

viz., the Christmas, tiger, red book, St. John's and pink. All the year round, in fact, we have flowers in our rooms, and to the sick patient these beautiful presents from Dame Nature are more than attractions, they are positively very efficient aids to convalescence.

Of fish we have many kinds, but, surrounded as we are by a lovely blue sea, a fellow has to be careful when bathing, as a shark is not an unknown quantity in these parts, and a white man is looked upon, we are told, as a very enjoyable change from the native.

The islanders—or Yam Stocks—are all coloured. The people are a lazy, indolent crowd; they are ever begging, and have no idea, as a mass, of bringing up their

brightest hues. As the people do not wear stockings or shoes, one gets a peep at some decidedly pretty feet now and then, a moiety having very clean cut ankles, and nicely arched as to their in-steps. Like their darker brethren down Carolina way, the St. Helena girl and boy like effect. On Sundays, when you see a girl, who on the other six days of the week is always shoeless and stockingless, wearing very tight patent leather boots and crimson stockings, not to mention a bright dress of glossy texture, pale blue as to colour, and starting at the seams, so closely does it fit the shapely form of its owner, it is startling to recognize a familiar face on the top of this Sabbathonian metamorphosis. And the hat !



Longwood Old House—Napoleon's Residence when at St. Helena.

dusky-skinned piccaninies in the way they should go. If you keep a coloured she or he servant you must look after the cupboards and stores yourself. I lost over \$12 worth of groceries in two weeks, all put down, not to the cat, but to rats. The girls are lovely; small, active, and with brilliant black eyes, and teeth that gleam when the mouth opens to grin, like the snow on a Canadian hill on a moonlit night, the St. Helena maiden combination is decidedly attractive. No two of them are alike. Some throw back to Portuguese ancestors, others to Spanish or African forbears.

It is a very pretty sight on Saturdays—market day. The town is full of girls, gayly dressed in cotton dresses, decked up too with immense straw hats, which are plentifully *garni* with ribbons of the

A fearful and wonderful thing—like the total abstainer, very extreme indeed! Going to church, most girls wear their shoes, then they take them off and carry them in their hands to their pews.

There is a City Band here! Oh what a difference between Mr. Lavigne's brilliant *musique*, or the dear old Vics! The bugle corps, too! The leader tootles on a brass clarionet, which is a half tone different from the rest of the other musical instruments!

I do not know if Canadians are aware that the ex-king of the Zulus is here, a State prisoner, with several chiefs, their wives, two royal mistresses, and a doctor and household domestics. They are under the charge of Mr. Andersen, who brought them *in chains* from the Cape. N'Udizulu, the ex-king, a son of Cetwayo,