

youngest, a black, ten. They stood up to read. The book was Macaulay's "History of England." I selected for the subject, the conduct of James II. in the crisis which led to the trial of the seven bishops. The reading was very good, certainly better than in a class of a middle school in England; there was an ease, right emphasis and intelligence very often wanting even in schools of the higher classes in England; they were quick in parsing the words afterwards. I gave them some dictation, which was quickly and well done. Some of these boys do Greek and Latin. I had not time to examine them.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Near to that of the boys is the girls' school; here were about 200 assembled. Being Monday, and there having been rain, the attendance was smaller than usual. I perceived by the register that even 300 sometimes attended; so with the boys, often 700 are in attendance at the two schools, with 1,000 on the books. The girls did not answer so intelligently as the boys, nor was the reading equal in proportion to that of the latter; the first class, however, were clean, well-behaved, and well-dressed. I addressed them, and spoke of Missionary work in Africa and Columbia. The mistress seemed intelligent. There was a quietness and order, and healthiness of tone about the school, which spoke well for the teachers. The books used in these schools are those of the National Society in Ireland. Lennox's Grammar is used in the boys'. The Macaulay was published at Harper's, New York.

No one could fail to be convinced, by the sight and examination of these schools, that the African race is quite capable of being advanced to the highest state of culture. White and black of the same age were mingled up without distinction of mental capacity. If any thing, I should say the white boy was behind the black, judging from their places in the class.

Left Jamaica at twelve.

Tuesday, February 7.—A breeze and lively sea—as usual in crossing this span of the Caribbean Sea.

Wednesday, February 8.—Met the *Tyne*, the return ship on this same line; the weather hot, the thermometer above 80°.

DECK FORWARD OF THE "SOLENT."

A number of deck passengers covered the deck of the *Solent*; these were mostly black and coloured people; they had all sorts of light wares, baskets, mats, of native manufacture. Some of them sat continually keeping guard near their possessions. As night drew on their mats were spread, and without covering, except their light linen attire, they stretched themselves to rest. At one time we had on board forty soldiers of a West Indian Regiment. They were not in a state of high discipline. On one occasion, the serjeant in command appealed for help, and a strong black man, brandishing a knife, was secured in handcuffs and confined. I heard one man as we were nearing the wharf at Kingston say, in a discontented mutter, "If I can only get on shore, I'll take care they never see me again." Another cast himself down and said, "Soldiery is no good." I asked why? He said,