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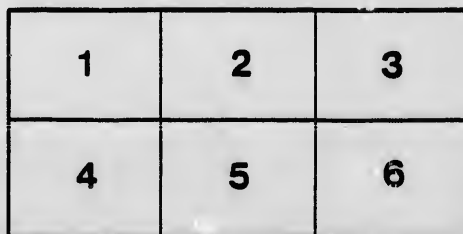
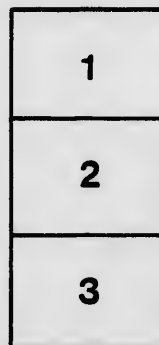
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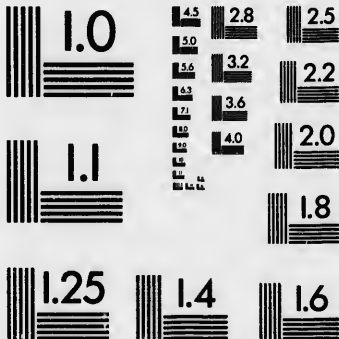
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CELEBRATION  
OF THE  
CENTENARY ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE  
SETTLEMENT OF THE CITY OF HALIFAX.  
JUNE 8th, 1849.

[The following compilation has been kindly prepared by a friend, at whose suggestion it is published, for the accommodation of those who may wish to preserve a Record of the proceedings on the memorable occasion to which it relates.]—PUBLISHERS.

THE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY of the day on which the expedition under Governor Cornwallis, destined to establish a Colony on the Atlantic Coast of Nova Scotia, arrived in the harbour of Chebucto, was celebrated with great enthusiasm and rejoicing by the citizens of Halifax, many of whose forefathers then first placed foot on that soil which has since afforded to their descendants in the third and fourth generations a happy and contented home.

The fleet, consisting of 13 transports and a vessel of war, left Portsmouth early in May, 1749. They had a short and pleasant passage, and the Sloop of War Sphinx, with the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, M. P., the Governor, was the first to arrive. She entered the Bay of Chebucto on the 8th June, and His Excellency and suite immediately landed on George's Island. This day was consequently selected\* by the Nova Scotia Charitable Society as the anniversary of the settlement, and has for many years been celebrated by that Society.

A universal feeling appeared to pervade the community that this anniversary should be marked by some general demonstration on the part of the whole population. A Committee of Citizens was, in consequence, formed for the purpose of managing the pageant and obtaining funds to defray the expenses of the day. This Committee comprized all ranks and grades in the community; all political and personal animosities were buried—all heartily united in the festivity,—and the celebration passed off without a single unpleasant occurrence to disturb the harmony.

The Committee of Management was composed of the following persons—

- Nova Scotia Society.*—Dr. Dewolf, G. G. Gray, F. McLean, T. Wesley, J. Fielding.
- St. George's Society.*—J. A. Moren, H. Pryor, W. Caldwell.
- Irish Society.*—Hon. E. Kenny, P. Mojriscsey, R. Nugent.
- Highland Society.*—A. Primrose, R. Noble, J. Munro, J. Richardson, J. Doull.
- North British Society.*—Hon. W. Young, J. McDougall, Geo. Es-son, Wm. Grant, Jr.
- Carpenters' Society.*—T. Clonston, R. Richardson, Mr. Williams.

\* By a Committee of the Nova Scotia Society consisting of T. B. Atkins, Scot t Tremain and others, in 1838.

*Halifax Temperance Society.*—W. M. Brown, W. C. Silver, C. Robson, E. G. W. Greenwood.

*St. Mary's T. Society.*—D. Creamer, P. Swayne, J. W. Quinan.

*Union Engine Company.*—T. Lownds, S. Caldwell, A. Reid, J. Eason, W. Stevens, J. J. Bennett, R. Romans, J. Jackson, M. McIlreith, W. C. Manning, G. A. S. Creighton, T. Holliday, J. Tremain, Jr., J. B. Fay, J. Reeves, B. Wier, D. Calder, C. Barnstead, W. H. Pyke, J. Black, E. Young, J. Crosskill, Jr., N. L. West, C. Silver.

*Abolition Society.*—S. Clarke, C. Roan, R. A. Tripp, P. W. Sport, C. Morris.

*Masonic.*—Hon. A. Keith, A. Primrose, H. C. D. Twining.

*Young Men's N. S. Society.*—C. C. Vaaz, J. Richardson, H. D. Barratt.

"The approach of day," says the *Times & Courier* of that date, "was hailed by a salute of one hundred guns, fired by the Volunteer Artillery Corps of this City, stationed on the Grand Parade; and it was a happy thing for those who had set their hearts upon celebrating this rare occasion, that the sun rose in unclouded splendour, fringing the distant hill-tops with his rays, and bathing in golden light the yet untroubled waters of the same harbour where the ship of *Cornwallis* quietly rested after her ocean voyage a hundred years ago. The same misty veil which at that distant era hovered above the Lakes of Dartmouth, now slowly floated from the horizon, as if ashamed to linger and shroud in obscurity the scenes which were intended to beautify and consecrate the day. The deep dark shadows which in the olden time skirted the placid waters, had now given place to gaily painted houses and verdant fields on the eastern side; while the quays, and dwellings of THE CITY OF HALIFAX, stretching along its western margin, offered a striking contrast to the still solemnity of the scene on the first morning when an English man-of-war slept between shores of unbroken forest.

The booming echoes of the cannon had scarcely died away, when the bells of the city from turret, spire, and steeple, rang out their merry chimes—even "the grave Old Time Piece," which four times an hour warns soldier and citizen of the flight of Father Time—forgot the measured length of its solemn notes, and broke out with a merry peal that made its old sides shake with glee. The Old Town Clock itself fears that it may never see another birth-day of a hundred years; and joined in right good will with the *Tongues* which seemed to say:—

Oh! ring away cheerly,  
Rejoice while you may,  
Leave care for the morrow,  
Be merry to-day.

At six in the morning one of the halls of the Sons of Temperance opened for the installation of The Centenary Division, and at the same hour the Union Mark Lodge opened at Freemason's Hall for the transaction of Masonic work.

At seven, the Bells of the Churches again commenced ringing, and the doors were thrown open for Divine Service.

Fountains in both areas of the Province Building threw up their streams all day, descending in sparkling gems on the grassy lawns which enliven and refresh the centre of the city.

The citadel was gaily decorated with a profusion of bunting flaunting from every Staff, while from housetop, balcony, and window, of the dwellings of our citizens, and from all public places, were hung out a thousand colours, conspicuous among which were everywhere to be seen the British Ensign, and the Union Jack—representatives of that Great and United British Empire, whose sceptre is awayed by one Sovereign—

" Whose flag has braved a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze."

Several arches of evergreen were erected in different parts of the city.

Throughout the whole forenoon hundreds of strangers from the towns and villages adjacent to the city were thronging to witness the celebration.

At 10 o'clock, the Troops in Garrison were assembled on the Common for a Grand Review—His Excellency Sir John Harvey receiving the salute. The exciting spectacle of a sham fight was added to the military evolutions, and a Royal salute, succeeded by a *feu de joie*, and three cheers for the Queen, completed the martial ceremonies of the day. The Review was witnessed by thousands of our citizens and strangers from the glacis of the citadel. As it terminated at noon, a salute of Twenty-one guns was fired from the Flag Ship *Wellesley*.

### THE GRAND PROCESSION.

The various Charitable and other Societies of the City according to arrangement assembled on the Grand Parade, and about one o'clock the Procession commenced moving in the following order:—

MR. W. C. MANNING,  
Secretary of the General  
Committee.

MR. WM. GRANT, Sen,  
Grand Marshall, with Baton  
and blue Scarf, mounted.

#### A MILITARY BAND.

ADAM HEMMEON, Esq. Mayor of the City, mounted.  
Hon. J. B. UNIACKE, Attorney General, and Member of Committee. County in full cost. mounted.  
J. J. SAWYER, Esq. High Sheriff of the County in full cost. mounted.

#### MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE,

*The City Recorder. The Custos of the County. The City Treasurer.*  
All mounted.

#### MEMBERS OF THE CITY CORPORATION.

All mounted.

#### SEVERAL COUNTY MAGISTRATES.

#### THE PRESS.

An ancient Press, drawn on a platform by 4 gray horses, and at work printing and distributing a Poem composed for the occasion.

#### THE UNION FIRE ENGINE COMPANY OF HALIFAX.

With 5 Engines splendidly decorated with flowers, flags and gilding, each drawn by 4 horses, accompanied by a Coach wherein were seated James Dechman, Senior, William Caldwell, and William Crawford, veteran Captains of the Company, and Captain Henry Spike, the Captain Commandant.

Mr. Austen the Marshall of the Company mounted.

#### HALIFAX VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY COMPANY,

Under the command of Major James Cogswell, Capt. Josh. Lee, and Lt. Rich'd. Tremain, Jr.—6 Field-pieces.

A number of aged Nova Scotians and other old inhabitants seated in a carriage drawn by 4 Horses—viz., Mr. Andrew Smith, Mr. Jost, Mr. Titus Smith, Mr. Azor Stevens, Mr. Wm. Lappert, Mr. John Haverstock and others.

#### DESCENDANTS OF THE SETTLERS OF 1749, IN COUPLES.

Newton Binney, James G. A. Creighton, Beamish Murdoch, Frederick W. Morris, John W. Morris, Francis S. Beamish, Philip C. Hill, Edward Binney, Thomas Ott Beamish, Henry Green, Chas. Beamish, and a number of others whose names we could not procure.\*

\* Many of the descendants of the first settlers walked in other parts of the procession with their respective Societies.

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### A LIVE MOOSE DEER,

In a miniature Forest of Spruce Trees, on a platform drawn by 4 Horses, attended by an Indian, the whole surmounted by the Banner of Nova Scotia and the Imperial Crown of Great Britain.

### MIC - MAC INDIANS,

In couples, headed by one of their Captains, in the absence of Francis Paul, their chief, who was ill, and unable to attend the procession.

### THE NOVA SCOTIA PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

The Society's Banner is of Sky Blue Silk, fringed with gold, and emblazoned with the Crown and the word Acadia, surrounded by a rich wreath of May flowers, the emblem of Nova Scotia, and the Motto, "We bloom amid the snow."

President,

James R. Dewolf, M. D.

Vice-President,

Mr. Thos. Wesley.

#### MEMBERS IN COUPLES.

Marshall, Mr. Matthew Lownds, mounted.

### YOUNG MEN'S NOVA SCOTIA SOCIETY,

With their banners similar to those of the Parent Society.

Mr. C. C. Vaux, President. Mr. J. Richardson, V. President.

#### MEMBERS IN COUPLES.

### COLD WATER ARMY,

Consisting of many hundred children of both sexes, with numerous Banners in charge of Mr. George G. Grey, their General.

### THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE,

Preceded by their Marshall, Mr. Devalin, mounted, with Regalia and Baton. The Body comprised 6 Divisions of the Sons, each accompanied by the Officers and appropriate Banners, and all the members in full regalia. These lodges or divisions are chiefly composed of young men of the community who have united themselves by hundreds in the great cause of Temperance.

The Dartmouth Division was also in attendance.

### CADETS OF TEMPERANCE,

Under command of Dr. Lawrence Van Buskirk, composed of lads under the age requisite for becoming members of the Sons of Temperance.

### THE OLD HALIFAX TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

WITH ITS BANNER.

President, Wm. M. Brown.

### ROYAL AFRICAN SOCIETY,

With appropriate Banners.

### SLAVERY ABOLITION SOCIETY, with Banners,

Both composed of men of colour. The members were all well dressed, and many of them carried the Nova Scotia Badge of the Mayflower.

#### A MILITARY BAND.

### SAINT GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

Jas. A. Moren, Esq., Pres.

H. Pryor, Esq., V. P.

Mr. John Sheen, Marshall, mounted.

The Banners and devices of this Society exceeded all the others in the procession in richness of display. They carried a splendid white Silk Banner, with the St. George and Dragon, fringed with gold.



The Cross of St. George surrounded with a profusion of flowers was borne on high by two members, and they carried the Arms of Old England, the Banner of Wales, the two Ensigns and the Union Jack all in rich silk.

#### THE IRISH CHARITABLE SOCIETY,

Mr. Peter Morrissey, Pres.

Mr. Bernard O'Neil, V. P.

Mr. John Eagan,

Marshal of Society.

This ancient Society mustered in great strength on the occasion. Their Banner of green with Shamrock and Harp was borne in front—they carried the Colours of the old 8th Batt. of N. S. Militia, with its green Ensign—a beautiful Banner with the Round Town surmounted by the ancient National Crown and the Genius of Ireland sitting with the Wolf-Jags at her feet—an immense green silk Banner with the Harp richly embroidered, brought up the rear.

#### NORTH BRITISH AND HIGHLAND SOCIETIES,

With their Pipers in full Highland costume.

Wm. Young, Esq, Pres. H. Soc'y, Mr. J. McDougal, Pres. N.B. Soc'y. The Banners of these two Societies were very beautiful. Old Saint Andrew frowned down from rich White Silk and Gold—The Arms of Old Scotland,—The Diagonal Cross, and other appropriate devices were borne in various parts of the procession, and they carried a splendid Thistle with *nemo me impune lacessit*.

#### A MILITARY BAND.

#### THE MASONIC BODY,

Consisting of 4 or 5 Lodges with their Banners, all the members in full regalia. Their Grand Master the Hon. A. Keith, in a carriage, brought up the rear.

The Truckmen of the City forming a troop of cavalry, with their Banners, closed the procession; the whole of which extended a mile and a quarter in length.

"The vast body" (says the newspaper of the day,) "occupied more than an hour moving from the Parade in their respective places. They had fairly commenced the procession at one o'clock, and were another hour walking through the streets above mentioned, and by George Street into Granville, Upper Water, and Cornwallis Streets to the Common. Triumphal arches were thrown across the streets in many places. From the tower of St. George's Church hung out a superb Red Cross banner of St. George. The windows of the houses in the line of Procession were sparkling with bright eyes and healthful cheeks, and welcome smiles of the Fair Daughters of Acadia," many of whom displayed, treasured up for the occasion, bouquets of their own beautiful May-flower, that blooms amid the snow.

The Common was overspread with such a vast concourse of people as was never before witnessed in Halifax; and the slopes of the citadel were thronged with spectators. At two o'clock, a Royal salute announced the approach of the Lieut. Governor, who, with a brilliant staff was received by an assemblage composed of Heads of Departments, City authorities, &c., with three cheers; after which the following addresses were presented to His Excellency by the oldest inhabitant on behalf of the assembled multitude.

To His Excellency Lieutenant General Sir John Harvey, &c., &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY—

"This day being the Centenary of the Settlement of the City of Halifax, the Metropolis of this Province, the inhabitants have prepared an Address to Her Most Gracious Majesty, assuring her of their faithful attachment to the Throne of England, and congratulating Her Ma-

jeasty on the proud position which a British Monarch now occupies amidst the nations of the earth. We respectfully request that Your Excellency will be pleased to forward the same to England, in order that it may be laid at the foot of the Throne."

#### ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.

"To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty :

"We, your Majesty's loyal and faithful subjects, Inhabitants of the Province of Nova Scotia, beg leave to approach Your Majesty on this day, with heartfelt assurances of our most devoted attachment to Your Majesty.

"On this day, the Eighth of June, one hundred years ago, a British man-of-war anchored in the harbour of Chebucto, the precursor of a fleet which bore upon its decks the future settlers and inhabitants of Halifax. Since that day, the Colony of Nova Scotia has steadily increased in population, and its now numerous inhabitants are not less warm than their ancestors in affection for their Fatherland, and attachment to the Throne of England. Upon that Throne, it is with deep feelings of gratitude to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, that we behold Your Majesty now seated, reigning over the hearts of a mighty nation, loving and beloved, and affording to an anxious world the sublime and cheering spectacle of a great Sovereign, whose power consists in a firm reliance on a superintending Providence and the love with which she is regarded by her people. Around Great Britain are revolution and panic: Empires encircled by fleets and armies are passing away; Kings are yielding up their Crowns though protected by mighty hosts—but Your Majesty trusts to the love of your people, and they are ready with their lives to prove that the confidence of their Queen is not misplaced.

"In this distant portion of Your Majesty's dominions, the sentiments of attachment to Your Majesty are more than usually strong. It has been our good fortune to welcome to our shores many of the Members of Your Majesty's Royal House. His late Majesty William the Fourth, the Uncle of Your Most Gracious Majesty, was during his early honourable career in the service of his Country, a visitant among us; and his name will long be held in affectionate remembrance. A portrait of His Majesty, his own valued gift, now graces the Halls of one of our Legislative Chambers. Your Majesty's illustrious Father (His Royal Highness Edward Duke of Kent,) resided among us for many years, as Commander in Chief of the British Forces in North America, and to the close of his existence was a warm friend and well wisher to Nova Scotia, many of whose people owe their advancement in life to the friendly exertions and interest of His Royal Highness. We feel that Your Majesty is more endeared to us from these circumstances, and we are animated with more than the ordinary sentiments of loyalty in contemplating the present occupant of the British throne. The pride which we feel in living beneath the sway of the ancient Monarchy of England is hallowed by a warmer emotion, as we reflect upon the personal intimacy with which many of us, and our ancestors, have been honoured by Your Majesty's kindred and predecessor in Nova Scotia.

"We beg leave to express to your Majesty our heartfelt hopes that your Majesty's Reign may be long and prosperous, and that the second Centenary of our native and adopted land, may see a numerous people contented and thriving under the beneficent sway of an English Monarch."

To which his Excellency made the following Reply.

"MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW SUBJECTS.—

"To assure you that I shall feel both pride and pleasure in transmitting your loyal and dutiful Address, to be laid at the foot of the

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Throne, is very feebly to express the degree of satisfaction, which I shall derive from the performance of that duty.

"Identified as I am, as well by my official position as by my personal feelings, in all that concerns the interest and happiness of the people of Nova Scotia, I rejoice at finding myself the medium of bringing to the knowledge of our gentle and beloved Sovereign, proofs so unequivocal that sentiments of devoted attachment to British connexion and Institutions, that feelings of such ardent loyalty to the Throne as may be justly characterized as *hereditary*, have continued unimpaired in this Colony from the period of its *plantation*, [the event which we are this day met to commemorate] down to the same hour, and of at the same time, assuring Her Majesty of my own firm conviction, that in no portion of her vast Colonies and Dominions, does a warmer, a more affectionate attachment to Her Majesty's person and family, pervade the whole mass of the population, than in this loyal Province.

"With reference to this sentiment, I am induced to quote upon this occasion, the affecting language of an Address which I once received in another portion of these Colonies, and which struck me very forcibly, as alike beautiful and truthful; "We," (said those who addressed me) "are British in our descent, we feel a pride in our connexion with the glorious country of our common origin; we will cling to those of its mother, and we will refuse to be shaken off."

"In expressing to you, Gentlemen, my firm conviction that this sentiment still largely and deeply pervades the population of British North America, I am convinced that I am giving utterance to an opinion which will be enthusiastically responded to by all to whom I now address myself.

"I do not conclude without offering one observation which the occasion of our meeting would appear to suggest.

"We are assembled for the purpose of commemorating the period when many of our fellow-countrymen abandoned their native soil and ancient homes, for the purpose of establishing themselves on the shores of this, at that time, inhospitable wilderness, of which almost the sole occupants were the *wild man* and the *wild beast*. Thoroughly prepared, as Britons, to encounter the dangers of their new position, they brought with them, in addition to the arts of civilized life, and an indomitable love of national freedom, those inestimable bonds of union, *Christian Charity and Brotherly Love*; divisions and dissensions were incompatible with the *common safety*; consequently harmony prevailed, and strife was unknown; hence the advancement of the Public good alone occupied the attention of these primitive settlers.

"In making these remarks, I would merely advert to the motive which is here applied to us to lay aside the party feuds; and need I assure you (but the necessity of such an assurance is disproved by the whole tenor of my *public life*) that there is not to be found in this numerous assemblage a single individual who more ardently wishes for the peace, happiness and prosperity of the British North American Provinces in general, and, I will add, of Nova Scotia in particular, than myself, or one who is animated by a more earnest desire to promote them.

"J. HARVEY."

After the presentation of the addresses, three enthusiastic cheers were given for Queen Victoria all along the line, and three more for Nova Scotia. His Excellency the Lt. Governor then rode along stopping at the head of each Society, conversing with the presidents—and exchanging salutations with the members as he passed—the bands playing "God Save the Queen."

This ended, the people gathered round a rostrum in the centre of the

Common, where BEAMISH MURDOCH, Esquire, a descendant of one of the First settlers, delivered the following

ORATION :

*Fellow Countrymen, and Fellow Citizens :*

While I deeply feel the honor of being selected to address you, on this great solemnity, I am far from being insensible of the difficulty of doing justice to the occasion.

You are celebrating the foundation of your City, at the close of the first Century of its existence. A ceremony is now for the first time adopted which no living man has seen before, and which no one now living can reasonably expect to see repeated.

To express all the feelings that spring up at such a time, all the sentiments your patriotism excites,—to give them shape and form and voice is beyond individual power ; but I feel encouraged by knowing that in every sensation that pervades this great assemblage I can fully sympathize. For if I view you as a British audience, I can proudly say, I am a British subject,—if you are Nova Scotians, I too am a native of Nova Scotia,—if you are men of Halifax, I was born in this city,—if, among you are descendants of her first settlers, I trace the same descent. In all, then that fills your hearts this day, mine too overflows.

One hundred years ago, our fathers left for ever their loved and happy homes to plant the Standard here that waves upon the hill. From England's smiling plains, from Erin's greenest vallies, from Scotland's lofty mountains, from Germany's broad fatherland—having wiped away the bitter tears of parting, they embark under the Royal banner,—they cross the broad Atlantic, resolved on the iron bound coast of Nova Scotia to build a home for their most remote posterity.

It was upon the 8th day of June, 1749, that little fleet which bore the fortunes of our province appeared upon the horizon. As the misty distance lessens, each ship is seen distinct on yon blue waters. Advancing nearer, they come inside the Cape, they pass the Islands, they steer up the channel, they are in the harbour, the anchors are let go, the sails are furled, “and the wild beach returned the seamen's joyful cheer.” On the day we commemorate, the day the expedition first anchor in the Bay of Chebucto, these shores lay desolate in their primeval condition. The dark deep thicket, the woods aboriginal as their occupants,—the mouldering rock overrun with moss and lichen,—the still, silent waters composed the scene. No roof tree marked the presence of civilized man, no fustell woke the echoes of the hills around. The wild sea bird's scream might break upon the ear, but lonely and dreary was this land, now resonant with life, activity, and cheerfulness.

To this savage solitude were our fathers thus suddenly, and somewhat unexpectedly introduced. There was no need of bold heart and untiring spirits to stem the hardships and confront the privations involved in their situation, and the fortitude and firmness were not found wanting for many of them had served the crown by land and sea;

“A various host—from kindred realms they came,  
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown.”

*Vision of Don Roderick Stanza LVIII.*

The rocks to be removed, the streets to be extirpated, the climate's rigour to be encountered, were the smaller portions of the task. There were deadly ambushes to be avoided, mortal pestilence to their ranks, and more than all these, there was the heart sickening for the homes and friends left in Europe to be enjoyed no more.

How shall we justly estimate the cost at which they procured for us the blessings we now enjoy? How we revere the men who held on

their course unshaken under so many causes of disheartening and discouragement,—that they might found a city and a province for our benefit?

The fathers of the colony! Where are they? At rest in their peaceful graves, in the land their right hands redeemed from the rude wilderness. Should we not bless their memories, when we survey the goodly inheritance they left us? Consider Halifax, her superb harbour, her beautiful Basin, her lovely environs. Observe our city, her loyal population, her buildings public and private.—Mark well her barracks, her barracks, her ordnance, her dockyard, and the proud fortress that guards and crowns her height.

Regard Nova Scotia,—her woodland hills,—her alluvial plains,—her fertilizing streams,—her mineral treasures,—her exhaustless fisheries, her great future.—They who won this land have long since mouldered in the dust. Could one of that expedition have pierced in vision through the mists of time,—have seen this day, this multitude of the lovely daughters and intelligent sons of the soil,—of the children of Nova Scotia by birth and by adoption, how richly would that one glance have rewarded the anxious toil of the adventurous settler. Or, had we the power by some potent spell to wake from sepulchral slumber their shadowy forms: how intense, how deep would be the interest of our gaze upon them. Methinks among that sly group we see the grave Cornwallis, the gallant Laurence, the graceful Mascarene.

Halifax is now one of a great sisterhood of British cities and settlements dispersed to earth's remotest bounds. Our language is spoken as the mother tongue on the shores of a hundred seas. Still is our great nation busied in fulfilling her mission of civilization. Amidst Labrador's ice, on Afric's sands, on Aden's rocks, on Borneo's wilds, on far Australia's waste, our countrymen are at this moment laying the foundations of future empires.

“Come bright Improvement! on the car of Time,  
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime,  
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,  
Trace every wave and culture every shore.”

*Pleasures of Hope.*

Halifax, a naval and military station, is rich in its recollections of the warriors both of the land and of the sea. Here came the immortal Wolfe on the path of victory, hence sailed Boscawen. Here have we seen Parry. Here have we known the Sherbrookes, Kemps, Dalhousies, Kennes, the lieutenants of Wellington. Here our fireside tales have been full of the sailor prince and King, William Henry, his boyish, open hearted gaiety, of the royal minded Edward of Kent, the Sovereign's father, and Nova Scotia's friend—of his boundless munificence, his graceful condescension, and not far away lie the last lingering ruins of his summer palace, once bright with gaiety, beauty, chivalry, and music. Even now we have among us a name heroic, and already historical, that of a chief of a thousand combats on the waves, Scotland's son, the world-renowned Dundonald.

Regiment after regiment has arrived among us and departed, during the century now closing. Fleets and armies have sojourned here. All this while a strong regard for the British Soldier has steadily grown up among us. A just esteem for his many virtues, his courage, his frankness, has been established. No less attachment has existed for the British Sailor. With both services the intercourse of our inhabitants for the whole time has been cordial, unbroken, uninterrupted.

To the original settlers of Halifax, many valuable accessions were made. From the older colonies of Britain, from the army at each general peace concluded, many were added. Among the earlier were some of the heroes of Louisbourg and Quebec. In 1776, and 1788,

many of the Loyalists came here. At later periods Ireland and Scotland have sent us emigrants.

Of these varied elements has the character of our population been formed. A new developement is found in the native born, evincing in its impulsiveness much of the excitability of the Irish mind—in its steady and resolute tone, much of the English and Scotch origin.

The sons of Nova Scotia abroad have gained well earned honours. To the army Halifax has given a Beckwith—to the navy a Wallis and a Sir Edward Boscawen. Nova Scotia has given to literature an Haliburton—to science a Gesner; and while our Province has supplied judges and public men of great ability to several of the other colonies, she has yet an abundant supply of talent and genius to store for her own uses—in the senate, at the bar, in the pulpit, in poetry and literature.

You commemorate to-day the building of your city. The true city, where is it to be found? not in the mere masses of buildings, but in the people. In your heads, in your hands, in your hearts. Here, then, assembled to-day I see the heart and the soul of Halifax. Other lands may boast greater wealth,—other cities a more numerous population; but where can you find a city or a province whose sons and daughters love her and cling to her as fondly, as proudly, as exclusively, as we do to Halifax—to Nova Scotia. The treasures of our land are her lovely and pure-minded daughters, the wealth of Halifax is in the 30,000 hearts that this day beat in unison for its welfare, its honour.

The future, the coming century, the second century of Halifax. In this shall we not see her advance. Your children are to be the citizens of the coming century. Educate them in right principles, in useful pursuits. Providence has pointed out nautical and commercial industry as our vocation by giving us this peninsular situation. In this we should study to emulate the upright character and the enterprise of the British merchant.

Members of the National societies enrolled under the flags of your dear native lands! For the holy love you cherish for them is our best assurance of your worth. It tells us you will prove good citizens and faithful friends to the land of your adoption, the home of your choice, the birth place of your children. The charities that bind you to each other indicate your social value.

Society of Nova Scotians! True virtue becomes conspicuous in the most adverse circumstances, as your Mayflower blooms amid the snow. Act on the lesson your favourite emblem furnishes, and your patriotism will come out of every trial as pure and brilliant as your native amethyst.

Most ancient and honourable Society of Free Masons! You display the emblems of science, order, union, and of all embracing love of your fellow men. You thus teach us how to lay the only sound foundation of the social edifice. By such principles cities flourish, kingdoms prosper. To lose them is to lose true civilization.

Sons of Temperance, members of Temperance Societies! Your high aim, your incessant struggle for moral reform is known to all.—The great influence you wield for good in Halifax is shown in your long array.

Members of Fire Companies! How can I sufficiently praise the vigilance, the activity, the courage and the discipline you bring to bear in your warfare with the terrible enemy you oppose. By day or night when danger call you out, your calm, resolute and unflinching efforts to subdue conflagration, to rescue property and life, are familiar to us all.

Brethren of the African Society! Your presence to day proves that

while our laws secure your freedom, a kindness which no law could create has made you warm friends to the city you dwell in.

The aboriginal occupants of the soil have been invited and are here to add to the interest of this spectacle. True philanthropy knows no lines of distinction to divide man from man. Its wide circle includes all.

Citizens, friends, and spectators of this exhibition! You have united to recall the past, to mark the memory of bygone days—to pay a great and a merited honour to the founders, the fathers of our country. Fellow-countrymen, if this cheerful meeting shall increase concord among you, the day will not have been mis-spent.

Men of Halifax! You began this day by prayer to God on high, for the future prosperity of the City. It is the most solemn festival in your annals. May it knit you together in a close bond of brotherhood that none shall dare to sever, and its memory hereafter be one of pleasure unalloyed.

The Oration was honoured with three hearty cheers, after which the Societies returned to the City and dispersed. The following poem, prepared for the occasion by the Hon. Joseph Howz, was distributed during the day from the press in the procession :—

#### SONG FOR THE CENTENARY.

Hail to the Day! when the Britons came over,  
And planted their standard with sea foam still wet!  
Above and around us their spirits shall hover,  
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

Beneath it the emblems they cherish'd are waving—  
The Rose of Old England the road side perfumes,  
The Shamrock and Thistle the north winds are braving,  
Securely the Mayflower blushes and blooms.

In the temples they founded, their faith is maintained,  
Ev'ry foot of the soil they bequeathed is still ours!  
The graves where they moulder no foe has profaned;  
But we wreath them with verdure and strew them with flowers!

The blood of no brother, in civil strife pour'd,  
In this hour of rejoicing, encumbers our souls!  
The frontier's the field for the Patriot's sword,  
And cursed is the weapon that Faction controls!

Then Hail to the Day! 'tis with memories crowded  
Delightful to trace through the mists of the past,  
Like the features of beauty, bewitchingly shrouded,  
They shine through the shadows time o'er them has cast.

As travellers track to its source, in the mountains,  
The stream, which, far swelling, expands o'er the plains,  
Our hearts, on this day, fondly turn to the fountains  
Whence flowed the warm currents that bound in our veins.

And proudly we trace them: No warrior flying  
From city assaulted and fanes overthrown,  
With the last of his race on its battlements dying,  
And weary with wandering, founded our own.

From the Queen of the Islands, then famous in story,  
A century since our brave forefathers came,  
And our kindred yet fill the wide world with her glory,  
Enlarging her Empire, and spreading her name.

Ev'ry flush of her genius our pathway enlightens—  
 Ev'ry field she explores we are beckoned to tread,  
 Each laurel she gathers our future day brightens—  
 We joy with her living, and mourn with her dead.

Then, Hail to the Day! when the Britons came over,  
 And planted their standard with sea foam still wet!  
 Above and around us their spirits shall hover,  
 Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia, June 8th, 1849.

It was nearly four o'clock when the procession closed. The remainder of the afternoon was passed in sports and games and feasting on the Common. The Nova Scotia Society entertained the Indians, and there was abundance of sport provided for competitors in athletic games.

At dark the Province Building, Dalhousie College, and the other Public Buildings were illuminated, and the residences of many of the citizens were decorated with flags and appropriate devices, and brilliantly illuminated with gas. The weather was extremely fine, and the evening still and serene, with a cloudless sky—the harbour like a mirror reflected the brilliant lights from the city, and the streets were crowded with people until a late hour. The great attraction was the Province Building, in the centre of the City, splendidly illuminated, with its fountains playing high in the air, and falling with the most refreshing murmur among the fresh foliage of Spring—brilliantly illuminated with the revolving gas lights; while the Military Bands in the area kept up the soft music until the hour of midnight. A triple arch of Evergreens extended from the centre gate of the building across the street to Mr. Fuller's Bookstore, lit up with revolving lights on each summit—which with the lights of the windows and the continual discharge of rockets, shed around more than mid-day splendour.

At nine o'clock the Wellesley, line-of-battle ship, bearing the Flag of the Earl of Dundonald, opened her fire, and continued to discharge broadsides which shook the City, reverberating among the hills like the most terrible thunder. This was truly grand. Each broadside was preceded by showers of Rockets, and the fireworks were so admirably arranged that in almost an instant of time the whole Ship, from truck to bowsprit, was illumined with Blue lights, picking out her beautiful model in the dark against the green hills of Dartmouth.

A Ball at Mason Hall, given by the Highland Society, wound up the festivity of the day. It was well attended by the middle-classes, and the elite of the City and Garrison—and "all went off as merry as a marriage bell."



