

SOCIAL LIFE IN HALIFAX.

SOcial life in Halifax seems a very simple subject on which to write, does it not, especially when undertaken by a resident of the place ; but it is not. On the contrary, I would rather tackle any other — except perhaps psychology, metaphysics, and metempsychosis—of all of which I am profoundly ignorant, and feel quite proud at being able even to spell them. Social life in a military and naval town is

luncheoned and pic-nicked, there is no such thing as quietly dropping in unasked, in the evening after dinner, for an impromptu game of cards, or for music, or even to push back the chairs and have a dance. Years ago, this *was* a common occurrence among the upper tondom, but lately it has seemed gradually to drop away, till now it takes a friendship to long years standing to allow one to venture on such a liberty.

Of course, the leader *par excellence* of



Government House.

of course very varied and abounds in amusements ; in Halifax particularly, for it is a most hospitable little city, and extends a warm greeting and a friendly hand to many a poor travel worn stranger. Although proverbially hospitable, there is little sociability in Halifax, by which I mean, that while strangers and visitors are entertained, feted, dined, teated,

society, the very backbone of the great six hundred (as a local paper once dubbed our aristocracy), is Mrs. Daly, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. The daughter of the late Sir Edward Kenny, Mrs. Daly is in every way fitted for the high position she occupies in Halifax. Handsome, charming, affable, she dispenses the hospitality of Govern-