

Society Notes.

As luck had it, we were more crowded than usual last week, and the very items that should have gone in first were crowded out altogether; we refer especially to Mrs. Clarkson's afternoon tea, and Mrs. Tobin's euchre party. As both were particularly enjoyable events, and society was otherwise very slow during the week, (as it has been for many weeks, worse luck) this was a serious omission, and we apologize to the ladies chiefly concerned, and to our readers generally.

We have heard a great deal about "old-fashioned" winters lately, which recalls visions of childhood. One of our earliest recollections is that of hearing our parents discussing the good old times, when the ox was roasted on the ice on the Thames. And behold! here we are again! they have been lighting bonfires and driving heavy wagons on the frozen bosom of old father Thames for weeks past: and we, out here in Nova Scotia, still go on sighing for the steady frosts and heavy snow-falls that seem to have gone never to return again. Cheer up, old fogies! the earth may be cooling, but it is not cooling fast enough for you to notice the difference. and there are just as many hard winters in store for the rising generation, as you enjoyed in the days of your youth. Only, when they *do* come, you won't go tobogganing and snow-shoeing: it will only mean a little more grumbling and a few more wraps for you, if not a touch of good old-fashioned rheumatiz.

We *did* once believe in all these yarns,—could hardly help doing so, as there is scarcely a man or woman over forty who doesn't delight in repeating them.

Unfortunately for the illusion, however, we happened to come across the weather statistics, which have only been kept regularly for 150 years, certainly, but that is long enough to prove the fallaciousness of most peoples memories. A careful study of these statistics proves beyond a doubt, that the *average* winter was never—during that period—harder or longer than it is at present, while there were just as many mild winters, with rain instead of snow. The explanation of the whole thing is simply this:—the memory retains deep impressions long after it has lost slighter ones. The rising generation of Londoners will remember the frost of 90-91, till they are grown men and women, and will hand it down as a legend to their children, until another of these periodic hard times comes round. But its no use trying to persuade the oldsters that even this is anything like their pet winter forty years ago: you'll only be snubbed for your pains.

'Gaseous' has apparently been taking 'advice' on the relative merits of our young men and maidens; her remarks in last Saturday's *Mail* are quite startlingly sensible. It is a fact patent even to the casual observer that our Society girls are much more refined and presentable than their brothers and male relations generally: and the reason is not hard to find. Refinement—to those who are born susceptible to it—comes from two sources,—ladies' society and education. Now the young men in Halifax grow up to find their proper place in Society already filled—and filled by strangers: they are not wanted, even in their own drawing-rooms, and so gradually they drift off to the street-corners and billiard-rooms; or work steadily on without ever throwing off the rough outer shell of boyhood, until they find for themselves wives from abroad, who can help them to assert their social position. As to education—the education of a gentleman—it is hardly known, and its influence is *nil*. The working classes are better educated, more intelligent and more refined than in the old countries, but the upper classes—with but few exceptions—get no education at all till they are middle-aged men. Where, among the rising generation of our 'aristocracy,' will you find a young man with even the most elementary literary knowledge or tastes? If you find one, you will do well.

Why education should be such a powerful agent in refining men it is very difficult to explain; but there is no disputing the fact that it is so. Go into any museum, library, laboratory, or picture gallery, and interview the men you find there,—many of them men of humble origin, who have never troubled to spend an afternoon in a drawing-room;—you may take the most fastidious ladies of your acquaintance to speak to these men, and you will find them—in spite of the mannerisms of retirement—most refined and perfect gentlemen, who would put to shame many of our young sparks by their ready wit and gentle courtesy.

Mr. King said lately that "the art of bringing up children is lost." A better and truer text was never quoted; what we want next to hear is the sermon.

Let us change the subject, and return to Mr. Tom Trim on Charlottetown society: though what Mr. Trim has done that we should say so much about him is a poser; it's not his merit, but our inclination that brings it about. The chapter on music does not contain a good word for any singer or player in the place, while it gives to each a page or so of unqualified abuse. Either Tom is a liar of large pretensions, or there is no music in Charlottetown. We happen to know that the latter is *not* the case, and have every reason to believe that the former is. "Professor Early" drops in for a pretty good doing. "There's only one concert in the year, and that's Early's. He does it all himself, beats time, pulls hair, plays, sings, swears, and goes round with the hat. He passes a good deal of his time in giving lessons to the small fry in town; with him a quarter becomes a whole, occasionally a whole and a half, and a whole degenerates into a quarter." How's that for a libel action, professor? The other musicians would surely share the expenses, if only for the satisfaction of getting the name of the author. The printers would be bound to give it then, you know.

The anecdote about Early and the gander is evidently meant for a "tit-bit"; it strikes us as comparatively harmless, and not at all funny. Tom is a poor hand at spinning yarns, after all. It appears that Early is a bit of a taxidermist, and once shot a gander "in the neighborhood of Simon Peter's Church, which is a great place for geese." This same gander was thrown on the floor in the "stuffing studio" and left there a day or two, till the Professor—somewhere about midnight—felt like finishing him off. "Before applying the knife, the feathered victim was gently lifted and placed in position on the top of a table, to see how he would look. Finding himself "on his feet" again, the gander suddenly revived. Darting a savage glance at Early, he opened his beak as wide as he could, and shrieked honk! honk! in his face, which turned as pale as death, as he gave an unearthly yell and fell to the floor." Extremely funny, isn't it?

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