

"Mr. Thistleton?" suggested the stranger, in a voice that was vastly encouraging.

"The same," I replied.

"Well, you're in for luck, I expect," said the gentleman in blue: "smell that," and he pushed an official-looking letter, with a monster seal on it, under my nose—

"Francis Thistleton, Esq., Barrister-at-Law," just as nice as can be. Perhaps that isn't the Secretary's own handwriting, and perhaps there's nothing about a Colonial appointment inside. I wonder (and he turned the letter over in his hand)—I wonder where it can be for? Can't

be Antiguay, can it? Them's all black fellows there, but it's pretty good pay, and there ain't much to do. Then there's Jamaica! They ain't going to bring Trotter home from Jamaica, is they? Or may be it's Nova Scotia.

Well, that's a pretty little bit of business for a man that's up to smart driving. Or, it can't be Canedy again, can it? Crikey, if it should be Canedy!

I've sent lots of Governors there, but somehow or other they never came back. There was Paul Thompkins, who got me cut down £50, and Sir Charles Bluenose, and old Mr. Squaretoes—I knowed 'em all, I did.

Sum says it's the climate as don't agree with them, and sum says it's the Responsible Government. Let's see, who was the last one—it was'nt Dicky Bounce, was it?

Do you know Dicky Bounce, small, stout man with grey hair, as used to come down to the Colonial Office in an omnibus along with his lunch? But there, anyhow it's worth five shillings, which is the lowest we expect for a job of this kind."

With my heart beating against my ribs at this singular speech, which sounded prophetic of some great event, I took the letter, and breaking the seal, proceeded to read as follows:—

Downing Street, 3rd August, 184—.

Sir,—I have the honor of informing you that Her Majesty has been pleased to confer on you the appoint-