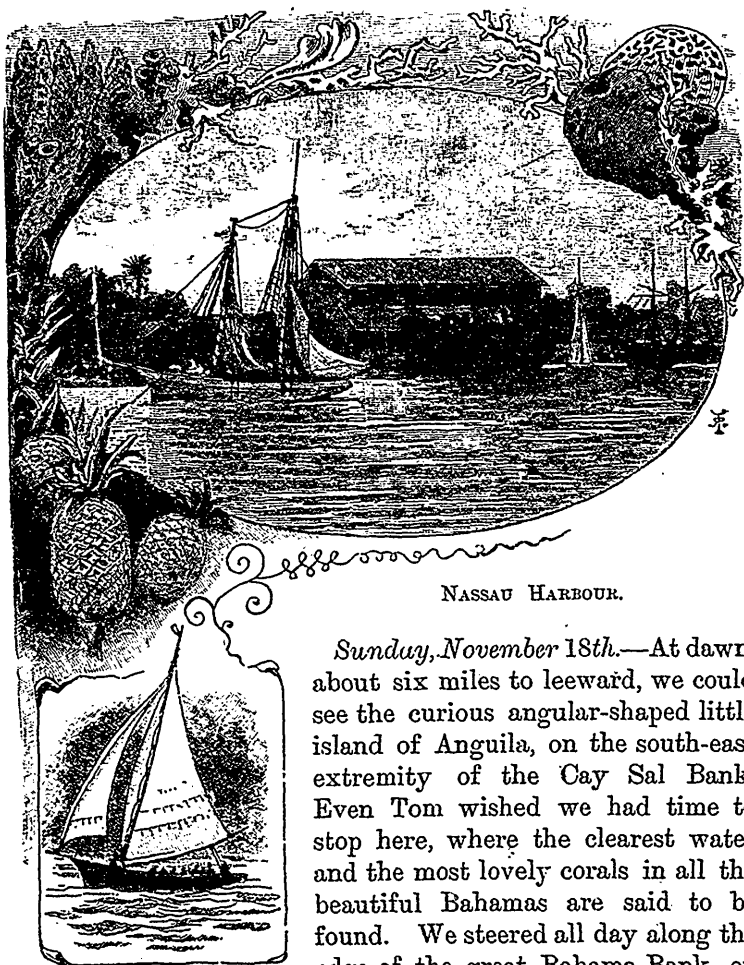


IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING FORTIES.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VIII.



NASSAU HARBOUR.

Sunday, November 18th.—At dawn, about six miles to leeward, we could see the curious angular-shaped little island of Anguila, on the south-east extremity of the Cay Sal Bank. Even Tom wished we had time to stop here, where the clearest water and the most lovely corals in all the beautiful Bahamas are said to be found. We steered all day along the edge of the great Bahama Bank, on which so many good ships and such vast piles of treasure have been lost. Morning and afternoon service were held in the saloon; the wind being too strong to allow us to have service on deck, and the weather so rough that there were not many attendants.