

times to get lads admitted, and although there's but little chance of promotion, they are ten times the expense they used to be when blockades and prize money were in fashion. Yet what can I do, women, you know, my dear fellow will have their own way.

"Do! why take a trip across the Atlantic, and see if your wife's prejudices do not quickly vanish. It's only a ten day's affair now in the steamers."

"Ah! but Darlton, if it's the United States you're drifting at, I must put in my decided *veto* against it. Much as I would be willing to sacrifice for the youngsters, both Lucy and myself have been too long accustomed to the conventional refinements of European society ever to settle among those coarse and vulgar republicans."

"Well, but my dear fellow, surely the whole of North America cannot be classed under the same head? It is not two months since having an offer from an old messmate in command of a packet, I re-visited my favourite cruising ground, Halifax! Since I was last there you know what an inveterate rambler I have been, yet never, in all my wanderings, have I seen a place, which, in my opinion, combines in an equal degree the pecuniary advantages arising from a new country with all those nameless but inestimable refinements which characterizes the best society in Europe, and the loss of which you seem so much and so deservedly to apprehend. Nay do not smile, nor fancy I am going to place Halifax in point of luxury and refinement on a par with either Paris or London; yet, believe me, it would be equally unjust to compare it intellectually with even the best of our English country towns. The high official, and legal characters which necessarily reside at a seat of government, and whose occupations, though on a minor scale, are precisely similar to our own, give a stamp and intelligence to society, which we should in vain search for among the civil authorities and commonplace conveyancers of our chief provincial cities. As a proof look at their periodical press, replete as it is with articles of original merit and correct observation; nay, one of the most humorous, political, and social satires that has appeared since the Gulliver of Swift, was the hasty and gratuitous production of a legal gentleman to fill a corner of one of their weekly newspapers. The constant succession of 'crack' regiments too which have been quartered there for the last fifty years have materially tended to preserve the good breeding and courtesy introduced by the numerous loyal Americans who fled there with their property on the breaking out of the first revolutionary war, and who form the nucleus of their present aristocracy. Now all this is combined with an enterprise and attention to commercial affairs, which though not apparently so energetic as that of their southern neighbours, yet, by being conducted on a more solid foundation, bids fair, without any of their intermediate reverses, to be equally successful in its results."

"Well! this is very flattering, no doubt, and I can easily conceive in a country with such natural resources in mines, fisheries and agriculture, there would be little difficulty in getting the boys well off my hands; but there! you could never persuade Lucy! she's so fond of gaiety that she wouldn't live a winter in that dreary wilderness of snows for all the salt fish and lumber in the colony."

"Oh! if it's only gaiety she wants, I warrant you she'll have enough of it in Halifax. Bacon or some other wiseacre, says, 'you may know which way the wind blows as well by the turn of a straw as the course of a line of battle ship;' and I may certainly add the habits and feelings of a people far better from their songs than their sermons—so here goes with a specimen of the miseries of the Nova Scotian Wilderness:—

For chargers and sorry-hacks, troopers, and saucy Jacks,
No place like Halifax, sure, can compare;
Newfoundland and Labrador, ay! or a dozen more,
Tho' they their wits should tax never would dare.
Why have we not always three regiments who all days
Parade through our streets, and at night court our gals?
Besides too the spring, sirs, is certain to bring, sirs,
The West India fleet, cramm'd with out and out pals.

(SPOKEN.)—Ah! and regular out and outers these *Middies* are! and no mistake. They come upon us like a Barbadoes hurricane; bone our knockers, ride our spavined hacks to the dogs, gallop over our wives and children like mad, and lampoon us afterwards, if we neglect to thank them for their delicate attentions! Talk of the army! why their tandem clubs, balls, and private theatricals don't kick up half such a bobbyery!

To the island MacNab, then, we go it like mad then,
Determined in sunshine to tumble the hay,
But scarce we've worked at it, when all hands "'oh rat it,"
Swear surely they've done quite enough for the day.
When, as well as they're able, o'er nature's green table,
The white damask table cloths smoothly are spread,
Each lass with her fork and spoon, keeps up a pretty tune,
Whilst the gemmen in chorus sing "White wine or red."

"Oh! Miss Leonora, what a scene is this! how beautiful! what on earth can compare with a rustic repast like the present; where nature resumes her lawful influence, and the young heart bounds at its brief liberation from the monotonous trammels of every-day society." "Confound your sentiments, Adolphus! why don't you stir about and help the girls to wine; Leonora, shall I have the honour?" "Oh, really Tom, I have taken wine with twenty gentlemen already." Ah! but Champagne, you know, goes for nothing." "Oh! if that's the case I shall be most happy."

As they quaff down the wine, MacNab's isle grows divine,
And inspires all in praise of their favourite bards;

The dear girls all adore, that sweet wretch "Tommy Moore,"
And lip about shepherds and captains of guards,
Whilst the Halifax beaux, what one scarcely'd suppose,
Are so moved by the scenery, food, and champagne,
Spite of bankruptcies, losses, and mercantile crosses,
They vow that the next week they'll come there again.

"I say, Tom, 'pon my honor that's a lovely girl!" "Which do you mean?" "Why, the one in green!—sitting on the hay-cock there, with a turkey's drum-stick in her fingers,—who the deuce is she?" "Why you never mean to say you don't know her?" "I do though, 'pon honour!—never saw her face before in all my life, to my knowledge." "Why that's Lucy Loveall! a twenty-thousand pounder, if she's a farthing." "She'd be a charming creature if she hadn't a rap! Ah! Tom, how little is true admiration, influenced by money matters! What an heavenly complexion she has! Well, I always was partial to carrot hair, as the literary Mr. Walker, of two-penny post notoriety, poetically expresses it. By the bye Tom, you didn't say whether 'twas sterling or currency."—"Sterling, you fool, to be sure." Well, she certainly is a most desirable person!"

'Tis now that the play-folks begin to belay folks,
And beg all the gay folks to come to their show;
Sires, maidens, and matrons, must all become patrons,
To prove that the drama has not fallen so low;
Then with tears, the dear creatures beslobber their features,
Hardly knowing thro' sympathy what they're about,
'Till a rum chap comes "jawing," and sets them "haw hawing,"
By asking them all, "if their ma's know they're out?"

Ladies and gentlemen, owing to the rapturous applause with which the talented comedy of *Does your Mother know you're out?* has been received by crowded and distinguished audiences, it will be repeated every night till further notice. We are, however, sorry to state, that from the many severe accidents which occurred last night from excessive laughter in the dress circle, the humorous expression from which the drama takes its name, cannot possibly be repeated more than two hundred times in any future representation. The gifted author (who is a native of this capital) has been intensely occupied in preventing this sacrifice of humour from deteriorating from the general interest of the piece.

Soon the winter approaches, and off wheel the coaches,
For the fur-covered sleighs, to glide on in their place;
Deck'd in cloak, muff, and tippet, they merrily whip it,
O'er the snow-cover'd roads as if running a race,
Now the routs do begin too, and sure 'twere a sin to,
Neglect to say something on subject so rare,
Though 'tis twelve below zero, each fair girl's a hero,
And, spite of Jack Frost, vows that she doesn't care.

"Well, ma, here we are! I am sure we shall have a pleasant night, ma. Edward Simpkins is to be there." "How do I look ma? How does my gown set behind, ma?" "Do you like my hair, *a la Grisi*, ma?" "Oh! you all look like dear good girls as you are, but you've no time to lose, so wrap yourselves well up; my dears: they are rubbing John's nose in the kitchen, and he'll be here in a minute." "La! Julia you've got my nose covering again and you know your's is too small for me!"

But Jack's a cold shaver, and therefore they labour
To guard 'gainst his razor as well as they can;
Each small foot they thrust in, a fur-be-lined buskin,
And don a huge cloak, fit for guard of a van;
Then each pretty neck, they becomingly deck
With a few yards of wollen to keep off the chill;
Whilst with mittens and fur-gloves, nose-coverings, and ear-gloves,
They laugh at Jack Frost's vain endeavours to kill.

"Here, girls! girls! when will you be dressed? the sleigh has been at the door this half hour. John's nose is as white as a parsnip, and poor Dobbin has two icicles at his nostrils, like a pair of antelope's horns."—"Never mind John's nose, ma, we've plenty of snow to rub it with; you would not surely have us look like frights when you know all the Royal Rutlandshire rifles are to be there to night."

Once arrived at the mansion, no time's lost in launching
This masquerade dress from the delicate frame,
Lo! the Esquimaux Crony skips out Taglion!
Or at least quite as graceful as that noted dame;
Having ta'en off their "creepers," the gents ope their peepers,
With wondering gaze on the fair sylphs around,
Who, waltzing, quadrilling, move on, scarcely willing,
To let their small feet touch the envious ground.

"A song! A song! ladies, before the quadrille." "Hang that fellow, when he once begins, we get no more dancing; but we may as well make up our minds, and listen to it, I suppose."

TUNE—The Invitation to the Ball.

Good Nova Scotians all, I beg you, great and small,
To listen with attention to my lay,
Nor pritheer scold, tho' I'm so bold,
To sing of one esteemed by all most wily,
Whose great renown reflects on you most highly.

Of famed Sam Slick, the Yankee chick,
Sure all the world has often heard,
So, right or wrong, I'll in a song
Of his vagaries sing a word.
O'er hill and dale, with clocks for sale,
He made half yearly calls around,
And never budged, till he had fudged
His wooden wheels off all around;
For rare Sam Slick had such a trick
Of using the soft sawder, Sir;
No man so strong, could hold out long,
From giving Sam an order, Sir.

Like pettifog, Sam Slick would jog,
His various circuits to explore;
Where clocks ho'd sold, folks swapp'd their old,
For new ones valued ten times more:
In vain they tried and loudly cried,
We want no more your wooden trash;
With human nature, ev'ry creature
Sam quickly cleaned out of his cash.
For rare Sam Slick, &c, &c.

A blue-nose squire soon wrote a quire
Of Sam's fine tricks and sayings queer,
Without ado he sold it too,
And thanked Sam for it with a jeer.
Says he, "friend Slick, a pretty pick
I've gained by noting down your fun;"
Says Sam "tip half;" "don't make me laugh;"
The Blue-nose cried, "you're fairly done;"
Thus poor Sam Slick learnt such a trick,
In spite of his soft sawder, Sir,
That in a fit, at being bit,
He bolted o'er the border, Sir.

After supper is over, all seem to recover
Fresh spirits and dance with more glee than before;
So that even the dozers, the loungers, and prozers,
No longer persist to encircle the door;
But in whispers and sighs, they begin to apprise
Their fair partners of all they had felt long ago;
Whilst to prove their devotion, and ardent emotion,
They lose not an instant in sporting a toe.

"I say, Fred! why don't you dance to-night? you're the only one standing out since supper. Why, I thought you and Sophy were inseparables." "Po! when the red coats are here we boys in mufti don't stand a chance; so I'm determined I'll not increase her vanity by asking her." "Bravo! I admire your spirit! She never was a favourite of mine, the diminutive little minx!" "well, if she is little, Tom, you must acknowledge she's symmetry itself in form, and has a grace in dancing that would charm an anchorite." "On! pretty well for that. But then, what confoundedly small eyes she has, Fred!" "Fain, that's true, but still, ill as she treats me, I can't help thinking, after all, they have more expression in them than the largest pair in America." "Fred, I really believe you are as much in love with her as ever! Come along with me, my boy, I was only joking with you, for I'm quite sure she likes you too, so we'll drink her health in a bumper, and you shall waltz with her for the rest of the night in spite of the red coats, or I'm no true prophet."

Now all with a sorry heart, feel 'tis the hour to part,
So rush in a posse to search for their traps;
Fifty voices kick up a stir, for clocks, gloves and comforter,
Whilst naught's but confusion and luckless mishaps.
"Here! John, help my boot on! Oh! what has the brute done,"
"You've struck some one's 'creeper' bang into my heel."
"I not go to do it sir." "Well, you shall rue it, sir,"
"You lazy black nigger, I'll soon make you feel."

"Ah! Tom, you were right enough, I've been waltzing with Sophy ever since. What an angel she is!" "Why, I thought she seemed rather serious." "Oh! you don't understand her, she's all soul; I hate a girl with an eternal grin on her countenance. Here help me on with my buffalo skin, Tom, and we'll walk home together, though I forewarn you that I shall think of nothing, breathe of nothing, talk of nothing, and dream of nothing but my sweet little Sophy for the next month to come." "Why this love of yours is quite old fashioned, but—bye the bye though, Fred, didn't you first get acquainted with your '*adorata*' in one of those 'Falmouth Packets.'" "To be sure, came out from England together." "Oh! that accounts for it, then: why they have lately become the very high courts of Venus, the perfect Baker street bazaars for speculative spinsters and *ci-devant* young men, and I don't think I can do better than stop your endless tale of love, by singing you on our way home, the last proof of it that has come to my knowledge"—

"Bravo, Tom! if the good Falmouth folks knew what a *viva voce* panygerist you are, I shouldn't wonder but they'd send you to advocate their cause at St. Stephen's."

Then the two Houses open, the Queen's speech is spoken,
Whilst all the militia-men figure in green,
If it were not so slipp'ry, 'twould be without trick'ry,
The grandest spectacle that ever was seen.

Ah! New Scotland after all, seems to be the only spot in which the customs of poor England are preserved intact, where the ladies equally adorn the parlour and the laundry, and make with uniform good taste a curtesy, or a custard; and then what valiant militia too, who well merit such attractions. How would their ancestors of the Lumber troop exult, could they but view their gallant descendants emulating their glorious example in a costume even more military and melo-dramatic than their own, as,

"Midst cloaks of fur, and jewels sheen,
They stand in braided bottle green,
The admired of all the glittering scene."

There are spots in the sun, sirs, but here there's but one, sirs,
Tho' to visitors really it seems a hard case;
'Midst a medley of prog shops, lodging-houses, and grog-shops,
There's but one decent inn to be found in the place;
But if you take your ease there, or do as you please there,
Or ask a few friends to partake of a spread,
Should they make a slight rumpus, they're bundled out lumpus,
Whilst you're sent without candle or supper to bed.

"Now, saire, I bring you my bill; suppose you not like charge, why then you go somewhere else." "Why, confound you, you