

at Halifax he surrenders himself to a wonderful illusion, one that I dare hardly mention because of its audacity. He half-closes his eyes and imagines himself reinstated in his rightful chieftainship in the fastnesses of his Highland ancestors, and hears the clansmen shouting at him as they shouted at the returned Malcolm Dhu: "Am faic thu sin? Am faic thu sin? Tha mi 'dol do Chualadh!" and other guttural acclamations, issued with such passionate frenzy and strength of lung as transport him back to the land of his fathers.

Far otherwise is it with the newcomer by sea. The traveller steams into a smooth and spacious harbour, and suddenly his gaze falls upon the city bathed in sunlight, stretching up from the wharves to the citadel crowned by the glorious flag that (with a few slight alterations and additions) for a thousand years "hath braved the battle and the breeze."

"I was dressing," wrote Charles Dickens, describing his arrival at Halifax seventy years ago, "about half-past nine next day, when the noise above hurried me on deck. When I had left it over-night 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 colours flying gaily; our crew rigged out in their smartest clothes; our officers in uniform again; the sun shining as on a brilliant April day in England, the land stretched out on either side, streaked with light 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