

blunder of addressing her as Mrs. B——. How could I help it? Old gentlemen *do* sometimes marry young wives, and she was evidently mistress of the house. We were soon made quite at home, and I was shown into a cosy little room opening out of the sitting-room, (as bedrooms frequently do here), to take off my wrappings. No formal invitation to dinner was given, but everything was taken quite as a matter of course in this friendly dwelling. A little conversation speedily satisfied my curiosity as to the puzzled look of the good Deacon on my first appearance. He had expected to see in Mrs. Morgan "a very big, fat old lady;" and when we had somewhat recovered from the fit of laughing brought on by this confession, he naively added:

"You know when we have heard great things of a person, we naturally expect some corresponding appearance!"

During the afternoon, I was shown into the drawing room of the establishment to write my letters in quiet. It was a prettily arranged parlor, a choice selection of the best English authors, and some shelves of tastefully assorted shells and minerals giving to the whole an air of refined comfort.

Before my letters were finished, Mrs. Hardwicke