

ladder; the clamour of negro mens' tongues is very confusing. No sooner are we seen, than every boatman gesticulates at us, and beseeches us, to hire him to take us ashore. We may give no sign, but each goes through the pantomime of making believe that we have singled him out particularly for our favor, calling out: "Dis yo' boat, Sir! Dis one fo' the Reverend Minister! We, Sir, be tankful fo' yo' pat'nage!" Once on shore, our minds are filled with new impressions. All that I saw was absolutely new and unexpected. As it was a public holiday, the town was all astir—the blaze of color from the negro woman's dresses (you rarely see a white woman). Some of the women and children struck me especially. They were smartly dressed in white calico, scrupulously clean, and tricked out with bright ribands and feathers, and they carried themselves so well and gracefully. Like the old Greeks, they are trained from childhood to carry heavy burdens on their heads; they are thus perfectly upright, and plant their feet firmly and naturally on the ground. Some had brought in baskets, or large wooden trays, which they carried on their heads, containing fowls and vegetables, bananas, oranges, and sticks of sugar cane, and others had yams, sweet potatoes, nutmegs, and other spices, from their bits of garden in the country. The men were active enough, driving carts, with donkeys and mules, bringing luggage ashore, etc. We saw a number of the English people and their families, leaving the Quay, in large pleasure boats, probably going to visit their friends on New Years day. Boats were flying to and fro under sail or with oars; officials coming off in white linen suits, with awnings over the boats. Notwithstanding these tropical features, it was all thoroughly English, and