last year was 1 in 116; or, deducting accidental ones, 1 in 159. In England it is 1 in 44; in France, 1 in 40.

Another great advantage is the smallness of the number of natives about the settlement. In Blind Bay and Massacre Bay the native population is given in the Government returns at 288 males, and 216 females; total, 504. It is to be remembered, that these are scattered over a coast of 150 miles. On the Waimea Plain and in Nelson there are none, nor in the Wairau Valley.

The only serious drawback we know of, is the want of a Government; for the thing assuming the name cannot be mistaken for one. To say nothing of its blunders and mismanagement in other respects, its open avowal of its inability to afford security in life and property to its subjects is a virtual resignation. But were its faults only negative ones, were its sins only those of omission, how happy were it for us! The Governor's ill usage of our first and best magistrates, forcing them to resign—the measures passed positively to injure us, and the constant encouragement given in word and deed to the natives generally, in their opposition to and outrages upon the settlers—these things had prepared us for his otherwise incredible design of breaking up and removing the settlement we have been briefly describing. All that was left of the results of the labour and enterprise of the settlers—all, that is, that had succeeded and was prosperous—was to be overturned; all that could not be carried away, to be sacrificed; and with the wrecks they were to begin again and encounter all the original difficulties in a new location, in new and untried circumstances. Think of the madness of this project! The reduced, but healthy and now firmly-rooted plant (to return to our old metaphor) was to be torn up again, and transplanted to a less favourable soil and climate, with the absolute certainty of losing in withered leaves and branches by the second operation, if it survived it at all, as much as it had lost by the first! For you cannot transplant without sacrifices. This absurd attempt will not be made, perhaps never was likely to have been; but the avowal of the intention, like so many other evidences of the animosity of Government towards us, has not a little contributed to discourage and depress the settlers. But let the Home Government do its duty—recall this, our destroying Protector, our most hostile Guardian and anarchical Ruler,* and adopt the policy and principles recommended in the profound, lucid, and unanswerable Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on the affairs of New Zealand, and we shall be able to find in the settlement, or the country, nothing to give us a moment's discouragement. Meanwhile let the inhabitants of Nelson take comfort in the promising condition of their adopted home, in spite of all the Government's endeavours to injure it. And let them remember that the first and last and cherished resolve of a settler in a new country ought to be, at all times and in every situation,

"—— to bate no jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward!"
THE PRINCE EDWARD DISTRICT.

This District, situated on the northern branch of Lake Ontario, between Kingston and Toronto, is an interesting part of Canada. Bounded on the south by the Lake, and on the north by the Bay of Quinte, though occupying a central position in the Province, it is almost an island. The Peninsula which it is composed of is joined to the rest of Canada by a neck of land not exceeding two or three miles in width. This junction, by which it is connected with the Newcastle District, is at its western extremity. The District is from thirty to forty miles in length, and at the widest part, near the middle, from twenty to thirty in width, of very irregular form, being in many places deeply indented by the Bay and Lake, and includes a number of small islands also within its boundaries. To the north of it, across the Bay, lies the Victoria District, having Belleville for its chief town; to the east, the Midland District, including Kingston, the ex-capital of United Canada. The Bay of Quinte, which bounds this district to the north, and gives it a peculiar shape, is, in our opinion, one of the greatest natural curiosities of Canada. The Bay of Quinte, at its western extremity, which is called its head, and is separated from Lake Ontario by the neck of land spoken of above, and there called the Carrying Place, receives, from the northwest, a large river called the Trent. It then glides smoothly on to the east, about thirty miles, like an immense canal of nature's own construction, gradually diverging, until it is twenty miles or more from Lake Ontario. In its course, ten or twelve miles from its head, the Bay receives from the north another river, called the Moira, from the interior of the Victoria District, with Belleville at its mouth. Eight or ten miles farther east, the Salmon River, of considerable size, having its rise in the northern part of the Midland District, empties itself into the Bay. Having received three of the largest rivers of Canada West, and stretched itself about thirty miles between the Prince Edward and Victoria Districts, it turns abruptly to the south, and becoming narrower and deeper, proceeds rather west of south, twelve miles or more towards Lake Ontario. This part of the Bay, after it turns from its narrowness, straightness, and depth, is called the Long Reach. At the turn, an arm called the Mohawk Bay, seven or eight miles in length, is extended still farther to the east, in which another considerable river, the Napanee, empties itself. Having approached within ten or twelve miles of the Lake, the Bay again suddenly turns eastward, having previously thrown out another arm in the same direction as the first, called the Hay Bay, into which the water of several creeks is received. Having thus found its way forty miles or more through the interior, and received the waters of two or three districts, the Bay of Quinte, navigable throughout, proceeds eastward, fifteen or sixteen miles further, drawing nearer and nearer to the Lake, until they come together, be-
tween the eastern extremity of the Prince Edward District, called Point Pleasant, and the Isle of Tanti, or Amberst Isle. That junction of the Bay and Lake is called the Upper Gap, to distinguish it from another of the same bay with the lake, near Kingston, at the east end of Amberst Isle, called the Lower Gap.

The Prince Edward District, thus naturally separated from the rest of the Province, formerly made a part of the Midland District, and consisted originally of three townships, Marysburgh, Sophiasburgh, and Ameliasburgh, known among the older inhabitants, and sometimes yet called, from the order in which they were originally surveyed, the fifth, sixth, and seventh towns. From these, three new townships have been set off, viz.: Hallowell, Hillier, and Athol, so that now there are six in the District.

The principal islands in connexion with the District, are the Ducks, Wappaoose Island, and Big Island. The Ducks lie in Lake Ontario, south of the eastern part of the District, opposite the Upper Gap, the nearest of them being ten or twelve miles distant from it. From the south side of the District, a projection of land ten or twelve miles in length, and from one to three in width, puts out in an easterly direction, towards the Ducks, called Long Point. Wappaoose Island lies between this point and the main land of the District, in Prince Edward's Bay; whilst Hog Island lies in the Bay of Quinte, on the north side of the District towards Belleville, and is joined to the main land by a floating bridge of more than half a mile in length.

There are in the District a number of small lakes, among which we might name the West Lake, the East Lake, the Consecon Lake, and the Lake of the Mountain. East and West Lakes lie on the south-west part of the District, and seem once to have been bays jutting out from Lake Ontario, across which banks of sand have been deposited or washed up from the Lake, so that they have now become distinct bodies of water. Consecon Lake lies in the western part of the District, is of smaller size, and receives and discharges the largest stream in the District. This stream is called Consecon Creek, has its rise in the north-eastern part of the District, and empties into Weller's Bay, at the western extremity, and through into Lake Ontario.

The substratum or foundation of this District is a limestone rock, which, in most places where it approaches the surface, is of a shelly friable nature. This limestone rock is elevated in the northern and eastern parts of the District, but depressed in the southern part. The limestone elevation may be traced throughout the whole northern and eastern border of the District, generally breaking off very abruptly; sometimes presenting to the bay a shore nearly two hundred feet in height, and almost perpendicular. In other places it recedes from the bay, with sloping banks intervening, or appears depressed or intercepted in its course. This rock in the northern parts of the District, after continuing near the surface for a greater or less distance, disappears, being gradually depressed, and covered with soil, toward the south; but the two points of which the eastern part of the District, viz. Marysburgh, is composed, are for the most part made up of this rocky
elevation, whilst at the southern part of the District it may be seen sloping downward, and forming a bed for Ontario's waves. In most places where this rock approaches the surface, it is covered with a shallow coat of soil, of a dark colour, mingled with limestone more or less communicated, called here the gravelly soil. I should think about one-third, if not more, of the District was of this description of soil. The other parts of the District are mostly made up of sandy or clayey soils. The sandy soil prevails most about the centre of the District, and toward the south-west. The clayey portions may be found between the rocky parts and the sandy. The islands are mostly of this kind of soil. It generally appears in this District mixed with vegetable deposit and other substances, and constitutes the best land of the District. The whole District, however, may be said to be fertile; for, except there be great drought, the gravelly soil itself affords good crops of the lighter kinds of grain.

The only town of any size in the District is Picton, its capital, occupying a central position upon an arm of the Bay of Quinte, about forty miles west of Kingston. The principal roads of the District converge at Picton, and form its streets. One, coming from the west, forms the main street of the town, which is studded on either side, for half a mile or more, with houses of brick or wood. This street, together with a cluster of buildings, about the end of Hallowell Bay, as the arm leading to Picton is called, and about the conjunction at this place of the other leading roads, makes up the town of Picton. In it may be seen a neat court-house and gaol, four respectable places of worship, six or eight merchants' shops, with mechanics' shops, dwellings, and taverns interspersed. Its population numbers between one and two thousand. There is no prospect that Picton or any other town in this District will become very large, on account of its limited extent and insulated position.

There are several villages in the District, viz. Demorestville and Northport, to the north of Picton; Wellington and Consecon, to the west; besides some smaller places, as Milford, south of Picton, and Bloomfield, west, half-way to Wellington.

This District constitutes also the County of Prince Edward, of which John P. Roblin, a tried friend of the people, has long been the representative in Parliament. The District contains about 218,300 acres of land, of which about 91,139 are cultivated. The population of the District amounts to about 16,000; the amount of taxes paid annually, to about £1,793.

According to the last year's report (1844) of the Superintendent of Education, he found in the District 3,943 children over five years old and under fifteen, of whom 62 were studying geography, 87 grammar, 138 arithmetic, 470 writing, 838 reading, besides those that were learning to spell. The average attendance of children throughout the District he found to be 1405, a little over one-third of the whole number. The productions of this District are wheat, rye, Indian corn, potatoes, peas, oats, barley, buckwheat, &c., with a variety of fruits.
Among the resources of this District, the white fishery should not be forgotten. At the south-west side of the District, upon the banks of Lake Ontario, immense numbers of white fish are taken every fall. At certain favourable times a thousand have been taken at a draught.

There are no Provincial works in this District, as far as I know, with the exception of two lighthouses; the one on the False Duck, at the end of Long Point,—the other at Point Petre, at the southern extremity of the District.

This District was early settled. The first settlers in it were U. E. Loyalists, and other emigrants from the United States. Of these, and their descendants, with a sprinkling of emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland, the population at present consists.

The roads of this District are generally of a superior kind. In some places, upon those limestone elevations, there are roads for miles that are nearly equal to a Macadamised road.

This District affords some delightful scenery, and some natural curiosities. The Lake of the Mountain is notorious for its novelty. In the rocky elevation of which we have spoken, four or five miles east of Picton, close to the Bay, but, I should think, two hundred feet above it, is a lake called the Lake of the Mountain. It is small, but beautiful; the water clear, its banks well defined, and about the southern part of it lined with trees of evergreen. A road passes along the northern bank. Often have I stopped and gazed as I monthly passed that way. But it is not the lake alone that captivates; it is the scenery to the north contrasted with it. After you have gazed awhile upon the lake and its shores, until you have forgotten your elevated position, you turn to the north, and, at first, you are startled at the precipice behind you. After you become composed, you behold the Bay of Quinte, with its waters clear as crystal, two hundred feet below, eastward losing itself between its lofty southern and more level northern banks—westward soon stopped by a bank as high as that on which you stand, and turned to the north, in which direction, after throwing out eastward its majestic arms, as if to gather strength, it onward glides till lost in the distance, amidst its banks, which are lined with farmers’ seats and groves. You raise your eyes to get relief, having tried in vain to trace its windings—a boundless forest is spread before you, skirting the horizon, northward, eastward, and westward, which you cannot, with the utmost effort, scan at one view. Higher still, you have the blue expanse—immense, unfathomable. You stand amazed—you almost involuntarily cry out, “Who made you thus?” The poet answers—

“Part of His name divinely stands
On all His creatures writ;
They show the labour of His hands,
Or impress of His feet.”

Methinks none but those destitute of eyes or souls could pass that spot unmoved. Yet this is but one of the many delightful prospects which the rocky elevations of this District afford.

In a description of this District, there is another place that deserves
notice, called in these parts the Sandbanks. West Lake, which no
doubt once formed a part of Lake Ontario, is now separated from it by
an accumulation of sand, about six miles in length, and in some places
nearly a mile in width. This ridge of sand, having a lake on either
side, is in some places thrown up in heaps, resembling vast drifts of
snow. Some of these seemed to me more than a hundred feet in height,
and almost as white as the driven snow, and so clear of all vegetable
matter as not to soil the cleanest apparel. In places, from some of the
inferior banks, the tops of trees may be seen projecting. From a few
of the loftier eminences a commanding prospect is afforded; northward
of West Lake, skirted with well-cultivated farms, and farm-houses, with
a number of small islands in its midst, with Wellington to the left, and
East Lake to the right; whilst south of you lies Ontario, bearing upon
her vast and glassy bosom the passing ship and the distant majestic
cloud.

Most of the inhabitants of this District appear to be in easy circum-
cstances, and some of them really affluent. Religious influence here
is, for the most part, divided between five denominations—the Method-
ists, the Presbyterians, the Friends, the Church of England, and the
Catholics.

* * * * *

ELIHU.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIBERATED AFRICAN
ESTABLISHMENT AT ST. HELENA.

BY GEORGE M'HENRY, M.D., C.M.G.
MEMBER OF THE FACULTY OF MEDICINE OF PARIS, LATE SURGEON TO THE
LIBERATED AFRICAN ESTABLISHMENT AT ST. HELENA.

CHAPTER VII.

Visitors at Lemon Valley. Bonaparte's House and Tomb. My first Trip up
Lemon Valley. Appointment of Robert Seale as an Overseer. Chamberlain's
Cottage converted into an Hospital. Formation of my Garden. The Liberated
Africans taught the sublime Science of Engineering. The Sick at Rupert's sent
to Lemon Valley. Foraging Expeditions of the Africans. Apprenticeship of
the Liberated Africans. The Catepora, a Varialoid Disease, breaks out among
the Inmates of the Establishment.

The quarantine having ceased, Lemon Valley became the theatre of
continual visits. On the 23d May we were honoured by the presence of
the Colonial Secretary, the Collector of Customs, the Commanding
Officer of the Engineers, and many more persons of distinction in the
island. The Africans were mustered and examined by their visitors,
who were pleased to express their satisfaction at their appearance. At
that time there existed very little subject for censure, or even criticism, in the management of the business of the Station. Having been subjected to a regular discipline under my own direction, without the interference of others, who, subsequently to this date, claimed and exercised an officious and often mischievous control over the affairs of the Establishment, the Africans were clean in their persons and clothing, civil and obedient to the overseers and matrons, diligent in the performance of the daily routine of service, regular in the preparation of their meals, and orderly at their repasts. Indeed, so great was the curiosity excited about the inmates of the Establishment, that not only parties from the island, but likewise from the shipping in the harbour, composed frequently of numbers of the fair sex, would propose a visit to Lemon Valley, as one of the greatest sources of novelty and pleasure. The sights, which could not fail occasionally to meet the view of the fair dames, as improved as the Africans were, were not altogether adapted for the delicate vision of ladies who had seldom quitted the precincts of their boudoirs and salons: but ladies, when they become travellers, are obliged to lay aside their fastidiousness; and as for the native belles of St. Helena, I suspect they hold notions of refinement not quite consistent with the generally-received ideas here. Imagine the delight depicted on the ugly, black, grinning faces of the negroes at the opportunity thus afforded them of beholding, perhaps for the first time, the white skin, rosy complexion, fair hair, light eyes, lovely countenances, and elegant forms of their European female visitors! I cannot venture to say if, on the part of these, the pleasure was reciprocal. If they met with little to praise or flatter, they saw plenty to amuse and divert themselves with.

I question if Lemon Valley was not a greater "lion" at that time than the house and tomb of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. Since the remains of that extraordinary man were taken away from St. Helena, there appears to exist very little interest about his tenantless grave; and the house which he inhabited during his exile is become no longer an object of concern. The tomb remains as it was left by the French. It is open, the head-stone having been lifted away and placed aside, so as to expose to view the cavity, which is protected from rain by the erection of a mean-looking canvass tent over it. Its depth is about a dozen feet, and its bottom and sides are formed of cut stones. Near the spot lives the guardian, a withered old woman, who will induct you into an acquaintance with the locality. With a little stretch of the imagination, one might fancy her the genius of the place, mourning over the violated sanctuary of the dead; as, indeed, she has reason to do, for many a pound she has lost by Prince Joinville's expedition thither. Close to the tomb is the little romantic spring, where the illustrious exile used to repair to taste its pure crystal. A draught is given to each visitor; and if there be any of my readers who have experienced in any remarkable degree the reverses of fortune, I would advise them to visit St. Helena, and drink of the waters of Napoleon's Fountain. The moral would cure them, if the waters should fail. The willow trees which shaded, as it were, with the wings of peace the
hero's grave, where he should have lain for ever (a whole isle being his fittest monument, and the surrounding ocean his most appropriate panoply!), have been cut down, and every morsel of their trunks, branches, and boughs, converted into boxes, toys, and ornaments, mementos of friendship or pledges of love. Such has been the destiny of Bonaparte's tomb in the Island of St. Helena. With respect to the house which he occupied there, it is long since it was converted into a barn. No idea could be formed that it had been his dwelling, were it not for the thousands of names and numerous scraps of poetry, in all languages, inscribed on every part of the walls. It was, at the best, but a humble building—something like an ordinary farmhouse. It is now fast mouldering into decay, and probably in the course of twenty years will exist no more; so that the time may not be far distant when the place of the Emperor's residence, like the country of Homer, will become a subject for controversy among learned antiquaries. Fifteen years ago, Longwood and Springvale were the Medina and Mecca of Europeans; and people of all nations came from the uttermost parts of the earth to visit the prison and sepulchre of their idol, which were as much respected and hallowed by Christians, as the birthplace and shrine of their Prophet are by Mahometans. Springvale and Longwood are now deserted, while Mecca and Medina are as crowded as ever—because the warrior's fame is declining, while the priest's reputation stands undiminished in lustre. And why is this? Simply because the ambitious Corsican was only a soldier and a politician, and, at the highest pinnacle of his power, but the founder of an empire; while the crafty Arab was the creator and propagator of a religion. The one exercised unbounded sway over his subjects during the epoch of his greatness, and lost his influence at his downfall; for his power, being derived from physical force, when that force was annihilated, necessarily diminished, if it did not cease: the other held as sovereign a dominion over his votaries during the vicissitudes of an adventurous life, and acquired respect and veneration after his death, because the means he employed to arrive at celebrity were addressed to the passions and faculties, and cease not to operate continually on the mind. The one erected his throne on transient matter, and therefore fell, because its foundation was fragile and perishable; but the other built his church on a rock—on the frailties of human nature, if you like, but still on the mind—and therefore stood secure amidst the storms of contending nations, and the wreck of kingdoms. The one earned fame, but lost immortality; the other gained immortality, and has kept it. The most extended and permanent glory is derived, then, not from feats of arms and murderous victories, but from the preaching of dogmas of belief, and the promulgation of articles of faith. The influence and glory of a Moses, Brahma, Zoroaster, and Mahomet, have infinitely transcended and eclipsed the renown that surrounds the names of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, or Bonaparte.

I have mentioned how very pleasing the liberation from the thraldom of quarantine was to all the inmates of the Station. To me it was peculiarly gratifying. I hailed the liberty that was now accorded me to leave
my prison, with about the same feelings that the sailor experiences when, after being long pent up on board-a-ship, seeing nothing but sea and sky, he at last discovers land. I, like him, had been confined for months, with nought of nature presented to my view but the same ocean, and a narrow ravine between stupendous hills. The luxury of beholding verdure was all but denied me hitherto, for in the limits of the Station, the only trees, shrubs, and herbage were a few bananas, three or four fig trees, and a solitary rose-apple tree (the finest of its sort, however, in St. Helena), bushes of samphire and asclepias, and tufts of ether and cow-grass. Let me here mention that the rose-apple tree is one of the most beautiful productions of the tropics. It is large and very branching; its stem is smooth—its leaves, long, shining, and aromatic; its flowers, composed of minute petals, and an immense assemblage of long snowy stamens, are striking, handsome, and odorous, forming white globes on every part of the tree; and its fruit, delicately red on one side, and waxy yellow on the other, is about the size of a small apple, and, besides its beauty, offers to the palate a grateful taste, and to the smell the aroma of roses. It is a native of India, and was brought from thence to St. Helena, where it flourishes well. It is dear to Oriental poets and historians: the first derive many of their metaphors to illustrate female charms from its characters; and the second consider it to be the forbidden fruit, with which the serpent tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden. It is, I believe, the Eugenia paradisiaca of botanists.

After the Collector of Customs and the other officials of Colonial Government had returned to town from their visit to the Station, my first race was up the Valley, to examine every crick and corner of it, and luxuriate my eyes with every trifling spectacle that it afforded, its rocks, caves, stream, and vegetation. I felt like a wild bird that has broken its cage, and hastens to return to its native grove in the woods.

Just beyond the limits of the Station, marked by the streaks of white paint, as I have mentioned, the Valley takes a turn to the right for about 200 yards, and this space, with the breadth of about 100, is occupied by a luxuriant meadow, watered by the stream that flows onwards to the ocean. Beyond the meadow is a rough broken piece of ground, covered with stones, on one side bounded by immense cliffs, and the other by the rising ground that leads up to Mr. Chamberlain's cottage, now vacated by the guard of soldiers who had made it their post during the existence of quarantine. This wild spot was the burial-place of many a brave sailor during the captivity of Bonaparte at St. Helena. Lemon Valley having been appointed the naval depot for the ships of war, which used continually to be cruising about the island, a temporary wooden building was erected on shore, and used for an hospital, for dysentery was then very prevalent among the crews. Many a stout-hearted seaman, who had, perhaps, escaped the dangers of Copenhagen and Trafalgar, fell by the hand of sickness here, and was interred in this dreary, desolate field. On the cliffs, overhanging by a thousand feet their unsculptured tombs, several families of cormorants, of that description called white birds, had made their nests, and might be seen at all times, either roosting on the rocks, or fluttering...
like phantoms above the graves. These birds are of an elegant shape, and are spotless white; and as they fly at times quite near to man, as if they were fond of him, it is no wonder that the natives of the island should regard them with attachment, and invest them with supernatural properties. According to their notions, they are the spirits of drowned sailors. In the present locality it would have been more apposite to have considered them as the ghosts of the seamen buried below, hovering about their tombs. Many other fantastic ideas have been propagated about them, such as great misfortune being sure to overtake the sportsman who would be so wilful as to shoot them. A fisherman related to me, that while employed at his avocation, he had the misfortune once to knock one down with the boat-hook and kill it; he never caught a fish afterwards during the course of that day, and was nearly lost, owing to a violent storm that arose and blew them out to sea. It was with the most desperate struggle that they rowed to land, and he vowed that he would never molest one for the future. This will give an idea of the firm persuasion of the natives in the truth of this popular superstition. Beyond the sailors' cemetery, which afterwards became likewise a burial-place for some hundred Africans, a fine open level space, containing about three acres, presented itself. Shut up by abrupt cliffs, in a gap in which came tumbling down a picturesque waterfall, lay this field, inviting, as it were, cultivation, and offering a romantic site, such as is seldom found anywhere, for the dwelling of some recluse. A little wooden house had just been built at the foot of the cascade, for the accommodation of the party of soldiers at Chamberlain's cottage, which they would have left, to reside in the wooden house, had the quarantine continued. The soldiers had constructed a flight of stone steps, alongside of the waterfall, by which means means they got access into the neighbouring valley, and thus saved themselves a long circuit in their communications with town. The house they never inhabited, and I was destined to be its first tenant, for I removed thither in about a month afterwards. In the field I met with several plants, either beautiful or curious, to engage my notice. There were two splendid specimens of the nopal, the same plant that is cultivated so extensively in Mexico for the purpose of rearing the cochineal insect on; the present were of the white variety, and produced fruit resembling large gooseberries, and something like them in flavour, except they are destitute of acidity. At the foot of the cliffs was a regular plantation of the nyctalago, or the night-flower; they are called four-o'clocks in St. Helena, because they expand their corollas about that hour in the afternoon. Here there was every kind of them, pink, yellow, white, and variegated. Here I also fell in with bushes of the St. Helena bilberry, whose fruit is an excellent substitute for the garden berries of Europe. Patches of arum, celery, wild mint, and cresses would clothe the banks of the stream; while antirrhina would climb up the rocks, nasturtiums cling around the stones, and fumitory and bitter-sweet grow under the shelter of projecting ledges. I saw goats cropping the leaves of the bitter thorn-apple with avidity, which, considering its virulence as a poison to man, is rather astonishing. However, such is