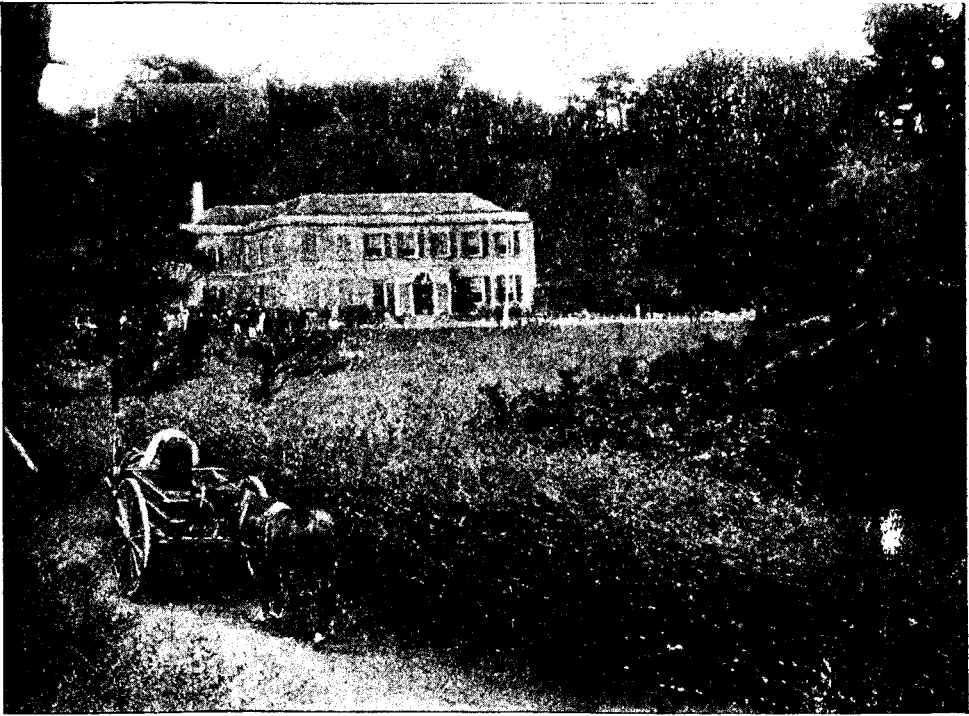




Government House, St. Helena.

but two were brothers of a noted Montreal lawyer, one of whom was *en route* to France to enter the church. We had a concert on board, at which Miss Pellew distinguished herself, and the writer nearly extinguished himself, for while endeavoring to sing "Here Lies An Actor," a revulsion of feeling nearly proved too much for him.

After twelve days voyage, during which nothing of note occurred—down our way at least (*au seconde*), we duly landed the mails and sundry home-returning emigrants at Moville, and forty-eight hours after sighted Liverpool. The customs officers didn't bother us much, so we soon got to the railway station. There, our interior economies proclaimed that they were fasting, so I hazarded some ham sandwiches. Soft man that I was; better had I wandered out to seek the succulent sausage as sold by the itinerant street vendor, than risk the lives of my family at an English railway restaurant. Severe pains accompanied us during our journey all through my folly. The ham sandwich *a l'Anglaise* of to-day, is as stale and unpalatable as it was a decade or so ago!

Our destination was Towyn, North Wales, and the scenery *en route* was lovely.

The only objection people have going to Wales is the frequent changing. We had to leave our warm seats to face a thorough-bred east wind four times ere we got settled for the through journey. Then the carriage was found to be very comfortable—a third-class one and with only two Welsh ladies with us—so we were not impetuously eager to get out when "Towyn" was called out by a loud-voiced boy porter.

"Echyniddon lludibh howdchlydd" and "nowystarche, n'starch" were the first words we heard as we placed our feet on Welsh *terra firma*. It was only after four attempts that I finally got hold of an English-speaking body. It was all ischy, thenthy, thlenty, owchy-wachy, etc., not a word of comprehensible matter. Finally I began "Can you tell me where is Mrs. Jones' house?" "Whatt Mrs. Jhones?" "Oh, you know, she keeps lodgings, don't you know." "Oh, putt there are twenty Mrs. Jhones here whatt effer, an' I am so pusy, so—" "Oh that's all right," said I, as I prevented the Cambrian from escaping, "she's near the sea." "Oh!" and then, just as it came on to rain, I was lucky enough to get a cab, and into it hopped everybody, including my-