

hotel, where the Colonel, fired at once by indignation at some imagined want of good faith on the part of his friend, and by too much drink, rushed upon the Judge with an uncourteous epithet and bowie-knife; whereupon the Judge shot the Colonel dead with a revolver, but not before he had received a serious wound from the knife of the victim. The matter does not appear to cause much remark beyond a general expression of sympathy for the actors in the little "unpleasantness," who, we are told, were both "very fine fellows, and highly honourable, &c.,"—although it is elicited in conversation that the Colonel had been the proprietor of a well-known gambling saloon. As far as I can understand, however, such occurrences are now rare in this city.

As we walked home last night to our hotel, gloveless and over-coatless, enjoying the fresh (moonlit) atmosphere, we congratulated ourselves upon the change of climate. This morning we found the shady side of the street most pleasant, and "slowly" the most comfortable rate of progress; and now, in the middle of the day, we retire to make a note of things, mellow with that glow of kindness to one's kind that comes of being thoroughly warmed up. We have no general news from home for many days, but thrive wonderfully in our state of ignorance, and are doing our very best to enjoy the life of "boys again."

SATURDAY, Feb. 2.

The steamship "Cuba," to leave this evening for Havana, Key West, and Baltimore, lies at the levee. The vessel is trim built, and fairly appointed, to external view—a physical description that applies also to her commander, with the addition of a good humored expression of living humanity. Our party being innocent of machinery, we take on trust the representation of that part of her qualification, and are booked and ticketed for places in her. We take our last dinner at the "St. Louis," with the same good relish as our first,