

perhaps be attributed, in some measure, to the climate, and it is quite possible that there may exist the desire, as there exists without doubt the capacity, for some measure of self-government.

The mixed chorus of watchmen, and dogs, and parrots, and cocks, (that seem to think it morning all night long) is rather repellent of sleep, as we lie under guazy mosquito curtains (not needless in this month of February) and the lightest of linen covers. There is exemption from these disturbers, and there is fresh air, from land and sea, in the many fine hostelrys in the suburbs and neighbourhood of the city. I propose, however, to take refuge on board the steamer "Cuba," that leaves again to-morrow morning for Baltimore, and must needs coax a little sleep.