

cited feelings, and I was trying to prepare a short speech for our long-suffering landlord, when the door of the room was unceremoniously thrust open, and in walked the Colonial Office representative himself.

"Here I am, back again," he said, sitting down in a chair, at the same time producing a hugh pocket-handkerchief, with which he proceeded to wipe the perspiration from his face—"Some people knows what their duties is, and some people don't. No sooner does I get back, than there's a cry of 'where's Mr. Wolfe,' raised throughout the department. 'Where's the confidential messenger as carries despatches,' asks the head clerk himself. 'Here I am,' says I. 'Well,' say he, 'just put your valuable body into a Hanson, and take this letter to the Governor of the Caona Island: you knows where he hangs out, and you give'd him the other, did'nt you?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I did.' 'Well,' says he, 'here's another as is more important than the first; so be sharp, for there ain't no time to be lost.'"

"And where's the letter?" I enquired.

"Oh, that's all right! Look here," and he pulled out a large leather pocket-book—"that's the Colonial correspondence. There it is; all marked reg'lar you see. A place for every thing and everything in its place: W. I. for West Indies: H. K. for Hong Kong: S. for Sydney, and so on: all except Caona, and we'll get that put in by and by. For the present, communications intended for that important Colony goes in along with my private correspondence, which is next to Prince Edward's, where there's no fear of yellow fever or ague. There it is you see, all sealed and tight, and anxious to be opened, I dare say."

So saying he handed me the letter, which I lost no time in perusing. The contents were as follows:—

Downing's Street, August 3rd, 184—.

"The Colonial Secretary presents his compliments to