

hands of "Joe Howe," whose kindness made his stay in our city memorable. The great novelist's impressions of Halifax were most favorable.

"I was dressing about half-past nine next day, when the noise above hurried me on deck. When I left it overnight, it was dark, foggy and damp, and there were bleak hills all round us. Now we were gliding down a smooth broad stream, at the rate of eleven miles an hour; our colors gaily flying; our crew rigged out in their smartest clothes; our officers in uniform again; the sun shining as on an April day in England; the land stretched out on either side, streaked with patches of snow; white wooden houses; people at their doors; telegraphs working; flags hoisted; wharfs appearing; ships; quays crowded with people; distant noises; shouts; men and boys running down steep places to the pier; all more bright and fresh and gay to our unused eyes than words can paint them. We came to the wharf paved with uplifted faces; got alongside, and were made fast, after some shouting and straining of cables; darted, a score of us, along the gangway, almost as soon as it was thrust out to meet us, and before it had reached the ship—and leaped upon the firm glad earth again.

"I suppose Halifax would have appeared an Elysium though it had been a curiosity of ugly dulness. But I carried away with me a most pleasant impression of the town and its inhabitants, and have preserved it to this hour. Nor was it with regret that I came home without having found an opportunity of returning thither, and once more shaking hands with the friends I made that day.

"It happened to be the opening of the Legislative Council and General Assembly, at which ceremonial the forms observed on the commencement of a new Session of Parliament were so closely copied, and so gravely presented on a small scale, that it was like