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extraordinary flow of,—shall I call it language?—that I have ever listened to, and if the sales of their fruits and other commodities were at all commensurate with the volubility of their tongues in praise of them, they must have reaped a rich harvest.

Having spent half an hour or so in this, my first reconnaissance of the negro race, I secured a boat, hoisted an umbrella, and after various ineffectual efforts got clear of the surrounding boats; and in less time than it takes me to write it, we were on shore wending our way to the old-fashioned hotel which is close to the wharf, a small but beautiful garden only intervening. This hotel is built in the old Flemish or Dutch style, with a large stoup on the second story, facing the sea, and from which there is a lovely view of the harbour.

The little island of St. Thomas belongs to Denmark; its area is only about thirty-two square miles. It suffers much from want of water. The soil is consequently arid and unfitted for cultivation. In a commercial point of view the town is of great importance, being the great emporium whence almost all the towns and islands along the Spanish Main are supplied. People of all nations are to be seen in the different stores; Americans, Jews, Spaniards, French and creoles of almost every island, all seeking after filthy lucre, of course. There is a large trade done in Panama hats; these are made of a peculiar sort of grass