

is a very amiable young fellow, but I wouldn't like to meet either of his brothers (two of the chiefs) on a dark night in Zululand.

Their quarters are opposite Sydenham, a very pretty bungalow belonging to the Governor. His Excellency, Mr. W. Grey-Wilson, C.M.G., is a very able man, and a charming host. Mrs. Grey-Wilson, a Scottish lady, is particularly winning, and most popular with all classes of the community. "Plantation" is the country residence of His Excellency. The engraving gives a good view of it on Reception Day, when the band is playing. The tomb of Napoleon is beautifully situated. The spot was chosen by the exiled Emperor, who used to sit and read by the spring hard by, listening to the lovely strains of the hundreds of canaries and red birds that inhabit each cluster of trees. The pedestrian, when among the country lanes, can be greeted any sunny day with the notes from an ornithological orchestra, which are far more pleasing than the efforts of many a musical combination formed by human beings. As I sit writing these lines, and while winter is at its limit, the senses are gratified by the sweet perfumes of the geraniums and other flowers that surround my cottage, while above and around me are twittering and surging scores of canaries. Afar off, through the branches of the palm and loquat trees that ornament my little lawn, glitters the blue Atlantic, some 1,900 feet below the foundation of my island home. To my right, in a hammock, is my sick wife, being fanned by the *punkha* a captain of a coolie ship gave us the other day; a few doves are cooing in the distance; several red admirals and other butterflies flit from flower to flower; above us is a lovely blue sky, and a genial sun that bids not only to give me back my health and strength, but my consumptive wife's too. Is this a pleasant sketch? Well, I would exchange all to be back again in Canada, even among the dust and heat of your summer; aye, and face the cold, could I but be sure of existing.

This is a lovely climate, and work is pleasant here; but, where are the friends of years ago, *amicos meos*? Oh for a tramp with the Saints; for a sing song at Cote des Neiges; for the welcome long, deep drink at Donahue's after a hurried walk to the back of the mountain! Shall I ever see old Canada again? God knows! If any Canuck has consumption let him or her try St. Helena ere being

given up. The fare is only \$150 from London, first class, and be the sick one a stranger to all here, they need only write to the contributor of this article, and he will see them well looked after.

The best routes are by Allan Line to Liverpool, or by Dominion Line to London. From the West Indian Docks the Castle Line run to St. Helena. Tickets can be obtained at Solomon & Co., 8 London street, Fenchurch street, City, who will give every information. The voyage out is pleasant, for the boats touch at Flushing (stop 4 hours), Lisbon (6 hours), Las Canaries (6 hours), thence to St. Helena. A deck cabin should be obtained, then the heat when crossing the line will not be felt so much. Your own wine, whiskey or any other spirits should be brought, also soap, but nearly everything else can be obtained here.

There are no exports from here but ships call here for provisions, the meat and vegetables and bread all being excellent. Solomon & Co., the firm of the island, who, by-the-by, are Consuls for all the powers except the United States, (Capt. Coffin), think nothing of supplying the coolie ships with 60 tons of water and 10,000 or 20,000 pounds of provisions in four hours from anchoring.

Let me now give you last year's James Town temperatures for your winter (and our summer) months:—October, 69.7; November, 71.1; December, 74.1; January, 77.9; February, 79.9; March, 80. August was the coldest month, 68.9. In the county where I am, the difference of heat is 9 degrees.

In conclusion I would suggest the exportation here of Canadian cotton goods. Nothing else but cotton is worn by the natives, and English goods are very expensive. Canadian canned meats and butter and Canadian canned fish would all sell here if sent to beat American prices, viz, 28 cents per pound. Apples too, would find a ready sale here, as would Dow's stout if it could be sent here in barrel. Guinness' stout, by the case, costs \$3.50. Messrs. Solomon & Co. are wise men, and would be A. 1 agents for any firm. There is one American schooner calls twice a year here, and makes a heap of money. Why could not a company "float" another ship and call here too? Any surplus stock, unsold, could be got rid of at a handsome profit along the coast of Africa.

A. McCock.