

a drop."—"It will all end in *smoke*," returned General Saldanha, speaking the best English of any foreigner I ever heard.—The captain then ascended the stairs to the consul's office—it was nearly one o'clock.—The captain had left word with the *first-lieutenant*, that if he did not hear from him before half-past twelve, he might conclude matters were not arranged.—About twenty *minutes* after one the wines were *blown up*.—The report of the explosion was comparatively nothing to what might have been expected;—it was like the *pop, pop, pop*, of a school-boy's *squib*; but the volumes of smoke and flames that followed soon told a terrible tale;—the door of the consul's office was crowded, and many of the English merchants had already put their signatures to a paper which was termed a '*protest*.'—Our captain took Colonel Bacon's horse, and desired me to follow him to the *Vir-tudes Battery*:—the British Consul had also left his office to look at the fire.—From the direction of the wind, the English wines were in imminent