

for they are never allowed to go out except very early in the morning and late in the afternoon, on account of the hot sun, which would probably give them fever, or even kill them.

When I first remember Jamaica, we had been there only a few months. My dear mother was too delicate to live in England during the winter, and my father had been fortunate enough to obtain what was in those days an excellent Government

appointment. It was the year that slavery was abolished: I am always glad to think it was done away with before I knew anything about the country; and the negroes, as I saw them, were only a good-humoured happy race for ever laughing and singing.

The "we" I have spoken of above included, besides Mamma and Papa, a young aunt of whom we children were excessively fond, an English nurse, my sister, and myself. Jessie was about four years old, the prettiest



little fairy imaginable, and the idol and pet of every one. I am sorry to say I was very ugly, tall, thin, and sallow, and a regular tomboy, besides being the most mischievous child in the world. I did not mean to be naughty, but it seemed so dreadful to be always told to be quiet. No one ever thought of finding me any occupation, and, as I was forced to seek it for myself, spending my time in a series of scrapes, I am afraid I did not choose proper employments. Lesson hour was the happiest part

of the day, but unfortunately it lasted only a short while; I used to envy the servants their regular duties, and whenever I read in little books of children being obliged to work hard for their parents, I thought it must be much happier than having nothing to do, which was my constant complaint. Our nurse could not at all understand this ceaseless activity, and often drew a mortifying contrast between me and gentle, pretty little Jessie, whom she declared was "a born lady," implying that I was just the reverse.