

the state some service," among the "Celestials," and a manly man, and had an Irishman's heart for the ladies.

To reply to another of your "spearings" (as your countrymen would say) Apollo—as we usually designate your very handsome friend Mr. Hallan—did come up, and take a cup of coffee with us one evening after you left, bringing a young friend with him, who was a favorite of yours, I believe, called "Mooly." I have no doubt, you remember this Mr. Mooly to be in possession of the most superb eyes ever bestowed on a human being. I never, in man or woman saw eyes at all comparable to them for shape, lustre, and expression. I shall never forget them, and expect to be perpetually haunted with a vision of their wonderful beauty. I beg to say, however, that I am not the least in love with the owner of these miracles, though he probably thought so from the intensity with which, I am told, I stared at him, but you know I often told you that "falling in love," was not a frequent recreation of mine. His manner too was pleasant and natural, and contrasted very agreeably with Apollo's refined stupidities.

The above mentioned deity, complained that he had not been well,—that his washerwoman would not air his linen, and observed, that in consequence of these evils, he was desirous of going to a better world. In the course of conversation, he benignly informed us that Bermuda was a place where Arrow-root grew, and that the Supplement to a Newspaper, was an extra sheet. He also entertained a conviction, that farmers invariably administered a substantial supper of hay and oats to young calves, under three months old—before "putting them to bed;" and delivered himself of numerous remarks equally brilliant and instructive, with a most serious aspect. He spoke of you, however, warmly and kindly, and his friend joined him, and on that subject we agreed well, and altogether, spent a very pleasant evening—notwithstanding Apollo did ask us, if we had ever heard of Sir Robert Peel; and persisted—after repeated explanations—in calling plums, *cherries*, and the beautiful Mrs. Elliott—good looking.

Since you left us, some, whom you knew, are dead and some are married, and your friend—Mr. Parktons—beautiful Lily, is neither as yet, but may be seen any fine day, walking through the streets of this "wooden city," looking as fair and sweet, as a veritable Lily of the Valley. It is believed that there are persons in the world—exclusive of the gentleman before mentioned, who wouldnt take a whole bunch of lilies in exchange for her—and I am not surprised at it.

I must not omit from this record, a notice of the tragic fate of two of your Nova Scotian friends, and as Wordsworth, Byron, Burns, Scott, and other great characters, have bestowed, epitaph, eulogium, elegy and immortality upon dogs of various kind and degree, I expect that you will not fail to honor with tear and requiem, the bones and memory of your departed canine acquaintance.