business matters in that vast country. A host of carriages are always waiting for hire, and a host of men and women are always there to offer green cocoanuts full of milk, or pine apples, both of which greatly abound; or curious growths of coral. Whoever goes to Nassau must understand that he goes there for repose. Life and variety of any moment do not exist. And, altogether, I shall remember my visit to Nassau.

On the 21st of March, having obtained professional licence, I left the coral shores and sparkling white roads of Nassau, New Providence, for New York again, and unfortunately in the same rolling boat that had brought me thither from Santiago de Cuba. I found some pleasant companions on board, whose names I have preserved; and we rolled into the vast, well-known harbour on the day appointed, the 25th. The only feature of our voyage that struck me was the effect of the Gulf Stream. It was not my first acquaintance with it, but I met it this time under special conditions, one of which was that we were getting into raw weather, and the other that I was naturally rather sensitive. But the difference at about noon on the 23rd was something remarkable enough to make me for a moment suppose that some sudden change had taken place in my own sensations alone. As this state of things continued, I mentioned it to some of the passengers, who replied, "Why, of course; we are in the Gulf Stream. This is your first time out here." The captain then gave me a small paper chart of our sailing, according to that excellent

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