

had two cells, which were lighted and ventilated by an aperture cut through the timber, and which had in days gone by contained prisoners charged with the highest crime. Doors, locks, and bars were about as strong as they could be made. The place within and without was always clean, a very liberal supply of lime (which in the early days was made from shells), being kept on hand for whitewashing, at which occupation, and at proper seasons, prisoners were well exercised. In the years that the Bastion did service as a place of confinement, there were three official jailors, Wm. Weston, Edwin Gough and Wm. Stewart. The first named had little to do, for in his time the punishment of native offenders was summary, and often when deserved, severe—"exemplary," as Captain Stuart would term a whipping across a gun. Weston was a strange sort of chap. He wore his trousers short in the leg—*inches* above his boots. He had a springy-swingy walk, and being very lean and somewhat lanky, his appearance was odd enough. The governor (late Sir James Douglas) paid one of his periodical visits in the summer of 1857, and received the customary salute of 17 guns. He had walked to the Bastion hill, and was standing chatting with officers of the H. B. Co., when Weston, with his pants as usual, very much shrunk up, came along, made his obeisance and stood