"Buckra" land : two weeks in Jamaica : details of a voyage to the West Indies, day by day, and a tour of Jamaica, step by step / by Allan Eric.

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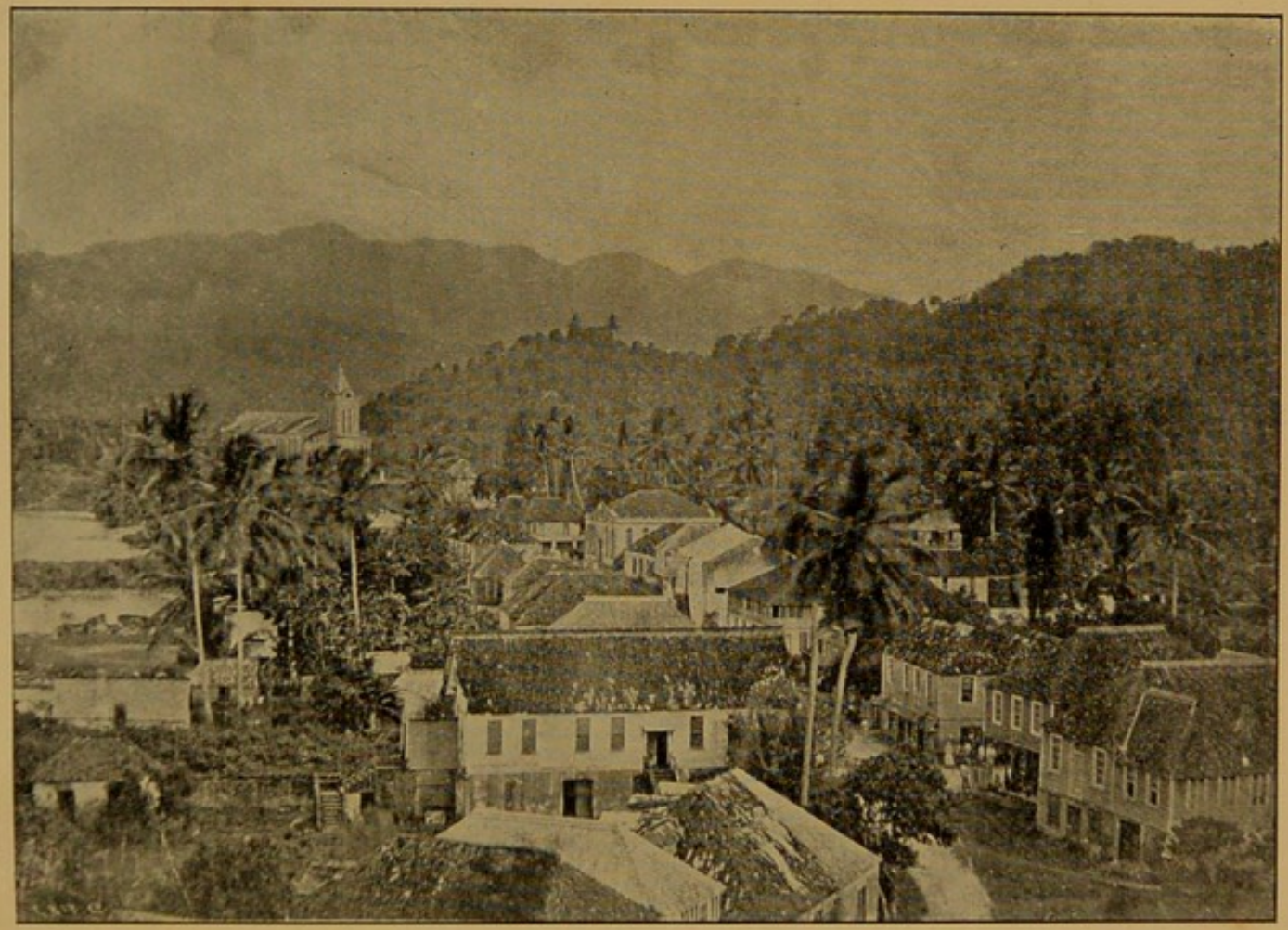

From an Original Photograph.

VIEW IN PORT ANTONIO.

"BUCKRA" LAND.

TWO WEEKS IN JAMAICA.

Details of a Voyage to the West Indies, Day by Day, and a Tour of Jamaica, Step by Step.

WITH APPENDIX

BY ALLAN ERIC.
MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF JAMAICA.

Boston, 1896.

PREFACE.

FOR years it has been my ambition to write a book of travel. From childhood, foreign countries have had a great fascination for me, especially tropical lands. The narrative contained in this book is the result of my second visit to that beautiful West Indian Isle, Jamaica. The chapters have been published in serial form, and now, in sending them out collectively, I can only hope that those who read them may find pleasure in so doing, as I found in writing them. More I cannot wish them, for they cannot experience the ecstacies that I enjoyed while traveling amid the scenes that I have endeavored to describe.

The reader may wonder at the title of this book—"Buckra" Land. "Buckra" is a word used very commonly by the black people of Jamaica, and probably it originally meant "white man." It is generally used by the black people in addressing a white man—or in greeting the traveler.

THE AUTHOR.

Boston Press Club, 14 Bosworth St.,
February 25, 1896.

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AT last, my dream of five years to revisit Jamaica, was about to be realized, and this time my wife was to share with me the wonders and the beauties of the "Isle of Springs."

It was Wednesday afternoon, October 2, 1895, that we stood on board the steamship Brookline, of the Boston Fruit Company's fleet. The boilers were hoarsely blowing off steam, the ensign fluttered from the taffrail staff, and the United States mail flag floated from the fore. The lines were cast off, the plank was hauled ashore, and waving adieu to friends on the wharf, we backed out of the dock, swung around, and the engines began to pulsate, and throb and throb, until we entered the harbor of Port Antonio in that land of palms—the Princess of the Antilles.

We had scarcely dropped the pilot outside Boston Light when Cap-

tain Anderson gave orders to batten down the hatches and be ready for heavy weather. It seemed that before leaving Boston, cable reports had been received telling about a tornado which had been raising havoc in the Bahamas, finally centering over Nassua, and was supposed to be working north, following the course of the Gulf Stream. But we passed Highland Light and rounded Cape Cod without experiencing any uncomfortable weather. Early Thursday the weather was very comfortable, no rougher than might ordinarily be expected in the Gulf Stream—but later in the day, the sky was partly cloudy, the sea was very high and the Brookline rolled heavily.

About noon on Friday the barometer began to fall rapidly and the Captain decided to change his course, and pass further to the westward, nearer Cape Hatteras, and try to go around the approaching tornado which was following the Gulf Stream north, so as to allow it to go to the eastward of us, thus avoiding a direct encounter with it. Thus we went nearly one hundred miles out of the direct course, only catching the extreme edge of the storm. In again laying the steamer's course for the Bahamas, we necessarily recrossed the Gulf Stream, or nearly twice instead of once during the voyage. The stream at that point is about two hundred miles wide.

During Saturday we saw some splendid examples of ocean waves, and I attempted to photograph some of them. Saturday afternoon we sighted a full rigged ship with all sails set, bound north. She displayed her colors, evidently wishing to be reported.

Sunday morning dawned cloudless; and when we went on deck we found ourselves steaming across a "painted ocean," in the literal sense of the word. It was now very warm, and awnings had been stretched over the upper deck, and we found the very thinnest clothing the most comfortable. The breeze was soft and balmy, and the ocean a deep, crystal blue, of a hue never seen except in these southern latitudes, owing to the remarkable reflection of the sky—but more to the extreme depth of the water. Myriads of flying fish rose in flocks from the water and fluttered away on both sides of the ship as we steamed through the Saragossa sea, thinking of the memorable day when Col-

umbus' ship first plunged her bow into this tangled ocean meadow and the sailors were ready for mutiny, fearing hidden shoals. This Saragossa weed has not, as some fancy, anything to do with the Gulf Stream. Thrust away to the south by the great ocean river, it lies in a vast eddy or central pool of the Atlantic between the Gulf Stream and the Equatorial current; and here it revolves. It is a genus by itself; it is ocean-born, and long ages have passed since it lost its habit of growing on the rocky sea-bottom. Forever floating, it feeds among its branches whole families of crabs, cuttle-fish and mollusks which, like the plant itself, are found in no other part of the world.

Before us now, due south, we follow the health-giving sunbeams of the tropics, into the tranquil waters of the South Atlantic and the Caribbean; the flying fish skimming from sea to sea, dip their wings ever and anon and plume themselves for further flights.

At 12 o'clock, Monday, we sighted Watling's Island, or San Salvador, the first land in the New World seen by Columbus; we ploughed a tranquil sea, whose surface was like a beautiful mirror, stretching away on all sides of us, meeting the western, eastern and northern horizons with a sharply defined line, and melting away into the southern sky in a soft azure veil. Not a ripple disturbed the tranquil surface of the Bahama Sea, disturbed only by long, slow, lazy undulations.

The sun set in a flood of glorious light, a veritable tropical sunset, which called all the passengers to the steamer's rail, where they stood wrapped in admiration. As is peculiar to these southern latitudes, the dipping of the golden ball beneath the horizon was followed almost immediately by darkness, there being no twilight in the tropics; and we sat long under the awnings on the deck, luxuriating in the soft, balmy evening air as the steamer noiselessly glided through almost the very track followed by the caravels of Columbus more than four hundred years ago. The moon soon rose, shedding a flood of mellow light over the calm sea. The orb of night here loses its silver, so famed in Northern song and story, and shines in these lower latitudes with a soft, golden light.

Just as the sun was setting we passed close by Crooked Island, one-

of the beautiful verdant Bahama Islands, covered with palms and other tropical trees, with white walled houses glistening amid the green. From the northern end of the island, extending far out into the sea, there is a long, low coral reef, over which, even in this quiet sea, the surf broke in a long fleece of foam. Near the southern end of Crooked Island, connected with it by a low coral reef, is Bird Rock, a tiny coral "cay," on which stands a tall lighthouse tower, whose bright light was soon flashing far astern.

The only events of the day, so gloriously ended, was the passing of a bark under full sail, bound north, probably laden with logwood, and the seeing of a school of dolphins tumbling about the steamer's bow. Fortune Island we passed close a-port, but only the light thereon was visible in the darkness.

All gathered on the bridge about eight o'clock to catch the first gleam of the light on Castle Island, another of the wonderful Bahamas that lie scattered in the sea, so famed for its coral and sponge fisheries. Soon it appeared far ahead, and half an hour later, when we passed it closely in the darkness, the lights of a vessel at anchor appeared close in shore—some ship slumbering in the coral archipelago.

We were early astir the next morning, and hurrying on deck found ourselves steaming along close to the Cuban shore. The lighthouse on Cape Maysi reared its splendid, tall tower ahead. It stands on a low, flat point of land, behind which rise the bold, precipitous shores of Cuba, rising in a series of terraces and beetling cliffs to the mountains, which rear their lofty peaks in the background until lost in the fleecy clouds that drift about their summits. Now we were just leaving the Bahama Sea. The Atlantic lay far to the north, and we entered the Windward—or Mono—passage, up which the strong trade wind blows, with the green, lofty mountains of Hayti, the famed turbulent negro republic, dimly outlined against the eastern sky.

When we came on deck it was just sunrise, and the early morning beams falling upon the fair Island of Cuba, covered by a mantle of tropical verdure, caused it to light up with the combined shades of green, gold and purple. Wonderful light effects were produced, and

Photograph by the Author's Wife.

BANANA TREE.

superb coloring enveloped the fair isle as in a veil of oriental splendor. One curious effect noticed is the shadow of the clouds that drift over the land. They cast sharply defined shadow spots on the island, which move along like some ever-changing dark patches of vegetation. This is never seen in the North, and is caused by the vertical rays of the sun upon the clouds.

We are now steaming through Spanish waters, the scene of the halting of numerous steamers by the Spanish gunboats that patrol this end of the Cuban coast, on the lookout for filibustering expeditions and shipments of arms and supplies in aid of the insurgents.

God speed the cause of the Cuban patriots! They will win their independence as they deserve to do, and damnable Spanish rule (another name for oppression when applied in the Spanish sense) will soon be at an end.

Nearly all day we steam along the Cuban shore, so near that we can see the trees and even the grass without the aid of a glass. The near shore of this end of Cuba has a parched, barren appearance, the reddish soil showing through the scant vegetation, but beyond, among the thickly wooded mountains, alluvial valleys are seen where flourish rich plantations of bananas and cocoanuts. Just in on the northeast side, only a few miles away, lies the city of Baracoa; and the port of Yumuri, both famed as points of banana shipment. It is on this end of the island, on the north and south sides that most of the bananas grown in Cuba are produced. As we round the end of the island, the lofty land continues to rise out of the sea, stretching away to the west for more than eight hundred miles. What a colossal island, and what wealth under any other than an accursed Spanish supervision!

The immediate shore consists of perpendicular shelves and terraces of volcanic rocks and beetling cliffs, with many dark caverns extending far under the shore—washed by the ceaseless beating of the sea.

Toward noon, as we steam along shore, the island appears to be divided, and the mountains are separated by a low, level stretch of country. Here is the most productive sugar district in Cuba.

We left the Windward passage near noon, and entered the Caribbean

sea. It was then that we realized most fully that we were in the tropics. Little clouds, anon, would come rapidly up from the east, and it would rain warm, tepid rain, as it rains nowhere except in the tropics. But only for a few moments, when the sun would burst forth as brightly as ever, and tiny rainbows would appear, first on one side and then on the other. One particularly beautiful bow called all hands to the rail in an ecstacy of delight. It was close by the steamer, and no longer than the Brookline, and both ends touched the water but a few feet away. Remembering the fable-legend that a pot of gold is supposed to be buried where the end of a rainbow touches the earth, my wife made the pretty remark that there must be two sunken Spanish galleons here, laden with gold doubloons.

Late in the afternoon the mountains of Jamaica loomed up directly ahead, clothed with luxuriant verdure from foot to crest, the latter showing many sharp outlines and peaks. Viewed from any point, Jamaica, in point of scenery and verdure, is surpassed by no island in the world. Its volcanic origin gives a grandeur and sharpness to the outlines of the mountains which is quite unique; terrace after terrace of mountains upon mountains, clothed with banana, palm, orange and lime trees, rent here and there by fissures caused by the floods of the tropical rains, extend from the seashore to the Blue Mountains.

The moon arose out of the tropical waters, glanced across the blue Caribbean, and shot its silver arrow upon the Princess of the Antilles. The breeze blowing from the land brought with it a spicy, aromatic odor. Lights gleamed amid the verdure along shore and far up on the mountain sides, marking the habitations of the people; and as one might imagine, amid the sensations of approaching some beautiful dreamland, we steamed in, by the red light on Folly Point, by the coral reef, and into the beautiful harbor of Port Antonio, the Jamaica headquarters of the Boston Fruit Co., the lights of this flourishing, busy Jamaica town, the greatest banana shipping port in the world—made so by Massachusetts and Boston enterprise and capital—glittering about us on shore.

Our voyage, so pleasant, so wonderful, was at an end, and it was not

without a pang of regret that we heard the rattle of the chain as it spun through the hawse hole, as the anchor plunged to the bottom, and the Brookline, her engines silent, swung around, and we waited a few moments off shore for the health and customs officers to come alongside.

CHAPTER II.

Passing the Customs' Inspectors.—Riding Through the Jamaica Village by Moonlight.—Many Strange Sounds.—Morning Vista from the Verandah.—Scenes near a Tropical Town.

NEVER shall we forget that pleasant voyage, or our regret at leaving the Brookline, which had been so homelike and pleasant. To the Boston Fruit Company must be given the credit of most carefully providing for the comfort and pleasure of its passengers, and of surrounding them with every comfort and every necessary luxury. From the time one sets foot on board he is most carefully cared for and his wants almost anticipated. The table is always attractively spread and filled with a good variety of well-prepared food. The staterooms are large, well ventilated, neat and pleasant, with luxurious berths and a couch beside. Each has running water and a patent wash bowl. The saloon is large with a high ceiling, handsomely decorated and furnished, with comfortable chairs and divans. The steamers are provided each with two large bath rooms—one for ladies and one for gentlemen—with hot water and cold *sea water*, so one may enjoy bathing in sea water throughout the voyage. On the hurricane deck there is a large, pleasant smoking room, with couches, chairs and tables, and a broad stairway leads to it from the saloon. As soon as warm latitudes are reached awnings are stretched over the deck, which makes the voyage most delightful. The steamers, below

and on deck, are scrupulously neat and clean. Unlike most transportation companies the Boston Fruit Company does not lose all interes- in its passengers the moment they are landed at the port of destination, but during their stay in the neighborhood of their estates they extend such free hospitality as was never equalled.

But to return to the close of the voyage. As soon as the Brookline was made fast to the wharf we found that we were not to be without a cordial welcome, for my good friend E. B. Hopkins came on board with a hearty hand-shake, and as we went down the gang-plank Mr. Joshua Baker, also of the Company, welcomed us once more to the Isle of Springs. A carriage was waiting to take us to the Titchfield House, which was to be our home while in Port Antonio. Our baggage had meanwhile been sent ashore, and with my proverbial good nature I opened it cheerfully, not without some feeling of pride at my extensive outfit, which had cost me quite a number of large, white American dollars—only to have the courteous Inspector of her Majesty's Customs, Mr. Murray, after examining it, remark that I could pass, as there seemed to be "nothing of extraordinary value." However, I forgive him, as it might have been worse.

Then we drove away through the narrow, crooked, and to me familiar streets of Port Antonio, toward "the house."

It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and the soft tropical sky was thickly studded with stars, which shone with a brightness and splendor unknown in the north. The moon shone upon the glistening, gently swaying leaves of the palm trees, casting soft shadows upon the white houses beneath.

Nocturnal insects filled the ear with strange and almost countless sounds as we rolled up the hill and the carriage stopped before the house so familiar to me as the spot where I had passed so many pleasant hours five years ago—and it seemed almost like getting home again. Indeed I shall not soon forget the delight which I felt as I realized that I was really once more among the scenes that, for five long years, had remained pictured in my mind as a dream rather than an actual reality. We were given a large, pleasant room, and amid the novel

sounds, the soft murmur of the breeze through the palms, the hum of insects, interjected now and then by one particularly noisy cricket, which makes a sound for all the world like the click of the shears in the hands of a barber, we were soon in *another* dreamland.

The next morning we were early astir. Our room opened directly upon the wide verandah, and my wife lost no time in going out to obtain her first view of the tropics. The picture which lay spread out before us from the verandah that bright morning was one which can never be forgotten, and one beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe. The house itself stands in the rear of a garden filled with beautiful tropical shrubs, many colored crotons and other plants, while at one end there is a spreading almond tree, and near the other a beautiful Royal palm. Directly in front of the house, across the road, are several tall cocoanut palms, while immediately in front there are several mango trees and a beautiful, spreading tamarind and giant white and pink oleanders, almost trees in size. Away to the left, half a mile or so distant, the blue Caribbean stretched away, glorious in the bright sunlight, the foreground dotted by those ever present graceful trees, the cocoanut palms.

To the right beyond the village, the tall peaks of the verdant Blue Mountains loomed grandly up, with light fleecy clouds of vapor floating about their summits and the passes of the range.

Great buzzards, or "John Crows," with great red heads and large beaks, and wrinkled red necks, sailed overhead or perched upon the leaves of the palm trees or the corrugated iron roofs of the houses—sometimes standing with one great wing extended straight out from the body while the other remained folded, keeping this strange position as long as we watched them and I do not know how much longer—for what reason only the John Crows know. But they are most useful birds, great scavengers feeding upon carrion and scraps, contributing to the health of this beautiful country.

Immediately after breakfast we went out first of all, for a walk—to view leisurely the beauties around us. We walked down through the village and followed a lovely road which was a favorite walk of

mine when here before. It leads in a southerly direction, and is the road to Red Hassel and Golden Vale plantations, crossing a tiny stream which flows across the road, and is spanned by a narrow foot bridge. Along the roadside are crowded in the most luxuriant profusion a veritable tangle of tropical trees, plants and flowers. Above us are tall ackee trees, the rich, narrow, dark green leaves besprinkled with fhe bright scarlet fruits, something the shape of red peppers, and containing large black seeds. Properly prepared by experienced hands, this is a most delicious fruit—while if wrongly prepared, it is poisonous.

Native men, women and children were scattered along the road, bound for the village, some with loads of yams, bananas, plantains, water-cocoanuts, bread-fruit, and tanniers or "cocco" as it is called here, great loads in baskets and trays upon their heads—and some with diminutive donkeys with panniers or "hampers" slung across their backs, filled with produce until the load was larger than the donkey—while now and then a donkey would carry an immense load of guinea grass, the patient little beast himself almost wholly concealed—only his hind legs and tail being visible from behind, his long head with its serious-looking face and long ears in sight when coming toward us. Frequently the load would be topped by a native woman sitting astride the donkey's shoulders, her big black feet, each twice the size of the donkey's ears, sticking out on either side. Many men, women and children carried, balanced upon their heads, long sugar canes, while they were meandering along chewing a joint of it for the sweet juice, and swinging in the other hand the ever present machete.

CHAPTER III.

We Continue Our Walk Along the Beautiful Road.—The Jamaica Children.—Wonderful Trees.—The Cocoanut Palm.

THIS beautiful road wound along the foot of the hills, that rose to lofty heights above us, covered with the thickest of vegetation. On the left, first we passed a stretch of flat, marshy land on either side of the mouth of a small river, which was covered by a tall growth of wild cane—whose beautiful light brown plumes gently waved in the light morning breeze. Here and there, sometimes clustered together and sometimes alone beneath the banana and palm trees, we passed the native houses, slightly constructed of light poles driven in the ground, the walls composed of woven cane and bamboo, the pyramidal roofs being of thatch—either of palm or banana leaves.

Often we came to a little native store, merely a little thatched hut like the others, but with the front open to the road, where were exposed for sale plantains, cocoanuts, sugar-cane, bread-fruit, oranges and loaves of bread.

Tall cocoanut palms and many other tropical trees, bread fruit and tamarind, overhung the road, as we passed through a bower of tropic beauty; and every little turn in the road brought another lofty hill into view immediately before us, crowned with the ever present palm trees. By the side of the road, that loveliest flower of the island, the ginger lily, bloomed and shed its sweet, penetrating perfume about us. There are two varieties of the ginger lily, that we saw, one white and

one a lemon color. The blossoms are alike in each, except in color, and, as far as I could notice, the perfume is the same.

At one place a dense thicket proved to be of coffee trees—with dark, shining pointed leaves, with green and pink—ripe coffee berries crowded thickly at their axils. A black woman with a "bankra" or basket was picking the ripe berries and as we passed she paused long enough in her work to salute us with a "marnin' Marsa," and "marnin' Missis."

Here and there a cluster of slender yam vines with large, dark leaves, entwined a great tree trunk whose branches were loaded with pine-apple orchids and other parasitic or air plants, and great creepers hung from the limbs higher up, forming festoons of great tendrils.

At one point we saw some cocoa trees, with great cucumber-shaped pods hanging from the trunks and large branches. These pods, a bright pink and yellow when ripe, contain dark brown seeds from which the chocolate and cocoa of commerce are made. Here and there along this wonderful road the thickets were interspersed with logwood trees, with occasionally one of fustic. Anon, beyond a patch of wild cane a tall trumpet tree reared its small tubelike, almost white trunk, supporting at its top a small, flat head.

Now and then we passed the tiny thatched houses of the people, each with its small "provision ground" or garden, in which grew sugar cane, bananas and yams.

What interested us greatly as we walked along were the children. In this beautiful West Indian isle the native black and brown children are even more interesting than their fathers and mothers, which is the case in many other countries.

These dusky small people seem to be always good natured, and look at strangers from big, dark eyes apparently as full of wonder as are those of the traveller as he gazes upon the lovely tropical land scape of their island home.

It is the custom of Jamaica black people to always greet a stranger, whether on the road or about their simple thatched dwellings, with a friendly "marnin' marsa"—or "missis," or "evenin', marsa"—or "missis," or else it is "marnin' buckra," the last word meaning "white

man." So the little tots, almost as soon as they are able to walk, follow the example of their elders, and if they meet a stranger by the roadside they stop, and perhaps as they put a tiny brown finger to their mouths, give him a friendly greeting in a very small voice—which must always be acknowledged or these small persons are very much offended.

There is no baby more cunning or more interesting than the Jamaica baby, with its big, dark eyes, its tiny, round, dusky face and little brown hands. And it is a much petted child—the idol of its father and mother. As soon as it has grown strong enough it accompanies its mother everywhere, generally sitting astride her hips, supported in its place by one arm of its mother and by its own tiny hands which clutch desperately her scanty dress, while its head bobs about from side to side and the wondering eyes gaze at you with an expression of the utmost seriousness.

When at home, the Jamaica child is often seen sitting on the ground beneath the palm trees, by the door of the thatched house of its parents, sometimes in vain trying to conceal a whole banana in the small mouth, or else industriously sucking a joint of sugar cane. The young child of our own country is often hired to "be a good baby" with a lump of sugar or a piece of candy. The Jamaica mother peels a piece of juicy cane, puts it into her baby's hand and goes away to her washing, to picking coffee, to hoeing yams, or to roasting bread fruit and tanniers—the baby, meanwhile, perhaps falling asleep with one small hand clutching the sweet morsel.

Almost as soon as the Jamaica children can talk they will supplement their greetings to the traveller with a request for a "quattie," which is a penny ha'penny, or three cents, and sometimes several of them will trot along for miles after you until the coveted nickel coins are tossed to them, when their faces will light up with joyous smiles and they drop you a courtesy in return.

It is the universal custom of the people to carry everything, of whatever name or nature, from the smallest to the biggest article, on their heads, and by constant practice from childhood, they are able to carry enormous loads, trudging for miles over the hills and along the roads

Photograph by the Author.

UNDER THE PALMS.

with great burdens of oranges, bananas, yams, cocoanuts and bread-fruit in trays, the loads often being so heavy that they are unable to either put them on or remove them from their heads without assistance.

So tiny children are often met carrying articles upon their heads, very small burdens at first, the loads gradually increasing in weight, until when from eight to twelve years old, they will carry more than they can lift upon their heads unassisted.

It is interesting to see a crowd of children walking along together, the girls usually with burdens, the boys more often with nothing, with scanty clothing, bare feet and bare heads, trudging along, laughing, continually chatting, and looking from side to side, turning their bodies and apparently totally oblivious of the loads balanced upon their heads. They walk with a peculiar, graceful motion, with scarcely any perceptible movement of the body above the waist.

They do not differ materially from other children while going on errands or set to any task; for they frequently remove their loads beneath some spreading bread fruit or almond tree, and sit down to play or talk, or to make short side trips in pursuit of none but themselves know what, or to wade in some shallow stream.

Totally oblivious of a greater world than their own tropic isle, they are always good natured, always happy, rarely quarrelsome, and their friendly greetings to strangers cause one to carry away pleasant recollections of these small tropical people.

As the cocoanut palm is the most typical tropical tree, I will devote a brief portion of this chapter to a description of it. When full grown it has a cylindrical stem about two feet in diameter near the bottom, where it bulges in a bottle shape—with many rings marking the places of former leaves.

The leaves are in a cluster at the top of the tree, curving downward, and are from twelve to thirty feet in length. The trunk of the cocoanut tree, when full grown, averages from sixty to one hundred feet high. The nuts grow in short racemes, which bear, in favorable localities, from five to fifteen nuts, and ten to twelve of these racemes in different stages may be seen at once on a tree, about eighty or one

hundred nuts being its ordinary annual yield, though on the road above described we saw near the Boston Fruit Co's Red Hassel banana plantation, cocoanut trees which could not have had less than two hundred nuts on each.

A cocoanut tree bears in from seven to eight years from the germinating of the nut, and continues producing from seventy to eighty years—sometimes for a century. It defies storms and hurricanes, and its graceful form, with its evergreen foliage, towering above all other trees, with its leaves swayed to and fro by every breeze, makes it a conspicuous feature, not only along the coast, but in localities not far inland. In developing a cocoanut plantation, land is selected as near the sea as possible, for the cocoanut tree flourishes best near salt water. The planting is done by taking the young sprouts, or germinated nuts, and placing them in holes dug in the ground, about twenty or twenty-five feet apart each way. The plantation then needs but little attention. It begins to bear nuts in from seven to eight years. When the nuts are ripe they are gathered by the natives, who climb the tree, going up, as it were, "on all fours," clasping their arms about the trunk, and clinging with their toes to the knots left by previous leaves. Reaching the top the native sits astride the bases of the great leaves at the crown, selects those nuts that are ripe and throws them to the ground.

The blossom of the cocoanut palm is very beautiful, and a peculiar work of Nature's art. Appearing at the base of the long ragged leaves, it is a long, pod-like sheath, green in color, standing erect until its own weight causes it to bend downward, where it hangs until the stems it incloses, which are to bear the nuts, are sufficiently matured to proceed in their growth without further protection. When this outer covering splits, it reveals a cluster of ragged stems, upon each of which will be found miniature cocoanuts, which require about fourteen months to mature and ripen. The cocoanut palm is certainly one of the most useful trees on the globe—and as the voyager enters the tropics, he is first made aware that he is in the region of romance, by the cocoanut palms.

There are other palm trees, too, in Jamaica, among which is the oil palm (in limited numbers), called "macca fat" by the people there, the

word "macca" indicating the great thorns which grow on the trunk, and "fat," of course referring to the oil which the tree produces; and occasionally a Royal palm, and in the more elevated country, cabbage and sago palms are quite plentiful.

CHAPTER IV.

An Inspection of Jamaica Railway Extension.—The Peasantry, Men and Women, Their Homes and Mode of Life.

WITH a double-buggy, a pair of horses and a driver, generously placed at our disposal by the Boston Fruit Co., we started one morning to inspect the new extension of the Jamaica Railway, which connects Port Antonio with Kingston, via Annato Bay—first stopping to inspect the ice-making plant where, by means of the most modern and improved machinery, and the "ammonia process," pure artificial ice, as clear as crystal, is rapidly manufactured beneath an eternal tropical sun. Not only is it a blessing, but a luxury greatly appreciated, especially by visitors from the cool north.

We passed the Port Antonio station and terminus of the extension—a tasteful structure erected by the American contractors. Where the station stands was formerly a reeking moras. The land was drained, filled in with broken stone, as indeed, was the case with the entire terminal property of the railway. Skirting the extensive and magnificent Bound Brook cocoanut estate of the Boston Fruit Co., and pausing for a short stroll beneath the palms by the shore, we drove along the line, watching the operations of cutting, grading, filling in, and landing of construction materials on the spot. Along the way we found much to interest us in many strange tropical trees, plants and flowers. Banana trees grew almost everywhere by the roadside, their broad, long shining leaves gently waving in the soft breeze. As we skirted the side of a

precipitous hill into which the railway line has been cut, we had a most magnificent view of the Caribbean, and of the coast to the westward.

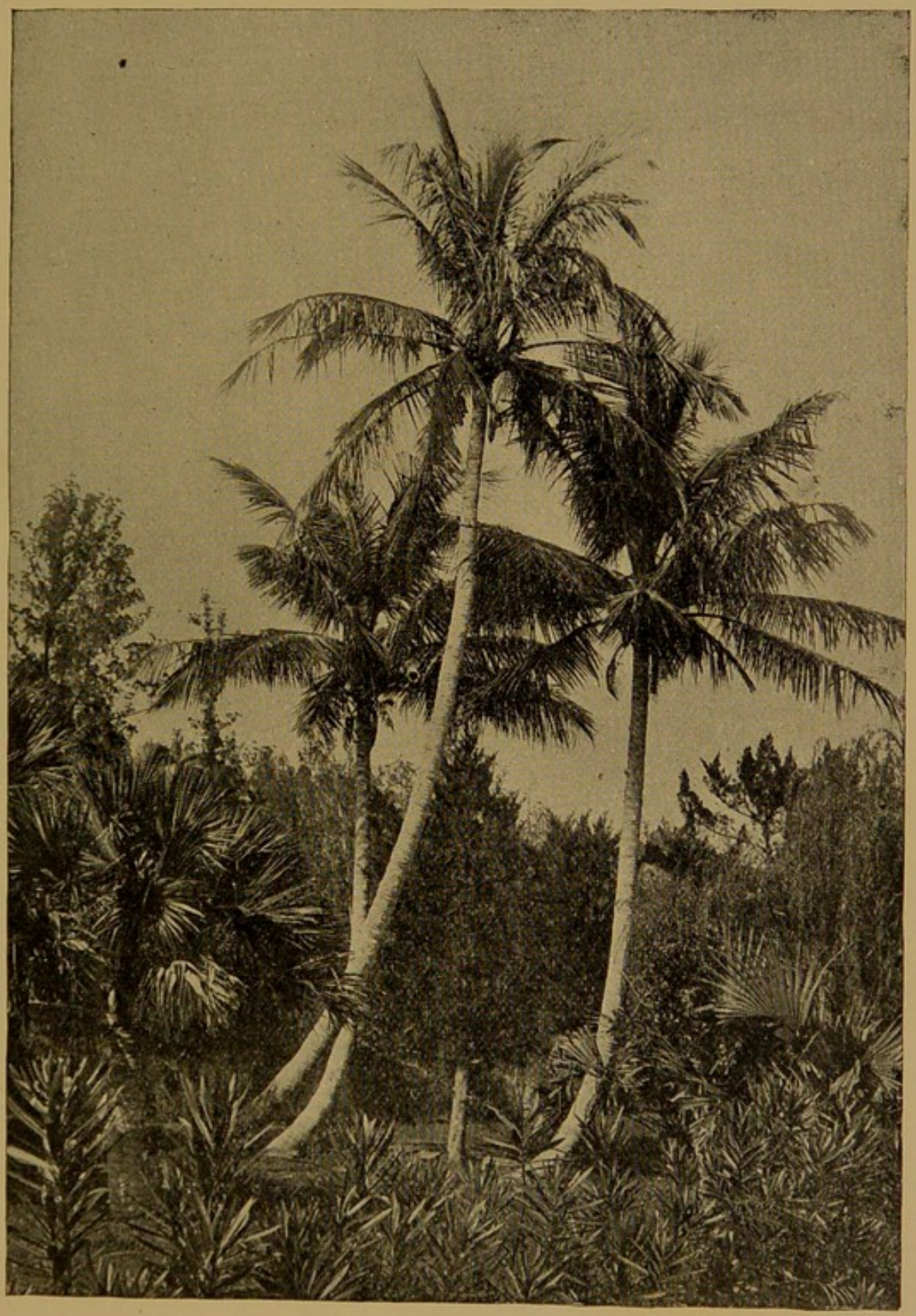
The opening of this extension to the railway brings to Port Antonio, as the most business-like place on the island, the additional prestige which it deserves; and particularly is it a boon to visitors from the United States who find it most desirable to go from Boston, landing at Port Antonio; they are now able to go to Kingston, passing enroute through the "garden" districts of the island and the magnificent scenery of the Blue Mountains, skirting the shore for miles—now close to the water and, anon, clinging to an almost perpendicular mountain side, along which the road winds like a tiny white silk thread, dashing over viaducts spanning lagoons or coves of the sea, or over rushing mountain streams—every now and then plunging into a tunnel beneath the verdant mountains covered with tropical green.

This extension begins at a point nine miles northeast of Bog Walk, above Kingston, and runs to Port Antonio, via Annato Bay, a distance of 46 miles, and was carried out by an American firm; it is very heavy, having 24 tunnels. This line runs through the fruit regions of Jamaica, and the hauling of that produce will constitute much of the traffic of the line. The original Jamaica Railway Co. was incorporated in 1843 to build a line from Kingston to Spanish Town, 12 miles. This was opened for traffic in November, 1854, and an extension to Old Harbor, 11 miles distant, was opened on July 1, 1869. In 1877 the Government of Jamaica bought the line from the controlling company and made many improvements in road bed and equipment. The permanent way was relaid and ballasted, steel rails were substituted for iron, old wooden bridges and draws were replaced by 29 bridges with concrete abutments and wing walls, and wrought iron superstructures, and six new arches were built of concrete. Five new stations were also built. In December, 1881, a contract was given out for the extension of the line from Old Harbor to Porus, 24 1-2 miles, and in the following January the work of construction began. This line was opened for traffic in March, 1885. The branch from Spanish Town to Ewarton, 14 1-2 miles, was afterwards built and opened in August, 1885.

In 1889 the West India Improvement Company was formed to purchase the railway from the Government of Jamaica, and on January 1, 1890, the company formally took possession. The work of extending the line was immediately begun, and in January, 1891, the line was opened for traffic 12 1-2 miles from Porus, and in March, 1892, trains were running on 18 more miles. In 1894 the railway was finished to Montego Bay. The main line from Kingston to Montego Bay is 105 1-2 miles long. The Port Antonio extension passes through a hilly, mountainous and very broken country, and heavy work was encountered in the construction—with the exception of about twenty miles along the coast—necessitating tunnels and viaducts. About ninety-eight bridges are required and many arch culverts. The bridges and viaducts are of steel, and the masonry of English Portland cement.

All the stone for ballasting this road is the soft, calcareous rock broken by the women—and nearly all of it, as well as the grading materials, was carried and distributed along the line by the women, in trays and baskets upon their heads.

I cannot omit to mention somewhat at length the people of Jamaica—the common people, or peasants, if I may make use of the latter term in this connection. I refer to the laboring people, as we met them whenever we travelled along the roads and in the little villages. These people are very simple in their habits and mode of life, the country people living in small huts, made of poles driven into the earth, a few inches apart, the intervening spaces being interwoven with cane. The roof is conical in shape, made of bamboo and thatched with palm or plantain leaves. These people have a peculiar custom in connection with the erection of a new dwelling, which is an important event with them. After a site for a new abode has been selected, which is generally located in or near a grove of trees, poles are driven down a few feet apart into the ground. The four walls of the prospective dwelling generally take the form of nearly a perfect square. After the poles are driven for the sides, the roof is put on, which is done by lashing one bamboo to another which are fastened to the top of the upright stakes, where the eaves of the hut are to be. The bamboos are brought from



From an Original Photograph.

IN A JAMAICA FOREST.

the tops of the poles to an apex, where they are fastened securely together. The frame completed, the roof is thatched, making a shelter alike impervious to rain and heat. Here the building operations are very likely to rest; but the uncompleted condition of his house does not deter the Jamaican from celebrating the event with great ceremony. He begins by lashing two bamboos to each of the two corners of the hut, which serve as flag-staffs.

He also drives small poles into the ground round about in the neighborhood of his new house. He then procures a number of flags, it matters not whether English, French, or what-not, also pieces of red or yellow cloth, which he fastens to the flag staffs in front of the hut and to the poles set in the ground. Then some fine evening he invites all his friends and acquaintances to assist in the house-warming. Scores of dark men and dusky women whirl in the "fandango" to the music of a violin and the beating of a drum in the hands of black musicians, the festivities sometimes lasting until the palm-covered mountains begin to glow with the first rays of the early morning sun; varying the entertainment by feasting upon the water of the green cocoanut, etc., with some yams and plantains roasted in the embers of the jubilee fire. It is a strange sight.

The peasant woman is deserving of special consideration. Her household cares are few, for her home consists of a simple roof of a few feet square, thatched with palm and plantain leaves, but sometimes all sides are left open. The little homes of the laboring people are sometimes in communities of two or three houses, again in villages of a score or more; but more often, perhaps, singly. A few simple dishes, a rough bench or two suffice to furnish these homes. Such a thing as a cooking or any other stove is unknown and not included in the wants of the woman who presides over one of these humble homes, for in this climate of perpetual summer no artificial heat is ever required, and all simple cooking is done in the open air. Two forked sticks driven into the ground behind the hut, a bamboo laid across from which an iron pot is suspended, answers all requirements. With a few stones she constructs a circular inclosure beneath the pot, lights a fire of sticks which

she picks up and brings on her head, and boils the yams, which form a staple article of diet; while a few plantains and bread-fruits roast in the ashes at the edge of the fire. Without the dusky woman the "provision ground" or vegetable garden about the huts would be overgrown with weeds. She plants the yams and trains the vines up the poles, keeps the patch of plantains and bananas free from weeds, and sees that nothing retards the growth of the stalks of sugar cane that are always growing by the doorway. Not only this, but she earns an honest shilling or sixpence breaking stone with which to macadamize the roads; and the traveller, as he rides along, sees dozens of women sitting upon heaps of the white calcareous stone peculiar to the island.

The Jamaica mules and the black women have every reason to commiserate each other upon their lot.

Saturdays the Jamaica black woman varies her duties by going to market, carrying a heavy load of plantains, yams, bananas, oranges, limes, breadfruit, cocoanuts and avacado, or "alligator" pears. It is an interesting and curious sight to see the women on Saturday, trudging along the winding roads, up hill and down, fording the streams with huge loads of produce balanced upon their heads. They usually walk in groups or in single file, scattered along the road for miles, and headed for the nearest village.

Often the loads upon their heads are so heavy that they can neither place them there nor remove them without help; and when a party of women stop to rest, as they often do, they help one another lift the loads upon their heads and take them off again. Whenever we met a party of women they invariably stopped while we passed, and gave us a graceful courtesy—after which they would resume their rapid, peculiar walk. These women invariably possess elegant figures of Nature's best development. They are unimpeded by an over-supply of clothing, which consists of a simple skirt, caught up half way to the knee, and fastened just below the waist by a cord tied around the body, making a large puff of the surplus goods gathered below the waist. They go barefoot, are as straight as arrows, perfectly erect, and walk with a peculiar graceful, swinging motion which is due to the fact that owing

to the custom of carrying loads upon their heads, they do not move the body above the hips, in walking; and their carriage is easy and lithe. How these women are able to keep the enormous load perfectly balanced upon their heads is a constant source of wonder to the traveller—for they will turn their heads and look from side to side, talk and laugh, and even chew sugar-cane without disturbing the equilibrium of their loads. The extremes to which the practice of carrying everything upon the head is carried, is often highly amusing, and in the villages I have seen women going rapidly along the street with a cup and saucer, a cake of soap, and even a spool of cotton thread upon their heads, while their hands were swinging along by their sides, unemployed.

Driving through the country we often came to a little stream which flowed across the road, and here would be a number of women washing clothes. With their skirts tucked up about their hips, they stand by the edge of the stream and force the dirt from the clothes by laying them on flat stones and beating them with flat wooden paddles; then the clothes are spread out on the grass, or rocks, or hung upon some bushes near by to dry.

CHAPTER V.

We Walk Along a Pleasant Road.—Guava and Cassava Growing.—Water Cocoanuts.—Scenes in and About Port Antonio.—The Markets.

ONE afternoon we walked along the road leading out toward Golden Vale banana plantation—my wife wishing to take photographs of some unique scenes along this wonderful road. So we left the carriage behind that day and started along on foot. Stopping to rest beneath the shade of some banana trees, and feeling hot and thirsty, we saw a little black girl coming along the road with a tray of "water-cocoanuts" on her head. The "water-cocoanut" is thoroughly typical of the tropics. It is the green, unripe nut, when its interior contains little but pure, limpid water, which is quite cool, very refreshing and delicious. Clinging to the interior of the shell there is a thin layer of white jelly, which may be scooped out with a spoon. It has a delicate flavor, though it is so rich that I could eat but very little at a time without feeling a sickish sensation. The natives gather these green, or "water cocoanuts," and with the machete cut off most of the husk—leaving it white, and oblong in shape. With the machete, that indispensable companion of every black, one end of the nut is clipped off—just enough to make a small hole, perhaps an inch in diameter, in the end of the shell. Then place the lips around the orifice, tip back your head and shut your eyes, and allow this delicious refreshing nectar to

gurgle down your throat. This little black girl came along, and stoping her, I asked the price of the nuts.

"Two fo' quattie, sah."

"Two for what?"

"Quattie."

I did not know how much a "quattie" was, so I took from my pocket a handful of change—perhaps ten shillings in silver and the colonial nickel coins—and held them toward her and asked her to pick out a "quattie."

Her eyes bulged as they rested upon this, to her probably, untold wealth (but to me, alas), for she uttered a subdued "o O O!" and picked out a penny ha'penny, equivalent to three cents. Taking the tray from her head she selected two large nuts and handed them to me. I asked her if she had a machete.

"Com' arn marsa—man down road wi' cutlass," she replied.

We followed her along the road for a few rods till we came to where a black man was working on the edge of the Red Hassel banana plantation. The little girl, in the native jargon, solicited his services in cutting the ends off the cocoanuts, and taking each, he held it in one hand, dexterously, at one blow clipped off the end and passed it to us. After we had drunk as much as we could—for in a good-sized nut there is more water than most people would care to drink at one time—the black man took them and split them longitudinally with his machete. One of them I gave to him, and from the two halves of the other we scooped out the delicate, white jelly. The black man seemed to consider himself well paid for his trouble and ate the jelly with great apparent satisfaction; but I gave him a three-penny piece which provoked a smile from him which lighted up the whole plantation.

I tried my hand at photography, and took my wife in different positions beneath the palm and banana trees—much to the amusement of several native women who gathered about to watch the operation. So interested were they that I had hard work to keep them out of the line of focus, so eager were they to have their "likenesses" taken.

Pausing to take frequent photographs, we continued our walk, also

stopping frequently to examine some curious or interesting trees, some of which we photographed. Orange trees we frequently saw, some with green, some with ripe fruit, and some with fruit in all stages of development.

The annotto trees interested us greatly with the clusters of reddish, heart-shaped, fuzzy pods—some of the trees having beautiful blossoms of the combined colors, pink and lavender. This is the tree which produces the annato of commerce, so much employed in the manufacture of coloring for butter and largely used by the honest New England farmers who go to the legislature and request that the people be not "humbugged" with olemargarine.

Perhaps we saw no plant which gave us more astonishment, or proved to be more interesting than the cassava, or manioc, the root of which produces tapioca. It somewhat resembles a large lily, but is very tall, perhaps three or four feet, with broad, coarsely ribbed leaves at the ends of long, fleshy leaf stalks which spring from a common point at the root.

Frequently we refreshed ourselves with the guava, a most delicious and refreshing fruit, which grows on a medium sized tree, and looks very attractive loaded with fruit. From it the guava jelly which we buy at the fancy grocery stores in the North is made.

A favorite walk of ours during those pleasant days at Port Antonio was down the slope toward the shore, and across a broad grassy plaza dotted here and there with cocoanut palms, to the old fort which stands on a bluff overlooking the sea. This old stone fortification dates from the early English occupation of the island. It is now a crumbling ruin, and the fissures in its ancient walls and the vines clambering over them furnish refuge for the brilliant little green lizards that flash and scintillate in the bright sunlight. Within the crumbling walls the heavy smoothbores stand still mounted on their carriages, with their rusty muzzles pointing out toward the coral reef at the entrance of the harbor. Eaten with rust as they are, the "broad-arrow" is still plainly discernable upon them. Many other guns are scattered about or sit deep into the ground at the entrance of the plaza. The great stone

barracks where the garrison was once quartered is now used as a public school. The voices of the children saying their lessons are now heard where once resounded the songs of the soldiers, and the grassy plot enclosed by the walls of the fort now serves as a tennis court for the elite of Port Antonio.

Port Antonio itself is a most interesting village. It nestles in a beautiful valley between the mountains and the shore, and looks very pretty with its white houses contrasting with the intense tropical green. It has one main street running through it, and numerous others leading from it. Most of the shops are built of wood, but some of the larger business structures are of stone or brick. The smaller stores, and some of the larger ones, have their fronts entirely open during business hours—and many of the smaller ones are raised several feet from the street, so, in entering them, quite a flight of steps has to be climbed. In them, one can purchase almost everything of ordinary usefulness, dry goods, etc., being mostly imported from England,while food articles, agricultural supplies, boots and shoes, etc., nearly all come from the United States. It is very interesting to walk along and notice the smaller shops. Many of them, mere shanties, bear high sounding names—and one, I remember, was proclaimed as the "White House." In some of them there were dusky tailors running sewing machines, and in others shoemakers. Most of the shops are kept by Jamaicans, but some of the largest grocery and provision stores are kept by Chinese. I have already described the small, thatched huts of the natives, and now let me speak of the houses of the upper classes, white people, English and Americans. They are mostly built of wood, though some are of stone or brick, roomy and airy, often with wide verandahs extending around them.

They have windows, and are provided with "jalousies," a kind of wooden, massive immovable blind which permits a free circulation of air and effectually keeps out intruders—though, of all countries in the world, I believe Jamaica is the freest of robbers and house-breakers. The rooms are separated by light partitions, which extend only about three-quarters of the way to the ceiling or roof, for purposes of venti-

lation and the circulation of air. Many of the residences are surrounded by beautiful gardens, and one of these gardens in Port Antonio contains sixty-eight varieties of crotons, and many varieties of the gorgeous hibiscus.

On almost every roof one sees the ever present "John Crow" stretching forth its wings and craning its homely neck about, looking for food.

Particularly is Port Antonio interesting on Saturdays, for this is market day—when the streets are full of people, Jamaicans and Coolies—all moving about, talking, selling and buying. There is a large public market, a good sized structure open on all sides, surrounded by an iron fence, and covered with corrugated iron. The interior is divided by long counter-like structures, certain parts being set off for certain products—one for pork, one for fish, another for beef and mutton, and another for native fruits and vegetables. Much of the selling is done by women who show plenty of shrewdness in looking after their own interests. On the street corners are numerous stands where fruits and vegetables are sold—each presided over by a smiling black woman. Of all the places in Jamaica the public markets afford the best opportunity of observing the people and their characteristic customs and manner—and there is no place so interesting as this market. Saturday night is particularly lively, at which time the streets are crowded, and it is about the merriest, most good natured crowd to be seen in all the world. An amusing sight are the rude "hokey-pokey," or ice cream carts, that are pushed from street to street, always surrounded by a noisy crowd,who purchase a "quattie's" worth of the cool and novel Northern delicacy. Some native genius had constructed a merry-go-round near the water. It was a crude affair, but was built on the correct principles and went round just like the American machine; but, instead of being provided with an engine or crank for driving it, it was pushed around by perspiring boys, to the discordant strains of a cornet and violin. But the people enjoyed it and it was liberally patronized. Indeed, so completely did it capture the popular fancy that cases were frequent where men came to the

From an Original Photograph.

COCOANUT PALMS.

village to buy supplies, and spent all on the merry-go-round and repeated it night after night.

A conspicuous feature in this throng is the constabulary or policemen—who match the color of the darkness very well, and who wear their uniforms with great dignity, are extremely polite and never think of using a word of one syllable when a longer one can be employed. While we stood watching the merry-go-round, one of these dusky constables approached us, and with a pompous but friendly air, offered to "rush in and secure seats" for us, if we wished to ride. We expressed our gratification, but declined police interference in our behalf.

Another lively scene in Port Antonio is when one or more of the Boston Fruit Co's banana steamers are in, loading with a cargo of fruit, Then all is stir and bustle on the wharf where the loading is going on. Beginning at an early hour the mule carts are rattling through the village, going out to the plantations where the fruit is being cut, and returning to the wharf loaded with green bunches carefully packed in "trash" or dry leaves of the banana or plantain to save them from bruises—while the air resounds with the curious "Brr-r-r-r-rrrr" of the men—this being, apparently, the only sound comprehended by the mules. But of bananas, their production and shipment, I shall deal in another chapter devoted to that subject alone.

So closed our first week in Jamaica. The next day, Sunday, we went to the Episcopal church at the other end of the village, where, while listening to an eloquent discourse by the Rector, Rev. Mr. Harty, we could see through the side door the blue Caribbean and the palm trees, and smell the odor of flowers in this land of perpetual midsummer.

On the morrow we start on our journey to Kingston—along the coast by steamer for some eighty miles to St. Ann's Bay, from whence we take our route over the mountains to Kingston.

CHAPTER VI.

An Interesting Walk.—Mangrove Swamps.—Myriads of Crabs and Lizards.—Beneath Almond Trees by the Shore. —Off for St. Ann's Bay.

WE started out, this time on foot, for a walk along the Windward Road, in the direction of the Williamsfield estates of the Boston Fruit Co. Passing through the village, we called at the postoffice on the way to leave some mail for the United States which was to catch the steamship Ethelred, Captain Hopkins—from Port Morant for Philadelphia—and then proceeded along the road to Golden Vale, until we came to that, to me, familiar junction, and turned into the Windward Road. This is one of the most interesting trips around Port Antonio. It passes across a rather low, flat tract of country at first, with great stretches of wild cane, whose tall plumes gently sway in the breeze.

On either side of the road tall bamboos, whose foliage I think is the most beautiful to be seen in the tropics, lean gracefully over the road. This, the Windward Road, extends around the shore of the island, southward to Port Morant, and thence westward to Kingston. Over this road the "Royal Mail" coach makes bi-weekly trips. A little way along, we come to where a small stream—or river as it is called in Jamaica—flows across the road. Like very many rivers in Jamaica this one has no bridge, but at this time there was one in process of construction

and it is a novel sight to see how they carry on engineering work in this land of rest.

In order to guard against the frequent freshets, the level of the road had to be raised for several rods on each side of the river in order to bring the bridge a sufficient height above the stream. The earth and other filling for this work was brought from the shore of the Caribbean, about a quarter of a mile away, by women and children, in trays upon upon their heads, and as we walked along we met them coming in long lines with full trays, and passed others going back with trays empty. Beyond the river we passed many curious thatched huts, setting back among the palm and banana trees, and there were many great trees on the high banks, from the branches of which giant lianas and other creepers hung down almost to the earth. We amused ourselves with that curious freak of the torrid zone, the sensitive plant, which grows abundantly by the roadsides, and when touched with anything folds and droops its leaves as though they were wilted, usually with a quick, snappy motion, as though very angry.

Beside the road for a long distance, the ground was honey-combed by the holes of the little red crabs that are seen by thousands. Walking quietly, we saw them crawling about like great insects; but with the slightest noise they would scurry into their holes, and then peep carefully out at us, keeping the two big claws at the edge of the hole, which, with the crab, means both offense and defence.

Something new and strange and interesting came into view at every curve of the road until we came to the shore. Here the road turned sharply to the right and followed the coast. We walked slowly along.

How hot it was! The direct rays of the tropical sun penetrated even the thick, well ventilated pith walls of the white East Indian helmet which I wore.

For a short distance along the road on the right, low, marshy land extended to the hills, and, between the road and the shore there was almost a continuous fringe of cocoanut palms, among which were frequent native houses. Here also, we saw one of the curious things of Jamaica domestic life.

It was a public oven—something seen at intervals in travelling about the country. These ovens are perhaps six or seven feet high, four or five wide, and probably ten feet long, built of brick, or stone and adobe. Here the people for miles around bring their bread to be baked. These ovens usually stand beneath some trees, simply having above a rude shelter of thatch, raised on four poles.

Now we come to one of the most interesting parts of our walk, a section of the road which passed through a mangrove swamp. These famed morasses are always very fascinating to the traveller from the North. The mangrove swamp is on a level with the sea, almost. Its surface is composed of soft, black mud, reeking with moisture, festering beneath the burning sun, and from it arises a disagreeable odor. Thickly studding the glittering surface are the mangrove trees, each having many roots, which descend into the oozy depths, rising several inches or several feet, at their apex bearing the tree itself, which stands, resembling at its base a huge black spider, standing upon long legs. The mangrove morass is covered with these fantastic, twisting roots, reminding one of a den of tangled serpents, and beneath these roots the rays of the sun here and there dimly penetrate the gloom. Over the steaming surface hairy crabs crawl and shoot about, for here the foot of man cannot tread.

Continuing along, we passed a bank, upon which, high above us, thickly grew the rank, fleshy-leaved sisal plant, somewhat resembling the century plant, with the tall, pole-like flower stem, ten or twelve feet high, bearing a great spear-shaped head of small flowers. This is the plant from which the sisal hemp of commerce is obtained. On both sides of the road the cruel Spanish bayonet grew in profusion, and the broad-leaved plant of the sea-grape. Over the stone walls, dating back to the times of the opulent sugar kings, who, when slavery was abolished, left their plantations and returned to England, never to return to Jamaica again, but to live in England and enjoy their wealth, many vines grew in luxuriance. At one time the country was full of typical tropical vegetation, and at another we might almost have imagined we were in some portion of the New England states, had it

not been for the vine-covered crumbling walls of an old sugar mill.

Coming to a point on the road where it almost touched the sea, we turned off through a grove of wide-spreading almond trees to the shore. Here we wandered about over the dazzling white sand, composed of sea-shells and coral, pulverized by the action of the waves, and gathered some beautiful corals, and my wife captured a hermit crab, which was perambulating along with surprising speed, carrying along the house in which it lived—the deserted shell of a sea-snail. Once I started to clamber out over the rocks to a long reef which projected out from the shore, but I was stopped by a great Spanish bayonet plant, which held out to me a hundred cruel points, barring my further progress.

Beyond, seaward, the fleecy surf thundered on the coral reef, and midway between the reef and the shore stood a solitary table rock and from the middle, clinging to the thin layer of soil, one solitary fan palm grew and waved its leaves and beckoned to us. But we must turn back. On our homeward walk we paused frequently to rest, once beneath a great almond tree, where we watched the little green lizards glancing about over an old wall, in and out of the crevices like flashes of green and golden light, changing their colors with every object on which they rested and stopping for an instant to gaze at us with their little bead-like eyes, turning their heads first to one side, then to the other, as though mentally trying to determine what sort of strange beings we were, and where we came from. A party of black children came along, and paused beneath the same tree. One little dark girl carried a beautiful wild cane plume, which she shyly offered to my wife with, "would you like this missis," and then they went along, now and then stopping to play or paddle in the water.

Arriving at the Titchfield House, we found a comfortable supper awaiting us, with such tropical luxuries as yams, plantains and oranges, and Miss Wood had prepared for us in the way of a very pleasant surprise, two glasses of granadilla—the inner part of a gourd-like fruit, which ready to be eaten looked not unlike small oysters—and it proved to be very refreshing, having a pleasant acid flavor. It is the fruit of the Passion flower, and grows plentifully in the forests of Jamaica.

At 2 o'clock Monday afternoon we bade good-bye, temporarily, and embarked on one of the Boston Fruit Company's steamers, the Banes, for St. Ann's Bay, whence we were to go over-land to Kingston on the South coast. It was a beautiful afternoon as we steamed out of the harbor by the light on Folly Point, and turned to the westward.

The sea was as smooth as glass and stretched away, a glittering expanse of tropical water, to Cuba, far to the north. The Banes followed the serrated coast line, which gave us a fine view of the island from the sea, the lofty blue mountains rising in the back ground, making what seemed an almost impassable barrier over which we must go on the morrow.

Now and then the steamer turned her head inshore toward a little harbor or cove, where was located a station of the Boston Fruit Co. She was picking up fruit, bananas and oranges, making up a cargo for Baltimore. As she steamed into these little ports the Company's signal from the steamer's whistle awoke the echoes from the green hills and, looking shoreward, we could see bustle and business at the landing where the fruit was all ready to be lightered to the ship; and almost before the chain had ceased to rattle through the hawse-hole, and the big two-ton anchor had plunged down among the coral palaces beneath the waves, big boats loaded nearly to the gunwales with fruit put off from shore, and were sculled along-side by the black laborers, the fruit passed through the big ports and stowed in the racks in the hold, amid a good deal of chattering and talking by the men in the boats. The Jamaica black is a great person to talk and his tongue is never still, from morning to night.

We touched at Port Maria, Annatto Bay, where the Company's manager, Mr. Kennedy, came out and on board and gave us a cordial greeting, and next Ocho Rios and Rio Novo.

The setting of the sun was quickly followed by darkness, and the heavens became studded with stars which shine nowhere with such brilliancy as in the tropics. Still the Banes glided swiftly on, winding in and out past the headlands, anon turning and heading toward the shore to stop at some port, where we could not help wondering how it

was possible to distinguish one inlet from another. But it was all plain to the pilot, Capt. Bennett, one of the most skilled and long experienced fruit captains, who guided the great ship where, in the hands of one not so skilled, she would have brought up on one of the hundreds of coral reefs.

I remained on the bridge, trying to realize to my own satisfaction that I was cruising along the coast of this fair isle, far south in the West Indies—thinking of those at home two thousand miles away—and as I stood gazing at the Southern Cross which blazed above the highest peak of the island, the steamer again awoke the echoes with her whistle, and we soon dropped anchor at Orracabessa, the spot where Columbus landed on his first visit to Jamaica. When we awoke the next morning we were at anchor in the harbor of St. Ann's Bay, and the sun was just rising over the mountains.

Ah, the glory of a tropical sunrise—a spectacle never to be forgotten. There were several other steamers at anchor near by, one the Carr steamer Neptuno, hailing from New York, and just before we disembarked for the shore an Atlas steamer, the Alvena, steamed in, and with a great racket let go both her anchors, the dust from the rusty chain rising in a great cloud, making one think, almost, that it was the water which was dusty, and as she let go both anchors, Capt. Bennett hailed her and asked if she was going to stop a month.

Soon we bade good bye to Capt. Bennett, and started ashore in one of the great banana boats. Here, too, we met with a cordial welcome from the Company's agent, Mr. Tullock, who had a carriage waiting to take us to the house, where, while we bathed and rested in an airy, pretty sitting-room perfumed with bouquets of flowers, our pleasant hostess had prepared for us an acceptable breakfast before we started on our trip over the mountains to Ewarton.

CHAPTER VII.

Over the Blue Mountains.—A Wonderful Experience.—Mountain Villages.—Coffee and Pimento Plantations.—Mt. Diabolo.—On the Railway.—Arrival at Kingston.

WHILE we were eating breakfast the carriage which Mr. Tullock had so kindly placed at our disposal waited in front of the house, and we soon bade our pleasant, hospitable hostess good bye and drove through the quaint, interesting streets of St. Ann's, the bright, hot sun's rays falling upon the white road and buildings with a blinding, glare, to the postoffice, from whence the Royal Mail coach leaves for Ewarton. The mail was not quite ready, and the postmaster asked us to step inside, and while we waited we had a chance to observe how Her Majesty's mails are handled in a colonial postoffice. Throughout Jamaica the postoffice and telegraph office are always found together—both being controlled by the government. In making up the mails the canvas bags for the different mail posts along the route are carefully tied up, plenty of time being taken for doing it. Then a kettle of sealing wax is heated, and each bag is carefully sealed with the wax, and stamped with a seal. While the postmaster was doing this a man came to buy a stamp, and was told that there was no time to sell stamps until after the mail was closed.

Contrast this with the way mails are closed in Boston. The matter is tossed into the bags which hang upon racks—"whizz!" goes the

leather strap through the steel staples, "click!" goes the spring lock, and "bang!" as the bag of mail is thrown toward the shipping department—all done in less time than it takes the Jamaica postmaster to plaster the sealing wax over the knots which fasten the bags. People do not enter the building where they buy stamps or inquire for mail, but stop on the outside of the building, at a low, broad, glassless window.

At last the mail was closed, and the stage, a comfortable, covered coach with two seats, capable of holding four passengers, drawn by three mules harnessed abreast, drew up to the door. The coachman was the same man who piloted the mails over the mountains when I made the trip five years before. On the sides of the coach were lettered the words, "ROYAL MAIL."

We left the town of St. Ann's at 10 o'clock and were in a few minutes ascending the Blue Mountain range. This road for the entire distance of 29 miles to Ewarton is one of the finest that I have ever seen. It is a beautifully smooth macadam road, and Jamaica can well lay claim to having magnificant roads throughout the island, and, of all our experiences in Jamaica, and of mine on my previous visit to the island, there are none to which we look back with so much delight, with such recollections, with so much pleasure as to this wonderful ride, the most varied journey to be made in Jamaica. The road winds among the mountains, turning and twisting about, this way and that, oftentimes doubling upon itself so that, looking down the mountains one hundred or two hundred feet below, we could frequently see the very section of road over which we had passed two or three miles back. For the first few miles the road passes through the most beautiful country, grand mountain scenery, deep ravines and magnificent gorges, and everywhere the richest, densest and most varied of tropical vegetation, some of the rich intervale lands being almost entirely covered by the great yam vines. All along the way coffee trees grew beside the road, sometimes occuring in dense thickets, with the green and red-ripe coffee berries.

How strange it seemed, to be riding through a country where coffee grew beside the road like alders, in our own country. Here and there we

saw native thatched huts often standing among the palms and banana trees far below the road, or perched high up on the side of a mountain. In some places the road ran along the face of a mountain, which towered far above us, so high that we could see its top only by leaning out of the coach, and, beginning from the very edge of the road, on the other side, we looked down for hundreds of feet upon a rich intervale, while beyond stretched the savannas covered with grass occupied by "pens," on which fine cattle and sheep were grazing.

Presently I shall speak more particularly of the "pens." Our first stop was at Lime Savanna, a pretty mountain village, with several stores and other places of business, and a post office and telegraph office. We stopped here only a few minutes, to leave and take the mail, and then started on up the mountain range. From this point, on to the next station, is the great pimento-growing district of the island; and now, on both sides of the road we saw beautiful pimento trees, some of medium size and others monstrous trees, lofty, rather spreading, and with gnarled, furrowed trunks—the bark of the trunks and large branches being a very light drab, some almost white. The pimento tree is not one of the most spreading trees until it becomes very old—when often the expanse of its branches from side to side covers a large area. The crop had been gathered, but here and there we saw a tree with berries on it, some ripe and some unripe, and on one tree, too high up to be reached, I saw a cluster of blossoms. In one place, for fully half a mile, we were passing a pimento estate of great trees, which stretched away for a mile, like an immense orchard.

At one point after we had reached a high altitude we could, by looking back, see the Caribbean in the distance, a broad expanse of beautiful water—and the intensity of the blue cannot possibly be imagined by one who has not seen it. It was a sight never to be forgotten, and not, I am sure, surpassed on the face of the globe.

As we progressed toward the top of the range, the character of the vegetation changed remarkably. Ah! How wonderful, what an experience, riding through those tropical mountains in the interior of the most southern of the West India Islands! Now the cocoanut palms

become much less numerous, and now one was rarely seen. Instead, the cabbage-palm became more plentiful, and the sour orange trees very numerous, nearly all filled with green and golden fruit, and once in a while a lime tree was seen—or, by some swiftly flowing stream, an avocado pear loaded with the great tear-shaped fruit. We could have almost imagined that we were riding through a section of New England, had it not been for the tropical trees, here and there. But the aspect of the country differed widely from that on the coast, from a dense, thoroughly tropical vegetation to sub-tropical.

Now and then, as we passed a high bank, we would hear a grunt, a scrambling in the bush, and one of the Jamaica wild-pigs, or half-wild, would poke his nose out and take a look at us, and then scurry away into the bush.

On either hand the rich pens, or stock farms, rolled away over the mountain table-lands, and a substantial stone mansion nestled among splendid trees, with broad grounds and magnificent approaches and gate-ways. Our next stop was Claremont, an important mountain town, situated nearly at the top of Blue Mountain range. It is a pretty village, too, with luxurious residences, and several large stores. Here we stopped to change mails, and to change mules and coaches, and we purchased some refreshments. We again started, after a stop of about half an hour, still climbing up hill. But we were nearly at the crest of the range, and would soon begin the second half of the journey which would be all the way down hill. At this altitude, as we rolled across the level savannas, we saw great clumps and vast stretches of the cruel Spanish dagger plants, which would average perhaps from two feet to ten feet high; and great prickly pears and cacti. Now and then we met men, women and children with loads upon their heads, and little burros with monstrous loads of guinea grass upon their backs; while anon, women were seen at work upon the roads.

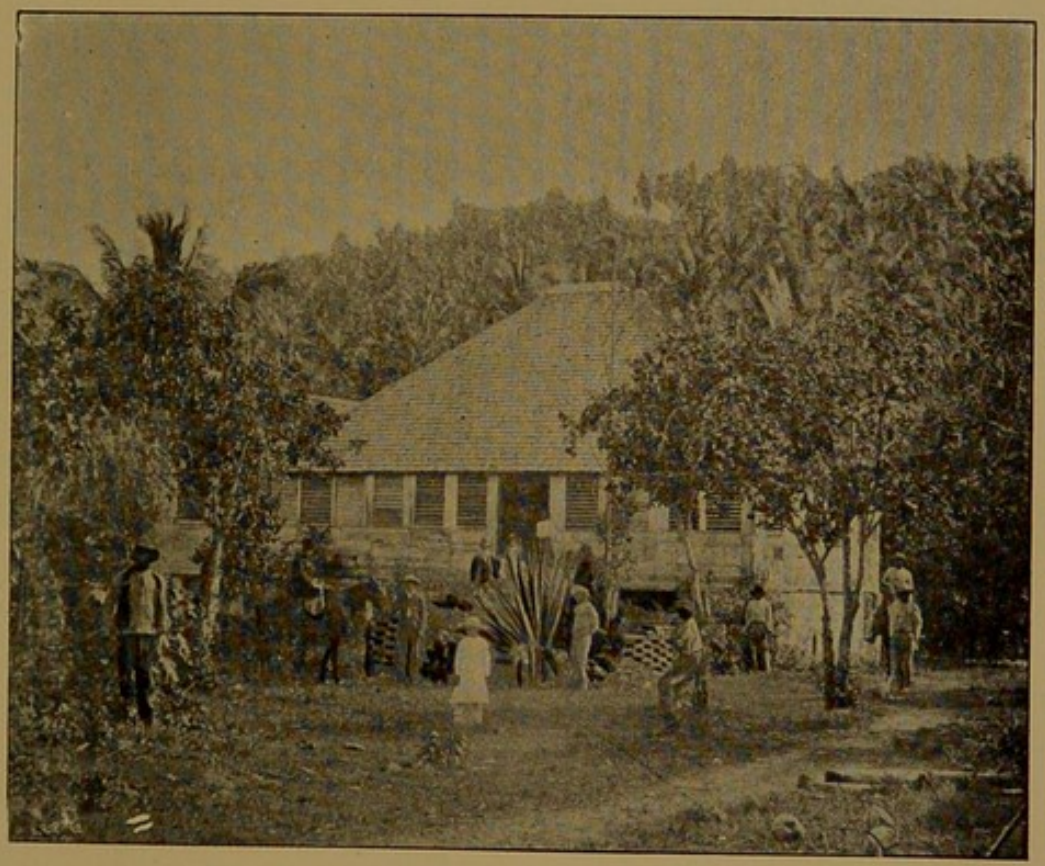
At one point we passed what was perhaps the most magnificent sight on the route—a coffee plantation, mostly of young trees, but some in bearing; and some coolies were to be seen scattered through the plantation picking the berries. This was one of the famed plantations of

Blue Mountain coffee. The trees are planted regularly, beneath groves of large forest trees, for the coffee tree cannot endure the full force of the hot tropical sun, and requires a moderate shade.

With regard to coffee in the Blue Mountains, it is the finest grown in the world, and a large percentage of the crop is annually contracted for by Delmonico, the world famous restaurateur of New York. Concerning coffee planting, a man, we will say, commences by planting, after felling and clearing a hundred acres, and obtains his first return in five years. The establishing and up-keep at this period, including the building of a house, putting up works and machinery, cost $70,000, and he has, of course, to live until the trees begin to bear. Considerable capital is therefore required. The second hundred acres will cost about $45,000, and the third about $35,000. The return to be expected from the three hundred acres is estimated at 20 per cent. on capital outlay. For any one possessing ample means and energy, there is no more healthy, profitable or pleasant life than coffee planting in the beautiful climate of the Blue Mountains of Jamaica.

Sugar was, of course, once the principal staple of Jamaica, but since emancipation the industry has fallen off, and its place has been more than taken by fruit cultivation. This is now a large item of export, valued at $2,000,000, out of a total value of $8,799,030, sugar amounting to $1,200,000. Coffee is a yearly increasing article of export, amounting annually to $1,700,000. The great market of the United States takes nearly all the sugar, the whole of the fruit and half the coffee. The bananas and oranges, being of a perishable character, naturally go the nearest market—the United States.

The "pens" are large sweeps of guinea-grass and common pasture, on which live stock graze and are reared. Throughout the island about 370,000 acres of land are devoted to grazing, and allowing four acres of land per head, there must be about 90,000 head of cattle scattered throughout the island. The beef in Jamaica may be a little hard, having to be eaten so soon after being killed, but it is nutritious, delicate and juicy. The pens are much more manageable than the enormous open ranches of South America. They range from 800 to 2000 acres.



From an Original Photograph.

OVERSEER'S HOUSE ON A PLANTATION.

Our next stop was at Moneague. It is the largest and most important, as well as the prettiest, village in the interior of Jamaica. It is an important commercial centre for the productions of the interior, and there are several large buying stations there. The village is laid out in beautiful streets, with one handsome main street running laterally through the town. The stores and other places of business are large and well stocked. This is a famous station for securing teams and carriages by travellers, and is connected with all parts of the island by telegraph.

The dwellings are charming houses, constructed with due regard to this beautiful climate. The climate among the Blue Mountains is indescribably beautiful, never hot, always soft and invigorating, with clear, pure air.

The coach stopped at the postoffice. Nearby was a crowd of school children playing and the people were going about their usual vocations, leisurely, easily and luxuriously, as everything is done in this tropical garden.

Leaving Moneague, we passed the towering peak of Mt. Diabolo, and passed some of the grandest and most splendid mountain scenery. Mt. Diabolo rose toward the clouds directly above us, and seemed to be ready to topple over on us; while far below, stretching away to the souththward, lay the beautiful plain known as St. Thomas-in-ye-Vale where some wonderful clouds and atmospheric effects are seen. Sometimes the whole vast plain resembles a sheet of water.

Frequently we saw, on the edge of a pen, a circular watering hole or basin, shaped like an inverted cone, with its apex filled with water, down the slope of which the cattle went to drink, the terra-cotta color of the earth around the hole contrasting wonderfully with the vivid green of the grassy savanna.

For some miles, before the road began to descend the range, the mules became very slow, and despite all the vigorous belaboring of their tough hides by the driver, they could rarely be induced to go faster than a walk. But now they had no alternative, for the coach rumbled along of its own momentum, almost, and we dashed along, often on the

very edge of the great precipices, making us hold on and catch our breaths; but all such places are protected by solid walls of masonry built along the road—which must be accorded a place among the most magnificent pieces of engineering in the world. The driver guided the mules skillfully, and handled the coach with the brake. In Jamaica are found some of the finest and most skillful drivers in the world. Everything had to give way to the Royal Mail, and when teams met the stage they made haste to rein out while Her Majesty's mail rattled past.

We rapidly covered the last half of the journey, and rolled across the edge of St. Thomas-in-ye-Vale, and pulled up at the postoffice at Ewarton, one of the termini of the Jamaica Railway. Though we had so greatly enjoyed our ride over the mountains, we were not sorry to leave the stage, and we walked the few rods to the railway station. Here I telegraphed friends in Kingston, about forty miles away, and purchased our tickets.

While we we were waiting a young colored woman, barefoot, but otherwise "rigged out to kill" came slapping into the station, and carefully dusting her feet with her skirt, proceeded to put on a pair of pink stockings, and a pair of patent leather slippers. Approaching my wife she said: "Missis, will you please gib me a pin—the tie has come off ma shoe." My wife handed her a paper containing both white and black pins, and she selected several black pins, which she evidently regarded as great curiosities.

The little station stands in the midst of a grove of cocoanut palms. It is a light, airy affair, open on all sides, with a wide portico at one end. The little train stood on the track a short distance away, ready to back down for the passengers. The cars are of the English style, very light, with skeleton spoked wheels and fitted with compartments.

A running board extends along the sides of each car, along which the conductor came after we started, putting his head through the window, and taking our tickets. The engine is also tiny, though the road is standard gauge; and it stood blowing off steam furiously, the black engineer and fireman lounging lazily in the cab.

Soon the engine was coupled to the cars and the train backed

down to the station. The shrill whistle began to blow and blew steadily for about two minutes before the train started. There is no bell on the engine. Soon we were seated in our compartment, and the hour of starting had arrived. The conductor blew a small whistle; the engine answered with a shrill blast, and away we rattled over this curious West Indian road, winding among the green hills, over high viaducts, past groves of palms and fields of cane, banana and plantain plantations, every now and then seeing a great beehive-like structure fully as large as a bushel basket, perched high upon some great tree—the homes of the tree, or nest-building ants. We stopped at frequent stations almost hidden among the cocoanut trees, and at one of these, the last stop before we entered the first of the many tunnels, we heard the sound of feet on the roof of the car, and were somewhat amused when we saw a lamp put down through the roof. Away again we sped, half of the time going at a tremendous rate by the force of gravity alone, until we saw the blue Caribbean spread out before us, stretching away but a day's steaming to South America—and the Palisados, and the sand spit on which stands the famous city of Port Royal. Soon we reached the curious city of Kingston, and succeeded in fighting our way through the crowd of yelling, obtrusive, lying, aggravating, man-eating hack drivers, taking a carriage to the Park Lodge Hotel.

CHAPTER VIII.

Around Kingston.—Curious Sights.—Commercial Importance of the City.—Port Royal.—The Soldiers of the West India Regiment.—Obtrusive Hack-Drivers.

HOW wonderful it seemed to us as we rode through the streets of the quaint and curious old West Indian city of Kingston; yet to me these scenes were all familiar, and it seemed like getting home again, the experiencing and reviving of old scenes and former associations, the memory of which, during five years since I passed out by the Palisados and Fort Augusta, had remained like a pleasant dream to me.

The novelty of our position on the Western Hemisphere was fascinating. To the north rose the mountains of Jamaica; still further to the north lay the great island of Cuba—and then, farther still to the north the Gulf of Mexico and Florida—while our other Southern States were so far north from us as not to be thought of in connection with "south." The states of Mexico lay far to the north—and so did the Yucatan peninsula, and the Bay of Campeche. Due west of us but a day's sail, was the Republic of Honduras and the mountains of Central America.

At the Park Lodge Hotel we were surrounded by typical southern luxury, for this is one of the most famous hotels in the West Indies. It stands in the midst of spacious grounds, filled with tropical trees, palm and tamarind; great cacti, gorgeous crotons, great oleanders and many other beautiful flowers, while in front of the house in the centre of the grounds, a fountain plays from year's end to year's end. The

hotel is a cool, airy, spacious structure, with wide verandahs, easy chairs and settees, a long dining room with polished floor, spacious, luxuriously furnished parlors, and comfortable sleeping rooms. Outside the main house are wings filled with rooms and baths, connected with the main house by covered walks over which trumpet vines creep. No fires are ever required in this land of never-ending summer. Products peculiar to the tropics appeared upon the tables. There is no hurry and none is desired. Coffee and toast are brought to your room early in the morning. You breakfast at nine o'clock, lunch at one, and dine at seven. There is no rush, no hubbub, no confusion, such as we all know but too well in Northern hotels.

That evening we spent on the verandah, and in the gardens of the hotel. There were many guests besides ourselves, the ladies dressed in white or other light fabrics, and the gentlemen all in southern costume.

Our old friend, Mr. George Levy, honored by his country and by the journalistic profession throughout the world, came to the hotel that evening to bid us a double welcome.

The next morning I came down early, and requested my breakfast in advance of the others, as I wished to go down town to write some letters to catch the mail to New York, and to keep several engagements—though during the remainder of our stay I did as the others did, and came strolling down stairs in a leisurely manner about 8 o'clock. The traveller in Jamaica who tries to expedite things has a contract on his hands that he cannot carry out.

Kingston is a quaint and curious old, dusty city—a strange combination of the Spanish and old English style. The streets are narrow but quite regularly laid out, and straight. The buildings in the principal business sections, which include Harbor, Port Royal, King, Church, Queen and adjacent streets, are built, some of wood, and some stone and some of brick, and there are in Kingston places of business, warehouses and stores that would do credit to a larger Northern city. Kingston holds an important place in the commerce of the world, and a vast amount of heavy commerce is carried on from this port. Its water-front teems with shipping and there are always here steamers and

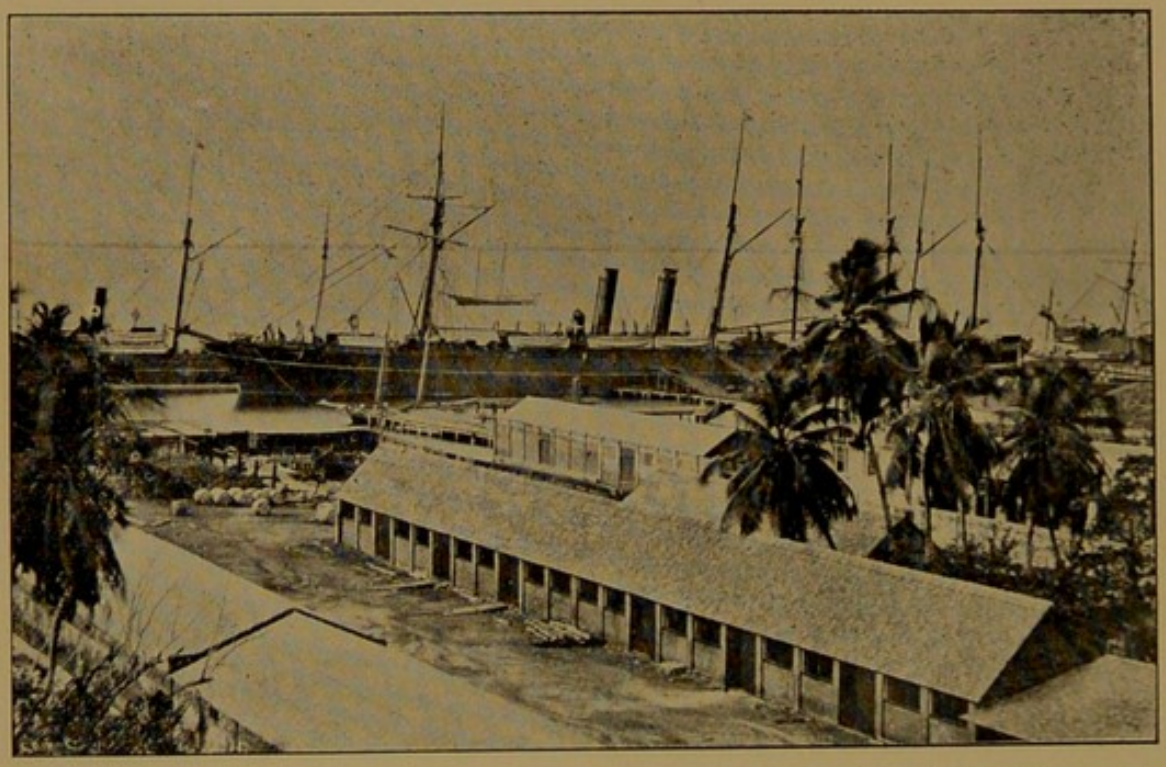
sailing vesssels from all parts of the world—and the Royal Mail steamers from England come in here on their way around to the different ports of the West Indies, Barbados and the Leeward and Windward Islands, and Central and South America.

Vast quantities of merchandise, products of the island, are shipped from Kingston—logwood, fruit and pimento, and the imports consist of manufactured and food products from Europe and America.

There is nothing more interesting than to walk about the streets of Kingston and observe the people going about in their every day life. Vehicles of all kinds are seen in the streets, stylish turnouts, from the equipages of the Governor to those of the citizens, mule carts and drays, donkeys and burros, people on horseback, and the ever-present hacks, whose drivers are the most obtrusive and most offensive hack drivers on earth. Men, women and children of the poorer classes go about the streets barefoot, and while walking through one of the outskirts of the city one forenoon we saw a boy, perhaps ten or twelve years old, who had nothing on except some made-over clothes from the first suit that Adam wore—which, in order not to be misunderstood, antedated the celebrated fig leaf.

As we walked about, observing the scenes around us, we suddenly turned into Harbor street, and as we glanced along that thoroughfare our eyes met the most glorious vision that ever mortal man beheld. High above the tops of the buildings, at the end of a slender staff, floating and waving, and undulating, was the Stars and Stripes, the flag of our own country, of the Great Republic of the North, the United States of America.

Kingston covers a portion of the Plain of Ligunea and is situated between the foot of the mountains and the Caribbean—and almost on the sea level. The sewers are similar to those of New Orleans, and are merely shallow conduits open to the surface, which, every morning, are "flushed" by letting water into them from the city water system, which flows along the ditch by the sides of the streets, all over the city, across the streets, compelling the pedestrian to perform some acrobatic leaps in getting about. The city of Kingston is well cared



From an Original Photograph.

KINGSTON HARBOR FRONT.

for, and the streets are kept scrupulously clean, and while the water is flowing all the filth and matter usually found in a city's streets is swept into the ditches and carried down into the harbor. At the time of our visit, however, a modern system of sewers was being put in—but for reasons of my own, not wishing to criticise the engineers, I venture to predict that the old system will outlive the new.

Kingston harbor is one of the finest in the world. It is shut in from the Caribbean by a long coral reef covered with cocoanut palms, called the Palisados, which leaves only a narrow entrance. Opposite Kingston, at the entrance of the harbor, stands the famed city of Port Royal, whose predecessor of unsavory reputation was destroyed by an earthquake more than two centuries ago—and the waters of Kingston harbor now cover its former site. Relics of the old city can now be seen in the rooms of the Institute of Jamaica.

Port Royal is a famous British naval station, and above Kingston, quartered in barracks upon the side of the mountains, are maintained English troops. Port Royal and its out stations, Rocky Point, Apostles, Battery, and Fort Augusta, constitute the "harbor defences" of Jamaica, and Port Royal itself is the key and the chief. The military authorities have of late years been engaged in improving the defences of Port Royal, including the construction of new batteries for rifled guns. In addition to this the Royal Engineers have a small submarine mining establishment fitted with tanks, steam launch, boats, and electrical apparatus. The garrison itself is small in number but would be readily augmented on an emergency arising.

At half-past eleven o'clock on the the morning of the 17th of June 1692, the town was shaken by a tremendous earthquake. Whole streets with their inhabitants were swallowed up by the opening of the earth. The ruins of old Port Royal are even yet visible in clear weather from the surface of the waters under which they lie, and relics are often procured by divers on exploring the ruins. After the earthquake new houses were erected and the place, under the privateering system of the time, began again to flourish; but in the beginning of the year 1703 a fire broke out and in a few hours the whole town was in flames.

With the exception of the royal forts and magazines not a building was left.

Periods of prosperity and reverses followed each other every few decades until July 13th, 1816, when fire again completely desolated the place. Since the occurrence of this fire the town has ceased to be a commercial centre and Port Royal is now of importance only as a naval station and a military garrison.

The dockyard contains the official residence of the commodore and his staff. It is equipped with a well-found machine shop, where steam engines and the machinery of war ships are almost constantly being repaired.

Port Royal has always been considered important as a naval station. As recently as the American war and the French occupation of Mexico the fleet on the North American and West Indian station numbered some twenty-five ships, a goodly portion of which were constantly calling at Port Royal to coal, to obtain fresh provisions, and to refit; the Archduke Maximilian on his way to Mexico was met there by eleven ships-of-war.

The most variegated visions of the streets of Kingston are the soldiers of the West Indian regiment. They are giants in statue, black as ink, and wearing uniforms which set them off and agree with their complexions. We wished to purchase some curios of native work, and for that purpose visited the Woman's Self Help. There we found many beautiful and curious objects, and would have made a large purchase instead of the small one which we did, if the prices asked had not been so fabulous as to be utterly ridiculous for articles, the raw material for which was not worth a farthing. But we were, a little later, enlightened concerning this, and were informed that it was the time it took to make them, which was charged for—which was the first intimation we had received that any great valuation was placed on time in Jamaica.

We visited the Public Gardens, which are very fine indeed, extensive, and well laid out. They are filled with many beautiful tropical plants and trees, among the most wonderful being the great banyan tree, which

sends down roots into the ground from its branches, and so spreads over an immense area, large enough for a great mass-meeting to be held beneath the shade; and tall, graceful thatch-palms, screw palms and many curious forms of trees; while in the centre of these gardens there is an immense basin of water in which the lovely water-hyacinths bloomed in profusion.

There are many beautiful residences in Kingston, and, driving along, though the traveller may be gazing upon some unattractive, high, dusty wall, if he were to step through the door of the wall, he would find himself in the midst of charming grounds, gardens and lawns, made beautiful with rare tropical plants, with the great sumptuous house and wide verandhas, typically luxurious Southern surroundings, and here, too, the traveller would find the truest and freest of hospitality.

Kingston has electric lights and street cars, the latter drawn by mules—with black drivers and black conductors. The cars are light trifling affairs compared with ours, and the passenger must be provided with the little red celluloid disks bearing the name of the company, and the words "One Fare," which are purchased, six for one shilling, or he must pay double fare. The conductor passes around a small box with a handle, something like a ballot box, and you "vote for one" if you are single, "and vote for two" if otherwise, as the case may be—dropping the little red "fare" into the box. If you are riding to any distance out of the city' say to Half Way Tree, or to Constant Spring, you have to drop in one fare for each mile

We tarried in Kingston two nights and one and one half days, one evening being spent at the beautiful home and in the society of the delightful family of Mr. George Levy.

Reluctantly we took our departure from Kingston for we must reach Annatto Bay, thirty-one miles over the mountains, there to catch the Atlas steamer Adula for Port Antonio. We had intended to go over on the mail coach, but as that flying machine had accommodations for but three passengers, and those were engaged, I was compelled to hire a team, or rather buy it, presenting it to the owner after I was done with it. But we had no cause to regret that we had a team all to our-

selves when the covered buggy and a span of horses, with a skilled driver came in through the gates of Park Lodge and drew up in front of the verandah.

Bidding adieu to our hostess, Mrs. Thompson, we were soon on our way to Annato Bay, over the famed "Junction Road."

CHAPTER IX.

By Carriage Over the Mountains.—The Environs of Kingston.—Constant Spring Sugar Plantation.—The Great Aqueduct.—Along the Wag Water River.—Grand Mountain Scenery.—Strange Sights.—Castleton Gardens.—Noisy Bull Frogs.—Annatto Bay.

ON the afternoon we left Kingston, the sky, which had been almost cloudless ever since we landed on the island, was over-cast by clouds, the forerunner of the rainy season which was about to set in. But so long as it did not rain the clouds were welcome, and rendered our ride of thirty-one miles more enjoyable—without the blinding glare and torrid heat of the equatorial sun.

With a carriage to ourselves, with a pair of good horses and a good driver, we were prepared to enjoy the afternoon to the utmost. We drove through the environs of Kingston, past handsome residences surrounded by magnifficent and spacious grounds, most of them being styled "Villas," and each having some name which usually appeared at the entrance to the grounds, as, for example, "Palm Villa." Kingston certainly has some magnificent residences on its outskirts.

Gradually we passed beyond the limit of quaint, queer old Kingston, and bade it a final adieu with keen regret. Now along the road, we passed many little shops, and soon we were riding across the northern part of the Liguenean plain, now and then passing a handsome resi-

dence in the midst of spacious grounds, while along the way were many beautiful and wonderful trees, and giant cacti of several varieties.

We reached Half Way Tree, a suburb of Kingston, the place of many beautiful residences, near which is "King's House," the official residence of His Excellency, Sir Henry Arthur Blake, K. C. M. G., Governor and Captain-General of Jamaica and its Dependencies.

Shortly after passing Half Way Tree, we arrived at the Constant Spring Sugar Estate, where we stopped to photograph the massive old cane mill and sugar house, with that ever present adjunct to sugar plantations, the tall chimney, also a moss-covered, crumbling ruin of a great stone aqueduct, a relic of anti-slavery times, in the palmy days of sugar planting in Jamaica. Its massive masonry is now cracked and crumbling, and covered by vines and creepers. There are many such ruins in Jamaica, forming one of the most picturesque features of the landscape; but, alas, recalling memories of a once great industry, the source of almost untold wealth, but since greatly declined. These aqueducts, wonderful feats of engineering, were constructed to bring water from the mountain streams, perhaps miles away, to turn the great over-shot wheel which furnished power to squeeze the juice from the cane. So, also, the traveller encounters frequent ruins of the ancient stone sugar mills, they, too, crumbling in decay, the great over-shot wheels falling to pieces, and the huge upright wooden rollers that ground the cane, cracked and rotting. The Jamaica sugar estates of to-day are equipped with modern machinery, centrifugals and vacuum jams; and, as of yore, a distillery whence all the molasses is pumped to be distilled into rum on the plantation, for Jamaica exports no molasses, but has become famous for her rum. As I was levelling the camera at the plantation buildings, two black women in characteristic costume suddenly came within the field of the lense, and I called upon them to stand still, and sprung the shutter. They readily complied with my request, laughing gleefully.

We now entered the mountains. The road was magnificent, and wound about, twisted and turned, up and down, causing us to wonder

From an Original Photograph.

SCREW PALM, PUBLIC GARDENS, KINGSTON.

how such a magnificent piece of road building could have been acomplished. The Government telegraph line followed the road, sometimes leaving it to take a short cut by means of a long span over some yawning gorge or ravine around the edge of which the road wound. Here and there we passed native thatched huts, some different from any we had before seen, the walls being composed of interwoven canes covered with plaster, the roof being of thatch a foot or two thick.

We were following the course of the Wag Water river, a fairly wide, swift stream, whose roar we could hear for nearly the entire distance from Kingston to Annatto Bay. The mountains towered above us, and in many places the road ran along a shelf simply cut in the side of the mountains, which rose for hundreds of feet above us, often almost perpendicularly, while below we could look down into a yawning chasm, at the bottom of which flowed the foaming Wag Water.

After a few hours of severe rain, as it rains in Jamaica and everywhere in the West Indies, landslides are frequent in the mountains, and often render the roads impassible for days; so, as much as we regretted leaving Kingston, the premonition that the rainy season was about to set in, made us anxious to get over the mountains before the roads became impassable, in order not to miss the steamer homeward bound.

Now and then the road spanned a gorge or the rushing Wag Water river itself, by a stone viaduct, or a small stream flowed across it on its way to help swell the roaring waters of the Wag Water.

On some of the mountain sides were patches of yams, or "provision grounds," the surface being so nearly perpendicular that, but a single misstep by the men working there, and they would come tumbling down upon the road. Anon, looking across a mountain valley, we could see houses perched upon another steep mountain side. Once we met a mule cart loaded with a great pile of guinea grass. At that particular point, the road was narrow, with the mountains rising on one side, and a yawning chasm on the other. For us to pass the great load of guinea grass seemed to us almost impossible. But here came in the skill of our driver—who at once assumed the position of general-in-command, and calling upon the driver of the mule cart to draw out as near the

outer edge of the road as he could, our driver passed on the side next the mountain, although the great load of guinea grass completely filled the road and apparently left no place to drive by. Here and there we passed men and women, many of them returning from their day's work on the road. At one place, beside the road, there were circular baskets filled with coffee berries, just as they had been picked that day from the trees.

As we descended a beautiful stretch of road, and turned around a grove of bread-fruit trees, we came to a long thatched building, where it was very evident some sort of festivities were going on. Our driver told us it was a wedding. The wedding party and guests were sitting in the early evening in front of the house, some dressed in white, others in gay pink, blue and scarlet dresses. Near-by, some children were amusing themselves with a sort of merry-go-round, which, though rude, was curious and showed wonderful ingenuity. It may be likened to a long gate, made of large bamboos. The gate was hung on an upright pole, in its natural position, the pole passing up through the top and bottom bars of the gate. Then the youngsters sat on either end of the lower rail,holding on to the side bars, and the whole was revolving with the speed of a fly-wheel, the children laughing and talking all the while. It was certainly the most exhilarating instrument of dizziness that I ever saw, and I subsequently learned that it is a favorite amusement with Jamaica children, and that, so great is the velocity sometimes reached by this revolving arrangement, that the upright pole gets on fire, sometimes burning off and dropping the machine, children and all.

At one point we passed, beside the road, the most beautiful bread fruit tree that we had seen anywhere. It stood alone, outlined against the sky, and was simply loaded with the spherical fruit.

We arrived at Castleton, where is located the Government Botanical Garden, in the midst of the mountains, and at a high altitude. We had now accomplished about half of our journey. We regretted that our slow progress would limit our stop at Castleton to a few minutes only. My wife was anxious to secure some ferns there to take back to

America, and we feared we should have to go on without them, as an attache of the Garden whom we met on the road said the gates were locked for the night. But in a few minutes we met another gentleman who kindly offered to unlock the gates, when we told him what we wanted and how we had been delayed. So we left the carriage while the driver was watering the horses, and entered the Garden. What wonders of plant life! What a wealth of the wonders of tropical vegetation, trees, shrubs and flowers, all systematically and scientifically labeled. We went to the fern enclosure, where we found hundreds of the most beautiful ferns for which Jamaica is so famous among them being the gold and silver ferns—the under side of the leaves being covered with a sort of pollen which looks like a sprinkling of those metals. With difficulty we selected several from the tempting array, as we could not carry them all—and bidding our kind host of the past few minutes good bye, we again started—on the second half of our journey.

Soon after leaving Castleton the darkness, the blackest of black darkness, settled around us. Still we drove along, wondering more and more at the skill of the driver in following the winding road. Nothing disturbed the stillness, which seemed to bring out the sweet balminess of this land of flowers more plainly, except the noise made by our horses' feet, and the carriage wheels, and occasionally an ejaculation from the driver as he urged the horses along. Now and then the dim light from a native hut beside the road, above us on a mountain side or below us would flicker in the darkness. Myriads of great West Indian fire-flies danced about, shedding great glares of soft, golden light. The driver alighted to light the side lamps of the carriage, as every vehicle in Jamaica is required to carry side lights when driven at night.

This experience of crossing these tropical mountains in the inky blackness, amid the strange scenes, was one of the most interesting of our travels on the island. The novelty of our situation made it seem almost as though it were a dream, instead of a veritable reality.

Suddenly, above the roaring of the Wag Water, we heard a noise

which sounded almost like a train crossing a railroad bridge. I asked the driver what it was. "Dat, sah, is what we call er bull frog." The monstrous West Indian bull frogs were serenading us, but what a wild serenade, in that wild, tropical land.

Rather tired with our long ride, we at last emerged from the mountains, and soon after crossed a lagoon, and were driving through the village of Annato Bay—a place on the coast of considerable importance, with numerous stores, a constabulary station, post and telegraph office, and one of the headquarters of the Boston Fruit Co. The village is surrounded by lagoons of stagnant water, their surfaces covered by vegetable matter, the lagoons being spanned by fine iron bridges. Before leaving Kingston I had telegraphed Mr. Kennedy, the agent of the Boston Fruit Co. at Annatto Bay, who kindly and thoughtfully had some one on the lookout for us, and we found supper awaiting our arrival. And we were sadly in want of it, it now being eight o'clock, and we had eaten nothing since noon. I paid the driver for the team, and requested him to accept it from me as a present, regretting that I could not take it with me, seeing that I had bought it. I received a receipt, quite a formidable document with a revenue stamp attached; and after lingering for an individual tip, which, by the way he didn't get, he regrettfully departed.

I had a quiet smoke while listening to the roar of the Caribbean, and then we retired. In the morning we found it raining, but after breakfast, the rain ceasing, Mr. Kennedy kindly placed at our disposal a carriage and a pair of horses, and we drove along the eastward road, along the line of the railway which turns into the mountains at Annatto Bay. We drove slowly, passing some fine estates and plantations of bananas and cocoanut palms, and saw groups of women along the road carrying gravel from the shore to the line of railroad under construction.

There is one thing that the Jamaica horse knows nothing about, and that is backing. He has never been taught to back, and he who attempts to back him will find himself in trouble. I tried to turn by backing, when we started to return, but soon found my mistake, and it

Photograph by the Author's Wife.

MILL ON A SUGAR PLANTATION.

not until a man came along and took the horses by the head, that I managed to get turned around.

At one place beside the road, a space of several yards square was covered with a beautiful cactus, with great, magnificent, pale yellow blossoms, which looked like silk, some of which I gathered, together with a lobe of the plant to take home.

As we drove along we saw some animals somewhat resembling the gray squirrel of New England run across the road behind us. There was one tiny young one. They were mongoose.

The mongoose was introduced into the West Indies for the ostensible purpose of destroying the large, grey, white-bellied rat that played havoc with the growing canes on the sugar-growing plantations. That it fairly achieved the object for which it was imported cannot be gainsaid, but that it would ever become the universal pest that it is at the present day, and has been for the last ten years, was never anticipated. So long as it kept to the cane-growing plantations, and ate the planters' poultry, eggs and all young and available animal life within a reasonable distance, all went well; but with its rapid and prolific powers of reproduction and its vagabond and roaming disposition, it in a very short time—a few years—was to be found in every part of the island, from the seashore to the tops of the loftiest range of mountains, the highest peak of which is 7360 feet above the sea level.

The mongoose was introduced to destroy the cane rat. Though it has not exterminated these rats, it has lessened their numbers in the cane-fields and saved the sugar planters a lot of money. It was not introduced to destroy, but it has most effectually nearly exterminated all the ground-laying and feeding birds, poultry, eggs of all kinds, on the ground and in trees, including those of the land turtle; it kills young pigs, lambs and kids; eats fruits of all kinds, canes, ground provisions, fish, wild fowl, snakes, lizards, crabs, etc. All young and tender life, animal and vegetable, is included in its daily menu.

When he has cleared off the animal life and the fruit in a district, the mongoose turns his attention to ground provisions, and here again he shows the variety of his taste and the power of his jaws. He will

grovel away with his paws until he lays bare yams, cocoas, sweet potatoes, cassava, bitter and sweet (the former, Manihot utilissima, poisonous in its raw, unprepared state), and other ground food tubers.

Of fruit, he has a partiality for the banana, the various Ananas, the mango, and others, as well as for some of the tree vegetables; for instance, the delicious akee (Cupania edulis) and alligator pear. The mongoose will likewise, when the irrigation canals are drawn off for cleaning, seize fish and make off with them. Not the least harm it has done has been the destruction of insectivorous birds and lizards, and the consequent increase of another nuisance, the tick. This is a subject that the Jamaica Government is bound to take up in the near future, and there is, or will be, found only one remedy—the introduction, propagation and protection of insect-eating birds. The mongoose breeds about six to eight times a year, and each time there are from five to ten young ones. A busy animal is the mongoose. The mongoose lives in the hollows of dead trees, dry walls and other such places. His activity is wonderful, and it is a treat to see him leap at and secure a young fowl; he very seldom misses the quarry, which, when secured, he proceeds to mutilate in the groin, first of all drinking the warm blood, then devouring the liver, etc.

In Jamaica there was a beautiful and indigenous snake, a friend to the agriculturist, Chilobothrus inornatus, commonly called the yellow snake, and growing to a length of six or seven feet. It is gone; love or money cannot procure a specimen, especially during the last five or six years. Another ally of the land cultivator, the ground lizard (Ameival corsalis), is gone, or is very rarely seen.

While sitting at our lodgings waiting for the steamer to appear in the bay, my wife was greatly interested in watching several blacks climbing the cocoanut trees opposite, going up like monkeys, clinging to the knobs left by previous leaves with their toes, and reaching the crown, sitting astride the bases of the leaves, they cut the ripe cocoanuts, letting them fall to the ground, which they struck with a great thud.

At last the whistle of the Adula sounded beyond the point, and soon she was anchored off Annato Bay.

CHAPTER X.

Arrival of the Coastal Steamer.—Interesting and Novel Scenes.—With a Dusky Boatload of Passengers We Embark for Along the Coast.—A Close Call.—Arrival at Port Antonio.—Tropical Rain.—A Carriage Awaits Us.—"Home Again."

SO shallow is the water in Annatto Bay, as in many other harbors on the Jamaica coast, that steamers have to anchor some distance off shore, while everything, cargo and passengers, has to be lightered to and from the steamer in boats. These boats are wide and deep and are sculled along to and from shore by blacks, with long, stout oars.

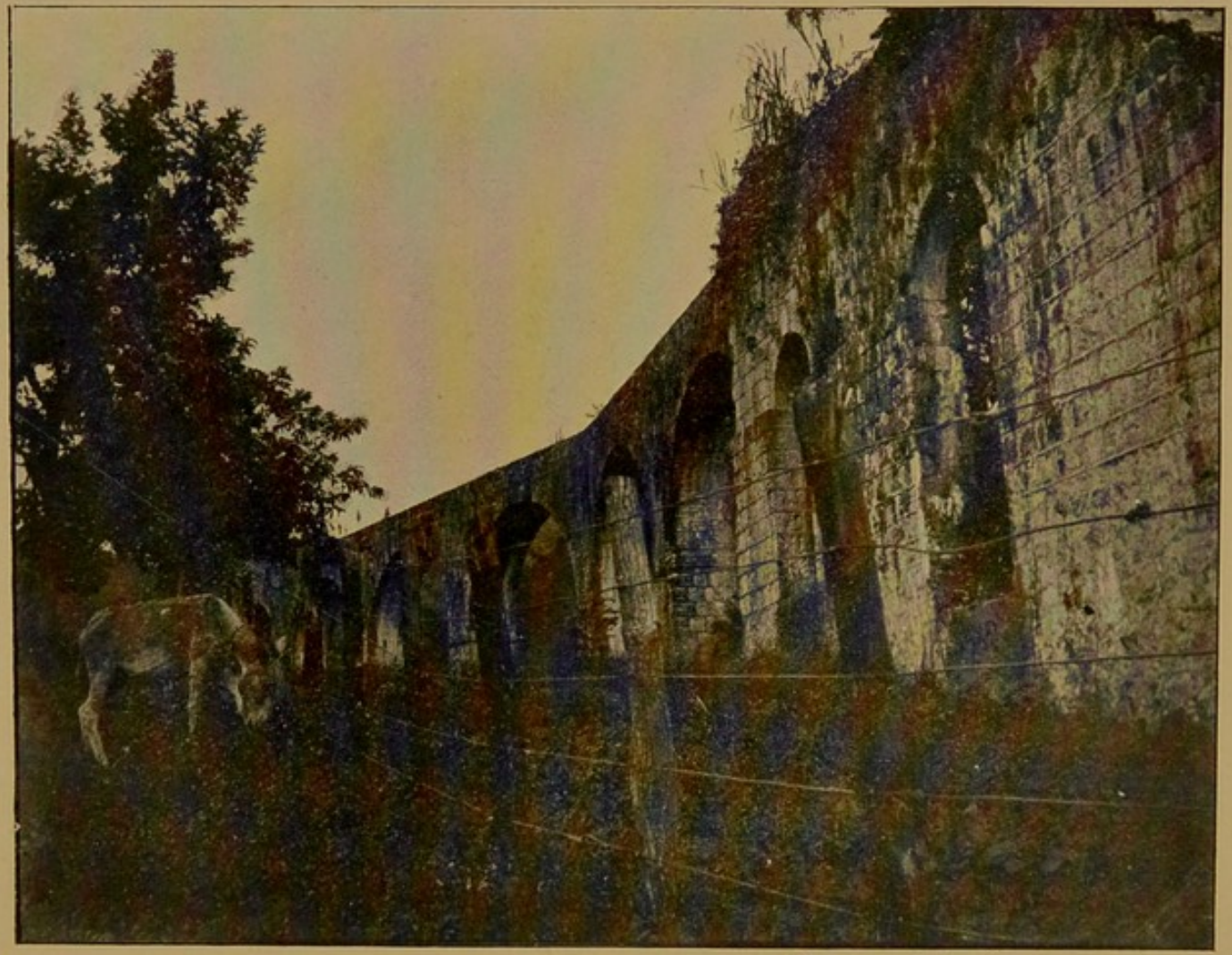
While the Adula lay swinging at her anchor chain, we stood on the end of the long wooden pier and watched the novel scenes around us. The ware-houses and office of the steamship company are at the head of the pier, and around them were piled hundreds of tons of logwood ready for shipment.

An interested and curious throng of people were gathered about, some to meet friends, others to see friends aboard, while still others had not an object in view beyond standing idly around, talking, always talking, and laughing—men, women and children, of all shades, and in many and varied costumes. One black boy, perhaps a dozen years old, was clothed only in a pair of old trousers, the only vestige of which remained being the waistband and the pockets.

Curious people, these. There were many going aboard the Adula for the various outports and Kingston, and they came to the landing encumbered with all sorts of luggage, trunks, boxes, bags, bundles, and scarcely one did not have the inevitable pieces of sugar cane, some green cocoanuts, for no Jamaica person of the class which travel as "deckers" on the coastal steamers would think for a moment of making a trip, even from one port to another, without something to eat or chew, or drink. A great crowd of children was gathered about, getting in the way of the black, bare-footed longshoremen who were getting off the freight to the steamer. Some blocks of ice were being taken ashore from the steamer, and in handling it, small fragments were broken off, and each time a piece or two of ice would fall off there would be a great scramble and a great tussle among the children to secure the fragments of ice, the successful ones scampering off, carrying the coveted morsel in their hands, the girls wrapping it in their skirts, each meanwhile trying to crowd a piece into his or her mouth, the capacity of the average mouth being but a trifle less than that of a port of the Adula.

Finally a boat came for the passengers, and the first lot, bag and baggage, babies, sugar cane and green cocoanuts were embarked. We watched the people, while one of the boatloads was getting away. One of the women carried a baby, and when she was safely stored away in the boat, she proceeded to open a green cocoanut. This done she held it to the baby's lips, and the little one sipped the refreshing nectar. She also fed the child with something from a cup, what, we could not determine. After the baby had sipped a little of the water from the cocoanut, the mother lifted the nut to her capacious mouth, and drank the rest. It is astonishing to see how adroitly the native women will cover the end of a cocoanut with their mouths, with never a leak as the contents gurgles down their throats.

Finally our turn came, and we descended into a boat "with the rest of the niggers," so to speak, and with the purser standing in the stern, we started away for the Adula. We were soon on deck, and went forward to make ourselves comfortable, but the most of the people



Photograph by the Author's Wife.

A RUINED AQUEDUCT.

were directed below, being "deckers," who pay only about one-third as much as first-class passengers.

The last of the freight was taken aboard, the last of the boats put off for shore, the anchor was hove up, and the Adula turned outward, and we were on our way to Port Antonio—steaming close along shore, with the beautiful mountains on one side, and the blue Caribbean stretching away on the other.

There was not a heavy sea, yet the disturbed condition of the weather the past two or three days caused a moderate swell. But the Adula has contracted a bad habit of pitching during her years of coasting around the island, and some of the passengers, both first-class and "deckers," were rather uncomfortable. As for us, if the voyage had been longer, I can't say what our condition would have been at the end.

But it was a welcome sound when the whistle of the Adula announced our approach to Port Antonio. Soon the light on Folly Point flashed across our bow, and the disagreeable motion of the steamer ceased. Just as we entered the harbor it began to rain—the inaugura-shower of the rainy season—a deluge of tepid water, impossible to realize unless one has sojourned in the tropic belt in the track of the trade winds. Meanwhile the steamer was working cautiously up to the wharf—and a short cessation of the rain brought a crowd to the scene; but in a few moments it began to pour again, causing all to scamper precipitately for shelter. Even after the steamer was made fast to the wharf, the rain continued to fall in such torrents that we could not go ashore for nearly half an hour, and we remained in the saloon for shelter, for the rain swept every nook and corner of the deck.

Finally, when the rain had nearly ceased, we took our small hand-baggage and started down the plank; but scarcely were we past the rail when the ever thoughtful kindness of the Boston Fruit Co., always anticipating every opportunity to add to our comfort and enjoyment—was again manifest; for a man met us half way down the plank, took our baggage and led us to a covered carriage, with two horses in charge of a driver that had been sent to await the arrival of the steamer to

take us to the house dry shod; and we were soon rattling along through the streets of Port Antonio, and up the hill to the Titchfield House, stowed away, comfortable and dry in a closed carriage. The streets were running rivers. We were soon at "home" again, receiving a warm welcome. Indeed, our whole sojourn in Jamaica had been one series of welcomes, of hospitality, of thoughtfulness and kindness. Nothing was forgotten, everything was anticipated that would add to our pleasure—and among the many pleasant memories that we retain of that visit, none will be so long and sincerely cherished as the kindness shown us while in Port Antonio.

CHAPTER XI.

Golden Vale Banana Plantation.—Coolie Laborers.—Cutting Bananas.—Fording the Rio Grande.—Women Washing in the River.—Guavas and Calabashes.—A Horseback Ride over a Precipitous Path.

EARLY one afternoon we started in a carriage for Golden Vale banana plantation, which lies just beyond the Rio Grande, about six miles from Port Antonio, occupying a rich alluvial tract which, in the old days formed a great sugar plantation. These old sugar estates are now occupied by some of the finest banana plantations on the island.

The road along the way was beautiful, and replete with much that was of great interest to us—and we stopped frequently to photograph some object, a native hut, a group of women, or a view which attracted us. A short distance from the Rio Grande, we reached the little hamlet of Fellowship, near which is located the banana plantation of the same name.

Our driver pulled up as a gentleman on horseback, his face browned by the tropical sun, reined up beside the carriage and lifted his hat. The gentleman was Mr. F. A. Rogers, in charge of the banana estates in the vicinity. He gave us a most cordial welcome, in a pleasant, easy manner, with that freedom of hospitality so characteristic of Southern people.

Mr. Rogers invited us to stop at his house on our return, and meet Mrs. Rogers, and with thanks we drove on toward Golden Vale. We reached the bank of the Rio Grande, which had to be forded, there being no bridge. How familiar it was to me—the swiftly flowing river, with high bluffs covered with palms and other tropical vegetation on one side, and the broad level plantation on the other, with the banana plants stretching away almost as far as we could see, while beautiful bamboos lined the opposite river-bank. We drove into the river, and although the water was not very high at this time, it came up to the hubs of the wheels. Reaching the other bank we soon turned into one of the plantation roads, and drove through avenue after avenue, each perfectly straight, with the graceful banana trees on either side. Here and there we saw coolies at work cutting the fruit, cultivating the plantation or digging up weeds between the rows. The coolie banana cutter is very expert at his work, and he has to be, for it requires long practice to cut a bunch of bananas properly and bring it to the ground without injury. The bunch of fruit as it hangs on the plant, is far above the reach of the cutter. The coolie passes around among the plants, selects a bunch of fruit which is perfectly filled out and fully developed. Then, with his machete he slashes the stem at about the height of his head, cutting it about half way through. The weight of the bunch of bananas at once causes the plant to bend down, and as it droops slowly downward, the coolie quickly catches hold of the stem which grows from the lower end of the bunch, at the same moment clipping the stem at the other end of the bunch from the plant with one blow of his machete. Quickly he clips off the great maroon-colored plummet at the lower end of the stem, and as the bunch at last touches the ground it is ready to be carted to the wharf, the whole operation of cutting being accomplished in a few seconds. Anyone who has ever tried to lift a good sized bunch of bananas with one hand can well understand that the operation of cutting requires a good deal of strength, to catch the bunch with one hand and lower it to the ground without injury to the fruit, for it does not do at all to bruise the bananas in the slightest degree.

The coolies are brought from India, with the understanding that they shall stay five years, then, if they wish, they are shipped back to India. Very few, it is said, care to return. They are paid 25 cents a day and their rations. Instead of using this money for comforts, for actual necessaries, it is all beaten into jewelry and worn by the women for safe keeping. Each company brings a native silversmith.

A typical coolie woman is artistically draped with what looks like a breadth of unbleached cheesecloth, one end arranged about the head, then gracefully twined over the shoulders and about the waist to hang down, shawl-like, partially to conceal the limbs, one corner falling at the side just below the left knee, and the open part crossing near the other knee. A streak of red paint adorns the parting of her straight, black hair, and a smooch of the paint is in the centre of her forehead. Her limbs are beautifully rounded, and her skin, somewhat darker than our darkest brunette, has a clear, polished appearance. She has delicate features, and is a very attractive spectacle, as she stands before us in her simple, graceful dress, silver jewelry hanging from the entire rim of each ear, a silver necklace and pendants of coins closely encircling her neck, another chain fitting more loosely, then another, and still another, until her whole chest is covered. Her arms are wound about with silver bracelets from wrist to shoulder, silver rings on every finger, her ankles bound with very heavy silver anklets, and silver rings again on every toe. Her tiny daughter stands by her side similarly clothed in cheesecloth and jewelry, and she is fairly bewitching, as she gracefully touched her forehead with her little hand and salaams to us inquisitive strangers.

The little boys wear their shining brown skins, with the addition of a very narrow strip of cheesecloth about the waist and between the legs. It is astonishing to see a coolie man deftly and swiftly bind a strip, yards long, of this cheese-cloth-like material in a turban around his head. The same cloth forms his short, loose trousers, not reaching to the knees, and resembling the little boys' narrow bandage widened out. A dark cloth roundabout jacket completes his costume.

The coolies, both men and women, are an undersized, gentle-looking

people, and are fond and proud of their children. They were far more attractive than the native negroes.

We continued our drive through the plantation until we reached the main avenue. Into this we turned. By the edge of the bananas, beside the road were rows of orange trees and of pineapple plants. Here we stopped to take a few photographs. Looking down the broad avenue of banana trees, toward the south, the mountains rose in all their majestic beauty, the sun shining upon the fleecy clouds that hovered above them until they shone like silver. We soon emerged from the plantation and drove toward the "great house," which stands upon a high hill overlooking the beautiful fertile valley. At the foot of the hill, beside a little stream which flows into the Rio Grande, stands a massive stone ruin, dating back to the palmy days of the Jamaica sugar kings. The once majestic structure is crumbling and decaying, and myriads of brilliant little green lizards scramble about over its vine-covered walls. Near the plantation mule sheds we left the carriage and were welcomed by Mr. Melvin, the "busha" or overseer of the plantation, and went with him up the hill toward the "great house." It is a lovely, ideal spot. The great house has large, airy rooms, and a wide balcony or verandah extends around it on a level with the upper rooms There Mr. Melvin escorted us, and while we sat upon the cool verandah and rested and cooled ourselves, we sipped cool lemonade—made from fresh lemons newly plucked from trees near by. Here, too, near the present "great house," stands a moss-covered crumbling stone ruin, once the "great house" of the Golden Vale sugar plantation. Around the home of our host many tropical trees and plants grew, and orange trees loaded with fruit—and immediately in front of the house was the greatest curiosity of all, a sago palm. Across the valley, on a hillside, were clustered the cabins of the coolie plantation laborers.

Taking a last look over the beautiful Rio Grande valley and the Golden Vale estate, we descended the hill to our carriage, and bidding good bye to our host, started to return to Fellowship—again fording the Rio Grande.

Below the fording place, a short distance, some black women were

washing clothes in the river. They stood scattered along the bank, and their method of washing is this: They dip the soapy clothes into the water, and then, laying them upon a smooth rock, they beat the clothes with a large thick wooden paddle, called a "beater." After the clothes are thoroughly cleansed, they spread them out upon the rock or bushes to dry. The women had their skirts caught up about their hips and their round, well shaped limbs, wet with the river water, shone like polished mahogany. They had with them quantities of yams, cocoa-nuts, plantains, bread and sugar cane, and while waiting for the clothes to dry, they built a fire and prepared their dinner.

We left the carriage and went down where the women were to photograph them. They seemed rather shy of the camera fearing, probably, that it would put a "bad spell" over them, and whenever I leveled the camera at them, they would move away. But one buxom young woman, more bold than the rest, showed some curiosity to examine the camera, so I showed her how to look into the ground-glass "finder," and see the tiny picture, and when she saw the other woman in the picture she laughed gleefully. Then she wanted the others to come and look into the camera. I asked this girl her name and for some time I could not understand it, but finally my wife made it out—"Miss Ann S'yer" (Sawyer). She was now anxious to have her "likeness" taken, and took her position by the river. She wanted me to take her picture while she had her beater uplifted. After I had taken a couple of views, Miss S'yer, whose dress was very low in the neck and correspondingly high at the bottom, apologized for her appearance, and when I assured her that I thought her a very pretty girl, she laughed and said:—'My gard, you brute"—and one of the others said—"wat'll Jack say?" Miss Ann S'yer then stepped up in front of me and said—"Ye wan' tak me wid ye?" and when I pointed to my wife said that I had one girl and didn't want another, she laughed.

On our way our driver pointed to a handsome tree near the road, a guava tree, well filled with fruit, and we gathered some which we ate as we drove along, finding them very refreshing. A short distance further along the road we came to a large calabash tree, loaded with

the huge, hard shelled, globular calabashes—so much used by the peasantry of the tropics for making domestic utensils, which is done simply by cutting the fruit, and removing the inside. One very large calabash lay upon the ground, and we took it into the carriage.

Arriving again at Fellowship, Mr. Rogers awaited us and together we went up a winding path, fringed with coleuses, azalias, crotons and many other beautiful plants that grow perfectly wild here, to the home of Mr. Rogers which stands at some distance upon the hillside. It is a perfect bower, a veritable nest, almost concealed from view before one reaches it, by trees and vines. Here we found a royal welcome awaiting us from Mrs. Rogers, and here we found a gracious hospitality which we shall never, never forget. Here in this beautiful abode we were made perfectly at home—and while we were gathered about the hospitable table, partaking of more of the luxuries of this tropical land than we had heretofore had the privilege of enjoying, the most acceptable among them being the delicate bread-fruit, we enjoyed the atmosphere of this lovely home, made so by the cordiality of Mr. Rogers and the hospitality and grace of Mrs. Rogers, and by the presence of their three beautiful children.

Calling a servant, Mr. Rogers soon had awaiting us four saddle horses, and Mr. Rogers, Miss Pearson, a charming young lady from Kingston, and myself and wife, started away for a horseback ride over the mountains overlooking the Rio Grande valley. Up the steep ascent the horses climbed, scrambling over obstacles and skirting steep places in a path where a Northern horse would have been frantic, to say nothing of being totally unable to travel there at all. Winding back and forth, steadily upward, we at length reached the highest point of the elevation, when we stopped our horses beneath a grove of trees, and feasted our eyes upon the lovely panorama before and below us, the silver thread of the Rio Grande winding through the centre of the picture, which was framed by the lofty mountain peaks. A cool breeze was blowing up the valley, and the few moments we stood there together I shall always remember as among the happiest of my life.

We started to return, and passing down the mountain we rode beneath

From an Original Photograph.

JAMAICA LABORER'S HUT.

some great trees, whose branches were laden with orchids. Rising in his saddle, Mr. Rogers gathered some of these wonderful air plants for us to take with us to America; and in two of the bunches of orchids were found two curious nests of some tropical bird, both of which I carried away to take home. At one place beside the road a great orange tree, its branches filled full of golden fruit, lay prostrate, having been blown down.

But all things pleasant come to an end, as well as the unpleasant. On our return we found that our driver had given our calabash to a native, who, during our absence, had cut it, toward one end, dividing it into two pieces. The shell had been cleaned, and the outside etched very skillfully in an artistic design, also the date of our visit, the only tool used being a knife. I gladly gave the artist a shilling, and we made ready to return to Port Antonio.

Mr. Rogers had his own buggy made ready.

In the meantime a group of coolie laborers had gathered about, and while we waited Mr. Rogers conversed with them in their native tongue, as they gathered curiously about to look at us. One of the women carried a baby, and such a baby! Of all the infants in the world the strangest is the coolie infant. In every way except in size it appears as old as its parents—and this tiny brown baby sat bolt upright, astride its mother's hip, clad only in a short shirt and cap and demurely gazed at us with its black eyes, its tiny face being hardly larger round than a common tea cup, and scarcely a smile could we entice to the sober little face.

The carriages ready, we started for Port Antonio, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and myself in one, and my wife, Miss Pearson and Mr. Rogers' son in the other. Over the white road we drove, every now and then passing groups of men and women, and groups of coolie laborers, mules and burros, returning from Port Antonio or from the day's labor. While still in the midst of these novel scenes along this tropical road, in the sweetness of the early evening we arrived at Port Antonio again, regretting that our sojourn in Jamaica was one day shorter.

CHAPTER XII.

Banana Plantations.—How the Fruit is Cultivated.—Cutting the Fruit.—Hauling to the Wharf.—Loading for Shipment.

IN Jamaica, only one variety of the banana is grown, and that is the yellow. The red bananas come almost wholly from Cuba, but they are not prolific, and therefore not profitable to grow.

Bananas, like any other fruit, are greatly improved by cultivation. For example—the finest bananas that come to this country, and those that bring the best prices, are from the Golden Grove and the Golden Vale plantations of Jamaica. Jamaica bananas are superior in quality and flavor to all others. The banana belongs to the lily family, and is a developed tropical lily, from which, after ages of development and growth, the seeds have been eliminated, and the fruit greatly expanded. The banana plant, being seedless, is propagated by suckers, requiring about eleven months for the plant to get its growth, and the fruit to mature. It is very prolific, and it is said that forty plants can be grown on one thousand square feet, which will bear 5000 pounds of fruit annually, and it is possible to grow as much as 175,000 pounds of bananas on a single acre of ground!

The banana plant has a soft stalk, is from ten to eighteen feet in height, spreading out at the top in a cluster of broad leaves, which are from 15 to 20 inches wide, eight or ten feet long, and of a bright green color. The older leaves, on account of their being constantly swayed

by the wind, usually split at intervals of two or three inches, from their edges to the mid-rib, thereby adding to their grace and beauty. Each plant bears only one bunch of fruit, which hangs with the "hands" curving upward, and at the lower end of the bunch, from a long green stem, hangs the blossom—a great heart-shaped maroon colored plummet, about the size of an ox's heart, and much the same shape.

We will suppose that a new plantation of bananas is to be started. The dense tropical growth of brush, trees and creepers is cut down, and when it is sufficiently dried, fire is set in several places on the windward side. A few hours of crackling flame, and the ground is covered with a pall of gray ashes and blackened trunks, which are collected and piled for later burning. The ground is then plowed and dug up, and banana sprouts or "suckers," looking like logs of wood, with a tiny sprout, are set in the rich soil. The suckers are dug either from cultivated plantations, or from where they have been growing wild, are from one to four feet long, and from two to five inches in diameter, and from the small end of each peeps a little bit of green. In eight or nine months after the planting, the plants will have their plumes, sheltering bunches of green fruit, which are ready to cut in two or three months thereafter.

On the plantations, bananas are planted fifteen feet apart each way, the rows crossing one another at right angles. Therefore, when the plants are fully grown their leaves just about meet, excluding nearly every ray of the bright tropical sun from the ground beneath; this arrests evaporation, and keeps the soil at just about the right degree of moisture. After the shoots are planted they require but very little attention until the fruit is ready for cutting; but during the first few months a cultivator is run between the rows to keep down the weeds, which grow very rapidly in the rich, hot soil.

A plantation requires to be replanted with new shoots about once in every five years, in order to maintain the highest quality of the fruit, as successive reproduction from the original plant deteriorates the quality of the fruit, and decreases the size of the bunches.

The fruit is cut when it is fully grown but still perfectly green.

When the cutting begins an expert goes over the estate, and he is responsible for the collecting of the fruit in good condition and size.

I have already described the cutting of the bunches. After they are cut they are laid carefully in carts, packed with plenty of "trash" or dry banana leaves, and grass, and drawn to the wharf where the steamer is waiting to receive its cargo. The arrivals and departures of the steamers are timed exactly, and there is little or no delay in loading the fruit.

All the forenoon, since early in the morning, if the steamer sails in the afternoon, and all the afternoon, if the steamer sails in the night, the plantation hands, with mules and carts, are bringing the bananas in from the plantations, and on the arrival of carts at the wharf, the bananas are unloaded and sorted according to the size of the bunches; "five hands," "seven hands," eight hands," etc., denoting the number of rows of bananas there are in each bunch. Very frequently the steamer loads at night. The great hull looms up by the side of the wharf, the latter being covered with blacks, both men and women. The interior of the banana sheds on the wharf is lighted by lanterns hung about, while the wharf is illuminated by the flaring light of gasoline burners; but in Port Antonio, the electric light is employed. The evening is cool, and the soft, tropical sky above blazes with myriads of stars. Standing about are the superintendents of the loading of the steamer. The people who pass along the bunches go to the bin designated by the superintendent, and each picks up a bunch of bananas, the men placing the bunches upon their shoulders, and the women carrying them upon their heads. Then they walk accross the wharf to the steamer, where the bunches are passed to others, who stow them away between decks. As the dusky file passes in the bunches, it continues around, retiring to the wharf for more, thus forming two continuously moving lines, going in opposite directions, one with bananas going to the ship, and the other retiring to the sheds. Usually the people keep up a monotonous singing, their song being peculiar to themselves and the effect, together with the strange and novel surroundings, is rather fascinating to the traveler.

LOADING BANANAS AT PORT ANTONIO.
From an Original Photograph.

Another thing worthy of notice is the "scoring," or counting of the bunches as they pass into the steamer. One stands by the port and counts the bunches as they go in, the other scoring upon a book at each five bunches. The man at the steamer's port counts in a curious sing-song way, like this: "Wan (one), two, an' tree, an' fo',tally-e-e-e," at which the other marks five bunches, the counting and scoring continuing until the steamer is loaded.

The day of our departure came, and reluctantly we made ready to embark on the steamship Barnstable.

Early that morning I went for a last walk, choosing to go to the summit of a high hill, which overlooks Port Antonio. On this hill there is an old ruined church, and surrounding the ruin is an old churchyard, with many graves and old headstones. Near this old church ruin I sat beneath a rubber tree, and enjoyed the lovely view below and around me. At my feet lay the village of Port Antonio, and beyond the little reef-bound and palm-fringed harbor. At the wharves all was activity, for several steamers were in port waiting to load. I had the camera with me, and after taking a picture of the harbor, I returned to the Titchfield House. Our effects were packed, and our collections stored for the long voyage. We bade good-bye to those who had been so kind to us, and waved back a last adieu as the carriage whirled us away to the wharf.

CHAPTER XIII.

Leaving Port Antonio.—Visit to Port Maria.—Along the Coast.—Port Morant and Morant Bay.—Loading the Steamer.—Novel Sights.—Homeward Bound.

NOTICING that the flags of the Barnstable were at half-mast, I found that one of the passengers, an elderly gentleman, had died during the passage out.

It was an animated scene at and in the vicinity of the wharf, as we made our final arrangements for embarking. The laborers were moving about this way and that, getting fruit and supplies on board the steamer; mule carts were coming in from the plantations with loads of bananas and returning for more; the people were shouting, talking and laughing; Those in charge were superintending the work. On such days, with so many people around the landing, enterprising black women set up little stands, where they have for sale bread, green cocoanuts, yams, plantains and bananas, which the laborers buy and eat as they work.

Finally, our personal effects were on board, and we followed them to the deck of the Barnstable. Soon the moorings were cast off, and then the steamer began to swing away from the wharf, and turned her prow outward. We stood by the pilot house and watched the receding shore, and the old fort where we had enjoyed so many pleasant strolls, and so on past Folly Point, and then we turned to the westward. Port

Antonio was soon hidden behind the island which forms one side of the harbor.

We were bound for Hope Bay, a few miles along the coast, for some oranges that were awaiting shipment. Just as the last ray of daylight faded away, we dropped anchor a little way off shore, at Hope Bay. Here we lay for several hours, during which we and our fellow passengers on the voyage gathered around the table in the saloon, at which Capt. Paine presided, which occasion was our first acquaintance with the pleasant, popular commander, of whom every passenger on the Barnstable carries away many pleasant memories.

As the last boat started for the shore, after having unloaded its oranges, the anchor was hove up, and the Barnstable turned east. When we arrived off Port Antonio, the steamer hove to, while the boats that had been taken from Port Antonio to assist in lightering the oranges to the steamer, were lowered. filled with laborers, who pulled into Port Antonio, while we went on, rounding Folly Point and turning southward for Port Morant and Morant Bay, at which port the steamer was to take her cargo of bananas and more oranges.

At seven o'clock, when I went on deck the next morning, I found that earlier in the morning we had put in at Port Morant, taken what bananas were ready, and then sailed for Morant Bay, still further along the coast. Soon we came to anchor at quite a distance from shore off Morant Bay, where we watched the interesting process of lightering the bananas from shore, the boats being piled high with fruit until the gunwales were only two or three inches above the water. The heavy boatloads are slowly sculled out to the steamer, made fast alongside, and passed into the hold through the open ports. For some distance from shore, and in the bay, the seawater was opaque, made so by the soil brought down by the rivers swollen by the recent heavy rains among the mountains.

Beyond, on the north of our anchorage, were the beautiful mountains of the island, the sun shining brightly upon the foliage of the palms, while the fleecy clouds floating over the land, cast many beautiful shadows over the landscape.

The last bunch aboard, the anchor was hove up, and the steamer turned toward Port Morant.

Just as the anchor of the "Barnstable" was being hove up, a cloud of black smoke was seen to the westward, and soon the Atlas coastal steamer "Adula" appeared coming along the coast from Kingston; and before the "Barnstable" got under way, she had passed us. But the "Barnstable," when once her wheel began to turn, quickly overhauled and passed the "Adula," and so far was she astern when we entered Port Morant that Captain Paine, of the "Barnstable," thought she had stopped her engines. But she was still moving, though not as rapidly as the "Barnstable."

At Port Morant the steamer could go up to the wharf, where there are extensive storage sheds and offices of the Boston Fruit Co., and here we remained the rest of the afternoon, while the native women were carrying the thousands of bunches of bananas from the sheds to the steamer. Mule-carts and great carts drawn by long-horned oxen, two or three pairs, the leaders, or first yoke, being led by a coolie who walked along ahead holding one end of a cord which was tied to the off ox of the forward yoke, the other pairs of oxen being driven by blacks who carried long goads, kept coming in from the plantations all the afternoon.

In and around the wharf and sheds the scene was novel and interesting, as well as an animated one. Groups of women and children were squatting at one side, with bread, fruits and vegetables for sale, and they were well patronized by the workers.

Two lines of women were constantly passing to and fro between the sheds and the steamer, one line at the after port, and one at the forward port—carrying the large fine bunches of fruit upon their heads, the moving lines coming to a stop as they neared the steamer's port, where each woman waited her turn to be relieved of her load. Two men, one on each side lifted the bunches from the women's heads, and, in the sheds, men were in attendance to lift the enormous bunches of bananas upon the heads of the women, for while they would walk lightly and rapidly, with figures perfectly erect with these heavy bunches upon

their heads, they were unable to either place the bunches there or remove them unassisted. And I have seen the same thing time and time again in Jamaica, where the native men and women would carry, without apparent effort, weights upon their heads that they could not even lift.

The women were talking and laughing merrily, and, as a group of them passed by where my wife and another lady passenger stood watching the loading of the steamer, one of the black women became unusually boisterous—whereupon another black woman, barefooted, bare-legged, bare-headed, and with the bodice of her dress a la decollette—very much so, reproved the noisy one by addressing her in this fashion—"Doan' mak loud n'ise fo' nice ladies." (Don't make a loud noise before the nice ladies).

While we were in Port Morant, a bark lay at anchor in the bay, just up from Demerara on the opposite South American shore. She was taking in logwood, which was being lightered out to her.

During the afternoon we went ashore and walked for some distance along the road by the sea. At Port Morant nothing can be seen beyond the immediate water-side—for the shore is bold and precipitous, and the entire face of the steep bluff is covered by a magnificent growth of cocoanut palms. For some distance we walked along, until we came to a small store where a variety of articles were kept, and which I entered to purchase something which I wished for the voyage. Thinking no doubt that I was not familiar with the money of the country he gave me the wrong change, not half as much as was due me—which I did not discover, but which my wife did after we had gone some little distance. Caring nothing for the few pence but not liking to be beaten in such a bare-faced manner, I went back and charged him with the deception, which he strenuously denied at first; but when he found that he could not deceive me further he gave me the correct change.

Finally, after it was fully dark, the fruit was on aboard, the laborers were taking their departure, some going along the road, and some packing themselves away in boats, laughing and talking, bound for the other side of the bay. Our lines were cast off, the steamer swung around,

and we, for the last time, began to leave the shores where we had enjoyed ourselves so much and seen so many wonderful things. Port Morant is rather difficult of entry, owing to the shoals and coral reefs, and ever since we left Port Antonio we had a skilled pilot aboard, Mr. Alford, by name, whom I had met on my previous visit to Jamaica.

A couple of men had been sent in a boat out to the buoy marking the channel. Mooring their boat to the buoy they displayed a light for the guidance of the Captain in working the steamer out of the bay.

The island soon faded in the darkness, and as the magnificent light on Morant Point flashed astern, we retired to our stateroom.

When we went on deck the next morning Jamaica was no longer in sight, and we were upon the blue Caribbean. It was a beautiful day, a perfect tropical day; after breakfast, we prepared to enjoy ourselves.

Early in the afternoon we sighted Cuba, and during the remainder of the day we steamed so close along the Cuban shore that we could plainly see even the blades of grass and the plumes of the pampas grass, while upon the hills we could see the palms and some buildings. The sea gently washed the honey-combed shore and into the dark caverns worn out by ceaseless action of the waves. The water was beautifully blue, and the bright sun shining upon this magnificent, superb, rich island, formed a picture never to be forgotten, and the air was soft and balmy.

The Windward Passage, through which we were now steaming, is one of the greatest and most important ocean highways on the globe. Connecting the Caribbean Sea with the Atlantic Ocean, through it lie the courses of the great traffic of steamships and vessels between all the ports of the United States and Canada to the ports of the northern coast of South America, those of the various West India Islands and Central America. Up and down the Windward Passage, in and out of the Caribbean, the tonnage of the Western Hemisphere flows its way. Usually a strong wind blows down through the Passage in a southeasterly direction, making it often a difficult, or, to say the least, a slow and tedious task for sailing vessels to beat up to Cape Maysi, Cuba, from whence they catch a fair wind which bears them on their northward courses.

A school of great porpoises were seen about the bows of the steamer. They must each have been eight or ten feet long and swam with their backs just under water, keeping pace with the ship, but without any motion of fins or tail that we could see. But they soon fell behind.

Late in the afternoon the lofty blue mountains of Hayti stood boldly up against the eastern horizon, and just before sunset we passed Cape Maysi, on the extreme northeast coast of Cuba, and as the light flashed from the tall tower, we passed the cape, rounded the last headland, off Yumuri, and passed from the Caribbean to the Bahama Sea.

What a beautiful evening, at sea in the tropics! The bright stars above, the phosphorescent sea around us, the water gurgling around the bows like liquid fire, and a wide path of golden light stretched along the surface of the sea far astern.

The air was soft, delicious and balmy, and we remained late on deck.

Little more remains to be told. Steadily the Barnstable plowed her course north, and one by one we repassed the islands of the Bahamas, experiencing beautiful weather and a smooth sea, for the most part, life on board being rendered in every way pleasant by the kindness and uniform pleasantness of Capt. Paine, with whom we hope some time to take another voyage, as does everybody who has voyaged with him once; and Mr. Butman, the popular second officer, who has sailed in many seas and visited many spots on the globe, was untiring in his efforts to make us comfortable and our voyage pleasant.

The last night of the voyage was one of beautiful moonlight, with a chill in the air denoting that we were leaving the Gulf Stream, that we were no longer in the tropics—but in the North. Yet it was not uncomfortably cold. We would sight the light ship on Nantucket Shoals about 11 o'clock, the Captain said, but we did not wait for it.

The next morning, when we came on deck, we were in Massachusetts Bay, the pilot was aboard, and we were passing the familiar landmarks of the South Shore, the harbor islands and the lights; and fishermen, steamers and tugs—and ere long we were lying in the dock, and our voyage was at an end.

APPENDIX.

ONE of the first things concerning which the prospective visitor to a tropical country wishes information is the climate. Like all tropical regions, the climate of Jamaica is divided into two seasons, the Wet and Dry; but owing to its very mountainous physical aspect, even during the rainy season the climate is such as to cause no inconvenience worth taking into consideration.

The Dry season commences about the middle of November and continues until May, during which time the days are bright, dry and clear, with clear skies. The temperature averages about 80°; while at sea the warmth is tempered by the trade winds which blow from the northeast. On shore, the delicious, soft land breeze blows at night and the sea breeze by day. This free circulation of dry, pure air and the rich and abundant sunlight renders the climate during this season both exhilarating and salubrious, while the variations in temperature are slight.

Historical.—Xaymaca, as the island was aboriginally known, is situated in the Caribbean Sea, about ninety miles to the South of Cuba, within 17° 43′—18° 32′ N. lat. and 76° 11′—78° 21′ W. long. It is the "fairest gem in England's Crown," is 144 miles in length and 49 in extreme breadth, containing an area of 4,193 square miles and a population of about 600,000.

The coast line is about 500 miles long and presents numerous indentations which form many snug harbors. Port Antonio has a picturesque entrance and lighthouse; Dry Harbour a wonderful cave, an old-time resort of the pirates; Falmouth is guarded by reefs. At Port Maria, the water is as clear as crystal, forty feet appearing as three or four. There are also many other attractive ports. The island is intersected by splendid roads—wide macadamized thoroughfares, connecting every village and town.

The chief articles of export from Jamaica are bananas, oranges, limes, sugar, rum, coffee, fruit, pimento, dye and other woods.

Kingston and Port Royal.—Kingston is the principal town of Jamaica, and the Seat of Government and residence of the Governor,—Spanish Town, being the capital until 1872. It is situated at the foot of the mountains, on the Liguanea Plains at the head of the harbor formed by the arm of the Palisados, at the outer end of which is Port Royal. Its streets are good, well lighted, electric lights being in use. It has a good street car service and in the stores anything can be purchased.

Port Royal is situated at the extreme end of a narrow neck of land, facing the entire front of the harbor of Kingston and acting as a natural breakwater—is as it were the entrance gate to that harbor. Port Royal was, prior to the great earthquake, the finest town in the West Indies and at that time the richest spot in the universe. It was the headquarters of the buccaneers and the mart of their ill-gotten wealth. At half-past eleven o'clock on the morning of the 17th of June, 1692, the town was shaken by a tremendous earthquake when the streets with their inhabitants were swallowed up by the opening of the earth. The ruins of old Port Royal, it is said, are even yet visible in clear weather from the surface of the waters under which they lie. The town was rebuilt after the earthquake, but today it is interesting chiefly on account of the thrilling history of its ancient predecessor. Since the earthquake it has twice been laid low by fire. It is an important British naval station, has a dock yard, and contains the official residence of the Commandant and staff. Port Royal with Rocky Point, Apostles Battery and Fort Augusta, constitutes the harbor defences of Jamaica.

Jamaica was discovered in May, 1494, by Columbus on his second trip to the new world, who called it St. Jago. It remained a Spanish possession for 161 years, when in 1655 a British expedition sent out by Oliver Cromwell under Admirals Penn and Venables attacked the island, and in 1670 it was formally ceded to England by the Treaty of Madrid. From the sea-level on all sides of Jamaica a series of ridges gradually ascend towards the central ranges from which they radiate, dividing the larger rivers and attaining, in the culminating western peak of the Blue Mountains, an elevation of 7,335 feet. From these mountains many streams descend to the north and south shores.

The country is abundantly watered. Every valley has its rivulet and every hill its cascade. The lovely Blue Mountains form the eastern part of a range which runs across the island very nearly from west to

east, and overshadow Kingston and present a grand and picturesque background to the city; the gorgeous tints and lovely play of colors on these mountains, so close to the city, and the everchanging cloud effects, are excelled in no other part of the world.

Native Products, Fruits, Etc.—The delicious products and fruits of the tropics are procurable in plenty. The following will give a good idea of the great variety and the cost:—

Goat's Flesh, 9d. per lb.
Turtle, 6d. per lb.
Fish, 6d. per lb.
Pine Apple, 4s to 6s per doz.
Granadilla, 3d. to 6d. each.
Custard Apple, 1s per doz.
Cherrimoyer, 1s per doz.
Dry Cocoanuts, 1s per doz.
Bread-fruit, 1s per doz.
Sugar Canes, 1s per bun. of 16 or 20, 3ft. long.
Sweetsop, 6d. per doz.
Naseberry, 6d. per doz.
Mangoes, 3d. per doz.
Star Apple, 6d. per doz.
Tangerine Oranges, 6d. per doz.
Avocado Pears, 1s per doz.
Cashew, 1½ d. per doz.
Shaddock, 2s per doz.
Papaw, 3d. each.
Ripe Bananas, 3d. per doz.
Wanglow, 6d per quart.
Ginger, "a heap," weighing 1 lb., 1½ d.
Guava, 1d. per doz.
Limes, 1½d. per doz.
Sweet Cup, 1½d. a heap.
Locust, 1½d. a heap.
Sweet Lemon, 3d. per doz.
Forbidden-fruit, 6d. per doz.
Prickly Pears, 3d. per doz.
Rose Apples, 1½d. per doz.
Pigeons, 1s 6d a pair.
Chocho, 6d. per doz.
Garden Eggs, 9d. or 1s per doz.
Ackee, 1½d. to 3d. per doz.
Yellow Yam, 6s to 13s per cwt.
White Yam, 7s to 15s per cwt.
Cocoa, 8s to 10s per cwt.
Plantains, 4s 6d to 6s per hundred.
Ockra and Peppers are sold in bundles or by heaps.
Congo Peas, 6d. per quart.
Groundnuts, 3d. per quart.
Annatto, 4½d. per quart.
Coffee, 1s per quart.
Kola Nuts, 4½d. per doz.

Mineral Springs.—The island abounds in mineral and hot springs. Chief among these are the sulphurous sodic-calcic thermal, at the village of Bath; a saline calcic thermal, at Milk River, in Vere; a cold saline calcic, at Port Henderson, near Kingston; a strong chloro-calcic, in St. Ann's; and an acidulous ferro-aluminous, in the mountains of St. Andrew. The bath of St. Thomas the Apostle, is situated near the village of Bath, in the parish of St. Thomas. These, some cold and some hot run across the road beyond the bath into the Sulphur River below. Into these baths the water from the hot springs is led by means

of a stone gutter, the hottest water coming from the spring at a temperature of 132° Fahr.

The Jamaica Railway.—(See page 29.)

Tram Cars and Cabs.—In Kingston, there are lines of tram-cars, the principal fares being: to Halfway-Tree, 6d. by tickets or 9d. in money; to Constant Spring, 1s. in tickets or 1s. 6d. in money, return tickets 1s. 6d. each. On each of the other lines the fare is 2d. by tickets or 3d. in money.

In Kingston, there are numerous livery stables. The general practice is for long distances and where the hirer has the use of the buggy and horses for a longer period than one week, to charge at the rate of £1 a day. One can arrange, before starting on his journey, either that the livery stable keeper shall include the cost of feeding the driver and horses in the charge for hire, or that he himself shall pay them as he goes along. The rate paid for the driver's food is usually 1s. 6d. a day, and the cost of feeding the horses varies according to the current prices of corn and grass in the district visited. The cab service in the city of Kingston is regulated by law and the traveller should post himself on this point on arrival. Plenty of carriages can be hired in all the towns and large villages on the island.

Hotels.—The Constant Spring Hotel is situated about six miles from the city of Kingston, nearly 600 feet above the level of the sea, on the northern edge of the savanna known as the Ligueanea Plain, which lies between the sea and the foot of the Blue Mountains. The rates range from $3 a day, $18 per week, upward.

The Myrtle Bank Hotel is situated on Harbor street in Kingston. It is modern and comfortable. The rates are about $3 per day, or $18 per week.

Park Lodge Hotel. (See page 54.)

Castleton Cottages, near Castleton Gardens. This charming retreat is easy of access, either from Kingston or from the ports on the north coast. Here the sojourner will experience all the glories of an elevated tropical region, amid the palm covered mountains of the Torrid Zone, a medium temperature, pure, perfect air and perfect rest. The rates are moderate and the best of everything desired is given in return.

Good lodging and boarding houses may be found in every little village, town or hamlet, whether on the coast or in the interior. (See page 20.)

Suggestions for Trips.—From Port Antonio the coastwise service of the Boston Fruit Co.'s steamers enable the traveler to pleasantly and easily reach the numerous little out-ports, from which excursions into

the interior can be made, or carriages may be engaged and the drive taken around the island. From Port Antonio the road affords one of the most lovely drives in the island. The road from here to Annotto Bay crosses the beautiful Rio Grande, and passes through the villages of Hope Bay and Buff Bay, skirting the sea for most of the way. The distant mountain scenery is very beautiful.

From Annotto Bay, the road leads to Port Maria. From Port Maria the road continues through the parish of St. Mary to White River, the falls of which are very beautiful. The main road continues through the parish of St. Ann, along the seaside to the village of Ocho Rios. Lovely scenery is seen in the parish of St. Ann, and the Roaring River Falls, four miles east, are a grand sight.

The town of St. Ann's Bay is situated on rising ground. A trip through the parish of St. Ann will be found extremely enjoyable. The traveler may go from St. Ann's Bay by stage or buggy to Moneague and to the top of Mount Diablo, where, early in the morning, he will witness one of the most extraordinary sights in Jamaica, the conversion of the district of St. Thomas-in-ye-Vale, which lies at the foot of the hill on the other side, into a lake of fog, which any stranger might take for water. From here the Ewarton railway station is only five miles distant, from whence the trip is easily made by railway to Kingston.

Should the traveler prefer to continue around the coast, he can do so from St. Ann's Bay, where, instead of taking the road to Moneague, he will follow the coast road which passes through the villages of Runaway Bay and Dry Harbor and crosses the Rio Bueno by a fine bridge. Two miles to the eastward of Dry Harbor, a very remarkable cave is situated near the southern side of the road. The cave is very extensive, having never been fully explored. The road from Rio Bueno continues westward through some fine sugar estates to the town of Falmouth. Montego Bay, the chief town of the parish of St. James, is very prettily situated and has a fine harbor. From there the railway takes one to Kingston, passing en route, through one of the most beautiful regions in the world, replete with wonders almost innumerable.

If possible, the tourist should not fail while in Kingston, to visit Manderville, by taking the railway to Porus, from which a buggy can be hired to take him to Manderville.

Taking one of the Bostan Fruit Co's steamers from Port Antonio to Port Morant, the fertile Plantain Garden River Estates will be seen, where are produced the finest bananas grown in the world—while the beautiful Cuna-Cuna and John Crow mountains loom up in the background.

Appendix.

Bell Time On Ship-board.

The day at sea commences at noon instead of at midnight, as on shore.

The same bells are for A. M. as for P. M.—that is, the first bell of the nautical day, which is "One Bell," strikes at 12.30 P. M., and thereafter every half hour to four o'clock P. M. which is "Eight Bells," then "One Bell" again, and so on to eight o'clock P. M. which is eight bells; then at 8.30 o'clock, "One Bell," and soon to midnight, which is "Eight Bells."

1 Bell,	12.30	4.30	8.30
2 Bells,	1.00	5.00	9.00
3 "	1.30	5.30	9.30
4 "	2.00	6.00	10.00
5 "	2.30	6.30	10.30
6 "	3.00	7.00	11.00
7 "	3.30	7.30	11.30
8 "	4.00	8.00	12.00

Money Current in Jamaica.

The money current in Jamaica includes British gold and silver of all denominations, the money account of Jamaica being pounds, shillings and pence, sterling. The only paper currency of the island consists of notes of the Colonial Bank. Jamaica has nickle coins of its own, consisting of Penny, Halfpenny and Farthing. The following table showing the value of money current in Jamaica will be of assistance:

*One Pound note,	$4.86½
Half Crown, 2s, 6d	.60
Florin, 2s	.48
Shilling	.24
Sixpence	.12
Threepence	.06
Penny	.02
Halfpence	.01
Farthing	½c

*Nominally, $5

In the vulgar parlance of people of the island, a "Bob" is one shilling, and a "quattie" is a penny and a half penny.

United States gold coins are perfectly current throughout the island.

The traveler may take United States gold—or, what is better, a letter of credit or a sight draft which may be procured of the steamship company on whose line he travels.