

the great Railroad. I, being "given over to a reprobate mind," didn't care much about it, and was consequently regarded by the majority of the household, with a patriotic and virtuous disgust; and at times, when the great enterprise was more or less surrounded by perilous conjunctions, my evil dispositions were surveyed through an aggravated medium, and my corrupting society eschewed by all right minded people.

You ask me of the "Martins"—"Fanny and Nora"—I went to see them, the other day, having been considerably in visiting arrears there lately, and it struck me all at once how exactly Fanny realizes that clever line of Willis's—Did you ever think of it when you saw her,—

"One, whose sex, has spoiled a midshipman."

She is one of those gentlemanlike young ladies with manners neither gentlemanlike, nor ladylike, who practise "speaking their mind" upon all occasions, convenient or otherwise. You say, your acquaintance with them was so short before leaving Halifax, that anything I can tell you of them, will be news, and I suppose it would—if I had anything particular to tell. The "Middy," when an opportunity occurs, still pokes her keen, saucy, pretty little face into yours, and asks questions respecting your most private affairs and feelings, with a sudden, ruthless vigour, rather startling to persons of different habits. The inconvenience of this, is, that she can't be cured, because she never knows when she is put down decently, and civilized people can scarcely resort to the use of her weapons. So she goes on scalping others indiscriminately, with an admirable pretence of unconsciousness, while she tosses her own shining locks in triumphant freedom from avenging hands.

Nora, too, the graceful and pensive Nora, with the soft curls, that look more like the amber feathers on a "bird of Paradise," or the little gold-haze clouds we sometimes see at sunset, than the hair of an ordinary mortal; is "domestic and affectionate," as of old—and in confirmation of these latter qualities, wears an apron and pets the baby, at home,—and declines her delicate head toward one shoulder—and looks mournfully out of her beautiful, brown, foolish eyes (in conformity with the grace and pensiveness), abroad. To be sure, the baby is a cherub in white embroidery, and a blue sash; and the apron, made of fawn-colored Gros-de-Naple, exquisitely frilled; but still the cherub is a live baby, and the fawn-color an undeniable apron, and we are bound to take both in proof of the "domesticity."

As usual, they are both in love—and love, in their "Webster," is defined to be, "the process of getting a husband." They are always 'engaged,' and have apparently but one drawback upon their beatified condition, which is, that they never get past the announcement of the 'Bridal Dresses': we hear of them often, but mortal eye hath never beheld them. If a man is acquainted with them, (the girls, not the dresses you know) for a fortnight, they see inevitable matrimony ahead, and engage, without a shadow of misgiving, in an imaginative