

enwrapped in a gorgeous garment of crimson and gold. Colour, colour, everywhere! The waters took a blood-red hue; the waves crept in, warmly glowing, to the shore; the rocks were a purple bulwark, the sands a pavement of ruddy gold. As for that little figure, with bare feet and brown shining face, round it the rays seemed to congregate. The crimson-tinged waves flashed about her feet. It was surely coloured light and not sea-water with which she was filling the pails.

"You seem to like getting the water," I said, going forward.

She rose, all flushed, with a pail full to the brim. She was panting; and, to the detriment of my new boots, I walked into the water and took it from her hand.

"What's the use," this young philosopher remarked,

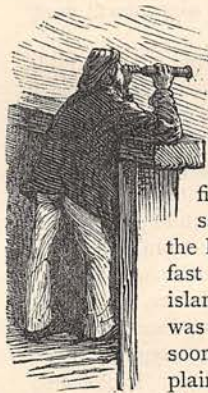
"of not liking what you have to do?"—to me a novel way of looking at necessity, and not altogether pleasing. Indeed, since I was in a talkative mood, I was ready at the moment to put her through a course of dialectics, in order to the disproving of her proposition—a vain intention, and never to be gratified. Tiny was in a hurry, and refused to talk.

I found out later that there was in this small and fragile-looking creature a vast amount of latent determination. I thought I had a strong will, and, as a fact, I believe I have never been found deficient on this head; but then, as often after, Tiny was one too many for me.

She persisted in silence, and presently I yielded to her will, gave up the pails, and went back, somewhat moodily, to my mother.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

SAINT HELENA IN 1877.



"SEE the land there, sir—about a point on the port bow? That's St. Helena, sir, that is." Of course I didn't see the land, but experience had taught me that I might have confidence in the marvellous power of a sailor to make out the dark streak on the horizon, and I went down to breakfast in a confident hope of seeing the island on my return to the deck. Nor was I disappointed; for on coming up soon after nine o'clock, the island was plainly visible as a line of cloud upon the water. Four hours of steady sailing

with the reliable south-east trades brought the good ship alongside of the precipitous rock, rising so strangely in mid-ocean, which has so absorbing an interest in the history of the world.

The only landing-place at St. Helena is Jamestown, the capital and only town of the island, nestled down in a ravine, with sheer cliffs running up on either side. Off Jamestown, therefore, we dropped anchor, and at once the health-officer was alongside and satisfied himself as to the propriety of our landing. On his leaving, we were surrounded by boats innumerable, some of them anxious to take passengers ashore, others bringing women with necklaces and ornaments of native work to sell. A great number of washerwomen came too, with letters of recommendation from former customers. I have known instances where these letters would not have been so readily presented, had the laundress been able to read English. One such letter ran—"Never had my things so badly washed in my life." Another—"The woman only expects you to pay half what she asks."

Taking one of the many boats that were fighting for precedence at the foot of the gangway, a few vigorous strokes from the swarthy oarsmen brought us to the stone steps of the landing-place, and we were in St.

Helena. Our first greeting was from a small boy, who had been vigorously ringing a bell, and now came forward and gave the bell into our hands. Examining it, we found pasted upon it an announcement that, by special request, *The School for Scandal* would be performed that evening at the Old Rock Theatre. Here indeed was a surprise. Upon this island, the whole population of which would hardly fill the theatre in Drury Lane or in Covent Garden, was a theatre, and in that theatre was to be acted no less distinguished a comedy than the masterpiece of Sheridan. We naturally thought with some fear and trembling of what the result might be in the hands of the St. Helena stock company, but nevertheless mentally determined to see for ourselves.

Following the quay for about one hundred yards, we came to the gates of the town. The inhabitants seem hardly alive to the fact that their illustrious prisoner is no longer with them, and accordingly the gates are closed every night at half-past nine o'clock, and no one can leave the town after that time without an order from the governor.

Passing through the gates, we enter the main street of Jamestown. The town, indeed, consists of one main street, which follows the winding of the valley. On the right, immediately on entering the town, is Ladder Hill, on the top of which are the barracks, and which you ascend by a terribly long flight of steps. On the left is the garden attached to the governor's town house, which is open to the public; and adjoining the garden is the site of the house, recently destroyed by fire, in which Napoleon passed his first night in St. Helena, and where the Duke of Wellington, when Sir Arthur Wellesley, also passed a night on his return from India.

The island is very barren of vegetation, and the fruits produced are not many. Dates, bananas, grapes, mangoes, guavas, and figs are perhaps the most abundant. Meat is very scarce and dear, the inhabitants relying a good deal on Australia for the

supply. When an ox is killed, the joints go to a few favoured residents and to the barracks. We were to have brought a bullock for them from the Cape, but the animal unfortunately broke its neck coming on board.

In the evening we set out for the Old Rock Theatre, the ladies walking down in evening dress, without any need for shawls or hoods, although, as we were in the month of June, it was the middle of the St. Helena winter. The room dignified by the title of the Old Rock Theatre is reached by a very shaky flight of steps, dimly lighted by an ancient lantern. The stage, a very diminutive one, is at one end of the room, and raised about a foot from the floor. The band, by a wise arrangement, plays in the yard. We found the room well filled, and learnt that the comedy was to be played by ladies and gentlemen from the principal families in St. Helena, with reinforcements from the garrison stationed there. Of the performance, suffice it to say that it equally surprised and pleased us, though had the ghost of Sheridan been present, it must have been greatly puzzled when two of his characters sat down to examine an album of photographs.

The following day we devoted to the object of our stay upon the island—a visit to Longwood. To the stranger, anxious to visit Longwood from Jamestown, there are three courses open. He may drive, or rather, he may sit in a basket pony-carriage, with a man walking at the pony's head; or he may ride, in which case he will be accompanied by a small boy, who fearlessly holds on to the animal's tail; or, thirdly, if he is energetic enough he may walk. The distance is probably not more than three or four miles, but the road is a continual ascent, and the walk is fatiguing to any but the robust. The horses of the island are rather a sorry crew, and some have a vicious habit of pounding the rider's legs against the wall of rock that skirts the road. So we decided for the pony-carriage, and, in a leisurely way, started on our journey. When the winding road has brought you about half-way to the summit of the cliff, you see on the right, "The Briars," a substantial comfortable-looking house, with a pavilion adjoining it, which was placed at Napoleon's service by its owner whilst the furnishing of the house at Longwood was being completed. Leaving on the left the footpath leading to Napoleon's grave, you reach a little colony of houses, amongst them the "Rose and Crown Hotel," a primitive little establishment at which prudence suggests your ordering some lunch, which may await you on your return.

This accomplished, another mile of level road brings you to the gate of Longwood. However thorough a Briton you may be, I think the feeling on seeing the desolate little one-storied house must be, "What a terrible place for a man who had lived the active, restless life of the fallen Emperor!" High up on a barren cliff, bleak and unsheltered, with watch-houses and signal-stations on every point of vantage, with a regiment encamped upon the adjacent plain and a cordon of sentries round the house, he may well have felt that he was need-

lessly reminded that he was a prisoner, and have instituted imaginary comparisons between his condition there, and the way he would have been treated had he surrendered himself to the Emperor Alexander of Russia, or the Emperor Francis II. of Austria. It is easy to realise the feeling that must have been in his mind when, on seeing Longwood for the first time, he exclaimed, "*Nous n'aurons de trop que le temps.*"

Old Longwood and Napoleon's grave were bought by the French in 1858, the house having then been allowed to fall into a very dilapidated state. The buildings were repaired, and each room was repapered with paper of the pattern used when Napoleon was in residence there. The French Government, with characteristic good taste, forbid the attendants to receive any gratuity from visitors to the house or the grave, the one condition being that you shall inscribe your name in the visitors' book. Perhaps, at some far-distant date, a Frenchman will be able to visit the tombs of Wellington and Nelson in our metropolitan cathedral without being pestered for sixpence at every turn.

The first room you enter (they are all miserably small and low) is the drawing-room, in which are placed the French and British flags. From it you pass into the room in which Napoleon died. Where the head of the bed stood is now a fine marble bust of the Emperor, surrounded by a wooden railing; with these exceptions, the rooms are destitute of any furniture. You pass from the dining-room, in which Napoleon died, to his bed-room, bath-room, library, and billiard-room. Leaving the house, you pass through the garden, in which Napoleon used to work so vigorously, and turn your steps to New Longwood. This house was built for Napoleon's use after his arrival, but he never lived in it. An iron railing still separates the garden from the field adjoining, and Napoleon considered it was put there to remind him that he was a captive. Of course, nothing of the kind was intended, and Sir Hudson Lowe gave orders to have the railing removed; but before this was done, Napoleon's increased illness rendered it unnecessary.

Leaving Longwood, we returned to the "Rose and Crown," where we got lunch and some beautiful bouquets of flowers, and then set off to visit Napoleon's grave. The grave is down in the valley, by a stream of deliciously cool and pure water. Napoleon was in the habit of walking down to the stream and sitting by it in the shade of the trees, and he desired that when he died he should be buried by it, as the only thing that had given him any pleasure on the island. M. Morilleau and his wife, the courteous attendants, show you the grave and give you a glass of the water. Here again you inscribe your name in the visitors' book, and then ascend the hill to the main road where the carriages await you.

On the following day we joined our good ship again, and were soon under weigh for old England, bearing with us many pleasant associations and memories of St. Helena.