

dropping in one by one to pay their respects, and the night was well advanced ere we sought our berth where the sound of the ship's-bell, followed by another, and still another announcing the hour of midnight, gave us the comfortable assurance that we were in the vicinity of land once more.

Scrubbing decks is an operation not calculated to induce sleep, and more especially on a sultry morning in the tropics; so with a "*mens conscia recti*," a feeling with which those partial to rising in the middle of the night are prone to solace themselves, I leaped from my berth and rushed on deck, where I found myself ankle deep in water; sailors and swabs flying about in all directions. But what were these drawbacks, to the enjoyment of the beauteous view that presented itself! The harbour, like a small lake, lay embosomed among hills and filled with vessels and boats of all sizes, from the large American merchantman, to the small and fragile craft paddled by the negro women, like minnows among the larger fish.

The appearance of the town from the harbour is most picturesque, the houses rising tier above tier with their red tiled roofs and green blinds.

As the morning advanced we were surrounded by an innumerable flotilla of small boats rowed by negroes, and crammed with pines, bananas, melons and other tropical fruits, the vendors of which were blessed with the most