

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1891.

## MARKET DAY IN HALIFAX

CHARACTERS WHO DO BUSINESS ON THE STREET.

**Lazy Indians and Industrious Squaws—Evangeline in All Her Glory, but Not as Longfellow Saw Her—The Hardy Dutch Nova Scotian.**

Among the scenes that are attractive to a stranger visiting Halifax is the old-fashioned squatter's green market which is formed by the country people and hucksters in the gutter around the post office building Saturday mornings. It is peculiarly an institution with Halifax; and its squalid picturesqueness and romantic laziness; has touched the Bohemian side of the native character to such an extent that it would require almost an uprising to force the vendors into a market building. On a bright market morning the gathering of country people is exceedingly cosmopolitan. The better positions on the sidewalks are occupied by the comparatively well-to-do market gardeners from Cole Harbor and the suburbs of Dartmouth. These market gardeners are mostly Dutch Nova Scotians with great big healthy bodies and red weather-beaten faces. The women dress comfortably, and do just about as much gossiping with one another and the city people examining their goods and geese as they do selling. Their cheerfulness and chattiness are in direct opposition to the spirit and deportment of the shabby descendant of ma belle Evangeline who offers knitted socks and gansy frocks at rock-bottom prices. If Longfellow could but see her without the poetic environment of

"The murmuring pines and the hemlocks?"

And the sweet echoes of the Angelus, under whose protecting sound

"They dwell together in love, these simply Acadian farmers."

How quickly would the sight knock spots (excuse the slang) out of his tale. In 1713 the Acadian maiden may have been fair to behold; her eyes might have been black as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside. Those black orbs might have gleamed softly beneath the soft shade of her tresses. Her breath may have been as sweet as the breath of the kine that fed in the meadows. But in 1891 it is somewhat different. She isn't just the fairest piece of femininity in the world. Her eyes verge on a Nile green or elephant breath shade, and their gleams are not always soft and subdued. Her breath, well I didn't get near enough to give a minute description of that as did our venerable friend Henry W.; but she wears a short

black lustre frock and a blue kerchie which emits an odoriferous odor of seaweed and hens; and perhaps a little of the breath of the kine that not only feed in the meadows, but sleep in the same shanty with these latter day Evangelines and Gabriels. They come from West Chetzetcook, an unmistakably French-Acadian village on the south eastern shore of Halifax county. They are a peculiarly shrewd and avaricious race, much given to lying. A good story, that brings out their inherent love for lying, is told about one Joe Bellfountainne whom when asked by a stranger if he was a descendant of Evangeline, Bellfountainne immediately answered "Yes, me know Vange Bellfountainne; she was my cousin; she marry Simon Lepaire; she have six children and a cow and a whole lot of hens. Oh, yes, me know Vange." The stranger didn't want to explain that the "Vange" Bellfountainne had reference to died a sister of charity. They are very mean and inhospitable in their own houses. Sportsmen and pedlars travelling through the Chetzetcookes find their board and lodging bill just as high as it would be at a first class hotel, and the fare so horribly unpalatable that they are glad to get away from the "charming homes of simplicity and virtue."

The colored people from Preston, Hammond Plains and the "nigger" settlements form a strong and aggressive portion of the market. Their stock in trade usually consists of Mayflowers, mint, herbs, wild cherry bark, sarsaparilla and other health giving beverages, in the spring months, and berries and rustic chairs and benches later in the season. They are a lazy set, constantly chewing gum or smoking. The majority of the women carry the market baskets on their heads. It is not an uncommon sight to see a strapping negro damsel with a large basket of barks and Mayflowers on her head, walking through the streets. Occasionally she will relieve the monotony of existence by smoking a well seasoned T. D. pipe, with just as much vim and relish as the most inveterate lover of the weed. The one other prominent feature of the cosmopolitan makeup of the market is the Micmac Indians and squaws who sell baskets and basket work. What a forsaken, disconsolate people they are. The men always moody or drunk, the women always complaining or begging. One secluded spot in a remote corner of Bedford row is set aside for the squaws and their squalling papposes. The mothers—some of them rather comely—will set here all day long making fancy baskets and singing a lullaby to their little ones. The lullaby is in their Micmac tongue. It goes something like this:

Nic-nac no-shion na-dy,  
Mush-ni-na-qu-a-o-ic-tion;  
Nic-nac no-shion na-dy,  
Mush-ni-na-qu-a-o-ic-tion.

I have heard some of these sad-eyed thoughtful-looking people sing this lullaby so plaintively and sweet that it bore all the charms of "By my pretty little darling." The squaws are industrious, but the Indians are distinctively Halifaxians; lazy, complaining, drink-loving, ignoramuses. Perhaps it is the little Indian blood that runs in our veins that gives us this constant drowsy, leisure loving feeling.

Our unique market is fresh and revelling with all the delicacies of the farm and garden at 5 o'clock Saturday mornings, and many a thrifty housewife leaves her couch at an early hour to have the first choice of these temptingly palatable eatables for her Sunday dinner. The scene around the market is busy and brilliant during the whole morning. About twelve o'clock the baskets lose their contents, and at two o'clock hardly a marketer is left. They pack up just as soon as they sell out and leave for home. On the whole the Halifax squatters' market is an unchristian-like institution. It is hard on the country people who have to sit unsheltered in all kinds of weather; it is a crying disfigurement to the beauty and business life of the city. But it is picturesque and attractive. The country people are satisfied. The town people like the freshness and brightness of the open air better than they would the dinginess of a market building, and as nearly everybody is pleased, it is safe to prophesy that the day that we will have a great market building is still remote.

Mac.

**Boy Wanted.**—In answer to a placard with these words in an ironmonger's window, a veritable street arab went into the shop, and going up to the junior member of the firm, said: "I came in to see about that place." "Well," said the proprietor, looking the little ragamuffin over from head to foot, "you know we don't pay very much here." "How much do yer pay?" inquired the boy. "Four shillings a week," returned the proprietor. "I couldn't think of workin' for that," said the boy, "for I can make more selling papers." "Well," said the proprietor, "when I first went to work I got only three shillings a week." The arab surveyed the speaker from head to foot, and then giving his head a toss and edging towards the door, said: "Well, perhaps that was all you was worth."—Ex.

May.

Merry, rollicking, frolicking May  
Into the woods came skipping one day;  
She teased the brook till he laughed outright,  
And gurgled and scolded with all his might;  
She chirped to the birds and bade them sing  
A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring.  
And the bees and the butterflies she set  
To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet.  
She shook the trees till the buds looked out  
To see what the trouble was all about;  
And nothing in nature escaped that day  
The touch of the life giving, bright young May.  
—St. Nicholas.

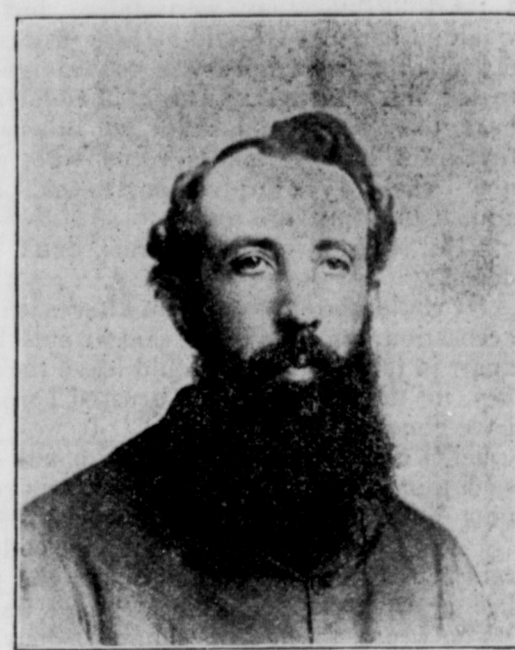
## BOTH WIDELY KNOWN.

REV. CANON PARTRIDGE AND HIS HISTORIC CHURCH.

A Clergyman Who has Won Much Distinction—His Work in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—The "Round Church" and a Bit of Its History.

The Rev. Canon Partridge, D. D., whose portrait appears below is well known in New Brunswick, though now resident in Halifax, N. S. He is an Englishman, and a graduate of St. Augustine's college, Canterbury. In 1868 he came to St. Andrews, N. B., to be master of the grammar school, which position he filled with that of curate of the parish until 1872, when he was elected rector of Rethsay. Here he remained for ten years, continuing his studies and building up his parish. During these years he was frequently called upon to preach in different parts of the province and on various public occasions, and gave much attention to the question of parochial "missions," several of which he conducted personally. In 1876 he was elected secretary

of the synod of Fredericton, and in 1879 was appointed canon of the cathedral, in consideration of his services to the church.



REV. CANON PARTRIDGE, D. D.

and took his degree of B. D. at Kings college by special examination.

In 1882 he was, while absent in England,

elected rector of St. George's church, Halifax. This he accepted, resigning all his appointments in New Brunswick. In 1884 he was elected secretary of the diocese of Nova Scotia, and in the same year took his D. D. at Kings, one of his theses being a Latin treatise on the cognate dialect of the Old Testament. In the same year he was appointed lecturer in apologetic theology at Kings college, and 1886 was elected a governor of that institution by the Synod of Nova Scotia. In 1888 he was elected honorable fellow of his own college, St. Augustines, an honor shared by very few, for "his great service to the Canadian church." In the same year he became examining chaplain to the Bishop of Nova Scotia and dean of the city of Halifax, and in 1890 canon of St. Luke's cathedral, Halifax.

Canon Partridge has been a member of the provincial Synod since 1874, and occupies an influential position in that body. He is probably one of the best Orientalists in the lower provinces, and is regarded as an authority on canon and ecclesiastical law, on which he now lectures at King's college. He is about 43 years of age, and may hope to do much good work yet for the church.

### The Round Church.

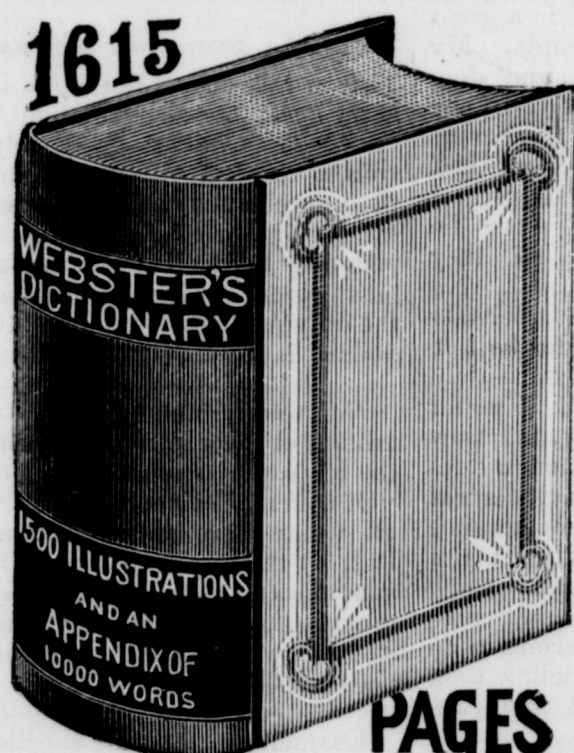
The "Round church," the proper name of which is St. George's church, was built in the year 1800. It was an expansion from a much smaller building, which is still standing, erected by some German immigrants in 1752. The shape of the church was determined, it is said, by H. R. H., the Duke of Kent, then commander-in-chief, who had a kind of craze for buildings of this style of architecture, and who procured £500 from the British government towards the building fund, on condition of his plans being accepted. The church will hold about 1000 persons, and has been improved and beautified of late years under Dr. Partridge's energetic rectorship. It is well worth a visit. The style of architecture is unique, being very plain Doric, round churches elsewhere being always Gothic. The original congregation was Lutheran, but having become intermarried with the English settlers, the Germans conformed to the church of England, and their parish was constituted in 1827. The Rev. R. Fitzgerald Uniacke was rector for the long period of 45 years, and died in 1870. The church contains a fine organ by Walker, of London, and the congregation is large and flourishing.

Fogg says that, after all, your true hue-ers of wood and drawers of water are your landscape painters.

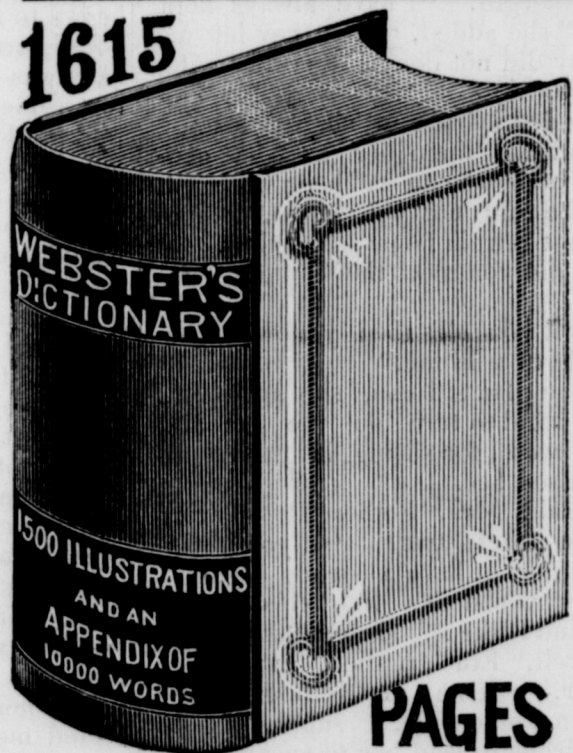


ROUND CHURCH, HALIFAX, N. S.

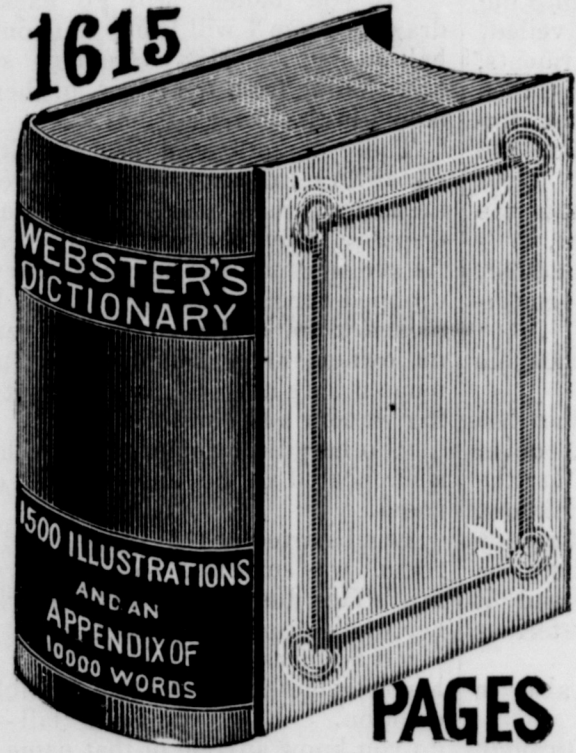
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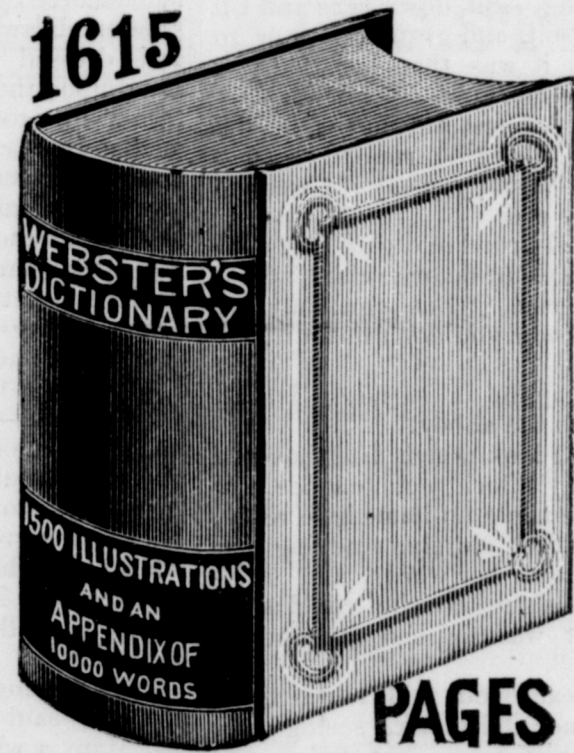
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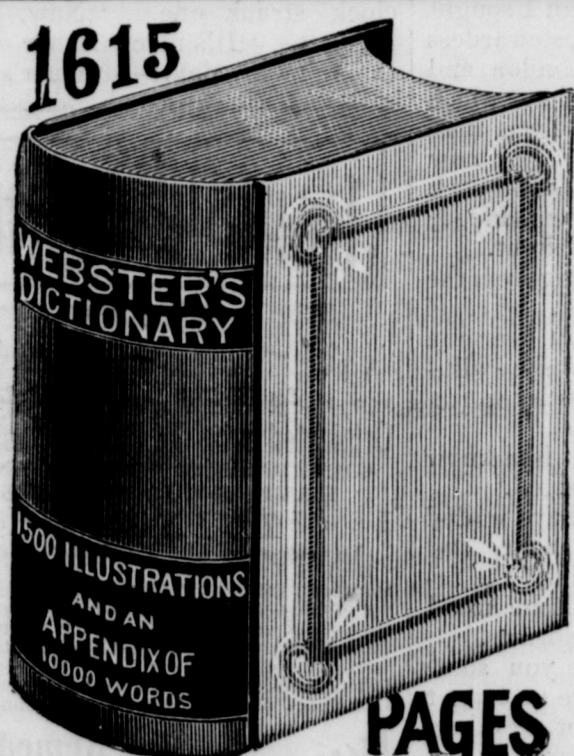


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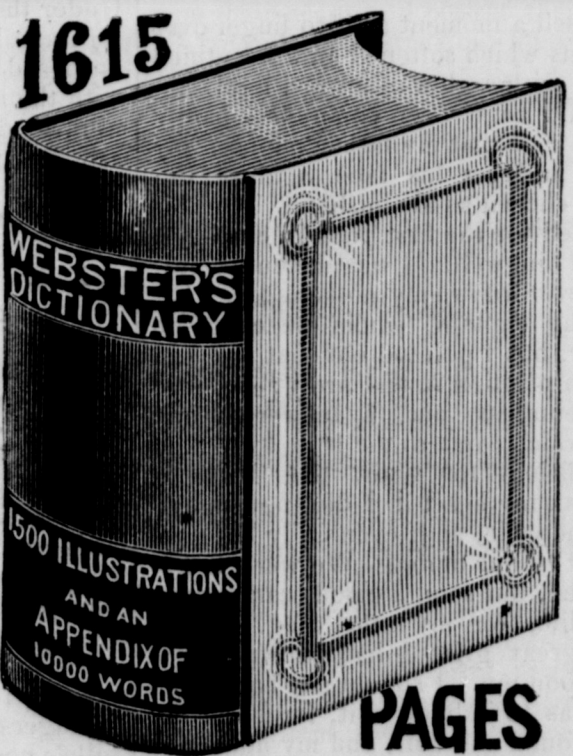


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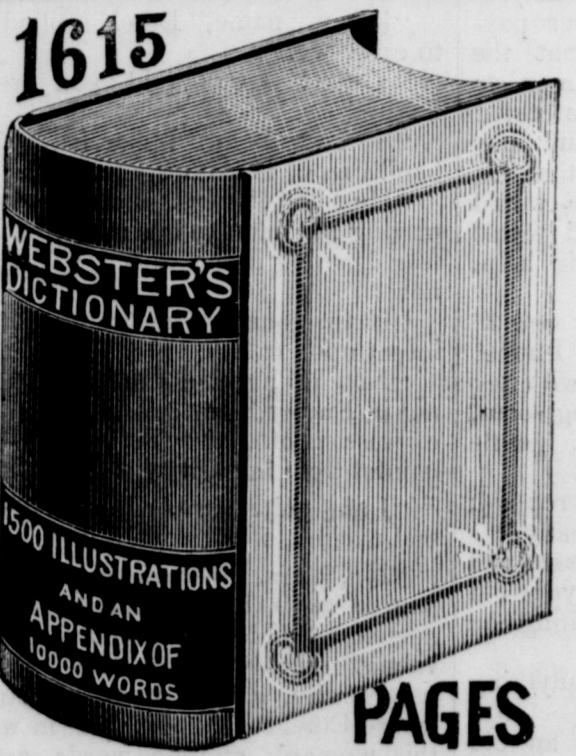
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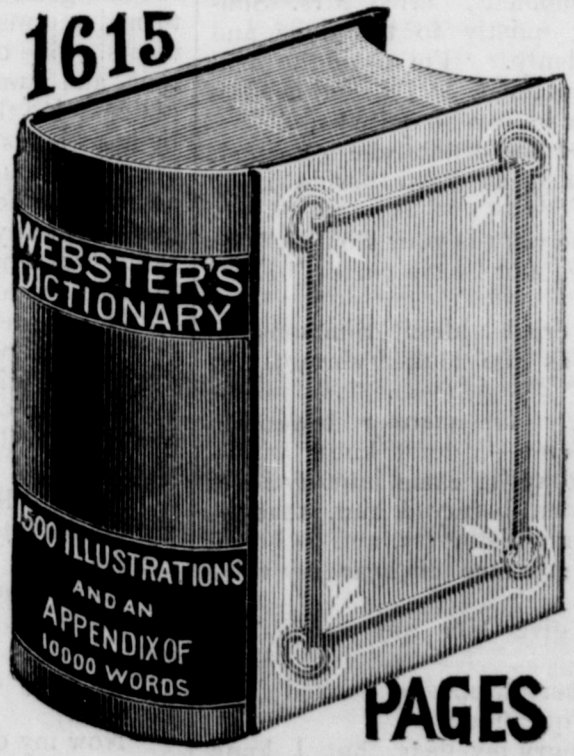
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