

around the boat. We had on board some eighty-five slaves, men, women and children; a number of them were put ashore to work on the coffee plantations, the remainder were for Prince Island. At night dozens of small boats with torches were fishing. The torches were made of pounded cedar wood, and gave a bright light. A net was fastened to the centre of the boat; the flying fish, attracted by the light, hit this net and fell into the boat. At St. Thomas we took on some 3,000 bags of coffee. Next morning we reached Princess Island. We were to have taken on some 2,000 bags of cocoa. As it was raining we could not load it, so waited until the next day. Prince Island is a beautiful spot, with a great deal of tropical vegetation. There are also the ruins of several old churches. Some of the altars and images are still standing. After leaving Princess Island we had a week's sailing without a stop, arriving on September 16th at St. Tiago, a barren looking island, where we took coal. St. Vincent was our next stopping place; looked as if there was more business going on than at any of the other ports at which we called. A great many boys came out in small boats, and would dive for a penny thrown into the water. They would dive from the upper deck of the steamer, or dive down at the side of the steamer and come up at the other. After leaving this port one of the second-class passengers died and was buried the same afternoon. September 22nd, we arrived at Madeira. We went ashore. It is, indeed, a beautiful place. The streets are very narrow, and one meets beggars at every turn; also many women and children selling hand embroidery; some of it is very beautiful. They use oxen a great deal, even for the carts; for working ox sledges are used; the streets are cobble stone, and these sledges make a great deal of noise. Most of the people speak a little English. They make a great deal of wire work, chairs, baskets, etc. We took the tram cars to the top of the mountain, then the inclined railway up the mountain. It was a beautiful ride of about half an hour. Vineyards and gardens were to be seen on every side. Every foot of the mountain seemed to be under cultivation and all irrigated. At the top of the mountain there was a view never to be forgotten—the vineyards in the foreground, the town with its picturesque houses, then the bay, the steamers and vessels at anchor, and the mountains beyond. When we returned to the steamer we found men gone on board to sell their wares, and divers by the dozen calling for pennies. After the boat had started we found that two passengers had been left behind, so we had to put back to get them. After leaving Madeira the captain and officers were presented with an address, thanking them for their kindness, etc., etc. Of course, there were the toasts and plenty