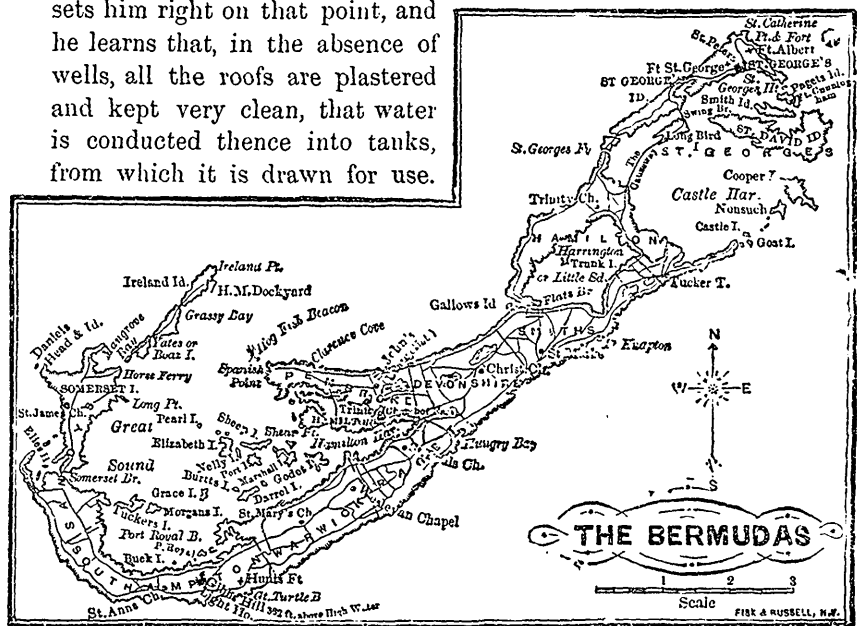


Long verandahs stretch across the front, from which one obtains delightful views of the harbour and the hills beyond, clothed with cedar and dotted with houses. Flowers bloom in front of the house, and the oleander, red, pink, and white, lines the path leading up the hill, shading off into the dark green of the cedars below. The air, free from impurities and laden with the perfumes of the flowers, is delicious: it is a joy to breathe.

The town is small, not having, probably, more than two thousand inhabitants. It is laid out quite regularly, and is neither ugly nor indeed very pretty, but is interesting for its location and novelty. Glancing at the white roofs, one's first thought is that there has been a fall of snow, but the thermometer sets him right on that point, and he learns that, in the absence of wells, all the roofs are plastered and kept very clean, that water is conducted thence into tanks, from which it is drawn for use.



This for ordinary dwellings. Where a large supply is required, as about some of the encampments, the rocky slope of a hill is selected, graded, plastered, and that, presenting a larger surface, is used for the purpose. The water is singularly pure, and pleasant to the taste.

The houses are rarely more than two stories in height, often,