

of the distant Azores, which had met our eyes since we lost sight of the dear old Needles, and, above all, as the first fragment of the *New World*, Sombbrero was a welcome sight. But a nearer view showed it to be an object of little interest,—a mere shelf of rock of small size, scarce lifting itself up above the ocean. It boasts of no vegetation, and its only aboriginal inhabitants are a race of black lizards and a few sea-birds; but a valuable kind of lime is procured from some quarries, worked, or intended to be worked, by a passenger on board the "*Douro*." The resemblance of this skerry to a hat, *Sombbrero*, is hard to discover, seeing that it presents a perfectly *flat* outline.

Shortly after passing Sombbrero, the Isle of St. Martin appeared in the distance on the left, and the afternoon found us steaming under the Virgin Gorda Islands, whose volcanic peaks, green-sloped and tufted with forests, presented a lovely picture to eyes wearied with the barren waste of waters and the prospect of the "mournful and misty Atlantic." Watching the flying-fish as I reclined upon the bowsprit, I noticed a curious black inky appearance of the water, to which I called the attention of an officer, who, however, was unable to account for it. Shortly afterwards, behind a rock, the wreck of a steamer was descried, which some of the officers imagined they recognized,—only too truly as the event proved.

The sky was blue, a soft warm breeze was blowing, and the sun shone brightly, as, about 4 P.M. on Wednesday, Oct. 30, the "*Douro*" turned into the long-wished-for harbour of St. Thomas. In a moment all on board perceived that some ter-

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