

Paramaribo, the capital of Dutch Guiana, is situated ten miles from the mouth of one of the many turbid streams of this province. It is a silent, sleepy place, that in some ways calls to mind Amsterdam or Leyden.

The houses have high pitched roofs covered with tiles, dormer windows, and old-fashioned Dutch stoops, or porches, at the sides of the houses, where the family can gather to enjoy the refreshing breeze of the evening. The doors are painted green, and have bright brass knockers.

The streets are quiet. There are no rattling horse cars, and but few hackney coach stands. A silent canal flows through the centre of the street; there are no sidewalks, and the road is paved with sand and bits of shells, which glitter dazingly in the brilliant sunshine.

We might believe we were in dear old Holland, if it were not for the dense, tropical forest of waving cabbage and cocoa palms across the river, and the negroes in their cool, white clothes. The negro women carry great piles of dishes or jars upon their heads, with as much graceful ease as do the Indian women.

Cayenne, the capital of French Guiana, is built upon an island, only fifteen feet above the level of the sea. The houses are scarcely visible from the ocean on account of the many shade trees of the city.

The glory of Cayenne is Cabbage Palm Square. This is a group of palm trees, rivaling in grandeur and beauty Palm Tree Avenue in the Botanical Gardens of Rio Janeiro. There are five hundred palms of an average height of eighty feet. They are planted in eight rows, about twenty feet apart. With their upright, straight