

proverbial for hospitality; and the society of the young ladies who are both virtuous and lovely, tended in some degree to polish the rough and libertine manners which I had contracted in my career.

"I was a great flirt among them and would willingly have spent more time in their company. . . ."

"When the ship was ordered to Quebec. . . I ran round to say adieu to all my dear Acadian friends. A tearful eye, a lock of hair, a hearty shake of a fair hand, were all the spoils with which I was loaded when I quitted the shore, and I cast many a longing, lingering look behind, as the ship glided out of the harbour; white handkerchiefs were waved from the beach, and many a silent prayer for our safe return was put up from snowy bosoms and from aching hearts. I dispensed my usual quantum of vows of eternal love, and my departure was marked in the calendar of Halifax as a black day, by at least seven or eight pairs of blue eyes."

It was also at Halifax that Mr. Mildmay encountered Sir Hurricane Humbug and his biological experiments. Here the ladies from Philadelphia paid their memorable visit to the man-o'-war, and Miss Jemima got the white paint on the "western side" of her gown. What gives additional interest to these passages is that "Frank Mildmay" is Frederick Marryatt himself.

A much more famous novelist was Charles Dickens, who spent a day here in 1842. He left Liverpool in January, 1842, in the Cunarder *Britannia*, an old-fashioned three-masted paddle-steamer. He had a very bad passage. The ship was crowded; both he and his wife were ill and very anxious. And when the *Britannia* was at the very mouth of the harbour and had taken on the pilot, she lost her way in the fog and went ashore in the Eastern Passage. These facts explain much of his delight on landing. But he had the further good fortune of falling into the hospitable