

# AB URBE CONDITA

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**M**EN of English blood all the world over are accustomed to feel and give voice to a just pride in the achievements of their race, as a colonizing power, wherever ship could sail. They hear much after-dinner eloquence about the stubborn will, the indomitable energy so displayed, without always attaching much significance to the sounding phrases. To give them meaning, we much take a concrete example of the "will" etc., at work; and the nearer home, the better. Haligonians have not far to seek for an instance. No plainer case exists of a colony's success depending on the personality of the founder than the founding of their own city. It was no easy or agreeable task; but the sterling manhood of the first governor proved itself sufficient to the trying duties laid upon it. In the face of almost every conceivable difficulty, he triumphantly brought order out of chaos, and left a city where he found a houseless forest. And yet, from that day to this, his merits have never been fully recognized.

The problem before him was the reverse of simple. A few of its many factors were,—a city to found, site to be selected, streets surveyed, houses, wharves, stockades built. There were three thousand settlers to be landed, fed, sheltered, kept in hand. The land must be fairly divided among them, civil government established, courts of law set up. There was a large hostile population to conciliate or overawe, and a native race, whose cruelty and cunning were a proverb, continually to guard against. The place was sure to be an eyesore to the French, and they might be relied on to hinder the growth of the colony in every possible way. All this was to be foreseen, and a reasonable man might know what to prepare for. But how could a merely human governor foresee that one of his first public acts would be to act as Judge in a trial for murder; that his right hand man in the council would be shot down by the French, under a flag of truce; that the settlers would mutiny, trade with the enemy and desert; that the plague would fall upon them; that men who profited most by the colony's existence would seek to ruin it; that the authorities at home would find fault with him, delay his supplies, and listen to his enemies? These formed only a small part of the troubles and anxieties which beset the

leader of this enterprise. At first, its success was by no means assured; far from it. Not once or twice within even the first six months of its history, this new venture might have ended in ruin if its management had been in hands only a little less firm and ready than those of the Honourable Edward Cornwallis. That Halifax was not a forgotten failure, a second Darien, is due to its first governor.

At first sight he does not seem specially fitted for the post. The younger son of a noble family, now extinct, which has left its mark on the history of India and America, he entered the army and in the course of seven years became Colonel of Foot. For a few months before coming to Nova Scotia, he had been a member of parliament; experience of little value, one would think, as preparation for city-building and the planting of colonies. Besides, he was young, barely thirty-seven, and he had everything to learn about the new country.

On the other hand, there is that about him which impresses competent judges of character. Wolfe speaks of his "approved courage and fidelity"; and Horace Walpole regards him as "a brave, sensible young man of great temper and good nature". He also has the good word of Parkman, who necessarily must devote some space to his work as an incident in the history he helped to make. As a hero, he is not perfect. He has a hot temper easily roused, (Parkman read "good" for "great" a few pages beyond the above quotation): he was inclined to be high-handed and overbearing, and when he struck, he struck hard. Some of his transactions, from sheer lack of business training, were irregular; and his method of raising money for a lighthouse at Sambro by means of a lottery does not commend itself to modern judgment. But he devoted himself, heart and soul, to the welfare of the colony till he broke his health in its service. With him, honour was a scruple. If his fiery temper flashed out, it was at Indian outrage or French treachery, or at the slightest suspicion of crooked dealing in himself or those about him. He is a true patriot. To further the interests of his country, to increase her prestige, to guard her rights is his single, undivided aim. His sense of duty and dogged persistence in doing it, no matter how unpleasant, mark him as an unusual man in those shameless days of jobbery and corruption. All these traits of character are plainly visible in his dispatches, for there emphatically the style is the man. It is as far removed as possible from the dignified eighteenth-century official mode of communication. The tone is outspoken, frankly abrupt, he has nothing to conceal. I wonder if His Grace the Duke of Bedford had many

correspondents who began their letters in this off-hand fashion, "My Lord—The French have begun their usual game."

The page bristles with informal "don'ts", "can'ts", "won'ts". The short jerky sentences are crowded together without capitals or marks of punctuation, and the rules of the grammarian are over-ridden as roughly as if they were the wishes of mutinous Acadians. When he takes to metaphors, he becomes confusing, as when he tells the Lords of Plantation that they have "a secret, I fear inveterate enemy preying upon your Bowels masked, but rotten at bottom." The writer was too full of business, too hurried and impatient to take note of these things. If he stated plain facts in the same straightforward way as he spoke, the bigwigs and their clerks in their comfortable offices at home might take the time to puzzle them out. He never beats about the bush. If he thinks Gorham no officer, or Mauger a smuggler, or Le Loutre "a good-for-nothing scoundrel", he says so without the slightest hesitation. Some energetic phrases such as "I wish to God" seem by their frequent use to have been characteristic, and reveal the testy temper behind them. As a consequence of all this, his dispatches are anything but dull reading.

The first of these bears the date June 22nd, 1749. The day before, the swift sailing sloop of war *Sphinx*, with the governor and suite on board, came to anchor in Chebucto harbour. The transports lagged behind, did not all arrive till the end of the month, but the governor was not idle on that account. At once he begins exploring; and before twenty-four hours have passed, he is able to inform the Secretary of State that he has "been ashore in several places", but has "seen but few brooks", nor "as yet found the navigable river that has been talked of." This first day of the governor's activity old-style Haligonians hold sacred to this present year of grace, although they are not Russians, and in no other respect twelve days behind the rest of the world. This first dispatch is memorable for another statement which Haligonians will never willingly let die; to wit, "All the officers agree the harbour is the finest they have ever seen." And the statement is repeated in the next two letters, in even stronger terms. His Excellency was perfectly right. All subsequent officers, whether in blue jackets or red, have concurred in this opinion of the earliest; and from that day to this, the good Haligonian has never seen the sun rise and set without reminding himself or someone else of this all-important fact. At times he even assumes proprietary airs, as if he put the harbour there and felt himself entirely responsible for

its continuance. No one ever audibly objects, for the truth prevails, it is a fine harbour, and fools who come to scoff remain to admire. The same part of the governor's letters give his first impressions of what he has seen. "The Country is one continual wood, no clear spot to be seen or heard of.—The underwood is only young trees so that with difficulty one might walk through any of them; D'Anville's fleet have only cut wood for present use and cleared no ground, then encamped their men upon the Beach". This extract, which gives a fair idea of his epistolary style, is near the end of the dispatch. From the first part it is clear that his troubles began soon as he came to land.

One condition of his problem was all that could be desired. He had not bad weather to contend with. Arriving late, after the rains and raw east winds of the dour Halifax spring were past, the governor and his young colony found themselves in one of those rare Nova Scotia summers which deserve to be called perfect, sunny, warm, temperate, the sort of summer that may last until nearly Christmas and finds its culmination in that month of months—September. One enthusiastic settler writing home at the beginning of December declares, "The summer was beautiful beyond description." Jefferys has caught the spirit and atmosphere of this transaction in his historical picture, which, translated into popular form, will inform generations of young Canadians what a labour it was to found this city. The men at work on the log houses, the rising fortifications, the spruce-clothed shoulder of hill, the head of a detail marching up the slope, the unobtrusive rum kegs, and the red-coat walking up and down in a smart and soldierly manner, are all true to the historic fact. Moreover, the artist has contrived to bring the summer into his picture; it is full "of light and laughing air." He has enmeshed a typical June day in Halifax.

Cornwallis found this difficult situation awaiting him. Louisbourg has been given back to France, but the English garrison cannot make room for the new owners because they are without a single ship to carry them away. The French wish them at—Halifax, where by rights they should be, to co-operate with Cornwallis on his arrival. But the Government has sent no transports and Hopson, the commander, is at his wits' end. A sloop from him reaches Chebucto this 22nd of June and Cornwallis learns, much to his surprise, that he is expected to fetch the men who should have been waiting for him at the rendezvous. Here is a hitch, the first of many misunderstandings. There is need of haste, for both the out-going and in-coming garrisons are impatient. Cornwallis does at once what he should have done. He promptly takes upon himself

the responsibility which the Louisbourg council-of-war shirked. His own transports are not in sight, he has no notion what state they will be in when they arrive, and so he sends to Boston to hire ships there. By the sixth of July four transports, *London*, *Winchelsea*, *Wilmington*, and *Merry Jacks* had landed a thousand settlers on George's Island, where the energetic governor has already a guard and storehouses. These vessels are quite ready to put to sea again, and, with the first fair wind, set sail for Louisbourg, while a sloop is dispatched to Boston to countermand the first order. Luckily only one ship has started, but the mere negotiation for the others costs money. This is one of the ways in which the £40,000, granted by the British parliament to keep the colony a year, was spent, and helps to explain why Nova Scotia was deep in debt before the next supplies were voted. It was a perfectly unforeseen contingency, the result of mismanagement at home. But there was more to come. To make the muddle complete, Hopson tired of waiting, acted on *his* responsibility, and hired the French transports before the English ships could arrive. Before long, men and stores of all kinds begin to pour in from Louisbourg, the latter in enormous quantities, and Cornwallis has no room to bestow them. Much is sent on to Annapolis, but the relief is not complete. "There are more provisions come from Louisbourg", writes the governor, "than all Mr. Townshend has sent"; that is, more than enough to victual three thousand persons for a year. It is necessary to stop the work on the town, to run up sufficient stores and sheds. Worst of all, Cornwallis has these unwelcome French on his hands; and as soon as possible their ships are unloaded and they are packed off before they can spy out the nakedness of the land. A year after, there is wrangling over who is to foot Hopson's bill for transport hire, the Colony or the Home Government.

Long before this, the thirteen transports had reached port. Of all their passengers only one had died on the long, rough voyage, and that was somebody's child. Thanks to the humane care of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantation, the ships had been fitted with ventilators, then a new idea, and the result was most gratifying. The expedition was evidently well managed. Very different is the tale of the poor German emigrants procured by the unscrupulous Mr. Dick of Rotterdam at a guinea a head. They were taken out of the ships to die, many of them on Dartmouth beach. One of the first benevolent institutions in Halifax was the orphanage, from which boys were apprenticed to fishermen. From one ship there were fourteen helpless children to be cared for, whose parents had died either on the voyage or soon after reaching port.

Even now, with all our modern improvements and rapid transit, the steerage is a horror. The mind can hardly conceive the darkness, the filth and the suffering of 'tween decks in the old wooden ships of the last century, when it was a short voyage that lasted only a month.

Before the city can be built, a place must be found for it, and on the governor devolves the responsibility of selecting the site. It is not easy to make choice. Knowles and Durel, the engineers, had recommened the high bluff overlooking Bedford Basin, where the city prison now stands above the little hamlet of negro huts; and that the Narrows be fortified. But this plan Cornwallis rejects, for good reason. The place is "too far up for the Fishermen". It "would leave the Harbour open to an Enemy without Defence." With a soldier's eye, his Excellency sees that the forts to defend the harbour "must be at Sandwich Point<sup>1</sup> and opposite to it, with a battery on George's Island." A century and a half of military engineering has not improved on Cornwallis's plan; and to-day the lines of big guns guard the harbour precisely at the points he indicated. Long after the town was built, his council was still of the opinion that it should have stood on the Dartmouth side. But as that position could be commanded from the higher ground opposite, Cornwallis would not consider it. The present site was the fourth choice. Before pitching upon it, the settlers actually broke ground for the town in what is now our beautiful park. "From seeing the Plan only", writes the governor, "one would be apt to choose Sandwich Point as the best situation for a town, being very defencible and having the advantage of Sandwich River<sup>2</sup> navigable a great way. This was the general opinion at first, and they began to clear there the first day they worked, but upon examination we found the strongest objections against it—that shoal off the point which makes it very convenient for a Fort, would be extremely dangerous so near a town—tis so shallow that a Cable's length from the shore, small boats strike upon the rocks, besides it was evident from the Beach, that a Prodigious Sea must come in there in Winter", and so on, enumerating the disadvantages we all know the spot possesses. "The situation I have chosen has all the conveniences I could wish except a fresh Water River. Tis upon the side of a rising ground that commands the whole peninsula and will shelter the town from the N. W. winds; the Beach is all along fine gravel, convenient for small boats, and the anchorage good everywhere within Gun shot of the shore for the largest ships." And so, the city stands to-day where one man decided that it should stand. Time has approved the wisdom of his choice;

1. Point Pleasant.

2. Northwest Arm

and now when England's empire depends on her fleet, and her fleet depends on her coaling-stations, the city Cornwallis founded is more valuable to the mother country than ever.

But the French had no intention of watching a mine dug beneath their fleet, without attempting a counter-sap. Hardly has Cornwallis been a fortnight in the country, when he hears that they have had the impertinence to begin a fort at the mouth of the St. John river, clearly a breach of treaty. The very next day, the *Albany* and a second sloop are on their way to Annapolis for fighting men and warlike stores. The commander of the little expedition is the dashing John Rous, an old Boston privateersman, who had been made captain in the Royal Navy for his brilliant successes against these very Frenchmen. To teach them that they cannot make and break treaties with impunity, and that the new English governor is not to be trifled with, Rous carries with him a very tart letter of instructions. He is to inspect himself "what works are carrying on" "and prevent their making further progress therein, or demolish them" as his own prudence shall direct. He is also to hand the enclosed Declaration to the Commander of Fort St. John, "(if any one has *dared* to assume that title)" puts in the fiery governor in parenthetic dashes that look like sabre-cuts. Presently Mr. Howe comes back overland, along the cow-path that runs through the forest from Minas, in company with thirteen Indian deputies who desire to make peace for their tribes with the new war-chief of the English at Chebucto. Howe's news is that no works were to be seen except the old dismantled forts, but that the French were on the ground, and had acted in a defiant manner. They "came directly opposite the Albany and planted their colours within Musket Shot." A parley ensued. The white flag with the royal lilies of France could do no one any bodily harm; but it offended the eyes of Captain Rous. Accordingly he "sent Mr. Howe to order them to strike their Colours—the Officers made great difficultys and many apologies. Capt. Howe answered he did not come to reason the matter but to order it to be done, that he could not answer for the consequence if it was not done immediately—The Officer begged him to propose to Capt. Rous to allow him to march back with colours flying and he would return next day without them—Mr. Howe carried the message to Capt. Rous—Capt. Rous repeated the order that the Colours should be struck that instant, which was accordingly done." This is only the beginning of trouble with the French. But Cornwallis is full of plans to checkmate them. To bridle the Acadians and show them that "we can either defend or master them", a blockhouse is to be built at the Minas settle-

ment and garrisoned for the winter, by troops from Annapolis, while a sloop-of-war is to lie in Minas Basin, to prevent all "correspondence" with the enemy. For the accommodation of travellers, a blockhouse is to be built in the forest, halfway to Minas. "It is not easy to know the designs of *these* French", writes John Bull Cornwallis; but whatever they may be, he does not mean to be caught napping.

One of the designs was executed upon poor Howe the very next year. With Colonel Mascarene he had come up from Annapolis, on July 12, to form the new council. The next day Cornwallis opened his commission in their presence and administered the usual oaths. One of them dates from the twenty-fifth year of the reign of King Charles the Second, and is intended to prevent "dangers which may happen from Popish Recusants", and another is "for extinguishing the hopes of the pretended Prince of Wales and his open and secret abettors." That is, no Catholic or Jacobite could hold office in any part of the British dominions. Howe was neither, but an experienced soldier who had served the province in more ways than one. He had been a member of the old council, and two years before had been severely wounded in the bloody surprise of Noble by Beaujeu at Grand Pré, had been paroled and afterwards exchanged. He knew a great deal about the Indians, and was able to bring in the sachems of St. John to renew the old treaty of 1726. With his party, he reached Halifax on Saturday, the 12th of August, and next day Cornwallis held one of his rare Sunday councils to decide upon a course of action. On Monday at ten, the wild Indians were brought before the council in the cabin of the *Beaufort*. It was probably the first time these children of the forest had set foot in such a big canoe. Howe acted as interpreter, and the interview was satisfactory. The governor ordered a parchment to be prepared for them to sign, and anyone who looks into our *Archives* may see what it was like. By its provisions, Johannes Pedousatigh and his friends renewed the promise of their forebears not to molest any of the King's subjects or the dependants in any of their settlements. Leaving the space for the seals vacant, each man draws his totem opposite his name, a turtle, or leaf, or leaping fish. Next Sunday they are sent back by ship, with presents, the treaty and Captain Howe to see to its ratification. So he goes up and down on various missions, till his fate brings him in 1750 to Fort Cumberland on the left bank of the Missaquash river. The ruins of the post can be seen from the car window as the train whirls by in the melancholy Fundy fog. The right bank is French territory, and there also is a fort. Although their countries are at



peace, French and English are jealously watching each other on the frontier. Howe's "whole aim and study", writes Cornwallis, "was to try at a peace with the Indians, and to get our prisoners out of their hands. For which purpose, he had frequent conferences with Le Loutre and French officers under a flag of truce." The rest of the story is soon told. Le Loutre, "clothed in an officer's regimentals, an Indian named Cope, whom I saw some years after at Miramachy", writes a French officer, "his hair curled, powdered and in a Bag, he sent Cope to it, waving a white handkerchief in his hand, which was the usual sign for the admittance of the French into the English Fort having affairs with the commander of the Post. The major of the Fort, a worthy man and greatly beloved by all the French officers, taking him for a French officer, came out with his usual politeness to receive him. But he no sooner appeared than the Indians in ambush fired and killed him." The English knowing only the bare fact of the treacherous murder, could not but fix the blame upon the French. Cornwallis in hot indignation, calls it "an instance of treachery and barbarity not paralleled in history." The loss of such a man, with his influence over the Indians, was as serious as the manner of it was exasperating and pitiful.

Great and many as were the governor's difficulties from without, and I pass over his long struggle with the obstinacy of the mild Acadians and their fierce sheep-dog, Le Loutre, they were less than those which sprang from the character of the settlers themselves. To manage the first Haligonians was no child's play. Like Carlyle, they were "gey ill to deal wi'", and even a man of the governor's self-command, fire, and readiness could not always bend them to his will. If our new army with its education and comforts, its healthy barracks and many amusements is a "helot army", what must the old have been? The men in the ranks were unlettered, neglected and debauched. In time of peace, they herded in unhealthy barracks, where between disease and drink they died like sheep. Discipline was maintained by the cat, and many a man died under the lash. Soldier meant ruffian all over Europe; while the British soldier of the period has been truthfully portrayed by Fielding and Hogarth. The one alleviation of his lot was rum. The sailor fared worse and was flogged oftener. Johnson knew what he was talking about when he said "A ship is worse than a jail. There is in a jail better air, better company, better conveniency of every kind." The jail he was thinking of was the one Howard had not reformed. Take several hundreds of these "King's hard bargains", just released from all control, and brutalized by war;

set them down in a wild, new land with little to do and drink in plenty, and one need not be told what their conduct would be. There are so few Haligonians descended from our *Mayflower* list, that the truth may be told regarding it. The very mess-books, mere official catalogues of names, reveal old scandals. Marriage certificates were scarcely asked for as the settlers came on board, but some simple mariners have one or two female servants in charge, who do not pretend to be married. The quantity of liquor consumed by the settlement is a surprise even in that hard-drinking age. In the spring of 1750 there are thirty persons paying a guinea a month for the privilege of selling rum, and there are besides forty convictions for selling without a license. And in a community for which beer was provided from the King's brewery at twopence a gallon! Month by month the regulations against unlicensed selling are made more strict, till the penalty amounted to a fine of £10 and thirty lashes; or, in default of the fine, three months in jail. The council book records that one man informed on himself. As half the fine went to the informer, he saved five pounds but got his lashing. There seems to be a humorous side to the transaction. The tiny garrison at Annapolis required five hundred pounds' worth of rum for its winter supply; and between July and December 1749 the settlers at Halifax consumed 10,000 gallons of rum over and above their original liberal allowance. No wonder that the authorities begin to grumble and ask questions when they come to pay the bills!

Nor is direct testimony wanting as to the earliest settlers. One of Cornwallis's suite was a missionary, the Rev. William Tutty, late lecturer and curate of All Saints Parish in the town of Hertford. He was well recommended to the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and owed his position with the large stipend of £70 to the Bishop of Lincoln. The Rev. William had a love affair with some girl at home; or as he puts it in his own beautiful language, "an honourable engagement to a deserving young woman whom I tenderly regard, and as I am satisfied our affections are reciprocal, I should rejoice were we but one family." Poor fellow! I fear he and his "deserving your woman" never formed "but one family." He speaks of a distressing pain in his side which the climate does not benefit; and after three years of exile, he went back to England to die. Deeply pious, broad-minded for the time, and clear-headed, the state and prospects of religion in his new charge filled him almost with despair. The settlers from Old England, except for a "few good men amongst them", are "a set of most abandoned wretches—so deeply sunk

into almost all kinds of immorality that they scarce retain even the shadow of religion." The New Englanders, who swarmed in to trade and settle, are little better, though they "make great pretensions to religion and having ye form of godliness—their notorious prevarication in all their commercial dealings" scandalizes the mild spoken clergyman. In other letters he apologizes for what he thinks strong language, but cannot truthfully modify or alter it. His colleague, the Rev. William Anwyle, is a parson of another stamp. He seems to have been a naval chaplain, who had knocked about the world a good deal, and the older man of the two. He is able to officiate in Welsh as well as English. This appears to be his sole qualification for the post. In fact he is one of those eighteenth century parsons who made Wesley's revival most desirable, and whose immoral lives kept intelligent dissenters out of a Church with whose doctrines they could find no fault. Tutty can "say no good of him."—"Not one single part of his conduct shows the clergyman. His whole conversation—both his actions and expressions—bespeak rather the boatswain of a man-of-war than the minister of the Gospel of Christ." The dissenters and others complain of him, and the governor often says at table that he must send him out of the colony. After a reprimand from Cornwallis, he goes off on a drinking bout which ends in a fit of sickness. All October and November, when the plague is striking down hundreds, he has been unfit for work, and his duty has been done by poor consumptive Tutty with the "extremely violent pain" in his side. Within three months Anwyle has drunk himself to death. Like priest, like people. And this is the material out of which Cornwallis has to make a solid barrier colony to French encroachment and conquest.

To his chaplain Tutty, Cornwallis is a hero. He is happy to live with him on board the *Beaufort*, not only because he is "the greatest man here—but the most agreeable." "It is impossible to describe his conduct in the present situation; that affability, candour, mildness and moderation which distinguished him in England is still more conspicuous in Nova Scotia." His self command and great judgment seem specially admirable "in the midst of idleness, obstinacy and perverseness." To Mr. Tutty's classical imagination, Cornwallis, his secretary Davidson, and aide-de-camp Bulkeley are the triumvirate of Nova Scotia, an unselfish, large-minded triumvirate. "They have indeed met with many obstacles arising chiefly from the perverseness of the present settlers." Their "perverseness" comes out in many ways. Not a few landed in a state of destitution, "without shoes, stockings

or shirts", which must be supplied and paid for in work on the Government stores. They expected help of all kinds, and in return were unwilling to stir hand or foot even in their own defence. Six weeks after the last transport came in, the town-site has been cleared, and the streets have been laid out, surveyed, and divided into lots. Before the latter are apportioned, the settlers are asked to give the town proper defences. But no, even at the high wages of one-and six a day, they cannot be induced to take this measure for the common safety. The most they will do is to help the regulars to make a rough zereba of felled trees and brushwood thirty feet outside the line of ten foot double pickets which joins in a rough pentagon five wooden redoubts or block-houses. Even this is not completed. Cornwallis has to wait till spring before he can get the works more in accord with his soldierly notions of fitness. In the winter, when the French threaten the city, the militia sentinels leave their posts to tittle. From the first, they deserted the settlement as often as the opportunity presented itself. None are allowed to leave without the governor's permission. Short-handed captains must navigate their ships out of this port and to their destination, as best they may. They cannot fill up their fore-castle with men whom the Government has brought out and fed, for its own special ends. When the pestilence strikes the town in the autumn, the settlers will not give notice of death of follow a corpse to the grave without the threat of fine and imprisonment. The pestilence is not an unmixed evil, Mr. Tutty seems to think. It reduces the number of the perverse.

Till his house was built on shore, Cornwallis lived with his suite in the *Beaufort*, and held his councils there. One August day the boatswain, Abraham Goodside had words with Peter Carteel at work on deck, near the transport's gangway, and at last struck him. Carteel stepped swiftly back a pace to give his blow more effect, and drove his knife home twice in Goodside's body. The man fell dead, and two of the bystanders who sprang to seize the murderer were wounded before he was secured. The same week he was tried in an empty shed, according to the forms of British law; and Cornwallis is anxious to impress upon the authorities at home that the wretch had a fair trial. Of his guilt there could be no question. He had short shrift and on the 2nd of September, between ten of the clock and high noon, swung from the new gallows on the Beach, near the present market ferry. The execution had its effect; and in September the governor is able to say, "Of late the Settlers, in general, behave very well, the Justices and Overseer do their duty, and I hear of no complaints,

riots, mutiny or disobedience." In July he had written "I don't despair of bringing things to order"; and he had succeeded.

Such are a few incidents at the outset of his career. To give an adequate idea of Cornwallis's difficulties in his entire three years term of office and the splendid spirit he displays in meeting them, would need many chapters. Boston merchants were hard at a bargain. In the governor's language, they had "been made rich by the public money and now wanton in their insolent demands." They enjoy a "monopoly of trade which enables them to distress and domineer." They are almost able to destroy "the life and credit of the colony." Halifax merchants persisted in their "cursed and pernicious trade" with Louisbourg; and at last a downright quarrel with the highly respectable Mr. Mauger on the subject causes the governor much annoyance. The Lords of Trade, while generally giving him due praise and encouragement, haggled over his accounts, till the hot-headed colonel told them bluntly that "without money you could have had no Town—no Settlement and indeed no Settlers." They begrudged supplies, let his drafts be dishonored, seemed to suspect his honesty. At the end of the summer, when it was well-nigh impossible to provide for them, shiploads of helpless, destitute Germans were added to the burdens of the struggling colony and of its governor. At last, the council minutes record that he is unable from indisposition to take his place at the board-head and must retire to his own room. His work was done. Urging his "but indifferent health", his ten years constant service, and the practical completion of his mission, he places his resignation in the hands of the Lords of Trade.

He closed his career at Gibraltar, as Major-General and Governor of "The Rock." Thanks to the untiring energy of Clarence Webster, a portrait of *Fundator Noster* has been brought to light. Perhaps the artist desired to flatter, but from the smooth, calm, young, aristocratic face, he has washed off every trace of character. It is hard to believe that the impetuous Cornwallis of the despatches was behind this blank mask. The original should have its place in the city which his energy, uprightness and public spirit made possible. On laying down his office here, he wrote: "Did your Lordships consider the difficulties, the distresses and disappointment I have met with and struggled through, I should flatter myself you would rather pity and cherish than censure and discomfort." Whatever their Lordships may have done, no one who has followed his labours in giving England a new province, can resist this appeal.