

and boats, was an inexhaustible pageant, and sometimes across the green water came softened music from a giant iron-clad. High in the back-ground of the steep city that sat throned between its waters, rose forests of spruce and fir. From the citadel on the hill black cannon saluted the sunrise, and Sambro Head and Sherbrooke Tower shot rays of warning across the night. The streets throbbed with traffic and were vivid with the blues and reds of artillery and infantry. On the wharves of Water Street, which were lined with old shanties and dancing-houses, the black men sawed cord-wood, huge piles of which mounted skyward, surrounded by boxes of smoked herrings. On one of the wharves endless quintals of codfish lay a-drying in the sun. And when the great tide, receding, exposed the tall wooden posts, like the long legs of some many-legged marine monster, covered with black and white barnacles and slime of a beautiful arsenic green, the embryonic artist found fresh enchantment in this briny, fishy, muddy water-side. Then the Government House was the biggest and most wonderful building Matt had ever seen, and the fish, fruit and meat markets were a confusion of pleasant noises.

"In the newly opened Park on the "Point" the wives of the English officials and officers—grand dames who set the tone of the city—strolled and rode in beautiful costumes. Matt thought the detached villas in which they lived, with imposing knockers and circumscribing hedges instead of fences, were the characteristic features of great American cities. He loved to watch the young ladies riding into the cricket-ground on their well-groomed horses."—

It is "the same but not the same." Zangwill never saw Halifax and must have relied upon descriptions.

The latest traveller to "write up" Halifax is Mr. Douglas Sladen. He sets out with a fixed resolution to be pleased with everything Canadian; and,