

is ; I am going to get a view of it to show you. Our college is *nothing* to it. There is also an Asylum for incurable lunatics, and the English Cathedral, besides sundry churches and large warehouses, all of which are very fine buildings.

The pavements here are *all* made of slabs of wood, which seem curious to me after the fine stone streets of Edinburgh. Most if not all, of the streets are lined with trees, which give a most agreeable shade at midday, besides giving a very picturesque look to the city.

We are sadly in want of rain, there has been only two showers for seven weeks, and the dust is three or four inches thick on the road. I sleep every night with the window and door wide open, as the thermometer has never been below 75° (and that is "summer heat") even at nights ; whilst in the day it is from 90° to 100° in the sun. I like it awfully, it is so different from the cold, bleak, cloudy days at home ; here the sky is that splendid deep blue, and the air is so clear, you can see for miles.

The flies are very troublesome, but I have not yet been bitten by "mosquitoes" ; however, I will have lots this week up in the woods fishing, where you are obliged to wear muslin veils and mits to keep them off.

Hugh has got a place one hundred and thirty miles from here, but he is coming back soon, as he has to work from half-past 6 a.m. to 9 p.m., and that doesn't suit him ; it is a country "*store*" he is in. Remember a "*store*" *here* and a "*store*" *at home* are very different things ; it doesn't matter how fine a shop is, or how large, even "Sturrock's" would be a "*store*."

I suppose you send all my letters up to Aunt Hannah, so she will see I don't forget them, and will let her know