

this formidable paper, I could not help enjoying the scene; and I also noted, when the reply was over, and the few ragamuffins near His Excellency cheered bravely, and the band struck up the national anthem, how gravely and discreetly the rest of the 'Alligonians in the circumambient fog, echoed the sentiment by a silence, that, under other circumstances, would have been disheartening. What a quiet people it is! As I said before, to make the festivities complete, in the afternoon there was a procession to lay the cornerstone of a Lunatic Asylum. But oh! how the jolly old rain poured down upon the luckless pilgrimage! There were the Virgins of Masonic Lodge No.—, the Army Masons in scarlet; the African Masons, in ivory and black; the Scotch piper Mason, with his legs in enormous plaid trousers, defiant of Shakespeare's theory about the sensitiveness of some men, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose; the Clerical Mason in shovel hat; the municipal artillery; the Sons of Temperance, and the band. Away they marched, with drum and banner, key and compass, *Bible* and sword, to Dartmouth, in great feather, for the eyes of Halifax were upon them."

Halifax has also found its way into modern fiction. Zangwill makes the hero of *The Master* a Nova Scotian and lays part of his scene in Halifax. After the descriptions of eye-witnesses, Zangwill's picture is an interesting example of what can be done by what Ruskin calls the constructive imagination.

"Halifax exceeded Matt's expectations." Matt is the hero of the story, the country boy of genius who becomes a great painter in London. His prototype is George Hutchinson, a Folly Village boy, whose father was master of a small vessel and was lost at sea.

"For the first time his soul received the shock of a great town or what was a great town to him. The picturesque bustle enchanted him. The harbour with its immense basin and fiords, swarming with ships