

No English visitor disparages Halifax or Haligonians, but our visitors from the United States assume a patronizing attitude. One of the most amusing is Frederic S. Cozzens, who visited our city for his health in 1859. His sketchy book, "Acadia, or a Month with the Bluenoses," deserves to be better known. Cozzens finds it necessary to apologize for coming here. His remarks are curiously like those of Mrs. Williams of eighteen years before.

"That the idea of visiting Nova Scotia ever struck any living person as something peculiarly pleasant and cheerful is not within the bounds of possibility. Very rude people are wont to speak of Halifax in connection with the name of a place never alluded to in polite society—except by clergymen. As for the rest of the province, there are certain vague rumors of extensive and constant fogs, but nothing more. The land is a sort of terra incognita. Many take it to be part of Canada, and others firmly believe it is somewhere in Newfoundland."

His descriptions of what he saw and his comments thereon are the liveliest I have discovered.

IV.

"The city hill of Halifax rises proudly from its wharves and shipping in a multitude of mouse-coloured wooden houses, until it is crowned by the citadel. As it is a garrison town as well as a naval station, you meet in the streets red-coats and blue jackets without number; yonder with a brilliant staff rides Sir John Gaspard le Marchant, and here in a carriage is Admiral Fanshawe, C. B., of the *Boscawen* flag-ship. Everything is suggestive of impending hostilities; war in burnished trappings, encounters you at the street corners, and the air vibrates from time to time with bugles, fifes and drums. But oh! what a slow place it is! Even two Crimean regiments with