

trees were leafless, although the large crimson buds swelled fast on the maples during our stay; but the pines and the hemlocks were in great beauty, just beginning to send out their new leaves. Early in the forenoon we were along-side of the coaling wharf. Halifax is not a pretty town. It reminds one greatly of Greenock or a second-rate English sea-port, with its dull streets of square houses blackened with coal-smoke. The houses are almost all built of wood, and there is no attempt to lighten the effect by introducing color. In the centre of the town there are some rather better streets, with good shops and one or two fair public buildings. The Post-office is one of these, and in one of its spare rooms the local museum has temporary accommodation. The collection is a very miscellaneous one, but it contains many good things, among them some beautifully stuffed birds, the work of Mr. Downs, an old gentleman who has devoted his life, partly as an amateur and partly as a matter of business, to the preparation of objects of natural history; and, simply by becoming intimately acquainted with them in the field, has acquired a dexterity in reproducing their characteristic attitudes, particularly in repose, which I have never seen surpassed. The collection of specimens illustrating the geology of Nova Scotia, which is under the special superintendence of Dr. Honeyman, the Government geologist, is also very good, and highly instructive to a British naturalist.

At Halifax I had the pleasure of meeting an old Edinburgh friend, Professor Lawson, and he and I had some excursions—as pleasant as the cold, damp weather would allow—round the town and into the border of the “forest primeval,” which stretches away to the westward toward the Bay of Fundy, the Basin of Minas, and the “beautiful village of Grand-Pré.” Spring was just breaking, and the spring plants, most of them unfamiliar to Scottish eyes, were beginning to shoot up and show their flower-buds. It was strange to see the *Saracenia*, so prized, and so difficult to rear in our conservatories at home, ex-