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spacious residence of a planter, surrounded by fields of sugar-cane; high up in the mountains were also residences, perched in salubrious spots, reached by zig-zag roads; occasionally a collection of houses, amounting to a town, were so placed. Nothing can exceed, I was told, the beauty and healthiness of these spots, some 1,500 feet and upwards to 7,000 above the sea. The Bishop, the Governor, and other principal inhabitants live in those elevated spots, where the thermometer indicates no more than the summer of a temperate climate; it is said, the climate of the lower country is not now so unhealthy as it used to be for Europeans.

CULTIVATION—LABOUR.

Mr. Sawkins, the Government Surveyor of Jamaica, who was on board, pointed out the extensive tracts that had gone out of cultivation of late years. There was a difficulty in recovering these lands, because the owners neither used them themselves, nor would allow others to do so, and Government could not deal with them, though they had become waste. One cause assigned for this state of things, is the independence of the negro and coloured population. It is said the freed negro is idle. Doubtless there may be a reaction of indolence from a state of compulsory servitude; but there are very many industrious blacks.

Mr. Sawkins spoke favourably of the blacks, as being in a transition state. He instanced a man who sometimes worked for him, who could obtain a sufficiency for his family, and who laid by one shilling a month for the Church, and threepence a week for education, without working for others continually. Another case was a man who, having shown him a road, afterwards said, "Now I will show you a shorter road than this usual and public one," and he took him through a little farm of his own, where was raised considerably more than what he required for the support of his family; this man had never worked for any one but himself. Then it is to be remembered that the wants of the people are few. The clothing they require is little or none; cocoa-nuts and bananas suffice for food.

ARRIVAL—PORT ROYAL BAY—BLUNDELL HOUSE.

We reached Port Royal Bay, seven miles from Kingston, as the sun went down. The Health Officer came off; also, men-of-war's boats, for despatches and letters. The *Aboukir*, the *Shannon*, and the *Rosario*, lay in the bay, the flag of Commodore Cracroft floated from the former. When the various matters usual at this point had been transacted, it was too dark to go up to Kingston; the captain, however, persuaded the pilot to take us in, and lanterns being put up in certain parts to define the channel, we at length, about nine o'clock, steamed up to the wharf at Kingston. My wife and myself instantly proceeded on shore, passed through a crowd of women and men, waiting to coal the ship, and reached Blundell House, to which we had been recommended. This is kept by a respectable mulatto lady, Miss Louisa Grant. We were now comfortably arranged in a cool sitting-room, with bedroom adjoining, congratulating ourselves upon being on *terra firma*, and out of the noise and dust of coaling.