THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN THE ANTILLES

BY · F. A. OBER ·

Armstrong & Co. Lith. Boston

MANIOC.org
Archives départementales de la Guadeloupe

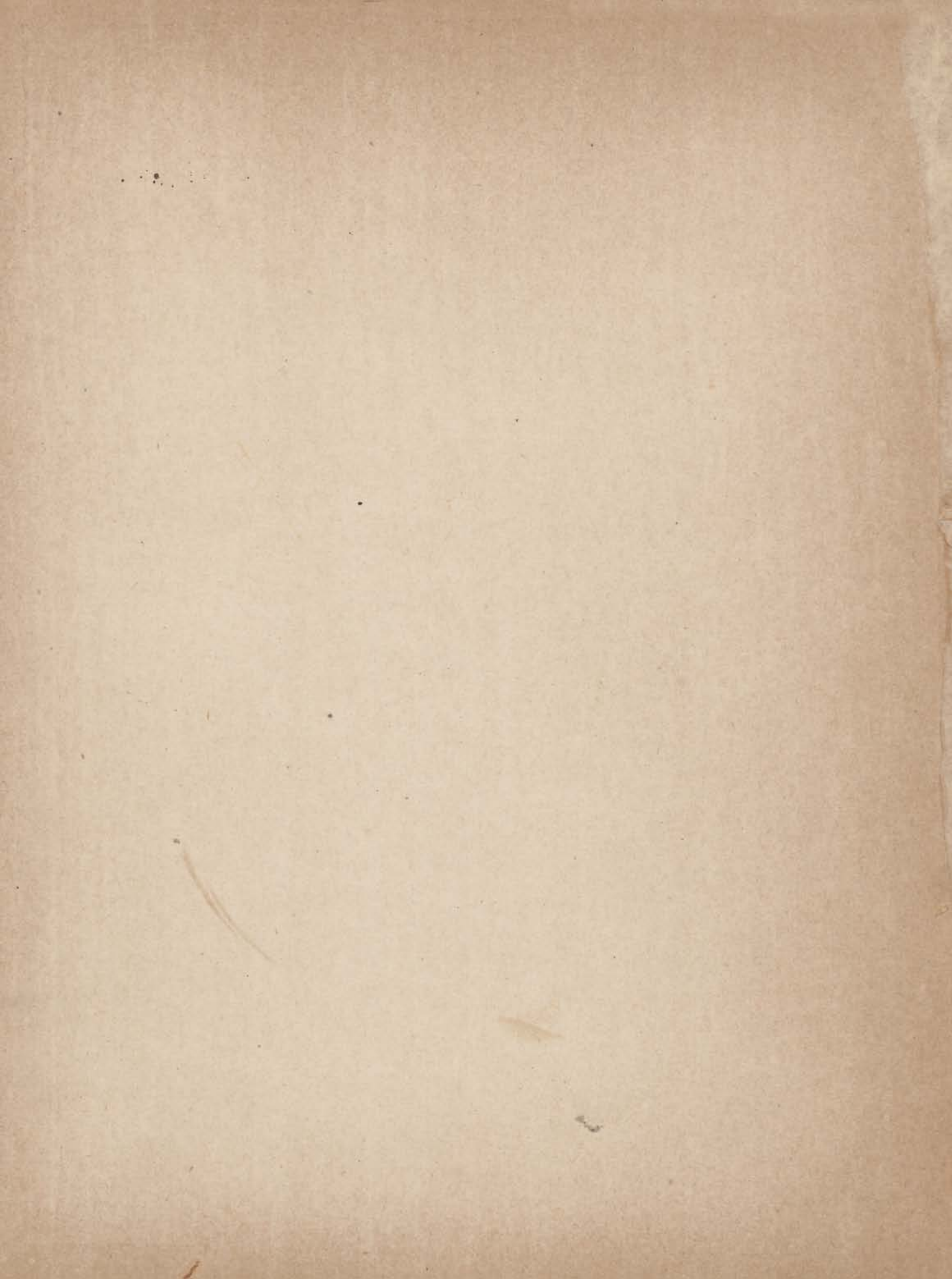
· ESTES & LAURIAT ·
BOSTON, MASS.

manioc.org
Archives départementales de la Guadeloupe

MANIOC.org
Archives départementales de la Guadeloupe

MANIOC.org
Archives départementales de la Guadeloupe

MANIOC.org
Archives départementales de la Guadeloupe



RALPH W SCHREIBER

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB

IN THE ANTILLES

N° entrée:

THE

KNOCKABOUT CLUB.

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN THE EVERGLADES.

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN THE ANTILLES.

BY F. A. OBER,

AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN MEXICO," ETC.

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN THE WOODS.

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB ALONGSHORE.

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN THE TROPICS.

BY C. A. STEPHENS,

AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG MOOSE-HUNTERS," "CAMPING OUT," ETC.

IN THE LAND OF PERPETUAL SUMMER.

THE

KNOCKABOUT CLUB

IN THE ANTILLES

AND THEREABOUTS

BY F. A. OBER

AUTHOR OF

"TRAVELS IN MEXICO," "THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN THE EVERGLADES," ETC.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON

ESTES AND LAURIAT

Copyright, 1888,

BY ESTES AND LAURIAT.

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS.

Chapter		Page
I.	From Somewhere to Nowhere	11
II.	The Island in Mid-Ocean	23
III.	From Bermudas to Bahamas	40
IV.	Through the Bahama Isles	52
V.	The Cuban Coast and its Cities	68
VI.	The Pearl of the Antilles	93
VII.	The Storied Islands of the Antilles	112
VIII.	Scenes in the Black Republics	124
IX.	A Voyage to the Virgin Islands	137
X.	Bird-Hunting in St. Johns	150
XI.	Forest and Plantation Life	165
XII.	The New-World Home of an Empress	189
XIII.	All about a Monkey	190
XIV.	Parrots, Palms, and Plants of the Tropic Zone	196
XV.	Barbados, Trinidad, and the Pitch Lake	212
XVI.	From Guadeloupe to Gulf Stream	220

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
In the Land of Perpetual Summer	*Frontispiece*
A House in the West Indies	13
"The negro in his glory"	17
"The Captain claimed to sail the 'Nehemiah' by dead reckoning"	21
Off Hamilton, in the Bermudas	25
"Fish of all kinds are extremely abundant"	28
"With a strong breeze, she drove straight for the reefs"	30
"Deep inlets with grassy banks"	31
The Silk Cotton Tree, or Ceiba	33
"Nearly all the species of fish that bask in the Bermudian waters"	35
The Banana	38
"The tropic vale, thick set with palms"	43
"Hunt the mighty alligator"	47
"The fairy harbor wooed us to its arms"	51
Isles of the Bahamas	53
"He hired a little house"	57
"The cocoas are most abundant"	61
"Humble habitations, half hidden beneath cocoa palms"	65
"A few hours' sailing brought into view high hills"	69
"A rich and highly cultivated region"	73
Santiago	75
"The streets of Santiago never fail to interest"	81
In the Cuban Mountains	85
The Cashew Nut	89
City and Harbor of Havana	95
Statue of Columbus (Havana)	99
"The market-place, laden with strange fruits of the tropics"	101
"Columbus yet rests in the old cathedral"	104
"The meanest man in the United States"	107
"That peculiar vehicle, — a volante"	108
View of Matanzas, Island of Cuba	109
Whispering Palms and Golden Sands	113
"They had boats called canoas"	116
"Amongst the listless threads of Indian affairs"	117
"Enticing them on board their vessels"	122
The Porters of Port au Prince	125
Sans Souci, — "beautiful even in its ruins"	129
The Citadel at Laferrière	133
On the Coast of Hayti	135
The Virgins	137
"When the Spanish galleons sailed the Carribbean Sea"	139
"A charming town, covering the slopes of three rounded hills"	141
"These ruins were but specimens of those of the island"	147
"When I found him, I gave him a rating"	151
"She and her two sons slept on the floor"	155
A Sugar-mill and Planter's House	159
The Sand-box Fruit	163
Clock-tower, Trinidad	164
"The busy laborers, cutting the cane"	167
"The Frangipanni"	169
A Plantation Border	171
"A peculiarity of the cocoa is its love for the sea"	175
The Tamarind Flowers and Pod	176
The Boiling Lake, Dominica	177

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
In the Land of Perpetual Summer	*Frontispiece*
A House in the West Indies	13
"The negro in his glory"	17
"The Captain claimed to sail the 'Nehemiah' by dead reckoning"	21
Off Hamilton, in the Bermudas	25
"Fish of all kinds are extremely abundant"	28
"With a strong breeze, she drove straight for the reefs"	30
"Deep inlets with grassy banks"	31
The Silk Cotton Tree, or Ceiba	33
"Nearly all the species of fish that bask in the Bermudian waters"	35
The Banana	38
"The tropic vale, thick set with palms"	43
"Hunt the mighty alligator"	47
"The fairy harbor wooed us to its arms"	51
Isles of the Bahamas	53
"He hired a little house"	57
"The cocoas are most abundant"	61
"Humble habitations, half hidden beneath cocoa palms"	65
"A few hours' sailing brought into view high hills"	69
"A rich and highly cultivated region"	73
Santiago	75
"The streets of Santiago never fail to interest"	81
In the Cuban Mountains	85
The Cashew Nut	89
City and Harbor of Havana	95
Statue of Columbus (Havana)	99
"The market-place, laden with strange fruits of the tropics"	101
"Columbus yet rests in the old cathedral"	104
"The meanest man in the United States"	107
"That peculiar vehicle, — a volante"	108
View of Matanzas, Island of Cuba	109
Whispering Palms and Golden Sands	113
"They had boats called canoas"	116
"Amongst the listless threads of Indian affairs"	117
"Enticing them on board their vessels"	122
The Porters of Port au Prince	125
Sans Souci, — "beautiful even in its ruins"	129
The Citadel at Laferrière	133
On the Coast of Hayti	135
The Virgins	137
"When the Spanish galleons sailed the Carribbean Sea"	139
"A charming town, covering the slopes of three rounded hills"	141
"These ruins were but specimens of those of the island"	147
"When I found him, I gave him a rating"	151
"She and her two sons slept on the floor"	155
A Sugar-mill and Planter's House	159
The Sand-box Fruit	163
Clock-tower, Trinidad	164
"The busy laborers, cutting the cane"	167
"The Frangipanni"	169
A Plantation Border	171
"A peculiarity of the cocoa is its love for the sea"	175
The Tamarind Flowers and Pod	176
The Boiling Lake, Dominica	177

	Page
St. Pierre, Martinique	181
Street in St. Pierre	184
Birthplace of Josephine	185
A Martinique Negress	187
Coolie Woman	187
The Pitons of St. Lucia	188
The Monos Boca	191
The Home of the Monkey	193
"Scenes of such entrancing beauty"	197
The Lazy Carriers	199
"These tropic isles of the cocoa-palm"	203
Port of Spain, Trinidad	207
Bamboos	211
Bridgetown	213
Fine Public Buildings	214
The Pitch Lake, Trinidad	215
Governor's Residence, Trinidad	216
In the Botanic Gardens, Port of Spain	217
King Street, Port of Spain	218
Pointe à Pitre, Guadeloupe	221
"The road was excellent"	224
"The whole shore is coral"	227
"Twice we bade our friends farewell"	231
"At noon the lead was thrown"	235

THE

KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN THE ANTILLES.

CHAPTER I.

FROM SOMEWHERE TO NOWHERE.

AFTER their return from Florida and the Everglades, the "Antiquarian" and the "Historian" rested, during the space of several months. Their vast collections, in their respective fields, needed careful arrangement and classifying; so the entire summer passed away, while they were engaged in these occupations. But the pursuit of knowledge is never-ending; the deeper the draught one takes, the deeper his capacity; and as his horizon widens, new fields for exploration rise. Boundless are the vistas opened to the youth engaged in the studies of Nature; they lead away and away until life seems all too short for the accomplishment of his plans.

In short, we found that Florida had been but the open door to countries beyond. Florida had merely given us glimpses into a region entirely new and strange. It gave us a hint, a foretaste, of what might be found by the adventurous explorer who would penetrate into the veritable tropics, and not stand halting on its border region. So, having investigated the semi-tropics, and having traced the ever-changing chain of vegetation and animal life to the confines

of another zone, we resolved, by one bold push, to step across the line, and essay an exploration of the land of perpetual summer. Although not overburdened with money, and in fact with very little of it, we found means for putting our plans in shape during the autumn months; and the first of December found us afloat. On one of the coldest days of that winter month, the reader of these lines might have found us snugly stowed away in the cabin of a little schooner of ninety tons, with the West Indies as our destination.

That vast assemblage of islands, lying between the two American continents, and stretching over some fifteen degrees of latitude, is known collectively as the West Indies. It is composed of three different groups: the Bahamas, lying nearest to Florida, and composed of coral islands and keys; the Greater Antilles, containing the great islands of Cuba, Hayti, Jamaica, and Porto Rico; and the Lesser Antilles, or Caribbees. These last were our destination, as they seemed to promise us most profit, in the way of new birds, plants, and strange adventures. Unlike the coralline Bahamas and the primitive Antilles, these Caribbees are volcanic, each island an extinct volcano, shooting abruptly up from the ocean depths; and each mountain clothed from base to summit in a tropical vegetation.

Not to anticipate events, I will say no more of them at present, but let the sequel show our voyages, our trials, our hopes, and our disappointments. That was a cold day indeed which witnessed our attempted departure from the harbor of New York. How the wind whistled and howled through the rigging, and rocked our little craft in the hollows of the waves! Full three days we lay in the harbor exposed to a northeast gale, and on the morning of the fourth, the wind somewhat abating, our captain thought he would venture out. He was an old coasting captain, and knew the ins and outs of all the harbors on the Atlantic coast; so he concluded he would not speak a pilot, but slip out by himself. No sooner, however, had he given orders to up anchor, than one of the harbor pilots was aboard. Our captain

A HOUSE IN THE WEST INDIES.

muttered something it might not do to write here; but he put on a smiling face, and made the best excuse he could. It was "against the law" to go in or out the harbor without a pilot, and he knew it; and the pilot knew it, too! In truth, the pilot "had him foul," as the sailors say, and at once took advantage of his position.

"Good mornin', cap'n. Guess you want some help."

"Well, I don't, now. I can sail these waters without any of your assistance."

"May be," replied the pilot, carelessly; "but I might as well assist, all the same; you 've got to pay me, you know, half pilotage, any way."

Our captain well knew that. It was an unjust law, that compelled a sailor to pay for help he did not need; but it made no difference, he had to pay; the pilot was there, and the law was behind him.

"How much 'll you take to tow me out?"

The pilot had come in a steam-tug, and he was ready either to take the helm and sail the vessel, or tow her out to sea behind the tug.

"I 'll do it for seventy-five dollars."

"Too much; I 'll give you fifty."

"Seventy-five."

"Fifty."

"Seventy-five."

"Fifty."

"Seventy-five."

"And ye won't take a cent less?"

"Not a cent less."

The captain gritted his teeth, and glared at the pilot, who merely smiled blandly on him, and bit off a mighty "chew of tobacco."

"Well, then, consarn ye, hitch on yer old tea-kittle. I don't care ef you tow her to Tophet."

These were words ominous of evil, as the sequel will show; but the pilot gave orders to hitch on, and soon we were dancing over the

waves behind the tow-boat. At sunset we were off Sandy Hook, and as the tug cast off the tow-line, late that evening, the great city of New York had sunk entirely out of sight, and was only indicated by a wavering line of lights. Next morning, there was hardly a sail in sight. On and on we sailed, for several days, almost companionless upon the deep; the one thing that broke the monotony being our entrance into the Gulf Stream, — that great river of warm water flowing through the sea from the Gulf of Mexico to the far-distant North. This current exerts a great influence upon the climate of the eastern coast of the United States, and brings to our shores many stray examples of tropic fishes and sea-weeds. It broadens as it goes north, and weakens until it is finally merged in the other streams that help to form the great system of ocean currents of the world. Its course is constantly changing farther eastward, and its influence upon the climate of the North diminishing. Eight hundred years ago it gave to Greenland the verdant valleys that suggested the name of that now desolate country. Even now its warmth is so great that it dissolves those great masses of ice that float down from the Arctic region, and is aptly called the "grave of the icebergs."

Our course was almost due south from New York, diagonally across the Gulf Stream, which is here about one hundred and sixty miles wide. The water was of a deeper shade of blue, and very warm, and we amused ourselves by drawing up buckets of it, at intervals of a few hours, and testing its temperature; finding it to grow warmer as we neared the middle of the stream, and gradually cooler towards its edge.

It is not our purpose to describe the voyage, for all voyages at sea are pretty much alike; but to tell how we got to our destination, and what we saw when we reached it.

We got to land all too soon; in fact, about two weeks before we intended to. We had been out just a week, and had been favored with good weather all the time, the gale that assailed us in New York

"THE NEGRO IN HIS GLORY,"

harbor having died away. The temperature was delightful, and our sailors (there were four of them, besides the captain, mate, and cook) went about barefoot, over deck and rigging. It was about midnight of the seventh day out, that our real adventures began. I was awakened by a peculiar noise, as if some great fish, or submarine monster, had scraped its back along our keel; then, as we jumped out of our berths, there came a great thump, as if we had struck a rock. This was so severe a shock that our heads were bumped against the walls of the cabin, and the binnacle light was put out. We were in the dark, frantically groping for our clothes, not knowing what had happened, nor knowing what to do. But we were convinced that we must get out of the cabin at once, and on deck we rushed, half dressed, and wildly stared about. All was confusion there; the captain was shouting hoarse commands, the sailors were pulling at the ropes, the mate, at the wheel, was hurled to the right and left, as the vessel leaped about, rising on the waves and coming down with a shock that seemed to loosen everything on board.

We asked no questions, for the situation explained itself: we had *run on a reef;* we were surrounded by breakers, whose white jaws opened upon us threateningly.

"Go down, and git your dunnage," yelled the captain, as he caught sight of us, his only passengers; "git all ye can together in five minutes, and come on deck agin. This ere vessel ain't going to stand such a thumpin' as this more 'n half an hour. Go down, I say!"

We went down; but what to pack up for rescue puzzled us. Our guns, revolvers, camera, books, — all seemed equally valuable then. Our money we had in belts, which were quickly strapped around our waists. Locking our trunks, we seized what we could carry in our hands and again appeared on deck, where we finished our toilets as best we could. Meanwhile, the little schooner was pounding down upon the reef as if she wanted to make a hole through to China, or some other antipodal country, and we had all we could do to keep

upright, and from being thrown into the sea. The captain was greatly excited, but he kept his senses; and, seeing that it would be useless to attempt to launch a boat through the breakers that now surrounded us, he resolved to cling to the ship.

"Better git all your things together, boys; we ain't going to leave till we have to, not so long 's the 'Nehemiah' holds together. She 's a pretty tough vessel, built in Bath; but there ain't many can stand a thumping like this. There 's a piece of her keel now, and part of her copper 's hanging. Well, just git ready to cut away the boat, if she doos go down,— that 's all!"

The mate growled his displeasure, as the rudder-post jumped up and down, throwing the wheel about crazily; but he swore he would hang on to that wheel till the spokes came out! The pounding suddenly ceased; the wind had filled the loosened sails, at intervals, and forged the vessel slowly ahead. A ring of breakers surrounded us, but also a clear space of smooth water, which separated us from them. The schooner had been driven over the reef she had first struck, and now sat bolt upright, in a sort of cradle, that seemed hollowed out expressly for her.

"Well, she can't git away, anyhow," remarked the captain, when he had found out the situation. "She 's here, and she ain't anywhere else, and at the same time she ain't nowhere, either. I wonder where in the world we be!"

That was a question no one could answer. We had started for Martinique, in the West Indies; but it would take at least two weeks to reach that point; and here we were, stranded in mid-ocean, surrounded by breakers, only a week from New York.

"Mighty bad seamanship, somewhere," remarked the Historian to the Antiquarian.

"Yes; the captain has claimed to sail the 'Nehemiah' by dead reckoning; and it seems to me the deadest kind of reckoning I ever heard of."

The mate, now relieved from his position at the wheel, went below, brought up the binnacle-box containing the compass, and regarded it critically. Then he got a hammer and knocked it to pieces. He said not a word, but looked things unutterable. After half an hour's labor he came to the captain and held out his hand; it contained a lot of nails. The captain whistled, and said, —

"THE CAPTAIN CLAIMED TO SAIL THE 'NEHEMIAH' BY DEAD RECKONING."

"Well, I vum!"

"Yes, sir," said the mate; "two dozen nails in that ere binnacle-box; no wonder we went out of our course. We might hev follered that ere compass clean around the globe, if we had n't fetched up here on this reef."

"That 's so," said the captain; "but where be we?"

"You 're the man that ought to know that; ain't you the capting of this vessel? And ain't I took the sun every day, and ain't you figgered out the longitude egzackly, or said you did?"

"Yes, but them nails!"

"That's so; them nails would beat all natur'."

"'Them nails'!" repeated the Antiquarian to the Historian, scornfully; "in my opinion it's the ignorance of 'them' sailors."

"But here we are, land-lubbers all, wedged into a crack in a reef, and so long as the wind blows gently, and the sea is calm, we are perfectly safe. Let's stir up the cook to get us something hot for breakfast."

It was now near dawn; gray clouds came creeping into the east; a light on the horizon, which they thought to be a star, went out suddenly, and below it they traced the shape of a lighthouse. This confused the captain still more; he got out his charts, and pondered, and shook his head; but he could n't even guess where he was. But there was the lighthouse, which signified land near, and people who might come to the rescue; and we had nothing to do but wait. The pumps had been tried, and it was found the vessel had not yet sprung a leak, so we had no immediate cause for anxiety.

"But where be we?" muttered the mate; "I'd like to know that!"

CHAPTER II.

THE ISLAND IN MID-OCEAN.

UR anxiety as to our whereabouts was soon allayed, for with the dawn came black specks dancing upon the water, creeping out towards us from a faint streak of yellow we knew to be land. These black specks increased in number, until they seemed like a cloud of flies suddenly blown down upon the sea. The captain, with his glass, watched them attentively a while, and then he handed the telescope to the mate with an ejaculation of despair and disgust. "Guess ye know where we be now, don't ye? Them 's wreckers, them be, and there 's a hundred if there is one; and there ain't only one place where wreckers swarm like that, is there?"

"You 're right, cap'n, they 're wreckers, and they 're niggers, every one of 'em; and there ain't but one place in all creation where they 're as thick as that."

"And where is that?" we asked, in a breath.

"Where? Did ye ever hear of Bermudy? Well, these ere islands is the Bermudys."

"Bermudas! Why, how in the world did we get off here, when our course was for the West Indies?"

"How? If I knew that, young man, I would n't 'a been here. Don't ask *me* how."

We did n't ask him; but our faith in him as a navigator was, from that moment, sorely shaken.

"And here they come," muttered the mate, "thicker 'n flies round a 'lasses hogshead; and the trouble now 'll be to git red on 'em."

Soon the nearest of them got within hailing distance, when they assured us that we need n't be frightened, that they would soon be aboard; and aboard they came, in the language of the cook, who wrote of the event in doggerel rhyme: —

"Full forty negroes sat on our rail,
Forty there were, and two;
They did no work, they hoisted no sail,
Nor otherwise aided our crew.

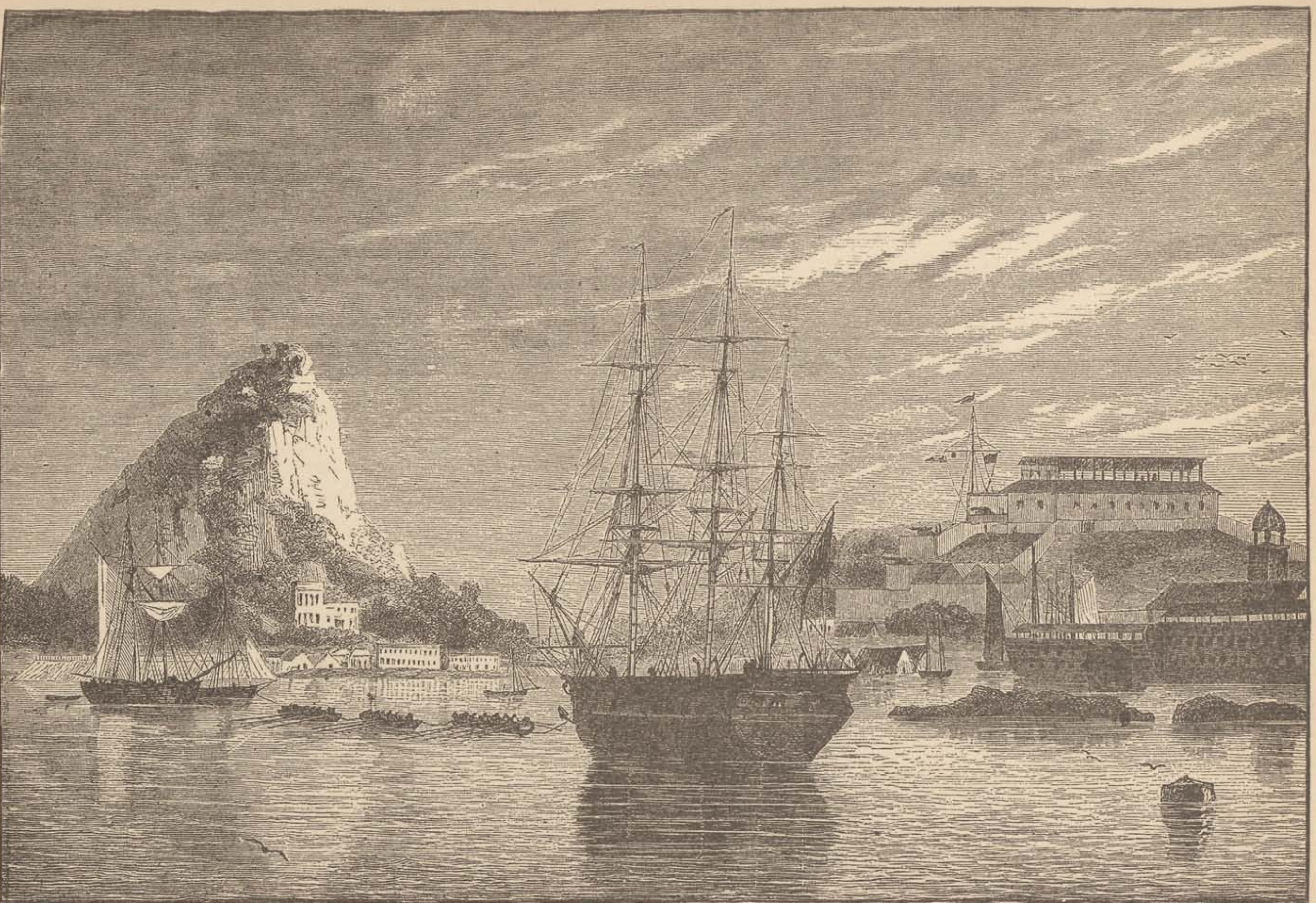
"But when our vessel was got into port,
These negroes, forty and two,
Swore they would carry our captain to court,
And vowed they would put him through.

"And they took him before a magistrate —
Rubicund he with wine —
Who peddled out law in second-rate
Judgment shop, seven by nine.

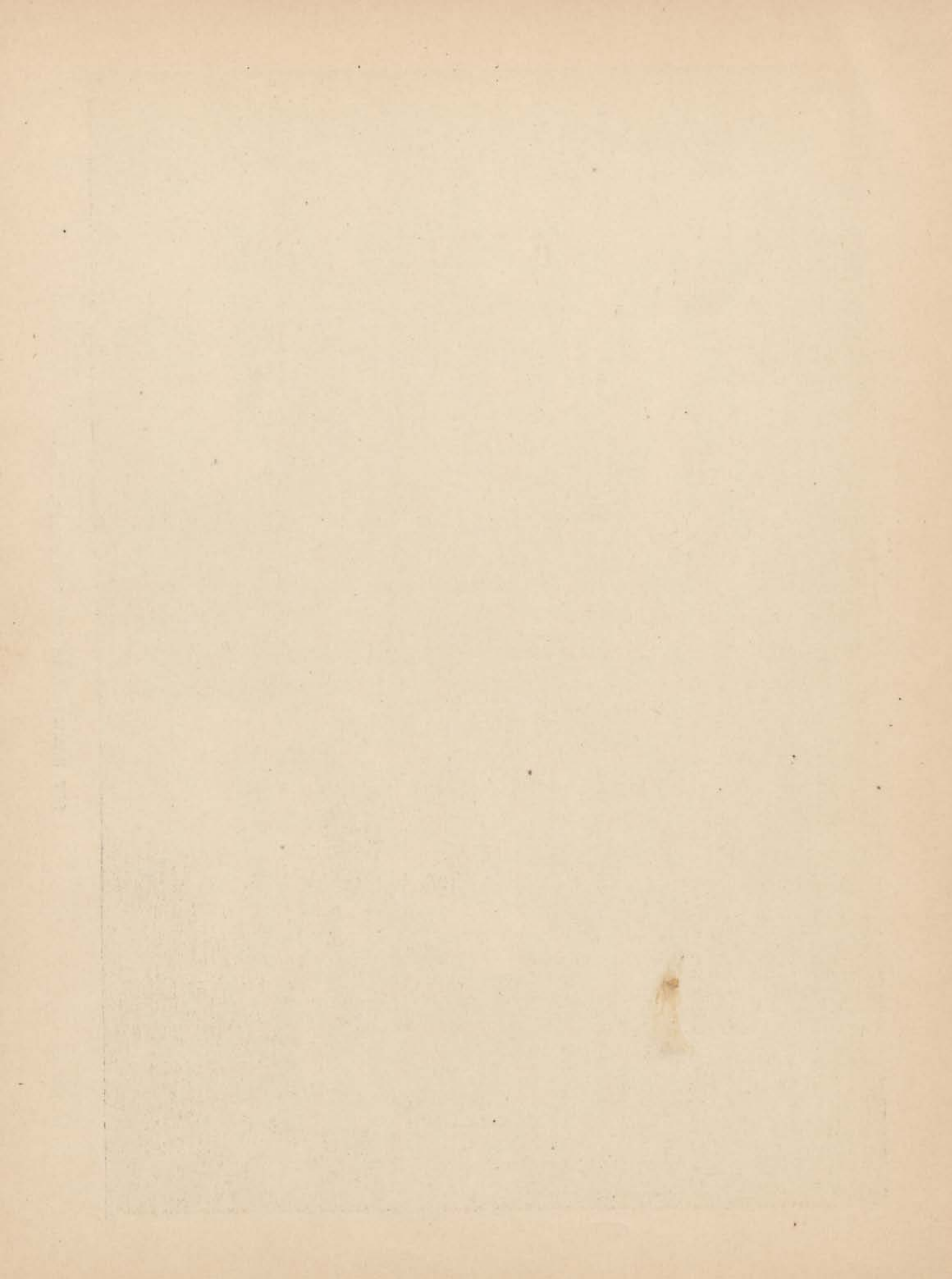
"Then the judge, said he, 'It is clear to me,
These men you have tried to wrong;
And if all agree, I will pitch the key,
To quite another song.

"'There are forty-two men, at two pounds ten,
Seven pound ten for me;
I wish you a pleasant voyage — Amen!'
Over the stormy sea."

To divest the narration of poetical ambiguity, those boat-loads of wreckers came and took possession of our vessel. They waited till the tide came up and lifted her off the reefs, then they calmly sailed her into the port of St. George's, and then presented a claim for salvage that was nearly all the vessel and cargo were worth. The captain's protests, the mate's expostulations, — even the cook's poetry, — had



OFF HAMILTON, IN THE BERMUDAS.



no effect whatever. It was not every day these people could get hold of a vessel, and so they made the most of it.

To make a short story of this long voyage, the "Nehemiah" was taken into port, where the port officers held the farce of an examination into her condition, and it was ordered that she be hauled out of the water on the marine railway and undergo repairs. These wreckers (or pirates, as the captain called them) swindled the owners of the vessel out of more than a thousand dollars before she was let go. The moral of all this is, don't get wrecked on the Bermuda reefs, and don't trust yourselves in the hands of those modern pirates, the wreckers.

The Bermudas lie southeast of New York, beyond the Gulf Stream. Diagonally across this great river of the sea as we sail in going to Bermuda, it is about one hundred and sixty miles, and from the eastern edge to the islands is three hundred and forty miles. From dock to dock, New York to Hamilton, Bermuda, the distance is seven hundred miles, and the time generally consumed in covering it is seventy-two hours, or three days. The temperature of the water at once indicates the gulf, rising 10°, varying from 60°–68° on the borders to 80°–84° in the middle. In looking over the chart, one finds that the distance between Bermuda and New York and between Bermuda and Halifax does not vary much; that the three places form a triangle, the hypothenuse lying between Bermuda and Halifax, the perpendicular between Halifax and New York, and the base between New York and Bermuda. It will be seen also that the Bermudas lie exactly in the centre of the great system of ocean currents that makes the circuit of the Atlantic.

It was off a portion of the Bermudas called Somerset, eight miles from shore, that our vessel was stranded. These coral banks that surround the islands are as beautiful as they are dangerous; and later, while the vessel was being repaired, we returned in a small boat and examined these wondrous gardens of the sea that lay submerged in the coral caverns.

The coral that reaches us of the North is dead and bleached, but as it is found in the sea, alive and growing, the appearance it presents is so different that you would not recognize it. In the water it is a brown object, branched like a bush, but covered with a disagreeable slimy mass, to remove which it must be buried, and then carefully cleansed, when it will form as beautiful an object as you can find by the sea in any country. Among the corals, of which there are about

"FISH OF ALL KINDS ARE EXTREMELY ABUNDANT."

a dozen varieties, myriads of bright-colored tropic fishes play hide-and-seek. Fish of all kinds are extremely abundant, and are taken alive in nets and fish-pots, and kept in grated wells in the boats till wanted.

Upon the crescent beach of Somerset we were landed, dripping and forlorn, and guided to one of the snowy cottages that are so numerous in the Bermudas. It was a cottage of stone, where oleanders grew in wild luxuriance, pigeon berries hung in orange clusters from waxen leaves, and huge lilies filled the air with their

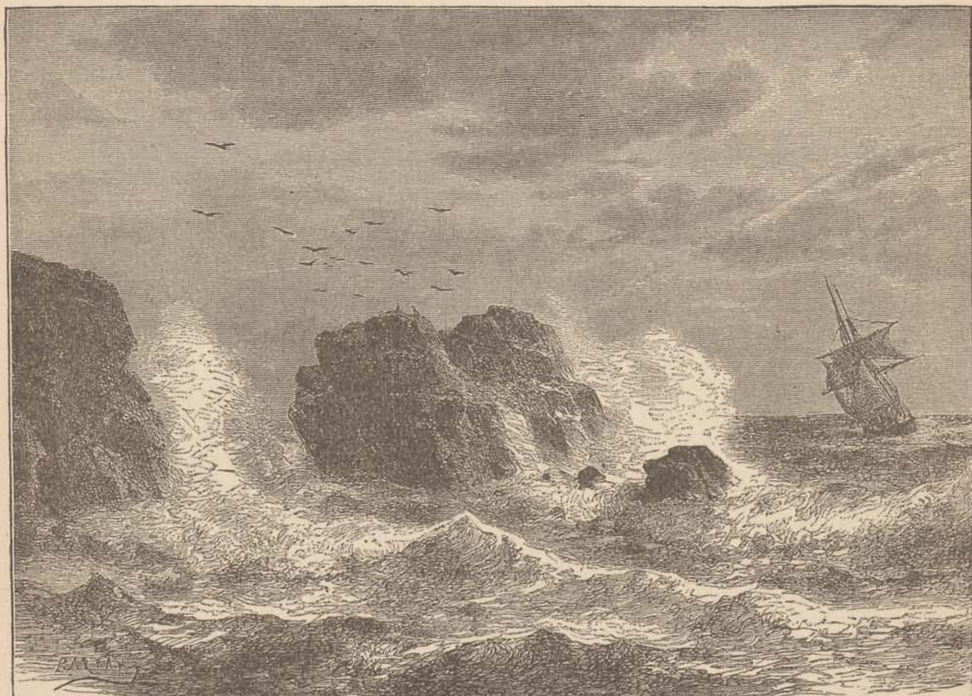
fragrance; and we were content—even with the vicissitudes of our ill luck. The two days we were in Somerset we feasted sumptuously every day, though our hearts smote us when we remembered our poor shipmates on that leaking wreck; and at night, when the wind roared around the northwest corner of the cottage and dashed the oleanders fitfully against the blinds, we would arise and peer anxiously into the darkness; and the earliest dawn would find us climbing the hill, only to see our little schooner safely riding the gale, eight miles off shore.

The queerest incident of my trip occurred at Somerset. When in Florida last summer, I had promised a friend, a native of Bermuda, who had not visited the island for fifteen years, that, if I ever saw Bermuda, I would call upon his mother. As I never expected to visit these islands I considered myself safe in the promise; but here I was, within three months of that time, wrecked within sight of his mother's house. The day after my arrival, I sought out my friend's house, gladdened the dear old lady's heart with news of her son, and passed a very enjoyable day; visiting the beach on which the famous shells are cast after storms,—a beach of creamy sand, strewn with gulf-weed, and hemmed in by high cliffs of wave-hollowed rock.

The Historian wrote home by the next mail:—

"Were this an account of our stay in Bermuda, I might prolong it many a page, but I shall confine myself to the incidents growing out of our trip, and leave these 'leafy isles' for some other letter. We went to Hamilton by boat, and thence to St. George's, where we met the vessel, which had been towed around to that place, as the only one where she could be drawn out of water for repairs. The morning of our last day on the reef a vessel hove in sight, heading directly for our vessel. With a strong breeze, she drove straight for the reefs; a weak hand seemed to guide her helm; her sails were slack. She struck, raised her bow a minute, then settled into the hollow of a reef. No one appeared above her rail; no boat was launched; her sails tugged vainly at their fastened cleets. A boat put out and boarded her. A dreadful sight met their gaze; stretched upon the deck were men so emaciated that they could hardly walk,—they were *starving to death!* For ten days they had had nothing but a pound or so of flaxseed meal and *two rats*, with a little slush

or refuse grease. The vessel was the 'Georgie Staples,' from Brunswick, Georgia, for New York, *thirty-nine days* out. Five times had they approached the coast, every time to be driven back; once when within two hundred miles of New York. In despair, the captain shaped his course for Bermuda, and



"WITH A STRONG BREEZE, SHE DROVE STRAIGHT FOR THE REEFS."

struck the reef, as I have above narrated, without a mouthful of food aboard the vessel.

"Here were sufferings which put ours to shame. I conversed with the captain afterwards, and he told me that he lay at Brunswick while the yellow-fever was raging there, lost one of his crew, was at enormous expense during his stay, finally got away, was driven back, and started again, with the result shown. The account he gave of the sufferings of the little town was pitiful. I could hardly realize that the cheerful, quiet town that I had seen in August, could, in less than a month, be the deserted village he described to me.

"The captain, a Maine man, was cheerful under his heavy misfortunes, and bore himself manfully. A day or two after our vessel was towed away, another vessel struck the reef close by, and yesterday, another, a brig, was reported ashore at the same place.

"In St. George's, when we arrived there, there were twenty distressed vessels in port. The account of the sufferings of the crews would fill a volume. In so short a letter I cannot give the particulars of the wrecking business here, as I intended, and must reserve that for future use.

"Our vessel is now repaired and reloaded, and we await only a fair wind to sail again on our voyage. When next you hear from me, I hope to be a thousand miles nearer the equator."

The month we spent here was well filled with work, and we rambled the islands through, with note-book open and our camera at hand. The result of our combined observations is given in the narrative of a Christmas walk we took through the islands, and which was written by the Historian.

"DEEP INLETS WITH GRASSY BANKS."

Bermuda is the name given to a chain of islands, over three hundred in number, lying in the Atlantic Ocean, six hundred miles east of the coast of North Carolina. They occupy an area of only twenty-three miles by three, but, from the barrier reefs that surround them, present the most dreaded obstacles to navigation in those seas. They are of coral formation, but it would seem, from soundings taken by the English, that beneath this coral are the peaks of a mighty mountain, rising up from the general level of the ocean floor to a height of twenty-three thousand feet.

There are but three or four large islands, the remainder being rocks and islets; all, however, attractive, with beautiful beaches of sand, deep inlets with grassy banks, great cliffs the homes of sea-birds, and coral ledges covered with an infinite variety of shells of every shape and color, and plants that wave their delicate leaves in the blue waters.

The great abundance of marine life, both animal and vegetable, is doubtless owing to the proximity of the Gulf Stream, whose warm water, flowing close to the Bermudas, gives to them a climate so delightful during the winter months, from November to May, that they are then the resort of thousands of invalids, who cannot endure the rigor of northern winters. The temperature in those months is mild and equable, ranging from 60° to 70°; but in summer the heat is very great and quite exhausting.

On that clear Christmas day we started out from Mangrove Bay, one of the many where snowy beaches are hemmed in between blue waters and green mangroves. Not far from this bay is Ireland Island, the refitting station of the Royal Navy, famous for its great floating dock, said to be the largest in the world, and capable of taking in the largest ship in the English navy. This dock was towed out from England in 1869, by two men-of-war, with another astern to steer it by, and placed safely in its present position, in an excavation fifty-four feet below low-water mark. On the other side of the bay is Wreck Hill, where the wreckers congregate to watch for wrecks, upon which they mainly depend for their provisions. These wreckers are a ravenous set, even now, though instead of murdering crews and enticing vessels upon the reefs, as formerly was the practice, they extort from shipwrecked mariners about as much through the courts as they used to get from direct robbery,—judges, lawyers, and wreckers being in league to despoil poor Jack of his last dollar.

As we walked along over the smooth roads, between hedges of oleander, and past little houses of shell-rock, I could hardly believe that this peaceful island had ever been the resort of pirates and buccaneers, and had given aid to the enemies of our country in the last war. Yet it was at one time a rendezvous for smugglers and blockade-runners, and the people grew rich from ill-gotten gains. The surface of the country, though there are no hills above two hundred and fifty feet, is agreeably diversified with hill and dale, and the many little islets dotting the numerous bays give all the needed variety to make the entire walk one of delightful surprises and lovely views. The principal trees are cedars (*Juniperus barbadensis*) and the underbrush sage-bush (*Lantana odorata*); there are now and then marshy tracts filled with reeds and rushes, with a palmetto here and there, while some of the bays, with muddy shores, are fringed with curious mangroves. Many tropical trees have

ARCHIVES DE LA GUADELOUPE

been introduced, among them being the silk cotton, india-rubber, and cabbage palm. The last is the most conspicuous, from its great height, even exceeding the royal palm of Cuba, for which it is sometimes mistaken. It is, however, a different species, being the *Oreodoxa olecacea* of the West Indian forests, where it sometimes reaches a height of fifty feet. There are no springs or wells of pure water in these islands; yet, with now and then a drought, there are raised here those supplies of potatoes, onions, and tomatoes that have made Bermuda famous. In some portions arrow-root is raised, which brings a higher price than any other in the world. Though cramped for room and stinted in soil, the Bermudians contrive (with the help of the products of the sea, wrecks cast up by the sea, and visitors from over the sea) to secure a very comfortable living.

THE SILK COTTON TREE, OR CEIBA.

The natural history of Bermuda is so peculiar that I must call attention to the fact that there are but four native mammals (three rats and a mouse), and ten resident birds, not individuals, but species. You would, I think, recognize the names of nearly all the birds, so I will mention them; the blue-bird, cat-bird, chick-of-the-village (*vireo*), cardinal-bird, crow, ground dove, quail, heron, and coot. But added to this list are one hundred and sixty-nine migratory birds, which visit the islands in the winter season. There is one reptile, a lizard; no snakes, but insects are numerous, corals and sponges in great number, and fish so abundant that above one hundred and twenty species are enumerated.

There is a lighthouse about midway of the island, with a light visible for many miles, three hundred and sixty feet above the sea. The erection of this light was strongly opposed by the wreckers, who foresaw it would diminish

their profits by warning vessels away from the reefs. From the dome the view of the island is very fascinating, the whole chain being spread out before you as upon a map. The tower is in latitude north 32° 15′. It is built of the white limestone used entirely in the construction of the houses of Bermuda. The rock quarries, from which this building material is obtained, are worth a visit; there you will see men sawing out the blocks of stone, which is very soft when quarried, but hardens on exposure.

The exclusive use of this white rock for building purposes, and the white stratum laid bare in constructing the roads, produce a painful glare that is too strong for weak eyes to bear without the intervention of colored glasses. Great spaces on the hillsides are also denuded of earth and plastered over for the catching of rain-water, upon which the inhabitants entirely depend. This glare is very offensive in Hamilton, the principal town, at which the steamers stop, after a passage of three or four days from New York. The island would be more beautiful without the town, though there is a fine church, an expensive hotel, and a public building or two. Leaving the town behind us, let us trudge on toward our destination, along the north shore. Of the bits of rural scenery, the most interesting are the country churchyards. True *church* yards are these of Bermuda, for around the place of worship are scattered the graves of former worshippers, with flowers above them and cedar trees shading them. Conspicuous upon a hill is the signal station, whence vessels are signalled a long time in advance of their arrival. Upon other hills may be seen barracks for the soldiers, for Bermuda is a military and naval station of much importance to England, being so near the American coast, and several regiments of the line are quartered here, while the engineers are constantly building new fortifications and strengthening the old ones.

The sand-hills of Bermuda, like those of other and larger countries, are continually shifting and encroaching upon the more fertile land. Some of them have buried houses and trees many feet deep, leaving only protruding chimneys and branches.

What changes have taken place since these islands were discovered! Though not playing an important part in the history of nations, yet this discovery is closely connected with that of the American continent. They were first seen by Juan Bermudez, a Spanish navigator, while on a voyage from Spain to Cuba, in 1515, and next described by an English privateer, Henry May, whose vessel was wrecked there in 1593. At that time every part of the island was covered with cedar, but there were no vegetables fit for food. They found "great store" of turtle, and lived upon them while they constructed a vessel of cedar, in which they sailed for Nova Scotia, and thence to England.

"NEARLY ALL THE SPECIES OF FISH THAT BASK IN THE BERMUDIAN WATERS."

Later on, another vessel was wrecked, containing one hundred and fifty persons, among them Admiral Sir George Somers, who had been appointed Governor of Virginia, and was on his way to that new colony when wrecked. It is said that the heart of Sir George was buried in Bermuda, — St. George's, — he having died there on a return voyage made for the purpose of supplying his colony in Virginia with provisions.

Those who have read Shakespeare's "Tempest" will recall his "still vexed Bermoothes," and the adventures of the King of Naples in this the abode of Prospero.

Leaving its later history, as not particularly interesting, we shall find Bermuda celebrated in the songs of another poet, who once resided here awhile. We shall have completed, perhaps, two thirds of our walk of twenty-four miles when we reach the caverns in the limestone rock known as Walsingham Caves. They are deep and dark, and a little colored boy comes out at your call, provides you with candles, and leads the way. You find the usual hollows, grottos, and stalactites, and dark subterranean ponds, that doubtless have connection with the sea. Then you emerge into outer air, covered with candle-grease, and glad to escape from the dark dungeons, and proceed to search for the localities celebrated in Moore's verses. Near the cave are the remains of a calabash tree, beneath which the lazy poet loved to recline, and from which he wrote some pleasant lines to a friend in England:

> "'T was thus by the shade of a calabash tree.
> With a few who could feel and remember like me."

In 1803 the poet was presented with an office here under the English government, but after a short stay he gave it in charge to a deputy and removed to England. This office he held for nearly *forty* years, but in the end he was righteously rewarded for his negligence of trust by being swindled by the deputy in charge of his interests.

In the southeast corner of the sound is a great cavern called "Devil's Hole," no one knows how deep, connected by a subterranean passage with the large body of water outside. Here are gathered nearly all the species of fish that bask in the warm Bermudian waters. Everything, from an angel-fish, with broad and gauzy wings, to sharks, "snappers," and toad-fish. They glide like mermaids from under deep, dark caves, rubbing against stalagmitic pillars and appear suddenly from crystal caverns. There is one fish here so knowing that he won't count above ten; he will come when you call him, and open his mouth when you tell him to, and hold up some delicacy for him to eat. "He can't talk, quite," says the keeper, "but he can grunt like thunder." And so he did,

when you scratched his back. "He 's ate three little darky boys already, and is ahungered for more," said the truthful custodian. "Do you see that shoe down there at the bottom? Well, that shoe once contained a little boy's foot, what was eat by Tom, the fish you see before you." Had it not been for the shoe that lay there with a few stray bones, we should have questioned both the man's veracity and the fish's voracity. As it was, we eyed the forty or fifty gaping mouths, each with its double row of teeth, with doubt, and quickly departed.

THE BANANA.

The caves of Walsingham are not deep nor dark, nor of great extent, but some of them are yet the same "sparkling grottos" that Moore mentions in his songs. They are glistening like frostwork, have domed and vaulted roofs, deep chambers, with lakes of pellucid water, in which are unhappy fish, and are worth a visit. The surrounding vegetation reminds one of the near approach this lovely group of islands makes to the tropics, for the secluded inland valley in which are the caves contains oranges, pomegranates, lemons, coffee-trees, bananas, and figs. Here also is the famous "calabash tree," which flourished in the days of the poet, beneath which he sat and wrote, like Jonah beneath his gourd. Shakespeare, Waller, and Moore have chosen the Bermudas as the field for the display of their fruitful powers of imagery, but, in my opinion, no one of them has so accurately, beautifully, and delightfully described them as our own New England poetess, Lucy Larcom, in her "Bermoothes."

"Under the eaves of a southern sky,
  Where the cloud-roof bends to the ocean floor,
Hid in lonely seas, the Bermoothes lie, —
  An emerald cluster that Neptune bore
Away from the covetous earth-god's sight,
And placed in a setting of sapphire light.

"Against the dusk arches of surf-worn caves,
  In the shimmer of beryl eddies the tide;
Or brightens to topaz where the waves,
  Outlined in foam, on the reef subside;
Or shades into delicate opaline bands,
Dreamily lapsing on pale pink sands."

George's terminates the drive through the islands northward, reached from the caves by a long causeway. Going through this lovely archipelago is like crossing a wide stream on stepping-stones; for you pass from island to island, first by bridge and then by ferry. St. George's is the military rendezvous of these military islands. All over its hills are forts and earthworks, and black cannon bristle from every cliff, while red coats gleam from every road and valley. On the other side of the harbor we discovered the hermit of the Bermudas, — Bartram, the naturalist, an old gentleman who has lived sixty years or more in a most secluded situation, studying the various objects washed up to his lonely isle by the sea. He is one of the few remaining personages that remind one of such worthies of old times as our own Bartram, the botanist, who had the wonderful botanic garden on the banks of the Schuylkill, and who wandered into the wilds of Florida a hundred years ago, when it was a wilderness. Into a little shanty he has collected the finds of a lifetime, — all the shells of these shores, the few birds and beasts, stuffed and preserved, — and there he sits and smokes, and has sat and smoked for years, until all his collections are black with the soot of his pipe.

A little garden and arrow-root plantation furnish him with the means of subsistence, and in these he digs just enough to give him bread. A placid bay offered such an invitation for a bath that I availed myself of the opportunity, and plunged into it. When I inquired if he could furnish me with a towel, he was in doubt; but believed there was such a thing somewhere in the house, and finally brought me a piece of bagging that was anything but comfortable. Though he had lived for sixty years alongside that little cove, he admitted he had rarely bathed in it. I have met with many Crusoes in my time, but not often with one so delightfully situated.

> "The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
> When the first perfume of a cedar hill
> Sweetly awaked us, and, with smiling charms,
> The fairy harbor wooed us to its arms."

CHAPTER III.

FROM BERMUDAS TO BAHAMAS.

THE "Nehemiah" was repaired at last, the last claim of the rapacious wreckers was satisfied, and we sailed on our voyage. Previous to leaving we made a discovery, whether a beneficial one or not yet remains to be seen. The Antiquarian, prowling about in search of relics, ran across a specimen that was by no means an antique, neither was he so very "fresh" or recent. To be brief, he discovered a Doctor, or rather the Doctor discovered him. A wandering dentist, who had somehow drifted to these islands, introduced himself to us, and desired to go along.

His desire was expressed to the captain, who agreed to take him at a fair compensation, and so he brought his "dunnage" aboard. We had scarcely got well under way before the doctor developed his wonderful aptitude for adapting himself to circumstances. He was acquainted with everybody on board at the end of the second day, and before a week had passed he had nearly everybody in his debt for services rendered.

He had inveigled the captain and the mate into having all their teeth extracted, and then furnished them with "brand-new store teeth," so that they took the greatest delight in showing them to everybody, and were on the broad grin all the time. From being surly and close-mouthed, they suddenly became smiling and talkative, for which

great improvement the Doctor took to himself due credit, claiming that it would be at least a thousand dollars in their pockets, within ten years. But they did not look very smiling when the doctor presented his bill; and the captain swore that he had taken all the wreckers had left him.

That the Doctor was a "character" — which term usually signifies a person without any character at all — we all had to admit. Perhaps it was as well he had come aboard, even though he did drive a hard bargain, now and then; as the Antiquarian and the Historian had got to be rather "poky," as the Doctor expressed it, and needed stirring up. He explained to us, one day, how he had come to visit the Bermudas.

"You see, Anti," — this irreverent contraction of the dignified Antiquarian's name made him squirm, but he said nothing, — "You see, Anti, I met Levi; that 's how I came down here."

"You met Levi?"

"That 's what I said, did n't I?"

"But what if you did meet Levi?"

"What! don't you know Levi? Why, he 's the most restless man in creation. I met Levi — "

"So you have said, already."

"Yes? Well, Levi is the last person one should encounter, if seeking a rest. He is continually beating his brains how he shall make mankind leave his hearthstone and travel. In a word, Levi is the moving factor in the largest 'tourists' agency' in the country. He is the travelling manager, and he has the whole world at his finger ends. He can tell you in a minute just how to reach any city, town, or station on the globe; can give you an excursion ticket to Alaska, or a parlor car to Patagonia. He is omnipresent; you hear of him at the office in Montreal, and meet him next morning in New York or Boston. One week he is in Florida arranging a rail and steam route for winter tourists; another, and he is half-way to California. Knowing that Levi was lying in wait for me, — if such a restless man can be said

ever to remain in one place long enough to 'lie in wait,' — I waited till I heard he was 'out West,' and then slipped on to New York, intending to return the next day. But in vain were my precautions. A hand clapped me on the shoulder as I crossed Broadway, and I knew, before I saw the owner of it, that Levi had returned.

"Said he, 'Steamer starts for Bermuda to-morrow.'

"Said I, 'Well, don't stop her.'

"Said he, 'Tickets ready for you at ten o'clock.'

"Said I, 'Don't want any tickets. I've come home to spend the winter in Boston; now go 'way.'

"Said he, 'The country wants to hear about Bermuda; the country expects you to go down there and tell them something about it as a winter resort.'

"'Then,' said I, 'the country is going to be a little disappointed. Perhaps the country does n't know what it is to be sea-sick. Besides, I've been down there already, and can tell them all they want to know, right now.'

"'O, yes,' said he, 'but really you must go; you can be back in ten days.'

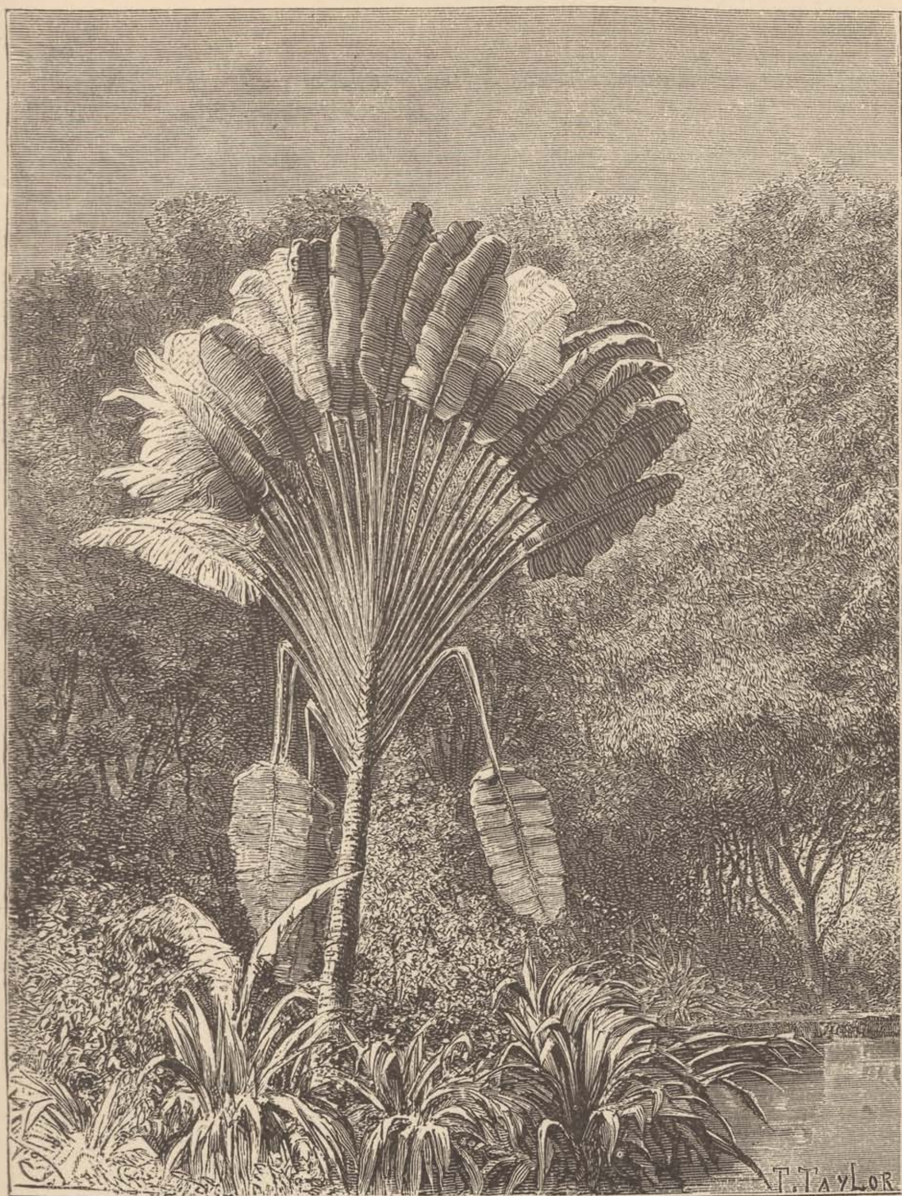
"'In ten days! And will you let me alone after that? You won't ask me to go down to the infernal regions and report on the climate, or to take a run up to feel of the north pole?'

"'No, fact! Here we are opposite the Rapid Telegraph Company, — thirty words, fifteen cents; telegraph home for what you want, and then come up to the office.'

"At the central office I found tickets made out and passage telephoned for, but that Levi was already on his way to a distant city. Two telegrams were sent eastward. One, 'Send on dental outfit'; another, 'Send overcoat and linen suit; back in ten days.'"

"But you're not going back."

"Not by a long chalk; and I did n't intend to. I fooled the festive Levi that time, you bet. I'm going where he can't find me, — that is,



"THE TROPIC VALE, THICK SET WITH PALMS."

I 'm going to try to do it; but he 's a terrible traveller. I don't know. I hope the vessel will keep on sailing seven months, and bring up somewhere out of the reach of Levi."

That was not what we wanted; for we were already sick of the sea, and longed for the tropic vales, thick set with palms, we had so long beheld in imagination.

The wind held southwest for several days, increasing in strength until the sea became very rough and the vessel rolled heavily. We had then reached the "horse latitudes," where vessels are sometimes becalmed for days, the very thought of which makes us shudder. Our only diversion was at noon of each day, when the mate and captain "took the sun," and then tried to work out their longitude. But they became finally so hopelessly involved that they gave it up, and fell back upon their dead reckoning. They still declared that the chronometer was incorrect, though it agreed well with all the others in St. George's.

On the 18th of January, we were in latitude 25° north, and making five knots an hour; the flying-fish were shooting from wave to wave, and their silver sides gleaming brightly against the dark blue water. How beautiful are these little birds of the sea, with their flashing fins of silver and silver sides, glancing from wave to wave! Now and again we would put up a whole flock of them; they would dart from the water like a bevy of quail out of a covert, one in this direction, another in that; one skimming the crest of the waves and glancing along a hundred yards, but the main body of the bevy taking but short flights. It has often been discussed whether the flying-fish is capable of a long, sustained flight, or can turn at an angle from its original course when in the air. As to its length of flight, that depends upon the height of the waves, and perhaps the condition of the weather. In a smooth sea, the flying-fish does not support itself so long upon the wing as when the sea is rough. Then, when it can frequently wet its "wings," it

takes sometimes a very long excursion in the air. But it must frequently wet its wings in the crest of a wave, if it would carry itself to any distance in its aerial journey. I had never seen any creature more joyous (apparently) than the flying-fish sporting alternately in the two elements, water and air. To change its course, also, when in the air, the fish must have recourse to the wave-crest and either does it by a flirt of its tail or a side-glance of a fin; but so quickly is it done as to be almost imperceptible.

We were crossing the famous Sargasso Sea of Columbus,—that wide expanse of waters covered with floating sea-weed, which was so abundant that it impeded the progress of the caravels of Columbus and alarmed his sailors, who thought it indicated rocks, and reefs, and dangerous navigation. After passing through this sea, the wind blows more heavily and the sea is rough. The second night we were tearing along at a fearful rate, through an inky sea. The zenith was clear, with liquid stars shining in it, while the sky at the horizon was black and murky. The black water was sheeted with foam, and when the vessel plunged, it came sweeping over bows and forward deck like a pack of ravening wolves. The smell of the bilge-water, stirred up by the rough weather, was something horrible.

We could not sleep, for the water at times poured into the cabin, and so we walked about all night. In the fore rigging we could feel the full force of the gale; there the sails bent far out over us, the wind howled in the shrouds, and great waves came sweeping across the bow and the deck-load of lumber. Rain-squalls were numerous, and tore our sails in many places. Whole flocks of flying-fish came speeding out of the dark, like silver angels, and dashed their lives out on our decks. These the cook gathered up by the bucketful, in the morning, and we had the best of them cooked for breakfast. Aleck, this colored cook, was a thorn in the side of our mate.

" HUNT THE MIGHTY ALLIGATOR."

"I did think of taking you Down East,. next winter, to chop wood, but you 're too lazy," said the mate to Aleck.

"I wa' n't brung up in the woods, like some folkses; I 'se brung up a gen'lemun," said Aleck to the mate — behind his back.

"That 's it, young man," said the Doctor, happening along just then; "give him as good as he sends. I used to know a little nigger like you once."

"But I ar' n't a niggah; I 's a cullud gen'lemun."

"That 's so. Beg your pardon, Mr. Aleck, so you are. Well, the cullud pusson I knew was swallowed by an alligator, because he told a lie."

"Who told de lie, de 'gatoh?"

"Get out! That was when I was in Florida. Did n't know I was ever in Florida, did you, Anti?"

"Never did."

"And I suppose you never read my Florida poetry, either of you?"

"Never did, that we can remember."

"Fact? Well, you 'd have remembered it if you had. It 's a kind that sticks in the memory, like tar and feathers to a dead donkey. But I 'll read it to you now, and you 'll confess — or I 'm mistaken — that you never heard anything like it, either here, hereafter, or anywhere else. You see, it 's an imaginary journey through Florida, in which I bring in nearly every river, lake, and creek with an Indian name. I call it 'Floridiana.' Keep silent now, while I —

> "Sail the muddy Ocklawaha;
> Hunt the mighty alligator —
> Seminole, Alpattiokee —
> Or harpoon the bulky sea-cow,
> Fish for pearls and dig for oysters;
> Float adown the Choctawhatchee,
> Econpeenee, Chattahoochee;
> Stop, perchance, at Tallahassee."

The Doctor paused for applause; but his companions shook their heads.

"It won't pass for poetry, Doctor, but it might take a prize for doggerel."

The Doctor was in no wise abashed. "O, well," he said, "then I'll advertise as a doggerel-writer. I may have to take a back seat among the classic poets, but in my own line I'll lead the procession."

No one objecting, he continued his reminiscences.

"It was just about that time that I met Josh Billings, on the railroad leading from St. Augustine to the St. John's. You remember that road? A man in a hurry never took that road. The engineer drew water from the mud-holes in the swamps as he went along, the fireman cut light wood for the engine fires, and the conductor walked ahead of the engine to run the cattle off the track. Well, one trip, I met quaint old Josh Billings. Josh sat in the smoking-car, and smoked, and told yarns, and in order to hear his stories I borrowed a cigarette and followed him in. I tried to light the cigarette, but every time I scratched a match, the wind blew it out. At last, old Josh noticed the difficulty, and drawled out, 'I say, young man, if I was you, I'd throw away that cigar, and smoke the match!' But I can write worse poetry than any you ever heard yet. — What, you don't believe it? — Ho! I can do ever so much worse than that. Just let me read you these lines on the English sparrow, for instance: —

"A SPARROW PIE.

"English sparrow, English sparrow,
Why wilt thou our feelings harrow,
With thy chirp monotonous?
O thou British incubus!

English sparrow, English spar —

"Oh! Who's that pulling out my hair? Oh! Better let me alone, Captain Jones, if you know what's good for you."

The captain had walked up, unawares, and had listened to the

doggerel — as long as he could. Then he seized the Doctor by the hair, and exclaimed, —

"Look a here, young man! This business 's got to stop. I 'll forgive ye for yankin' out all my teeth, and for yankin' out all the mate's teeth, — 'specially the mate's; but I won't have no more of these goings on, aboard this ere Nehimire. Now you hear me!"

"Second the motion!" said the mate. "I don't mind his crockery teeth, 'cause they 're mighty handy to eat salt hoss with; but when he lays out to addle our brains with such stuff as that, why then, I say, heave him overboard."

"Blessed if I don't, if he don't put a stopper on that wind-mill of his."

The Doctor promised he would, and the captain and mate went about their duties. But he bided his time for revenge.

"THE FAIRY HARBOR WOOED US TO ITS ARMS."

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH THE BAHAMA ISLES.

HE Doctor's revenge came swiftly, and it came of itself.

The next morning at daybreak he was on deck, and with a spyglass he swept the horizon. He seemed satisfied at last. As Anti and the Historian came on deck, he beckoned to them.

"Take that glass," he said, "and see what you *can* see. Do you see a lighthouse?"

"Yes."

"Well, does the captain expect to see a lighthouse?"

"No, he does n't, for he said there were n't any lights on the windward coasts of the Caribbees."

"But we *do* see a lighthouse, don't we, nevertheless?"

"Yes, there 's no mistake about that."

"Then what 's the inference?"

"Why, the inference is that the captain has made another mistake, and we have brought up somewhere else than Martinique."

"Exactly, and that 's just what he 's done!"

"What! why! Where are we, then?"

"Ho! I think I know; but let the old fool find out. I 'm not sailing this craft. Here he comes, see what he does."

"Hallo, boys, what ye lookin' at?"

All together: "Lighthouse!"

ISLES OF THE BAHAMAS.

"Lighthouse! Your grandmother! There ain't no lighthouse round here."

The Doctor calmly handed him the glass. He squinted through it, and dropped the glass; the Doctor caught it.

"Sho! Now, who'd ha' thought it! I wonder where in the world —"

"I'll tell you, right here," interrupted the dentist. "I may not be much on poetry, perhaps, but I know more of navigation than you and your whole crew together. That lighthouse is in the Bahamas, on the island of New Providence, and you could n't have sailed straighter for Nassau if you'd tried."

The captain looked at us, hopelessly and helplessly. "Well, I'm dumfoundered," he said, despairingly; "I guess I'd better have stayed to hum and hoed taters."

The Doctor said nothing; he had had his revenge.

We sailed up into the harbor of Nassau, the island capital of New Providence and the Bahamas. Of the numerous islands and keys comprising the great cluster known as the Bahamas, the island of New Providence has the only sheltered harbor (it is affirmed) worthy the name. The people resident here (such as have ever given the subject thought) would have us believe that Columbus landed here in October, 1492; but there is little reason to think that he sailed so far to the northward on that memorable voyage. The first visitor gave the island its name, in 1667, as a new manifestation of the mercies of Providence, in saving him, a sailor, from a watery grave. Pirates and buccaneers were the first settlers here, and created for the Bahamas a reputation far from enviable. Just when the last of the pirates were stamped out, or whether the buccaneer blood does not still run in the veins of some of the wreckers and spongers, history does not tell.

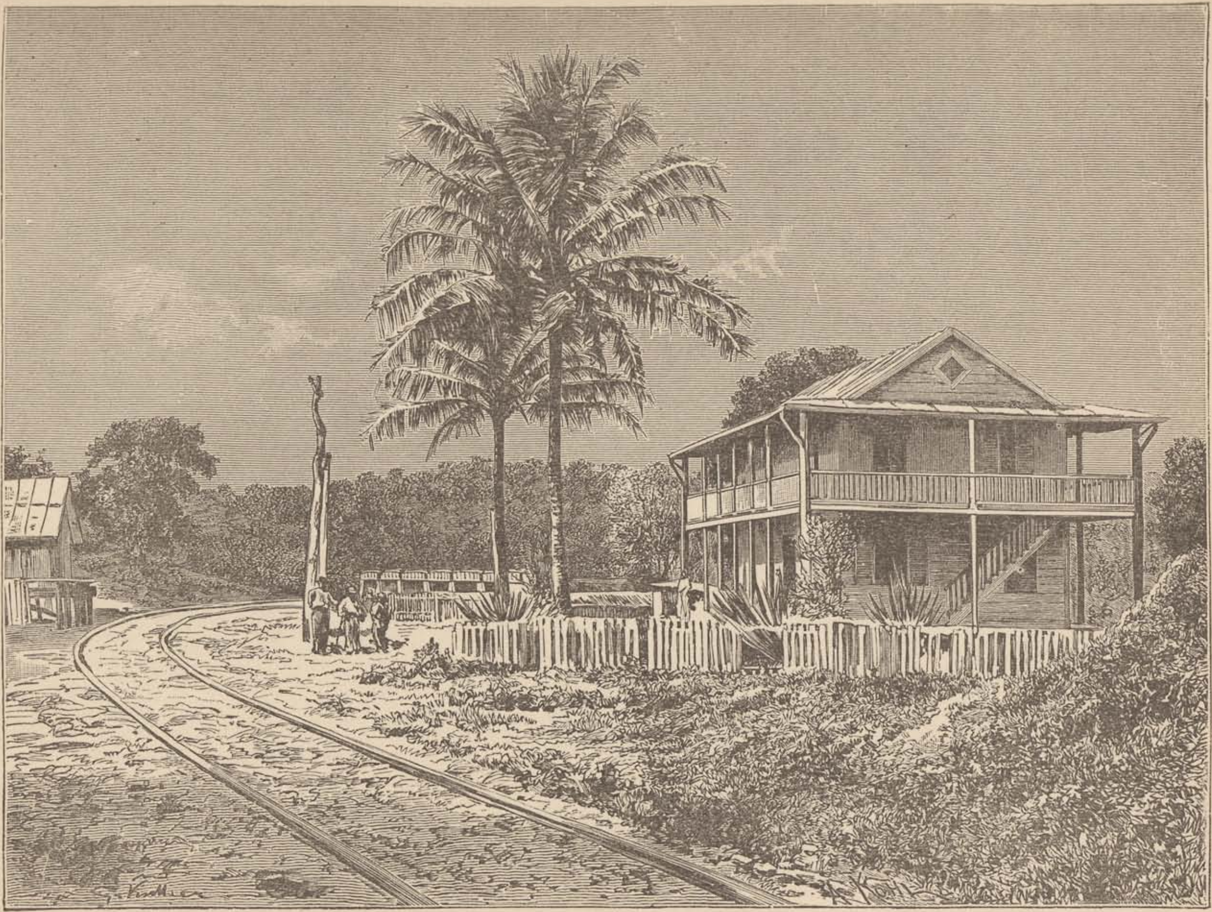
The islands changed hands several times, having been tossed from English to Spanish, and once to American, finally settling down

snugly under the wing of Johnny Bull. This was about a century ago, since which time they have remained a possession of the English, though geographically belonging to our country. Some time subsequent to the acquisition of the islands by the English, their climate was discovered. Whether this was the discovery of a native or an alien, nobody knows; but it has been noised abroad that Nassau has a delightful climate, and many a visitor has come here on that account. This climate, in a word, is bland; averaging about 75° between October and May, and 80°, or so, between May and October. This is assuming that the climatologist has the benefit of the shady side of a densely foliaged tree or thick wall.

The situation of Nassau, within a couple of degrees of the northern tropic, gives it a subtropical vegetation, — in so far as it is allowed to vegetate, owing to the limitations of the soil, — and it is the nearest place to Florida, except Havana, where purely tropical productions are to be found. In fact, to one interested in tracing the connecting links in the chain of vegetation uniting the semi-tropical products of Florida with the tropical of the West Indies and South America, no better post of observation could be found than this.

We left the vessel the day after she tied up at the wharf, concluding we had already voyaged enough on the sea for one trip, and fearful that our next adventure might end disastrously. It did not matter much to us — the Antiquarian and Historian — what new land we found, so long as we could obtain new facts. And as for the Doctor, he was at home as soon as he had touched the shore; that very day he hired a little house near the public square, stuck out his sign, "AMERICAN DENTIST," and was reaping a harvest of coin before we had fairly landed our luggage.

"Land 's the place for me," he remarked cheerily; "give me a little less water in mine, if you please. Made ten dollars last night: pulled out all the ivories of a black gentleman who had had the toothache for a month. Result: excess of gratitude; ten dollars. Make



"HE HIRED A LITTLE HOUSE."

my fortune here in a month. Then I 'll go along with you and Anti. Ho! this is the place for me!"

"And a pretty good place it is, too."

This latter remark came from a gentleman who had walked briskly up from behind, and clapped the Doctor on the shoulder. The Doctor did n't turn, did n't even see him; but his countenance fell twenty degrees.

"Levi, by all that 's wicked!" Then he added, sullenly, "Well, where now?"

"Where? Want you to go over to Cuba, along South Coast; important business; steamer here in three days; your friends go 'long, too; have good time; see scenery, people,—lots of things. Remember, now; come to hotel to-night, Royal Victoria. I go back to Florida, morning's steamer."

"Well, boys, is it Cuba? You can see the whole lot of these Bahamas in three days. Come along with me, and I 'll go along with you. That 's fair."

The Anti and the Historian consulted.

"Yes," they said, "we 'll go on one condition."

"Name it."

"No poetry, and no teeth-pulling."

"Those are hard lines, boys; must do one or t' other. 'All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy,' you know."

"That is our condition."

"Then agreed. You fellows need somebody to look after you,—to check the mad impulses of your wild career, as it were,—and I 'm the man. Put in your three days on the island, and then come around to the hotel. I 've got to have a reckoning with Levi. Told you he 'd overhaul me."

We were much pleased with Nassau. It is a cleanly town; as it mainly lies on the slope of a hill, its drainage is excellent, and evil

odors and turkey buzzards are conspicuous alone by their absence. Few of its houses are handsome; none pretentious, except the Royal Victoria Hotel, with its thousand feet of veranda promenade. Upon this building the Bahama government (recognizing the need of a good hotel to draw visitors hither) literally "laid themselves out." They boast, also, of their government building and their jail; but these are only great by comparison with the other buildings. There are many substantial and inviting dwellings in the town, with stone walls, jalousied verandas, and cool inner-courts opening upon frequent gardens. The conspicuous tree in town is, of course, the great silk-cotton (*Bombax ceiba*), which spreads its broad-armed bulk and buttressed trunk over a vast space. The other noteworthy tree is the so-called banyan, a mile or two from town, growing like a veritable banyan of the East, but more probably a species of American Ficus. Everywhere above the gardens, and in places bending over the streets, the graceful cocoa palm nods its lovely head. The cocoas are most abundant in among the lowlier habitations, and in the vicinity of the Polo Ground, at the eastern end of the town. Some specimens there are, also, of the royal palm, though not of regal proportions. It will strike the observer looking over the roofs of the town, that all are chimneyless; the clear air is rarely tracked by smoke, except from the stacks of alien steamers.

To a casual observer there seems to be no soil whatever. The whole island is one vast agglomeration of coral rock. Yet this seemingly sterile rock supports a wonderfully exuberant vegetable growth. A field prepared for planting is apparently as unfit for that operation as the roof of a house, and as white and glaring as a country meeting-house in a July day. I saw a field in the interior of the island that had been entirely denuded of all vegetation, and apparently had not a crack or crevice in it in which to plant a seed; yet the owner was going confidently about his work, and reckoned upon a fair harvest in due season. A promising field of corn I one day saw, contained an

"THE COCOAS ARE MOST ABUNDANT."

average of about ten stalks to the square rod, but those ten stalks were sticking up out of cracks in the coral rock and doing their level best to hold their own against tropic sun and Bahama blasts of wind. All those fruits peculiar to the tropics can here be grown, with a little attention; all the Citrus family, of course, guavas, pomegranates, pine-apples, acajou, sweet and sour sops, avocado pears, sapodillas, etc. It is said that all the ordinary vegetables may be raised with the least labor possible, and that some, such as radishes and turnips, are ready for the table in three weeks from the time the seed is planted. The Bermudas boast of their potatoes and onions; but the Bahamas claim to raise superior sorts of everything in the wide range of fruits and vegetables.

As the island is a rock, or agglomeration of rocks, its roads are near perfection; always smooth and hard, rarely dusty, never muddy, and never overgrown with rank weeds or grass. They are the most delightful roads one may meet in many journeys, in most happy contrast to the sandy streets of Florida's towns and cities. The trouble is that there are not roads enough, and those few lack shade where they are most interesting. The longest straight-away drive is about sixteen miles, following the sea-coast, and opening out such views as are, alone, worth the journey here to see. Another smooth, hard road runs directly across the island, six miles, from sea to sea. In company with three companions, all from Florida, I walked over its entire length; first, leaving the town behind, we entered the most picturesque hamlet of Grantstown, passing between humble habitations half hidden beneath cocoa palms and sapodilla trees, then for a mile over a plain with here and there a cocoa grove, but mostly barren; then we climbed the only hill, showing on our left a straggling pine-apple plantation, and giving a beautiful view of the city two miles away. Beyond the ridge, we descended into the pine barrens, where there is a stunted though attractive growth of the *Pinus Bahamensis*, and the air is cooler and incense-laden; the pines are there intermixed

with palmettos, and these border the wild, even desolate, and unattractive sea-beach.

The nearest object of interest that is in any wise striking is the "Queen's Staircase," which leads up to the height crowned by Fort Fincastle. The Queen's Staircase is cut out of the solid rock, apparently, and the approach to it is through an artificial cañon of respectable dimensions cut through the coquina. Fort Fincastle is perched upon a commanding hill, and is in general shape something like a great stone steamboat, a side-wheeler, stranded upon the ridge. A few obsolete cannon make a show of defence to this antique structure, and a single tenant comprises its garrison. The view from the fort is superb, including the whole town, the island-sheltered bay, and a broad sketch of inland pine-barren.

Beyond the town, guarding its approaches, is a substantial fortification known as Fort Charlotte, entrance to which is only obtained by permission of the corporal or colonel — or whatever the petty officer is termed — who commands the Queen's (and only) regiment of negro soldiers. It is a well-constructed fortress, with massive walls, apparently much stronger than anything of the kind guarding our own coasts; yet it has never been of much use to this worthless island.

We nearly forgot to mention that the chief importance of New Providence lies, not in its own productions, but in the abundance yielded by the sea surrounding it. Every street has its little shop, or shanty, with the sign displayed, calculated to attract the vagrant voyager, "Marine curiosities for sale here"; said curiosities consisting of corals, sea-fans, sponges, etc., which are worthless in themselves and devoid of attraction when out of their native element. Yet every visitor is expected to load himself down with a small cargo of these marine curiosities.

The sea surrounding the island has a beauty all its own; its colors are as various as the tints of the sky above it; and this wonderful beauty is owing chiefly to the coral rock above which it lies. One

"HUMBLE HABITATIONS, HALF HIDDEN BENEATH COCOA PALMS."

should take a boat and row across the bay to the lighthouse, and float above the submerged vegetation of the sea-gardens, to obtain an adequate conception of the hidden beauties of this "azure sea." As if this were not enough in the way of aqueous or sub-aqueous attractions, visitors are shown a pond of sea-water, which displays phosphorescent effects equal to anything ever known. It requires a dark night and slightly ruffled surface to bring out all the brilliant effects this lake is capable of; and an obliging negro is ever ready to plunge into the water and evoke the latent luminous matter. The place where this luminous lake is to be found is called Waterloo, and is about a mile and a half from town.

At present, this island is the halting-place of the "Ward Line" steamers, on their way to the south coast of Cuba. Two steamers meet here, semi-monthly, one on its way northward from Cuba to New York, the other *en route* to the Pearl of the Antilles. The signals set on Fort Fincastle announce the approach of both steamers, and as we are to take passage in the southward-bound, we will bring this chapter to a summary close, and hasten to the dock.

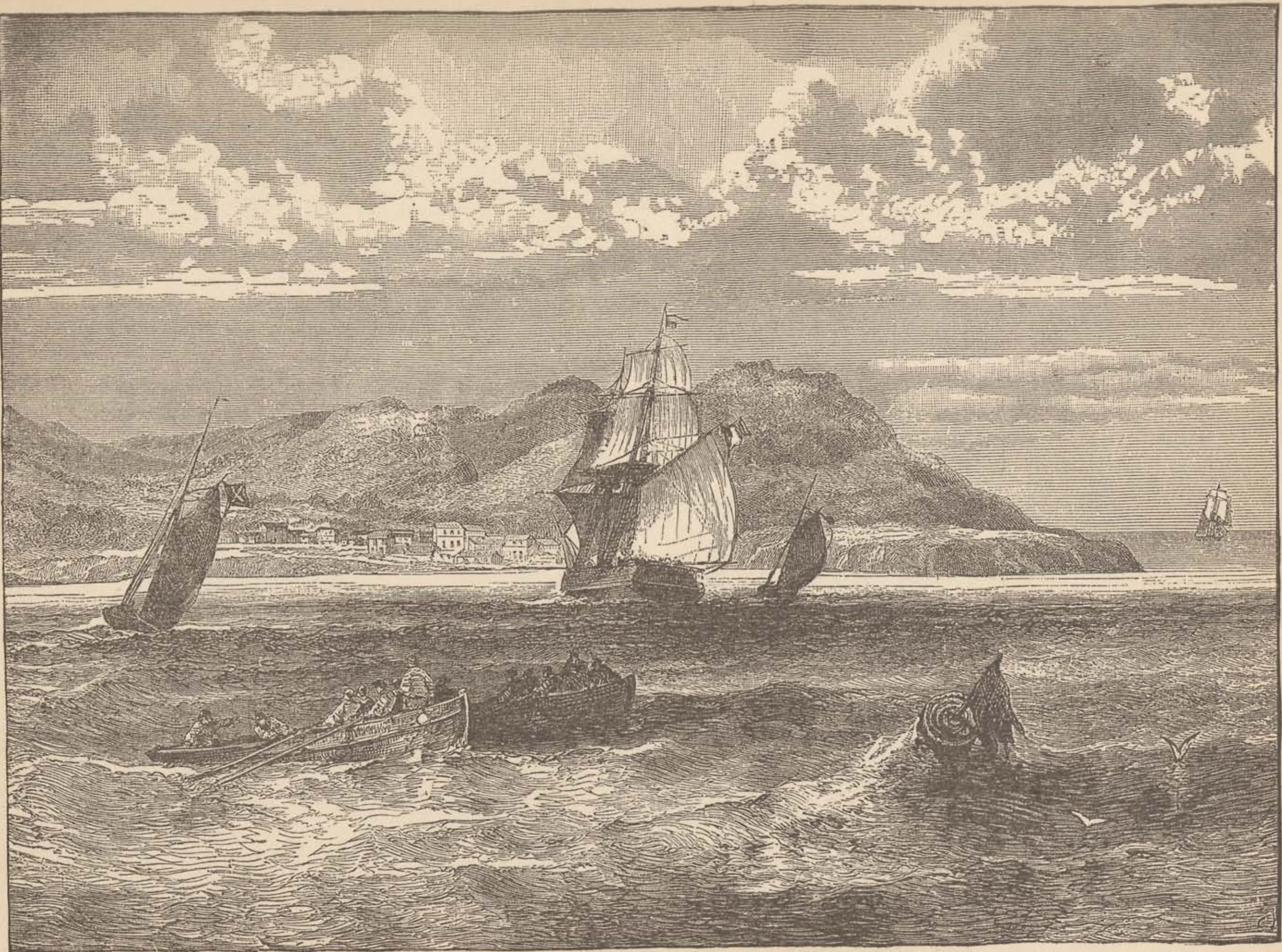
CHAPTER V.

THE CUBAN COAST AND ITS CITIES.

THE isles of the Bahamas, as we sailed through the chain, seeking the southern coast of Cuba, seemed loath to show themselves. Now and then we caught a glimpse of one: San Salvador at dawn, the veiled contour of Watling's, the brighter apparition of Rum Key, and the curved outline of Crooked Island; but others came out only as misty suggestions, with dimly limned profiles, and with ghostly lighthouse towers standing up like distant palm trees in a desert.

With the coast of Cuba, however, came more distinct and hence more enjoyable pictures. From the long, low point of land supporting the light at Cape Maysi, the land rose in sharp terraces, until a few hours' sailing brought into view high hills, and even mountains. The general scarcity of birds was noticeable, for but few gladdened our eyes, — the wide-winged man-o'-war hawks, tropic birds, and a few species of terns and gulls. Even of flying-fish, though now and then bright shoals would appear, there were not so many as above the Sargasso Sea.

Did not these flying-fish appear to Columbus, as he approached the same islands I now see flashing white above the waves, and as he sailed the same sea I am now traversing? Land birds occasionally come off to us, as they did to Columbus; little creatures of frailest and fairest form; warblers in their migrations, or merely flitting from isle



"A FEW HOURS' SAILING BROUGHT INTO VIEW HIGH HILLS."

to isle. Different names the old navigators bestowed upon the various tracts of ocean we have crossed, such as the Bahama Channel, the Haytien Channel, etc.; but it all seems the same to us land-lubbers, except that the sea bathing the southern coast of Cuba is somewhat smoother than over towards the Atlantic. We glide along as in a dream, the ever-varying coast-line keeping us perpetually observant. It seems a desolate coast, with scarce a habitation, the hills wild and sterile-looking, the sea-shore only now and then displaying a bordering grove of cocoa palms, or of some other trees indicating cultivation and the proximity of man.

The hill forms and the cloud forms are fantastic in the extreme, and especially attractive at sunset, when the latter are piled high above the former, and beautified by the departing rays of the sun. Now and then, a little opening in the rock-bound coast betrayed a harbor, guarded by hills and almost hidden from sight. Such a one was the pirate's lair, once the resort of real pirates and buccaneers, known as *Escondida*, or the hidden harbor. It was a great resort, in olden time, — easy of access to the pirates in their swift-sailing craft, but almost totally unknown to the honest and legitimate navigators of those times. The pirates kept perpetual watch upon a hill at the entrance, their vessels safe out of sight, and thus noted the coming of rich merchantmen and treasure-laden galleons, all unobserved themselves. Then, at the signal, out would dart their hidden vessels upon their unsuspicious prey, and the result of the subsequent conflict was usually in their favor.

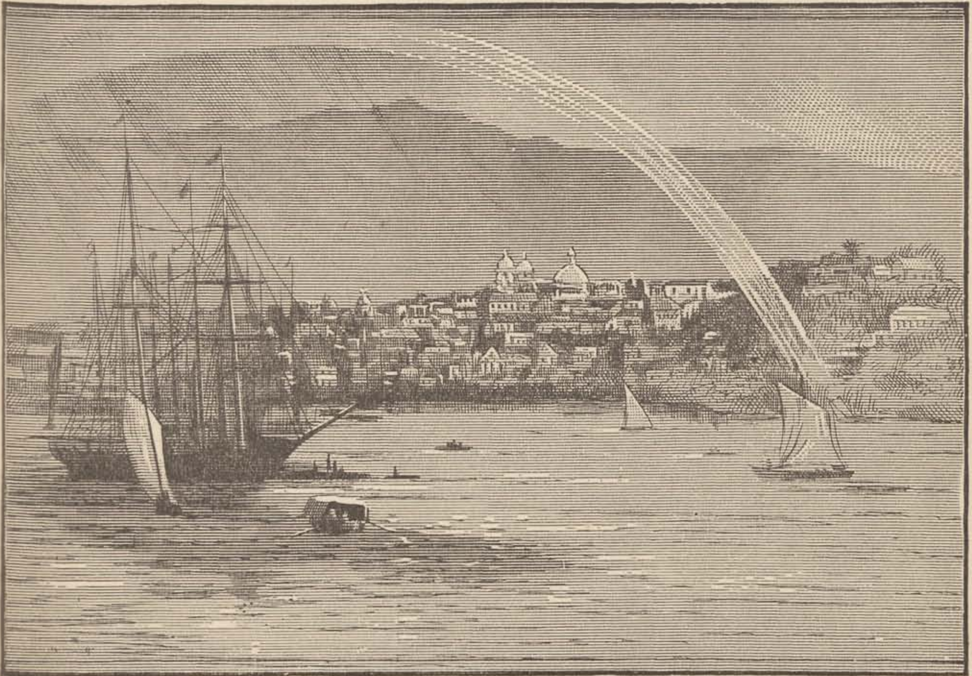
Not far from this point — some hours away — opens out the entrance to Guantanamo, a port insignificant save for the fact that around and beyond it lies a rich and highly cultivated region of sugar-cane, — reached also by a railroad from Santiago de Cuba. Guantanamo is an Indian name, one of the few aboriginal appellations the island retains; though the name of the island itself, Cuba, is aboriginal. Of its first settlers, however, the mild and hospitable Indians

found here by Columbus, not one descendant remains! In some of the present residents may be traced Indian resemblances; but none of pure blood can here be found.

All in sight now are the Cobre Mountains, the copper range of hills and mountains, that is said to contain great stores of minerals, especially of copper and iron. At last, a break in the coast intimates the proximity of that object of our search, the entrance to Santiago de Cuba. The line of cliffs washed by the sea-waves is abruptly terminated by what appears to be an artificial construction, and nearer approach reveals the most picturesque fort and castle ever built, perhaps, in the New World. The great cliff, its base hollowed into caverns by the waves, is carried up from the sea-line in a succession of walls, ramparts, towers, and turrets, forming a most perfect picture of a rock-ribbed fortress of the Middle Ages. Perched upon the lowermost wall, and overhanging the sea, is a domed sentry-box of stone, flanked by cannon, evidently old when the history of our country was young. The waves have eaten into the cliff all round its base, so that it may not be many years more ere this tower totters and falls into the sea. Above it, the lines of masonry are sharply drawn, each guarded terrace receding upon the one above it, each ornamented with antique cannon, and the whole dominated by a massive tower. The pilot takes us at the harbor entrance, and guides our steamer close under the frowning battlements, and we note the groups of idle soldiers above us, so near that we can hear their conversation, and feel that they might easily throw a stone down into our midst. We sweep past this jutting promontory, guarded by this ancient fort, its walls of blended pink and gray so in tone and harmony with its situation, and quickly another battery faces us on the opposite entrance to a lateral bay with beach of snowy sand. This second fortification is already succumbing to the assaults of the waves, and has been abandoned. Two hundred feet above us the castled fortress rears its ramparts, then we have glided past, and are pursuing a sinuous course towards the

"A RICH AND HIGHLY CULTIVATED REGION."

city. On our left lies a fishing village, with white-walled and red-roofed houses of stone and earthen tiles. Then, beyond, opens up what old seamen call the most magnificent harbor (in point of beauty of surroundings) in America. Ranges of hills enclose us on every side, for the harbor of Santiago is completely land-locked; points and



SANTIAGO.

promontories jut out into the water, leaving deep and attractive bays behind them bordered with cocoa palms and the singular vegetation of the tropics.

Between the bay and a towering background of purple hills and mountains lay the city, Santiago, a sloping hillside, entirely covered with red-roofed buildings of stone. Breaking its red-tiled surface here and there, a dome, a tower, a turret, marking church, chapel, and

cathedral, gave it variety and added beauty. A palm at intervals shot its round head above a roof or garden wall, adding its glistening green to the variety of color, — red of roof, pink, pearl, and gray of painted walls. It was pervaded by a warm attractiveness, this city of Southern Cuba; it lay like an Oriental city, between blue water and purple mountains, and hardly suggested by its warmth of coloring the architecture of the Occident. Nor is it: that architecture — those massive buildings, of one and two stories, with walls surrounding open courts, with pillared balconies and corridors, with great open windows protected by iron gratings instead of glass or shutters, and the roofs covered with earthen tiles, — all this is a direct importation from the Orient, — if not from the far East, then at least from Southern Spain, with a tinge of the exotic Moriscan. As seen from the steamer's deck, Santiago de Cuba is in every way picturesque enough to be worthy of its glorious surroundings. By sunrise or sunset, bathed in moonlight or shimmering beneath the noontide glow, Santiago is ever an attractive city to the eye. One should see it at sunrise, half veiled in mist until the full-orbed sun shoots above the irregular mountains behind it. One should hear the approaching harbingers of day, one by one, as they break upon the ear, — the tinkling of cow-bells, the louder tones from the bronze-lipped bells in the church tower, and then the increasing clamor of the awakened inhabitants, — to learn how it is a slumbering city breaks into life at the approach of the sun. From a vantage-ground such as a steamer's deck, half a mile distant from the city, one has good opportunities for studying at his ease such a place as this. Off to right and left are hills, at their bases groves of palms and cocoas. Without the lordly palms, of both species, the scenery of Santiago would lose its charm; they soften the contours of many hills, and lie lapped in the bosoms of many valleys. When they speak of "palms" here, they mean the great palms, the *palmas reales*, or royal palms; while the cocoa palm is merely the "Coco."

The first opportunity for landing we hired a boat and a boatman,

and were rowed over to a cocoa grove some two miles away. We crossed the bay and then rowed up a winding creek to the landing-place, whence we walked through mangroves skirting the salt water to the edge of the grove. The narrow pathway was lined with wild pine-apple plants, with long narrow leaves and hearts of crimson and gold; birds sang in the trees, and the air, though hot, was fresh and balmy. Frequent noises in the bushes alarmed us, — these noises seemingly being caused by large lizards, or possible serpents, crashing through the leaves; at least we thought so, until our guide assured us they were made by crabs. Later on, our way was disputed by hundreds; yes, perhaps thousands covered the ground in sight; great blue monsters, with legs nearly a foot long, would waltz across our path, brandishing menacingly their dexter claws, or dive into holes at our feet, or drop from the bushes, or be seen dancing by dozens in groups in every open space. These crabs are worthless, the guide said, and have not that culinary value which makes certain species of the genus interesting in other islands. As we reached the edge of the grove, a horde of hungry dogs rushed down upon us, but these were driven off by the owner of dogs and grove, and we were invited to enter and make ourselves at home.

The proprietor of the grove, although the owner of valuable property, was clad simply in cotton shirt and drawers, and surrounded by children without any clothing at all. All unconscious of the oddity of their nudity, these young Cubans, ranging all the way from two to ten years of age, were serenely engaged in making themselves as dirty as the yellow mud they were playing in. But they gave us all hospitable grins, and the father at once set off to show us the beauties of the grove. We asked for some water-cocoas, and two men were called, who procured them in short meter. One of them, half Indian and half negro, a muscular but good-natured savage, climbed a cocoa tree rapidly, dragging a rope after him. He had on a ragged pair of drawers only, with a belt about his waist in which was thrust a cutlass,

a broad *machete.* With the cutlass he hacked off a bunch of great water-nuts, attached it to the end of the rope, and it was then lowered down by the other savage on the ground. Bunch after bunch was thus brought to the ground, until the tree was pretty well thinned of its water-nuts. Then the climber cast off the rope and came down rapidly, hand over hand. Half-way down the trunk he halted, while the camera was trained upon the tree and a photograph taken. For that was our object in seeking the cocoa grove: to procure studies of the trees. They are of such infinite variety of shape, and take upon themselves such varied positions, — but all graceful. You never saw a cocoa palm yet that was not the embodiment of grace, and hence of beauty. Many are the cocoa-groves I have wandered through, — in Yucatan, in Mexico, in the islands of the Caribbean Sea: I never tire of them; and particularly fascinating are the groves that line the beaches of those islands. I remember one at least, in Tobago, near the island of Trinidad, that ever invited me to rest beneath its shades. But to return to our cocoanuts. There they were in bunches of a dozen or two; not the brown and shaggy things we of the North are acquainted with, but of a refreshing green, smooth, and glistening as though but recently varnished. Tearing one out of the cluster, my guide took a machete and clipped the thick envelop to a point; then, with one cut of the machete, he clipped off that pointed end and left a hole about an inch across. Handing me the nut, I saw that it was full of water, — clear, cool, sweet, refreshing; and raising this natural water-bottle to my lips, and tipping back my head, I drank its entire contents, — and there must have been a pint in that ivory cell.

After the cocoanuts were attended to, we went over into another enclosure near, where I photographed a primitive sugar-mill, or *trapiche.* The owner of the *trapiche* and the surrounding garden, a comely colored woman, sat sewing in the porch of her lowly dwelling, clad in a cotton wrapper only, and without even stockings to incommode her. She, as well as my other friends, was as curious as a child about the

workings of the camera, and highly delighted at a peep under the focusing cloth. When she saw the inverted image of her old sugar-mill on the ground-glass, she danced up and down with delight. "Mira la trapiche misma," she cried, "que bonita es!" ("Look at my old mill, how pretty it is!") In this unaffected manner we were received by all the dwellers in and near the cocoa grove; pleasure at my visit everywhere manifest. A dwelling still lowlier was occupied by my cocoa-climber and his pretty colored wife, with their three naked children; and they, too, were delighted to have the white stranger photograph their hut and its surrounding grove of palm trees.

We had reached, now, another part of the plantation, where the Indo-negroes had broad gardens in a good state of cultivation; all the garden vegetables common everywhere, — egg-plants, pine-apples, and especially that native plant known as the *yucca*. It looked like the cassava, which we had seen in other islands, and which has been cultivated by the Indians from time immemorial. When the first Spaniards came here they found it growing, and were fed with the bread the Indians made from it. The great trees that now towered above us were true palms, — the *palmas reales*, the royal palms, forming a great grove by themselves, with an undergrowth, however, of shrubbery, the resort of many tuneful birds. As we walked about in the narrow paths we encountered hundreds of the great crabs, rustling angrily among the bushes, and scuttling noisily into their holes.

These palms called "royal" have a value all their own. To begin with, the tall trunks are cut up into timber for rough work, the long leaves are used in thatching cabins, the terminal buds are eaten, boiled as cabbage, and the seeds (or nuts) which hang in clusters at the footstalks of the leaves, are said to make good food for hogs. The standing value of each tree is ten dollars, so that a full-grown grove of royal palms is profitable, as well as beautiful. The valleys and hills hereabouts would lack their greatest charm were the cocoas and royals removed.

For the best examples of the great palms, one must travel a little way into the interior, over the railroad that leads into the hills. They were everywhere dotting the landscape, these royal beauties; standing up lone and solitary against the sky, clustered in social groups in the valleys, and in ranks and files along the hills and ridges. The railroad traverses a series of vales and pockets, filled with gardens everywhere, every house in every hamlet having its environment of bananas and plantains, and its guardian palm. The hills rose steep on every side, their smooth slopes cultivated to the tops. As the train wound in and out the vales and connecting cuts, the pictures constantly changed, each turn revealing some new phase of tropical plant life, until we reached the acme of the picturesque at a little village called Dos Bocas, and were equally charmed at Bonita and Cristo. Wherever opportunity offered at the stations, I would dart out of the train, plant my camera at the best point of view, and secure a photograph before the conductor had cried out, "All aboard!" — or had, rather, blown his whistle, which signified the same thing. By this means I secured a few beautiful views; but the finest, I fear, were passed on the road, the cars in such motion that I could not photograph. From the steamer's deck, as we entered the harbor, I had taken several instantaneous pictures of that gloriously picturesque fortress; but the cars were by no means as steady as the boat, and I did not anticipate a successful result should I attempt "an instantaneous" from the train.

The scenes of beauty, as fair as anything ever seen out of paradise, succeeded each other with rapidity, each scene composed of the same elements, yet each so varied that the eye took it in with a sense of novelty unrepeated.

After crossing an antiquated trestle-work bridge on a curve and at a grade, — where the view spread around and below was of indescribable beauty, — we arrived at Cristo, at which village the return train met us and took us back to Santiago.

"THE STREETS OF SANTIAGO NEVER FAIL TO INTEREST."

It is in the morning that the air is stillest; then the palms hold their leaves rigidly motionless, and the various feathery-foliaged trees and plants are in best state to photograph. But there being so little breeze at such a time, it is not so pleasant to be actively employed in the open air between seven and nine o'clock, as later in the day.

The streets of Santiago never fail to interest, they are so narrow, have such curious signs stretched across them and protruding into them, are so steep, and at times so awfully dirty. At the wharves there is ever a scene of activity; boats and lighters constantly loading and unloading, leaving Northern freight, as machinery and salt-fish, and taking out to the steamers molasses, sugar, mahogany, and rum. The riches of Cuba lie not only in her sugar plantations, but in her vast forests of mahogany (called *caoba*) and other precious woods, and in her undeveloped mineral wealth.

At the right of the harbor, as you enter, you will see a high trestle where a railroad begins, which runs up into the mountains, to rich mines of magnetic iron ore, now worked by an American company.

To return to the streets: they are now muddy and in a filthy condition, with narrow sidewalks, or no sidewalk at all. All those running up from the shore climb the steep hill, and when the rains descend they are sometimes filled with torrents so impetuous that no one can cross; even horsemen sometimes hesitate to cross them. Half-way up the hill is the Plaza, thickly set about with trees, paved and adorned with statues. Above it rises the cathedral. It is of the customary Spanish architecture, with double towers, an esplanade in front, and an interior adorned with paintings said to possess the value of rarity, excellence, and antiquity. The streets above are still narrower than those below, and, to reach the crest of the hill on the slopes of which the city is built, one must thread several blind lanes, hedged in by the houses of the poorer (and dirtier) classes, where naked babies are held up to the window gratings, and naked children get in the way

of your horses. But when the crest is reached, near the long pile of buildings known as the Beneficencia, there lies before you such a view as it may not be your privilege to behold again in a lifetime. Beyond the far-sloping roofs of sun-burnt tiles, which stretch from hill crest to water's edge, lies the bay, — its surface of heavenly blue ringed round with greenest hills, and bathed in the sunshine of this isle of calm. Returning to the steamer, the converse of this view is spread before us.

There is one object, to the left of the immediate foreground of this picture, that attracts the gaze of every visitor from "the States," and that is a long, low building on the edge of a stretch of marsh-land, not far from the water's edge. In front of that wall the crew of the "Virginius" were shot, thirteen years ago, — stood up there and were butchered like sheep. A pretty tale is told of one or two survivors owing their escape to the intervention of the English Consul at the last moment; but this is now pronounced to be without foundation. The story goes that he stepped in front of the shooting party with the all-potent flag of Great Britain in his hand, and said, *Nada mas*, — "No more of this," — and there was no more. It is a pity to spoil such a sweet story of British bravery; but an English gentleman who was in the island at the time, and who took great pains to obtain all particulars, denies that anything of the kind ever happened.

One afternoon we passed the western end of Cape Cruz. Hitherto we had coasted the shore; but beyond lay a deep gulf, studded with islets, with water comparatively shallow, and through that night our course was mainly out of sight of land. Now and again one of those islets would loom up, one of the many constituting the archipelago called by Columbus the "Queen's Gardens," and in the mazes of which his caravels sailed aimlessly for many days.

When we sighted land again, the mountains of Trinidad greeted our eyes; not so high as some of the peaks of Cobre, but still imposing and beautiful.

IN THE CUBAN MOUNTAINS.

A little way below the entrance to Santiago, we had been favored with glimpses of Pico Turquinos, or Mt. Turquina, highest of the Antilles, reaching an altitude of about eight thousand feet; his brow, for most of the time, obscured by clouds. One great mass of clouds, that piled itself high above the highest mountain peak, and stood out against the sky, silver and pearl against the blue, I was able to photograph, as our steamer glided along, thus preserving a glorious picture of cloud and mountains and intervening ocean of deepest blue.

As the night fell about us, there was a moon to light us on. It had struggled with the clouds at Nassau, it had dimly shown us the low-lying isles of the Bahamas, it had sent its white light rippling over the red roofs of Santiago, and now it hung above the mountains, as we coasted the island near Cape Cruz. It needed not the added moonlight to make imperishable the memory of those nights along the Cuban coast. One sunset that we witnessed seemed to us the most gorgeous ever shown to man; nor have I seen it surpassed. Many sunsets and moonrises linger in my memory, and will stay there till memory with me shall be no more; but most of them derive their charm from association. This Cuban sunset, of itself, and lacking any sentiment of association, was such as one pictures when he imagines a purely tropical effect: gorgeous coloring, radiant flushes, masses of crimson clouds extending far up to the zenith, and subsiding into pearls and grays. After the orb had descended behind the margin of the wave, — long after, when we thought it fully time for twilight to cease, — the sky began to flush again, and gradually, along the horizon's rim, reaching two thirds around the sky, crept gold and crimson bars, that broadened and finally dissolved into clearest amber, which hung above the sea for nearly an hour.

This double sunset seemed ominous of storm; but we had only a fresh blow that night, and not the hurricane it might have boded.

THE CITY OF THE HUNDRED FIRES.

After the great gulf is crossed beyond Cape Cruz, we draw up to the coast again, and mountains leap out to greet us. The only city visible by the way is Trinidad, one of the oldest in the island, with a famous and fertile valley behind it. The Trinidad Mountains now stretch away into the distance; a break of the coast appears, and a lighthouse, and this is the entrance to Cienfuegos. The city lies at a greater distance from the sea than Santiago, and the bay is vastly larger, possessing not the beauty of environment the other has; only the blue mountains, at our right as we enter, give a suggestion of the picturesque, and offer a background for the sun to paint his picture against.

Cienfuegos, the "City of the Hundred Fires," is not so called on account of its great heat, in summer or winter, but (it is said) from the preservation of an accidental remark of Columbus. As his vessel sailed across the bay, and he saw before him, at evening time, the flashing of lights at many points on shore, he turned to a companion with the exclamation, "Mira, los cienfuegos!" — "Look you, there are a hundred fires!" And as Cienfuegos the city has long been known to mariners and merchants. It is a newer city than we had expected to see, built with the regularity of our own Philadelphia, but without the cleanliness apparent, and with vastly more of picturesqueness.

Unlike Santiago, it occupies a plain, and the only commanding points of view are a few low hills to the eastward; notably, the reservoir hill, from which the city stretches westward a mile or more, while countryward there are other plains, displaying scattered groups of royal palms. There are few noteworthy buildings here, though the colonnades of the Governor's "palace" are impressive, one or two private houses display lavish ornament in iron-work and carvings, balustrades and marble floors, and the cathedral sends up a stately tower that is everywhere a conspicuous landmark. In front of the

cathedral, with the Governor's palace on one side, and a canvas-covered structure doing duty as a theatre on the other, is the Plaza. Its broad pavement of marble tiles gives a delightful promenade, and its bordering gardens bestow freshness and fragrance, while the clustering palms that are drawn together in exclusive groups lend dignity and grace combined. The promenade is guarded by two lion-surmounted pillars, and bordered with stone benches, while a pedestal here and there supports a whitewashed statue.

Of an evening, this Plaza is the rallying-place of hundreds of Cienfuegans of both sexes, especially of a Sunday evening, when the military band discourses for their entertainment. Our first Sunday in Cienfuegos happened to be the best for a view of the people and study of costume, for it was Easter Sunday, and everybody was rejoicing in freedom from the restraint of the past weeks. There never was a serener evening than that which followed the hot Sabbath at its close. The air was tempered to a delicious coolness; the perfume of the gardens drifted over us; music made the air vibrant with harmony, while a gayly dressed crowd promenaded ceaselessly the marble tiles. In addition to the stone benches, there were long rows of rocking-chairs, for hire at ten cents each, and these were mainly occupied by strangers. All the ladies were bareheaded, save for a few wearing the charming mantilla; all carried fans, and all the younger ones, at least, bestowed bright glances and amiable salutations upon the gallant young gentlemen. Even after the military band had quit playing, and had withdrawn its melody to the covert of the near theatre, the crowd was not materially thinned, and kept up its unwearied pacing until the clock in the great tower struck the hour of ten. Then there was a sudden dissolution of the

THE CASHEW NUT.

festive throng; the fair señoritas were quickly hustled off by their duennas, the elders waddled off of their own accord, and the Plaza, recently so animated and sparkling, was left to the enjoyment of a few *solteros* like ourselves. And, indeed, it was delightful in its repose; high in the heavens hung a full-orbed moon, the clear sky was sparkling with stars; upon the pavement fell the slowly shortening shadows of the palms; and the cool air was fragrant with delightful odors.

It was the afternoon before Holy Thursday that we had steamed into Santiago Bay, and our captain was much exercised over the possibility of our having to remain till Saturday before the cargo could be moved. For, by the law of the land, not a stroke of work could be taken between ten o'clock Thursday morning and the same hour on Saturday. By great exertions of the crew, however, with the co-operation of the lightermen, the last pound of freight consigned to Santiago was hoisted out of the hold just as the great bell in the cathedral tolled the hour; and in another hour we were steaming out of the harbor. Two days of detention we had escaped by the combined exertions of all concerned; a little more delay, and we should have had to lie there till Sunday. In the Cuban calendar the number of holy days, on which work is prohibited, is said to amount to nearly two hundred and fifty; and this makes traffic with these ports rather an uncertain quantity.

We had arrived at Cienfuegos on Good Friday, in the morning, when everybody was in a tumult of joy over the dethronement of sin and the triumph of righteousness. The embodiment of all that was sinful, the grand scapegoat of the occasion, was that most unfortunate individual, Judas. Effigies of the arch-traitor had been suspended everywhere, from wires across all the principal streets, and at every corner. These were taken down and committed to the flames on Friday morning, and sickening odors everywhere arose from the burning boots and clothing which Judas had worn. As every effigy

of the traitor had been well stuffed with explosives, the streets resounded with explosions, tattered Judases flew in every direction, and it was hardly safe for one to wander anywhere until after ten o'clock.

These Cubans are a volatile people. They seem to wear lightly the yoke the Spaniards keep upon them. And yet they are only kept within bounds by the continued presence of the soldiery. Soldiers are everywhere: in the forts guarding the ports, at the wharves, in the custom-houses, in barracks on every hill, and in hospitals that pollute every city. We cannot help feeling deep sympathy with a people thus oppressed. The soldiers are a useless burden upon the people; miserable, worthless hirelings, that absorb the best of the land without contributing towards its cultivation. This scum of the earth must be supported by the Cubans; they must forge and keep bright the chains about their necks. God speed the day when the island of Cuba shall be freed from the wretches who pretend to govern it in the name of Spain!

But, though misgoverned now, it is doubtful if the Cubans themselves, after their long repression, are fit material for a governing class. The withdrawal of the foreign forces, doubtless, would result in a decade or so of domestic revolution, before a stable government could be evolved.

Looking at Hayti and San Domingo, one is tempted to exclaim, "Anything, even Spanish misrule, in preference to the semi-barbarism of a negro government."

There is little danger that Cuba would relapse into the barbarous condition of Hayti, since the white people of the island would be their salvation, and they would not be likely to commit the supreme folly of declaring universal suffrage.

Be this as it may, Cuba now groans beneath the curse of Spanish domination, and is obliged to contribute all its strength and wealth to the continuance in power of alien rulers. This alone is enough to

entitle her to the sympathy of the civilized world, and not to this only, but to assistance in her efforts to throw off the galling chains of slavery. Cuba and Porto Rico are the only possessions of the Spaniards in the New World, and the only islands of the West Indies, occupied by civilized communities, where passports are demanded. The Spanish consuls in New York and Nassau will have you believe that you must provide yourself with passports, inasmuch as they get five dollars for their *visé*; but the traveller only tarrying over a steamer does not need one, their assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. To remain in the island any length of time, a passport is necessary.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES.

T is at Cienfuegos that the traveller takes rail for Havana, or Matanzas, or the beautiful valley of Yumurri. Travel by rail is very expensive in Cuba, in some cases as high as twenty cents per mile.

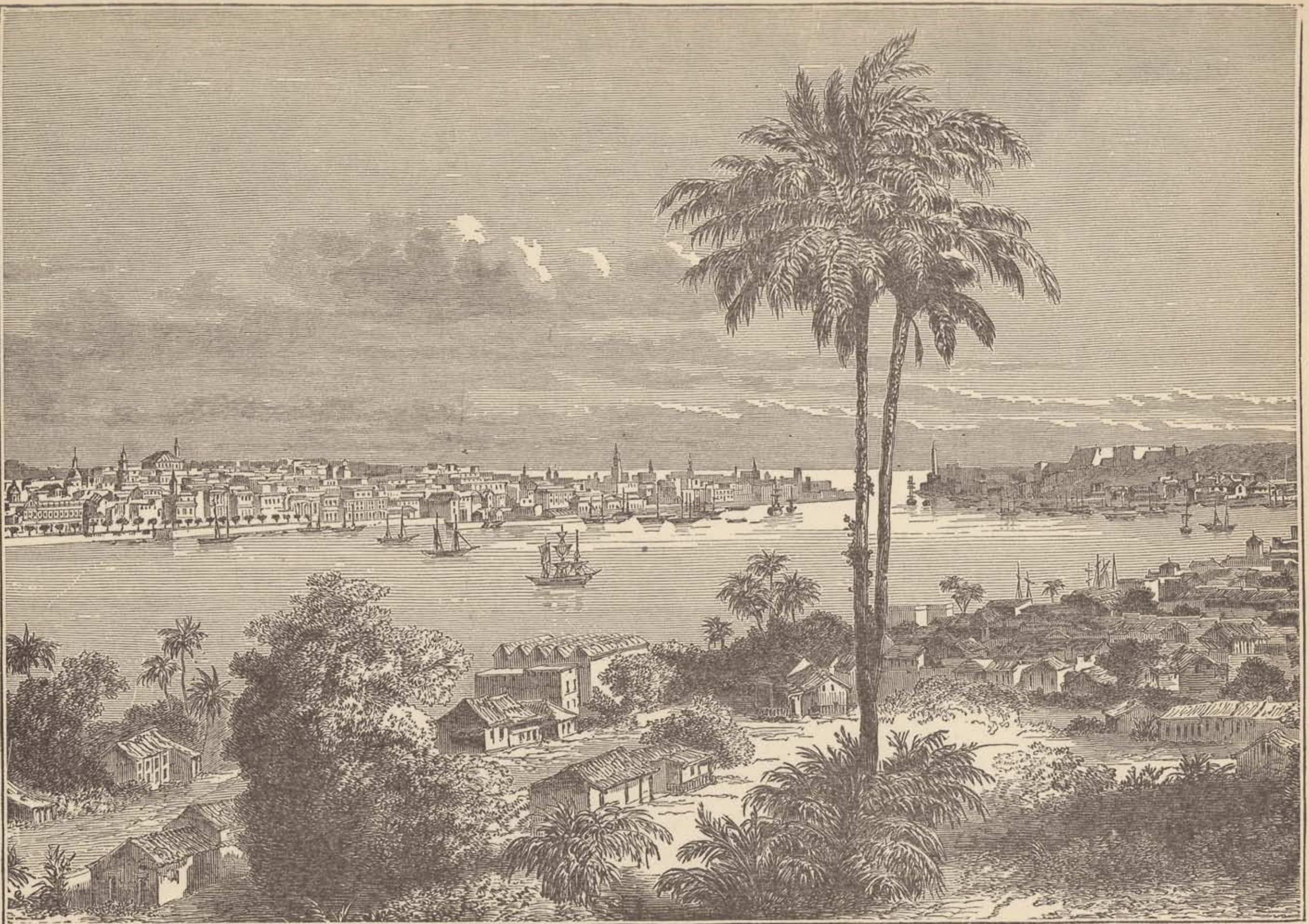
In addition to the rail lines across the island and to the capital, a system of coastwise steamers connects with Trinidad and Santiago, Batabano, and the Isle of Pines. These steamers are of Spanish ownership and commanded by Spanish captains, though they are said to be comfortable and tolerably safe. At Santiago, every week or two, French or English steamers make connections for San Domingo, Jamaica, and the far southern islands of the Caribbees. Thus the voyager to these parts may reach nearly all the islands of the West Indian chain, by taking a steamer of the Ward Line to Nassau and Santiago, and making connection at the latter port, or at Cienfuegos, for whatever island is desired.

We had all been in Havana, and did not care to take the long and hot ride by rail, across Cuba, on purpose to see the capital city of the island. The Antiquarian volunteered, instead, his description of a voyage thither, and a stay in Havana, the previous winter. He took passage from New York, and the following is a condensed account of his trip.

In sailing to Cuba, as well as to Charleston, Savannah, and Florida, the eastern coast is closely hugged by the majority of steamers. This is done to

avoid that great "river in the sea," the Gulf Stream. Boats bound for Bermuda and the more southern of the West Indies strike diagonally across the stream, reaching its inner edge at a distance of about one hundred and sixty miles from New York. Between the stream and the coast is a broad space where is little current; down this they sail in going south, and avail themselves of the stream in their northward trip. Cape Lookout was somewhere to westward on the third day, and, though one would have expected the temperature to rise with the leaving of Hatteras astern, yet such was not the case. The whole lot of passengers were disappointed. The guide-book had said: "On the second day you will take off your overcoat, on the third day you will be walking about in your shirt sleeves, and on the fourth day you will arrive at Havana." Thus the guide-book had divested the traveller of one article of apparel after another, when the termination of the voyage put an end to its shameless proceedings. Without a doubt, had the voyage been long enough, the unfortunate voyager that followed that guide-book would have eventually arrived at a style of costume in vogue in Eden before the advent of the serpent. Since that time our faith in guide-books has been sorely shaken, for all that third day was consumed in hunting for a warm corner, and the fourth, instead of finding us in Havana, only brought to our eyes a view of the Florida coast. But when the change in temperature came it was decided, a hot sun and balmy breezes taking the place of cold and wind. Cape Canaveral, on the Florida coast, was the first point sighted after leaving Hatteras; rather, its light was the first that greeted us, shining steadily out from its mysterious hiding, at evening.

What suggestions, what reminiscences, that faint light, shining out of the darkness, brought to mind! To many it was only a light in a tower, the tower hidden from sight by intervening distance; to me it was a reminder of past pleasures by flood and field, of camps on that very coast, at the very foot of that glimmering beacon. Along this beach, in June, how many bears have walked to their death, meeting their fate from the hunter in ambush behind the sands! How many turtle that have laboriously waded up from the sea to deposit their eggs have been turned on their backs to suffer death later on, and how many dozens of turtle eggs have been scooped out of the same sands by the hunter aforesaid! On the fifth morning, at dawn, a flashing, fitful light told that we were opposite Jupiter, in latitude 27°, and, as daylight came on and the light in the dusky tower paled and dimmed, a long stretch of shore opened up north and south. All day long we steamed within a mile of an endless line of yellow sand, lying between blue water and banks of green. We were sailing past a portion of Florida noted for the abundance of its game and the vast numbers of its birds and fishes. Lying below the frost line, this section of



CITY AND HARBOR OF HAVANA.

Florida, with its hot climate tempered by breezes created by the Gulf Stream and the vast lagoons on the coast, offers every inducement to the grower of tropical fruits. So rank the vegetation, so genial the climate, so abundant the game only eight years ago, that I wrote of it enthusiastically as a semi-tropical paradise. Travel and experience may have tempered this conclusion, but even yet there remains the memory of as delightful a period of existence as this troublous life has allotted me. Behind this low wall of green, composed of palmetto scrub, above which rise here and there the rounded crowns of palmettos, lies an immense lagoon. Indian River, one hundred and twenty miles in length, connected with Mosquito lagoon, of equal length, stretches northward from Jupiter. Of varying width, from one hundred yards to six miles, a narrow strip of sand only separates it from the ocean. This sand-ridge, covered with the low saw-palmetto and a kind of lantana, with now and then a dense "hummock" of large oaks or pines, teems with game. Deer in great numbers have been killed here, and bear in the turtle season, in the spring. Half-way down the river is Pelican Island, where congregate hundreds of great brown pelicans to breed; vast heronries, filled with snowy herons and egrets, with downy, filamentous plumes, are found a few miles inland. Filled thus with the memories of the past, this low-lying shore without a house to relieve the monotony of its outline was fascinating from first to last. Below Jupiter Light lies Lake Worth, a long strip of water, once fresh, but now connected with the ocean. We catch glimpses of it now and then, and the far-distant pines, lifting their spreading branches to the sky, suggest that this lake is worthy all the praise bestowed upon it. It is almost the Ultima Thule of the settler coming south from the more thickly settled Northern Florida, and but few favored ones have thus far succeeded in secluding themselves here.

At noon we passed Cape Florida, with its lighthouse rising above a cluster of palms, and later on a spider-legged structure of iron, thrust into the air like a mangrove, bearing a light in its crown. This was in about latitude 26°, interesting as the line of northern limit for the cocoa palm. Behind Cape Florida lives a remnant of the persecuted Seminole nation of Indians, governed by a valiant red man rejoicing in the name of "Tiger Tail." The old chief, who had won this honorary appellation, is dead; so this, his son, should be known as Tiger Tail, Jr., or the bob-tailed Tiger.

As we reached Alligator Light, another of those lighthouses on stilts, the sun went down in a blaze of color, giving the most gorgeous display that we had witnessed in a twelvemonth. Before he went out of sight, however, we had arrived opposite Keyo Largo, the largest of the keys that terminate and guard the peninsula of Florida. Here is where are successfully raised the most deli-

cious pineapples sent to Northern markets. These keys stretch along for nearly a hundred and fifty miles, forming a vast storehouse of coral and marine treasures, and are the home of countless sea-birds and herons.

This last day off Florida was full of sport, as we caught a number of very gamy fish, such as king-fish and Spanish mackerel. All that last day and part of the preceding evening we had been ploughing the waters of the Gulf Stream for the first time on the voyage. Leaving the Florida Keys, we had only to turn our prow a little westerly to enter this warm current, now compressed between Florida and the Bahamas. The sea was rougher and of a deeper green than before, where it had covered the coral ledges. Little by little the mountains of Cuba unfolded in detail their ridges and secluded valleys, and the plains sweeping up from the sea lay green before us. The feelings of one who has studied the history of these islands as he approaches this beautiful island of Cuba may better be imagined than described. Nearly four hundred years have gone by since the Great Admiral first sighted the mountains, at a point a little farther down the coast, as he came upon them from the Bahamas. The vast sweep of coast, that only opens out more and more as we sail along it, causes one to cease to wonder that Columbus with his caravels did not fully explore it, — that he died in the belief that he had discovered part of a continent.

It is several hours before Havana is sighted, its historic castle being the object first seen, and everybody has time to shave and dress, and otherwise prepare for landing.

Men scarcely less famous than Columbus have contributed to make the history of Cuba a prized possession of the world; for from this same harbor of Havana that we were approaching have sailed Cortez for Mexico, De Soto for Florida, and many another Spaniard who has made the name of his nation famous and hateful. Situated in latitude 23° 8', Havana consequently lies within the heated tropic zone. It is twelve hundred miles distant from New York, and, by the direct steamers of the Alexandre line, can be reached in four days. No other trip of equal length can present such a decided change of scene and climate as this affords. To be transported from the mud and snow of the North to the soft atmosphere of this tropical island within the limit of a few days, is like a transition from purgatory to paradise. The steamer arrives off Moro Castle, half a mile or so distant, and then squares her course directly for the narrow opening into the harbor. The frowning walls now overlook her decks, and the lighthouse on the rocky point towers above her masts. The narrow entrance is scarcely a stone's throw wide, and lined with forts and batteries; but when this is passed, a broad basin, a great *cul de sac*, lies directly in front, one half bounded by fields and open

country, the other, the western, by the solid walls and wharves of the city. The steamer comes to anchor, and is at once surrounded by boats, the owners of which are anxious to carry you to shore. But they do not importune you as in other countries; they merely suggest mildly that their boats are there, and they would be happy to transport you to land. This they do for fifty cents, if you are knowing and wary; for seventy-five cents, if you leave the price to them. First, however, you must get permission of the customs official, who comes off to the boat in a little steamer. He is a villanous-looking fellow, — as, indeed, are all the officials of Spanish extraction, with few exceptions, — but he grants permission, as you are merely a passenger in transit.

STATUE OF COLUMBUS (HAVANA).

Left at the quay by the boatman, the stranger finds himself in bewilderment, puzzled as to which way to turn. There is no importunate hackman at his elbow kindly to direct him, as in Boston and New York; there is not the omnipresent small Irish boy of the North, anxious to direct the stranger into by and forbidden places. He looks about at a loss how to accept the situation; he does not understand how it is that no one is lying in wait for him. If he can talk a little Spanish, he invokes the aid of an official, and is informed that those carriages which he sees standing at the corners are for public hire, and not subsidized by government or private individuals, as he supposed.

The hackman is a different species from the New York one, for he dozes on his seat oblivious to the fact that a passenger is near. Awake him, and he will drive you to any part of the city for twenty cents. His carriage is a "Victoria," and is a duplicate of every other one you will meet. There are hundreds of them, you meet them every hundred feet; it is one of the wonders of Havana how so many hackmen get a living there. Though controlled by the police, and rigidly held to account for any infringement of the regulations, these Jehus drive furiously through the streets and around corners, paying little attention to the pedestrian. As the streets are narrow and the sidewalks narrower, — many of the latter less than two feet wide, — and as the wheel hubs project over the walks, often leaving but a few inches' space for a person passing, this evil is very aggravating, and excites quick criticism from the stranger.

One requires a pencil to do justice to those pictures that constantly open to the eyes of the tourist, for with merely a pen one cannot reproduce those narrow streets, enclosed between high walls of stone, and hung with awnings; those quaint corners, and the grotesque façades of churches and cathedrals; the busy yet listless people in odd costumes; the market-places, laden with strange fruits of the tropics; the semi-military appearance of the officials not forming part of the army. Everything here savors of antiquity, everything here possesses no interest except as acquired from the past. Anything of more recent date than two centuries ago seemed to the inhabitants tame and commonplace, and not worth mentioning. An ancient odor even pervades the place, suggestive of past fevers and future vomitos. Outside the limits of the ancient city, which was once enclosed by walls, is the most attractive portion, where an attempt has been made to beautify and adorn. The Prado and Parque de Isabel are the central points, from which a finer architecture and more generous avenues are spreading. In the Parque is a statue of "Isabella the Catholic," surrounded by a little garden of flowers and trees, where are many chairs for the use of any one desiring to sit at evening to enjoy the cool air and contemplate this royal saint. Above and below are long esplanades, evidently of recent construction judging from the size of the trees, where statues please the eye and dripping fountains the ear. Here are the principal hotels, all of ample dimensions, and all, at present, full to overflowing. The Tacon Theatre, the Louvre, and a host of restaurants and club-rooms surround the central space, and at the eastern end of the Prado one comes to the sea, to the entrance of the harbor, where are old and picturesque fortifications, and is brought face to face with the Moro Castle, across the narrow inlet. Now, one is tempted to stop and describe all these things, but it is with halting pen that he does so, they have been written about so often. For the little I have written, I feel inclined to beg

"THE MARKET-PLACE, LADEN WITH STRANGE FRUITS OF THE TROPICS."

the reader's pardon, feeling the total lack of something new to speak of. Grand and impressive is the fortress of Castle Moro, but it is owing to the advantages of its situation, on a bold promontory of ragged rock, rather than to merits of architecture. Solid walls it has, frowning battlements, ornate sentry-boxes perched at every angle, and is withal a most picturesque relic of the military architecture of three centuries ago. As that of the city is borrowed from Southern Spain, so this delightful old fortress recalls the time when Moor and Spaniard fought in Granada. The castle commanding the harbor of San Juan, in Porto Rico, is far more imposing, and has the advantage of being supplemented by a line of wall and fortifications surrounding the city.

There was in our party an individual who seemed to think of nothing, in visiting Havana, but the shrine commemorating the burial-place of the discoverer of the New World. All the way down he was talking about this shrine, and knew from the books just where it was located. But when he came to question the people about it, no one knew ; he spent the greater part of the day we were there in this vain search. From the persistency with which he hunted down these ashes of Columbus, one would naturally have taken him for a soap-boiler looking for lye. At last he found the Governor's palace, a large building devoid of any attraction except its size, and the Plaza de Armas, a small, very small square, containing a few stunted palms and flowers. In front of the palace and the Plaza he found a bust of Columbus, and the mortuary chapel, said to be erected over the very spot where mass was first said in the island. In the ancient cathedral, with exterior of gray and rugged stone, and interior gloomy and forbidding, he at last sought the tablet that indicated the place of deposit of those ashes, at the right of the altar. Having seen this, he departed satisfied, though with his reflections somewhat tempered by the recent knowledge that Columbus yet rests in the old cathedral at San Domingo.

If there is a noisier city than this of Havana, I have yet to find it, for, aside from the hooting of boys, the cries of hucksters and marketmen, and the ordinary business sounds, there is a constant clatter over the stone pavements of the many vehicles, which the adjacent walls intensify by their aids to reverberation. The business of Havana is simply immense, and probably at no time in the history of the island has it been greater. This notwithstanding the oppressive exactions of Spanish rule, extortionate duties on imports of every shape, and corruption and bribery on every hand. The duties are enormous, a single barrel of flour when imported from America paying seven to eight dollars. Prices, as a rule, range from fifty to a hundred per cent higher than in the States. There is not a single cheap thing here except the fruits. It is a matter of some satisfaction to know that the home government gets but a small portion of the

duties imposed, though it makes one wish there was a place especially set apart for the rapacious officials who so oppress the people. Every grade of villany is known and practised here. A common practice in evading the payment of heavy imports is the making out of two different sets of invoices, one to sail by, and the other to land the cargo by, the saving in duties being divided between the

"COLUMBUS YET RESTS IN THE OLD CATHEDRAL."

owners of the vessel and the customs officials. Havana controls about fifty per cent of the exports, and about seventy-five per cent of the imports of Cuba. Her merchants, though they literally take their lives in their hands in the summer, in the season of fever, yet amass great fortunes; and, though they may live in constant suspense, have the satisfaction of dying rich.

Lying so far to the south, Cuba possesses, in common with all the West Indies, the cool nights resulting from that beneficent breeze from the eastward, constant and almost unvarying, the trade-wind. No matter how hot the day, at nine or ten in the morning this wind begins to blow, increasing with the heat until it sometimes creates a gale. At near sunset it slackens, and later on

the evening breeze sets in, giving a temperature delightfully cool. At least, that is the case at this season, and (judging from previous experience in other islands of the West Indian group) such it is likely to be all the year, except in the hottest summer months. The temperature now is about 80° in the shade at noon, but this diminishes toward sunset, and as darkness falls one may enjoy in all its beauty the coolness of the glorious tropic night.

The next morning we steamed away from Havana and down the coast, past green slopes and purple mountains that rise far in the interior, their crests and sides bathed in mist. And this is the confused picture the day in Havana left with me. A fort with Moorish architecture raising its yellow walls above gray coral rocks; a city, spread over a plain by the sea, with creamy-hued walls and roofs; with narrow streets, gloomy even at noon; with old buildings, gray and tottering with the weight of years; plazas with palms and fountains; houses with grated windows, giving glimpses of dark-eyed women and merry children; circling ranges of hills, dotted with palms, and showing in the distance the white walls of sugar buildings; — all bathed in an atmosphere bland and delicious, yet quivering with tropic heat and heavy with the possible germs of fever.

"Speaking of Florida," said the Doctor, "there are two things you forgot to mention; the flea, and the piny-woods hog. You remember the hog, as thin as a shingle, — thin as two shingles, — and it takes a pair of him to cast a shadow! But the flea — now listen to my lines

"TO A FLEA.

"The flea, the flea, the festive flea;
What insect is so spry as he?
You put your finger down just where
He sat down last, he is n't there!"

The Historian cast a warning glance towards the Antiquarian, which the Doctor perceived. "O, that 's all right, Anti," he remarked hastily; "I 'm not going to give you any more poetry, only these lines. Don't be afraid. But I must tell you of a little episode of my Florida experience on the St. John's River, when I had floated down the Ocklawaha, in company with my Western friend, Tom Long," and he went on with perfect coolness.

Gaining the St. John's River late in the afternoon, hot, hungry, weary, we found we had at least five miles to pull to a settlement. Broad and lake-like, its turbid flood rolled northward between low, forest-covered, desolate banks. Half-way across we saw before us a strange, misshapen object, like the top of a half-submerged balloon floating on the water. Scanning it closely, we approached it cautiously, wonderingly. "It's a manatee," ejaculated the excited Long. "I'll give it a shot from the revolver as we get near enough; now pull carefully." He sat in the stern, with the revolver at full cock, and with eager eyes fixed upon the object, which we were rapidly nearing. "Now, a little nearer. There, just a few rods farther, and I'll flag it with a bullet. By Jove! it's an umbrella!" My back was towards it, as I was pulling, but at his exclamation I looked around and saw that it was, as he had stated in great disgust, an umbrella, one of the large cotton kind that would shelter a whole family, floating serenely on the water. "Well, I'll have a pop at it, anyway," and he raised the pistol to fire.

"No, hold on!" said I; "there's a boat in front of it!"

"So there is! I wonder what an umbrella and boat are doing out here alone. Why, there must be somebody in it: look, see how the bow is raised out of water. I'll tell you a good joke. Let's creep up softly and yank that umbrella up suddenly. Then we'll have some fun, or I'm mistaken."

Slowly and softly backing water, I placed the stern of our boat in close contact with the base of that umbrella — if umbrellas can be said to have bases — and left the rest to Long. Stretching his hand out he lifted the canopy suddenly, and clutched it firmly, as I pulled ahead with all my might. The scene that umbrella sheltered from our curious gaze must be left to the artist, for pen alone cannot do it justice. The calm atmosphere of that placid evening was just rendered murky by the howling of the owner of that umbrella. He was absurd enough to imagine we wished to steal his old umbrella, I fancy, for he howled repeatedly, "You just let that umbrella alone, will you!" long after we had dropped it and set it drifting down stream.

"I hope we did n't intrude," said Long, rising and laying his hand on his breast.

"'Intrude!'" snapped the young lady who was with the umbrella man; "have you got the manners of a pig?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, I should n't think you had."

With this rather equivocal compliment she subsided; but the young man went on with his strong talk, revealing a stock on hand for an emergency like this perfectly wonderful.

Another event occurred during the closing hours of our voyage. We found, what every State has boasted of possessing, the meanest man in the United States. I will not even mention his name, nor that of his landing, for fear he will make money by the advertisement. We reached the east bank of the river at dark, landed at a sort of wharf, and went up to a house near, to request permission to leave our boat for the up-bound steamer and to try to get a bed. A large, lean man, with a big nose as a prominent feature of a sneaking countenance, answered our knock.

"THE MEANEST MAN IN THE UNITED STATES."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Can we get something to eat here?"

"No, you can't."

"Can you let us a bed?"

"No, I won't."

"May we sleep on the veranda?"

"No, you sha'n't."

"You have a warehouse on the wharf; may we sleep in that?"

"No, you can't."

"But the steamer for Palatka does n't come down till morning, and we must have somewhere to sleep."

"That 's your lookout; now clear out from here, or I 'll set the dog on you."

Long wanted to murder the man at once, but we stifled our indignation, and made one last request, which he granted, that we might tie our boat to his wharf till the steamer came.

We lay on his wharf eleven hours exposed to a pelting hailstorm, and when the red light of our expected steamer hove in sight, greeted it with greatest joy. We were so stiff with cold that the deck hands dragged us aboard like cord-wood, and by the furnace fire we were left to ruminate upon the delights of a hundred miles in a dug-out, and a week on a Florida river.

The Antiquarian mildly protested against this impertinent introduction of the Doctor's reminiscences, and the latter promised that

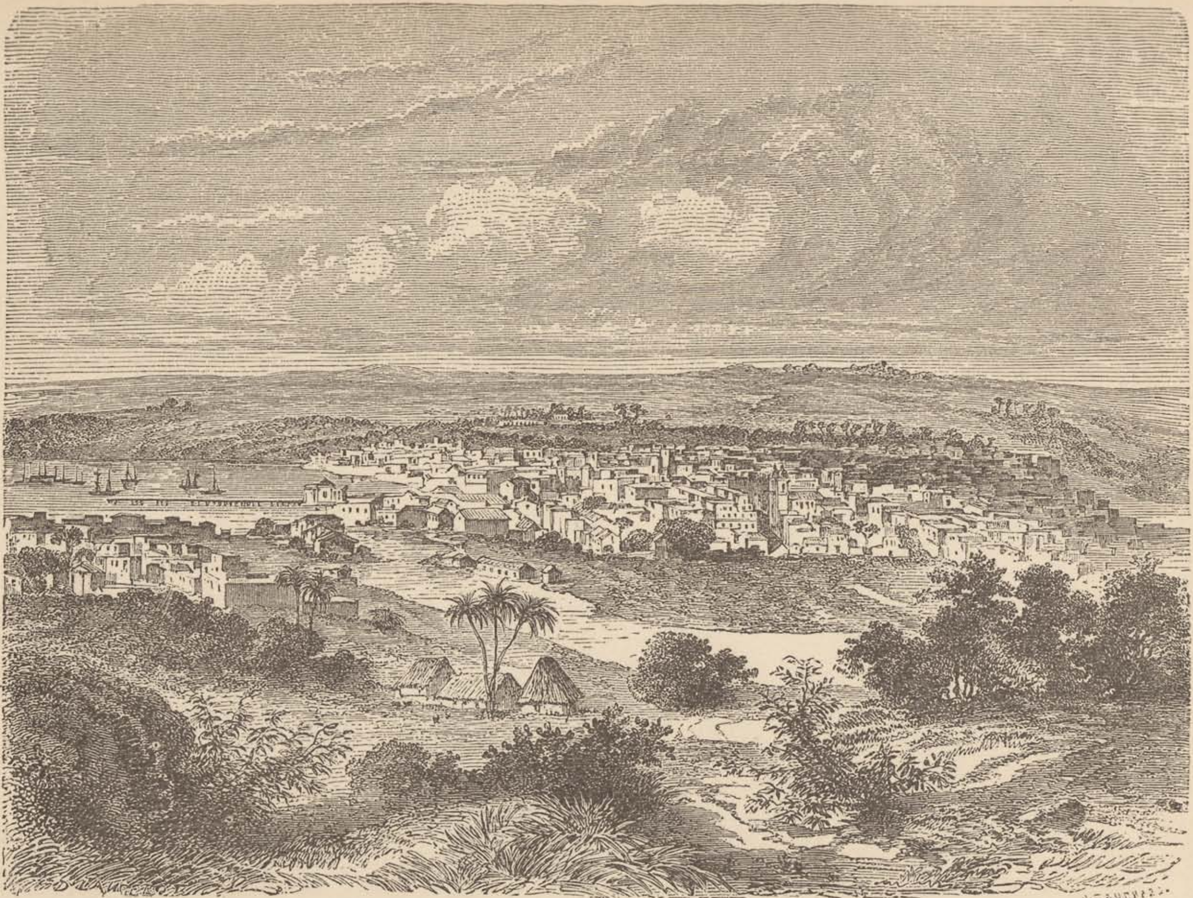
he would abstain entirely; though declaring that his interpolations were necessary to break the monotony of the journey.

Our experiences in Cuba terminated with a ride into the country in a volante, — that peculiar vehicle with its huge wheels and long-

"THAT PECULIAR VEHICLE, — A VOLANTE."

shafted, cumbrous body, so well adapted to the rough roads and trails of the interior. It is becoming obsolete, except in districts very secluded, but will long retain its hold on the affections of the Cubans. As the Doctor remarked, one ride a day, one day in the week, was about all he wanted. It looked harmless enough — when in repose; but when in operation it struck terror to all beholders.

Cuba, to recapitulate, is about 800 miles long, and from 25 to 130 miles in breadth. The highest peak in its mountain range is Pico Turquino, which is about 7,750 feet. Abundant mineral ores in the mountains yield coal, copper, silver, and iron. Its chief agricultural productions are coffee, sugar, cotton, rice, maize, tobacco; some of its valuable woods are mahogany, ebony, cedar, fustic; and it abounds in all the tropical fruits.



VIEW OF MATANZAS, ISLAND OF CUBA.

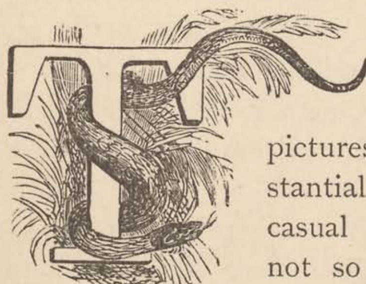
Nearly its entire population, of a million and a half of inhabitants, is Roman Catholic, and many slaves are yet held in bondage. The island was discovered in 1492 (October), and colonized in 1511. In 1553 its entire Indian population, of many thousands, was extinct. In 1534 and 1554 Havana was captured by the French; in 1584, strongly fortified; in 1624, taken by the Dutch, but restored; in 1688, disturbed by filibusters; in 1762, taken by the English, but restored in 1763, in exchange for Florida. It has remained in Spanish hands ever since, and has had great commercial prosperity. Its cathedral was erected in 1724. In 1848, President Polk, for the United States, made an offer, which was rejected, of one hundred million dollars for Cuba. Many attempts have been made to secure Cuban independence, and the island has been wasted in revolutions; but all have failed in their object.

One of the most attractive islands off the southern coast of Cuba is the Isle of Pines, so called because of its pine trees. It is a strange fact that the pine family, so peculiarly belonging to colder climates, should have many species also in the warmer regions. Here we find the pines growing at the level, and along the borders, of the sea, their foliage intermingling with that of the palm. Two species of pine are found here of great interest to botanists.

We waited a long while at Cienfuegos for a steamer to St. Thomas, the chief island of the Virgin group; for our intention was to leave behind us such of the Greater Antilles as were well known, and devote our time to the less known, but more beautiful islands of the Caribbees. Fortune, however, threw in our way a steamer that was destined for St. Thomas by way of Hayti and San Domingo; and we embraced the opportunity of getting a glimpse of the great and peculiar Black Republics.

VII.

THE STORIED ISLANDS OF THE ANTILLES.



THIS chapter is mainly historical; for our search is not only for the amusing and the picturesque, but for that which shall be of substantial benefit to the student, as well as to the casual reader. The plums in the pudding are not so nourishing as the pudding itself; they are put in merely as an additional attraction. So the adventures and the incidents of travel in this book are merely accessory; that is, they serve but to clothe the body of thought, which (as in our lives) should carry a serious, underlying purpose. We may be attracted by the frivolous, and the gaudy show, but we are held and shaped only by serious things. If the writer of this chapter (who is the Historian) had no other object in writing this work than to amuse merely, he would not attempt it. And he hopes that readers will not "skip" this portion because it may seem "dry," but read it carefully, and thereby add to their stock of information portions of American history generally neglected. He has collated it from many books, not always accessible to the general reader, and he hopes it may prove both interesting and instructive, as it may be relied upon as authentic.

At last, after much preliminary voyaging, we entered historic waters. The morning after leaving port, at daybreak, we saw — though barely sighted —

WHISPERING PALMS AND GOLDEN SANDS.

San Salvador, lying far over to the westward. Owing to reefs and shallows, the steamer had been headed northwesterly through the night, and had to make a wide detour in order to gain the Salvador Channel. And does one need to be told of the interest attaching to San Salvador? Has not this island been in the eye of millions of people during the past four hundred years? Wrongly called the landfall of Columbus, some tell us; and indeed the latest authorities give the honor to Watling's Island, and with a greater showing of proofs than have been brought forward in support of the claims of Salvador. Well, then, allow it to have been Watling's Island, as doubtless it was, it will suit us just as well; and not long after the cloud-like Salvador has been left behind, another blue mound lifts itself above the horizon. This is Watling's, and lies upon the other hand as we shape our course for the Cuban coast. Other mounds, hillocks, and at last long stretches of level land, rise above the water, and are joined into one continuous island. This we coast for some time, but at a distance of some five or six miles, too great to enable us to make out all we could wish of things ashore. The southern headland is pointed out as the landing place of Columbus, who approached the island from the northeast.

The first voyage of Columbus: what a combination of fortuitous events, or circumstances, rather, tended towards its successful conclusion! At the season in which he sailed, the sea should have been rougher than he found it, to conform to its wonted aspect, in October, at the present time. But he sailed a sea as smooth as any ever found. During that first voyage Columbus discovered San Salvador, Conception, Great Exuma, the Mucares, Long Island, Cuba, and Hayti; in his second voyage, Desirade, Marie-Galante, Dominica, Guadeloupe, Santa Maria, Montserrat, Santa Cruz, Virgin Islands, Porto Rico, and Jamaica. In his third and fourth voyages he took a wider range, and swept the circumference of the Caribbean Sea.

Our ideal Paradise: do we imagine it to be in a land of snow and storm, or of radiant heat and sunshine? Is it not where whispering palms bend golden leaves above silver sands on the borders of streams, and where banana and plantain wave their silken pennons? "If I might yield here to the charm of memory," wrote Bernardin de St. Pierre, "I would dwell on scenes deeply imprinted in my recollection, — on the calm of the tropic night, when the stars (not sparkling, as in our climate, but shining with a steady beam) shed on the gently heaving ocean a mild and planetary radiance; or I would recall those deep wooded valleys of the Cordilleras, where the palms shoot through the leafy roof formed by the thick foliage of other trees, above which their lofty and slender stems appear in lengthened colonnades, a forest

above a forest." In this region, blessed pre-eminently by the Creator, in this favored clime,

"Where every prospect pleases,"

and only man is, or has been, not exactly in accord with his surroundings, American history (if we accept European data) had its beginning. I need not

"THEY HAD BOATS CALLED CANOAS."

remind my readers of this, nor detail the eventful voyages that led up to the so-called discovery of the so-termed "New" World. "*New*" World, forsooth; —

"This clime was *old*,
When first the Spanish came in search of gold."

"It pleased God in his mercy," says the quaint old chronicler, Herrera, "at

"AMONGST THE LISTLESS THREADS OF INDIAN AFFAIRS."

the time when Don Christopher Columbus could no longer withstand so much muttering, contradiction, and contempt, that on Thursday, the 11th of October of the year 1492, in the afternoon, he received some comfort by the tokens they perceived of their being near land." Comfort to Columbus, doubtless, as his slow-sailing caravels drew near to San Salvador, and to his companion adventurers; but what comfort carried he to the dwellers on that isle of the Bahamas? That they were a peaceful people, we have the testimony of Columbus himself: "They are very gentle, without knowing what evil is, neither killing nor stealing." But their lovable qualities availed them nothing; they hastened their extinction, in truth. It has always appeared as a curious dispensation of Providence that the Spaniards were allowed such smooth sailing on this, their first voyage. Ah! if they had but landed a few degrees further to the south, there was a people, the Carib, ready and willing to give them a warm reception! But those Lucayans "were gentle and loving, and their language was easy to be pronounced and learnt, and though they went naked, yet they had some commendable customs," says the ancient historian. "They had good features, were of middle stature, well shaped, with skins of an olive color. They knew nothing of iron, but had boats called *canoas*, made of one piece of wood, like a tray; raised cotton and fruit, and lived in houses, round like tents."

In Cuba were found similar Indians, but a little better supplied with articles of adornment and subsistence. They slept in *hamacas*, made fire by rubbing two pieces of wood rapidly together, raised maize, and spun cotton, which everywhere grew wild in the fields. Their only domestic quadruped seems to have been the *utia*, or little dumb dog. Coasting the Cuban shore, the Spaniards finally reached Hayti, where occurred the loss of one of the caravels, where a fort was erected, the first structure by Europeans in the New World, and where Columbus received the sympathetic assistance of Guacanagua, the noble Haytian cacique. Similar Indians were also found residing here; the men beardless, not large but strong of frame, and with foreheads artistically heightened by compression; "their skulls so hard that sometimes a Spanish sword would break upon their heads." On their journeys they carried "meat, calabashes with water, and good bread made of *mayz*, or Indian wheat."

"For centuries," says the historian Helps, "many such as Guacanagua, and many such as Caonabo, had shot off their puny arrows, smoked their peaceful pipes, and gone down to the shades of their forefathers, unwept, unhonored, and unsung, — at least by Europeans; when suddenly amongst the listless threads of Indian affairs is plied the busy shuttle of European enterprise, till they come out woven into something like historical tapestry; and the

relationships and alliances of petty caciques become part of a story, which, if moderately well told, the world will listen to."

Then was begun, in the closing year of the fifteenth century, that historical tapestry woven by Spanish artisans in the loom of the New World, the warp whereof was blood and tears, the woof the sighs and groans of a dying people!

The Spaniards sailed for Spain, but they returned, as the world knows, the next year, first touching at a point further north, landing at Dominica, Guadeloupe, Porto Rico, searching in vain for the isle of the Amazons, Madinino, which the Caribs (whom they now for the first time saw, and whose valor surpassed their own) told them existed in those seas. The names bestowed upon these islands by Columbus remain to-day: The Virgins, named in honor of Saint Ursula and her immortal ten thousand; Montserrat, because it was full of mountains, was populous, and replenished with all things necessary for the life of man; Saint Christopher, from the likeness of its central mountain peak to the great giant who bore on his shoulders the infant Christ.

We all know the sequel; that they established themselves in Hispaniola, as the fair Hayti was renamed; that in their train came men more monstrous for evil than themselves, if such were possible. Isabella was their first settlement, on the north coast, — an unfortunate location, — and subsequently the capital was transferred to the south coast, where San Domingo was founded by Don Bartholomew Columbus, in 1496, — the first, oldest European city in America. So many fine hidalgos perished in sickly Isabella, that, long after, "the ghosts of departed settlers, in ancient costumes, prowled about the streets, wailing forth their woes, who, when saluted, invariably *took off their heads with their hats*." The extirpation of the native inhabitants began almost upon the landing of the Spaniards. From 1493 to 1496, a third part of those of Hayti perished in war and through other distresses. In 1507 a tenth part only remained, and in 1540 hardly two hundred in number of the estimated millions first found there!

The Pope, who pretended to own America before it was discovered, "gave it to the sovereigns of Spain and Portugal, because their Catholic majesties had acquired a just title to temporal power by the promulgation of the Gospel . . .; discovering remote parts inhabited by barbarous nations ignorant of the Christian faith, and having gold and aromatic products." Their zeal for their commission waxed or waned in proportion to the amount of "gold and aromatic products" these barbarous people possessed. The Caribs, having neither, but being disagreeably persistent in self-defence, were long let alone, until it was finally discovered that, being cannibals, they could legitimately be enslaved. Then it was astonishing to see the vast number of cannibals that were discovered, made war upon, and driven to the mines!

The king of France was not disposed to view the position of the New World with equanimity, and sent to demand of the Pope by what right he divided the possession of Father Adam so arbitrarily. This was the beginning of trouble, — the Pope giving away what he did not own, — the sovereigns of France, Spain, and Portugal fighting over what did not belong to them! But for a long time the Spaniards had it all their own way.

In 1495 the actual enslavement of the Haytian Indians began, when Columbus imposed upon every Indian in the gold region above fifteen years of age a poll-tax of a hawk's bell of gold dust. The great and good man lusted for gold. The noble Guarionex offered to sow with maize all the country from Isabella to San Domingo, to be exempted from the gold tax; but the Admiral refused.

In 1496, Caonabo, the mountain warrior, was captured, and the gold region fairly opened. In 1500, Columbus wrote to their Majesties: "The road to the country of gold and pearls is now open, and an abundance of them may be expected, as well as precious stones and spices." The mines, though rich, were short-lived. In 1502, an Indian girl discovered that lump of gold upon which, as a table, the miners ate a roast pig, boasting that never yet had any king of any land so rich a service of plate. But neither pig nor gold got the poor Indian; nor was any one benefited by its discovery, since it went to the bottom of the sea in the sinking of the fleet of Bovadilla, when twenty sail went down with all on board.

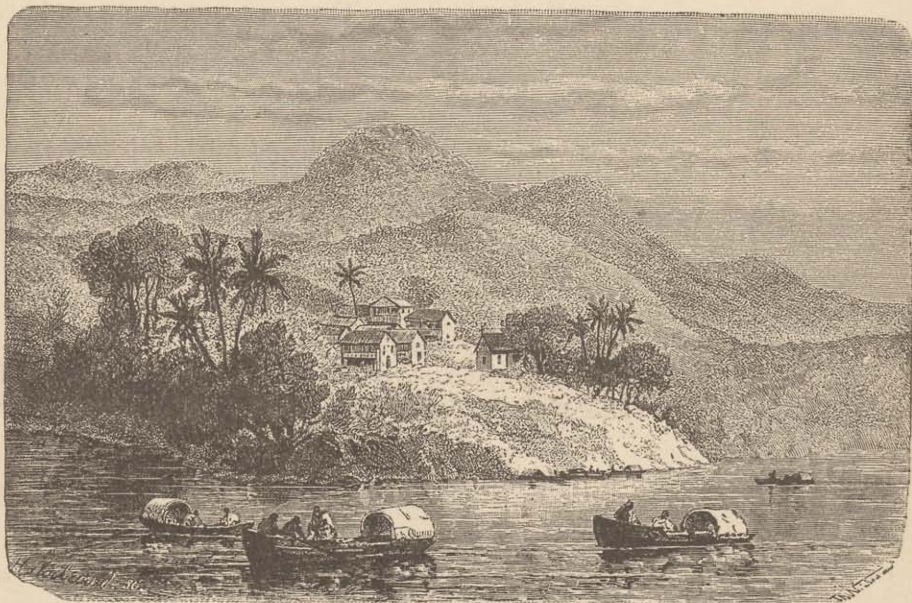
The initiatory movement looking to the enslaving and eventual extinction of the Indians was in 1495, when the *encomiendas* were instituted, by which the Indians were divided into different bodies and assigned to certain Spaniards for their supervision and benefit. This was their death knell; but their end was hastened by *repartimientos*, or the further division of the *encomienda*, one portion for work in the mines, another in the fields; some laboring for the support of the community, and the others for the *encomendador*. Thus was their extinction accelerated, until, in less than sixty years from their discovery — by the middle of the sixteenth century — these islands, once teeming with a population estimated at millions, contained not a score of their original inhabitants.

In 1503, Ovando, the Governor, gave to all his favorites the Indians in *repartimiento*: "To you we entrust [so many] Indians, under [such a cacique]; and you are to have them instructed in the holy Catholic faith" — and dig gold! It was Ovando who executed the inoffensive and charming Cuocoana, queen of Xaragua, and massacred her people, giving the signal for the massacre by covering with his hand the insignia of the knightly order of Alcantara.

The Villa de la Paiz — City of Peace — was built upon the ruins of this settlement. Aceldama would have been more appropriate, says the indignant historian.

In 1506, Columbus died. The same year, sugar-cane was introduced from the Canaries.

In 1508, Juan Ponce de Leon sought gold in Porto Rico, and was warmly received by the cacique Aguaynaba. The same year, Cuba was circumnavigated.



"ENTICING THEM ON BOARD THEIR VESSELS."

In 1508, also, Hispaniola having been depopulated, the Spaniards imported thousands of the Lucayans from the Bermudas, to wear their lives away in the mines, enticing them on board their vessels under pretext of taking them to see their departed friends. "For it is certain," says Herrera, "that all the Indian nations believe in the immortality of the soul, and that when the body was dead, it went to certain places of delight. Upon this supposition, abundance of men and women crowded into the ships. Other methods were later used, so that in four or five years forty thousand were thus transported."

In 1509, Diego Columbus, son of Christopher, and his bride, Maria de Toledo, arrived at San Domingo, and established a brilliant court.

It was in the year 1509, also, that an experiment was tried, which it would have been better for the Indians had it been often repeated. The Spanish declared themselves *immortal*, and the cacique Brayan put it to the test, by holding a Spaniard's head three hours under water, and then watching the corpse as many days. That settled the question for him.

In the year 1511, Velasquez sailed from San Domingo for Cuba, in whose company were Hernando Cortez and Bartholomew de las Casas. Cuba was quickly subjugated, and the year 1513 saw Velasquez firmly seated and the Indians obedient.

In 1512, Juan Ponce de Leon set off from Porto Rico in search of the island Bimini, fabled by the Indians to contain the Fountain of Youth.

In 1530, Charles V. forbids the capture of any more slaves in his dominions, and in 1538 no Spaniard is allowed to have a slave.

This is the extent of the space we shall allow the Historian for his chronology. Having "broken ground" in this introductory, we will now glance at that island, Hayti, or Hispaniola, where the first white settlement was made in the New World.

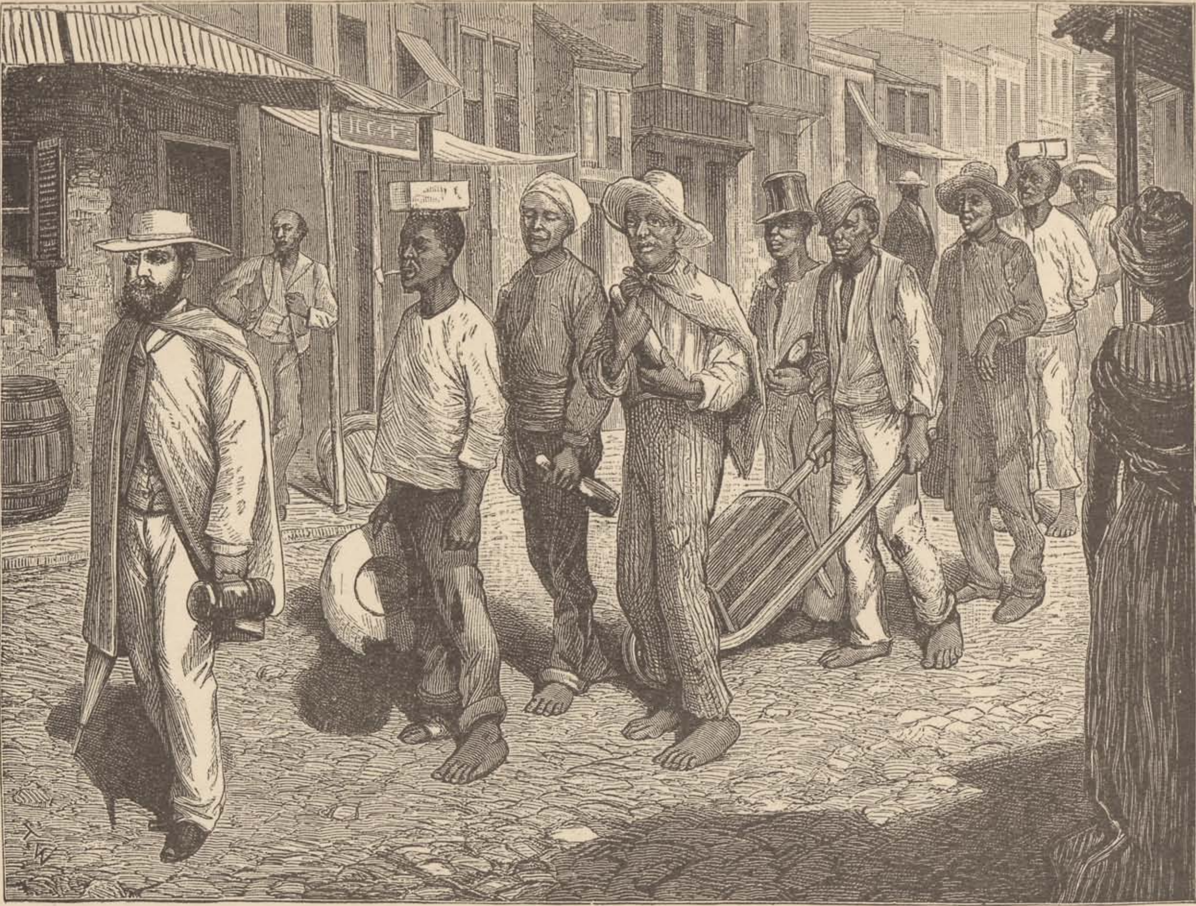
CHAPTER VIII.

SCENES IN THE BLACK REPUBLICS.

BY diverging to the southward, instead of running westward along the coast of Cuba, as we came down from the Bahamas, we should have sailed into the great gulf lying between the peculiar peninsulas of Hayti. Landing at its chief port, Port au Prince, would have followed, as a matter of course, where we should have fallen a prey to the porters, — the "hackmen" of Hayti. The great island is divided between two rival republics, Hayti and San Domingo. The latter comprises about two thirds of the island; its greatest length, from east to west, is about 270 miles, and its area about 20,000 square miles. The area of Hayti is about 10,000 square miles.

Together, they include one of the fairest lands on earth that ever fell to a vile and worthless population. Its mountains rise to the clouds, its rivers descend through vales of wondrous beauty to the sea, where their waters wash the silvery sands of palm-bordered coves and bays. Tropical trees and fruits of every kind abound in prodigal confusion, and the people inhabiting here find existence so light a burden that they rarely exert themselves to labor. The climate is mild, the entire year through, and nearly all the younger portion of the population goes without clothing, summer and winter.

Although the Republic of San Domingo has the broadest territory, yet it has only about half the population of Hayti; perhaps 250,000 in the former, and 500,000 in the latter.



THE PORTERS OF PORT AU PRINCE.

We know, from the preceding chapter, what was the fate of the aboriginal Indians found here by Columbus, and that of their descendants. They have long since been exterminated, and in their beautiful country now live these worthless blacks and mulattoes. In Hayti the negroes predominate, and in Domingo the mulattoes. Both republics are sunk in the depths of barbarism, and they have proven that the negro is not capable of governing himself. To ascertain the cause of this condition of things now existing in Hayti, we must appeal to history. We shall find that in this island, where African slavery was first introduced into America, was also set up the first government by the negroes themselves. The great expenditure of money, soldiers, planters, and sailors by the Spaniards, and their unsurpassed cruelties, in the end availed them nothing; for three centuries after its discovery they were entirely dispossessed.

In 1691, the western half of the island was ceded to France. In 1792, in the San Domingo portion, horrible atrocities were committed by the mulattoes upon the whites; a war of races was now going on, which lasted many years, until the mulattoes were left in possession.

In 1793, while the French Revolution was raging, the whites and blacks of Hayti were also struggling for supremacy; terrible massacres of the white people followed, and all the horrors of the French Revolution were transferred across the Atlantic to Hayti. In 1795, Spain ceded to France the eastern part of the island.

The negroes were emancipated by the French, and they have been exempt from slavery ever since. But they desired to be politically independent of France, and in 1801 the whole island was declared independent, with the now famous Toussaint L'Ouverture as supreme chief, or president for life. Napoleon, in order to reduce the colony under subjection to France, sent twenty-five thousand troops to Hayti. The blacks were compelled to retire to the mountains, and Toussaint was seized and carried prisoner to France, where he died in prison, in 1803. A negro named Dessalines succeeded to the com-

mand, and committed unheard of barbarities. The French were finally driven away by aid of the British, and Dessalines was made Governor, but later proclaimed himself Emperor, with great pomp. He was cruel and tyrannical, and was assassinated in 1806. Several rival chiefs contended for leadership, but a negro named Christophe crowned himself King, under the title of "Henry I." He committed suicide in 1820, but during his "reign" he showed to the world all the savagism and revolting cruelty of the worst potentate of Africa.

No greater foolery or burlesque of royalty was ever committed than by these self-styled kings and emperors of the negro nation. There were no white people now to oppose these barbarians, as they had all been massacred or driven from the country. In the year 1804 twenty-five hundred white people were murdered between the last of April and the middle of May. All their vast estates were now in possession of the blacks, whose leaders built for themselves beautiful dwellings and palaces.

The most famous structure of its kind was that erected at the command of Christophe, and called the Palace of Sans Souci. It was a most magnificent pile, — beautiful even in its ruins of to-day, — and is one of the attractions of the town of Cape Haytien on the north coast. It was built upon the brow of a hill, in a long, lovely valley shut in by mountains. It crowned the beautiful knoll with terraces and esplanades, and contained suites of rooms grand enough for any king, black or white. There was the throne-room, where the cruel Christophe, the "King of the North," held his receptions, and a private church, where the tyrant and his family held mockery of worship. From the various terraces and the belvederes, most superb views were obtained. The palace gardens supplied flowers and fruits of every variety, and the mountain streams came tumbling down in falls and cascades. And all these pleasures were provided for a brute of a man whose highest enjoyment consisted in oppressing those whom fortune had placed at his mercy!

SANS SOUCI, — "BEAUTIFUL EVEN IN ITS RUINS."

Here was enacted that burlesque of royalty which caused the whole world to smile, even through its tears at its depravity. Some of the distinguished titles survive to-day, though Hayti is nominally a republic. We may yet read the grandiloquent despatches of the Count of Lemonade, dated at this Palace of Sans Souci, with frequent references to "His Majesty, Henri I.," the king as black as his own shoes. But his black majesty has departed, the Count of Lemonade no longer flourishes, and the palace was long since ruined by earthquakes. Yet the Haytian loves display, and his highest ambition is to be a great military commander. All his money goes for "regimentals" and for finery, with which to make an impression upon his fellow-man. By the laws of Hayti, no white man can own property or hold office, and he is very much looked down upon by the present Lemonades and other sooty citizens.

The revolutions were not confined to the time when the French and Spaniards were being expelled from the country, for they have been frequent even in times most recent. In many a valley lie the mouldering walls of ruined dwellings and sugar-mills, and on many a headland stand the gaunt and roofless walls of more ambitious structures. Of these reminders of the long revolutionary period, none has a more striking situation than the citadel of Laferrière.

Cursed by man, though once blessed by the Creator, this island displays every wonder of vegetable life, every beauty of Nature, to the blind eyes of an inferior race unwilling to see the light. Speed the day when some civilized power shall take upon itself the populating of this paradise with people more deserving!

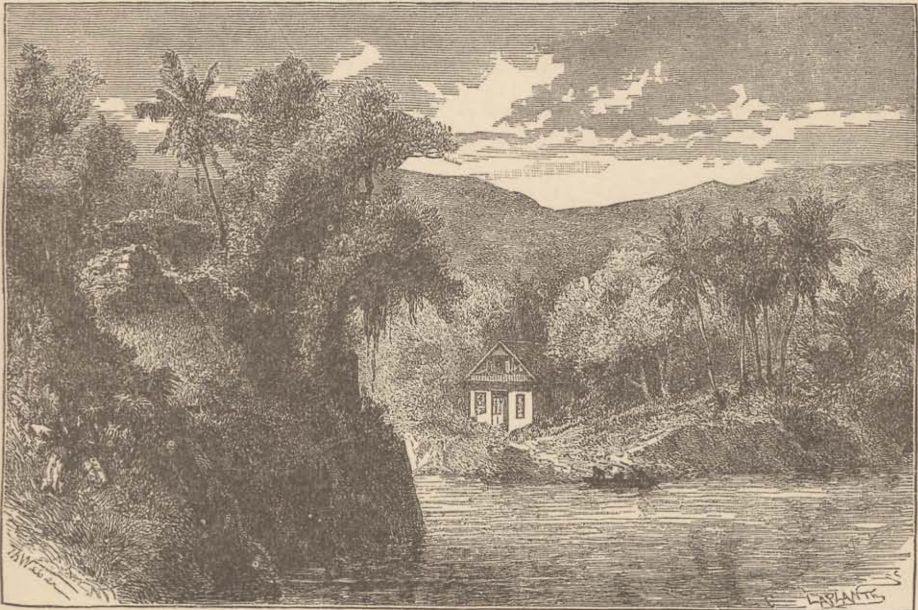
So degraded are many of these Haytians, that, in certain sections in the mountains and forests, the horrid practice of cannibalism prevails. An ex-Minister to Hayti, a few years ago, published a book on his residence there, which contains a chapter describing the Vaudoux worship and cannibalism. It seems too terrible for belief; but the proof he furnishes has been accepted as convincing. Vaudoux wor-

ship was brought from Africa, and is said to be sometimes practised amongst our own negroes. Some of the worshippers offer as sacrifice only white fowls and goats; but others are accused of sacrificing little children, or, as these fiends call them, the "goats without horns." The priests of the Vaudoux sect are called *papaloi*, and the priestesses *mamanloi* (a corruption of *papa roi* and *maman roi*, or royal father and royal mother). There is in Hayti a class of human monsters called "loup garous," who make it a practice to prowl about lonely houses at night to carry off the children. They are employed by the papalois to secure children for sacrifice in case the neighborhood does not furnish a suitable subject, and they are naturally the bugbears of the country.

A traveller in Hayti heard the Archbishop of Port au Prince give an account of the occurrences at a Vaudoux ceremony held the preceding week in the district of Arcahaye (in 1869). A French priest in charge of the district had a curiosity to witness the ceremonies, and he persuaded some of his parishioners to take him to the forest where a meeting was to be held. They were very unwilling, saying that, if discovered, he and they would be killed; but he promised faithfully that, whatever happened, he would not speak a word. So he was taken with them, disguised as a peasant. Immediately after the usual ceremonies of killing a white cock and a white goat, those present being marked with the blood, an athletic young negro came and knelt before the priestess of the occasion, and said, "O maman, I have a favor to ask." "What is it, my son?" "Give us, to complete the sacrifice, the goat without horns." She gave a sign of assent; the crowd in the shed separated, and there was a child sitting with its feet bound. In an instant a rope, already passed through a block, was tightened, the child's feet flew up toward the roof, and the priest approached it with a knife. The loud shriek given by the victim aroused the Frenchman to the truth of what was going on. He shouted, "O, spare the child!" and would have darted forward, but

THE CITADEL AT LAFERRIÈRE.

he was seized by his friends around him, and literally carried from the spot. He got safely back to the town, and tried to rouse the police, but they would do nothing until the morning, when they accompanied him to the scene. They found the remains of the feast, and near the shed was the boiled skull of the child. The authorities were exceedingly incensed with the priest for his interference, and, under pretence that they could not answer for his safety, shipped him off to Port-au-Prince, where he made his report to the Archbishop.



ON THE COAST OF HAYTI.

The inhabitants of the San Domingo portion of the island seem to be more enlightened than those of Hayti, yet they are far from perfection. They occupy an earthly paradise, so far as earth and climate go, but are utterly unable to appreciate its benefits.

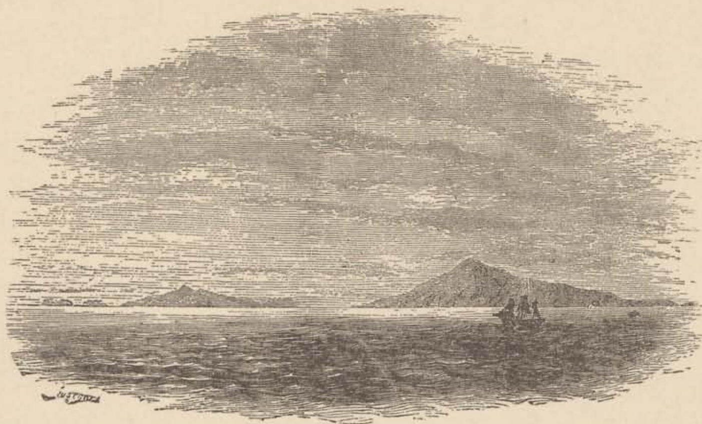
In the centre of their island lies the Vega Real, or Royal Vale,—an immense and fertile valley, dotted with palm trees. It was con-

sidered by Columbus the most beautiful on earth, and it is a pity it could not be made more accessible to civilized people, who might visit and enjoy its beauties.

The city of San Domingo, founded in the year 1496, is the oldest in the New World. In its old cathedral once reposed the bones of Columbus, but the sacred ashes were removed (as the Spaniards thought) to Havana, when the island was ceded to the French, in 1795. In 1861, the Spanish made an effort to establish their authority by landing troops here, but they were obliged to withdraw in 1863, since which time the people have made some attempts to govern themselves. In 1846, a black man named Soulouque was elected to the presidency, and he attempted to recover the eastern part of the island, but was defeated and driven back to Hayti.

The government of Hayti is far from stable; now and then some president will usurp the power and declare himself Emperor, or King; but he is soon deposed, or shot, or driven out of the country. Every man is so ambitious to be a general, or emperor, and cut a figure before his humbler brethren, that it is probable the disturbances in this benighted Republic will continue for many years to come.

We are going to leave these Greater Antilles now, for good and all, and essay an exploration of islands far more attractive, from many points of view, than any we have yet seen. They were discovered at about the same period of time, but escaped to a great extent the ravages of the murderous Spaniards.



THE VIRGINS.

CHAPTER IX.

A VOYAGE TO THE VIRGIN ISLANDS.

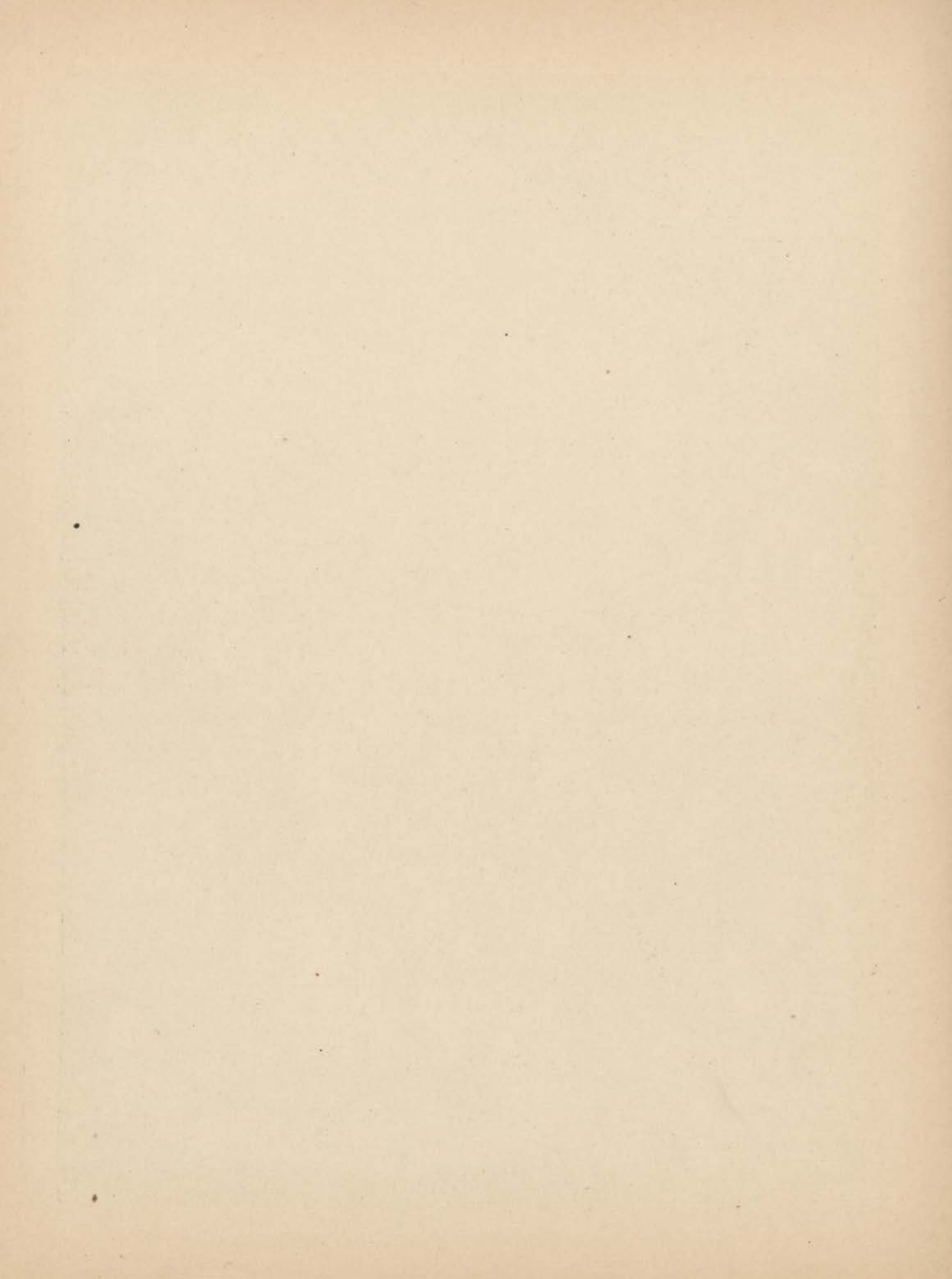
O that charming cluster of isles and islets forming the northernmost outpost of the Caribbees (which sweep in crescentic line between the Atlantic and the Caribbean Sea), Columbus, in 1493, gave the name of The Virgins. There are so many of them (above one hundred) that they suggested to him the hapless Saint Ursula and her lamented ten thousand attendant virgins. In virgin purity, indeed, they then rose from the sea, solitary, unfrequented even by the roving Caribs, save when they landed upon them to replenish their scanty stores, or to revel in the luxury of shade and cooling streams.

These islands are so grouped as to enclose a large and sheltered bay, in which a whole navy might ride in safety; here, in truth, the

fleet of Sir Francis Drake, in 1580, rendezvoused when on its way to the siege of Hayti. The most important island, as we approach from the north, is Anegada, — the submerged or inundated island, — this being the meaning of its Spanish name, because its surface is flat, rising very little above the sea, with little vegetation, except an occasional bay tree, overlooking the low growths of scrub and sea grape. It is only nine miles long, by about two miles broad. The earliest historian of these isles says it was occasionally resorted to by aborigines, who obtained here great quantities of conchs, a fact proven by the immense heaps of shells now found at its eastern end. At a later period, when the Spanish galleons sailed the Caribbean Sea on their way to Spain from San Domingo and the Spanish Main, the retired bays of this island (as, likewise, of all the group) served as the lurking places of pirates, called by courtesy Buccaneers. At the present day another class has taken the place of the reckless buccaneers, and the wreckers find here abundant reward for their toil in the numerous wrecks caused by the swift ocean currents hurrying their freightage upon the hidden and half-submerged rocks. In the interior of this outlying island of the chain may be found numerous fresh-water ponds, some of them connected with the sea by visible outlets, while others have subterranean connection, and rise and fall with the tides. Some in particular, on the northeast side of Loblolly Bay, are known as the "wells," — a range of "shell holes," with mouths usually from ten to twenty feet wide, descending in the shape of a funnel. There are many and singular flowering plants on these islands, and great quantities of sea-grapes, which attract numerous birds, especially the white pigeons aud swarms of turtle doves.

Flocks of birds arrive regularly from the Spanish Main, at two seasons of the year, and the flamingoes come up during the rainy season from their home along the Orinoco, when that great river inundates its banks and deprives them of the means of procuring food. They approach in flocks of hundreds, making their favorite resort at

"WHEN THE SPANISH GALLEONS SAILED THE CARIBBEAN SEA."



Flamingo Pond, in the western part of the island, whence they proceed every morning, at sunrise, to the ocean reefs, where they feed till near sunset, and then return to roost at the ponds. In their pink and crimson livery, they are outlined against the sky like the first rosy flush of coming dawn.

Next south is a mountainous island, the Virgin Gorda, or Fat Virgin, about eight miles long, with an elevation reaching to 1,370

"A CHARMING TOWN, COVERING THE SLOPES OF THREE ROUNDED HILLS."

feet. In its rugged mountain masses copper and gold have been found. Tortola, one of the largest of the group, bears the name of the turtle-dove, doubtless from the abundance of these gentle creatures among the cliffs and throughout the groves of the island. As the old Spanish navigators seldom gave inapplicable names to these islands, so they must have discovered the turtle-doves abundant in the sea cliffs, and must have had their ears delighted with their soft mur-

muring cries, as they drifted along through the sweet gales blown to them off-shore.

The island of St. Thomas is the best known of the group.

"Very fair and full of promise
Lay the island of Saint Thomas."

At one in the morning the propeller stopped, and our steamer lay quietly. At six o'clock we looked out of the port-hole, and saw a charming town, covering the slopes of three rounded hills, and occupying the gentle dips between.

Red of roofs and white of walls harmonized delightfully, and the neat houses, bordering clumps of cocoa palms, amphitheatre of hills, and encircling crest of mountain ridge, were all reflected in the mirror of water at their feet.

At eight o'clock a boat from the "Hadji" landed me at the wharf, and we sought the consul. Vain search! the consulate was there, and the consul's clerk, and a pile of musty law-books, and the predatory American eagle; but the consul, where was he?

In bed. He had lost all the brightness of the morning, the refreshing coolness of the early dawn, the privilege of — of making our acquaintance, for — a game of poker the night before. He had lost all these, and perhaps lost at poker; though this latter surmise is doubtful, as his name was Smith, and he came from Arkansas.

The Venezuelan consul, an American, Mr. Phillips, was better to us than our representative of the United States, and threw open his doors to us, and the doors of his warehouse to our luggage. He did more than this: he sent a boat with two men for the latter, and before ten that morning I was as comfortably installed in St. Thomas as any resident of the place.

The following was written by the Historian, and consists mainly of his own adventures.

In the afternoon, we climbed the narrow street up a steep hill, and reached, perspiring and puffing, the snug little cottage of our friend, sandwiched between

other hills of similar build and material, having in front a little garden, beneath it a high wall, above it other walls, and all around red roofs glowing in the sun.

The name of this town of St. Thomas is Charlotte Amalia, though it is rarely heard uttered, for the name of the island is also used to designate this, the only port. It is a neat and well-built town, in a picturesque situation overlooking a large and land-locked harbor. The houses are mostly good and substantial, the streets clean, straight, and well lighted with gas, and the wharves solid and commodious. It has few public buildings: the fort (a Dutch-looking structure of red brick, with turrets and clock-tower), the government house, and the college.

It is the magnificent harbor that attracts visitors, and has made the island what it is to-day, — the entrepôt and coaling station of every steam line to the Southern West Indies. Almost entirely surrounded by lofty hills, this harbor gives room for two hundred vessels to lie at anchor, protected from every gale except the hurricane. It contains a floating dock and a marine railway, and, from the facility afforded for making repairs, it is the resort of every vessel in distress that sails these seas.

The stores and warehouses of the town are numerous and well supplied; though the island has no commerce, no productions, no exports, no imports, yet, from the great number of vessels annually *condemned* there, and the many steamers making it their headquarters, everything is abundant and cheap.

St. Thomas has been maligned by nearly every writer on the West Indies, from Canon Kingsley to the Marquis of Lorne, — a long descent. It has been set forth to the world as the nursery of hurricanes, the breeder of earthquakes, and the parent of the whole brood of tropical demons of the elements that vex the Southern Seas. It *has* had earthquakes and hurricanes, has been rent in twain and blown bald-headed, been sacked by fire and submerged by tidal waves; but it has withstood every shock and blow, and has emerged from its numberless trials with as tidy a little town as can be found anywhere in these islands. The country, though now almost a wilderness, is yet a very pleasant one, and, though dry and barren, yet forms an agreeable contrast to northern country sections in March or December.

The whole Virgin group contains many islets and detached rocks, and several islands of goodly size (there are perhaps one hundred in all), covering an area of one hundred miles by twenty.

The principal British islands are Tortola, Virgin Gorda, and Anegada; St. Johns and St. Thomas are Danish. St. Thomas (in lon. 64° 56′ W., lat. 18° 20′ N., thirteen miles long by three wide) is the largest of the Virgins, and the most important, though its sister British island, Tortola, was first settled.

The first permanent settlement was by the Danes, in 1672, who have remained in possession ever since, except for a brief period between 1807 and 1815.

Being now above three hundred years old, St. Thomas may be considered as having seen his best days; he is no longer productive, but as sterile and sour an old celibate as the world can show. One hundred years ago there were seventy plantations under cultivation; at present there are not six. Forty years ago the secluded bays, lagoons, and inlets of the island afforded ample security for retreat to the numerous buccaneers that scourged the sea at that time; but alas! they have now ceased to exist, and both pirate and plantation are among the things that were.

Nearly the whole island has relapsed into a state of desolation; all the country dwellings and sugar mills have been destroyed by hurricane and earthquake, and St. Thomas is now wholly dependent upon the sea for a living. That it derives a comfortable subsistence from the misfortunes of navigation is evident to any one who visits the town. Out of a total population of 14,000, the town, Charlotte Amalia, contains 11,500 as residents, besides the many who labor there during the day and sleep in the country districts at night.

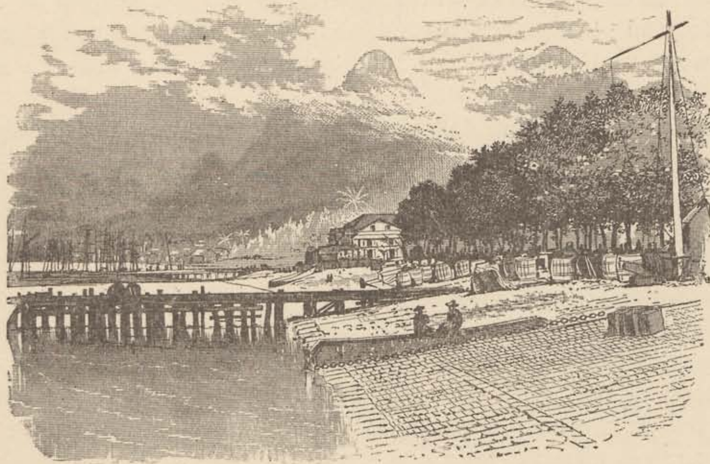
In the streets may be heard the principal languages of the commercial world; almost any clerk you meet converses with you in three or four languages, and even the street boys speak a variety of tongues as soon as they can toddle. There are churches and chapels for Jew and Gentile; and the thriving business they drive amongst the sailors is exemplified by an advertisement of "Our Lady of Perpetual Succor," who "hears confessions in French, English, Spanish, Italian, German, and Dutch." The flags of all nations fly in the harbor, and the vessels assembled here gather from the ends of the earth.

The government of the Danish Islands is mild, yet firm, and calculated to conduce to their prosperity. There are soldiers stationed here, and a well-disciplined police, the great negro insurrection in Santa Cruz some years ago showing the necessity for the presence of both. The former are commanded by Baron Eggers, a Dane, a famous botanist, widely known in scientific circles, and a contributor to the valuable publications of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

Wise laws regulate the town and harbor affairs and the wages to be paid to the different laborers. There are two weekly papers in town, which are well edited by intelligent men, and a daily bulletin, giving the arrival and departure of vessels.

There is one drug store, or "Apothecaries' hall," which dispenses medicines and chemicals at about twice the ruling prices in the "States." As this

concern enjoys the monopoly of a radius of five miles, it is a very profitable business, and the original proprietor long ago retired in affluence to his native land. It is related of him, that in the great cholera plague of about thirty years ago he retailed the drugs needed by the people at exorbitant rates, and added



greatly to their distress and misery. Yet this man was not only allowed to continue his extortionate monopoly, but was actually knighted, — created "Knight of Danebrog."

In the cholera plague whole families perished; some fled to Tortola, and died as the boats touched the beach. Tar-barrels were burned in the streets, and the native doctors administered successfully a decoction of the leaves of a bush called Santa Maria. For more than a month the mortality was two hundred to three hundred per day. Yellow-fever, which has scourged the island in times past, diminished when a passage was cut through the reef west of the harbor, admitting of the free flow and ebb of the tide towards Water Island.

The day of my arrival was Holy Thursday, and every shop and store was closed; the next day, Good Friday, found the place a silent city, every door of business shut. The following Saturday I certainly thought the stores would be open and an opportunity offered for purchase, but in this I was disappointed, for that was the Jews' Sabbath, and, as they owned the principal stores, nothing could be obtained. Sunday the Israelites respected out of courtesy to their Gentile brethren; and thus four days passed before I could purchase some needed articles for my equipment in the field.

It having been arranged that I should make Mr. Phillips's house my centre of operations, his ragged little factotum, Black Joe, was engaged as a guide to the fields and shores. Punctually at five o'clock, as the gun in the little red fort boomed out the signal for the sun to rise, Joe called me, and at the same time brought my coffee. The moon shone in the sky, spreading over the lovely town beneath us its mantle of silver, as we climbed the narrow and tortuous streets. Cool and pleasant was that walk in the moonlight, that flecked the bay with fleecy white and played in light and shadow over the quaint walls of the houses.

Two stone towers, loopholed and battlemented, were conspicuous in the picture painted on Nature's canvas, as we trudged up towards the brown and barren hills that form a setting to the scene. They are severally called Bluebeard's and Blackbeard's castles, and have been invested with all the romance that antiquity and buccaneer occupancy could bestow. Even Captain Kidd has lived in one of them, tradition relates, and, with other pirates of renown, has planted unknown treasure within a gunshot of its walls.

Alas for tradition, poetry, and romance! Stern History steps in with dates that announce that the castles were built by the Danish government a short time previous to the year 1700. By whomsoever built, they are excellent points of observation and command extensive views of the town and harbor of Charlotte Amalia.

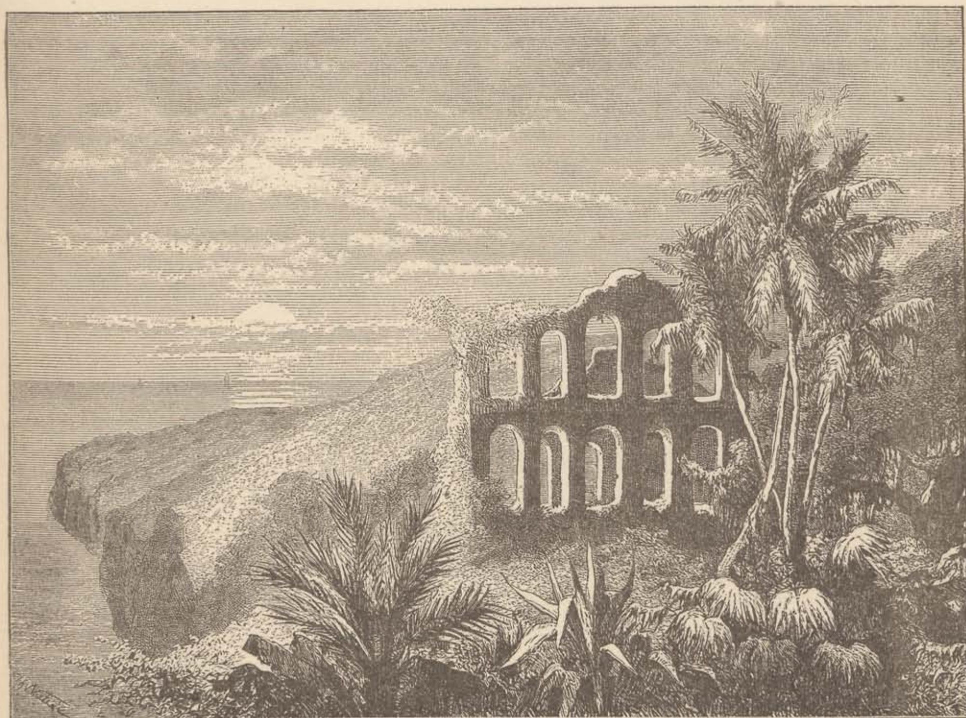
Before it was fairly light, Joe guided me into the central ravine that seams the middle hill, and which can be seen from the sea. In times of rain, this ravine gives passage to a flow of water that rips and tears up everything before it; but generally it is dry, and the clothes that the washerwomen bring here have to pass through water many times removed from a state of purity. There is not a single spring in the island, the whole population depending upon the heavens for their supply.

Daylight came on while we were in this dark chasm, scrambling over water-worn rocks and in and out of deep holes. The first bird shot by me on this second trip to the West Indies was a member of the thrush family, the mountain thrush, *Margarops montanus*, one of the species that may be called common there. He was duly wrapped in a paper cone and placed, with a plug of cotton in his mouth, in the basket carried by the wondering Joe. A humming-bird was picked up farther on, and a warbler, by which time we had reached the crest of the highest ridge, and were glad to pause for breath.

All St. Thomas lay beneath and around us, brown and sunburnt like a true Creole, encircled by the blue sea dotted with rocks and islets forming the nearer clusters of the Virgins. Like a cloud lying low upon the water, forty miles

south, lay the beautiful island of Santa Cruz. Immediately beneath me, on the side of the island opposite the town, was a deep bay, in shape a harp, enclosed between high hills, with a rim of snowy sand.

Above the pearl-green waters of this secluded fiord played a great number of pelicans, looking, at the height at which I stood above them, no larger than swallows. To the north, the island dipped to the sea, with many a spur darting out from its slopes, and on one of these were the ruins of a house, an avenue



"THESE RUINS WERE BUT SPECIMENS OF THOSE OF THE ISLAND."

of China trees leading to it and a garden of oranges and mangoes spread around it. These ruins were but specimens of those of the island, and an account of the demolition of this house might be that of nearly every country house in St. Thomas.

We followed the dry bed of another water-course, down to the lovely bay so many feet below, which finally led beneath tall trees, in the boughs of which

were thrushes, doves, and an occasional blue pigeon. It was cool here, but out in the sun the thermometer had it all its own way, at about 95°. We reached the bay after walking through a dense skirt of poisonous manchineel trees, — the upas of the West Indies, — the yellow fruit of which was scattered on the sand. There we found a boat, and in the grateful shade of the border of sea grapes, *Cocolaba uvifera*, a couple of negro fishermen, cooking their morning meal of mullet. Their nets were stretched upon stakes, and they told us they had had an unsuceessful night of it, watching for turtle.

This bay is famous for turtle in May and June, which come here in great numbers to lay their eggs. There is not much difference in time between the laying of the turtle on the coast of Florida and in these islands. There are no bears here, however, to dig up the eggs, as there are on the Florida beach. There is not an animal in St. Thomas larger than a centipede or a scorpion to molest man, or to deprive him of the enjoyment of those gifts which the sea sometimes spreads so lavishly upon the strand.

The beach was half a mile in length, of soft, white sand; back of the sea-grapes and manchineel trees was a low flat of sand where fiddler-crabs delighted to dwell, and sometimes the mangrove tree spread its long legs. Just at the base of the hill was a scattered grove of cocoa palms, some of them sixty feet high and hung with great clusters of green nuts.

It was very hot by this time and well on towards ten o'clock, so that thirst consumed me, — thirst only aggravated by the sight of those great nuts hanging so far above the earth, with gallons of cool water within their oval shells.

Joe was at once appealed to to climb one of the lower trees and throw down some nuts. But Joe was a "town nigger," and this trip into the fields with me among his first excursions. However, he said he would try, especially urged thereto by an aged fisherman, too old to climb, but who excited Joe's ambition by stirring tales of the deeds of his youth.

Now it takes a good climber to swarm up a cocoanut stem, and a tenacity of grip in arms and legs second only to that required to ascend a greased pole. Joe took hold of the first tree of moderate height, the trunk of which leaned over considerably, and, in the language of the aged fisherman, "he clumb." Half-way up he took a rest, hitched himself a few feet farther, then clung desperately to the trunk, unable to advance a foot.

"Look a da boy; he no good fur nutin'; 'tick in yo' toe, boy, an' ge' um nut!"

But all the derisive advice of his sable friend failed to move him. Joe was as high as he could get, and finally, yielding inch by inch, he slipped to the ground, and slunk off out of sight.

The aged fisherman and I tried climbing the tree, but could not bring down a single one; and I was obliged to ascend the hills with mouth parched with thirst, and skin perspiring at every pore.

The recreant Joe turned up later on, bearing a sour-sop as a sop to me for his failure to obtain the cocoanuts, and this refreshing fruit somewhat allayed my thirst. We descended the sunny side of the ridge through the town, which, so quiet in early morning, was now bustling with active people.

But one thing troubled me as I passed through the streets, and that was to account for the vast number of old shoes that clattered over the pavements on the feet of slatternly females. The average West Indian female servant is not happy unless she can thrust her bare feet into the forward halves of cast-off shoes, and scuff about the streets in them, raising an unearthly clatter of click-clack, click-clack, enough to raise the departed saint after whom this island is named.

As St. Thomas was so centrally situated, and several attractive voyages offered inducements for us to explore in different directions, it was resolved that we should separate, the Antiquarian going down to explore the volcanic islands, the Historian over to St. Johns after new birds, while the Doctor sailed away to parts unknown.

As the sequel will show, each was successful in his way, and we all met, a month or so later, in the island of Martinique. The next chapter contains the Historian's adventures in search of wild pigeons.

CHAPTER X.

BIRD HUNTING IN ST. JOHNS.

HE whole Virgin group of islands seems to be situated upon the same great submarine bank, — rarely over twenty to thirty fathoms under water, — extending eastward from Porto Rico. Its principal islands are St. Thomas, St. Johns, Tortola, Virgin Gorda, and Anegada, and this group is separated from others by channels of great depth; that between them and Santa Cruz, for instance, being over one thousand feet deep.

The inhabitants of St. Thomas comprise nearly every nationality under the sun, and speak a greater variety of dialects than those of the same area in any part of the world. The most reliable of them, as servants, are the old negroes, who have survived successive catastrophes, and cling in poverty to the homes of their former masters. Belonging to this class was Pappy John, an ancient darkey whom I employed to point out the best places in the island for hunting.

Strange to say, the fauna of the Virgin group, and especially its avi-fauna — its bird-life — has not been exhaustively studied. There is much material even yet awaiting the naturalist, though its botany has been well studied by Baron Eggers, as well as its land and marine shells.

Having pretty well investigated the shores and thickets to be reached by short excursions from the town, I then engaged Pappy John to lead me into the wilder regions. He came for me at three o'clock; but my boy Joe delayed making my tea, so that it was near "gun-fire," or five o'clock, before we left the house, for which, when I found him, I gave him a rating. The town lay quiet in the moonlight, but some of the people were astir as we threaded the streets, and it was very cool and delightful, with a delicious earth odor, as we reached the country.

By the side of a dry brook-bed stood a *gri-gri* tree, its bark punctured full of holes in circles, which were made, said Pappy John, by a woodpecker

"WHEN I FOUND HIM, I GAVE HIM A RATING."

which is not now found in St. Thomas, having been blown away in the great hurricane of 1867. It was speckled like a Guinea-bird, he said, and had a yellow crest. In that same hurricane a certain species of humming-bird, once abundant here, was blown away forever. This is an explanation of the distribution of bird life that may not have occurred to the naturalists.

Flying wild above the acacia woods of this part of the island were beautiful birds, — the troopials, foreign to this fauna, and which were introduced to the island from the Spanish Main. They are black and gold, like our Baltimore oriole, but larger and brighter. As the day wore away, we found shelter in the house of a colored woman, who was sick with some mysterious disease, caused by eating some fruit which another woman, a rival in love, had sent her, saying it was a present from her lover. Since that time she had been in broken health; no medicine had helped her, though she had spent hundreds of dollars. All her property, her farm and thirty cows, went to pay the doctor's bills; and lastly the hurricane blew down her house, and left her with the miserable shanty in which I found her. She had not even a fork, and but one broken knife; but these were placed at our disposal, and her only son was sent back to town for more canned provisions.

From an old negro here I got an Indian relic, in the shape of a Carib axe of stone, which he called a "thunder-bolt." He declared that a string tied about that stone would not burn if exposed to the hottest fire. "Me t'inks," he said, "ef you hab thunder-bolt in you' house, dah tundah nebah smite yo'."

In the heat of the day, while I skin my birds and write up my notes, Pappy John and his friends jabber together in a barbarous patois, composed of Guinea negro dialect, Dutch, English, and Danish. This patois, it is said, originated with the Moravians, and is based on German; but whatever its origin, and although the negroes speak it fluently, it is entirely unintelligible to strangers.

The ground about for miles is covered with the acacia shrub ("cashoo"), a species of mimosa, with thorn-covered limbs and finely cut leaves. It is a terrible thing to hunt through, especially to the barefooted natives, but its seeds and seed-pods are very beneficial to cattle, — about the only food, in fact, they have in the dry season.

The history of the introduction of this plant is a curious one. It was brought from Senegal by cattle carrying the seeds in their stomachs, and wherever they go the acacia follows after them.

In some islands, as in Antigua, hundreds of acres have been rendered nearly worthless by this shrub, which spreads with great rapidity over the pasture lands.

Another low tree, beneficial to man and smaller animals, and growing wild here, is the sour-sop. The agoutis — those curious, hare-like creatures native to these islands — are to be found whenever the sour-sop ripens, and the wood-rats, thrushes, grives, and troopials feed eagerly on the fruit. The troopials show a preference, however, for the flowers of the gigantic cactus, called here the "pope's head."

This March day was extremely hot, the sun blazing away as though desirous of scorching poor old St. Thomas to a cinder; so Pappy John and I sat in the shade of the widow's hut, while he told me stories. A romance was the first I listened to as follows.

"Sah, a man run 'way from dis place, an' he gone forty-fibe yeah, an' he come back. What he run 'way foh? Well, sah, 'cause him put a boy obah some empty lard-cans, sah, an' set fiah to 'em, sah. Him hab to runned away.

"Well, sah, aftah forty-fibe yeah, him come back an' look out for his old sweetheart, sah. It night when he come; he knock at de do' an' ax ef Miss Sarah lib dah. She say, 'Who you is? I do' know no man.' He say, 'I want see Miss Sarah.' She say, 'O my Philip!' an' he say, 'O my Sarah!' an' den dey embrace one nudder.

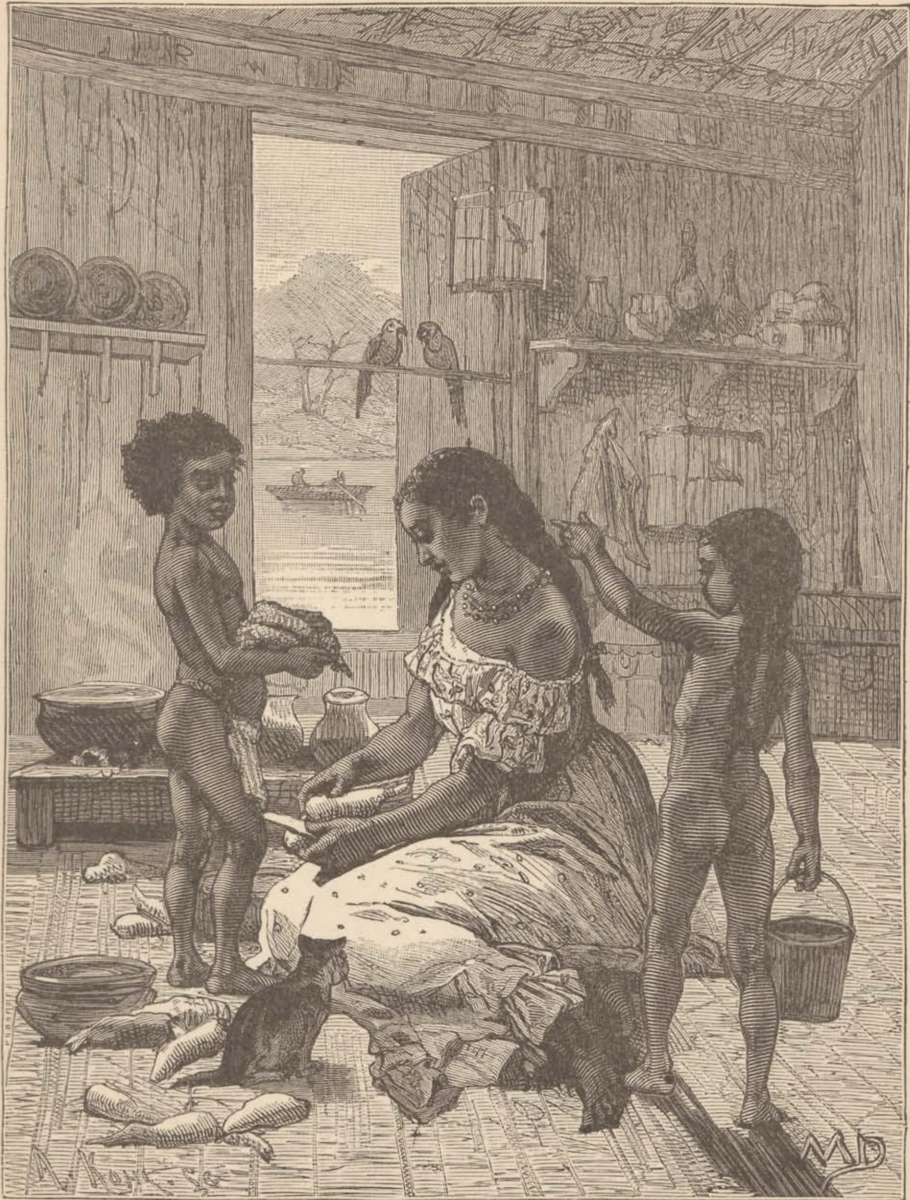
"Dey was giben out nex' Sabbath day, sah. She say she want little son; but her Philip goin' down de hill, for dey is bof seventy yeah old, sah."

Pappy John told me many things I had not yet learned respecting the "obeah men" and their infernal works. Not long before, a black man was detected picking fruit in the garden of a Moravian minister, and punished. Within a week the minister and his wife died, — poisoned. The poisoner died some three weeks later, confessing all, and saying he had made way with himself because the minister's ghost haunted him too much.

A deadly poison of the obeah man is the root of the "pigeon-pea" steeped in water, and also the root of the oleander. If you wash a glass and then rub it with the fresh leaves of the guava bush, a person drinking from it will be drunk for days.

The negro obeah men are wonderful in their cures, as well as in their poisonings, curing even crazy people sometimes. When the cholera raged so fiercely here in 1853, whole families perished. Some fled to adjacent islands, and died as the boats touched the sands. As a last resort they burned tar-barrels in the streets, and the black doctors administered decoctions of a bush called "Santa Maria."

Beguiled by the tales of Pappy John, the afternoon passed away and night came. When we retired the woman gave me the only bed she had, while she and her two sons slept on the floor on a mattress; and for Pappy John they



"SHE AND HER TWO SONS SLEPT ON THE FLOOR."

brought in a door and laid it across two chairs. For a time I slept, but soon awoke, suffering torments from the fleas that drove me nearly wild. They had attacked Pappy John also, and he was rolling uneasily over the breadth of the door. As he raked his horny hand along his wrinkled skin, the fleas would leave him by hundreds and skip over to me; and as I in turn routed them, they skipped back gleefully to torment Pappy John.

A rat ran across my feet, and I thrust them into my trousers to protect them, thus receiving a fresh accession, which crawled up my legs stealthily, and then all fell to at a given signal. Pappy John was soon driven to vacate his bed and board, and we went outside and sat on the door-step, while the slow hours dragged by.

In the cool of the morning we went out again to hunt over a little-used path through the woods to a dry pond, the air all the way perfumed by the odors from the yellow acacia blosoms, pungent and penetrating, and our clothes caught by their thorns equally penetrating, though in a sharper sense.

A few paroquets flew out of distant trees, but none were obtained, as they were then breeding in the woods of some far-off land.

A boat was to have been sent across to take us to St. Johns, but it failed to come, and I hired a burly black man, with sinister countenance, and a big boy with an oily skin and an immense but good-natured mouth. The boat was shoved off and ballasted with rocks. Our sail was all tattered and torn, and much resembled the wigwam of a Sioux warrior, with pictures all over it, or a tattered page from a boy's geography. The wind blew almost half a gale, and was ahead, so it was dark before we reached the shore of St. Johns. In the centre of the bay we passed over the spot where an immense treasure was found years ago, — an iron chest filled with Spanish gold. The finder very foolishly gave it to his government, and received for it only some official thanks; and his heirs, two lovely old women, are now living in poverty, ever lamenting the loss of the buccaneer's treasure.

As our boat ran upon the beach, a black boy met me in the darkness, and said, —

"Mr. Mac is at the judge's, sah," and then conducted me to the only house at the port.

The "judge" is a Dane, typical of the species, short, fat, old, with a long-stemmed, big-bellied pipe.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as Mr. MacDonald introduced me. "What you say his name, eh? Kom in! Ugh! Ugh! You vill trink somedings, eh? Vat it is, eh? Tanish prandy, peer, — vat you vill, eh? Vat! You not trinks? So?"

Since ten that morning I had not eaten or drunk anything, and it was eight in the evening. The sea had exhausted and nauseated me, and my head whirled about in the calm as opposed to the storm without. As I stood blinking in the transition from light to darkness, I heard gladly the judge's invitation.

"Dake a seat! Dake a seat! Ho! you gal, pring somedings for dis shentlemens to eat; pring putter, pring pread, pring peer, und sossigh."

The girl quickly brought out some beer, and Mr. Mac drew the cork, when, presto! it spouted half-way to the ceiling, falling to the floor.

"Ah! you don't know tat peer, eh?" chuckled the judge, as he stood placidly by, with his big pipe in one hand, and a ready glass in the other. "You don't knows tat peer at all. I vill show you. Now, ven I opens te peer, I shust bulls te gork un leedle pit, und ten un leedle pit more, till it don't spout, eh? Und ten I glaps te glass ofer it und don't spills a trop, eh? I vill show you how it is. Here! pring some more pottles, my tear. Now, you see, eh? I bulls 'em e-a-s-y. Ah, vat peer! Vat sthrong peer, eh? Zat is Tanish peer!" — as this bottle, like the last, spouted out and was nearly all spilled on the floor. "Vell, Mr. — Mr. — vat you say hees name? Ah! Mr. Opper, *skjold!* Tat is Tanish for goot helt. Now eat somedings, und ten dry some Tanish prandy. No? Vell, *skjold!*"

And while I ate, he *skjolded* until —

"Vell, coot night, coot night. I vill see you somedimes soon akain."

Then Mr. Mac and I rode up the hills in the darkness, my friend riding his honor's horse, who well kept up the prestige of his name, — "He call Kick-up, sah!" — for he kicked up all the way up.

My object in visiting St. John was to study the avi-fauna — the bird life — of the island, and to procure a series of specimens for our National Museum. It is not a pleasure to me to kill birds, and only the consciousness that such birds go to swell our great collection, and add, in a measure, to the knowledge of mankind, supports me in the work. In furtherance of my pursuit, my kind-hearted host sent out to the negro quarters for his best man, a celebrated huntsman, who had lost, by disease, nearly every finger and toe provided him by nature. The fingerless huntsman was of great service to me, as he knew the haunts of the rare water birds of the lagoons, such as the white-fronted coots and gallinules. But his appearance was so loathsome that I never hunted in his company, paying my attention to the smaller varieties of birds on and about the plantation. Late in the afternoon of my first day here, I wandered into a desolate field, and sat down beneath a clump of sour-sop trees. A species of thrush, called there a grise, flew by me, and I dropped him with

A SUGAR-MILL AND PLANTER'S HOUSE.

a shot from my pistol gun, a small tube fastened to the barrel of a pistol, and excellent for the shooting of small animals at short range. Soon another thrush flew in, and. attracted by the fallen one, hopped from branch to limb, lower and lower, till he neared the dead bird, when he stretched out his neck, lowered his wings, and hissed at him curiously. While I was regarding this interesting performance two little colored children silently entered the clump, and began to gather the fallen fruit for the pigeons about the house. A motion betrayed me, and they started back in alarm. "O goody massa! Don't shoot me, sah!" And then they left me, trudging off beneath a load of sour-sop fruit.

The day had been exceedingly hot, but then, at its close, it was deliciously cool, and everything was hushed and still. I felt singularly alone, for the house was out of sight, and the only buildings visible were the ruins of negro huts and sugar mills; but all, alas! deserted; the condition of the whole island, with the abandoned estates and ruined dwellings.

At daybreak next morning I was out and away over the fields, hunting for pigeons. The air was cool, even cold, as I plunged into a deep vine-hung ravine, through which ran a stream with gentle flow, bordered by mountain palms and great bare-limbed trees, rising above densest undergrowth. There I met Pappy John, my negro assistant, who had shot nothing, but had seen some pigeons, the cooing of which he was trying to imitate. I left him behind, and went on, taking a path which climbed a wooded hill, but returning ever to the lovely stream. As I reached the crest, I saw three pigeons fly hurriedly out of a tree a little lower down, and, descending, detected their favorite feeding-ground by the odor of aromatic seeds, such as I had taken from the crops of some obtained for me the day before by the fingerless huntsman. Then I knew there must be more pigeons near, and, cautiously creeping beneath the palms, saw one, and then another, dashing at some bunches of berries on the topmost boughs of a great tree. Obtaining an open sight at one, I fired at him as he sank through the leaves; down he fell, struggling, and I hastened to pick him up, before he should in his struggles break his feathers and soil his glossy plumage. He was a magnificent pigeon, larger than our common domesticated bird of that species, with beautiful blue and purple colors, shot with metallic hues about the neck and breast.

Half an hour longer I sat there, on a mossy stone in the half dry brook-bed, with the stream tinkling musically, and sheltered by the palm fronds from the sun. Soon three pigeons swept by me and alighted farther up the stream; but I had faith in *my* tree, it was so full of seeds, and I was rewarded; for there followed them another pigeon, which sailed swiftly down upon it, burying itself

out of sight in the thick leaves. I could not for a while distinguish head from tail, the tree was so high, the fronds so dense; but the sun twinkled in the bird's eye for a moment, and a charge of number eight shot brought him whirling to the ground. He flapped about violently, as all birds will when shot in the head, and his feathers were much soiled and broken before I got him. A creaking of twigs above me drew my attention again to the tree-tops, from which a pigeon flew straight away, but another, its mate, made a pause which was fatal to its safety, and I added it to the number already in hand. Then, retracing my steps, I entered a cool glen surrounded by plant-covered rocks, through which the water trickled quietly; suddenly up started a great bird, which winged its way into the woods with heavy beats of wing. Coming back to my original starting-point, a pigeon left the top of the very tree I had been sitting under, — which showed me how much better it is to sit still in a *good* place than to wander about in search of a better. The air was heavy with the aromatic incense of decaying seeds, and every wind blowing from the trees was a gale of spicy odors, as I climbed out of the ravine and wended my way over its rocky bed. The beautiful birds started up on all sides as I turned my back upon this hunting-ground; but two more satisfied me, and these I picked up from a rank growth of arurus into which they had dropped when shot. This fine specimen of the pigeon tribe reminds me of that famous bird of the Spice Islands, which carried the precious nutmeg from its native woods to other islands, where it thrived, for it is a migratory bird, strong of wing, and delighting in the large, fragrant seeds and berries of the forest trees.

The pleasantest excursion taken was that to the "Carib Rocks," on the south side of St. John, reached by a rough bridle trail, and lying above a beautiful bay with snow-white sand beach, looking over and beyond which, the island of Santa Cruz was visible, forty miles away. Up a narrow ravine we walked to a cliff, over which fell a slender thread of water, forming three successive pools, upon the walls of rock surrounding which were rudely carved faces, and the figure of a cross. These incised figures covered various rocks, and there were others in the bed of the waterfall itself, almost obliterated, showing that the Indians who carved them must have passed away a great while ago.

Returning over the island bridle path, we passed through woods fragrant with the bay, or laurel, and over pastures from which were open views of Tortola, Jost Van Dyke, and St. Thomas. The mutilated hunter awaited my arrival at Adrian, the estate at which I was stopping; though it was then only breakfast time, he had been off to some distant pools, and had brought me the results of his foray. In the pastures, two sparrow-hawks were holding

intercourse upon the apex of a pyramidal pile of rocks, chattering to each other, "Killee, killee!" by the hour, while a green heron, who had his head drawn in between his shoulders, cackled garrulously at my appearance. A sudden rain-storm coming over, I sought shelter beneath a giant sand-box tree, near a babbling brook, where were groves of mangoes, avocado-pears, and sour-sops, running wild in this delectable valley. There was also a *bois immortelle*, a tree fairly scarlet with bloom, and swarming with sugar-birds and humming-birds, beneath which I met a Frenchman, once a soldier in Algiers, who was longing to get to America, which is only another name for the United States.

THE SAND-BOX FRUIT.

After having been for nearly a week the guest of the generous proprietor of the Adrian estate, my duties in other islands called me away, and so I sought means of departure. It was rumored that a boat was to leave from Brown's Bay, to which point I rode on horseback, a negro boy following, with my effects packed upon a mule with a lame leg. But the expected boat was not there, and we wandered for seven hours, aimlessly, exposed to the hot sun all the while, finally returning to Adrian, weary and feverish. But the next day I was more fortunate, — if one may consider himself fortunate in leaving an island of so many charms, — and chartered a boat for St. Thomas, to which island I sailed in two hours, the wind being aft, and a fresh sea running in our direction.

It was the king's birthday (April 8), and a man-of-war in port, the "Dagmar," carrying Prince Valdemar, had its colors flying, and was firing royal salutes, which reverberated from cliff to cliff, in answer to the fort ashore. Baron Eggers, with whom I dined that day, a naturalist of some note and many acquirements, informed me that the birds of the southern islands were breeding, and I felt I must hasten away to their breeding places; especially when I met the marketwomen going about with great baskets on their heads, and crying, "Booby eggs for sale." For if the boobies had arrived, so had the flamingoes.

Leaving St. Thomas by a steamer of the "Royal Mail," the Historian hastened southward, intending to join his friends at some

island about midway in the chain of the Caribbees. Leaving behind him, unexplored, the beautiful islands of Saba, St. Eustatius, St. Kitt's, Nevis, Montserrat, Antigua, and Guadeloupe, (hoping to return to investigate them at another time,) he made a direct course for Martinique, whence he went on to Barbados, the appointed rendezvous. The next chapter is the report of the Antiquarian, who has been exploring the beautiful island of Dominica.

CLOCK-TOWER, TRINIDAD.

CHAPTER XI.

FOREST AND PLANTATION LIFE.

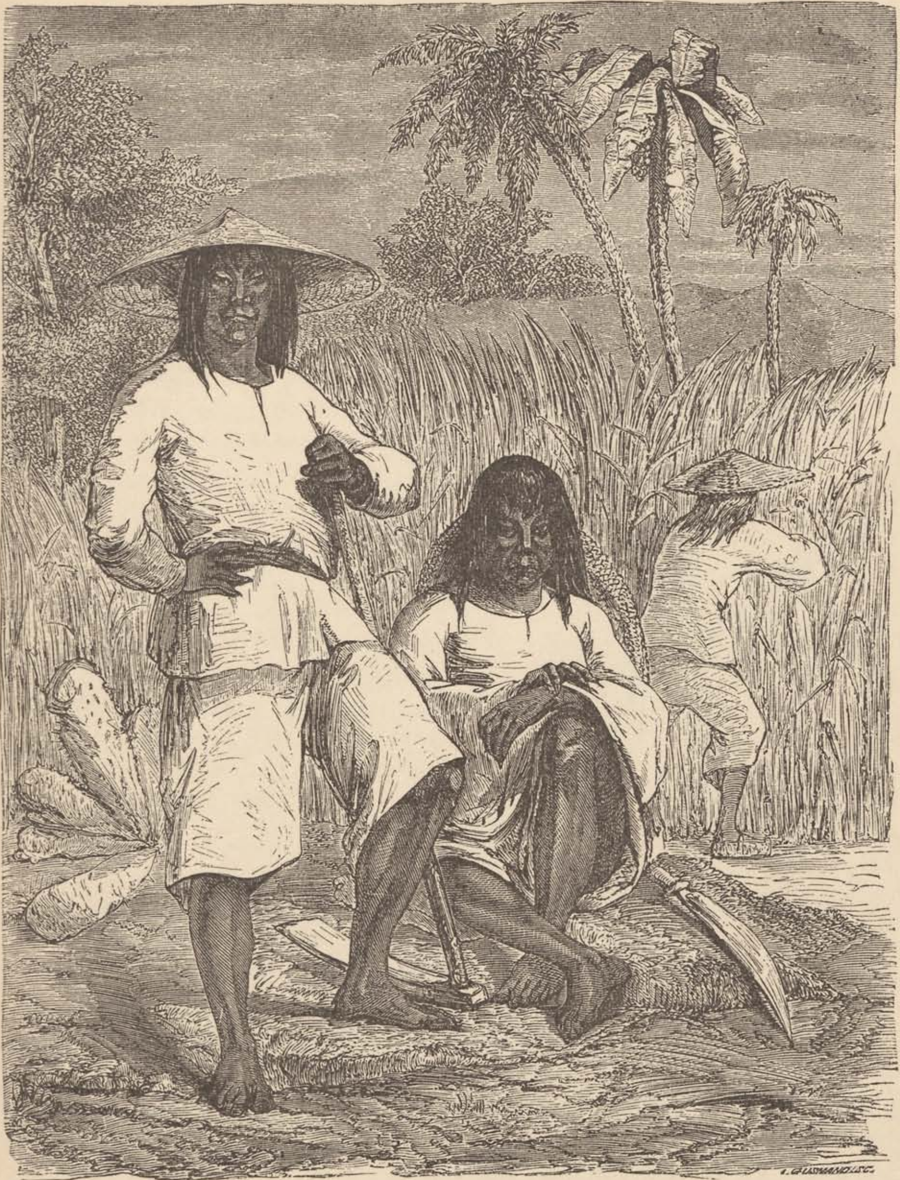
HOUGH the spirit has moved me, in sundry and divers places, to write you a letter, detailing my experiences of field and forest life as I went along, yet it has always moved me at most unseasonable times, and in situations where it was perfectly impracticable to write a letter. It has worried me while I lay gasping in the heat of a midday sun on the deck of some small sloop; while I lay in the night-watches, counting the hours till morning; or it has seized me in the depths of some dark forest, where pen and ink were things unknown, and wrung my soul with remorse at the thought of you, my fellow explorers, perishing perchance from the lack of pabulum from the tropics. But that spirit has never approached me in times of leisure, it has never jogged my elbow as I sat drinking in the delicious scenery disclosed as the steamer glided past these "isles of calm," it has never reminded me of my duty when there was the least chance of my doing it. For all this, you must hold the said spirit accountable.

But now the time has come, in the wisdom of an overruling Providence. I have a day or two of enforced leisure; for the third time I have come down from the woods and mountains for news of the American steamer, and for the third time I am disappointed; but, as remarked, there is a Providence in it. I cannot go back to the forest, as the steamer is momentarily expected; I cannot sail to the next island south (Martinique), for it is declared an "infected port"; and I cannot go, either, north to Guadeloupe, for they have had yellow-fever there for the last three months; there are reports of small-pox in St. Thomas, and also in Porto Rico, and scattering shots of alarm from nearly every island north and south of us. This is where the "Providence" comes in; especially are these alarms and rumors created that a promise of a letter may be fulfilled. For what we are about to receive, may we be truly grateful.

Now, I'm going to tell you all about the weather. To begin at the beginning, — not only of the year but of the letter, — from fear that I may be diverted from my purpose and meander among the more enticing aisles of the forest, — the first months of the year are, by all odds, the pleasantest.

January is uncertain. Janus-like, it looks back to the rains of December and ahead to the sunshine of March; altogether it is a pleasant month, and it would be well for the would-be visitor to the Antilles to select this month as the one in which to begin his voyage. February can be relied upon, and, with March and April, constitutes the best portion of the year, when the woods are coolest and driest, the game birds of the forest at their best, and the islands healthiest. It is in this season, and extending sometimes into and through July, that the crops of sugar-cane are gathered in. The pictures opened to the spectator, as he rides over the plantations, are well worth a journey here to see: the waving cane, varying in hue from deep green to golden brown; the busy laborers, cutting the cane and transporting it to the mills on their heads; the whirling wheels of the mill, and the water foaming in the canal; the rude carts, drawn by many yokes of oxen, or teams of mules; the mill-yards, in which the crushed cane is spread to dry for fuel, where are congregated the wildest and raggedest of boys and girls; to complete the picture, place the mill and "works" — low buildings of stone, above which rises a chimney pouring forth dense smoke — in the bend of a river brawling over stones and rocks, and fretting against the base of a high cliff; group mango, orange, and lime trees in effective places, dot the plantation with cocoa palms, and throw in a few *palmistes* with stately stems a hundred feet high. The air is sweet with the odors of cane, the laborers are fat and glistening from the eating of cane, the mules and cattle sleek, despite their labors, from devouring the tops of cane; and the ragged youngsters, that tend the cattle and mill, run about in a state of corpulency fearful to behold, cut up antics expressive of joy, and "raise Cain" generally. It is a season of rejoicing, and all nature takes part in the general expression of it. This season may be called spring, or winter; it partakes of the characteristics of both; it is the opening of the period of inflorescence, and it is likewise the coolest of the year. Leave out the storms of our Northern winters and give the season its distinctive name: call it winter because it is cool, autumn because it is glorious, spring because in it some trees and plants burst into bud and leaf, summer because it has days and nights that remind one of June.

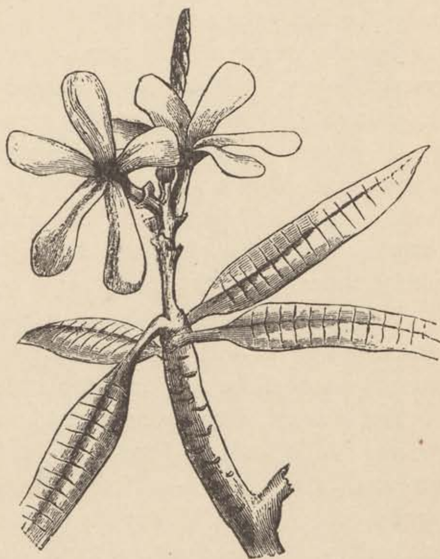
But it is difficult to marshal the seasons here under these distinctive appellations, and with a due regard to their characteristic features, as we manage them in the North. Nature here is a wanton; she plays with the seasons,



"THE BUSY LABORERS, CUTTING THE CANE."

dallying in her processes until one is vexed almost beyond measure. She has no real winter to contend with; frost and snow are things unknown; she has only rain and sun to interfere with the progress of vegetable growth and the development of animal life. Call the first three months of the year by whatsoever name you will, they are the best in the year; if not winter, they constitute at least a period of rest, an interval of peace between the wars of the elements.

With April, or May, gentle showers are ushered in, which stimulate the growth of plants that have been planted in anticipation of these rains. The negro sets out his plantation, banana, and eddoe shoots, and buries in the earth the yams, sweet potatoes, and the limited variety of roots and tubers that form the staple vegetables of his "provision grounds." Roses bloom the year round, but there is a perceptible increase in the number of their blossoms at this time. The frangipanni expands its whorled petals of pink and white upon its bare stems, and fills the air with its fragrance; about the honey-scented flowers of the palms the bees and flies cluster in noisy clouds; and from flower to tree — from blossom of lime to perfumed bloom of acacia — darts the humming-bird, his coat of mailed feathers glowing like a gem.



"THE FRANGIPANNI."

Most gorgeous of all the flowers of shrub or tree is the flambeau tree, the flame tree, the crimson flowers of which form great masses of color, like heaps of coals, that glow in the sun like carbuncles, and light up the green expanse as the stars light up the sky. It is a bare-limbed tree in April, without leaf or flower; in May it puts forth a few blossoms; but in June it blazes out in a garb so glorious that all other flowering trees are put to shame. In July it still retains a small proportion of its blossoms, but the rapidly increasing leaves, of tender green and delicate shape, obliterate nearly every trace of remaining crimson. From the wide-spreading character of its branches, and rounded crown, it is sometimes called the "umbrella tree."

In the drier islands, and in such portions of others as are rocky and barren,

the various species of cactus, the prickly-pear, Turk's-head, etc., put out their flowers, and the night-blooming cereus opens its great white blossoms to the cool air of night. This latter plant is very common in many islands, and is a conspicuous, and when in bloom a beautiful object, especially in early morning when daylight has surprised it with its petals spread. Later in the day, the flowers hang black and withered. I recall a most interesting group of them in an old cemetery in Montserrat. Every morning, shortly after day-break, I passed through the cemetery on my way to the beach to bathe, and at that time the great cacti were like pillars of white marble in the gloom of the churchyard wall. Upon my return, the flowers had withered, and draped the stalk like last year's wreaths.

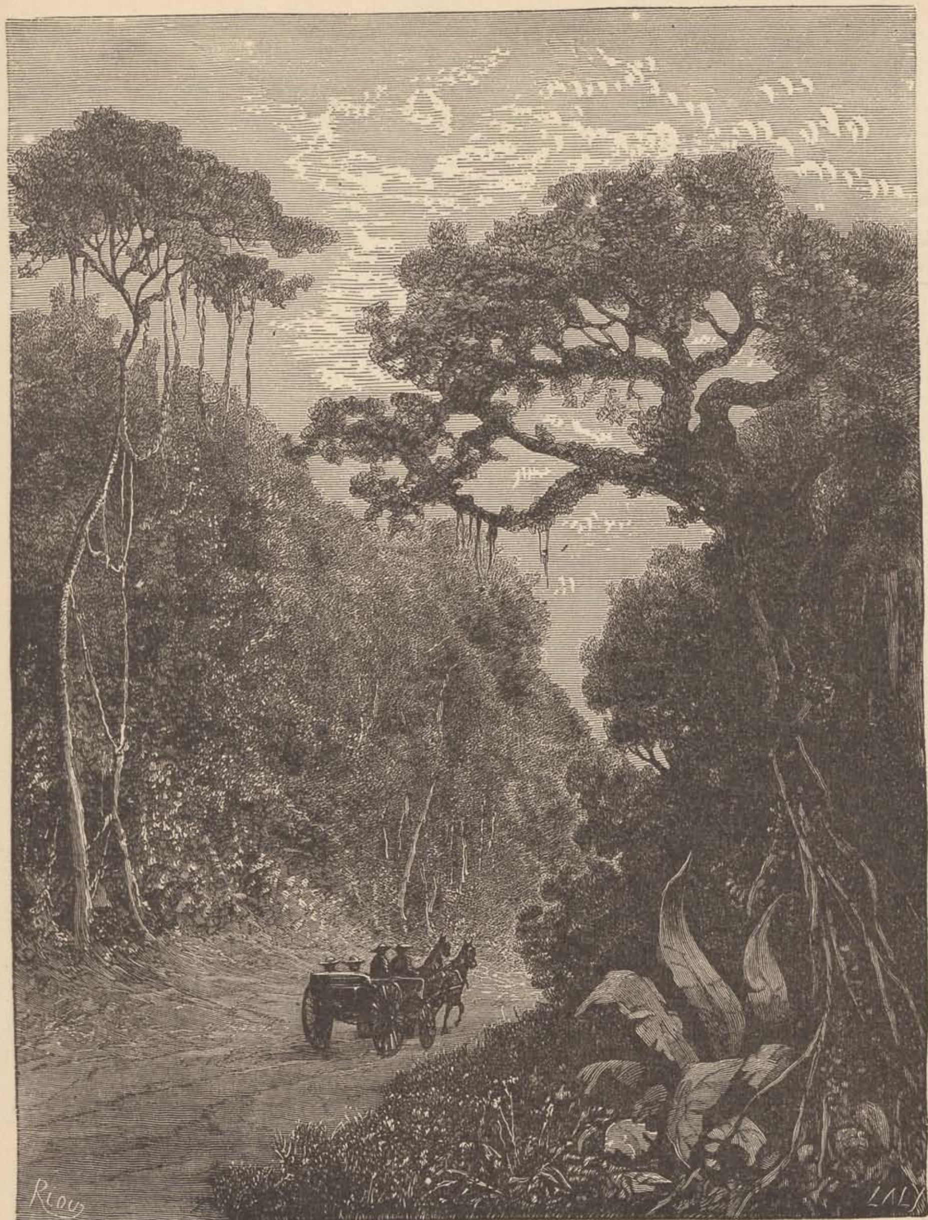
June is the month of flowers, even as with us at the North; and it is not unusual to see a whole forest starred with blossoms, as you sail along the coast at sufficient distance to mass the tree-tops into one plain of verdure.

July generally brings an increase of rain, especially in the mountainous islands, and gives a slight upward tendency to the thermometer; but even in that month the heat is not uncomfortable, and the "Fourth" may be celebrated in the open air, from daylight till dark, without the record of a single patriot succumbing from sunstroke.

July is the month set down in the calendar as that in which the "hurricane season" begins, and from the 25th of that month to the middle of October one may as well be prepared for a blow.

But August is the recognized month for hurricanes, and then the greatest anxiety is felt; an anxiety not less, in latter years, in September, as the sun approaches the line, — a time remembered among us by the occurrence of the "equinoctial storm." But the hurricane will not allow itself to be cribbed and confined within the limits of three short months; it has a way now and then of turning up at most unexpected seasons, and skips along whenever the fancy takes it, instances being on record of hurricanes in December, and one, at least, as early as March. As October draws on, the suspense of the inhabitants of the Antilles gives place to a feeling of relief; and when the great rains of the autumnal equinox set in, all fear subsides, and they give themselves up to the equivocal enjoyment of a season of rain. The last three months of the year are rainy ones, as a rule, and cooler than the preceding. In these months there is more endemic fever prevalent than in others.

We have thus run through all the months, and taken a glance at their seasonal characteristics; if it be added that the temperature through them all varies but little, up or down, that the life of a thermometer is at most an idle one, that the mercury here loses its characteristic quality and becomes sluggish



A PLANTATION BORDER.

from inaction, little more need be said. To one from New England, this stability of the thermometer is at first delightful, then monotonous, then disgusting. For a month, perhaps, he chronicles the temperature morning, noon, and night; after that, despairing of any change in the unvarying regularity of an instrument that gets over but 10° a day, and every morning begins at the point at which it left off the morning before, the despairing meteorologist makes up his weekly record every Sunday, and chalks down 70° for morning, 80° for noon, and 76° for evening, as the daily score.

The regularity with which the elements perform their allotted tasks is a matter of surprise to a visitor from — let us say — Boston. In that delightful town he is treated to as many kinds of weather in a day as they have out here in an entire year, and no mortal knows in the morning whether the noon will be fine or the evening bring a thunder-storm; in fact, there is no *present time*, speaking of weather in Boston. But out here it is different; from year's end to year's end the wind blows from the same general direction, — the beneficent "trade-wind" coming out of the east, more often northeast, and fluctuating only in strength. Even a hurricane does not form an exception to the rule I have stated, for it is a part of the schedule, and when it comes it is rarely unexpected. People barricade their houses, at the approach of a hurricane, crawl into a hole or a cellar, with a prayer-book and a barometer, and wait for the roof to come off. If it does not come off, they feel rather surprised. When the storm is over, they emerge from their retreats, make up a list of their dead and wounded, send for the undertaker, doctor, and carpenter, gather such as they can of their effects scattered by the flood, and sail serenely on with their business, confident that the next storm will not come before the time appointed.

This monotony and regularity in nature does not always produce a like steadiness in individuals, and though there is great sameness in the preparations for the table, there is a most agreeable and refreshing variety in drinks.

While awaiting the arrival of the steamer to convey me northward, I have filled up very profitably the time in short walks and rides within half a day's journey of Roseau. It was only this morning that I enjoyed a two hours' walk, so full of serene contemplation and content that I should like to describe it.

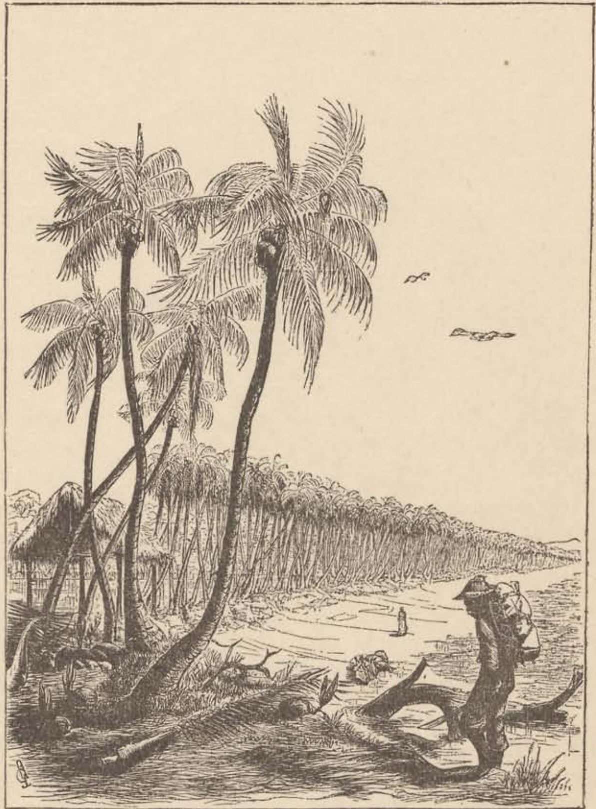
Since the storm, the island has presented as fresh and bright an aspect as if every leaf of every tree growing on the steep hillside had been polished with a hair mitten. The nights have been cold and refreshing, and the mornings — we sometimes have them like these at the North in June, but never in August. The great gap in the road, caused a few days since by the storm, had been flanked by a path through a corn-field, and I easily reached the narrow bridle

path that wound under the cliff; bamboos overhung it, — tufts and clumps of bamboos with lance-like shafts and leaves of golden green, — and ferns and grasses draped the brown rocks which dripped the accumulated moisture from the earth above. Through the openings between the bamboo clumps glimpses of the town, rich in all the elements of tropical scenery, rewarded me for the climb up the hill. I then diverged from the direct road to town, and pursued my way through a plantation of canes. From the crest of the ridge to the sea stretched a broad field of sugar-cane, among the upper divisions of which a gang of negro women were hoeing cheerfully. The yellow cane was very weedy, and they were very busy, for the eye of the overseer was upon them; but every woman there was watching me — the "strange buckra" — as I passed along, to note whether or not I would observe West Indian plantation etiquette, and say, "Good morning." I did not, though, utter a word, from a mischievous desire to hear their remarks. No sooner had I passed the last one, and it had become evident to them that I was either ignorant of the customs of the country, or wilfully perverse in the non-observance of them, than those negresses broke loose: "Eh, me gad, look de becky (buckra); he no manner, eh? Ef I hab chile like he, me no lef um lib!" These remarks were supplemented by various objurgatory phrases in the French patois, which latter is more universal than English: "Ah, mon Dieu!" remarked a strapping wench, as, in common with the whole field, she turned to regard me, — "Ah, mon Dieu! pourchi il pas dit 'bon jour'? Peut-être il fache apui nous! canaille!" Which, being literally translated, means, "Ah, my God! why he no say 'good day'? Perhaps he vex with us; low brute!"

Whether these people feel their degradation so keenly that it has caused a morbid sensibility, wounded by the least fancied slight, or whether they assume that the white people are the superior and dominant race, and consequently under obligation to set them an example, I cannot tell. They are certainly very punctilious in the observance of these little points, which we Americans are too prone to neglect, and resent at once any remissness on the part of their white brethren.

It was some minutes before the irritated laborers had recovered their equanimity, and various interjectory remarks came floating down behind me as I pursued my way in search of birds. The road through the canes was bordered with cocoa palms on either side, forming a vista through which glimmered the blue sea, half a mile distant. The slant sun shone on the upper surfaces of the palm leaves, which hung motionless in the air, and changed their green to gold. Looking up at their darker under sides we seemed gazing at the latticed roof of a golden temple.

A peculiarity of the cocoa is its love for the sea; growing, sometimes, with its roots in salt water, it is oftener found bordering the shore than among the hills. It seldom wanders far from the coast, and bears no fruit when found in the mountains. It is a lovely and *lovable* tree, for it has a beauty all its own, and takes kindly to man. Unlike many forest trees, it seems to accompany man in his wanderings through the tropics; rather, it often precedes him and prepares some solitary island for his coming. Many are the coral islets and atols of the Pacific that have been rendered habitable by the growth from cocoa-nuts washed upon their shores.



"A PECULIARITY OF THE COCOA IS ITS LOVE FOR THE SEA."

In the quiet of this August morning the cocoas seem to diffuse a spirit of calm about them, the crickets chirp in the canes, the low murmur of waves comes up through the dreamy atmosphere; — peace and happiness, surely, must be the portion of the inhabitants of this island. The negroes sing at their work, the overseer whistles fragments of tunes, birds chirp merrily in the trees, butterflies flutter above the flowers, and the youthful Ethiopian wantons with the wind, in the gladness of his heart and the paucity of his apparel.

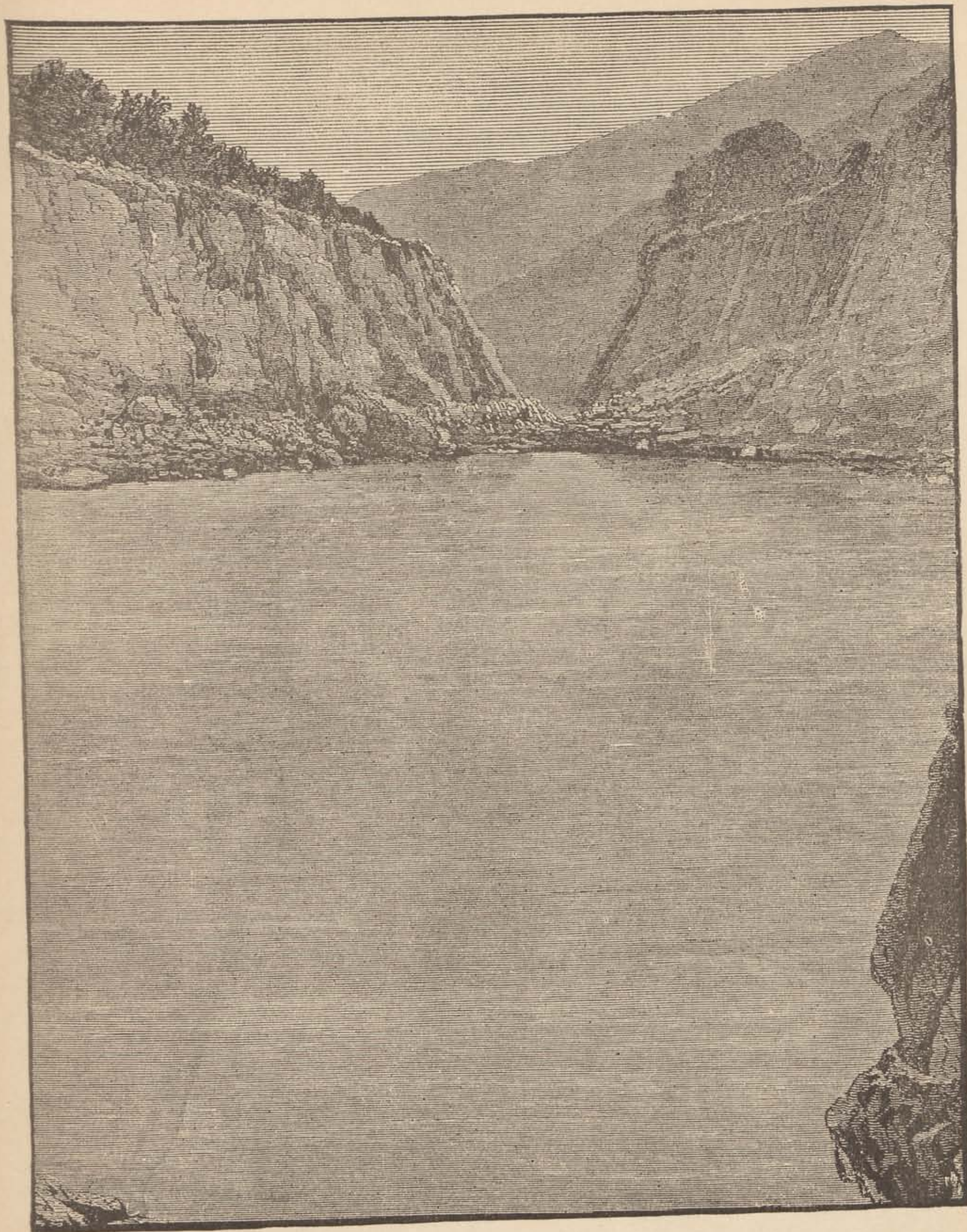
. A long row of tamarind trees forms the seaward boundary of the estate, beneath the shade of which runs the road along the coast. They are noble trees, with limbs thickly interwoven, and branches hung with flowers and pods of seeds. On one side of the road, occupying a narrow strip along

the beach, are the huts of the laborers, — thatched and wattled huts, completely enclosed in mangoes and calabashes. As I passed along the road, I was warned by a negro, working at a boat, that I could not go much farther: "Dere 's a piece of water, sah, you shall not pass."

THE TAMARIND FLOWERS AND POD.

After giving me this information, he followed me to a stream that crossed the road, in anticipation, doubtless, of receiving a penny for carrying me across. Disregarding likewise his warning and his presence, I did succeed in getting over, much to his disgust. Had he followed me half a mile farther he would have found cause for rejoicing, inasmuch as the road was completely blockaded by a land-slip, and progress beyond this obstruction was completely stopped. Men and women were digging out the earth and stones with great hoes, and carrying away the débris in little baskets on their heads. These land-slips are all too common for travellers around the coast, scarce a storm passing over without leaving some portion of the road buried beneath great rocks or a mass of earth. Returning, I secured a double shot at a humming-bird and a yellow-bird. The hummer was poised upon a leaf an instant, and just as I drew trigger, with him as my object, the yellow-bird flew right within range. The report of the firearm drew the attention of two large negroes, who dogged me the whole distance to town, from no other motive than curiosity. They acted as voluntary retrievers of the birds I shot, and saved me many a scratch from cactus and brier. "Look one, sah, dah, look him dah!" and they pointed out in this way several birds, seeming as happy as if I were shooting for their own amusement.

Among the few birds found in and near the cultivated fields there is none so abundant as the species of sparrow known as the grass-bird, — in the patois of the islanders, the "Si-Si l'erbe," — a name compounded from its cry, *Si-Si*, and its haunt, the grass, *l'herbe.* In the more advanced French of the



THE BOILING LAKE, DOMINICA.

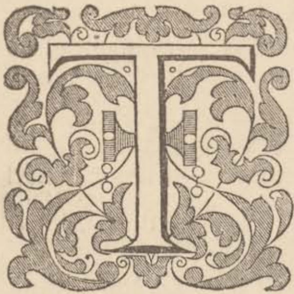
islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe, it is called "Mangeur des herbe," — literally, "grass-eater," but in reality an eater of grass seeds. This little bird has, however, another name still, and one that is suggested by its gladsome morning notes; it is, "Qu'est-ce que vous dites?" — shortened into "Qu'estcequedites?" From every side, of a morning, will ring out the cheery query, "Qu'est-ce que dites?" A dainty little chap, perched on a nodding grass stalk, will demand in French of his industrious partner in the grass below, "What do you say?" and she will reply, "Si, si, qu'est-ce que dites." Every bird in these islands has a local name bestowed upon it by the natives, which is sometimes laughably correct in describing some peculiarity of form, or color, or voice. There is a grosbeck in the forests, which I discovered three years ago, though it was only last month that I learned it had a local name most strongly suggested by its cry; it was, "Pierre, priez pour nous, priez, priez, Pierre," — "Peter, pray for us, pray, Peter, pray." There is a bird ——

Another time must answer for other birds, for the gun has just been fired announcing the appearance within sight of that long-expected steamer. And now, "Pierre, priez pour nous!"

By the way, I nearly forgot to mention that I have revisited the famous Boiling Lake, which I have photographed, and herewith present a sketch of it. As you know, it long existed in the interior wilderness of Dominica, unknown to any except the Indians. It was discovered only a few years ago, and my photograph was the first ever made of it. I had three Indian guides with me, and we were gone from my main camp several days. We lived all the time in the open air, and cooked our food in the hot springs that bubbled up everywhere. Since my visit, there has been a terrific explosion in the Boiling Lake region, and the whole valley is devastated; and my good old guide, Jean Baptiste, was scalded to death, by falling into a stream of boiling water.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NEW-WORLD HOME OF AN EMPRESS.



HIS chapter is the result of the Historian's labors.

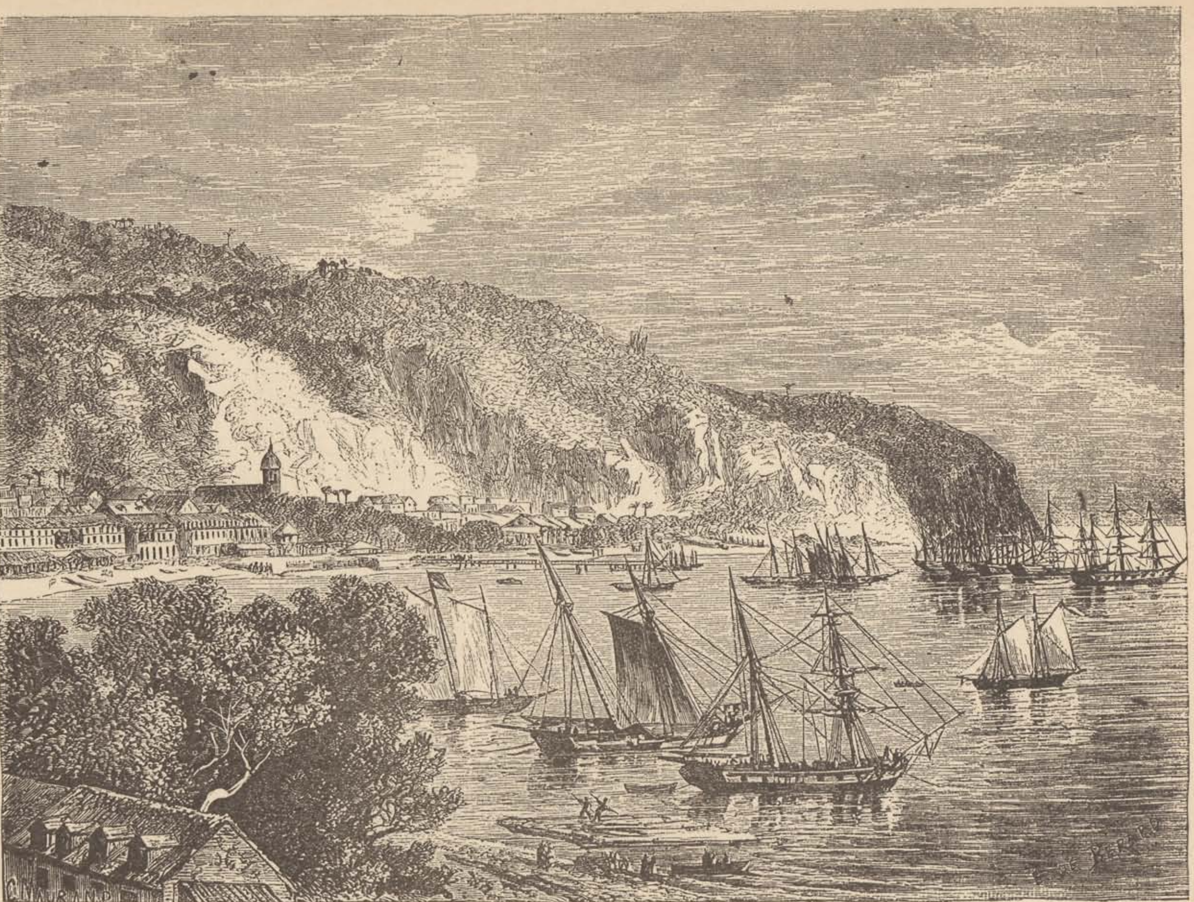
"Josephine, wife of the First Napoleon, Empress of the French, born in Isle of Martinique, June 23, 1763."

Dictionaries of biography and cyclopædias contain only these meagre data. Even historians seem to know nothing of the early life of the one who once was mistress of the heart of the great French General.

Isle of Martinique! These words rang in my ears and danced before my eyes all that lovely afternoon in June, as our vessel approached that same historic island. Isle of Martinique! We sailed in under high, frowning cliffs, down which fell silver streams into the sea; past broad, smiling fields of cane, golden in the sunshine; past long stretches of yellow sand o'ertopped by silent palms; beneath a towering gloomy mountain, hiding its crest in cloud.

A shower came down from those impending clouds, and pattered over deck and sea, and ended as abruptly as it came; and a rainbow sprang out from the mist and sunshine, and spanned the Bay of St. Pierre from headland to headland, dissolving at either end above a little fishing hamlet, bathing-houses, and boats, and long lines of nets and beach, in showers of light.

The town of Fort de France, some thirty miles from St. Pierre, is low and level, with wide, straight streets crossing at right angles, lined with wooden houses. There are few trees save in the park, which lies near the shore, between fort and town. Here there are long and thickly-planted rows of tamarinds and mangoes, making cool, even in the hottest day, the broad, wide walks. Enclosed in this double wall of trees is a large *savane*, or common, covered with



ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.

a luxuriant carpet of grass, in the centre of which stands a statue of her of whom I came to learn. Majestic in pose, graceful in outline, carved in marble spotless as her own pure spirit, Josephine holds her queenly head aloft, surrounded by a circle of magnificent palms.

For hours I have watched that beautiful statue in the ever-shifting sunlight, as, seated upon one of the many benches beneath the spreading tamarinds, I have striven to impress an ineffaceable image upon my memory. Between base and cornice, a sunken die contains a representation in bronze of the coronation scene, in 1804, when the Pope was summoned from the Vatican to assist, by his presence, the assumption of royalty. The Pope is the central figure; near him Bonaparte, having crowned himself, is about placing a diadem upon the head of the Empress, who kneels before him.

Inscriptions state that this monument was raised by the inhabitants of Martinique, to the memory of the Empress Josephine, born in this colony. On one side is the date of her birth (June 23, 1763), and on another that of her marriage to Napoleon (March 9, 1796).

In the distance is an old fort, on a hill, and near it Calvaire, or Calvary, where, in a little chapel, the Virgin Mother extends her hands above the town, and a candle burns day and night.

I was fortunate in finding here the register of marriage of Josephine's parents. The document is too long to introduce here the fac-simile copy in my possession; but it states substantially that "Messire Joseph Gaspard de Tascher, Chevalier Seigneur de La Pagerie, lieutenant in the Cannoniers and Bombardiers, was joined in legitimate marriage to Demoiselle Rose Claire des Vergers de Sanois, native of this parish — Nôtre Dame de la Purification — of Trois Ilets." We have in this document the names of the parents and grandparents of Josephine, and, what is of more importance, their place of residence at that date, November 9, 1761, eighteen months before her birth. Leaving aside confirmatory tradition and conflicting statements of biographers, this definitely settled, in my mind, the fact of her being born at Trois Ilets.

A deep bay, so deep as nearly to divide the island of Martinique, makes in near its southeast shore. On its northern side is Fort de France; at its bight, the town of La Montague and Rivière Salée; and directly south of Fort de France, the little town (*petit bourg*, they call it) of Trois Ilets — The Three Islets — hidden from sight by a high promontory. A boat plies across morning and evening, and in it I engaged passage. Its usual hour of starting was at four in the afternoon, but heavy rains delayed it until six. John, my self-appointed "domestic," — a negro with an ugly face and one white eye, — had safely stowed my apparatus and himself, and I found, with difficulty, a place

for myself between a couple of negresses. There were twenty-five of us, and I, as the only white man, truly felt my insignificance. Amidst a great deal of jabbering in French, we pushed off.

We came in view of Trois Ilets just at dusk, — a low church, with straggling tile-covered houses around it, backed by dark hills, with a field of cane

STREET IN ST. PIERRE.

stretching east, in its centre the presbytery, surrounded by trees. The stars were gleaming in the sky as we landed and walked up to the house of the owner of the boat, a baker, who also kept a shop.

Above the little pointed spire glowed that wonderful Southern Cross, most beautiful of constellations, which serves to guide the mariners in these latitudes as the polar star those of Northern seas. There was no other place likely to afford me shelter, so I went to the baker's shop, where I passed the night.

Hard by the shop was the church in which the infant Josephine was baptized. Premising that its exterior has been slightly altered since that event

took place, the present spire constructed and clock inserted, the interior has suffered little change since that eventful day. On either side the doorway is a "flambeau tree," scarlet at the time of my visit with blossoms.

Above the clock is the image of the patron saint. Two bells, rung for Sabbath mass, are beneath a rough shed near by, the frequent earthquakes forbidding their erection to the steeple. Behind the church, extending down to near the sea-side, is the cemetery.

The interior is attractive, and the altar, as in all Catholic churches, highly ornamented. On either side the chancel are two notable objects; the one on the right being a picture presented by the First Napoleon, that on the left a tablet to the memory of Josephine's mother.

From the little *bourg* to La Pagerie the scenery is uninteresting, being only of cane-fields. About a mile from the church we reached a narrow valley, running up from the sea for about three miles. In this valley once stood the house in which Josephine was born, in 1763. Jutting hills hide the site until you are close upon it, and a turn in the road discloses a secluded vale, with a low wooden house built under the shelter of a hill. My readers will doubtless be curious to know more of this estate, made famous by the birth and youth here of the Empress. This estate of La Pagerie, formerly prosperous, is to-day nearly uncultivated. We have travelled over all the sites formerly replete with souvenirs of Josephine and the beautiful Hortense, and are able to conduct the reader through these picturesque paths. About fifteen minutes' walking over a secluded path brings us to the walls of the old "habitation of Sanois," which property passed into the family of Tascher de La Pagerie, in

BIRTHPLACE OF JOSEPHINE.

1761, through the marriage of Josephine's mother. Situated upon a little eminence surrounded by higher hills, formerly covered with rich plantations, and to-day given up in great part to wild grasses and shrubs, the estate of La Pagerie resembles a veritable sojourn of peace and forgetfulness.

The dwelling-house, originally constructed upon grand proportions (to judge by its remains), is now a humble habitation of wood, as the great house was destroyed by a hurricane. When Josephine was but three years old a great catastrophe occurred, which nearly ruined the fortunes of her parents and the prosperity of the island. On the night of August 13, 1766, Martinique was visited by one of those hurricanes such as are seen only in the Antilles. Almost the entire globe was shaken by this convulsion, as several volcanoes in the Moluccas, in Naples, and in Sicily frightened the dwellers near them by terrible eruptions. In Martinique, in less than four hours, a furious west wind, accompanied by lightning, thunder, pouring rain, and shocks of earthquake, had overthrown an unheard of number of houses and sugar-mills, and nearly all the negro huts in the country, uprooted the largest trees, and destroyed the plantations of sugar and coffee. The earth opened in several places, giving out flames exhaling powerful odors of brimstone and bitumen. Raised by a force that stirred it to its profoundest depths, the sea overflowed its borders, dashing in pieces the vessels that lay in the roadsteads. In this awful cataclysm five hundred persons lost their lives, and a still greater number were severely injured. In the memory of man (states a letter-writer of the day) there had not occurred here so furious a tempest. Monsieur de La Pagerie, father of Josephine, had his house entirely ruined and his crops destroyed, the walls of his sugar works alone remaining standing. Beneath the roof of this sugar-mill he took refuge with his family, — his wife and two young children.

We know but little of the first years of Josephine's life; but she passed ten of her happiest years in this old sugar-mill and on the surrounding plantation. Independent in her movements, unrestrained by dress, that so often compromises the health of the child, she developed rapidly, surrounded by the idolatrous love of her mother and Creole relatives, whom she captivated by her gentleness, grace, and sweetness. Let us now visit these old sugar-works, made famous by the presence of Josephine here over one hundred years ago. The building is spacious, one hundred and twenty feet long by sixty wide, with walls two feet in thickness, and divided into several rooms. Looking upon these massive walls, we comprehend how it resisted the terrific hurricane we have described. A low gallery was once joined to the southern side, and chambers were once arranged in the upper part, just as though it had been remodelled into a dwelling-house. A little brook, a rivulet without a name,

flows past the works, coming down from a rock-hollowed basin, in which the daughters of M. Tascher, according to the Creole custom, every morning took a bath. This "Bath of the Empress," as it is now called, is overshaded by immense mango trees, which protected the joyous children from the heat of the sun and the gaze of passers by. Between this basin and the sugar-works are the negro huts, once occupied by slaves, and surrounded by bananas, oranges, and bread-fruit trees. It must have been a beautiful place in La Pagerie's time, with its century plants, flower-beds, cocoa trees, colonnades of palms with their graceful plumes, and gigantic tufts of bamboo, whose bright leaves

A MARTINIQUE NEGRESS.

COOLIE WOMAN.

quiver and scintillate in the cool sea-breeze. The once fruitful fields, with ranks of sugar-cane, the hedges of coffee trees scattered in profusion, are now usurped by logwood and wild guavas.

Enshrined within the green and golden hills, with a sky of deepest blue ever above it, this secluded and beautiful estate was deeply loved by its owners, and Josephine, especially, often recurred to her life here, in after years, with feelings of delicious regret. Many years after, Josephine returned here from France, a married woman, yet young and charming, bringing

with her loving little Hortense. She was then Madame de Beauharnais. Reunited to her family, she would gladly have remained in this delightful spot the rest of her life; but fate willed otherwise, and she returned to France, to become, later, the wife of Napoleon, and never to revisit Martinique. Each succeeding day, writes the French historian, the strengthening calm of the place acted upon the heart of the Viscountess Beauharnais. The tender affec-

THE PITONS OF ST. LUCIA.

tion of her mother, the counsels of her father, the consolations of a sister, the regard of the neighbors, brought new balm to her wounded heart.

The artless caresses of Hortense, and the care of her education, created a happy diversion from her griefs, and Josephine revisited with her daughter all the remembered places of her own infancy; the garden that she had cultivated with her own hands, the basin in the brook where she was accustomed to bathe, and where (if we may believe tradition) she had rescued from drowning a child younger than herself. She visited with her the humble huts of the negroes, and thus taught her those lessons of benevolence that ever remained by her, even in later life.

Each Sunday they would go to mass in the little church at the Bourg, and would exchange with the assembled neighbors the usual bits of news and tributes of respect. The common people of Martinique yet preserve many traditions of Josephine, and many of them wear the costume of her time, — the low-necked, high-waisted dresses so well adapted to an easy climate.

In making mention of Martinique we should not forget its serpents; for this island and St. Lucia, directly south, are cursed with a great number of poisonous snakes, so that it is dangerous to hunt the forests, or even walk through the cane-fields. The distinguishing features of St. Lucia are its peaked mountains, especially two mountain islands off its southern coast, called the Pitons. These rise sheer out of the water to a great height, their pointed summits clad with perpetual verdure.

From Martinique the Historian went to Barbados, where he met the Antiquarian, and where they together perused a remarkable epistle from the Doctor, who was monkey-hunting in Grenada.

CHAPTER XIII.

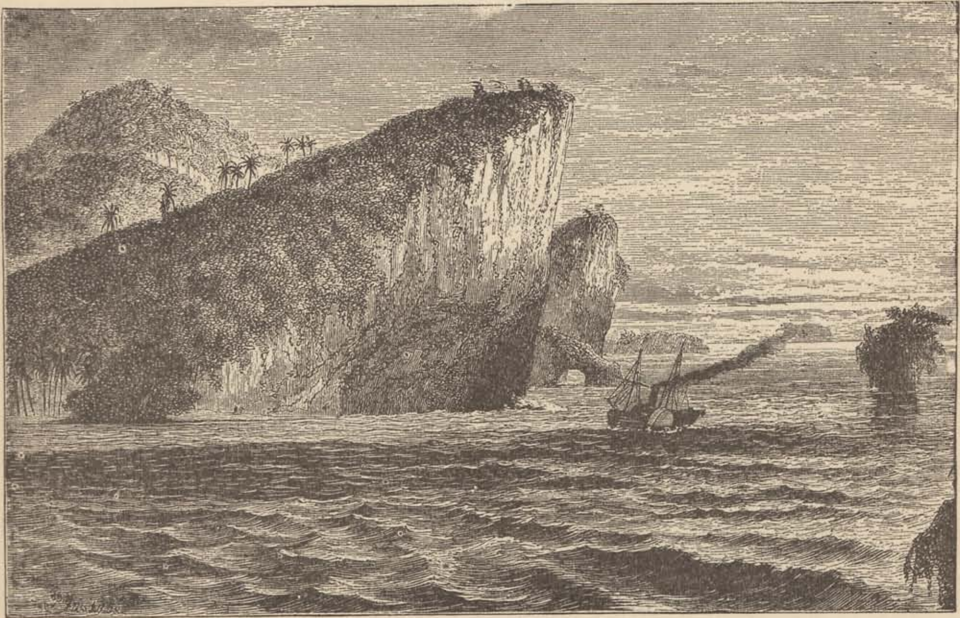
ALL ABOUT A MONKEY.

HERE are some evils arising out of a quarantine against a neighboring island, even though your own remains healthy. Now in this respect I am a sufferer. In passing by Martinique, on my way to Trinidad, I left with our consul there a box of iguanas — great lizards — and a monkey, of which he kindly consented to take charge until my return. That was two months ago; by the next northward bound steamer I wrote for them to be sent me. That steamer arrived only the day before quarantine was declared, and departed south, to return in ten days. Now, a complication arises: if the steamer, in returning, touches at Martinique, she cannot, under existing quarantine laws, call here, and I thus lose my passage by her; and am obliged to wait another month. On the other hand, if she does not touch at Martinique, she cannot bring me my menagerie. The reader will perceive that I am in a dreadful dilemma: if the steamer does one thing, I lose my passage to the States; if she does another, I lose my monkey. Fortunately, for a philosophic mind, the matter is wholly beyond my control, — in the hands of Fate, as it were. Otherwise the ever-recurring problem of how to get the monkey without losing my passage, or of securing my passage without losing the monkey, would "drive me distracted." But it constantly comes up, that question: Shall I wait for the monkey and miss the steamer, or go by the steamer and lose the monkey? And then another thought: Suppose the monkey *were to die*, — then I should have waited in vain. Again, suppose the monkey *were to live*, and I should go on my way rejoicing to my home and family, and that affectionate animal should expect me daily to return and bear him to the bosom of the afore-mentioned family, and should go on expecting, and yearning, and so forth, and I never returned? It is harrowing to one's feelings to dwell upon such possibilities; but what can I do?

Just at this moment, even while I am penning these lines, there comes a letter from the consul in Martinique, a letter smelling of recent fumigation, though containing not the least suspicion, in its contents, of the presence of fever: —

ST. PIERRE, Martinique, August 10, 1886.

Dear ——: I duly received your letter, and will send the *monkey* by Canima [the steamer], as he is the only one left of the menagerie. The iguanas died one after the other, and Sam [his servant] had to put on his black coat, and take them to the boneyard ["boneyard" is an irreverent term for cemetery], where they remain for the present.



THE MONOS BOCA.

A splendid monument will be erected to their memory; the vice-consul is architect in charge of the work. By same vessel you will receive all I could get of the serpents, pickled in a jar of alcohol — no live ones to be got. [This reference to "serpents" is owing to a request for a specimen of the *fer de lance*, — a serpent noted for its venom.]

Sam leaves to your generosity to settle with him for the attendance paid to the beasts.

Truly yours, —— ——

But a careful perusal of this letter fails to reveal a way of escape from the difficulties that beset me; it only conveys the information that the monkey has

survived the iguanas, the departure of which only brings more forcibly to mind the frail tenure by which life is held in Martinique. The iguanas are dead, the monkey is likely to die. A horrible thought arises : suppose that Sam were to die, who — in the beautiful language of the poet —

"Who would care for monkey then?"

And this monkey, whom I snatched from an uneventful life of ignorance and savagery, in the forests of an island north of this, — this monkey, whom I had hoped to rear in the way he ought to go, and teach so to live that when he died he should go to the place provided for all good bipeds, — this mild and inoffensive creature has been ruthlessly parted from me by the edict of an old dotard in Antigua, who rejoices in making and unmaking laws for the annoyance of the people under his dominion.

While there is life there is hope; he may yet be sent to the States by some future steamer. This may be the opinion of one who has not had the pleasure of an acquaintance with stewards of steamers, and collectors of customs. To one who, like myself, has contributed to the enrichment of those cormorants who prey upon inoffensive passengers from foreign ports, in the name of Uncle Samuel, — who, if you do not give them a private fee large enough, manifest a righteous indignation, and forthwith levy upon your goods, — to such travelled persons, the consigning of an inexperienced monkey, unattended, to New York, would seem more than useless. The collectors of the port would seize upon him without giving him time to say his prayers, would strip the skin from his bones, and sell it to the nearest natural-history dealer, before the sun had set. Without a doubt, my monkey is a "gone 'coon"; yet I hope he has not lived in vain; there yet remains much to be told regarding that animal, for he was of a species little known, and it was to identify him, and to place his kindred in the island from which he was taken in their proper category, that I kidnapped him from his native wilds. Among the learned men there is now going on a mighty controversy, some contending that the few monkeys remaining in the West Indies are not indigenous, — that they are not native to the soil, — but were "introduced"; indeed, a Frenchman, writing more than two centuries ago, gives the date of their introduction. If they were *introduced* to the island, the white man must have the credit for doing for them more than they would do for one another, for I fancy no one of them ever takes the pains of going through that ceremony now.

I would fain draw a veil here, but, having once got started on the monkey question, it is next to impossible to stop. The consideration of this momentous problem must absorb all ideas of everything else.

THE HOME OF THE MONKEY.

How is it that all the monkeys of the West Indies are confined within the limits of four small islands — St. Kitt's, Nevis, Grenada, and Barbados? In the three first-named they are abundant. If they are indeed *autochthone* in these islands, how is it that the larger islands of Cuba, Porto Rico, and Hayti are wholly without them, and that no mention is made of them in the works of ancient writers? It is to be hoped that this question, which is so vexing the souls of scientists, will soon be settled, as I have now in my possession a monkey-skin from each island, which will doubtless soon be sat upon by competent naturalists, and the unfortunate beggars who bear about their persons skins of similar color and size will be assigned to their proper place in the island fauna.

Now, I suppose my readers would like to know how I captured the monkey aforesaid, and what I did with him after I got him home. But how did I get him? Thereby hangs a tale — and a poem.

Soon after I landed in Grenada, I hired a black man and a black boy to guide me into the mountains, to the haunts of the monkeys. We fixed up a hut in the forest, and then, one morning, went out to look for the home of the monkey. At last they came trooping along through the trees, and soon one of them reached the tree beneath which we sat. The little negro with me had no misgivings about shooting a monkey (though I had), and urged me, in excited whispers, to shoot, though the resemblance between the two was strong enough to excite a smile. The monkey must have noticed this resemblance, for he suddenly stopped short; the more he regarded the little negro, the stronger seemed to become his conviction that he had found a long-lost brother. He let himself down by one hand, and beckoned for the darkey to come up. This was more than the little fellow could stand, and he picked up a club, and knocked Mister Monkey senseless. The rest of the troop fled so quickly that I did not then shoot a single one.

Here I would gladly draw a veil; but a strict regard for truth compels me to state that the monkey was not a companionable animal. And his name in Latin was so long that it seemed to make him sick. The books on natural history gave it as *Cercopithecus callitricus*, and as nearly everybody who saw the monkey asked his name, it made me sick too. And so I sold him to the Museum, as already explained. I suppose he became disgusted with the society at the Zoo, as he had been accustomed to the very highest (on the mountain tops), and so he died, and they sent me his skull.

CHAPTER XIV.

PARROTS, PALMS, AND PLANTS OF THE TROPIC ZONE.

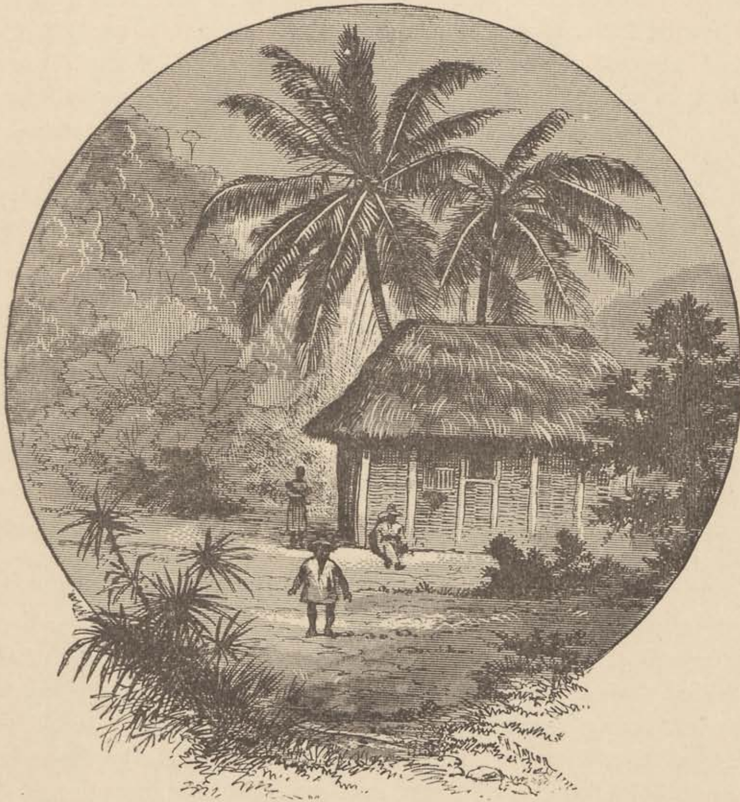
CONTRIBUTED BY THE ANTIQUARIAN.

IT was very vexatious. Two hours — long and weary hours — I had waited for my carriers, under the great tree on the mountain side. From an experience of a twelvemonth I had grown accustomed to delays, whenever brought in contact with these shiftless negroes; but two hours of waiting on a five hours' trail, — that was exasperating. These carriers had left the plantation-house ahead of me, and I had passed them at the "Dry River," where they had just discovered the trail of an agouti. It was a tempting thing, to be sure, for the agouti is a delicious morsel to the Caribbee Islander, and he never neglects an opportunity for hunting it. But they had shouted to me that they would not be long in capturing it, and their leader added, "Wait us, massa, at de maroon tree; we cotch you 'fo' de sun climb de hill."

So, under the broad branches of the picnic tree, for that is the meaning of the term maroon tree, I awaited my recreant carriers and guides. I dared not go on much farther, for the trail was blind, and my mule Betsy very uncertain on her feet. A *ramier* — a wood-pigeon — was busily feeding in a neighboring tree-top; a "mountain-whistler" was sending forth clear notes from a clump of wild-pines, and a crimson-throated humming-bird was darting in and out of a thicket of *balisiers*, anon hovering over the dusky trail, glowing in the shade like a priceless ruby. Birds I had never seen before crossed hurriedly the open space in front of me, and perched on the nearest trees, birds of shy and secluded habits, yet taking no notice of me as I sat motionless by the tree trunk.

I had started out on a hunt for parrots, the rare and beautiful species known as the *Chrysotis guildingii*, but the woods they inhabited were yet far

away, though I could hear their distant chatter. Below me lay the valley I had left in early morning, and the bed of the Dry River, a lava stream formed years ago, with perpendicular cliffs on every side, hung with long lianas, pendulous palms, and branching ferns. The spicy fragrance of its cool, deep shades stole



"SCENES OF SUCH ENTRANCING BEAUTY."

over me like a dream, and the irritation of the moment over the delay of my carriers was dissolved in the delicious and subtly penetrating perfume. After all, thought I, enough is here to enjoy, without further seeking. Can any friend of mine in a northern clime, this balmy Christmas day, look upon scenes of such entrancing beauty? Even with the Frost-king's aid, no tracery of fern and flower more delicate than yonder clump, hanging in silhouette against the sky,

ever gladdened the senses of a lover of the beautiful. In the North, however, all nature's Christmas sketches are in black and white. Here, ah! if you could but see the vivid yet tender green, the flashes of color, and the lucent depths of sky and sea!

Bits of paradise are scattered everywhere through the tropics. The Garden of Eden, says an old philosopher, was distributed all over the globe; here a little, and there a little, throughout the earth. A goodly portion, truly, fell to these blest isles of the Caribbees, and to the island of St. Vincent, on a mountain slope in which, beneath the protecting tree, I lay and dreamed that Christmas day. The outlook from my retreat through the leaves of tropical trees, over the glassy surface of the Caribbean Sea and the intervening forest, was entrancing in its combinations of color, and far-reaching in its scope. A distant town gleamed above a sand-beach, white as a snow-drift and curved like a cimeter. Upon the slanting hill-sides stood rows and groups of feathery groo-groo palms; below, spread out like cloth of gold, were the checkered fields of sugar-cane. For sixty miles, stretching southward to the coast of Trinidad, a line of islets, the Grenadines, lay like opals upon the burnished surface of the sea. The nearest hill, across a verdant valley, is known as Dorchester Heights, and not alone its contour makes it notable, for there occurred, a century ago, a most desperate struggle between the early settlers of this island and the Caribs. The leader of the Indians was a giant, who fell with weapon raised to smite the English invader, and with threats of dire vengeance trembling on his tongue. No longer roam the Caribs in these forests; no more can be seen their canoes upon the wave. Save for a few score survivors on the ocean side of the island, there are no Indians to remind us of all the thousands that disputed with the sailors of Columbus their landing here. In the soil of the forest are found buried their stone knives and battle-axes; but they are no longer in use, and the wondering negroes, when they find them, call these relics of the Caribs by names that express their belief that they fell ready shaped from the sky. "Thunderbolts," they call them, and say they fall only during thunder-storms and when the lightnings flash athwart the sky.

As my eye sought the jagged outline of the heights, and then dropped into the valley, a deeper verdure than that of the hill-sides arrested my attention. That spot of brighter green was created by the presence there of foreign vegetation; exotic trees and plants from lands lying yet nearer to the southern cross, for there was situated the botanic garden, the first attempt in these parts to acclimatize the valuable products of other regions. Once there resided in the garden a royal botanist, with a salary of four hundred pounds a year. Among the trees foreign to the American tropics to be found here are the nutmeg, clove,

THE LAZY CARRIERS.

teak, mahogany, bread-fruit, purple-heart, cinnamon, the areca, date-palm, Malacca apple, and screw-pine.

I wonder how many of my readers can recall the interesting circumstances attending the introduction of the bread-fruit into the West Indies more than a hundred years ago? It was brought from the South Sea Islands in a man-of-war, and its introduction was long considered as an unmixed blessing. But note the fact that a thing may be a blessing or a curse, according to the point of view. The bread-fruit flourished and became abundant, almost the entire subsistence of the negroes. When they were slaves, the planters rejoiced that they could supply their laborers with food so cheaply; but when the negroes became free, the bread-fruit still supplied them without cost, and they would not work in the cane-fields. Thus the food supply originally provided by the planters to reduce their expenses became the means of reducing their cane-fields to worthless waste, and brought many of them to poverty.

The nutmeg, until the first tender plants were brought here, was an exclusive monoply of the Dutch in the Spice Islands. But a wandering pigeon carried the precious seed to other islands, and some plants were brought to the notice of foreigners. Yet the monopoly existed for many years, and the rapacious Dutch burned great heaps of the nutmeg to keep up the price, and a vast amount of labor and wealth disappeared in this gratuitous incense to Mammon.

But the maroon tree? No, I have not forgotten it: these things came before my mind's eye as I lay beneath it, half in reverie. I was suddenly awakened by a sharp crackling of twigs, as of some one coming through the thicket, and then I was at once wide awake, thinking that at last my guides had arrived. But again I was disappointed; the loiterers came not in sight as I raised my head to glance down the trail, though the bushes were moving a rod or two away, and a small flight of birds hovered over them. Then, as I gazed intently, wondering, a shiny black head came bobbing into sight, which, when it was lifted, showed me a nut-brown face with sparkling eyes set in it, and gleaming teeth between puckered rosy lips.

The entire figure, finally revealed, was that of a little girl about seven years old, whose complexion was rich and dark, as became a descendant of the Caribs, which she undoubtedly was. She wore a single plaid frock, and her little feet were as bare as her hands and shoulders. Her hair was long, silky, and lustrous, and fell on her face somewhat, as she walked slowly along, her eyes bent on the ground. Occasionally she stopped and picked up something in her path, and in this manner, by very slow progression, she came up nearly opposite my tree. Then I made my presence known by springing to my feet and going forward

to meet her. She did not seem surprised nor abashed, but tossed back the silken tangle of purple hair, and at once held out her little hand.

"Good-morning, little one. What is your name?" I did not expect an answer to my question, but felt I must do something by way of introduction. But she answered me readily enough, and, with a frank glance from her bright eyes, said, —

"My name Rosalia Burton, sir."

"Ah, that is pretty."

"Yes sir; but mamma she call me not that; my funny name Earminia, sir."

"Your 'funny' name? O yes, I see, — your pet name. Well, I like Rosalia better; may I call you that?"

She nodded her head decidedly, and then went with me to the tree and sat down by my side. She had gathered in a fold of her frock a little store of seeds, and these she was seeking for as I disturbed her. There were the shiny black disks of the groo-groo palm, some seeds of the wild tamarind, and many little crimson ones with black eyes. These last she showed me with evident pride.

"These jombie beads," she whispered; "they made by the little jombies (spirits); I think they see Rosalia coming t'ro' the wood and shake 'em down for her. Look dat!"

She held up a fine dark sea-bean.

"Papa make him very polish, when I tell him to."

The sea-bean, which is abundant on the sand-beaches of Florida, grows on a vine in the West Indies, falls into the sea, and is carried by the ocean currents to our shores, where it is eagerly gathered up to be worked into ornaments and sold. These lovely things, and a score of others equally rare, grew on the vines and trees about her habitation.

Her home, — where was it? In answer to my question, she pointed out a side trail leading to the right of the one I was following.

"Is it far?"

"No, one little moment, it bring you there."

Just then my carriers came in sight, with many a groan and muttered excuse for their delay. They were about to fling their burdens and themselves on the ground, when I signed the leader to wait.

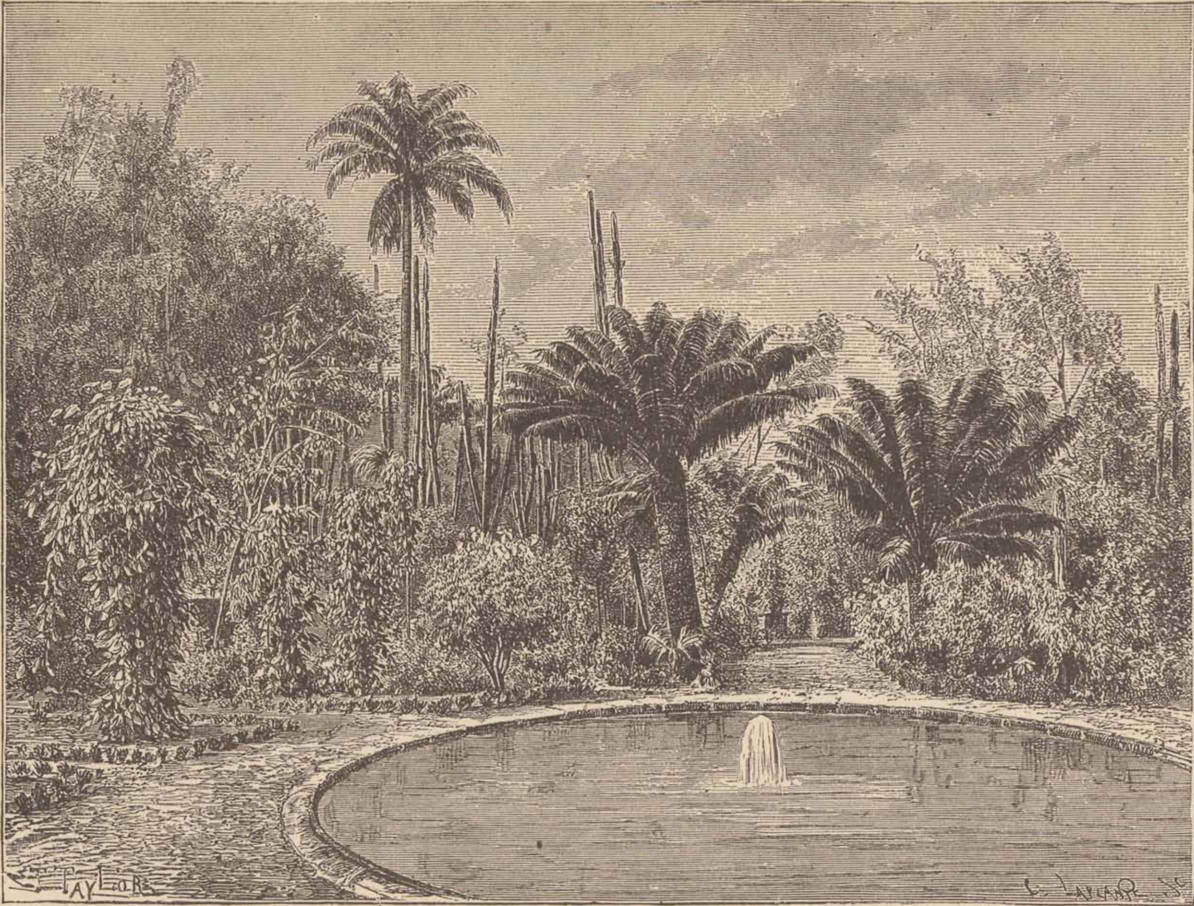
"Do you know where this child lives?"

"Yes, me massa; he home close by, sah."

"Let us go there, then."

"Of co'se, me massa; he papa berry respeckrumble pusson, sah."

They led the way, and I followed after with the girl. Soon we reached



"THESE TROPIC ISLES OF THE COCOA-PALM."

a little clearing, in the centre of which was a lowly hut of palm leaves. A comely colored woman stood in the door-way, toward whom Rosalia darted with a cry of, —

"Mamma, this buckra man come to see papa. Me papa sick," she exclaimed, turning to me.

"Yes, sir," politely explained her mother, "my husband hurt himself falling from a gommier tree yesterday; but perhaps he can see you."

He came limping out as she said this, and added his welcome to his wife's, then invited me to enter. The hut was clean, but bare of almost everything except a couch of leaves and a wooden stool. At a glance I took in the poverty of these worthy people, and was confirmed in a resolve already half formed. As I sat down on the stool, I called Rosalia to me and said, —

"Tell your papa and mamma that I have come to spend Christmas day with them."

She leaned against my knees, upon which she rested her clasped hands, and, looking up into my face, said with charming simplicity, —

"I know you are welcome, but mamma can't give you to eat only some plantain."

"Earminia!" broke in the mother.

"I am glad of it," I said, "for I am looking for some one to share with me my Christmas dinner. If you will provide the table, I will find the food!"

The good people were too astounded to speak; but they finally provided a broad board, upon which they spread clean banana leaves, and when we gathered around it there was more joy in those dusky faces than I had seen in any other in a month. Canned mutton (all the way from England) was served up with boiled bread-fruit; sardines were garnished with fragrant limes fresh from the tree; cold chicken was flanked with fried bananas, and plantains boiled were served in mutton gravy. Such a feast to these poor people could not occur again in a twelvemonth. They first refused to eat till I had finished; but I prevailed, taking the happy Rosalia under my especial charge, and plying her with dainties till she fell asleep, grasping the crowning joy of all to her — a bag of colored candy.

As she lay there peacefully, with her head in my lap, my head guide said to me, with his eyes fairly protruding with gratitude, —

"Massa buckra, you no git de parrot dis a day; but you make Gor-a-mighty lub you mo' dan if you shoot all de birds in de wood!"

Wherever I have wandered in these tropic isles, I have hardly journeyed a day out of sight of the cocoa-palm, and my journal is full of allusions to it; such, for instance, as these: —

"Noon had arrived, and our boat, becalmed within a mile of shore, lay like a log upon the glassy sea. The hot sun, parching everything on board, was reflected into our faces with a force that nearly blinded us. There were palm trees in the distance, and a boat was manned, and we rowed to them through the awful heat and found refreshing shade.

"We lay there all the afternoon, until the evening breeze came down from the mountains, drinking the cool water from their nuts, and reclining upon beds of their springy leaves."

"Again, tired with my devious march through the forest, and hot and thirsty, I sought vainly for a stream from which to dip a drink of water; and I was nearly exhausted when I found myself near a negro village, reaching which I was refreshed and invigorated by long draughts of cocoa-water."

Broad valleys stretch along the shore, extending far back into the hills, one waving sea of yellow cane, with no object to relieve the billowy plain but the cocoa-palm and its more aspiring brother, the towering palmiste. About the sugar-house, and the dwelling of the owner and the overseer, it is scattered in picturesque groups.

Truly, the tropics could not do without the palm! It is to that region what the pine is to the North, the elm to New England, the magnolia to the South. And it is more. Have you not read of that vessel in Indian seas which was built of palm-logs, whose spars were palm-wood, its rigging, sails, and ropes of palm-fibre, and its cargo of cocoa-nuts?

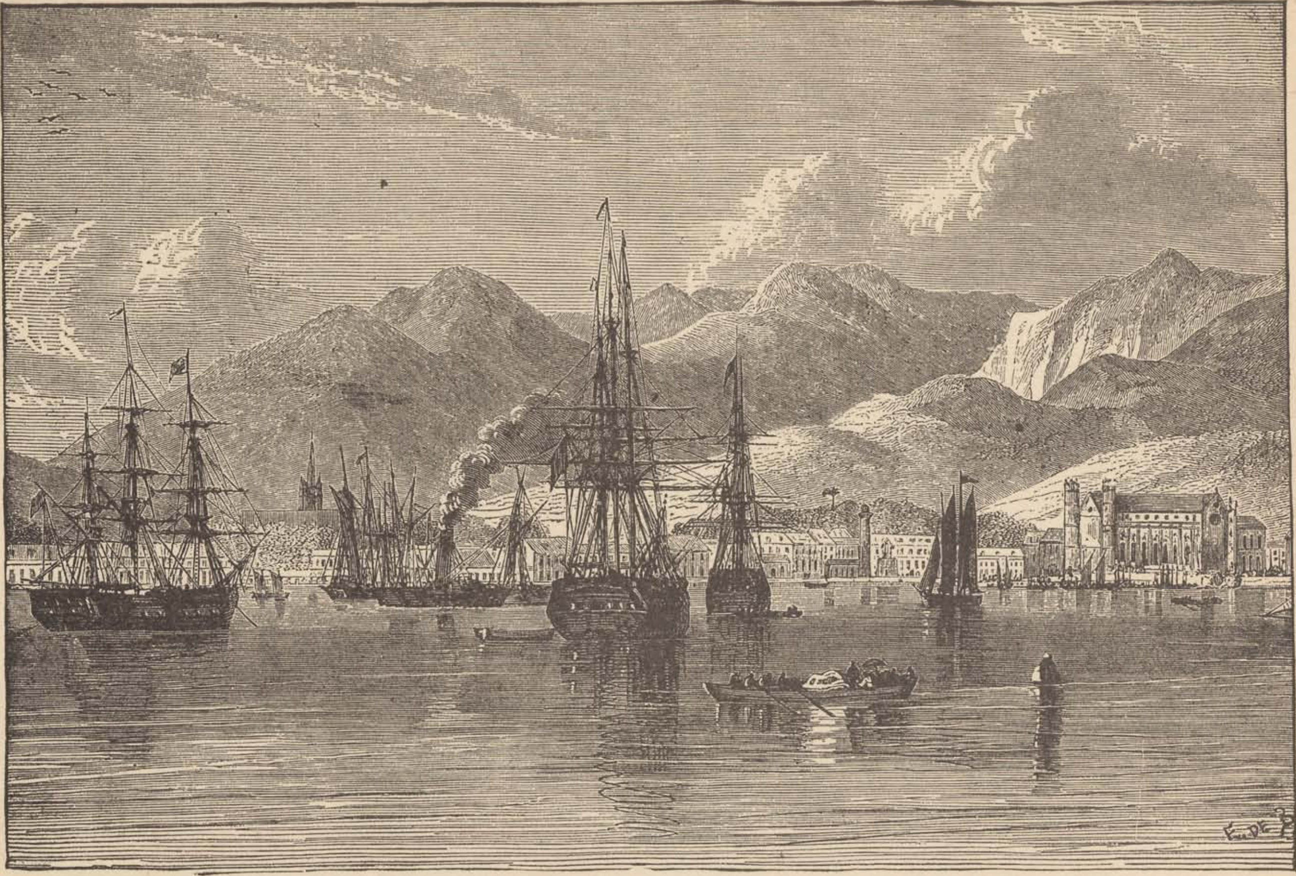
It must be this which Whittier has preserved in verse, — our own Whittier, who has sung so often of the North, and whom we consider so entirely devoted to his native lakes and hills that it excites surprise to find him depicting tropical scenes with all the fervor of a poet born in warmer climes.

"A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-back sheath,
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

"Branches of palm are its spars and rails,
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly trails!

"What does the good ship bear so well?
The cocoa-nut, with its stony shell,
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

"What are its jars so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts filled with oil and wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the lime?



PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD.

"Who smokes his nargileh cool and calm?
The master, whose cunning and skill could charm
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm."

The range of the cocoa-palm extends northward from the equator twenty-eight degrees. Even in Florida, a few may be found growing; and at the northern end of Biscayne Bay, above latitude 25° 30′, there is a group which has given a name to the place.

Growing so near the ocean, its nuts often fall into the waves, and they are carried to every part of the world, and in climates favorable to their growth have sprung up as if by magic. The tree attains a height of seventy or eighty feet, lives a hundred years, bears annually a hundred nuts, and ministers to man in a hundred different ways.

In every garden throughout these islands we find plants and trees having birth in far-off lands; such as the sago-palm, from the pith of which sago is made, and the arica-palm, imported from India.

A most curious and beautiful tree is that known in the French islands as *l'arbre du voyageur*, or the traveller's tree. It is so called because it contains in its leaves, and at their bases, a large quantity of pure water, which is gratefully drawn upon by the traveller in that thirsty land. By piercing the leaves with a spear or pike the water is drawn out, gushing forth in a stream, cool and refreshing. The broad, arching fan of leaves has suggested to at least one writer that it might have been used as a fan by the mighty gods of mythology.

In the mountains grow the species of palms known as the groo-groo and the gri-gri, which are quite attractive, but not so graceful as the cocoas and the beautiful mountain palm, which latter attains to a height sometimes of one hundred and fifty feet.

The forest trees are sometimes bound together by enormous climbing trees, or bush-ropes, called here *lianas* and *lialines*, which are sometimes gay with flowers, and form hanging gardens more beautiful than those of Babylon the ancient.

Along the coast grows the mangrove, reared upon its long spider-like legs; another curious tree is the cannon-ball tree, with a hard round fruit six or eight inches in diameter. The tree-ferns are among the most graceful of trees, waving their soft foliage aloft like golden filaments.

The cacao tree yields the cacao, or cocoa, from which the nourishing chocolate drink is made. This tree grows on the slopes of the hills and in the valleys, and a little higher up flourishes the coffee, — a native of Africa, and first introduced here about a hundred and sixty years ago.

The sugar-cane, which grows everywhere, and was for many years the chief source of wealth, first came here from China, in the early years of the sixteenth century.

There are no veritable banyans like those of India, but there is a species of fig (*Ficus*) that spreads its branches over a great deal of ground.

The fruits found here may be enumerated as the pine-apple, grape, melon, date, fig, orange, sapodilla, shaddock, lemon, lime, cocoa-nut, citron, guava, plantain, banana, mango, star-apple, pomegranate, plum, cherry, mamie, granadilla, water-lemon, avocado-pear, tamarind, bread-fruit, custard-apple, golden-apple, sugar-apple, and sour-sop.

The vegetables are also numerous, as yams, eddoes, sweet-potatoes, cassava, cabbage, cucumber, pea, parsnip, beans, carrot, radish, egg-plant, beet, celery, mountain-cabbage (from the palm), spinach, pumpkin, tomato, maize, ochra, etc.

Then there are coffee, cocoa, cinnamon, ginger, vanilla, citron, pimento, nutmeg, indigo, cassia, aloes, arrowroot, logwood, etc.

In the West Indies they can have our principal vegetables (though not our fruits), and many others that we of the North cannot raise.

The clumps of bamboo are very attractive, these arborescent grasses now belonging to the flora of the West Indies. Considered as an element in the tropical landscape, these bamboo clumps, with their feathery-foliaged, lance-like shafts, cannot be overlooked. They sometimes attain to a height of eighty, and even a hundred feet.

The bread-fruit, the *Artocarpus incisa*, now so abundant in the West Indies, is a native of the South Seas, but is now completely naturalized here. As a food supply to the dwellers in the tropics it has no equal, except perhaps in the banana. The fruit has a fine flavor to a hungry man, and is excellent eaten with beef or mutton.

Another tree, somewhat resembling this in shape and foliage, is the bread-nut, *Brosimum alicastrum*, which, though sometimes used as food, is not so nourishing or palatable as the bread-fruit.

Particularly abundant, especially in the littoral forests, are those trees valuable for industrial purposes, such as the logwood and mahogany. Plants from which dyes and tinctures are obtained are also numerous. A common plant of this kind is the arnatto, the *Bixa orellana*, which was in olden times in high repute amongst the native Indians, as a source from which they obtained bright coloring-matter for their adornment. The Caribs of the Antilles, as well as those of South America and Mexico, were acquainted with the properties of its seeds.

These Indians roamed the primitive forests, clad only in the light costume of a coat of red paint. It is related of one Carib chief, who was invited into the cabin of a white settler, that he lay down in the settler's best white cotton hammock, and, when he got up to leave, a goodly portion of his red costume was transferred to the hammock, much to the settler's disgust.

BAMBOOS.

The arnatto-shrub grows to the size of a quince tree; it has heart-shaped leaves, and beautiful rosy flowers, followed by bristled pods, something like chestnut burs, which burst open when ripe, displaying a crimson pulp containing numerous seeds. This pulp is immersed in water a few weeks, strained, and finally boiled to a paste, and formed into cakes, dried in the sun. As it is a harmless dye, it is much used by the dairyman to impart a particular tinge to butter and cheese.

Having thus enumerated nearly all, and described the most important, of the tropical plants and fruits, we will return to our journeyings, promising not to halt again until beyond the circle of the tropics.

CHAPTER XV.

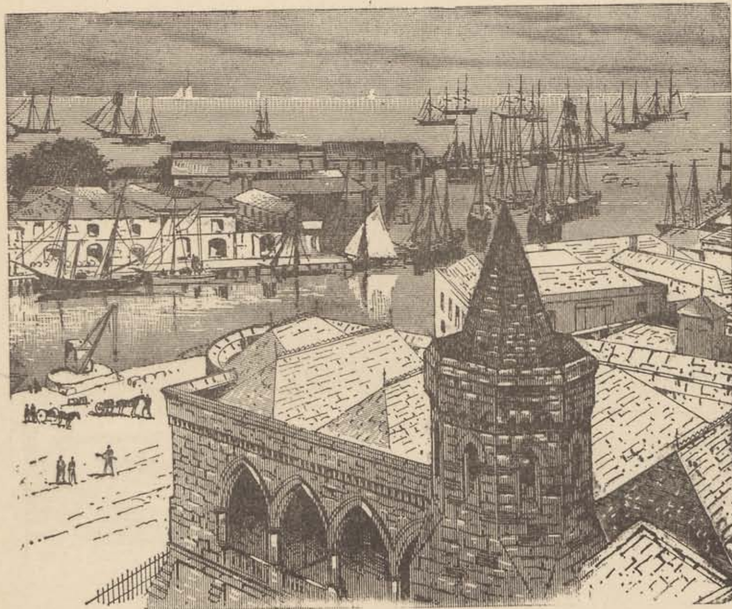
BARBADOS, TRINIDAD, AND THE PITCH LAKE.

THE Antiquarian's last work was in the island of St. Vincent, the last of the Caribbees that has had volcanic eruptions within a period comparatively recent. He was endeavoring to discover there a mysterious bird that had been known to the natives for many years, but which they had never seen. To find this bird he climbed the cone of the Sonfrière, the great volcano, and lived for a week in a cave, with no other company than an old negro named Toby. But he found the bird, — "the mysterious Sonfrière bird with the heavenly song," — and had the great satisfaction of finding it a species new to the world.

The great Sonfrière of St. Vincent, in the year 1812 (when Caraccas was destroyed by an earthquake, and ten thousand souls perished in a moment of time), became violently active. It threw out lava, smoke, and ashes, and clouds of ashes from this volcano fell upon Barbados, ninety miles to the eastward. Barbados is also to the windward of St. Vincent; that is, the prevailing wind throughout the year, the trade-wind, blows from the eastward continuously. It for a long time puzzled the scientists to account for the fact that the ashes were sent against the force of the trade-wind, until it was finally concluded that these ashes were blown

so high as to be ejected above the stratum of trade-wind, — above, and into another air current travelling in an opposite direction.

Barbados has been so often visited, and contains so few features distinctive, that we will pause only to mention it; though it has a fine capital city, Bridgetown, containing fine public buildings and attractive streets.

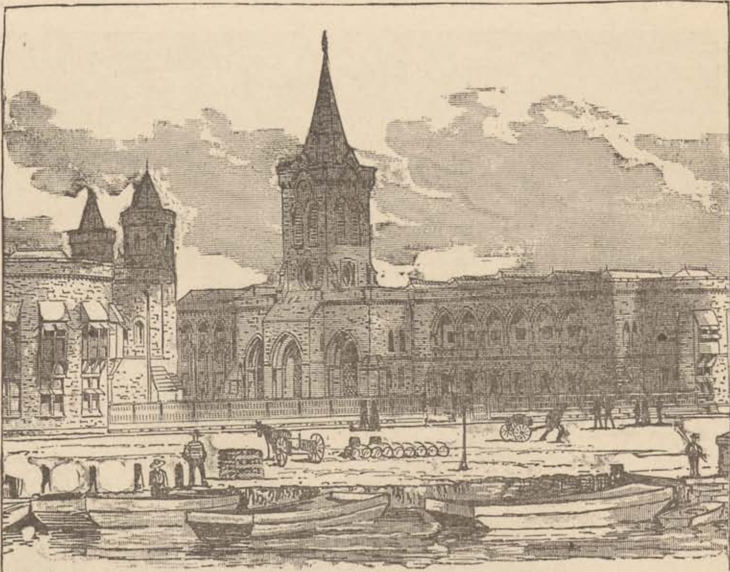


BRIDGETOWN.

It is like one vast garden; being flat and fertile, nearly the whole island is under cultivation, and covered with fields of sugar-cane. Having long been possessed by the English, — for two hundred and sixty years, — it has become very populous, its population, it is said, being denser than that of any other country beside China; — one hundred and sixty thousand people, or, as nearly all are colored or black, a darkey to about every square rod.

Barbados is a centre of learning and refinement, containing the oldest and best college in the West Indies. Codrington College was

founded in 1716, and is situated in a most beautiful part of the island, surrounded by tall and stately palms and tropical gardens. The inhabitants of Barbados sometimes call it Little England, because it is so thoroughly English, has so many fine churches and chapels, and is so loyal to the home government.



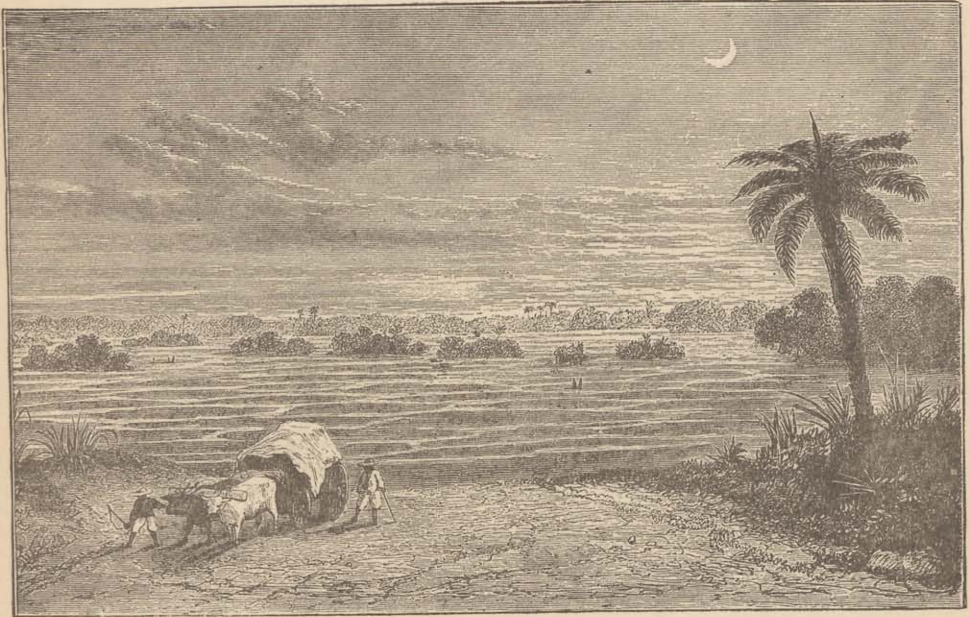
FINE PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

They are very proud of the fact that the island has never changed hands since first taken by the English. For all these islands have been subjected to the vicissitudes of war. Take Guadeloupe, for instance. It was discovered by Columbus in 1493. In 1635 the French settled there, and kept it till 1759, when the island was taken by the English. It was subsequently, at various times, captured and recaptured by these nations, and finally ceded to France in 1814.

Martinique was discovered in 1493; settled by French in 1635; in 1794 captured by English; restored in 1802, but held again between 1809 and 1814, and then returned to France.

Grenada, discovered by Columbus in 1493; colonized by French in the middle of the seventeenth century; taken by British in 1762; re-captured in 1779, but restored in 1783.

St. Vincent, discovered in 1498; since 1719 it has been occupied successively by French and English; finally ceded to the English in 1783.



THE PITCH LAKE, TRINIDAD.

The Virgin Islands were discovered in 1493; settled by Dutch in 1648; captured by English, 1666.

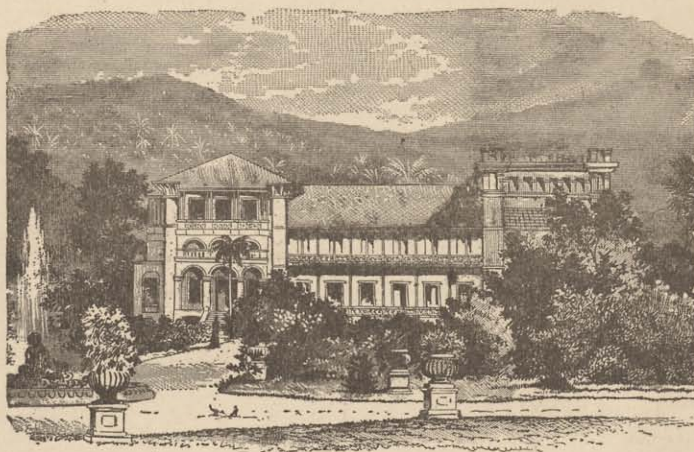
Dominica was discovered in 1493; subsequently claimed alternately by England, France, and Spain, but finally ceded to the English, in 1763. Traces of the French occupancy are still visible in the language of the people, which is mostly French, or a French patois.

Every island, also, has had its battles with the Indians, its local revolutions and negro uprisings. Barbados, which came into English

possession in 1602, can truly claim to have remained the most peaceful of them all; though constantly anxious on account of the unruly character of its vast negro population.

It may interest somebody to note that Barbados was the home of the quaint "Yarico" and "Inkle," of Addison and the Spectator, so many years ago.

The last of the West Indian islands as we voyage southwardly is Trinidad, lying off the mouths of the great river Orinoco, on the



GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, TRINIDAD.

northern coast of South America. It was named by Columbus, who discovered it when on his third voyage, in 1496. Looking upon its purple mountains with their triple peaks, he named it La Trinidad, the Trinity. Columbus sailed into the great Bay of Paria, that lies between Trinidad and the mainland, through the passage which he called the Serpent's Mouth; and he sailed out, to the northward, through another and yet narrower channel, which he named the Mouth of the Dragon. And on the map you may find these names to-day, — the Boca del Serpiente, and the Boca del Draco.

IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS, PORT OF SPAIN.

But we are not going to describe Trinidad, for our mission was only to the Caribbees, and the Caribbees ended with the island of Grenada. Totally unlike, in geological structure, the volcanic islands of the Caribbees, Trinidad belongs to — and doubtless was once a part of — the great continent of South America. Its fauna and its flora, both its animal life and its vegetable, are continental in character, and totally unlike those of the islands to the north.

It was a on very hot day that we sailed through the Dragon's Mouth, where black and fantastic rocks rose up on either hand, and approached the wharves of Port of Spain, the chief and only city of Trinidad.

Though hot, and sometimes sickly, Port of Spain is not unattractive, with its plashing fountains, shaded streets, and palm-bordered plazas. Its chief attraction is the great botanic garden in the suburbs, where are gathered all the vegetable wonders of the Spice Islands: palms in

every variety, bamboos in feathery clumps, and flowering plants of every kind.

In natural wonders, Trinidadians think their island outdoes the world, because they can show, not only the richest of tropical floras,

KING STREET, PORT OF SPAIN.

but a wonderful lake of bubbling asphalt. The celebrated Pitch Lake of Trinidad is situated some forty miles to the southward of Port of Spain, and is reached by a little steamer, down the coast to La Brea. There everything is surrounded by and covered with — pitch. "The very ship anchors in pitch, the passengers disembark on a pitch wharf, pitch lies heaped up far and wide, in the harbor; in whatever direction the eyes are turned, they light on nothing but pitch," — or, to speak more correctly, asphaltum.

The lake itself covers about one hundred acres, and resembles, at first glance, an ordinary lake of muddy water. But you find that the surface will bear you up, and, though broken by innumerable springs, and dotted with wooded islands, it is hard and shining. Through the surface the asphalt beneath continually works up, and great fissures open, making it dangerous walking, while petroleum exudes from the springs. Ships are laden with this asphaltum for every part of the world, and it may be that the streets of the very city in which our readers live are covered with Trinidad asphalt.

Trinidad, though a beautiful island, shall not detain us longer, even though its civil is not less fascinating than its natural history. We will retrace our steps, or rather our voyage, to an island midway the Caribbee chain, that of Guadeloupe, and thence make the best of our way home to the United States. But it would be unfair to Trinidad not to mention one of its most distinguished visitors, in the person of Sir Walter Raleigh, who sailed from England in February, 1595, and came directly here. He took prisoner the Spanish general in charge, and hence departed up the Orinoco, lured on by stories of a country fabulously rich, called by the natives *El Dorado*, — the Land of Gold. But he found it not, that island capital with palaces roofed with gold; and he returned to England disappointed, soon after to be beheaded. No less a person than Robinson Crusoe, Esq., also sailed through the Dragon's Mouth, many, many years ago; but it is too late to mention the scenes of his adventures, and we will hasten on to the concluding chapter. It would seem, though, as if our journey had but just begun, as we stand here at the mouth of the Orinoco, with the coast of South America in sight from the hills of Trinidad; and it is with great regret we say adieu, and turn our faces northward.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM GUADELOUPE TO GULF STREAM.

HE island of Guadeloupe, one of the emerald chain of the Caribbees, was twice visited by the great Columbus. Returning to Spain after having laid in Hayti the foundation of a colony, he was obliged to put in here for provisions.

His followers were warmly received by the resident Caribs, who one and all, men and women, naked, and with streaming hair, attacked them with such impetuosity that the Spaniards gained little by their stay. On board one of the vessels was a fierce warrior, Caonabo, "lord of the golden mountains," whom the cruel Spaniards had captured in Hayti.

He had been, from the very first, a determined and implacable foe, and they had only captured him by stratagem. One of the Spanish captains had obtained access to him in some manner, and, showing him a pair of polished steel handcuffs, told him they were sent him, Caonabo, as a present by the king of Spain. The simple and unsuspecting savage allowed them to be placed upon his wrists, and, thus secured, he was mounted upon a swift horse and carried into the Spanish camp.

In Guadeloupe the marines of Columbus captured a woman of noble aspect and "proud and resolute spirit," who, seeing Caonabo in misery and melancholy, conceived a violent love for him, and clung to him at the price of her liberty. But the brave Carib chieftain died

POINTE À PITRE, GUADELOUPE.

soon after of grief at his ignoble treatment, and the faithful woman was carried a slave to Spain.

Passing glimpses like this we obtain of the people who inhabited Guadeloupe at the time of its discovery. In their warlike achievements, as chronicled by their conquerors, and their loves, as related in the records of their destroyers, there are themes for the poet and the novelist. The island, indeed, is already celebrated by Whittier in his poem of "The Slave Ship." For

> "In the sunny Guadeloupe
> A dark-hulled vessel lay,
> With a crew who noted never
> The nightfall or the day.
> The blossom of the orange
> Was white by every stream,
> And tropic leaf and flower and bird
> Were in the warm sunbeam."

A very curious island is this of Guadeloupe, for one half is very mountainous and the other very flat; and these two diverse sections are divided by a sluggish stream of salt water called the Rivière Salée, with glassy surface and bordered with mangroves. The city lying at the mouth of this river, Basse Terre, is the capital of the island; Pointe à Pitre, a great shipping port for the products of the country, — for the cacao, coffee, and *rouco* of the mountains, and the sugar and molasses of the flat plains of Grande-Terre.

One hot day in midsummer we left this port for a town of the sugar section, known as Moule. The diligence, or "fast coach," in which we rode, was an old covered cart drawn by mules. The driver was clad in blue cotton clothing and wore a Chinese hat, and an accompanying *gendarme* was dressed in "regulation" blue blouse and white pantaloons, with a Chinese helmet on his head.

As we rolled along over the smooth roads, people from the near huts and houses ran out with packages which they handed to the driver for delivery at the terminus of the route.

The road was excellent, made with broken stone covered with earth, and stretched straight away through vast fields of sugar-cane, gardens, and fruit plantations. All these fruits were tropical, children of the sun. There were mangoes, pink-and-yellow peach-shaped balls

"THE ROAD WAS EXCELLENT."

hanging by slender stems; sour and sweet sops, containing a custard-like pulp with delicious odor of strawberries; oranges, bananas, plantains, fragrant pine-apples, sapodillas in coats of russet hue, avocado-pears, star-apples, limes, lemons, tamarinds, water-lemons, citrons, guavas, and "forbidden fruit." Perhaps a score of strange fruits claimed our attention at different times, and, although the journey was a hot one, the time passed quickly, and our destination was reached without weariness.

The city of Moule, which we reached in due time, is on the Atlantic coast of the Grande-Terre of Guadeloupe. Its harbor is a

perfect *cul-de-sac*, with an entrance less than two hundred yards in width, and can be entered by vessels only when a strong east wind is blowing and with an experienced pilot. The whole shore is coral, as is the reef that forms a partial break-water; the breakers dash up with tremendous force, whitening all the channel, and great seas roll, surging in upon the shore. Directly a vessel is inside she is luffed up, every sail dropped at the instant, and generally brought to her moorings without dropping anchor. The French government has imbedded large anchors in the eastern reef, and on shore has sunk old cannon, between which stretch immense chains for mooring the vessels stem and stern. Each chain is buoyed at the berths and these berths numbered.

A storehouse on shore is filled with additional hawsers, which are stretched in case a gale is supposed to be approaching, while the captain of the port lives in a little house near by, which has a signal staff, on which are displayed flags of warning and guidance for vessels outside the reefs.

I am thus particular in describing the harbor of Moule because it is so very peculiar, and also because its peculiarities of formation kept us prisoners there for nearly three weeks; for we had engaged passage on a sailing vessel that was to leave immediately for the United States, but which contrary winds kept confined to this funnel-shaped harbor that length of time.

But I was not idle during my enforced stay, even though nearly all my hunting gear was on board the vessel; and I learned much from the natives that seemed to me interesting and useful.

One little French boy, in particular, attached himself to me, and guided me in search of strange birds, fish, and reptiles. Moule was a hot place, very hot, with a lack of good water in the dry months of summer that conduced to diseases of the skin among the lower classes, which their continual diet of fish greatly aggravated. The negroes especially were afflicted with that horrible disease, elephantiasis, in

which the legs swell up to an enormous size. One old negro regularly perambulated the streets with a leg seemingly as large as an elephant's, and when he moved his feet it was with the noiseless, shuffling tread of the elephant itself. As these diseased persons disported themselves at nearly every corner, I always seized upon every opportunity to escape from the city and join my little friend in the fields.

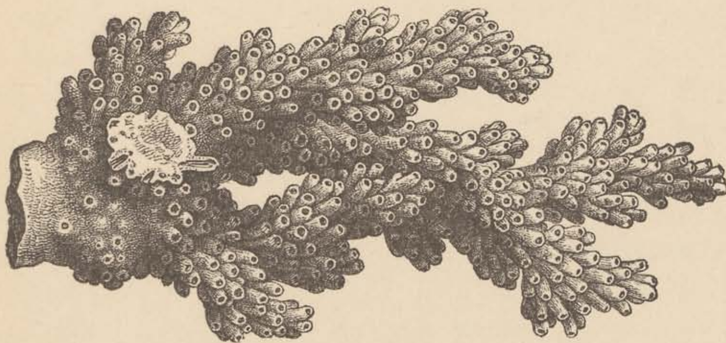
I learned something new from this boy, for he had passed most of his life in the open air, and had kept his eyes open. Such a boy as that can always teach you something you did not know before; this one taught me how to catch fish without hook or net.

At one point in our wanderings together, we reached a most charming bay, with a white sand beach between sea and land. Bordering this beach was a band of trees of most inviting aspect, — their stems smooth, their leaves glossy, — and they rose above the white sand like evergreens above a snowbank.

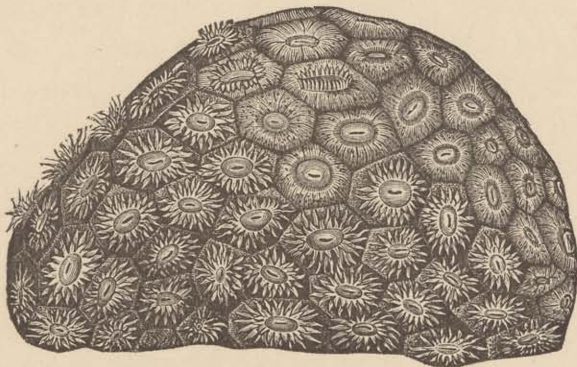
Small yellow fruit, like plums, was scattered thickly over the sands, looking like another kind of plum found in these islands, called "penny apiece."

These trees, although so attractive, are well known throughout the Caribbees from their dreaded poisonous character; for they are the manchineel (*Hippomanus mancinella*), the evil reputation of which is second only to that of the far-famed upas of Borneo and Java. Its fruit is poisonous both to man and beast; and the leaves are equally dangerous, containing such virulent poison that the wet leaves, it is said, brushing against your face in the morning, will blister the skin. A native of the islands will never trust himself to sleep beneath this tree's baleful shade, no matter how cold the night or how hot the sun.

As may be supposed, I always approached the manchineel with caution, and was very cautious not to bruise twig or leaf. But my young companion, one day when we reached the belt above the beach, drew his knife and carefully cut off, without touching the freshly severed portions, a heap of the smaller branches, with the leaves attached.



BRANCH CORAL.



BRAIN CORAL.

"THE WHOLE SHORE IS CORAL."

Carrying these branches to a near creek in which fish abounded, he cast them in until the surface was quite green with them. Then we went on further in search of birds, but in an hour's time returning, we found the surface of the creek covered with small fish, some apparently dead, others gasping for breath, and still others on the shore, whither they had leaped to escape from the poisoned water.

While collecting the fish, I inquired the cause of their coming to the surface, and was told that the manchineel "burns" them, and that it apparently exhausts all the oxygen from the water. Its effects are only temporary, as the water, especially if a running stream, soon regains its purity, and most of the fish recover and resume their suspended functions.

A jar full of strange fish from another island brings before me a roaring, rocky stream, bordered by sugar-canes, which widens and deepens near the sea into a pond-like expansion behind the beach ere it takes its final plunge into the breakers. When I first saw these fish they were attached by their heads to stones at the bottom of this pond. It required a good deal of strength to remove one of them from the stone to which it was fastened; for it was a "sucking fish," known to scientists as the remora, which has a flat oval disk on its head with which it can create a vacuum, thus attaching itself firmly to any substance in the water. It is often found fastened to other fishes, like a parasite, and it is related on good authority that early voyagers in the West Indies found it in use by the Indians as a means of taking other fishes.

The Indians of Jamaica, says an old Spanish historian, go a fishing with the remora, or sucking-fish, which they employ as falconers do hawks. The owner of one on a calm morning carries it out to sea, secured to his canoe by a small but strong line many fathoms in length, and the moment this creature sees a fish in the water, though at a great distance, it darts like an arrow and soon fastens upon it. The Indian, meantime, loosens and lets go the line, which is provided

with a floating buoy. When he considers the game to be nearly exhausted, he gradually draws the line in toward the shore, the remora still adhering with such tenacity to its prey that it is with great difficulty it is made to quit its hold.

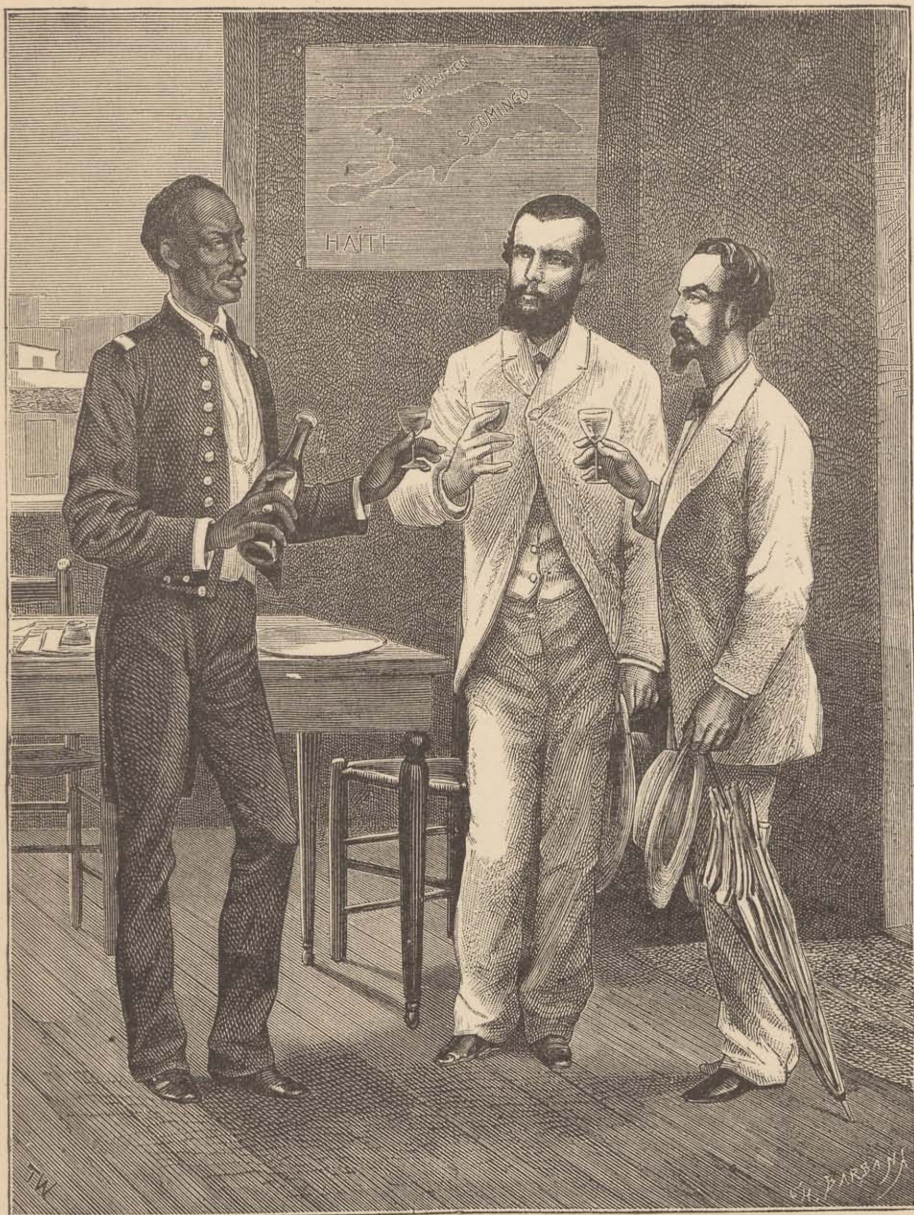
Columbus himself once witnessed the taking in this way of a tortoise of immense size; and Fernando Columbus, son of the great Christopher, affirms that he himself saw a shark caught in the same manner off the coast of Veragua. The fact has been corroborated by the accounts of different navigators; and the same mode of fishing is said to be employed on the eastern coast of Africa, at Mozambique and Madagascar.

The fish is sometimes known as the "shark's pilot," as having been found attached to the cheek of the shark; and as it is often found sticking to the sides of vessels, the sailors of early times believed it had the power to stay the progress of a ship through the water. The gentle Arrowaks of Hayti and Porto Rico, who were fond of practising this mode of fishing, have long been extinct, and the art seems to have died out with their extinction.

The Antiquarian and the Historian will now disappear into the vast unknown, and allow the Doctor to have the last word, and describe the voyage home in his own language. He calls it "The Journal of a Jonah," and herewith follows his authentic narrative.

At ten o'clock we reach the outskirts of Moule, the mules are "licked" into a burst as we pass through the main street, we suddenly turn a corner, and bring up alongside a dilapidated red building grandly named "Hôtel du Moule." Hotel and city are about on a par, one with the other, — old, dirty, "one hoss." At the door I met the captain, who greeted me warmly, yet with an air of constraint. Said he, "I 've been five days lying off this confounded hole, trying to get in; I wish I had n't agreed to take you."

I expressed my regret, but added that I failed to see the connection between my taking passage with him and a contrary wind. Then he added: "After you left that day, the consul told me you 'd been shipwrecked coming down, and blessed if I ain't struck a head wind ever since I took your dunnage aboard."



"TWICE WE BADE OUR FRIENDS FAREWELL."

"The consul was mistaken, Captain; I've never been shipwrecked, — that is, hardly what you might call shipwrecked; the vessel was stranded, that was all. Ran on a reef, you know; nobody lost."

"Well, it's all the same; you don't like salt water, do you."

"Captain, I do not, most emphatically."

"Now, look here, did you ever have any accidents happen to you at sea, before that one?"

This question was most unfortunate. It made me smile, for when did I ever put a foot (metaphorically speaking) on the sea without going into it, — without putting my foot in it, in fact? I prevaricated, I fear, but it did no good; the Captain was inexorable.

"Now, look here, I'm going to take you, sink or swim; but I want to know just what kind of a record you've got. Was you ever lost at sea?"

"No, never."

"Did you ever lose a boat?"

"No, I never owned one."

"O, no; I mean did you ever have a boat smashed, — one you'd taken passage in, — or anything?"

"I say, Captain, let's go in and order dinner; it's rather late."

"No, you don't; just give me a fair answer now."

"Well, then, yes."

"I thought so. Now, how many?"

"Two, Captain; only two, I am ready to swear."

"Only two! Jerusalem! and you a land-lubber! Was you ever out of sight of land without something happening?"

"Not often."

"What generally happened?"

"It not generally, but always, happened that I was sea-sick."

"O, yes, of course. Did you ever fall overboard?"

I could with truth answer that I never had; but if he had put the question in a different form he would have had me, for I was once obliged to jump overboard, and was once washed overboard by a sea. With a happy face I answered, "No."

The captain sighed. "You're first cousin to Jonah, that's what's the matter with *you*. I wish I had n't said I'd take you, but as you've paid your passage, and there ain't no other vessel in port, I s'pose you must go on the 'City of Moule.'" That was the name of his vessel, — named for the port she oftenest visited.

He persisted in regarding me as the cause of all his various delays, holding

that old Neptune, or Æolus, or the clerk of the weather, or some of those occult personages, held against me a special spite. He seemed to expect nothing less than the destruction of his vessel; but he insisted that I should go, if she sank. "Thank heaven," said he, "she 's insured."

On my part, it required a good deal of courage to embark; for, aside from danger to be apprehended from the elements, I was not sure that the captain would not throw me overboard, on the rising of the first gale, to propitiate the elements aforementioned.

For three weeks we wandered about that sleepy town. Along the river banks, where the mangroves grew thick and overhung the sluggish stream, were some birds, and over on the near island of Désirade were caves we desired to explore; but we could not leave the port, lest we should lose a favorable breeze.

Twice we essayed to start, bade our friends farewell, cast off the chains fore and aft (resting merely on the ropes), and waited for the wind to blow, — but waited in vain. Not a breath stirred the long leaves of the palms and cocoas, and we went reluctantly back to our soup and wine ashore.

The day for our departure came at last; the morning of October 21st opened with a breeze, fresh at nine o'clock, and stronger at ten, at which hour, having cast off hawsers and loosed our sails, we drifted slowly toward the entrance. We were held by two cables only, bow and stern, and, just as the captain of the port cast off the last rope that held her, and while we were right in the jaws of the channel, *the wind died away*, the vessel veered about and drifted up against the coral ledge, forced by the heavy seas, where she lay thumping and grinding. At the first shock the captain cast at me a glance of reproach, — "I knew this would happen," it said. "You 'd better get your valuables together," said he, "for, unless we can get off this mighty quick, we 're going to the bottom." Though there was no danger to be apprehended for our lives, it was by no means pleasant to have to scramble together such papers and treasures as could be taken in the hand and leave the remainder to go to the bottom. I reflected upon my salt-water experience, and concluded that mine were pretty hard lines; this was the third time within two years that my vessel had been in danger.

"Coral reefs under her,
Ready to sunder her."

The alarm had quickly spread to shore, and men and boats came out with ropes; one was made fast, and, with all hands at the windlass, we tried to heave her around. She now lay broadside to the reef, which rose as a perpendicular wall, every lunge tearing away her copper and grinding into her planks. After an hour's hard work the brig was warped around, towed into the harbor, and

"AT NOON THE LEAD WAS THROWN."

made fast to her old hawsers. A diver was sent down, — a naked negro, — who examined the vessel's bottom, and reported no planks started. He brought up a sheet of copper which he found hanging, and said that nearly all on that side was ripped off or frayed, and that the "fore-foot" was hanging loose. A survey was held at once, and the majority declared that, as the vessel did not leak, she was seaworthy, and in the morning we tried again, passed the reef safely, and stood out to sea.

For several days the wind was light, but fair, and we sailed slowly, impeded by the loose fore-foot and hanging copper. As she leaked but little, the captain concluded to try for New York, and not make for St. Thomas, as he at first thought would be necessary.

For five days the wind held fair, and the log of those five days chronicles merely the every-day experience of one at sea. The mate improved the time in painting the house, scraping the rail, painting red, white, and blue stars on the "bitts," and otherwise beautifying our vessel. He also painted the water-keg nicely, with a star on each head, and "Water" in white letters on a green ground. The inside of the keg sends out a fearful odor of rum, but it will be a satisfaction to contemplate the exterior, if the water *is* ruined, when we come to take to the boats. One day we see a barque far to the southward, and we keep her in sight all day as she sails seemingly along the rim of the horizon; at night we lose her. At last there comes a calm; on the morning of that day, about five o'clock, as the captain and myself were on deck, we saw what at first sight we took to be the sun, but proved to be the morning star. It rose right up out of the east, and ascended rapidly, visibly mounted the sky until very high, and the on-coming sun dissolved it in rosy light. All that day we knock about, the vessel's head pointing to all points of the compass; wine-bottle thrown overboard at noon is floating in sight at sunset; the sea is of a beautiful cobalt. Let me appeal to my log for further information regarding the voyage.

October 28. Latitude 24° 16′. — Fresh breeze; going along well, though shipping heavy seas, that sometimes dash over the house; have to cling to the table with one hand while eating with the other. Captain opened a bottle of champagne when the breeze sprung up, in performance of a vow. He has but four bottles, and is in some doubt whether to cut the wire; he concludes it will be better to wait until the health officer comes on board; but a doubt is suggested as to whether it will go round, and he cuts the wire. I then asked how it would agree with beans (we had beans for breakfast), and he is again in perplexity; but, as the wires were now cut, we conclude that champagne will agree with anything, and proceed accordingly.

November 6. — A pair of dolphins dash alongside the brig, keeping up

with her sailing, and frequently darting before her bows. The mate rigs the "grains," and the captain tries to harpoon one, but only scrapes its back. There were two, though, and he caught the other with a large hook, baited with pork wrapped round with a red rag. After the fish was thrown on deck, I had an opportunity to watch the change in its colors. It changed, or seemed to change, from a rich golden green to dark green, anon silvery green; the body dotted with blue specks. When dying, he turned a silvery white, then a wave of cerulean flame passed over the scales, leaving bars of dark blue on a silvery ground. The lips are blue, the sides blue, green, silver, and golden, the belly pearl-blue, with dark blue specks. In certain lights the whole body has a silver sheen; the dorsal fin is blue and green, changing with the light in wavy lines; iris, golden green. His flesh was very good, but not equal to halibut.

November 7. — Off Hatteras. All day struggling with a heavy sea and a head wind. Had the wind held fair, we should have passed Hatteras Light at twelve last night. Obliged to heave brig to, under reefed foresail, lower top-sail, and balance-reef mainsail. Yesterday, passed Portuguese barque "Vasco de Gama." When summoned on deck to view her I had in my hand (from which I had been reading) a history of that adventurous navigator who first doubled Cape Horn, and for whom this vessel was named, Vasco de Gama, — a coincidence that struck us all as very singular.

November 9. — At daylight man at wheel reports sail in sight to leeward, with colors up. Captain, with glass, reports the flag *union down*, at half-mast, and gives orders to keep our brig off for the vessel. In an hour or so see a boat in the water near us, which the waves had hidden from sight; it contained five men. We heave to, and boat comes alongside; one of the men has a battered and bloody face caused in launching the boat. They come from an American barque, one hundred and twenty-five days from Callao; have no food, and the captain has on board his wife and infant child. We investigate, and find we have but half a barrel of flour, but divide with them, and give them half our beef, some wine, and guava jelly. Boat leaves for barque, and we keep on our course, after hauling down our flag.

November 11. — For a week we have pounded against a head sea, and in that time have made but four degrees on our course northward, having been blown several degrees to the eastward. Last night the wind changed, and about noon we got a good westerly breeze, which sent us along in fine style. Handkerchiefs, hitherto only of service to absorb perspiration, are now applied to their legitimate use, for about the first time in twenty months. Saw half a dozen whales to windward, *spouting*, and are reminded that we are now in the latitude of Washington. Our dog and cat, which we took on board in Moule

as pup and kitten, are living witnesses to the lapse of time since first we saw that ill-omened city. The dog, from a little round-bellied pup, as broad as he was long, has now developed into quite a respectable and sedate canine; and the cat, so small that she was with difficulty taught to drink milk when she came on board, now growls ferociously over great slabs of "salt-horse." Verily, time has flown, and swiftly. The three and twenty months that have passed since our departure for the Caribbees seem scarce so many weeks.

November 12. — This morning as I went on deck I was struck by the peculiar odor of fresh fields, like that they give out in early spring. The captain said it was the smell of land, and I do not know what else it could be. Birds more numerous; we saw a hawk and a sea-gull, and great flocks of "sea-pigeons." At noon the lead was thrown, and the first sounding gave thirty-five fathoms; black sand and shell, which placed us off Barnegat, — "just forty miles from Barnegat"; and, as all the rest is plain sailing and the pilot will board us to-morrow, we will bid adieu to vessel and voyage, especially as I have said my say, and consider this the

END OF THE LOG.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.