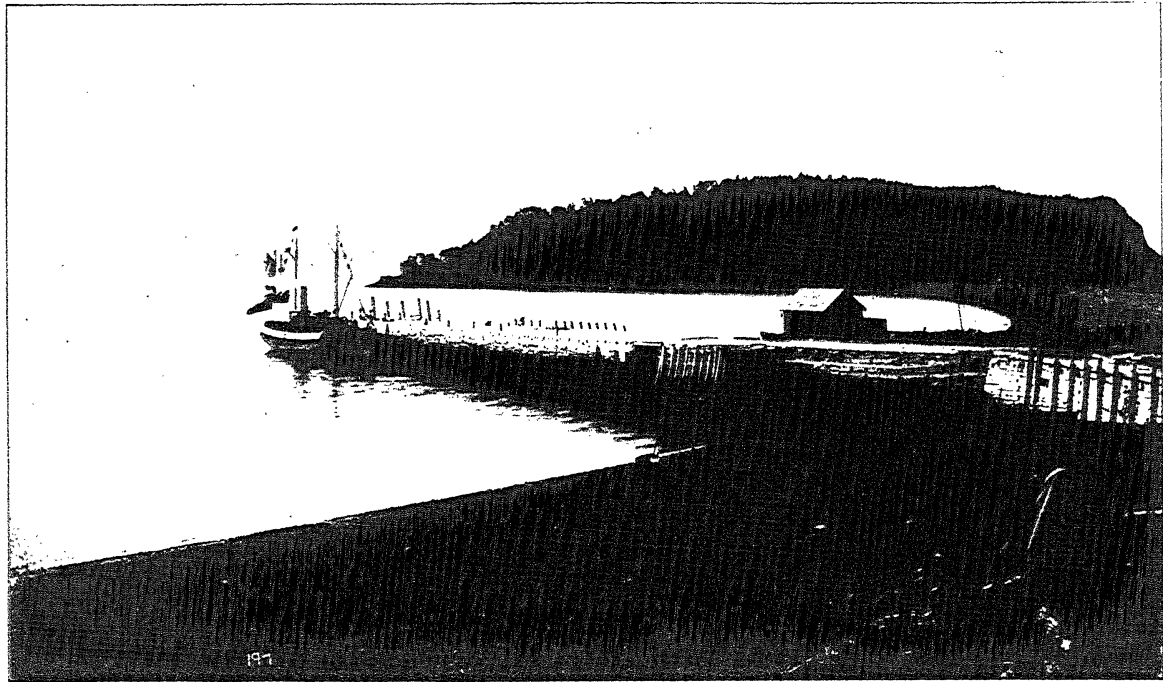
BL

GRAND PRÉ VILLAGE, N. S.

SHIPS that pass in the night, like flakes on the Great Unknown,
Glide o'er the ocean's bar, and heed not the wild waves' moan;
They speak each other in passing, and on through the darkness sail;
What matter though billows sob sadly, and winds through the riggings wail!

To-morrow the sea will be gentle, and her face dimple over with smiles;
O! she is a coquette, fair ocean, and deceives many hearts with her wiles!
What stories these waters could tell us, of ships that pass by in the night,
Could we master their musical language, or read what their foam-fingers write!

With human freight deeply they 're laden, who sail for an idealized shore,
In the vales of Fair Scotia's dominion, they 'll find a quaint land full of lore!
So glide o'er the ocean, ye white ships, like pearls on the blue waters sewn,
As the waves kiss the hem of your garments, and praise you in language their own.



PARRSBORO PIER, SHOWING PARTRIDGE ISLAND AND BLOMIDON.

THE whispering pines and hemlocks grand,
Like tall and mighty monarchs stand ;
They guard fair Scotia's forests deep,
And watch while nature's children sleep.

With coats of green, edged with soft moss,
Their heads in air, they proudly toss ;
Around their feet, with blushing face,
The Mayflowers twine in purest grace.

The monarchs of the ocean speak,
As winds their giant branches creak ;
The billows answer with a roar —
Then break in anger on the shore.

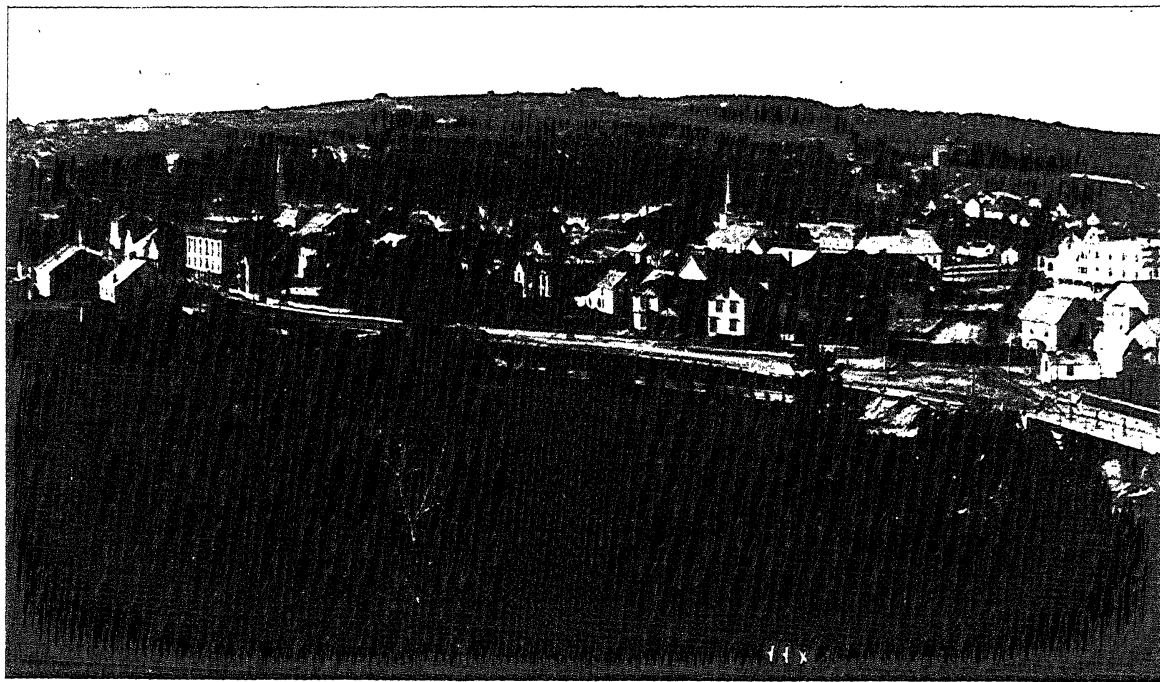
They cannot touch the hearts of oak,
Nor reach the pines that to them spoke,
Forth stretch the arms of Scotia's trees,
And waft their incense o'er the seas.



EVANGELINE BEACH, NEAR WOLFFVILLE.

IN the fragrant depths of the orchards olden,
Where perfume and sunshine, hold sibylline sway,
The fair waving grasses, grow dewy and golden,
To fall 'neath the scythe—ere the death of the day.
Now are the robin and nightingale calling—
As swallows glide by with a swish and a swing;
The ripe fruit hangs golden — and sere leaves are falling —
Fair whisperings of Autumn — to glorious Spring.

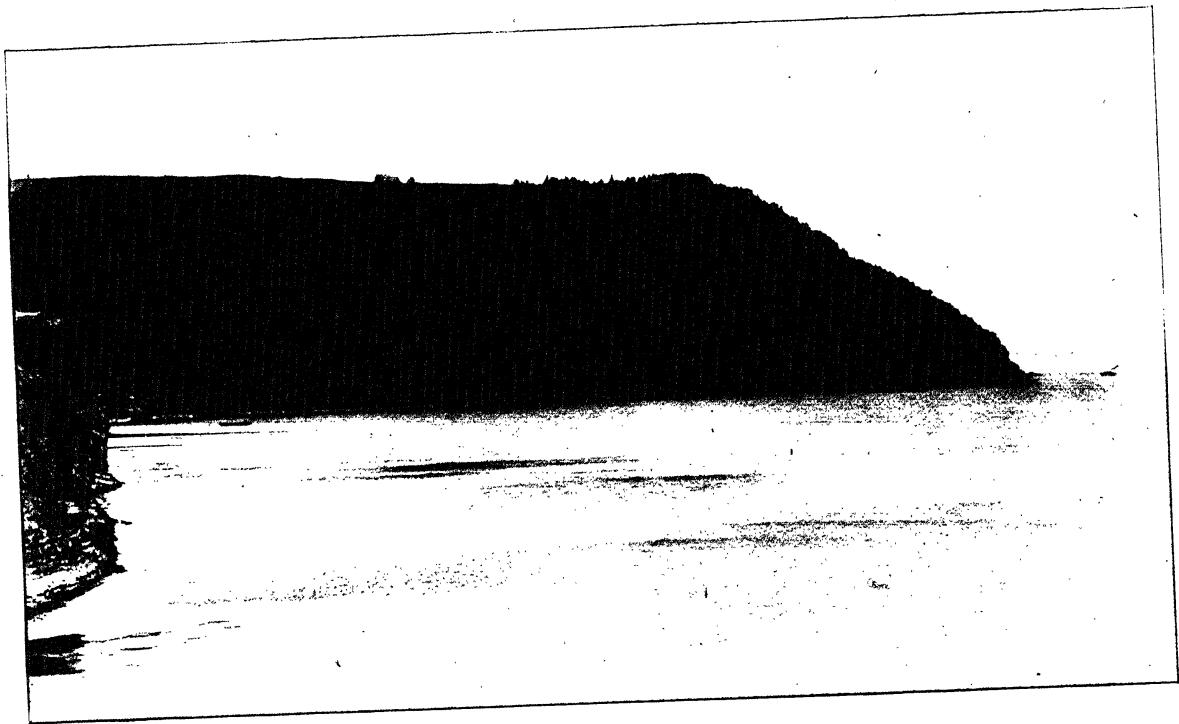
Loud, foaming breakers, with anger are roaring,
Drowning the sobs of the winds as they sigh;
Upward the white gulls are proudly soaring,
Winging their flight towards the great dome on high.
Deep in their hearts are the secrets of ocean,
Learned as they hovered upon her wild breast.
Shrill is their scream, as in circling motion,
Their wings flash like meteors, when sinking to rest.



VIEW OF KENTVILLE.

Bright beams of moonlight are rippling the river,
The sea gulls and swallows now nest for a while,
The leaves of the maples all tremble and shiver,
Then blush in the light of the Autumn's gay smile,
As dropping her rays o'er the river — the moonlight,
Bathes all the forests and vales with her spray,
Then decking the breast of the ocean in gem light,
She sails forth in silence, to give place to day.

Thus with the seasons in Scotia's Dominion,
Each is a jewel—a gem in her crown;
As the Spring morn bursts forth like a bird on the pinion,
She's robed like a queen in her gay budding gown,
Next—Summer with mantle of earth's fairest flowers,
Glides onward, till clasped in gay Autumn's embrace,
Then forth steps the Ice King from diamond-decked bowers,
And covers the earth with a jewelled-wrought lace.

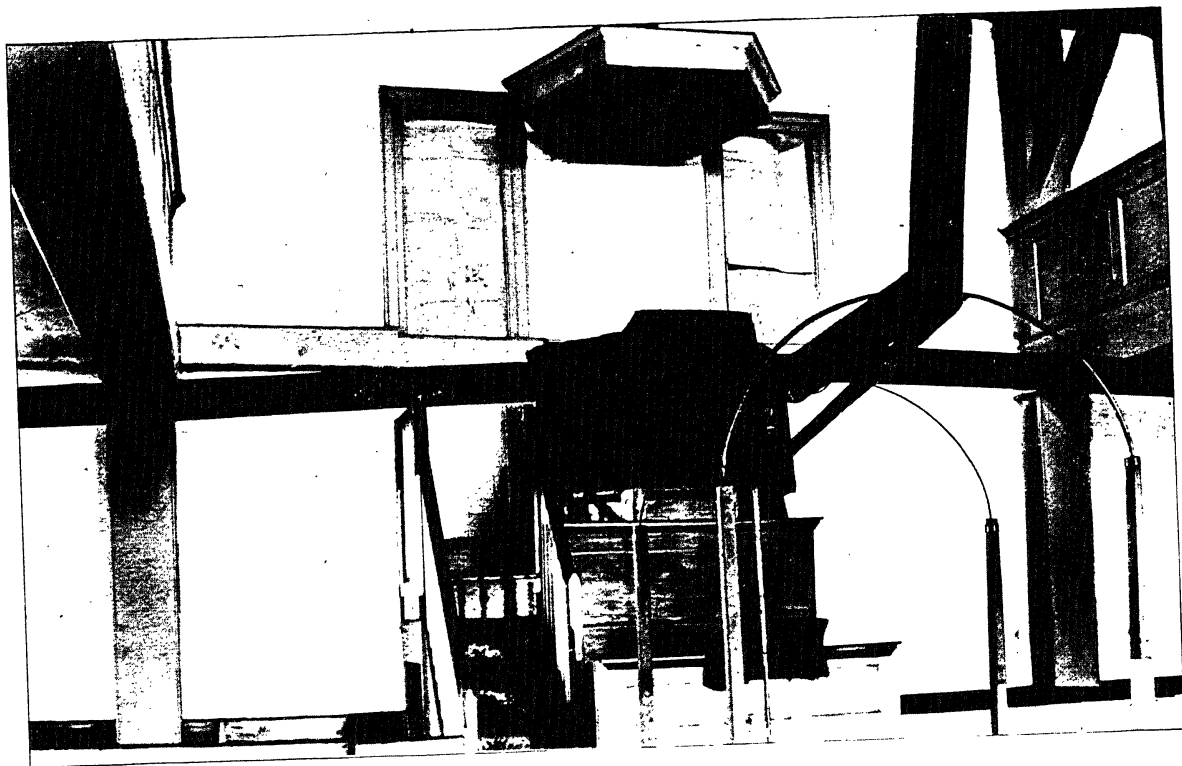


MOUNT BLOMIDON.

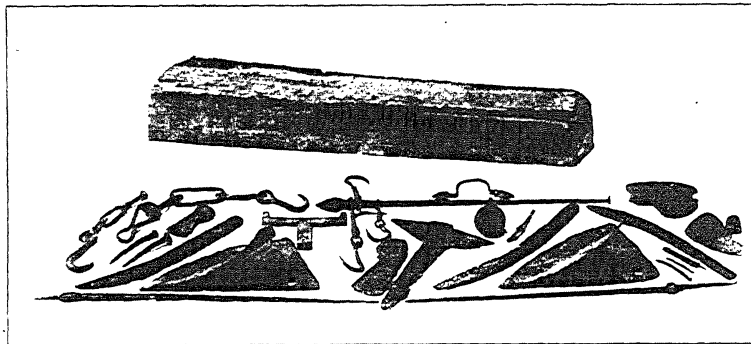
IN every mossy nook and dell,
 Bedewed with April's showers,
There bloom in Nova Scotian climes
 The fairest of Mayflowers.
Along the forest floors they trail,
 With wealth of blossoms fair,
And lay their fragrant heads among
 The mossy pillows there.

Its subtle fragrance charms the heart,
 As on its face it wears
The kiss of nature, wafted there
 By April's smiles and tears;
As o'er the rugged woodland paths
 There fall the golden rays,
The mossy garments hide these flowers,
 From e'en the sun's rude gaze.

Born 'midst shadows, bright they gleam,
 Like stars from heaven sent,
Their fragrance lives within the woods,
 E'en when their beauty's spent.
A modest charm this blossom wears,
 In pure and spotless gown—
Yet, 'tis as fair as any gem
 In Scotia's jewelled crown.



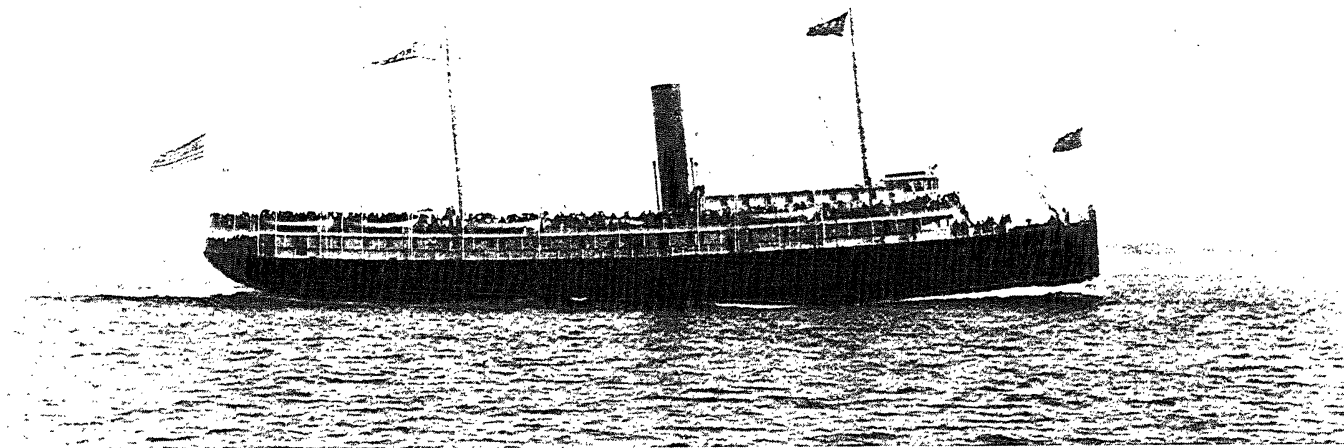
INTERIOR OF OLD COVENANTERS CHURCH, GRAND PRÈ, N. S.



RELICS OF ACADIANS, DUG UP AT GRAND PRÈ, N. S.
In possession of Mr. Duncan.



FROM "LOOK-OFF" NORTH MOUNTAIN.



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INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP CO.

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AS a queen on the breast of the ocean,
The "St. Croix" steams proudly away;
Like diaphanous robes, trail behind her,
A royal blue gown edged with spray.
She watches when passengers slumber,
She hears their gay sallies by day,
She knows every one of the number
Admires her regal array.

She glides on her way, bearing hundreds,
To shores that are teeming with health,
She guides them past marvels of nature,
That rival the India's wealth.
With comfort this steamer is teeming,
And once on her decks — farewell care,
On the breast of the great ocean — steaming,
She sails for the Scotias, so fair.



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