

MRS. SEACOLE.

We found at this hotel the celebrated Mrs. Seacole, of Crimean fame. Kingston is her native place, and Miss Grant is her sister. She had come out from England, intending to go to British Columbia, but had stopped by the way; she is a person of about sixty. The book of her life and adventures was open on the table, edited by Mr. Russell, the Correspondent of the *Times*, who in the preface speaks of the high estimation in which Mrs. Seacole was held, and of her philanthropic and Christian labours for the sick, the wounded, and the hungry. A picture of the heroine is presented on the cover, with face and bonnet bespattered with blood, in the act of preparing a bandage on the battle-field. Mrs. Seacole is the daughter of a Scotch soldier; her mother held a similar establishment to this, and was famous as a doctress. Mrs. Seacole herself became initiated early in the mysteries of Creole medical art. Before going to the Crimea, she had travelled in the Central States of America, and assisted her brother on the Isthmus of Panama, during the first rush of Americans to California. Mrs. Seacole is an intelligent person, and on Monday came to greet us, dressed in green silk, and decorated with the Turkish and other Crimean medals.

KINGSTON—SHC'S.

Monday, February 6.—My wife and I sallied forth into the town. There had fallen a shower of rain, which had just laid the dust, and made walking less disagreeable than usual in the dusty streets. There is no paving or lighting in Kingston, the shops are good, well supplied and served. Saddlery, harness, and coloured prints and engravings in frames struck me as being in much demand. The houses generally had a dilapidated appearance. There are several churches; the Church of England is in a considerable majority. The Rev. D. H. Campbell is the rector; he called upon me. We visited the central school, where is a depôt of the *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*, and a place for the meeting of the clergy; also, we went over the Museum of the Society of Arts, which was dilapidated and dirty, and little cared for or used.

WOOLMER'S SCHOOL, KINGSTON—NEGRO EDUCATION.

I was much gratified by a visit to the girls' and boys' department of Woolmer's Foundation School. Woolmer was a German, who lived 150 years ago, and left property now worth 1,500*l.* a year, for a school for free education. The Church of England Catechism is taught all children except Roman Catholics. The Principal is the Rev. Mr. Gordon, a pure negro, a man of considerable intelligence. Under him are four other teachers, several of whom are white men, one a well educated English gentleman. The rooms are spacious and airy, and classes are held in the cool verandahs. We found about 300 boys assembled, almost entirely coloured, black and yellow. Two very intelligent youths, acting as pupil teachers, were pure negro. I examined the first class, in which were twelve, of whom three were white, four black, the rest yellow; the eldest, a mulatto, was fifteen; the