

town, perched along the amphitheatre-like heights, looked particularly pleasing and beautiful. The town has a Continental appearance, with red roofs and variously-painted walls, interspersed with green trees. On a nearer approach, an Oriental character mixed in with Danish neatness and taste. The Rev. Mr. Roach came off for us; we crossed the bay to the quay, the air being pleasant (although the sun was hot, it being half-past ten), through a breeze which kept all in motion. The population are chiefly African and coloured descendants of slaves, and our boatmen, with black faces and woolly heads, landed us amidst a crowd like themselves.

We now passed up through a line of cocoa-nut palms, and other tropical verdure. Men in white linen, and women attired in gaudy colours, met us, and eyed us with considerable curiosity. Now and then a member of the Saxon family, with more resolute brow and sun-burnt countenance, accosted our hospitable guide.

THE REV. MR. ROACH—HIS CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

Mr. Roach brought us to the parsonage, where we found his amiable wife and family. The youngest child I had baptized in 1859. We had some refreshment, and then visited the church and school. The church, where I held a confirmation in 1859, is a building capable of holding 800 people; it is airy and suitable for the climate, and is built substantially of stone. The Christmas decorations had just been removed, the cinnamon-leaf being a chief ornament. Mr. Roach has been a faithful and successful clergyman, held in high estimation, and doing a good work. He has 700 communicants, and the church is too small for his congregation. Before the monthly communion he has a lecture in the school-room. We visited the school, in which were seventy children of various ages; with one exception, they were all black and coloured. They sang pleasingly, and were quick to answer when I questioned them. I addressed them. The master, a coloured young man, seemed intelligent. He gets 48*l.* a year.

THE GOVERNOR AND MRS. RHOTER.

The Danish Governor is a Mr. Rhoter, a gentleman of property in Santaburg, a neighbouring island belonging to the same nationality. Mrs. Rhoter very kindly sent her carriage and pair of grey ponies to be at our service. Our first drive was to Government House, where we found Mrs. Rhoter in the midst of her letters, just received from Europe by our steamer. Mr. Rhoter was not at home. She received us with much kindness and urbanity. She is highly intelligent and cultivated. She had been in the West Indies for twenty-five years. She had come on her marriage, and had kept a few days since her silver wedding. For several years at a time, however, she had been in Europe, and her brother had been attached to the Embassy in London. She speaks English well, and has that cast of character, sincere and solid together, with feature and complexion which makes us feel the Danes to be of the same family with ourselves. Her feeling, however, was sore at this time against the English. She had lately returned from Europe, where she said she had much sorrow; it