

think of his running down the officers of the craft in this way. Suppose, Mr. Snifter, we sing him that song you composed in honor of the service; perhaps it will bring the poor creature to a proper frame of mind.

Glee.—Sam Snifter, Tom Black and Chorus.

A Government clerk is a soaring soul,
And ought to be his country's pride;
He will always be genteel, tho' perchance he want a meal,
And very many things beside.

His moustache should be waxed, and his hair should curl;
He should lift his hat to every girl;
His bosom should heave and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude.

Chorus.— His moustache should be waxed, etc.

The "Boston" he should dance with an inborn grace,
He should skate, toboggan, and ride;
He never should be met beyond the proper set,
Nor familiar be with folks outside.

He should wear kid gloves, and a cane should twirl.
He should break the heart of every girl;
His nose should curl, and his lip protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude.

Chorus.— He should wear kid gloves, etc.

*(All exeunt except Clerk, who remains leaning against
a desk in a melancholy attitude.)*

(Enter Angelina.)

Angel.— It is useless. Sir Samuel's attentions bore me;—fancy a man whose idea of making love is to explain the effect of the duty on raw materials! And when I asked him if he had seen the new step in the "Boston," he thought I was referring to the movements of the American markets! (Sees Clerk) Sam Snifter! (overcome by emotion.)

Sam.— Ay, lady; poor Sam Snifter!

Angel.— And why poor Sam?

Sam.— I am, at present, lady, rich only in unrest. I cannot settle to my work. I am perpetually thinking of the last time we circled together in the mazy "Boston."

Angel. (aside).— Ah, that was a delicious waltz!

Sam.— When I take my modest quencher in the morning to allay the fever caused by a sleepless night, it recalls the sweet but exhilarat-