

for some time the sole garrison of regular troops in Canada. Its military spirit dates from its very birth.

There are greetings of every kind and degree in store for the traveller in parts civilised, uncivilised, barbarous, and savage; greetings at the portals of the city, effusive, boisterous, vociferous. There is one time-dishonoured greeting that I could dispense with more freely than all the rest, and it is that which awaits the incomer by rail to the capital of New Scotland. Conjure up in your fancy seventeen shaggy, wild-eyed men, in whose visages Celtic traits predominate, standing in a row, brandishing their outflung fists, bawling at the top of their voices, and only prevented from leaping upon the traveller and forthwith tearing him to pieces by a too-slender wooden barrier—and you have the spectacle which many a time and oft has confronted me at the Halifax railway terminus. For a moment, not understanding the pleasant local custom, with stunned faculties you stand regarding the line of raving madmen, unable to distinguish the diabolical dissyllable they are hurling at your head; and then a glimmering of the truth comes upon you, your hand-bag and umbrella-case fall from your limp grasp, they are caught up by one of the shrieking phalanx, by whom you are hustled into an open victoria and driven at breakneck speed to a hotel. It is pretended that the natives like this custom—that they have grown used to it—that as the local poet sings :

“ ’Tis sweet to hear the cabman’s honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home.”

One Scot, thrillingly ingenious, declares that on arriving