

Among other things, you ask me for the gossip of Halifax. The "gossip of Halifax!" Truly, you are a reasonable man. You have abundant consideration for my poor faculties, not to mention my fingers, when you make such a request. How could my unhappy ears collect, or my burdened brains manufacture it into any possible or portable shape for transit? Where, do you imagine, I could get paper to write it upon, or even were I a share-holder in a paper-mill, by what means could I lengthen my allotted span, until it was written? And with respect to yourself in this matter, you are quite as regardless of consequences. Have you any conception of Mr. Cunard's freight-rates for unwieldy packages, or are you sufficiently wild to expect the Mail-bags to accommodate such a Brobdingnagian?

I have great expectations of your visit to the modern Babylon, and hope you will describe to me anything that particularly pleases you. I hope sincerely too, that as regards your most important errand, the result will be satisfactory. I was delighted, as any woman would be, to hear of your sister positively appropriating Prince Albert's bow; I think I understand and entirely approve the spirit in which she asserts her claim to it; and have no doubt that he possesses sufficient taste and gallantry, to justify her belief.

You inquire, how we amuse ourselves now in Halifax. Don't ask me that again. We don't amuse ourselves—we don't even make believe,—and your questions about Jenny Lind, sir, are not agreeable. We didn't have her because we are poor spiritless creatures and couldn't afford to listen to her. But what do you mean by getting in a passion at the Yankees, as you call them, because they could; they are, as they themselves announce, a great nation. You are only jealous of them, and I don't at all believe that the fair Jenny was disgusted with the admiration she received; women, even geniuses, very rarely are disgusted with anything of the sort. A year or two ago, we had "Tom Thumb," the poor little wretch, and a Giant seven or eight feet high, to look at—and what can poor savages like us want more. "We take the good the gods provide us," and are thankful. We occasionally diversify our miseries, by going out to tea. The other evening we went to what well disposed people would call, a pleasant party, at Mrs. Gordon's; you remember her, and her lovely and most loveable daughter. The daughter is bewitching as ever, and I am puzzled to understand how you escaped heart-whole from her brow and smile; but you've no taste, or, to say the best of you, a perverse one. Sometimes we have a snow-storm and then the world goes out sleighing, and if we don't go, we regale ourselves with the spectacle,—and sometimes we have six-pence worth of shopping to do,—and sometimes we have concerts, wherewith the performers rival Paganini and silence Catharine Hayes,—and public meetings, and orators, in whose presence Sheridan is forgotten like any other "clod of the valley," and Demosthenes entirely superseded as a "model man."

A while ago—everybody here, thought it a point of duty to go crazy upon