

been partaking of the festivities of the season. I trust my cousin enjoyed his trip. He wrote me a letter a short time since, which I have not yet had time to answer. Allan tells me he has seen him.

And now to tell you how *I* spent *my* Christmas. To begin at the beginning:—My governor's wife died a short time since of consumption; she had been ill fourteen months, and had a baby lately, which no doubt finished her; the child is alive, but not very strong. He does not seem much put about, and from what I can *hear* and *see*, he has got married again on the quiet, at least he sleeps *out* two and three times a-week, and last Sunday there was a fine dashing Yankee girl to dinner and to spend the day.

I wrote Allan a long letter last week with all the news, so if he forwarded it to you, this will all be second-hand.

And now to tell about the law case of my friend Andrews. I wish Mr M'Kie to pay particular attention to this, so that he may tell you the narrow chance I ran of getting into a very nasty scrape. The trial was fixed to come off on the 26th December, and on the 24th a friend of the prisoner's came and asked me to go and sing and play at a concert up the country for Christmas eve, guaranteeing that I would be back in time for the trial; well, as I knew the young fellow, and he had been a friend of mine for some time, I consented to go, but when I got up there I found it was all a hoax. He ran away and left me, and what was I to do? I hadn't a *cent*, and the landlord of the hotel I was stopping at refused to give me any, alleging that he had given his *oath* to M'Donald (the young fellow who took me away) not to lend me