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THE CRUISE OF THE PORT KINGSTON

Photo. Cowan

THE CRUISE OF THE PORT KINGSTON

BY

W. RALPH HALL CAINE

LONDON
COLLIER & CO.
2 TUDOR STREET, E.C.
1908

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PREFACE

The pages of this book are divided into four definite sections. Those sections deal with history, commerce, religion, and the social relations.

Our Cruise had Kingston for its ultimate point. Jamaica, therefore, is the chief concern of my narrative.

There have been many books about the West Indies. Taken together they represent a library of considerable size. Jamaica figures largely in all. Some of the books I have read with care, at most I have at all events glanced, and all, or nearly so, I have found worthy of attention, every writer garnering some sheaves worthy of a place in the storehouse of our accumulated information.

I have not, however, chanced upon one in the whole group, telling the plain tale of life as it is, as it was presented to my own wondering eyes, as it was presented to me through the eyes of those who have made in the West Indies a life-long residence, and whose knowledge is as deep and profound as is their affection for the home of their birth or adoption.

In some of the books which I critically examined, with a view of discovering if I had anything to say that had not been said a thousand times already, I remarked with some measure of astonishment how one book had been written out of others, how an accidental error in one is put forward as an historic fact to the generation next succeeding.

PREFACE

The contribution of £100,000 when Napoleon threatened our peace is shown to be £1,000,000, and the so-called "Rebellion" of 1865 is occasionally dealt with in a way that would suggest that no authority but a British Government yielding to popular clamour would have hesitated to reinstate Mr. Eyre in the office of Governor. Public memory must be indeed short when the findings of a Court of Inquiry of unimpeachable integrity can be so readily obscured.

Of a more recent episode in Jamaican history it so chanced that I should have some direct and personal knowledge. Once more was a British Government accused of yielding to popular clamour, as expressed this time in journals like the *Times* and *Daily Telegraph*, who spoke in their leading columns with an earnestness, force, and dignity befitting the urgency of the occasion. Yet critics were not wanting ready to charge the Imperial authority with the crime of tendering an apology where one should have been exacted.

Beyond the cable I had occasion to send from Kingston shortly after the earthquake, I have taken no part in the public discussions that have fitfully taken place round the details of the international episode alluded to. If I have yielded to the temptation now of setting down the facts as I understood them on the spot, and at the time, and in personal contact with certain of the chief figures in the historic incident as it was then in process of formation, I have done so with no other object than that of once and for all clearing from the public mind (so far as lies within my power) any suspicion of wrong or misconception.

Thus much I have felt to be my plain duty as between man and man, nation and nation. Yet I would not urge any mere excuse of that kind, laudable as it might be made to appear. More than half the unhappiness of the world is due to acts prompted by a mistaken sense of duty, and few of us in the long run fail to realise that elementary fragment of wisdom. I have tried therefore, deeply and profoundly as my sympathies were touched at the time, to blot out of my narrative any unnecessary or acrimonious word. It is no part of my purpose to give pain. It is no part of my purpose to colour or extenuate any wrong.

History is the lesson of experience, the gift of prophecy. My book begins with history and ends with history. It begins with history because in that way alone can we get at the heart of things and understand the religious and spirit life of the native, untrammelled by any prior prejudices of our own. Kingsley, I remember, was deeply interested in the subject. But his robust faith admitted of no serious effort to appreciate the exact quality of the barbaric rites he was privileged on one occasion at least to be a witness of, and it is not remarkable that in that one instance he should have lapsed into confusion and error.

Obeahism and Voodooism were to Kingsley so much chaotic jumble. The time, however, has long since gone when we can afford to pass over all these manifestations of belief in single, double, or black magic and serpent-worship as unworthy of attention and careful examination. Behind all these rites we have the deep well-springs of human emotions, a craving on the part of mere mortals to realise spirit life, to influence or control the terrifying powers of darkness. With these traits, hopeful in their main essence as I claim them all to be, we must assuredly lay our account in our self-appointed task of up-lifting the negro race.

I do not consider, therefore, any time misspent that has been devoted to the effort of understanding the dark influences that lurk behind the negro's mental vision, to understanding what serpent worship really is among the transplanted people of the West Indies, what are its rites, what is its purpose, what is the kind of god, if any, they would thus propitiate.

In this way alone are we enabled to appreciate the attitude of mind of that part of the negro family which, while accepting Christianity with a gladsome heart and every evidence of sincere conviction, still retains beliefs that link it at one step to the wild, untamed, sacrificial orgies of the West African forest.

The legends and traditions of the negro race are so full of coincidences as to show that certain of our most common superstitions had with theirs a common ancestry. But, however that may be, they help us too to realise the curious and indeed remarkable social relations that prevail at this hour. Problems of race, tradition, and religion have sprung up in bewildering profusion, until now one-fourth of the entire population of Jamaica may be classed as "coloured" as distinct from "black." This is one of the most saddening features of all West Indian life. It represents an offence to our own race, a wrong to the other, a pain to-day, and an ugly foreboding.

In England itself there is an appalling lack of intelligence rather than refined feeling on the subject. We are content to receive the negro in our universities, our medical schools, and inns of court. There he imbibes the worst of all possible lessons—a contempt for his own people. By a not unnatural process of educational evolution it becomes his ambition to marry an English girl, and, worse luck! he of lighter tinge usually succeeds in his purpose. The overwhelming sorrow of these ill-assorted unions, the bitter, burning tears of the English girl in her social isolation and physical abasement, the unhappy legacy of such unions to succeeding generations, are sometimes passed over with a shrug of the shoulders and the remark, "One of the prices of empire, I suppose." There the question is allowed to rest.

But these pages will not have been written in vain if in centres like London, Bristol, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, where "black" and "coloured" students of law and medicine most do congregate, I have succeeded in producing a clearer apprehension of physical facts as they are, a healthier aversion to degrading taint, and yet at the same time, in all charity let me add, a truer and more proper pride on the part of the negro himself in his own history and blood and service to the world, a higher appreciation of the ancestry of his own race, with its immemorial instincts, at once gentle, generous, and sincere.

From the moving episodes described in the latter part of my narrative a year now separates us. A paternal Government has made a grant and offered a liberal loan. A grant is easily distributed, but the loan could only be advanced to those provided with guarantees as to security. Few there be, alas! in Kingston to-day, who can meet this imperative condition.

Meanwhile the city lies in ruins, very much as we left it. The warfare with the insurance companies goes on apace. A local corporation settled its claims on a 30 per cent. basis, but the English companies, on the strength of the plain words of their policies, which relieved them from all liability from fire caused by earthquake, have resisted all compromise.

PREFACE

In the trials which have resulted in Jamaica, juries have found on evidence that fire preceded the earthquake. In that event it would seem that the companies are liable wherever the earthquake left a structure in an insurable state before it was reached by the flames. Questions of fact and questions of law arise in such a multiplicity of detail as to keep the lawyers busy for many a day. I believe the issue will be subjected to a further test, on appeal, or, in the alternative, on a fresh trial, if, as I have half a suspicion, a question of fact is not open to appeal to the law courts at home. May justice be done.

My final word is that Kingston is not Jamaica, and that no visitor from England or America need hesitate to pack up his traps and make off straightway to this land of luxurious warmth and tempering breezes. I speak with an affection born of a kindly remembrance when I add that a generous welcome awaits all who come among the people of Jamaica—white, black, or coloured—with love and charity in their hearts, willing to be entertained and amused, and ready to glow with admiration and appreciation over scenery of unrivalled tropical beauty and sport which, in certain of its features at all events, cannot be excelled in the whole of the wide world.

W. R. H. C.

December 20, 1907

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I

CROSSING THE OCEAN

A GROUP of business men, merchants, brokers, cotton-spinners, capitalists, and planters, present and prospective, not to mention certain members of both Houses of Parliament, and others who might assist the object in view, among whom I count, happily and appropriately, a number of ladies, recently formed an expedition to Jamaica. Of this group I was a member.

Sir Alfred Jones, K.C.M.G., prince among entertainers, was our host, and in starting on the trip he promised his guests a voyage that would be unique, inasmuch as it would prove of national, commercial, and historic importance. The prophecy, so entirely characteristic of the man in its spirit of enterprise and singleness of purpose, was destined to be strangely realised, though hardly in the way he expected. Historic it probably will be in the annals of Jamaica; certainly nothing will ever efface the experience from our memories.

To me this narrative seems to begin, as it began with many of us, in London. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, midwinter, and dark. The teacups had only just disappeared from the table. From outside came the muffled sounds of traffic labouring along thoroughfares rendered almost impassable by Father Christmas's too lavish gift of snow. The air was keen and frosty, making the fire round which we gathered doubly welcome for its warmth as well as its good cheer.

For the journey to Paddington a whole hour as an extra allowance for the state of the roads was not any too much. In crossing the bridge spanning the Serpentine, I could see dimly, through the coating of snow on the window-pane, the dull sheet of ice lying on the placid surface of the water below. Dropping the window for an instant to take in yet again that striking view from the bridge eastward, with its picturesque glimpse of Westminster, one of the proudest and best in all London, I remember how I comforted myself, in the sharp and searching nip of the frosty air, with the cheering prospect of other lands where cold is not, and snow and ice something read about in books but never seen. It was a satisfying touch of contrast, and provided me with no small measure of consolation for the joy of the blazing fire I had, almost hesitatingly, relinquished.

Paddington reached at last, I soon saw great heaps of luggage all embellished with the same blue labels with white lettering: "State Room" and "Hold."

It is always a little curious to look at people for the first time with the knowledge that you are destined to see a good deal of them later, and possibly to know certain of them almost quite well. Then every one's behaviour is so distinct! Some people take their places in the "Avonmouth and West Indies Special" with no more apparent concern than they would if they were leaving the train at Westbourne Park, the next station, though we all know that much may happen in 10,000 miles travel by land and sea, and that it is almost inevitable that some voyagers will never see England again. A great group of friends come to see some passengers off; "friends" they all call themselves, as they noisily, almost boisterously, say their farewells, but I wonder if the compartment next beyond, in which I note the pallid face of a young girl who is making a sea voyage as a health trip, has not sounded a richer and truer note of friendship! One old man, who is evidently her father—I judge it by a certain tender authority in his manner—and one young man, who is evidently a very, very dear friend—I judge that by the rather nervous hesitancy in which he produced some fresh red roses from a delicately pinned-up white paper parcel—these alone come to see her off.

Then there are men who seem, by some indefinable distinction, to have been born travelling; others who seem to have been born tired, so weary are they of the journey before it has begun, and so convinced are they that they will be bored to death before it is over. Others have the eyes of the traveller proper, eyes and ears for everything. Life is to them one prolonged voyage of discovery; and armed with gun-case, fishing-rod, camera, and marine glass, they start on this trip with as keen a relish as they started on their first—and keener, because experience means knowledge, and knowledge means intelligent enjoyment.

And, lastly, there are many girls as well as boys who are now returning to the West Indies after going through a whole school course in England, learning English ways and English speech—and with these, perhaps, insular littlenesses as well as world-wide breadth of vision, by which I mean a power to see good everywhere and to forget what is ungenerous and unkind.

The train had barely started before an attendant came round with an immense box of chocolate, from which, "with Sir Alfred Jones's compliments," I was permitted to help myself. Then came tempting grapes and other fruits from the same fount of many blessings, and I concluded I must be in luck's way—if I could only keep warm. Alas! I was miserably cold, and all the rugs and foot-warmers in the world were imperfect consolation. Then, welcome voice, "Dinner is served."

But, woe is me! shall I ever forget the freezing cold of the dining saloon that night! I am sure the dinner would have been quite good if I could but have remained to eat it. I had a warm overcoat, and a rug over my knees, but the draught along the floor was like a breath from an ice-house. In vain I appealed to the attendants. Something had gone wrong with the works; so, while I hoped my limbs would still bear me up, I decamped to my compartment, which now felt tropical by comparison.

Wonderingly I screwed myself into a corner. How do we manage to make our "steamer trains" so woefully uncomfortable?

But the chilling process has its compensations. And the reader may imagine how grateful we were to draw alongside our great white ship, the *Port Kingston*, in the Avonmouth docks, and see all the bright lights and cheery faces of those who had come down earlier or by some other route than that of the Great Western "special." I felt so hungry, and they all looked so feloniously well fed!

An army of stewards was available to seize our luggage, and in a trice I was established, with all my belongings, in my cabin. I had met and had answered all the kindly inquiries of my host, and had made the acquaintance of my "stable companion," Dr. Neville Williams, champion of Harrogate as a health resort, who was making the trip with his daughter, whose beautiful complexion and fresh colour were a better advertisement than the Yorkshire health resort could ever design.

The hour was already late, and soon most passengers were in their berths and asleep, leaving master and officers to fume over the delinquencies of laggard members of the crew. At Barry, however, we picked up the remaining complement of hands for the stokehold. Then the *Port Kingston* stood out for the sea; and though I had not the excuse of being ill, I deemed it prudent to remain in my cabin for the first day, there to enjoy the rest that is always found on shipboard from "a world that is too much with us," the luxury of the warmth, and a diet at once appetising and generous.

We were ploughing through the sea at great speed—greater speed than all of us appreciated. By touching, however, at Barbados *en route* for Jamaica, instead of proceeding *via* Turk's Island direct, we had some 1100 miles more to traverse, without any corresponding allowance in time. Some one said—perhaps it was the barber—the barber's shop is always an emporium of knick-knacks and information as to the navigation of the ship—that the captain wanted "time in hand for contingencies and was pushing her." Rumour has many voices on shipboard. As we gained on our track, however, we slackened speed from day to day, until our progress became as leisurely as any idle yachting cruise to anywhere or nowhere.

Bristol was not left behind more than a day or two when all the passengers began to appear on deck and exchange friendly greeting. Adversity makes strange bedfellows, says the old adage. The sea must be a first cousin. It brings out the companionable qualities of every one, making of every man a brother, but, rather curiously, not of every woman a sister exactly—a sister-in-law, perhaps, for a real brother.

I noted with interest and pleasure that those passengers with children are known to all at once, the children being the unconscious means of breaking down social barriers and making people speak who never spoke before. That reminds me.

A sweet little girl with whom I was on excellent terms the second or third day out tumbled into a big deck-chair near me, and, after silently contemplating the boundless sea, said:

"Who looks after all this water when we are not here?"

I was quite puzzled: I had not considered the sea in that light. So I simply replied: "I really can't imagine. Do you think it must be lonely?"

"Horribly," she said; and she gave such a shiver that in sheer sympathy I felt oceans of cold water pouring down my back.

"No ships, no people, no islands even, or big caves to play about in!" she said pityingly.

"Must be dull," I thought.

"Horribly, beastly dull!" she said with emphasis, and began her book afresh.

As the hours passed on, however, I felt her eyes were again on the sea, and that she, like the waves, or the mermaids gambolling in their midst, or the old red-faced, grey-bearded father who lives in the sea, was having a "beastly dull" time of it.

"Like your book?" I asked at last, as I saw she was skipping pages, trying to find an interesting place to begin afresh.

"No, it is horribly, beastly, stupidly dull!" she said, and she promptly shut it up with a bang.

That bang startled me. It was so emphatic.

"Can't you tell me of a good book?" she said. "Mother says you can."

I felt flattered, and said I had noted in the ship's library several she might very well read. Among all the names I gave her, she thought she would like best "A Prisoner of Zenda," particularly if there was "some killing" in it, or "A Gentleman of France," if he were really a hero and in love with a beautiful princess in a dungeon!

Now she has one of them from the library steward, and has no eyes for me or for any one, and only looks up from her enthralling pages when the ice or the fruit comes round, or when some youngster with particular insistence secures her for a deck game of which she has already a proud contempt.

And so, a little jealous of any one named Hope or Weyman, I relapse into one of my books on the West Indies, or to a survey of our fellow-passengers as they pass and repass our chairs on their perambulations round the ship.

II

GUESTS AND FELLOW-PASSENGERS

This narrative would not be complete if it did not record something of my fellow-voyagers, or such of them as I chance to know. Sir Alfred Jones, our host, is the same prince of good fellows I have known since a boy; and though he is still a bachelor, grey hairs are more numerous now than black threads. He is beloved by all—by the men for his ceaseless energy, concentration, and business ideals, by the women for his generous instincts and chivalrous bearing, and by the children for the ceaseless flow of good things he drops into their laps, or the books and great boxes of chocolate they find on their plates at table.

"Some nice woman has missed a good husband in Alfred Jones," said a lady to me one day rather confidingly, and she spoke as one who would have married him herself, if her husband and the law would have allowed.

But a sweeter tribute came one day from my little chum in short petticoats. I found her munching a more than fairly large mouthful of chocolate, and looking very intently on the sea far away.

"Are you thinking of the lonely mermaids?" I began.

"No," she replied decisively, "I have given them up."

She spoke as a grown woman does of another who has lapsed badly and been found out. Perhaps the mermaids had been "carrying on" with Father Neptune.

"Then the flying-fish?" I suggested. Every moment they were hastening from our path through the sea.

"No."

"I know. You are thinking how you can gollop up all that chocolate without being ill or missing your luncheon?"

"No, indeed. I really don't like chocolate at all, and I only eat it for the sake of the sweet feeling as it slips down," she said reflectively. Then, with a winsome laugh, she went on, "I do wish one could stretch out one's neck a bit—a short one for nasty medicine and a long one for chocolate."

"Was that what you were thinking?"

"Of course not."

"Well, then, a penny for your thoughts," I said.

"I was thinking of a conundrum. 'Why is King Alfred like a woman?'"

I supposed "King Alfred" was a new name for Sir Alfred—"King of the Jammies" (her pet name for Jamaicans), she explained.

"I can't imagine the smallest likeness," I said at last.

"But think."

"Can't think any more on this voyage; it's too warm," I said despairingly.

"Why, because he loves being loved." She was bubbling over, as she spoke, with grown-up roguish merriment.

"Good!" I said; "but your mother told you that, or you got it out of a book?"

"No, indeed! I have been half an hour making it up, and eating chocolate all the time to help me to think."

As I fell a-dreaming I remember thinking, "Some 'nice' young man will have a troubled time before he makes captive the heart of my young, fair, and beautiful charmer."

Then I must mention Lord Dudley, who has been Viceroy of Ireland. All fair-minded men esteem him because he has views above all party differences and little bitternesses. Lady Dudley is a clever woman of a clever family. Kind and considerate, she has lightened the tedium of ocean travel by playing the piano in the music saloon occasionally. One of the officers who has a good voice is indebted to her for many useful helps in his singing, while we owe both our thanks.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, M.P., has written school books for children and a kind of school book for the Army—or rather for those who are supposed to direct or control the Army. He is not like the man whom you would think of as a writer for children, not a Lewis Carroll, big child himself, ready for a romp and a tale beginning "There was a merchant of Bagdad," and all the rest of it. He is a man of intellect, as distinct from a man of mere charm or glow of simple, lovable human nature. Yet while the world admires brains, it is won by charm. All the "charming" women are happy brides; all the "clever" women are reading problem novels in lonely garrets—"So much," that most dreadful of all creatures, the cynical woman, will say, "for men's brains!"

Two men of influence are Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., and Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P. Mr. Henniker Heaton is a big man and heavy, and not unlike a very clever man, a modern prophet to whom I used to listen with profound attention years ago—Sir Oliver Lodge, at the Liverpool University College. I thought Professor Oliver Lodge a magician in the realms of science; now he is a philosopher in the realms of high thinking.

When Mr. Henniker Heaton is near, and I look at his great expansive head and small, quick eyes, I am on the tiptoe of expectancy. I am sure he is going to say something amazingly profound. In fact, no man was ever so wise as Mr. Henniker Heaton can look when he is so minded. But, acting upon Kingsley's advice, "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever," he is always good and agreeable; his geniality is for every hour of every day.

All the world owes him a debt of gratitude for his work in making the Post Office look up sharp after its business—a debt it has thus far very imperfectly recognised. By next Christmas, or the Christmas after that, he hopes that the English people throughout the Empire, if not throughout the world, shall exchange their Christmas greetings over the cables at a cost of five shillings, including the charge for the address. It is a pretty touch of sentiment, and my only grievance is that all these boons and blessings to men are making the world steadily smaller. The world was quite a big place once, and months and months were occupied in covering this journey across the mid-Atlantic, which we hope to complete in less than a fortnight.

For Mr. Jesse Collings everybody has an affectionate word. He is like the grandfather of the ship, spreading wherever he goes the benign influence of a genial personality. And he is the author, too, of a solemn book of facts and figures, which every one has not the industry to read, nor perhaps the intelligence to appreciate. None the less, it is important, not so much for the remedies Mr. Collings suggests as for the striking way in which he has made clear the evil he attacks. The doctors sometimes say, when they have a stubborn ailment they cannot diagnose: "It is often easy to cure a disease, or at all events to relieve it; the real difficulty is to discover what is the disease."

Mr. Collings wonders what on earth is going to happen to dear old England if all the people in the country flock into the towns, leaving the land to go out of cultivation. No kindred misfortune could compare with this. So much for the disease!

The cure, according to Mr. Collings, was a revival of the old yeomanry class, and the keeping of the labourer on the land; he advocated various measures designed to procure him a healthy little cottage, with perhaps the historic "three acres of land and a cow." He has a new remedy, or an additional remedy now; but every generation has its own particular cure, none of which is ever tried. And so the years roll on, and nothing is done. While times are good, and food and money are plentiful, no one seems to care; but there is danger always in leaving till to-morrow a duty that belongs to to-day, as the blood-stained page of the French Revolution would show.

The House of Commons is also represented among us by Mr. W. Howell Davies, one of the members for Bristol, a man with a sound business head and no pride in the mere gift of public speech.

Municipal life has its representatives in Sir Thomas Hughes, an ex-Lord Mayor of Liverpool, and Mr. Alderman Adnitt, an ex-Mayor of Northampton, foremost in all good work in the town of his adoption, if not of his birth.

The Hon. Evelyn Ellis is one of the most prominent landowners in Jamaica, who has rendered the island great service in the introduction at great cost of Mysore cattle on his estates at Montpelier. He has a quaint humour, and nothing is more savagely amusing than his account of how Jamaica, with its flock of absentee landlords, trains managers into ways that are like the ways of the heathen Chinee—"peculiar."

Viscount Mountmorres is another author. He has recently written a book on the Congo, and in the main it is, I take it, an effort, vain though it be, to exonerate the King of the Belgians from the accusation of torture and crime. Judgment, however, has been passed, and, to the honour of Europe, the hour of expiation is near.

Other memories of West Africa are revived in the presence among us of Mr. William Cleaver, a tiny man with a head that instantly attracts attention. Mr. Cleaver has many interesting stories to tell of Lord Wolseley's grand march from the Gold Coast into the land of the Ashantees in 1873. The physical contrast is found in Mr. Charles Lancaster, who is among the poplars in uprightness. He is a merchant in Liverpool, and has been on the move in all parts of the world for more than thirty years, with few or no periods of rest, gathering up all along the way a wealth of anecdote and observation.

Of my immediate neighbours at table, one is Captain J. E. Mackenzie—in the winter a sugar planter in Jamaica, and in summer an indefatigable yachtsman around the British coast, of which he seems to know every harbour and nook. He knows Douglas Bay, and I recall his vivid description of coming into the harbour one evening in August—the dazzling lights of an Aladdin's palace, the music of bands, and the gay laughter of thronged promenades. "I was an unpopular man on my own boat," he said to me, "the day I ordered the anchor 'up and away!'"

Mr. Alexander Crum-Ewing is another planter, a Scotsman too, a landowner on both sides of the Atlantic. Hard-headed, practical-minded, business-loving, progressive Lancashire has its worthy representative in Mr. James Lawrence, who in Chorley is a spinner of the finest Sea Island cotton. Lieut. Ward is an English officer with family ties in Jamaica. Captain W. W. Rhodes, after valiant work in the South African War, now up holds the flag of trade in our western Colony.

This chronicle of guests and fellow-passengers must fittingly include the name of Mr. J. McDowell Nathan. The enterprise of this man was one of the moving factors of commercial Jamaica. But he, and Dr. Savage, of Birmingham, and others with us on our outward voyage, disappeared in the prevailing sorrow and gloom of Kingston a week or fortnight later.

Mr. Ralph Sidebottom and Mr. E. Bicker Caarten were among Sir Alfred's upholders from Lancashire who suffered more or less serious injury, though each made a rapid recovery. In that same category of close friends of our host on the ship I must also make mention of Mr. J. A. Hutton and Mr. E. Lomas Oliver, both prominently identified with the cotton industry, as well as Mr. Tod, who is connected with the art of cotton print designing and engraving. Mr. F. Swanzy and Mr. H. Cotterell are associated with West African trade; Mr. C. H. Rugg is engaged in London in all the mysteries of shipbrokerage, chartering, &c. Sir Ralph Moore, K.C.M.G., has acquired fame as an administrator in Africa.

Mr. M. C. Solomon is an encyclopædia of knowledge relating to the Government medical service of Jamaica. Mr. H. Berger is an exporter of logwood, Mr. A. Pawsey, Mr. A. N. Dixon, and Mr. H. J. Rudolph are planters, and Mr. P. G. Austin is an official of the Colonial Bank in Kingston.

Mr. Lloyd Owen is a gain to the good-fellowship of any ship's company. He has seen phases of life new to all of us—in the chilly gold-mining camp of Klondike and in the heated, fever-laden atmosphere of the rich gem-yielding rivers of the most inaccessible parts of Colombia, that South American republic whose unexplored wealth is destined to be the world-wonder of another generation—and of all his travels in search of precious stones he has stories, quaint, vivid, and amusing.

Nor can I forget the invariable courtesy and consideration of Mr. Picton Hughes-Jones, nephew of Sir Alfred, and to whom, next after our host himself, is our comfort due. Mr. Picton Hughes-Jones is of Messrs. Elder, Dempster. His coolness and capacity served Sir Alfred well in one moment of imminent peril. And though the passenger list does not show it, and the unintentional secret is well kept, my right-hand neighbour is Sir Hudson Kinahan, Bart., who is more interested in the prospects of tarpon-fishing than in the revival of cotton-growing.

But happily we are not a mere group of men. We have Mrs. James Lawrence, whose pretty frocks enhance a kindly grace of nature beloved by all, Mrs. A. A. Pearson, whose praise, like that of Mrs. J. A. Hutton, is on every one's lips, Miss Armitage, of high celebrity in that select world of dog-loving ladies where the breeding of a prize terrier is ranked above a coronet, the Hon. Mrs. Sidney Trench, Miss Crum-Ewing, and the youthful and beautiful Mrs. Ward, for whom the rolling billows have little charm. Nor must I forget our universal indebtedness to the gracious and handsome Miss Bles, who has played the violin like an inspired tone-poet since she was a tiny tot, nor to mention Miss Leigh, the daughter of Sir Joseph Leigh, one of the pillars of trade and high-minded citizenship in Stockport, the cultured and kindly Miss Mabel Coulborn, the clever and vivacious Miss Margaret A. Rae, the quick-witted Miss Landale, and Miss Carter, the daughter of the Governor of Barbados, and I know not how many other fair companions of the ship.

I have not said one word of our sports, but they are common to all passages of the sea. There is the inevitable gamble as to the run of the ship during the preceding twenty-four hours, and the traditional games on deck, cricket matches and quoits by day, and dances by night. Bridge is in season at any hour, day or night. I see it played in a corner of the music room, in the library, and in any niche on deck that affords light and shelter from the wind—which is quite cool still as we plough our way through this trackless waste of waters.

III

BARBADOS—COTTON, SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

From Avonmouth to the West Indies is one of the long non-stop voyages of the world, and, despite all the entertainments of the trip, most of us were glad enough to be awakened early on the morning of the 8th by the noise beneath our portholes.

I hopped out of bed, and through the porthole caught my first glimpse of the tropics. Daylight was breaking, stars were fading into nothingness, and there before us were patches of white strand, with the cocoanut palm growing up from what seemed the very edge of the sea.

This was Barbados; and the town, a little to one side, was Bridgetown, the capital. Our bow was headed for the shore, and, coming up from the trackless ocean, we seemed to have chanced upon the island unawares.

The moment my head appeared at the port it was greeted by a chorus of stentorian voices, each admonishing me to come ashore only in such-and-such rowing-boat; all others must be slow or untrustworthy or unsafe. I did not get my bath first that morning, for every one was up and breakfasting early. By 7.30 or 8 o'clock all the passengers were on deck, including my little friend.

"Don't you think it very lucky," she said in a tone of great confidence, "we got here in daylight? See how close is the land! We would have been fast on the shore and quite wrecked if we had gone a little further. Think of that!"

"But this island is on the map," I said reassuringly, in defence of our navigating officers.

"Oh! everything is on the map," she went on rather impatiently, "but we couldn't have gone right over it on that account, and in the dark any more than we could in the day."

That argument is irrefutable. I left my imaginative little tutor conjuring up all sorts of fancies, disagreeable impressions of wrecked passengers hastily making homes in a dark forest and waging gory fights with troops of terrifying wild Indians with tomahawks.

We all made for the shore, nevertheless, in one or other of the little boats at call. Within the narrow basin, and approaching the harbour steps, we found every jetty thronged with thousands of natives, all white save the faces, which gleamed like black satin. As we came alongside the din of voices was quite indescribable. Every one seemed to be talking at once, and no one seemed to listen. The excitement was apparently intense. Yet every face was a smile from ear to ear. We would never have secured foothold on the land in the midst of such a crowd in this wild hubbub, had not the mounted police come forward to our rescue. They soon made a way for us from the steps to the carriages in waiting.

When we had once got clear of the crowds on the edge of the jetties we discovered that the cause of all this commotion was the departure of a body of labourers to work on the canal at Panama. At a moderate guess at least ten if not a hundred women

ARRIVAL AT BARBADOS

The harbour of Bridgetown appears to be a kind of Clapham Junction for this lower section of the West Indian Colonies. (*See* p. 17.)

Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

ARRIVAL AT JAMAICA

"When we reached Kingston, bunting was spread to the breeze, bands played on our decks and on the wharf as we came to our moorings." (*See* p. 214.)

must have come down to the coast to give each husband or brother a send-off.

Before 8.30 A.M., an hour at which some good people at home would think themselves virtuous if they were awake, let alone at breakfast, we were all gathered in the hall of the House of Assembly, listening to speeches about cotton-growing. The chairman, in his capacity as the head of the Barbados Cotton Company, Ltd., was the Hon. F. J. Clarke, M.C.P., the Speaker of the House of Assembly. Sir Daniel Morris, the Commissioner of Agriculture, was now of our party, and he, and many of those whose names I have given, harangued us, whilst most of the ladies on the ship graced the meeting, though I fancy they, like the most of us, had small idea of what was doing. Every window was thrown open, the indescribable sunshine was on trees and houses around us, and the sonorous chimes of church belfry reminded us how early we were astir, and what good and enterprising Britons we all were.

Sir Alfred Jones presented a number of gold medals for cotton-growing—to Dr. Gooding, of Stirling Plantation, St. Philip, who had obtained from 86 acres an average yield of 337 lb. of lint per acre (realising 1s. 3d. per pound), and to Captain G. A. O. Lane, of Sewell, Christchurch, for the same average yield from a trial plantation of eight acres (realising 1s. 5d. per pound). In St. Vincent the awards went to Mr. Alexander Smith, of the Argyle Estate, for a plantation of 225 acres, yielding 211 lb. per acre, at 1s. 3d. per pound; and to Mr. Charles Layne, who on a trial of only 2¼ acres obtained an average yield of 343 lb. per acre at 1s. 4d. per pound. The Antigua medal was awarded to the Gilbert Estate, and the Nevis award to Mr. Crum-Ewing.

Thereafter we broke up into parties, some to see the cotton-ginning, some to take breakfast with Sir Gilbert Carter, the Governor; others, like myself, were invited to take another breakfast in the cool shade of Sir Daniel Morris's home.

Many of us inquired our way to the post-office to despatch letters home *via* New York; and few of us, for the joy of young friends left behind, forgot to liberally bestrew the envelopes with a beautiful variety of Barbadian stamps, not forgetting the much-wished-for specimens of the ¼d. variety.

Bridgetown is relieved by a refreshing sea breeze. We found the heat in the streets intense notwithstanding. No wonder that many of us sought out by instinct the Ice-house or Decosta's store, there to experience the delight of refreshing liqueurs still undiscovered by the temperate zone.

Then back to the ship.

Our visit to Barbados was a happy change from the monotony of the sea. Yet it was a relief to be on shipboard again, and feel the fresh sea breeze once more.

"It *was* hot in those streets, wasn't it," said my little chum, when we were once more comfortably settled in our chairs, amid our cushions and our books.

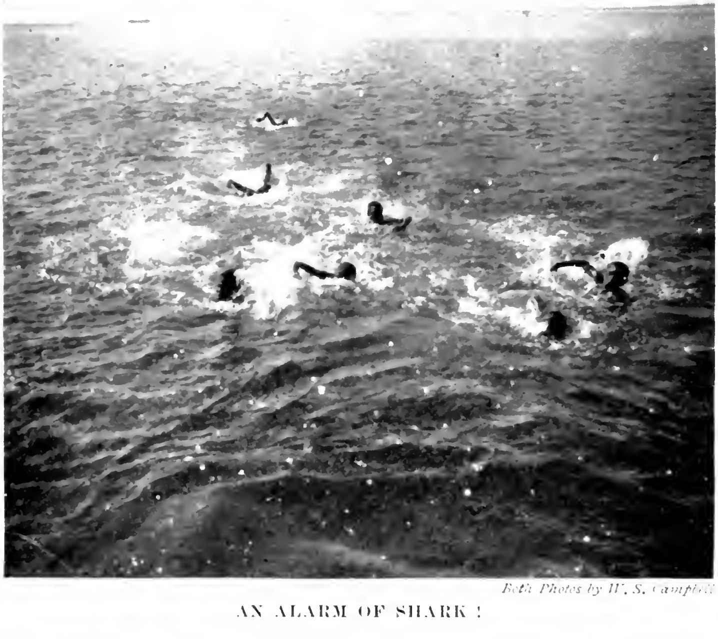
"Yes," I said; "and yet they call Bridgetown cool—cool for the tropics I suppose they mean."

"How can they say it is cool? I call that a most shocking story. It must be always hot, very hot, awfully, dreadfully, fiery hot! Why, did you ever see such black faces? I kept up my sunshade all the time."

"Not at Sir Gilbert Carter's breakfast?" I said teasingly.

"Of course not. Silly! But even in the shops, in case I might forget when I got back into the

DIVING BOYS



Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

AN ALARM OF SHARK!

The nose of the shark is just visible behind the swimmers, a little to the right.

streets. But mother is most neglectful, *most* neglectful," she repeated with assured dignity. And then she added in a whisper, as though she were communicating a great secret of the toilet, "I told Mums she will have a face as black as—as coal, if she is not more careful."

"But it isn't the sun that makes their faces black," I said.

"Now I call that una—una——"

"Unadulterated," I suggested.

"Yes, unadulterated nonsense! That is another story you have told me. You do tell some awful fibs. Mother says you do."

My guilty conscience was touched. Who could justify himself before so winsome an accuser?

"If it isn't the sun," said the little maid as a final act of decapitation, "I should like to know what it is."

That was a long story, so I was demolished.

Many new passengers joined us at Barbados Some of them were awaiting our ship at Bridgetown for days. The harbour of Bridgetown appears to be a kind of Clapham Junction for this lower section of the West Indian colonies. Our companions now included residents from St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Granada, and Trinidad, not forgetting little Tobago, an island that must ever conjure up fragrant, imperishable memories as the home of "Robinson Crusoe."

Then came a period of pain.

Picture to the mind's eye a beautiful summer morning, our decks canopied to shelter us from the heat and glare of a tropical sun, a fresh breeze and a sea that is not rough, yet far from being smooth. I was reclining in an easy-chair on the upper deck, and noted that several of the ship's crew, as they passed before me, stopped and leaned over the rail to observe two of their fellows at work on the ship's side. I too had noted the men, and concluded that they must be preparing for our landing at Kingston. The waves, as we sped on, came up rather closely, but no one anticipated danger.

Suddenly one of the bare-footed men leaning over the rail stood up, and, facing the bridge, called out in a hoarse, excited voice, "Man overboard!" The book in my hands fell to the deck as I stood up and rushed to the side, and that same hoarse voice continued the cry to the very foot of the bridge, "Man overboard!" "Man overboard!"

The man's head was instantly visible to me on the water, and as he glided on the white foam from us, or rather we from him, I heard the hasty summons to the engine-room, and its reply back to the bridge, as two life-belts were thrown over the side in the direction of the man in the water. I saw that he passed free of our propellers, and that same moment our throbbing engines were still. Passengers crowded the deck, and every member of the crew was available at some point of our ship, which was instantly crowded with eager spectators of one of life's dramas. The order was given to prepare a boat on the starboard side near the spot at which the man was swept from his foothold, but before that was ready a boat on the port side, which was more sheltered, had got clear away in charge of the plucky chief officer, Little. Meanwhile our ship was turning on her starboard helm, and the course of our way across the water was forming the beginning of a large oval.

Of the man in the sea I could now see nothing. Never did I feel more acutely the lack of the gift of distant vision, but then no eye could long discern so tiny an object as a man's head amid the foam and restless waves. Still, I did not even now foresee any danger, and had I been myself in the water I should have been anxious, but without the faintest glimmer of alarm. Not till I found that our ship had now lost all way, and that we were signalling to the boat far away, did I realise that we had lost sight of the dark head, and, having lost sight of it, how problematical it was that we could ever see it again.

No one dared to speak. The intense, suppressed emotion was terrible. By this time twenty minutes or more must have elapsed. " He may be gone," I thought, " or he may be still afloat, gently breasting the wave, keeping up till the hand of succour reaches out to him."

How can I describe those awful moments! Danger, real, imminent, and pressing, was with me now in all its dread reality. And when I looked for confidence among the faces of officers and crew I found their eyes scanning the water on points that might have been miles apart!

The boat came back to our side, stewards, passengers, and seamen lent a hand hauling the ropes, and the rescue party was back on our deck; but he whom they had sought was not there. He was—where? Still breasting manfully and hopefully the cruel sea? Or was he, as I now was made to fear, drifting listlessly on the bosom of the water, with eyes wide open, fixed, dazed, and dead?

Our proud ship was a mere log in the water, when a moment later the answer came to my questionings. The ship's telegraph from the bridge to the engine-room rang out over the deathlike stillness of the ship in the overwhelming bitterness and sorrow. The heavy throb, once as agreeable as a lullaby, but oh! how cruel now! was resumed, and we were again on our way, one soul the less than one brief half-hour ago.

I have been near death in nearly all its forms, by fire, by water, by after-damp, and have stood near, to my eternal humiliation and regret, at the call of duty, while the foul hand of the hangman has done its best and its worst. But though death has been near me in all its guises, and in all the accumulated sorrow of a coal-pit disaster, I never remember feeling the same sense of submission as at that moment when I went back to my seat and my book.

The Angel of Death had passed over these waters; she had been in our midst; I had even felt the beat of her wing. She had claimed her toll, and passed on.

IV

JAMAICA: SPANISH SETTLEMENT

HEGEL has compared the crossing of the Atlantic by Christopher Columbus to the passage of the Alps by Julius Cæsar. "By both events new spheres were opened out for peoples ready to unfold capacities which were pressing for development."

It was on May 3, 1494, that Columbus discovered Jamaica (Cha-maika, Xaymaca, Xamayca, "Island of Springs"), to which he himself gave the name of St. Iago. Thus was prospectively opened up for us English a new chapter in that "epic of our history" called colonisation.

Columbus, that patient, enduring, intrepid man, had, of course, no notion at all of benefiting us. Gold and a gold-mine were in his thoughts (less, however, for himself than as "a means of convincing the Europeans that he was no impostor"). His sailors had dreams of enormous wealth for themselves; and their anticipations of booty, or what not, were so far reasonable that they had been following, "God knows where," a leader who might, as Fray Boyle said, "hurl them all one day over that horrid precipice" which was supposed to represent the rim of the universe. Columbus discovered no gold-mine, but he had indeed discovered one of the fairest and most fertile islands in the world.

Washington Irving says ("Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus"):

"Columbus had not sailed many leagues"—it was from Cuba he was sailing—"before the blue summit of a vast and lofty island at a great distance began to rise like clouds above the horizon. It was two days and nights, however, before he reached its shores, filled with admiration as he gradually drew near at the beauty of its mountains, the majesty of its forests, the fertility of its valleys, and the great number of villages with which the whole face of the country was animated.

"On approaching the land at least seventy canoes, filled with savages, gaily painted and decorated with feathers, sallied forth more than a league from the shore. They advanced in warlike array, uttering loud yells and brandishing lances of pointed wood. The mediation of the interpreter, and a few presents to the crew of one of the canoes which ventured nearer than the rest, soothed this angry armada, and the squadron pursued its course unmolested."

What natives were these? There may have been among them certain of the Caribs (I am told that descendants of this fierce race are still to be found upon the island), but Peter Martyr, who wrote in 1488, tells us that Jamaica was peopled by a race of Indians, gentler, more benevolent, and more enlightened than any whom discoverers had elsewhere met with. The opinion of Columbus (and early navigators have corroborated it) was that the natives found on the islands of Jamaica, Cuba, Hispaniola, and Porto Rico were scions of one race, "differing materially from the Caribbean inhabitants of those Windward and Leeward smaller islands which prolong the great chain of the Antilles to the southern continent, whence this fierce race of cannibals probably passed over. The more gentle people who inhabited the larger islands most likely migrated from the great hive of Mexico, Yucatan and Florida presenting the nearest points from which they would embark" (Sir S. D. Scott, "To Jamaica and Back").

Whoever the natives were, the Spaniards in the long run exterminated and extirpated them. It was their way, wherever they set foot. Columbus himself, to be sure, had another method; and his son Diego, who, after the great explorer's death in 1506, was created viceroy of all the countries discovered by his father, sent out a governor, Juan de Esquiros, by whom the natives were kindly dealt with.

The successors of Esquiros, one by one, gradually crushed the aborigines out of existence. "The story of the furious and wanton persecution which they endured is one of the most horrible in the dark annals of Spanish misrule" ("Her Majesty's Colonies"). The Spaniards, moreover, seem to have done their cruel work in the most light-hearted manner. A single anecdote from Arthur Helps shall suffice. In the first volume of the "Spanish Conquest in America" Helps shows us a certain good Dominican, Father Antonio, pleading before King Ferdinand the cause of the persecuted Indians. The monk had with great difficulty obtained access to the king, but Ferdinand received him kindly.

"'Say, Father, what you will.'

"Father Antonio accordingly produced his papers, and began to make his statement. In the course of it, as an illustration of the cruelty of the Spaniards towards the Indians, he mentioned that some Spaniards standing together joking, near a river, one of them took up a little Indian child ot one or two years old, and, merely for the amusement of the thing, threw it over the heads of the others into the water. He was heard to say, as he turned back and saw the little creature rising once or twice to the surface, 'You boil up, little wretch, do you?' ('Bullis, cuerpo de tal, bullis?'). . . .

"Then the monk went on to say, 'Did your Highness command such things? I am sure you did not.'

"'No, by God! nor ever in my life!' replied Ferdinand."

With or without royal command or sanction, the work of extermination went forward, and when Jamaica became ours, in 1655, the native race "was practically extinct."

Some writers have spoken of Jamaica as having "fallen into the possession" of the English. This is not quite accurate, although at a later date—the eighteenth century—it did really seem that, in Professor Seeley's words, we had "conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind."

Jamaica certainly does not stand for one of our most difficult conquests, though it can scarcely be said to have dropped into our hands. It was among the fruits of Cromwell's attack upon the Spanish Empire (in that century, the seventeenth, which witnessed the growth of our colonial trade, our Navy, and our Empire), and his seizure of Jamaica is described by Seeley as "the most high-handed measure recorded in the modern history of England." But we had suddenly discovered that we were a military State, and to a stalwart Protestant Protector, who now felt himself in a position not only to bark but to bite, the Spaniards presented themselves as the natural enemies of our Faith.

To some extent our capture of Jamaica was accidental, but the accident was doubtless of the inevitable sort. Cromwell's expedition, under Admirals Penn and Venables, was directed primarily against Hispaniola, but the commanders botched the affair—"the attempt proved an utter failure." Something must be done to retrieve the disgrace and the expedition bore down upon Jamaica.

For a hundred and sixty years the Spanish had been in possession of the island, but by this date they had fallen sadly from their ancient high estate, and the descendants of those Castilians who had added a new hemisphere to the dominions of Ferdinand and Isabella almost turned tail upon Venables and Penn. In a few days the English flag flew for the first time over St. Iago de la Vega, and from that year Jamaica has been ours.

V

ENGLISH COLONISATION

THE Spaniards having fled, we found the beautiful island almost empty. The original European conquerors had harried the original native population out of existence. There was, however, one somewhat formidable remnant of the negro horde whom the Spaniards had enslaved. These were the fugitive Maroons, who had escaped to the interior of the island, and who in their own fastnesses were for long an independent body, harassing the newcomers down to the very end of the eighteenth century. These were not delicate days, and at one period our planters were accustomed to hunt the Maroons with bloodhounds.

Montgomery Martin ("British Colonies," iii.) gives us a singular picture of seventeenth-century manners in this typical plantation colony:

"*August* 14, 1656.—An order signed Edward D'Oyley, for distribution to the Army of 1781 Bibles.

"*August* 26, 1659.—Order issued this day unto Mr. Peter Pugh, Treasurer, to pay unto John Hoy the sum of twenty pounds sterling, out of the impost money, to pay for fifteen dogs, bought by him for the hunting of the negroes."

It was in the yet unsettled era of the seventeenth century that the buccaneers * found Jamaica an ideal spot for depositing their prizes and plunder. They were rather popular, both as free livers and as enemies of the Spaniards; successive Governors of the island made them their auxiliaries; and a buccaneer of eminence, the son of a poor Welsh farmer, sold into servitude in Barbados, by name Henry Morgan (knighted for a successful raid at Panama) was Governor during the latter part of Charles II.'s reign. It was our humorous way of attempting to put down piracy.

An earlier Governor was Colonel D'Oyley (the gentleman who distributed Bibles to the Army), under whom the first regular civil government of Jamaica was established. D'Oyley was appointed Governor-General in 1661, with an elective council; and here, by the way, it may be noted that to Jamaica have come as Governors many men of rank and ability. D'Oyley, for example, was succeeded by Lord Windsor, "a clever and sagacious ruler." Next in succession was Sir Thomas Modiford, "a man of even greater ability," who gave an impulse to agriculture.

In 1673 was exported to England "the first pot of sugar," as a present from General Bannister to Lord Arlington, Secretary of State. The population had increased to nearly 18,000 in this year. Instead of exterminating, like the Spaniards, we were filling up. Lord Windsor, under instruction, had summoned a popular assembly to pass laws. In 1678, under Lord Carlisle, "an attempt was made to saddle the island with a yearly tribute to the Crown, and to restrict the free legislative power of the Assembly."

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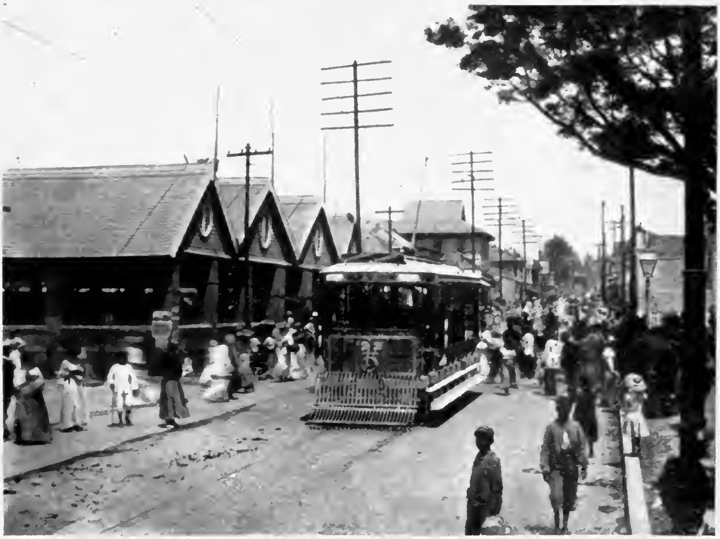
* "Buccaneers, or bucaneers (*bucan*, *buccan;* from the French *boucaner*, to cut into long pieces, salt, and smoke on a bucan, as beef —a mode of preserving meat formerly practised by the Caribs, and afterwards by Europeans in the West Indies)."—"Century Dictionary," vol. i.

Under Sir Thomas Lynch, four years later, the privileges of the Assembly were restored.

The Duke of Albemarle, who landed as Governor in 1687 (the year, by the bye, in which Newton published his "Principia"), brought in his ducal train Dr. Hans Sloane—afterwards Sir Hans—collector, physician, and naturalist. Sloane, an Irishman of County Down, had already travelled through France, and was at this date a Fellow of the College of Physicians. An enthusiastic botanist, he may be said to have laid hands in this capacity upon Jamaica, which was veritably virgin ground. During his visit of fifteen months he got together some eight hundred new species of plants (what a happy botanist!), and of these he published an elaborate catalogue in Latin—to say nothing of the "two sumptuous folio volumes" which recounted his experiences in the island.

Sloane was one of the fortunate men. He succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as President of the Royal Society; and although he contributed less than nothing to medicine, and would, in the nature of things, have been very soon forgotten as a botanist, he enjoys to this day a kind of distinction as a founder of the British Museum. To his lucky habit as a collector he owes much more than to his merit.

In 1702 there was trouble with the French, who, under Du Casse, invaded Jamaica from Hayti. But the French had reckoned without John Benbow, who was for the second time our naval champion in the West Indies. The admiral's ship, *Breda*, gave chase off Santa Marta to the French squadron, and, albeit unsupported by his consorts, kept up a running fight for five days. The French escaped, but the affair cost us the life of brave Benbow. Mortally wounded, and with



Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

STREET SCENES IN KINGSTON

1. Orange Street (outside the Market).

2. King Street.

one leg completely shattered by a chain-shot, he ordered four of his captains to be tried by court-martial. Two were shot, one was cashiered, and the other died before trial. Benbow himself died of his wounds, and his gallant bones lie in Jamaica.

Hurricane and the darker and more mysterious agencies of earthquake have at sundry times dealt disaster to the Colony. A dreadful visitation, for many years fearfully alluded to as the Great Earthquake, left the island shaken throughout its entire length and breadth in June 1692. "In less than three minutes," says Scott, "the gay, dissolute, rich, and populous town of Port Royal was a scene of desolation and utter ruin. Of the 1500 houses which Sloane recorded as existing in his time not two hundred were left. Solid wharves loaded with merchandise, massive fortifications, the church, with all the streets next to the shore, sank to the bottom of the sea, the ruins of which are even yet visible. The harbour appeared in motion as if agitated by a storm, yet no wind was stirring; mighty waves rose up and fell with such violence that ships broke from their anchors. . . . Two thousand people (some accounts say three thousand) perished by the effects of this earthquake."

A malignant fever, occasioned by the vast number of corpses floating up and down the harbour, caused almost as many deaths as the earthquake. "One loss is still severely felt—that of all the official documents and records of the island, a disaster rendering its early history obscure and incomplete." The greater part of the town of Port Royal, built on a shelving bank of sand, sank into the sea. In 1712 and 1722 there were terrific hurricanes, and the second of these caused the seat of commerce to be shifted from Port Royal to Kingston.

Just sixty years later, in 1782, Jamaica was threatened with invasion by the combined fleets of France and Spain under de Grasse. This time it was Rodney and Hood to the rescue; their great victory off Martinique, April 12, is one of the shining events in the history of the Colony. As the enemy's ships were crowded with troops for the attack on Jamaica, the slaughter was tremendous. It was one of the rakingest sea-fights on record. Let us have the words of Rodney's report to the Governor of Jamaica.

"After having had a partial engagement with the enemy on the 19th, wherein sixteen of my rear were prevented by calms from joining in the action on the 12th, I had the good fortune to bring them to a general action, which lasted from seven o'clock in the morning till half-past six in the evening without intermission. Count de Grasse, with the *Ville de Paris* and four other ships of the line, and one sunk, graced the victory. The remainder of the fleet was so miserably shattered, and their loss of men so very great, from their having their whole army, consisting of 5500 men, on board the ships of war, that I am convinced it will be almost impossible to put them in a condition for service for some long time to come."

Rodney was raised to the peerage, and his statue has the singular interest of having tried a change of air. It was first erected at Spanish Town, a proper and natural site for such a monument; but during the last century it was moved to the new capital, and for some time occupied a prominent position overlooking the Kingston harbour. Now it is back again at Spanish Town, and there it stands to this day, one of the most honoured relics of the heroic past.

At this date, well on into the reign of George III.,

THE RODNEY MONUMENT AT SPANISH TOWN

"One of the most honoured relics of the heroic past." (*See* p. 34.)

Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT THE UP PARK CAMP

we had grown into a great colonising Power. Providence had "staid us in that felicity," which Milton—picturing England as standing "with all her daughter-lands about her"—had so devoutly prayed for. From the fifteenth century (with the mariner's compass, the printing press, and gunpowder as the three supreme instruments in aid) European civilisation had been gradually diffusing itself over the face of the inhabited and habitable world.

The ambitious task of guiding this world fell mainly to five nations—Portugal, Spain, France, Holland, and Britain. In later colonial history Portugal makes a small figure; but, as Mr. Caldecott so generously says, "the historian of colonisation will always have a warm regard for the gallant little pioneer nation—the land of Prince Henry, of Diaz, of Da Gama, and of D'Albuquerque" ("English Colonisation and Empire").

Spain won for herself in Central and Southern America an almost boundless field. Her record in this field, "gorgeous with show of wealth, and sometimes splendid with heroism," is also "stained indelibly with cruelties, and gloomy with almost inexplicable failures." But are these failures really so "inexplicable"? In the best of circumstances, where could Spain have found a population to fill her dominions in the New World? What products of domestic industry had she to exchange against products of South America?

As for ourselves, we continued to escape all kinds of dire possibilities. We had a prolonged struggle with Holland, a tremendous struggle with France; but the splendid development of our naval power gave us the victory over all European rivals in colonisation. Undoubtedly we made blunders, and for these blunders we paid the very fullest price.

We had begun, for example, by regarding and treating our settlements in North America and the West Indian islands as, in the main, "a part of the machinery of trade." While we could get something out of them—lumber, sugar, wool—they were useful enough; and they were useful also as "sanctuary for religious refugees." We subjected them to sundry unjust restrictions of trade, our policy towards them was one of "undisguised materialism"; and in the course of time we were not unnaturally called upon to pay the price of this indecent treatment. For, at the period we are now arrived at, we were just about to sign away, by the treaty of 1783, those thirteen fine and promising colonies in North America which then made by far the greater part of our Empire—though they are but a small district of the United States of to-day.

The secession of these American settlements brings to a close the first chapter in our history of colonisation. Upon the second chapter we entered with juster notions and with wiser aims. If we now clearly perceived that in "fighting for trade"—and really that was what we had been fighting for during all the early days—we had acquired a boundless dominion, we also perceived not less clearly that settlements across the ocean involved us in a variety of grave responsibilities, that our ancient policy, with its basis of callous materialism, would no longer do.

At this era our dominion in the West Indies was almost our sole settled one. This is, therefore, peculiarly our "West Indian period." Of this period what is the distinctive and dominating feature? It is, alas! slavery and the slave trade.

We made ourselves—or perhaps it would be fairer to say that we gradually and more or less unconsciously became—the great slave-trading Power.

To this subject I must now for a moment turn and deal with as frankly as I may, because to this period above all others belongs the unenviable distinction of creating internal or domestic problems which have not even yet produced their full crop of bewildering complications.

VI

SLAVERY

It is not long after the disappearance of serfdom in the most advanced communities of Europe (in England it decayed and died out with no need of any special legislation against it) that the new system of colonial slavery comes into view. This system, says Dr. Ingram, "instead of being the spontaneous outgrowth of social necessities and subserving a temporary need of human development, was politically as well as morally a monstrous aberration, and never produced anything but evil."

It is the "peculiar phenomenon" of the history of the New World. Seeley describes it as "that great disease of the infancy of communities which was a kind of incubus upon the Empire throughout the eighteenth century"; and elsewhere ("Our Colonial Expansion") as the greatest of our crimes in colonisation—an "atrocity."

We had borne our part in the slave trade as far back as Elizabeth's reign, but for some fifty years from that time we had no colonies in which the demand for slave labour could arise. The first colonies of Spain, for instance, were mining colonies, and here, accordingly, we find the slave in the very beginning. Many negroes had been brought into Spain from the Portuguese settlements in Africa, and the colonial slave trade first appears

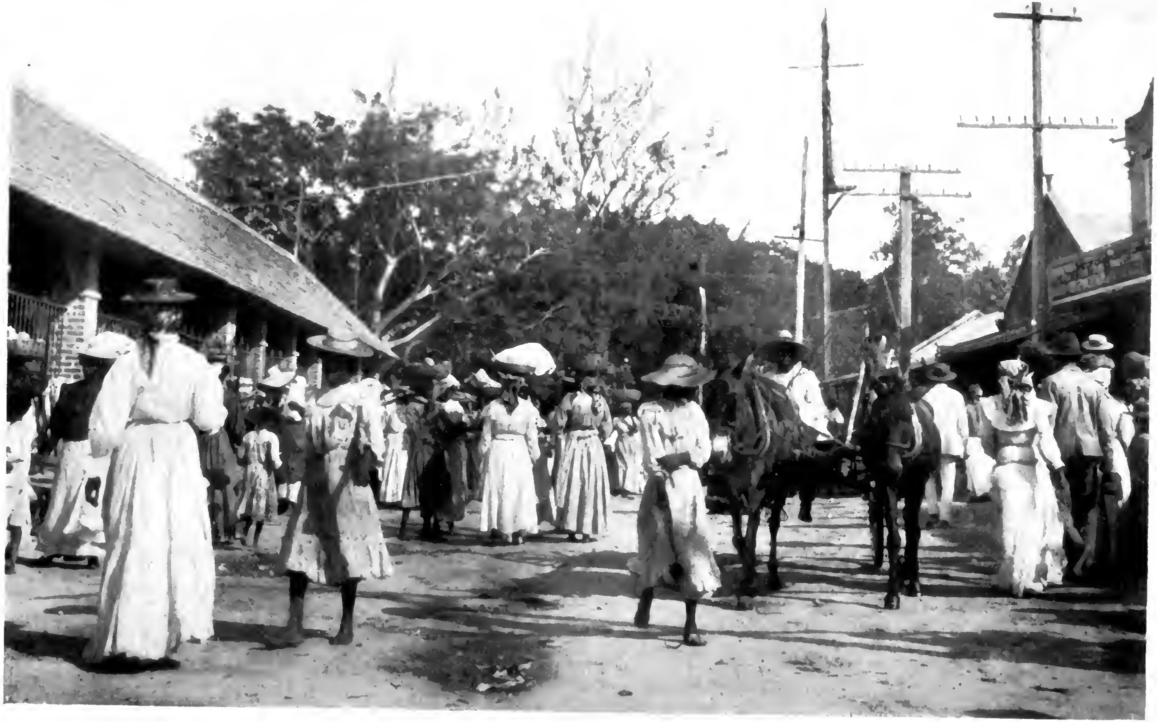


Photo by W. S. Campbell

THE MARKET AT KINGSTON

is a perfect babel of chattering tongues. Native types of every colour and variety of feature may be observed among the crowds who throng the street and enclosure.

"in the form of the introduction into the newly-discovered western world of children or descendants of these negroes."

Our own participation in the horrid traffic grew up gradually in the seventeenth century. The Treaty of Utrecht (1713) definitely established it. Under this arrangement the Asiento, or contract for supplying slaves to Spanish America, was granted to the subjects of Great Britain for the term of thirty years. Thenceforward the slave trade became, in Lecky's words, "a central object of English policy." For a period of seventy years we took the lead in it; "and I am afraid," observes Seeley, "stained ourselves beyond other nations in the monstrous and enormous atrocities" of this traffic. The historian adds: "This simply means that we were not better in our principles in this respect than other nations, and that, having now at last risen to the highest place among the trading nations of the world, and having exacted the Asiento from Spain by our military successes, we accidentally obtained the largest share in this wicked commerce. It is fair that we should bear this in mind while we read the horror-striking stories which the party of Abolition afterwards published."

It was shortly before the war of American Independence that our slave trade reached its utmost extension. Something like 200 ships from Liverpool (the chief port), London, Bristol, and Lancaster had space provided for the transport of nearly 50,000 negroes. The number fell off during the war, only to rise again immediately on its termination.

During the last decade of the eighteenth century there were forty European "factories" or stations on the coasts of Africa; of these fifteen were Dutch, four Portuguese, four Danish, three French, and fourteen English. More than half the export trade was in our hands; the Dutch, with their fifteen factories, did not send out more than some 4000 negroes annually.

Touching the effects of this dreadful commerce, Dr. Ingram writes in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica":

"The hunting and stealing of human beings to make them slaves, which were already practised in Africa for the supply of the central States of that continent, as well as of the markets of Northern Africa, Turkey, and other Mohammedan countries, were greatly aggravated by the demand of the European colonies. The native chiefs engaged in forays, sometimes even on their own subjects, for the purpose of procuring slaves to be exchanged for Western commodities. They often set fire to a village by night, and captured the inhabitants when trying to escape. Thus all that was shocking in the barbarism of Africa was multiplied and intensified by this foreign stimulation."

Then there were the well-known horrors of the middle passage. At least 12½ per cent. of the slaves were lost during their voyage to the West Indies; and in Jamaica some 4½ per cent. died in the harbours or before being sold, and one-third more in the process of "seasoning." Out of every hundred shipped from Africa, seventeen died in about nine weeks, and "not more than fifty lived to be effective labourers in the islands."

Nor did life on the plantation favour the increase of their numbers, Thus, in 1690 there were some 40,000 slaves in Jamaica; from that year until 1820 not fewer than 800,000 were imported; yet "at the latter date there were only 340,000 in the island." One cause, says Ingram, which prevented the natural increase of population was the inequality in the numbers of the sexes. In Jamaica alone in 1789 the males were in excess to the number of 30,000.

It is not in the writings of persons in any way identified with the system that we need look for true pictures of the hopeless and irremediable existence of the slave. Look, for instance, at Bridges's "Annals of Jamaica."

The Rev. George Wilson Bridges, A.M., was a clergyman of the Established Church, a member of the Universities of Oxford and Utrecht, and rector of the parish of St. Ann, in Jamaica. He wrote some years before the slaves had been liberated, and must have known pretty well what slavery was like, even if he did not own slaves himself, as I have been told he did. Yet it is from his pages that the unctuous passage which follows is extracted. After a reference to slavery under the Moslems, he goes on:

"The negroes, on the other hand, who have been brought to Christian isles have exchanged a barbarous and bloody bondage, probably a death of human sacrifice, for that mild servitude which could alone instil into their savage minds the arts of industry and the mild religion of the Gospel."

Let us glance at some of the outstanding features of this "mild servitude" in Jamaica. The slave, dignified by the name of "servant," went naturally and of course to the highest bidder. Throughout the Colony, says Gardner ("History of Jamaica"), field negroes were looked upon as beasts of burden, and, as such, "might be goaded to excessive toil if the case seemed to require it." The "case," of course, was considered solely by the overseer. The free use of the whip was perfectly legal. and the Slave Code, passed in 1696, "was cruel in the extreme; it gave the master almost unlimited power, and sanctioned some of the most horrid enormities ever tolerated by law."

Certain tortures (possibly not often inflicted, and of which, on the spot, I have not succeeded in getting any trustworthy account) are passed over in all modern works I have referred to as "nameless"; but for a slave to strike a white person, or even to have stolen goods in possession, was an offence "punishable either with death or any other punishment the judges might wish to inflict, dismemberment being particularly specified." Ears were cut off, legs sometimes; noses were split or otherwise mutilated; branding on forehead and cheeks was a common penalty. Two planter magistrates sitting in a slave court could put to death by hanging or by burning. "In fact," observes Gardner, "all kinds of demoniacal cruelty came within the scope of 'death or any other punishment.'"

The commonest of all inflictions was flogging. Every driver carried his whip, but this was not the only instrument of corporal punishment. Sloane ("Voyage," &c.), who has written in detail on what he euphemistically terms the discipline of the Jamaican estates, speaks of the whipping of the slaves for negligence. "For negligence slaves are usually whipped by the overseers with lance-wood switches till they be bloody, and several of the switches broken, being first tied up by their hands in the mill-houses."

"After they are whipped till they are raw, some put on their skins pepper and salt to make them smart; at other times their masters will drip melted wax on their skins, and use several very exquisite tortures."

Was this the Rev. Mr. Bridges's notion of the "mild servitude" of a Christian isle? "For running away," continues Sloane, "they put irons of great weight on their ankles, or pottocks about their necks, which are iron rings with two long necks riveted to them, or a spur in the mouth." This penalty was varied by cutting off half the foot with an axe. For the capital offence of rebellion, negroes were slowly roasted to death. The victim was staked down to the ground, "with crooked sticks on every limb. They then applied fire by degrees, from the feet and hands, burning them gradually up to the head, whereby their pains are extravagant." Had the rector of St. Ann's ever heard of these Christian methods?

I note, too, that the highly educated Sloane, the man who was to succeed Sir Isaac Newton in the presidential chair of the Royal Society, records these things without a touch of compassion. "These punishments are sometimes merited by the blacks, who are a very perverse generation of people, and though they appear harsh, yet are scarce equal to some of their crimes, and inferior to what punishments other European nations inflict on their slaves in the East Indies."

It has to be observed that the female slave was treated every whit as barbarously as the male. She was lashed and branded and mutilated. Late in the eighteenth century two women who had attempted to escape were "branded on both cheeks, and received thirty-nine lashes once a week for a month, and worked in chains." Another, for the same enormous offence, had both ears cut off. "She was placed in chains, and sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes on the first Monday in each month for a whole year."

Bridges has talked about instilling into the minds of these unhappy creatures "the mild religion of the Gospel." He omits to add, what was expressly laid down in the Code, that "no slave shall be free by becoming a Christian." The slave was a chattel and remained a chattel.

Even slaves owned slaves—miserable broken-down and discarded creatures, refuse lots sold to their brethren to work on small allotments. "Half starved, hard worked and covered with sores, they lingered in misery until death came to make them free. Some were so disfigured with yaws, or leprosy, that none but a negro could bear the sight of them; these were kept out of the way and treated worse than mangy dogs" ("The West Indies and the Spanish Main," by James Rodway, p. 159).

Marriage was scarcely known on the plantations. If not precisely forbidden, it seems to have been universally discouraged; and the male slave who married without his master's consent "shall serve two years for the offence."

It is quite true that the West Indian slave was often far better off as the slave of the white planter in Jamaica than as the slave of a black chief in West Africa. He did not often commit suicide, nor sink under the hardships of a life of toil in the burning sun, as did the white bond servants gathered from the precincts of Newgate Gaol. Englishmen, however, were not made to be slaves, and so troublesome were they to manage that planters soon showed a preference for the negro. Yet to this day I heard that there still survive in Barbados descendants of those Irish and Scottish warriors who fell before the victorious hosts of Cromwell at Drogheda in 1649, and at Worcester in 1651, presenting in themselves an interesting study in heredity and the influence of climate on race.

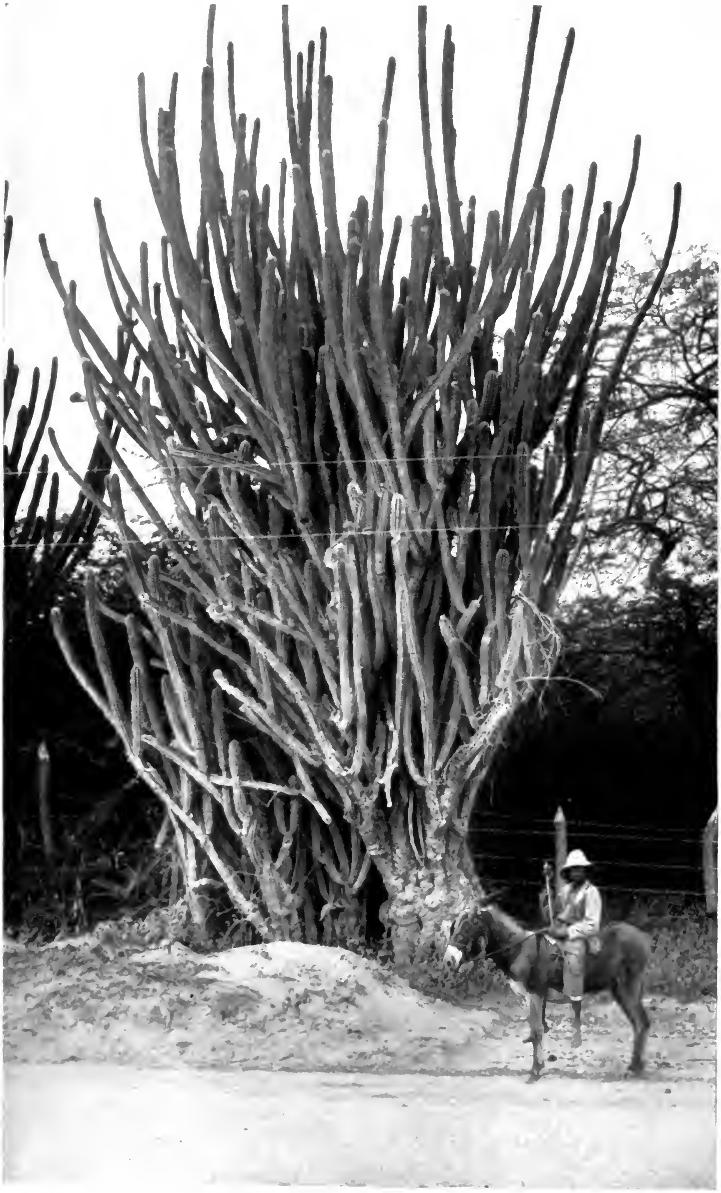


Photo by J. W. Cleary, Kingston

THE CACTUS AS HEDGEROW

The negro was often regarded as a domestic animal whose value was a guarantee against ill-usage. Like the horse of an English gentleman, he was well housed. The planter would take a pride in him, feed him and doctor him, pat him on the back and show him to his friends. The strong and healthy slave, far from feeling any sense of humiliation, took pride in exhibiting his great muscles and in showing the buccra's visitors what a fine nigger massa had got. But if, perchance, he fell from this proud estate, woe was his share; and the planter's wife, like some fine ladies at home hastening to town to witness an execution, would stand at her window to see the punishment of her house-servant.

Negroes sentenced to death by burning were sometimes allowed to linger in torment when torrential rain had put the fires out. Yet it must be said that the unhappy creatures, whatever the form of punishment, showed a stoical indifference to pain almost incredible to us, craving, perhaps, nothing more than a pipe of tobacco to hold between their teeth until it fell from their lifeless grip. Enough, however, of these atrocious details and "nameless" horrors.

The day came when the British spirit rose against the crimes of slavery. We were not the inventors of these iniquities; and it is perhaps, as Professor Seeley observes, some palliation of our guilt that we published it, repented of it, and did at last renounce it. "It may be truly said," remarks Ingram, "that from the latter part of the seventeenth century, when the nature of the slave trade began to be understood by the public, all that was best in England was adverse to it."

Baxter, Steele, Pope, Thomson, Cowper (a persistent and dauntless advocate), Sterne, John

Wesley, Whitefield, Adam Smith, and Dr. Johnson were among the righteous on the side of the tortured, degraded, and almost dehumanised blackamoor. The supreme names in the struggle for abolition are, of course, those of Clarkson and Wilberforce. It is grateful to remember that this year marks the centenary of the destruction of the most horrible commerce we have ever been engaged in.

At half-past eleven on the morning of March 25, 1807, the Bill for the abolition of the slave trade—so far as Great Britain was concerned—received the Royal assent. Clarkson and Wilberforce had been fighting for it during well-nigh thirty years. The slave trade of Great Britain was smashed, to rise no more.

Slavery itself was suffered to endure until 1833-4, when an apprenticeship system of four years was inaugurated, at the end of which time, 1838, the slaves became free men and women to the number of 255,290, at a cost to the British Treasury of some £5,853,975 by way of compensation to their owners.

VII

"REBELLION"—EXIT THE OLD CONSTITUTION

JUST thirty-two years after the disappearance of slavery in Jamaica, in the autumn of 1865, during the Governorship of Mr. Eyre, occurred that very serious outbreak which was called a rebellion, and which did so nearly transform itself into one. The affair—being very promptly suppressed—was confined for the most part to the extreme south-eastern region of the island, the wide parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East. The white population in this part numbered fewer than 300 persons (many of whom were women and children), while of blacks and coloured people there were over 23,000. Manifestly a rising of the latter against the former was not a matter to be lightly considered.

Various causes may be assigned. Gardner, remarking that Governor Eyre's lot was cast in evil times, insists that never since the day of emancipation had the island been in circumstances of greater peril. For twenty years past, he says, the character of the House of Assembly had been deteriorating; and the violent language so often heard there "was not without influence on the people at large." At public meetings in various districts "expressions of a very seditious character were commonly employed, and a turbulent spirit exhibited itself in many parts of the island."

There were reasons, it seems, for complaint; "for while the Assembly was wasting time in wrangling about its so-called privileges and rights, glaring abuses in almost all public institutions were unredressed, and very little was done to promote the social elevation or true prosperity of the country."

The emancipated negroes, for their part, had not a few very genuine grievances. Planters were constantly, and on the flimsiest pretexts, defrauding them of their wages, and the planting magistrates gave them little or no redress. A recent Act had made punishable as theft the plucking of the wild fruits with which the island abounds; "and many of the working people partly subsisted on the mangoes, oranges, &c., which grow everywhere." A negro sent to prison for taking a bit of sugar-cane might whistle on his release for any wages that were owing to him. These things were rankling in the minds of the coloured folk—"and the Home Government," said missionary Carlile, "listens only to the planters' account of matters, and will make no inquiry into the causes of the people's disaffection."

The man most directly concerned in the rising was a certain G. W. Gordon, son of "a great planting attorney" and a woman of colour. Gordon had been a landowner indifferently successful, a magistrate in six or seven parishes, a Church of Scotland man, a Congregationalist, and a Baptist, and his character in the island was not of the highest. He had been prominently connected with affairs in St. Thomas-in-the-East, and had certainly been haranguing the people.

Rioting began on October 7, and on the 11th there was a very ugly business at Morant Bay, when the court-house was attacked and a

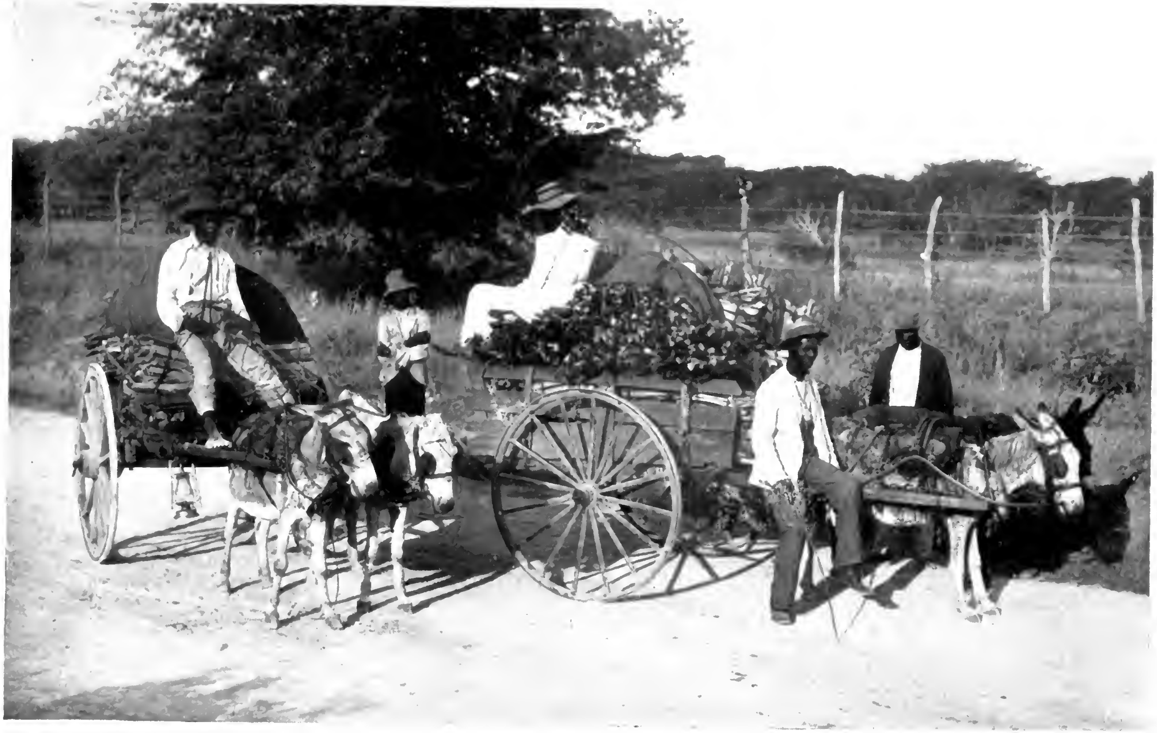


Photo by *J. W. Cleary, Kingston*

WOOD CARTS *EN ROUTE* FOR KINGSTON

schoolroom near by set on fire. Eighteen persons (including Baron Ketelhodt, the custos of the parish) were killed by the coloured mob, and thirty-one more or less severely wounded. Among the cries heard were: "Colour for colour!" "We are going to kill the white men, but not to hurt the ladies!" "Buckra country for us!" "Never mind the buckra women; we can get them when we want!"

The general alarm may be imagined. Authority, however, was very soon at work among the insurgents, who were terribly dealt with. Martial law was proclaimed, and hangings, shootings, and floggings were the order of the day. In the district in which Colonel Hobbs operated sixty-eight persons were summarily put to death. In the extreme eastern district, in which Captain Hole was engaged, eighty-nine persons were tried by court-martial and executed; many were flogged, "and among them about twenty women." At Bath men were flayed with "cats round which wires had been twisted." During the month of martial law, says Gardner, "eighty-five persons appear to have been put to death without trial, in some cases wantonly, in others under the impression that the act was justified. Three hundred and fifty-four others suffered death after trial by court-martial. In all about six hundred were flogged, and about one thousand cottages were burnt."

Gordon himself, after a trial which lasted six hours, was found guilty of treason, sentenced to death, and executed.

In England, when the news got there by Atlantic telegraph from America, the excitement over the outbreak was intense. A special commission was sent out by Mr. Secretary Cardwell; and the commissioners—Sir Henry Storks (as Acting Governor), Mr. Russell Gurney (Recorder of the City of London), and Mr. J B. Maule (Recorder of Leeds)—held their sittings in Spanish Town, "almost without intermission," from January 23 until March 21. Reporters from several English newspapers were present, "and the utmost publicity was given to all the proceedings." Separate courts were held in one district and another, and fifty-one days in all were spent in the examination of 730 witnesses.

With regard to the plans taken to suppress the insurrection, the commissioners found that "by the prompt and rapid manner in which the different movements were executed the outbreak was overcome in a very short period." Commenting upon the notes of Gordon's case, they remarked that "the evidence, oral and documentary, appears wholly insufficient to establish the charge upon which the prisoner took his trial." They further found:

"That by the continuance of martial law in its full force to the extreme limit of its statutory operation the people were deprived for a longer than the necessary period of the great constitutional privileges by which the security of life and property is provided for.

"That the punishments inflicted were excessive.

"That the punishment of death was unnecessarily frequent.

"That the floggings were reckless, and those at Bath positively barbarous; and

"That the burning of 1000 houses was wanton and cruel."

In June 1866 Mr. Cardwell forwarded his despatch in reply to the commissioners' report. Her Majesty's Government, "while giving Mr. Eyre full credit for those portions of his conduct to which credit is justly due, feel compelled, by the result of the inquiry, to disapprove other portions of that conduct."

Mr. Eyre was consequently not restored to the Governorship, which Gardner thinks he was to be commiserated for ever having accepted; and in August 1866 Sir John Peter Grant (who had made a reputation in the Indian Civil Service, particularly in handling a crisis between the indigo planters of Bengal on the one hand and the ryots or cultivators employed by them on the other, a crisis which had occasioned Lord Canning more uneasiness than he had known since the days of Delhi) came out to rule in his stead. On December 20 of the same year the Assembly passed an Act "rendering it lawful for the Queen to create and constitute a Government for the island." This was passed by the Council on the 22nd, and on the 23rd it received the consent of the Governor.

Thus was swept away the constitution that had existed for two hundred years, and Jamaica virtually became, and has remained, a Crown Colony.

VIII

NOTABLE BOOKS, AND SOME OTHERS

JAMAICA, this isle of woods and streams, most famous of our plantation colonies, has been the cause of abundant writing. In the British Museum catalogue under "J" nearly ten pages of double columns are devoted to works of all kinds about Jamaica. From the Department of Printed Books the curious inquirer may turn to the Manuscript Department, in the catalogue of which—"Topography—West Indies—Jamaica"—seven columns are partially filled. Long's histories, by the way, are here in much fuller state than in the printed works that bear his name. Not many readers, it may be taken for granted, will want all that the library contains upon this subject, but, as a result of delving in many nooks and crannies, a few hints may be offered to show the wide limits and general character of the island's literature.

For the beginnings of our history in the active business of colonising there is nothing at once so important and so fascinating as the quaint and precious volumes of Richard Hakluyt, Archdeacon of Westminster, and sometime student of Christ Church, Oxford, who began to publish in 1582, under the title of "Divers Voyages touching the Discouerie of America, and the Ilands Adiacent vnto the same, made first of all by our Englishmen,

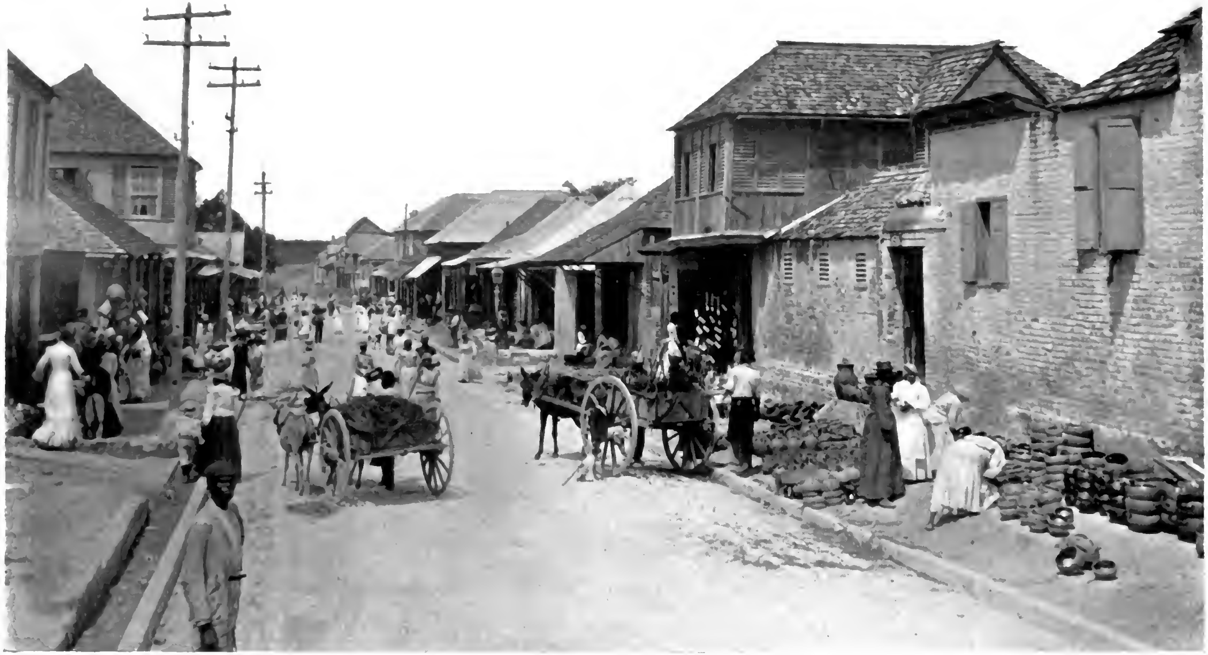


Photo by J. W. Cleary, Kingston

BECKFORD STREET, KINGSTON

and afterwards by the Frenchmen and Britons: and certaine notes of aduertisements for obseruations, necessarie for such as shall heerafter make the like attempt" (an extremely rare volume, of which no copy has come up for sale by auction for more than twenty years, and now worth, I judge from a recent catalogue of Messrs. Henry Sotheran and Co., not less than £135), and in 1589 "The Principall Navigations, Voiages and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or ouer Land, to the most remote and farthest distant Quarters of the earth at any time within the compasse of these 1500 yeeres" (a less rare work than the author's first publication, but still a most valuable possession). Hakluyt is now being reprinted at a moderate cost, and sundry volumes of selections from the "Voyages" have been issued in recent years.

With regard to histories of Jamaica, a hint has been bestowed as to the limitations—the biases rather—on the dark topic of slavery and the slave trade that may be looked for in most of the earlier works. Books about Jamaica, written by men who had anything to do with slavery, or who had been during many years familiar with it, deal with all public events "as they affected the maintenance of that system." From our modern point of view all of these works are tainted—some of them grievously, others in a less marked degree.

Vernon's "New History of Jamaica," in one volume, dates back to 1740. A work oftener cited, and in all respects more remarkable, is the elaborate "History" of Long, in three volumes, which appeared thirty-four years later. Bryan Edwards's "History of the West Indies," also in three volumes, was published in Abolition year, 1807. Edwards's views, while not precisely those of the present day, are by no means illiberal, and his compendious history is of great value and interest.

Reference has been made to, and a passage cited from, the Rev. G. W. Bridges's "Annals of Jamaica" (2 vols.), which bears the date 1827-28. In 1828 the British slave trade had been twenty-one years abolished by Act of Parliament, but the reverend annalist writes as one of its most determined champions. Alas! the record of the Established Church in this whole matter is not the brightest that might be shown. This much must be admitted though, no church has ever vied with it in learning, culture, poetry and piety, or put forward a better claim to being the church of the poor. But, in fetters itself, how could it preach freedom?

Let us remember, however, that certain great men at home were quite unable to appreciate—nay, even to understand—the wretched situation of the fettered negro. Carlyle's contemptuous fling at the "beautiful blacks sitting up to their beautiful muzzles in pumpkins" is not an utterance of his that we would cherish.

"The Nigger Question" is the scornful title of the essay in which he emphatically declared that we did wrong to emancipate the negro. He works little, and lets the sugar crops rot, says Carlyle in effect; let him be a slave, with the cart-whip flourished over his back. Carlyle, it is true, had not seen the whip at work, nor the pepper rubbed into the open wounds. Parson Bridges was on the spot, the easy rector of a parish in the island. Some groan from the mill-house must now and then have reached that none too delicate ear. But let the rector pass; no one need any longer read those "Annals."

A history that has been several times referred to,

W. J. Gardner's, a modern work of 1873 or thereabouts, will amply satisfy the reader. Gardner came out as an agent of the London Missionary Society The name is still a grateful memory in Jamaica as that of one who laboured long and zealously for the good of the people, and his son is to-day one of the most respected citizens of Kingston. Beginning with Columbus, Gardner comes down to the affair that blighted the colonial career of Eyre; and of special interest is his account of the manners, habits, and customs of the coloured people, and his narrative of the progress of religion and education in the Colony.

For leisurely reading one cannot choose but recommend the four highly original and delightful volumes of Arthur Helps's "Spanish Conquest in America." Slavery was a subject which had a particular fascination for Helps. He gives a long essay to it in the first series of "Friends in Council." This in the course of time he expanded into a work in two volumes (1848 and 1852), called "The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondmen," and from this again he was carried on to farther investigations. He went to Spain to study original MSS. in Madrid, and "The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and the Government of Colonies" is the finished fruit of his toils. His "Life of Hernando Cortes" will go far to reward readers who may be daunted by the magnitude of the "Conquest." Leisure also is needed for the "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus" (4 vols.), by that very elegant, felicitous, and picturesque writer Washington Irving. These are books for the roaring, firelit nights of autumn.

The record of missions and mission work in Jamaica is a curious one, and a good little volume on this theme is the story of the labours of the Rev. Warrand Carlile, missionary at Brownsville by "One of his Sons." Carlile was forty-six years of age when he sailed for Jamaica in 1842, but he lived to do thirty-eight years' work there. At the date of his arrival at Brownsville the slaves had been but a few years liberated, and some of his son's tales of their moral habits are electrifying.

Christian missions were begun in Jamaica by the Moravians about 1754, and the earliest workers in this field had a somewhat mixed reception by the planters. "The planters," says Mr. Carlile's son, "were amazed when they found Christian men and their wives"—Mr. Carlile's first wife, it may be noted, was a sister of the celebrated Edward Irving—"coming out to teach the slaves. Some received them in a friendly manner, as instructed in a few cases by the estate owners at home. The great majority, however, were bitterly opposed." The slaves undoubtedly owed their emancipation in great part to the persistent efforts of the missionaries.

The natural history of this exquisite island, where the humming-bird dazzles and the snake is without venom, and where anything and everything will grow, has engaged a few enthusiastic pens. The two tall volumes of Sloane have been mentioned. Brown (1754) was some half-century after him; Barham followed in 1794, Lunan in 1814; and Gosse's "Journal of a Naturalist in Jamaica" (1851) and "Birds of Jamaica" (1847) are two books that no visitor to the island can dispense with some little knowledge of.

There are sundry volumes of the jottings and impressions of travellers and tourists. Among them may be named the anonymous "Letters from the Land of Streams and Woods" (Edinburgh, 1873);

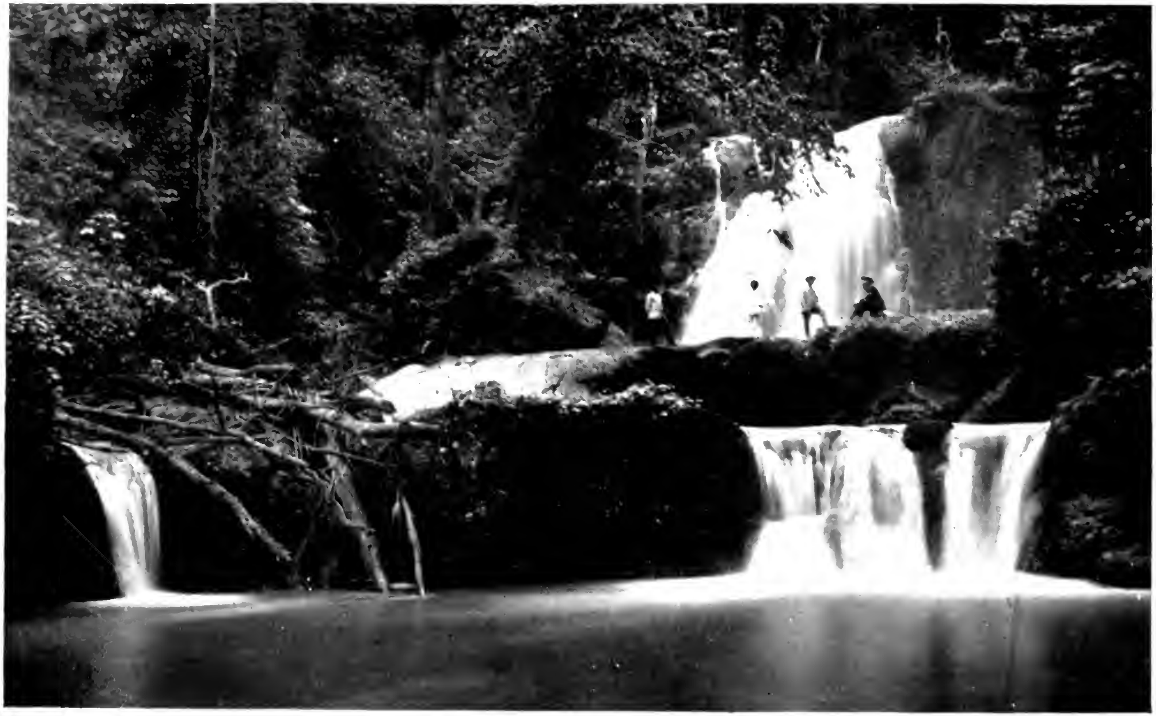


Photo by J. W. Cleary, Kingston

THE Y. S. FALLS, ST. ELIZABETH

"The Warmer Islands: A Tour to Madeira and Jamaica" (1881); and Sir Sibbald Scott's "To Jamaica and Back," a readable and lively little book, containing a sketch of the history of the Colony.

Many books contain no more than perhaps a single chapter touching Jamaica, and yet must not escape attention. Among these I make mention of that racy budget of reminiscence entitled "Grain or Chaff" (1903), by Mr. Alfred Chichele Plowden, a police magistrate of London. Mr. Plowden came out to Jamaica as private secretary to his uncle, Sir John Peter Grant, and though he remained only two years on the island, and those two years belong to the sixties, he has left behind him a kindly remembrance as a genial, sport-loving, light-hearted young Englishman, not too anxious to push for place nor give his natural talents full play. His uncle, on the other hand, was represented to me as a strict, severe-minded man, as unbendable as a rod of steel. I judge from what Mr. Plowden says there was justification for this view, as taken from the outside; there was something in the Governor's "grave and dignified demeanour which inspired respect and checked frivolity." But from the intimacy of the King's House the private secretary gives another side to the picture. The ex-Indian statesman was naturally lazy, and yet never idle; he had such amazing powers of concentration that he never knew the time nor cared, and was only punctual through the thoughtfulness of others. If his mind was judicial, his character was firm and equable, and "no kinder or juster man ever lived." Such was the Captain-General and Governor who took up the affairs of Jamaica at one crucial period of the island's history, and left behind the mark of administrative genius.

And Jamaica has been celebrated by the novelists. It has not its Defoe, as our North American settlements had in "Colonel Jack" and 'Moll Flanders"—vivid and amazingly realistic if rather gruesome romances of "our colonising life on its roughest side." But whereas "Moll Flanders" is not a book for all the world, Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" most emphatically is; and the reader of this generation who is by chance as yet unacquainted with "Tom Cringle's Log" and "The Cruise of the *Midge*," two delicious romances from the pen of the old Kingston merchant, Michael Scott, has but to seek at the nearest library for thrilling knowledge of the Jamaica of bolder and more variegated days.

Mr. Alfred Caldecott's "English Colonisation and Empire," and the late Professor J. R. Seeley's inspired pamphlet, "Our Colonial Expansion," might stimulate most of us to look still farther afield.

Of Froude's "English in the West Indies" more than a passing word should be said. It is a work that, despite all criticism, has survived, and certainly more than one copy was on board the *Port Kingston* when I crossed the Atlantic. I never spent an hour on its pages, however, without encountering the friendly interruption of a fellow passenger, some West Indian who "knew," warning me against every statement every page contained. At Oxford Froude came under the influence of Newman, and that he bore away a full measure of the literary graces of that school is shown even in the work of his later manhood. Every one admitted the book to be in style eminently lucid, graceful, and attractive. But unfortunately Froude united to those graces the boorish, unreasoning attitude of mind of his later master, Carlyle. The historian who could convert that very forceful gentleman, Henry VIII., into a striking moral figure, and forget to mention the vile ingratitude of the old ruffian to his great and only too faithful minister, Wolsey, and who could endeavour to besmirch by vain calumny the saintly life of Sir Thomas More, is hardly a safe guide in dealing even with objects coming within his own vision. It may be true that King Henry, English-like, did regard himself as a highly moral man. We are sure that he preferred lopping off heads to casual amours.

Inaccuracy, however, is unfortunate in the historian, even when he "does not pretend to impartiality." That Froude was inaccurate no one would now venture to deny. In proof of this I recall a slashing article in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Professor Goldwin Smith, reviewing Mr. Herbert Paul's conscientious life of Froude, in which the critic points out with almost cruel emphasis that in his "West Indies" and "Oceana" Froude misdescribes things which he had seen with his own eyes, depicting, for instance, a sheet of water as tinted violet by the shadow of forest trees, whereas there were no forest trees within two miles of it. I might have gathered up many other beautiful misstatements or exaggerations. Enough for me to mention one—the vivid picture of Gordon, the coloured man and the chief figure in the rising of 1865, hatching his plot in his home, "Cherry Garden," St. Andrews, as he viewed from his own windows and piazzas the windows and piazzas lying below of the King's House, the home of the Governor whom he was so anxious to dethrone. Froude visited "Cherry Garden," but it was not Gordon's home; and the illusion of the picturesque story is again spoiled when we remember that there was no King's House within view until years afterwards, the seat of government being at that time at the old capital, Spanish Town, and not Kingston!

Froude avowedly wrote history with a polemical purpose, and he justified a conclusion by forgetting facts and distorting others to suit his advocacy. He came to the West Indies a convinced negro-hater, and the black and coloured population of Jamaica have a right to dismiss as outside serious consideration the conclusions of so manifestly unfair and misleading a critic.

I cannot, however, attempt even to name the writers who have made the West Indies, and Jamaica in particular, the scene of interesting study and observations. The bibliography of Jamaica as prepared by Mr. Frank Cundall, the secretary to the Institute at Kingston, and an acknowledged authority, is a bulky volume of itself.

Grant Allen, I remember, spent some of the most impressionable years of his life on the island. The time was not misspent, as the experience provided colouring for more than one entertaining novel, and inspiration for much of the more enduring work achieved in that busy life. Still later Mr. Frankfort Moore, in the *rôle* of novelist as well as that of impartial critic, and Miss Dolf Wyllarde, among others, have drawn upon the same inexhaustible fount, the latter with a frankness that is not a little startling.

The last volume to fall into my hands is fresh from the press—"A Memory of the Old Slave Days," by G. D. de Montmorency. How far this is fiction and how far real history there is nothing within the covers to show. Probably I shall not be far wrong if I conclude it to be the first with the authority of the latter. Certainly coloured

Photo by W. S. Campbell

CASTLETON GARDENS, JAMAICA

One of the show places of the island.

blood will not hesitate to accept Morna, a slave girl fair of skin, beautiful of form, and pure of mind, who prefers death to a loveless mating with her owner. There are disagreeable references to the Beckfords, who were once great slave-owners, and to one of whom a monument stands in the Guildhall, London, in token of his munificence; a sketch, too, of Levi Hall, inhabited by a vulgar Jew, who, with his daughters, earns the contempt of his co-religionists by an anxiety to associate himself with all save those of the house of Israel, to which he belongs. This may be a portrait thinly veiled, and I more than half suspect it is. Disagreeable too is the picture of the colonial Englishman of pre-emancipation days; but it cannot compare with the cruel, odious old cat who was, to judge from these pages, the typical Englishman's typical wife.

The white planter and his wife of to-day are human, and generous-hearted to a degree, educated and refined, a distinct race from anything suggested within the bounds of this "memory."

IX

A MIXED MARRIAGE

SHE was an English rose, young and beautiful.

"How that fresh complexion will fade in the dry heat of a tropical country!" said some one.

"Well," I urged in her defence, "she can afford to lose certain of those good looks and still be an attractive woman. She has the carriage of a lady, born and bred, and a figure that would nowhere pass unnoticed."

"The figure will lapse in idleness, and in Jamaica a woman must needs have distinction of carriage, where every native walks like a duchess."

"Then the sun must be in the tropics a woman's greatest enemy?"

"And in England wet days and long winters blessings in disguise—admittedly *in disguise*."

This was the conversation on the deck of the steamer as we approached the wharf, and it related to a girl going out from England to Jamaica on the ever-interesting mission to be married. Her joyous laughter—the note of gaiety was in every tone—had made of every man on the ship an admirer, and of every woman a friend.

The world loves a lover, it is said, probably for selfish reasons—the amusement he invariably provides. His confidences are superb. Adam never lived before, the highways of life are paths of gold and of ever-enriching promise. To breathe a word of disillusionment would be heartless—it would be worse, it would spoil the fun.

But the engaged girl is truly beloved of all. And here one noted with admiration, born of envy, how a face, winning in repose, was one of unquestioned beauty the moment it was suffused with the blush of expectancy at the prospect of meeting him to whom she was so soon to give the proud right to call her wife.

The little love-story did not need much telling, and was soon known to all. It had no difficult plot, and no complications beyond the "plot" and the complications obvious on the surface. It was this.

He came to England—"home, he called it, though he had never seen the shores of Albion before—and she, like Desdemona, looking into a face that breathed passionate affection for her and into eyes that revealed only the depth of her own soul, was lost and won.

I supposed the little drama was nearing its close as the ship approached her moorings at Kingston, and wedding bells were well-nigh already in her ears. How eagerly she scanned the group on the wharf! How indistinguishable the men all seemed to her in their light-coloured clothes and heavy-brimmed hats!

"Can you see your husband that is to be?" I asked.

"No—but I am not sure," she said, slowly and doubtingly; but in another instant she was all animation. "Oh, yes, there he is, beside those distressingly plain and fat black people."

She waved her hand again and again in response to his recognition, and threw what, with supreme wisdom, I suspected was meant to be a kiss, though her fingers never actually touched her lips.

"He said he would bring his people to meet me," she said, "but I expect his mother is somewhere in the shade of the covered wharf down there—the Custom House I think some one said it was. And I don't wonder," with a laugh, meanwhile fanning herself with an absurdly diminutive handkerchief; "it is hot."

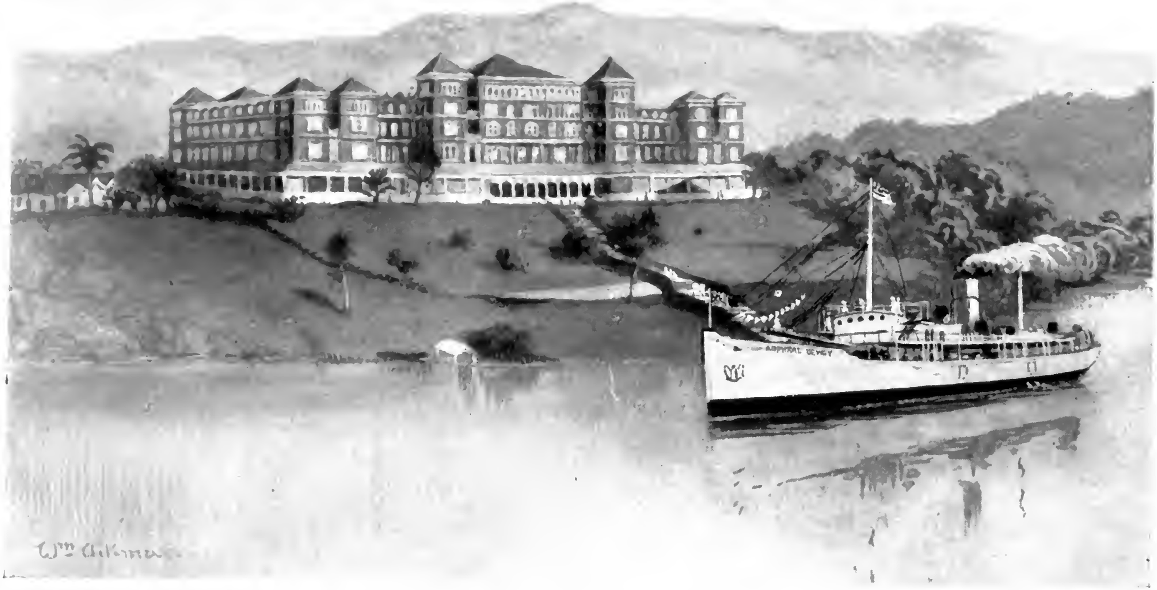
With a growing sense of anxiety I noted that the man who had returned her salutations came on board accompanied by that group of which he had been the more active principal. When they reached our deck I saw that the man, though light-complexioned, was distinctly a man of colour. He effusively kissed the girl, and then presented her to his mother, the most conspicuous of the little company of "distressingly plain and fat black people" we had observed on the wharf.

For one brief instant amazement and bitter reproach was marked in every feature, and tears were starting from two lustrous eyes when she controlled herself with the dignity of a proud Englishwoman and gave her hand in turn to each of the black tribe.

To a steward she gave directions about her luggage, and soon afterwards I saw her pass down the gangway, never once venturing to speak a word to any friend of the voyage. In this hour of humiliation she could not speak, and she spared us the hypocrisy of wishing her the joy we knew could not be hers.

"The drama is a tragedy, and it has only begun," whispered a friend at my elbow, as we saw the little party disappear into the Customs examination quarters.

"The bounding brute!" I exclaimed.



HOTEL TITCHFIELD, PORT ANTONIO

Showing the United Fruit Company's steamer, *Admiral Dewey*, one of a large fleet engaged in the passenger and fruit carrying trade between Jamaica and Boston and Philadelphia. (*See* pp. 65, 89, and 244–45.)

"Oh, yes! But why wonder? We don't teach the English girl what all this means. Indeed, if we teach her anything on the subject it is that the black man is 'her brother,' and that the difference is a trifling distinction of colour or occupation. Her awakening comes when she realises that in her colonial home she is cut off from the society of all her own countrywomen, and that in motherhood her heart may be filled with loathing instead of love. Then indeed is a woman's humiliation complete."

"This man must know all this?"

"Certainly. He knows that within this island he can barely dare to speak to an English girl, and never presume to be a guest in her home. But in England the flag of Empire covers much! So he goes 'home' to England to pass an examination, perhaps, and perhaps, too, if he is not quite as black as his mother, to secure an English wife. Arrived here, he gives her no time to realise. This wedding will be to-morrow morning at the latest."

Surely enough it was so. The pathetic little ceremony was arranged for half-past eight the following morning, and oh, the pity of it! it took place.

We were, however, destined to meet again. She was on her honeymoon, and spending a few days at a prominent seaside resort on the north side of the island. What a glimpse of Paradise is Port Antonio! The bay, as we saw it in the early twilight on our arrival, lay at our feet like a sheet of glass, reflecting by day the eternally blue sky, by night the vast and countless assemblage of stars.

I noted with admiration that our English rose was more beautiful than ever—a little flushed in the excitement of the dance—more interesting and more bewitching. With such godlike grace do our angels bear a chastening sorrow that knows no end! But obviously already she had been made aware of the gulf that must now and for ever part her from the white human family she had unconsciously forsaken for the black family of humanity she had embraced with equal lack of conscious intention. She even seemed to hesitate in presuming to speak to us.

"I gave my word," she said in a whisper to me aside, "and I would not break it—not then, at all events."

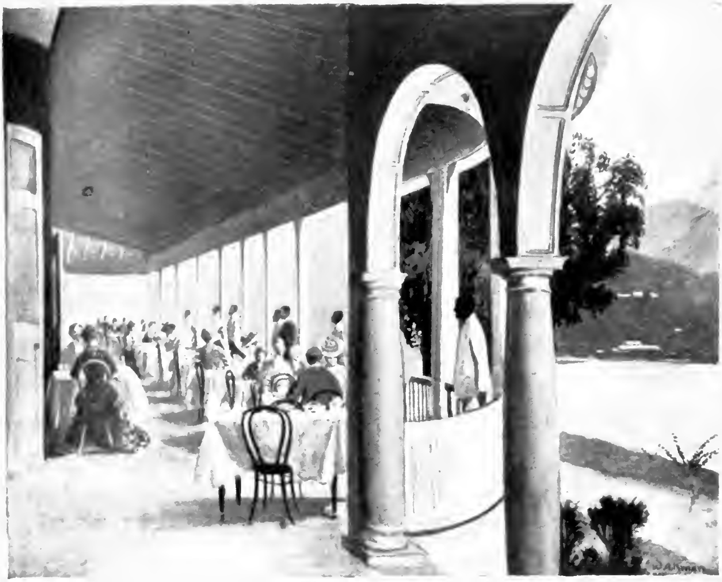
It was an answer to no question of mine—none, at all events, that had ever found utterance. There are questions that find birth without words.

"But," she went on, and a far-away look passed over her face, and a choking sensation in the throat made her hesitate, "I did not understand—and I dare not think of what may come. It would break my heart. But you men who have been about in the world—why this conspiracy of silence? Why do you not tell English girls quite frankly what this difference in race does mean?" And, her proud glance falling, she added pathetically in a whisper, "*May mean?*"

We were on the edge of a deserted but brilliantly illuminated ball-room, as imposing, in this supposedly poverty-stricken colony, as any in Paris or New York. At that moment the music began afresh, bringing forth from the wide balconies and verandahs a great company of fair women and brave men, mainly of the great American Republic lying at one point so near.

The clouds had gone from her countenance the next instant.

"I can give you this waltz," she said aloud, as



DINING ON THE PIAZZA OF THE HOTEL TITCHFIELD, PORT ANTONIO
(From a drawing by Wm. Aikman)

Photo by W. S Campbell

ON THE STRAND NEAR PORT ANTONIO

the dancers brushed past, with a laugh I well understood.

Her gaiety of voice and manner, intended to recall old days on the sea, a little forced and unreal as it was, was more touching and pathetic than tears.

X

THE LAND OF THE BANANA

Agriculture in a tropical country, the industrial conditions being favourable, has been recently described as the surest and speediest road to fortune. The writer, in a burst of cynical candour, ranked agriculture as a profitable occupation next after the equally practical but less prosaic businesses of revolution-making and political wire-pulling. He was an American, of course, writing in the always illuminative pages of the *Outlook*.

In Jamaica, which is, as I have shown, virtually a Crown Colony, the representative element in the Government being a mere shadow and pretence, revolutions, happily, are of no avail, and political wire-pulling is either an extinct art or one that has yet to be discovered.

Agriculture, therefore, left to itself, takes pre-eminence; and on the computation of those planters who have known the island for more than half a century, and with whom I have had many interesting talks, no country affords a young man of moderate means so good and so certain a return on his capital outlay, and so attractive a life throughout the years he is accumulating his competency. But I am satisfied that the days of phenomenal earnings are over, and that it is no longer possible for a capitalist to come over here, and by investing

Photo by W. S. Campbell

PLANTING A BANANA SUCKER

£5000, £10,000, or even £20,000 in a sugar estate return and live in London in luxury on his profits. The days of the absentee landlord are over, but the day has only dawned of the planter who, abandoning all antiquated, slipshod methods, devotes himself with moderate zeal and intelligence to the work he has in hand. Nature in this region is long-suffering and kind, and the farmer in Jamaica has an easier time and may earn more money than his brother working in a colder zone.

The climate is often regarded as a serious deterrent, and there can be no doubt that the hot days and nights of the summer are a serious penalty to certain constitutions (as to which I shall have more to say on a later page). Englishmen twenty years resident on the island have told me that they were forbidden by their doctors to return for more than brief visits. Even native-born Jamaicans—creoles they all quite properly call themselves, though an attempt is sometimes made to restrict the use of that word to those of pure European descent—have confessed to me that they never knew what it was to feel well till they reached the temperate zone,

A mild fever attacks some new-comers after a few months' residence, but even mild fever is unknown save amid the hot, low-lying, and highly productive sugar estates; and most settlers, men and women, soon become inured and throw off every semblance of the prostrating, heady feverishness. In the past all the West Indies laboured under an evil reputation, due in a large measure to the high rate of mortality among the white troops and the numerous physical wrecks among the white settlers.

Our soldiers were often required to live in hopelessly insanitary barracks, in some such low-lying situation as that at Port Royal, than which no more likely fever swamp could be imagined, and united to this evil abode other offences against health, of which an appetite for raw rum was only one.

Then it is not many years since the sanitation of Kingston, the capital itself, was of the most primitive kind; and the wonder is that, with the stench of open sewers and an atmosphere filled with mosquitoes spreading malarial fever everywhere, any one lived at all. I was told that one high official on the island scouted the idea that the bite of the mosquito could be the cause of malarial fever, but this was not an official fitted by training and observation or knowledge to form an opinion against the weight of definite discoveries.

Ancient authorities on Ayurvedic medicines assign mosquitoes next after impure air and water as the cause of the fever; and if the recent investigations of Manson and Ross have traced the evil to this source, the principle is to be found in certain Sanskrit works of an origin not later than the sixth century of the Christian era, and—who knows?—maybe as long ago as three thousand years.

In Jamaica, however, the mosquito net round your bed is often a luxury to the eye rather than a physical necessity, and only when the planter's house is near water more or less stagnant or still is the mosquito himself a real living terror. Port Royal, which has earned for Jamaica so evil a name in many respects, and for which the mosquito has not received his proper share of reproach, has fallen from its proud place among the richest and smallest cities of the world, and is now hardly more than a neglected landmark; while Kingston has a drainage system on modern, approved lines.

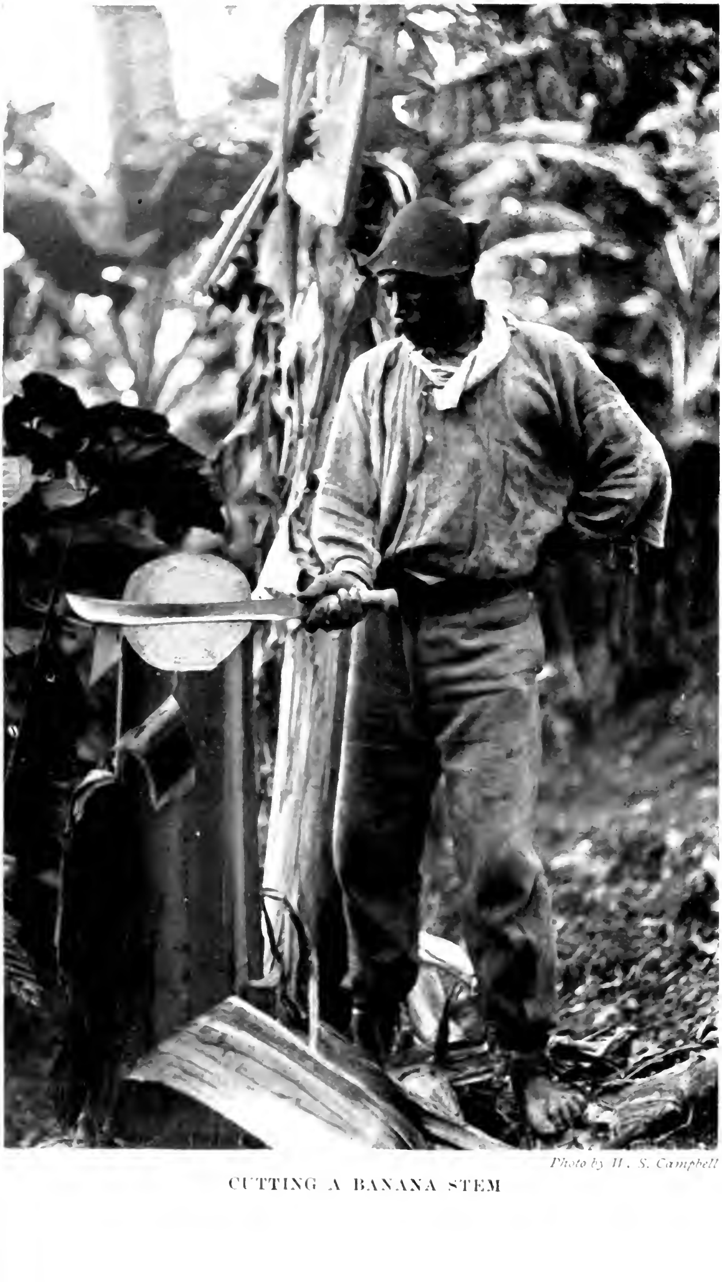


Photo by H. S. Campbell

CUTTING A BANANA STEM

The water tax, however, as Sir James Crichton-Browne has shown as the result of personal investigation, is so serious a burden on the poorer classes of the capital, that many, if not indeed most, of the miserable one-roomed shanties of the negro, hidden away in a labyrinth of alleys behind side streets, are without the slightest pretence to drainage.

Still, it must be admitted that Kingston has such a remarkable immunity from disease that it is deservedly spoken of as the healthiest centre of population in the whole of the West Indies. Certainly the city enjoys the inestimable blessing of a refreshing breeze—from the hills by day, relieving the noonday heat, from the sea by night, cooling the hours of darkness even in the narrowest and most sheltered streets.

I do not, however, share the conviction that man, like all nature, animate and inanimate, attains his highest development in the tropics, though no one can spend a single day on this fair isle without being impressed by the extraordinary luxuriance of the soil, no less than by the strength and shapeliness of the native race, before labour and age have left their relentless impress.

Anything and everything will grow in Jamaica. In England no one would presume to set up as a farmer without, if possible, some education at an agricultural college, and never, certainly, without practical experience on a farm. But here I find planters happy and prosperous, and thoroughly sound agriculturists, whose early training was perhaps on the Stock Exchange in London, but who have abandoned that nerve-racking existence for the greater quiet, joy, and ease of a Jamaican plantation. Other men have drifted here because the climatic conditions of England rendered the change a necessity of health, some have come from sheer love of the open air and the comforting warmth of the tropics, while others have inherited their properties and found it pleasing as well as convenient to follow in the steps of a father or an uncle or a grandfather. One and all are attracted to the easy-going, free, and open-hearted ways of a colony as a contrast and relief to the stricter discipline of social life in England.

Everybody knows everybody, and the impertinent and inquisitive hardly find it necessary to ask the income you earn from your estate, as the semi-official "Handbook" seems to tell nearly all you want to know on that head, giving, if you are so pleased to disclose the information for the common good, your yield of sugar in hogsheads or hundredweights and your production of rum in puncheons. I cannot imagine what the busy-body can find to meddle with on an island where such all-consuming subjects of speculation and inquiry are thus happily disposed of.

The Government of a Crown Colony is paternal in its despotism, and in Jamaica shows its fostering care in many ways that at home would be regarded as startling Socialistic innovations. The Colony shares with all our West Indian possessions an Imperial Commissioner of Agriculture in the person of Sir Daniel Morris, K.C.M.G., D.Sc., who, after long experience of the West Indies, was brought home to Kew, only to return to the sphere of his former labour and carry out a scheme, largely, if not entirely, of his own creation—that of aiding the planter with the latest results of scientific knowledge in the choice of seeds, the best crop for particular estates, the treatment of insect pests, and a whole multitude of facts of inestimable service to the planter in his daily work.

THE COOLIE AND HIS WIFE HOEING

Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

NEGROES BRINGING BANANAS TO A STORE SHED

Sir Daniel Morris has chosen his headquarters at Barbados, but is in direct and personal touch with all the islands, and his influence is everywhere. He is enriching every planter, by bringing to his aid the highest scientific learning, and establishing methods of culture that not only bring substantial returns forthwith, but promise steadily increasing advantages. Surely this is Empire-building in its best sense, and no chapter treating, however briefly, of agriculture in the West Indies would be complete that did not pay tribute to his genius and that of the able men, like the Hon. Francis Watts, C.M.G., D.Sc., and others, whose aid he has enlisted.

A return published by the Revenue Department for the year ending March 31, 1905, showed that the acreage alienated from the Crown and vested in individuals or trusts was 2,085,064, of which 1,310,103 were returned as in wood and ruinate and 774,961 acres under care and cultivation, as follows: Common pasture, 383,640; Guinea grass, 124,206; ground provisions, 109,166; common pasture and pimento, 50,794; bananas, 44,325; coffee, 24,479; canes, 23,871; cocoanuts, 8561; cacao, 4628; ginger, 401; corn, 354; tobacco, 199; ground-nuts, 62; cotton, 22; arrowroot, 18; vegetables, 9; total, 774,961, compared with 693,674 ten years before. On this comparison bananas showed a steady rise, canes a steady fall, coffee stationary, cocoanuts less, ginger more.

The sugar exported (198,066 cwts.) was valued at £116,366; rum (1,224,357 gallons), £92,575; coffee, £85,173; bananas (8,903,739 bunches), £514,191; cocoanuts, £17,197; cocoa, £40,757.

These figures are interesting as showing a rapid recovery following so closely upon the terrible disaster of the cyclone of August 11, 1903, and as a basis of comparison with the figures of the year next following.

The acreage in wood and ruinate in this last return is now shown to be 1,261,900, while the land under cultivation shows a total of 817,211, divided as follows: Tilled land, 246,373; Guinea grass, 125,687; commons, 445,151.

Ground provisions now cover 113,029 acres; bananas, 59,958; coffee, 27,765; canes, 26,838; cocoanuts, 10,318; cocoa, 6021; minor items, 2444; total, 246,373, making up the grand total of 2,079,111.

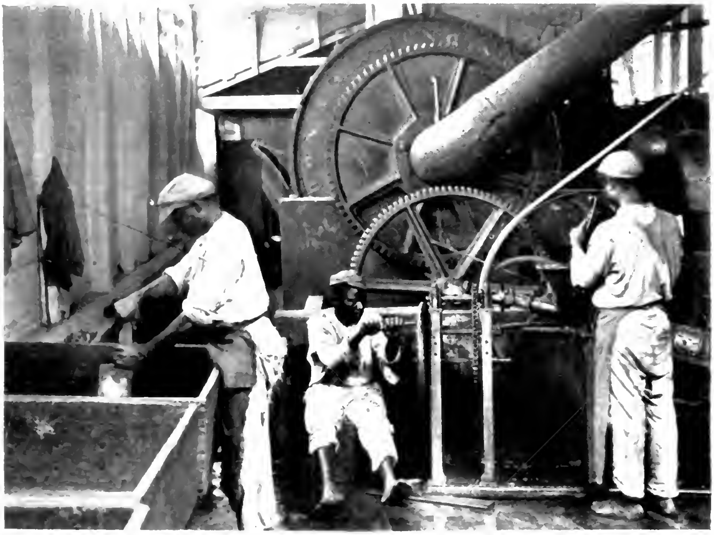
The report of the Hon. A. H. Miles, Collector-General of Jamaica, for the year ending March 31, 1906, bears proof of the advancing prosperity of the island. Customs collections amounted to £389,509, an increase of nearly £40,000. Imports amounted to £1,837,774, or an advance of £252,926, while the exports were £1,843,180, an advance of no less than £406,455.

The United States possesses the bulk of the trade of the Colony. Of the imports, 39 per cent. came from the United States, which took in return 57·4 of the total exports, compared with 19·3 exported to the United Kingdom.

Fruit continued to be the staple industry (if mere figures are a guide), being 55 per cent. of the value of the whole, coffee coming next (7·6), sugar following (6·9), while rum keeps its place in the running (5·6).

Sugar shows at length a tendency to rise, though it has not yet realised its chances as a result of the abolition of the bounties, the erection of better machinery, and improved planting. But the coffee of Jamaica, which at its best is one of the delicacies of the world, is forging ahead. To fruit, however, and the banana in particular, belongs the bulk of the

AMONG THE SUGAR-CANES



Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

DRYING COCOA-BEANS ON ONE OF MESSRS. ROWNTREE'S PLANTATIONS

trade done, and the latest figures show the exports of the latter to be 14,981,147 bunches, a giant stride upon the eight million odd of the previous twelve months. There is a suspicion, however, that the quality of the banana shipped of late has been inferior, and this depreciation must be arrested before the luscious Jamaican fruit is supplanted in popular favour by the production of Puerto Rico, already largely eaten in England.

Of the total crop of bananas, no fewer than 13,703,363 bunches went to the United States, the United Kingdom taking only 1,217,901, and Canada 57,611.

Another important feature of the report, that dealing with the increase in grass land, would seem to show that greater attention is now being paid to cattle-raising, for which Jamaica is well suited, and Cuba forms a ready market.

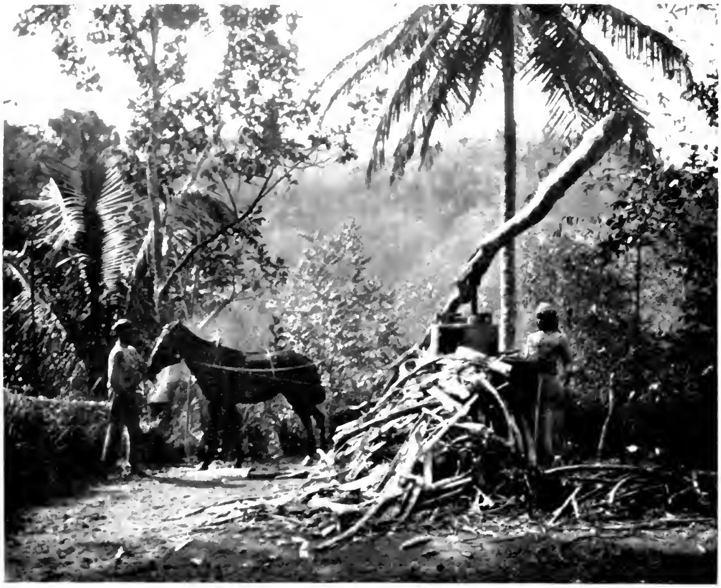
XI

SUGAR AND COTTON

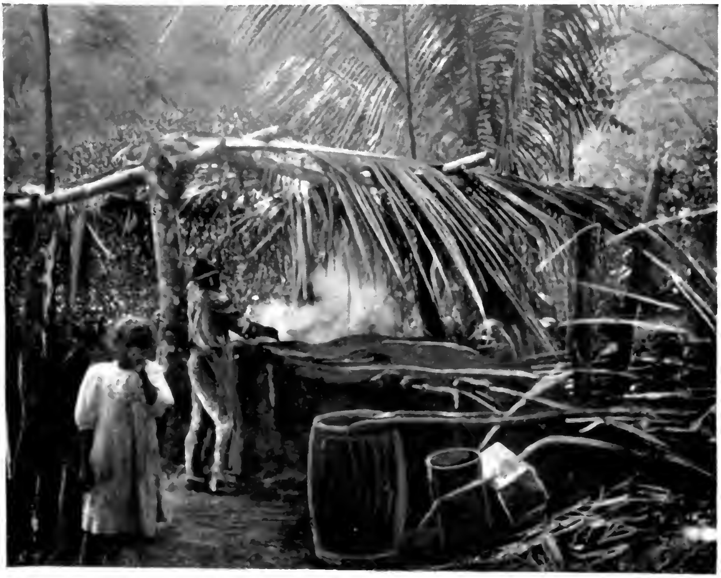
THE prosperity of Jamaica was founded on the growth of the sugar-cane, and it was to work on the estates devoted to its growth that the natives of West Africa were entrapped and despatched as slaves.

Yet the sugar-cane is an alien in this sunny land. Its history is shrouded in obscurity. It was known to the ancients, and Herodotus makes mention of it. "Indian salt" was one description, and from the evident Sanskrit origin of the word it would seem safe to conclude that the Far East was its place of origin. The Crusaders found it in Syria, and one of them described the process of manufacture by squeezing and boiling down the juice. The Moors carried it into Spain, and to the Spaniards we owe its introduction into Hispaniola, or Cuba, and thence into the other West Indian islands.

It can be raised from seed, but the custom in Jamaica has been to reproduce it from cuttings, each joint having a bud, which in the growing part of the cane is capable of independent development. Industrially this process of reproduction has become so common, so universal I might say, that the reproduction from seed has been completely lost sight of. This is where exact scientific



PEASANT'S PRIMITIVE SUGAR-GRINDING MILL



Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

BOILING SUGAR ON A PEASANT'S HOLDING

knowledge comes into play, and Sir Daniel Morris has told me that the results of recent experiments are most encouraging, showing improved varieties of seedling canes, yielding a larger amount of sugar and less susceptible to disease. He has still more promising seedling canes under experiment, but some years must elapse before he can establish any wide-spreading change of policy in the propagation of the sugar-cane. It is evident, however, that the seedling cane is less subject to disease and yields a better return.

The highest results, however, will only be achieved by the planter's choice of the richest canes for each locality, by more careful nourishing of the soil, by an improvement and economy in manufacture, and by producing exactly the kind of sugar required for refinery purposes in Canada and the United States, and the yellow and other crystals demanded by the United Kingdom.

Canada, by the way, offers a very favourable market for West Indian sugar and molasses, and in the new tariff of the Dominion every colonial has noted with pleasure and gratitude that the preference to British-grown sugar is continued.

Hitherto the great hindrance to the growth of the sugar-cane has been due to two causes: First, the discovery that sugar could be extracted from beet. When the sugar-supply of France from our West Indian colonies was cut off Napoleon offered a prize for a practical method of extracting the known sweetening qualities from the beet. It was this offer which ultimately led to its first manufacture by Chaptal in 1829. Therein has Napoleon been revenged upon us all these years, beyond his most sanguine dreams! Next, the Continental system of sugar bounties, by which the grower in

Jamaica had to compete with sugar manufactured on the Continent and sold to us below cost.

I heard with amused incredulity of the efforts of an English Member of Parliament to persuade cane-growers that the abolition of the bounty system had rendered them no practical advantage! It is difficult to imagine any sane man, much less a man of capacity, attempting so absurd and impossible a conversion. No specious argument could induce the planters to believe that their one hope of salvation lay in their annihilation!—*i.e.*, by the revival of the Continental bounty.

Happily the bounty-fed sugar is a figment of history now, and that it may remain so is the devout prayer of the West Indian planter, and of every one who wishes to see trade sustained on fair competitive lines. I am satisfied that the sugar-growers of the West Indies can keep up their estates and mills, and even flourish, so long as they have for their commodity in the home market a fair field and no favour.

But they have no sooner taken heart of grace and expended large sums in the purchase of modern machinery than Sir Edward Grey announces the resolve of Great Britain to withdraw from the Brussels Convention. The sugar trade of the West Indies is inevitably thrown to the wolves, and no grant for the uplifting of a fallen capital can compare with this blow to Jamaican trade.

The marked growth in the area under cultivation for fruit has been shown as one of the sensational features of Jamaica's expanding trade. In the future there should be more combined effort on the part of growers and shippers to avoid the loss in oranges and grape-fruit. Lime juice, too, has a very promising future, especially if the manufacture of citrate of lime is taken up on commercial lines,

Photo by W. S. Campbell

COOLIE CUTTING OFF A BANANA BUNCH WITH A MACHETE

saving the citric acid now lost in evaporating the raw juice. Rice is attracting more attention, while rubber is advancing, particularly in Trinidad and Tobago, where planters must soon feel the advantage of enhanced prices.

Tobacco has been experimented with a good deal in Jamaica, and if I dare venture to judge from conversations with those who have expended and lost a great deal of money in its culture, the experiments afford no reasonable basis on which to form any conclusion whatever, save that the only way to be a successful planter is to attend to your own concerns and not leave them to others who do not care a brass farthing. Sir Daniel Morris thinks that the British Admiralty ought to take the Jamaican leaf and blend it with Virginian for the benefit of our Navy—and merely incidentally, I suppose, the benefit of Jamaica.

Tea is also grown in Jamaica. It has shown itself capable of becoming a successful industry, and King Edward sampled it recently with satisfaction. The only other part of the New World where tea is grown on a moderately large scale is South Carolina. Cassava starch is in good demand in the United Kingdom, particularly among the cotton districts of Lancashire, where spinners find they can impart an almost linen-like finish to cotton cloth by the use of this tubular starch.

But I should exhaust an encyclopædia if I attempted even to mention all the commercial productions of Jamaica. I jotted down a list of the fruits that came to table, and here it is: Bananas (which sell at 1½d. to 3d. per dozen in Kingston market, but for which the grower gets anything from 6d. to 2s. 6d. a bunch), blackberries, bilberries, cashew, cocoanuts, custard apples, gineps, granadillas, grapefruit (which sell at 5s. to 12s. per 100 in Kingston, but for which the grower would do well at little more than half that price), grapes, limes, mangoes, melons, oranges (the sweet variety, of which I never tasted anything more luscious, sell at 2s. to 4s. per 100, the grower receiving 10s. or 12s. per 1000), tangerines (6d. per dozen), papaws, pineapples (2d. to 6d. each), shaddocks, sour-sops, tar apples, sweet-cups, sweet-sops, yams, &c. &c.

Of vegetables, most of which are in season all the year round, we have akees, alligator pears, French beans, sugar beans, beetroots, bread fruit, cabbages, spinach, calalu, carrots, green corn, cucumbers, garden eggs, lettuces, parsley, Irish potatoes (in winter and spring), sweet potatoes, pumpkins, tomatoes (plentiful from February to July), turnips, water-cress, &c. &c.

Of cotton I have not thus far said a word, though the main object of our visit to the West Indies was to promote its growth. Long years ago, whilst the slave trade still flourished, cotton-growing was one of the great industries of the West Indies, but the sensational profits obtained by the growth of sugar and the production of rum had the inevitable effect of driving cotton out of the field. In the past year the position, on a moderate scale, has been reversed, and no profits could be more handsome than those made on cotton selling at 2s., 2s. 6d., and even 2s. 8d. per lb.—the reader may judge how the eyes of Mr. James Lawrence, a large consumer of this growth at his mills at Chorley, Lancashire, glistened with joyful expectancy when he heard that 1s. per lb. would show the planter a profit, and 1s. 3d. make a good sound business of it!

Visions of wealth fill the mind of the Lancashire cotton-spinner if he can only induce the planter to be thus satisfied! These prices relate, of course,

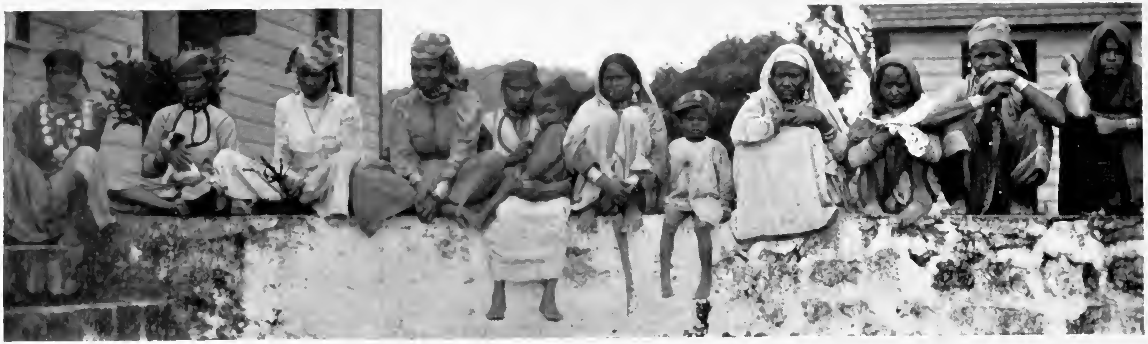


Photo by W. S. Campbell

GROUP OF EAST INDIAN WOMEN

In Jamaica, Demerara, and Trinidad, it has been found necessary to supplement negro indolence by coolie labour. In this picture Mr. Campbell succeeded in grouping, after their own fashion, a representative selection of the East Indian women and children who for five or more years make the West Indies their home.

to Sea Island cotton—so called, I believe, because it originated on these islands and was grown to the best advantage on low-lying fields near the sea, the thread being longer and finer and at all points superior to "good middling American," the staple article on which Lancashire lives and has its being.

During the bitter struggle between North and South the cotton plantations of Mississippi were neglected, and Lancashire starved. The same condition has been witnessed in times of peace and plenty. Powerful syndicates combine in New York to arrest the natural flow of shipments to Liverpool. The whole trade is dislocated as a consequence, operatives are thrown out of work, and live or starve in enforced idleness for more than half the week. Meanwhile the demand for cotton cloth goes on as ever, forcing up prices as a consequence of artificial scarcity, while the ring-makers in New York pocket the plunder.

The problem of finding fresh sources of supply has led to the establishment of the British Cotton Growing Association, incorporated by Royal charter, with a capital of £500,000, of which Sir Alfred Jones is president and moving spirit. The object in view is national, patriotic, commercial, and humane; and as the growth of cotton continues steadily to expand in West Africa and the West Indies, the more difficult must it become and the larger the capital outlay required to engineer a "corner" in the market.

The industry in the West Indies was reopened in 1902 under the joint auspices of the Imperial Department of Agriculture and the British Cotton Growing Association. In that year 328,530 lbs. of lint were exported, the combined value of lint and seed exported being £9676. In the following years it advanced to £11,873, £31,891, £63,290, and in 1906 the production reached 5104 bales, weighing 1,547,715 lbs., the value of lint and seed amounting to no less a sum than £95,274.*

Figures which show such rapid expansion justify the view of Sir Alfred Jones, Mr. J. Arthur Hutton, the vice-chairman of the Council, and all those associated with the movement, that the trade has long since passed the experimental stage. Sir William H. Holland, M.P., has quite truly said that Lancashire lives by a strong, fine, sound staple cotton. It is equally true that during the recent scarcity the very fine and expensive Sea Island cotton of the West Indies (from which the very finest and most expensive goods are manufactured), a growth entirely promoted by the British Cotton Growing Association, has enabled many mills to keep going which otherwise would have suffered much loss, if they had not been compelled to close down altogether. I should also point out that a planter cultivating cotton does not labour under the disadvantage so often connected with raising a new crop—the difficulty

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* Mr. Hutton has reminded me that the greatest progress has been made in Barbados, as will be seen from the following figures, which are taken from the *Agricultural News*, a most excellent scientific newspaper, published by the Imperial Department of Agriculture for the West Indies, under Sir Daniel Morris:

BARBADOS.

Year	Acres	Bales	Weight in pounds. Lint	Yield per acre	Average price per pound	Value of lint and seed
1903–4	800	642	187,945	337·50	15·48d.	£13,166
1904–5	1647	806	279,264	169·56	14·55d.	£18,274
1905–6	2000	1200	479,418	239·71	15·20d.	£33,557
1906–7	5000	—	—	—	—	—

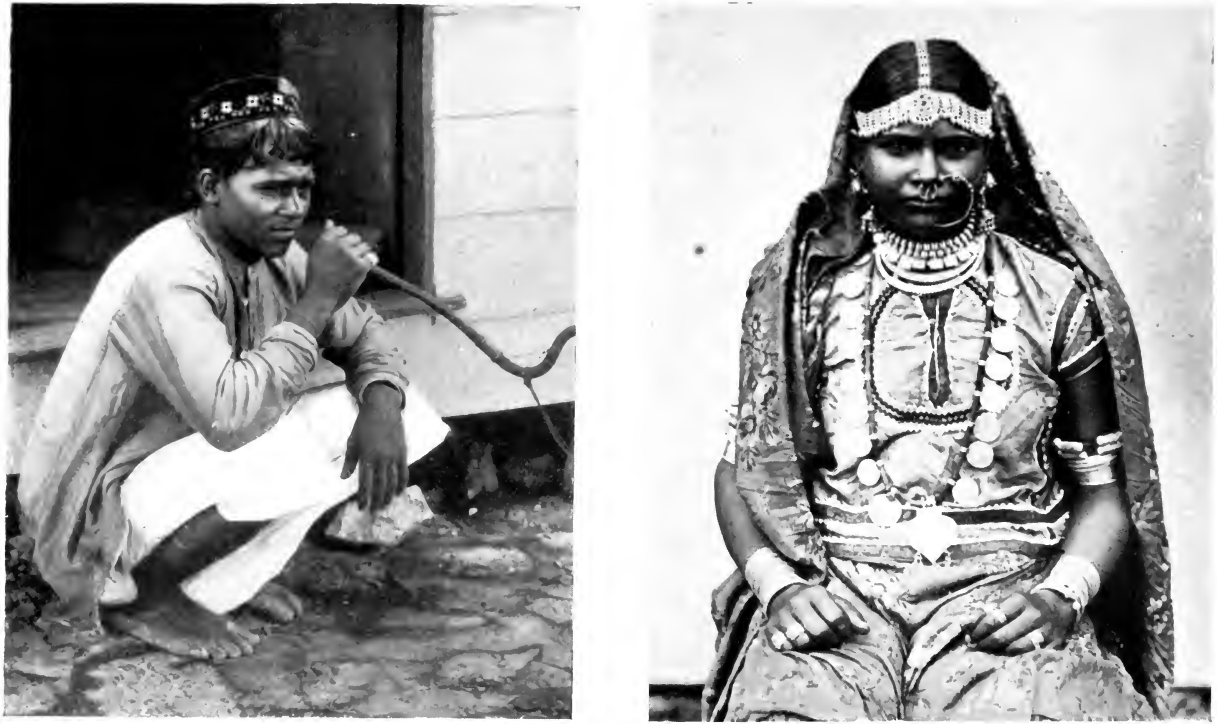

Photo by W. S. Campbell

Photo by courtesy of Messrs. Stephens, Ltd., Trinidad

EAST INDIAN TYPES IN THE WEST INDIES

of finding a market. The British Cotton Growing Association undertakes the sale of any cotton forwarded to them. Most of the West Indian planters avail themselves of this active co-operation, and are well satisfied with the prices obtained.

XII

SETTLERS WANTED

THE call of the West Indies is for young men of capital—some £1500 to £3000 if possible—to embark in the cultivation of cotton. For banana-growing less is required, for sugar more.

The advice of Sir Daniel Morris to all such young men is to attach themselves first of all, for one season at all events, to a good cotton plantation, in order to become practically acquainted with the details of the cultivation, the planting and the picking, and the management of native labour. The cost of a year's residence on such a plantation is small—some £50 or £70.*

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* The large plantations of the Hon. Henry Cork on the banks of Rio Grande, near St. Margaret's Bay (there, and on plantations elsewhere on the island, he engages in the cultivation of the banana, cocoa and cocoanut, pimento, coffee, kola, oranges and grape fruit, and cattle-breeding), may be taken as typical of many; and I mention these in particular, for I visited them, to my delight. From the piazza of Mr. Cork's house one of the most beautiful pictures of land and sea may be obtained; and during my brief sojourn I had the added interest of watching an imposing waterspout on the sea. Mr. Cork asks from his pupil £1 a week for six months, and offers in return £30 for the second year, and £40 for the third. The pupil must supply his own horse; grass and stabling are found, and 3s. a week allowed for a "boy." Splendid fishing lies in the Rio Grande, flowing through the valley (to my chagrin, having no rod and line, I saw the far-famed mountain mullet, the hog-nosed mullet, the sand fish, the snook, and the drummer, and heard of the tarpon, the last-named outrivalling all sport with a salmon on a rod), while the shooting is fair. Mr. Cork makes the significant proviso that the "pupil should not be allowed more than 10s. a week pocket-money." If the pupil were an enthusiastic fisherman, I fancy that allowance would be ample

THREE COOLIE GIRLS

Engaged on a cocoa plantation tasting English manufactured chocolate for the first time. Margaret, the youthful bride-elect, is in the centre of the little group.

Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

AN EAST INDIAN BREAKFAST

The child wife may be easily distinguished squatting to the left

The rewards are not to be despised, as the figures already quoted will have shown. On a 50-acre plantation the cost should not be over 9d. per lb., or 10d. including ginning, while the return should not be less than 150 lbs. to the acre at from 1s. to 1s. 6d. (the recent high prices cannot be sustained indefinitely); so that, at an average of 1s. 3d. per lb., the profit per 50 acres should be £150; whilst if the yield were 200 lbs. per acre, and the price obtained 1s. 6d. or more, the margin of profit is more than twice as large.

In Jamaica there are of Crown lands alone tens of thousands of acres not occupied at all, including much excellent land, giving a dry climate and a light soil, well suited for growing cotton, at a cost of £1 per acre upwards. Barbuda, which lies some twenty-eight miles to the north of Antigua (whence it is reached by sailing-boat), is entirely Government land, seventy-two square miles in area. By far the greater portion of the island is available for cotton cultivation the moment the bush and scrub have been cleared.

On the Leeward Islands facilities for growing cotton are everywhere. In Antigua not less than 3000 acres are available (largely as a result of the languishing sugar industry of former years), a considerable proportion being in the hands of the Government, who are willing to sell or let on easy terms (rent values about 5s. to 10s. per acre). Labour is fairly abundant and cheap—men, 10d. to 1s. per day; women, 5d. to 6d.; children, 3d. In St. Kitts cotton is successfully grown in connection with sugar.

In Nevis there are large tracts of land unoccupied, and the prospects of cotton-growing are most

—for wear and tear of tackle! I fear that little else would obtain attention in the presence of such absorbing sport.

favourable. Rents vary from 10s. to 15s. per acre, while purchase outright costs no more than £2 to £5 per acre. Labour, Men, 8d. to 10d. per day; women, 4d. to 5d.; children, 3d. In Montserrat there must be not less than 4000 to 5000 acres available for the profitable growth of Sea Island cotton, the price being £2 to £3 per acre. Labour for picking will run from 1s. to 1s. 2d. per 100 lbs. In Barbados and St. Vincent, where cotton-growing is now firmly established as a paying industry, most of the land is taken up.

But there are other industries besides cotton offering facilities for the profitable employment of capital, and foremost among these I place the sugar industry, always granting that the British Government does not again permit the trade to be hopelessly crippled by foreign bounties. It is true that a larger capital is required, and perhaps also a better training and a higher order of intelligence, but the returns are fully commensurate. In suitable parts of Jamaica canes can be grown at a cost of 4s. to 5s. a ton. By modern methods of crushing, eight or nine tons of cane will produce one ton of sugar. Yet such is the wastage by defective machinery alone that 10, 15, and even 20 per cent. are lost.

In Jamaica, as a rule, not less than 11, and even as many as 16 and 18 tons of cane are required for a yield of a ton of sugar; while on one estate it works out at the utterly ruinous proportion of 27 tons of cane per ton of sugar yield!

Rum, for which Jamaica deservedly holds the highest reputation, is a by-product of the sugar industry. Practical working has shown that 14 lbs. (including glucose and inverted sugar) will yield a gallon of rum at 40 over proof. When it is found that 160 gallons of rum are worth more than a ton of sugar, the more efficient process of crushing is a

THE COOLIE CHILD-WIFE

Sharing one of her bridal gifts—a box of chocolates.

Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

MARGARET AND HER HUSBAND

(Married the morning we arrived on the plantation.)

less attractive speculation. But, in the words of one competent authority, I can say, "No investment is so safe, certain, and remunerative as a well-situated sugar estate, managed on up-to-date lines, and with sufficient capital to work it economically."

Coffee is in the line of steady advance, as I have already shown. The best coffee in the world, and that for which the highest price is paid, is the product of the Blue Mountains of Jamaica. It is grown at an altitude of some 3000 or 4000 feet. The output is limited—400 or 500 tons annually, for which 125s. to 135s. per cwt. is paid. Large tracts of land that will grow this coffee to perfection are obtainable from the Government at 1s. per acre in parcels of 300 acres or more, energy and capital being alone required to develop a sound, highly profitable industry. The climate at this altitude is very healthy, the thermometer standing at about 68° all the year round, and therefore eminently suited to white settlers.

The price of Blue Mountain coffee is hardly affected by market fluctuations, and it is practically impossible to outstrip the demand. In London we have syndicates for all kinds of wild-cat schemes, but it does not seem to occur to any enterprising company promoter or combination of wholesale grocers to develop a sound industry of this character under the security of the British flag. How can Lord Rosebery speak of the difficulty of finding openings for our younger sons in trade in the face of such neglected opportunities?

Tobacco-growing in Jamaica is practically in its infancy, and now that the celebrated Havana cigars (the product of the overworked soil of Cuba) are showing such marked signs of deterioration much may be expected in the near future. The land, soil, and climate are all here, and the connoisseur is already yielding to the fragrant aroma and delicate taste of our colonial growth. What the smoker seeks is a pale blue vapour rising in gentle wavelets from an even grey ash; what he shuns is a black rim mingled with grey. What he seeks is that equable and genial warmth that never preys upon the tongue; what he shuns is that acrid pungency which disturbs his nerves. And Jamaica is ministering to the needs of the discriminating!

Of the banana little need be said, in the face of figures already quoted. Its too rapid advance is the one danger I foresee. But the warning—I am regarding the cultivation solely from the point of view of the island's larger material interests, because I should have preferred to see the exports develop on wider lines—will be uttered in vain whilst the individual grower continues to net such substantial returns. Banana cultivation requires the least capital, and—if I may be excused in saying so—the least technical skill of all the growths of the tropics. The young planter must of necessity spend some time on a banana plantation before setting up for himself, and he must be an apt agriculturist and a sound man of business. The whole secret of success lies in cultivating the fruit in such a way that it is fit to cut and ship at a time when the fruits of the temperate zone are scarce and dear.

The price may rule as low as £5 per 100 bunches (I have shown that it may be even less), or it may be £15 per 100, while £30 is on record (6s. per bunch, a bunch including as many as 150 bananas). These are the prices paid to the planter by the United Fruit Company of Boston (themselves large growers), with whom he almost exclusively deals.

Photo by W. S. Campbell

MARGARET AND HER HUSBAND IN BRIDAL ARRAY

The story of the United Fruit Company is a romance of trade. In the beginning Captain Baker secured a few bunches, for which on his return to the United States he found a ready sale. A powerful corporation has inherited Captain Baker's lucky enterprise, and a great fleet of steamers is engaged in the transit of Jamaica fruit to New York and Boston. A virtual monopoly has been created in this almost accidental fashion, but while the business of the monopoly is conducted with the fairness that has hitherto marked its progress no one can offer any word but that of congratulation. The United Fruit Company is next in turn largely concerned in the prosperity of Messrs. Elders and Fyffe, of Covent Garden, London (a concern that owes its inception to Sir Alfred Jones), through whose hands now pass all the bananas consumed in Europe, whether coming from Jamaica or Puerto Rico or elsewhere.

My final word on the banana is that the grower should begin to net a profit return at the end of the second year, and that by the end of the fifth, sixth, or seventh year his annual income should be exactly equal to his original capital. What statement could more aptly carry home the truth that the West Indies are not played out ?

I have omitted all mention of many other industries of Jamaica, and only hinted at those carried on in the lesser islands. But I think I have indicated the lines on which commerce will advance. The fruit trade is forging ahead ; sugar is awakening once more to its great and new possibilities ; while Jamaica rum, having secured its own good title and trade-mark in England by punishing all dealers who sell mere decoctions made from beet sugar (to which only a tincture of the real article has been added), must increase its market value. Coffee and tobacco are on the line of progress, while no one can foresee the future of cassava.

Cotton has emerged from a second infancy and the experimental stage, and must soon form a staple industry in all parts of the West Indies. The world's use for cotton cloth is larger in proportion to the population than it ever was before, and the world's advancing prosperity means that the finest Sea Island cotton goods will be more and more in demand. The world's need of rubber is greater too than the supply, and this disproportion between the demand and the supply must mean that far-seeing little Tobago will reap a golden harvest. Judging from the photographs of Mr. Noel B. Walker, it is a most successful industry, providing natural shade to cocoa, through which it is planted and most profitably cultivated.

All these facts and figures form dry reading unless you have a son to place in the world, or are seeking for yourself a change of scene and occupation. But, apart from those considerations, they are informative to those who read between the lines, and help to realise the practical side of life in the West Indies.

Photo by W. S. Campbell

EAST INDIAN CUTTING COCOA-PODS

XIII

THE RELIGIOUS AND SPIRIT LIFE OF THE NATIVE: A MODERN MESSIAH

THE population of Jamaica at the earliest date of which we have any authentic record, viz., in 1673, was estimated to be . White, 7700 ; negro, 9504.

At the emancipation in 1834 the figures (which have a special interest here as bearing on facts which I will mention later) were: Slaves, 311,070 ; free blacks, 5000 ; coloured, 40,000 ; whites, 15,000 (or only half the white population registered in 1791)—a total of over 371,000. A little more than a quarter of a century later the whites, convinced, apparently, that the era of prosperity was now closed and that for the most cruel of them retribution was at hand, had now fallen to 13,000 ; but the coloured people were more than twice as numerous, while the black population, though their total had been eight times as large, had added to their number only as many as the coloured people.

In other words, the coloured people had increased by 100 per cent., the blacks by only 12 per cent. A population that in 1861 stood at 441,000 is in 1907 not fewer than 820,000, of which it is safe to say the whites do not exceed the figures of the emancipation period, viz., 15,000.

The problem of government is therefore bound up with the habits, life, and outlook of the black population, whom we call native, though in that all-inclusive term we take not merely the descendants of the West African negro, but the Indian coolie, an "indentured labourer," and his family. And with these we must now couple, for the sake of ease of classification, a constantly enlarging settlement of Chinese, who have established themselves in Kingston, bringing all the habits and customs of their far-away land, and whose lavishly gold-bedecked temple was a feature among the fallen idols that were later to attract my wondering gaze.

The one person to whom the problem of government is not a consuming subject of speculation and inquiry is the native himself. He is the soul of good-humour, a child of the sun, in whom irresponsibility is a natural talent—happily expressed in some verses, primarily depicting the type of the capital, "Quashie" by name:

Quashie's always happy,
  Quashie him don' care—
Happy when it's gloomy,
  Happy when it's fair.

When de sun is shinin',
  Den it's jus' all right;
When de rain is pourin',
  Better dan were bright.

Indeed, this irresponsibility is carried by him to a fine art and extends to all his relations to life and being. Nature itself is an ever-present, bountiful providence, and, nurtured in the luxurious lap of the gods, why should he worry or work? Worry is unknown to him, and work he does not, save under pressure of some trifling want. Truly I can imagine no human sympathy so utterly wasted at home as upon these "poor benighted blacks," and I can truly say that the reader will see more cases of suffering, sorrow, and deserving charity in crossing Waterloo Bridge at any hour of the day or night than he will find in a whole day's industrious seeking in any part of Jamaica.

I recall the story of a visitor contemplating a picture that surely gave the lie to this accusation of laziness. There on the wharf and in the heat of a tropical sun four powerful negroes were in heavy labour pushing a great barrel. They had not got it far before there was a period of rest and repose, an interval in which to take breath and to look at each other with that self-satisfied air of 'Now, boys, this is a stiff job." The visitor was convinced the barrel must be a puncheon of rum. Imagine his surprise—the barrel was empty!

Old folk-tales still linger on the tongue. Certain of these stories seem to link the people across a span of more than one or two thousand years, for few or none that I have thus far heard or seen recorded are new; they are simply slightly changed versions of tales that have descended to us through other channels. Nor of any distinctive music has any one found a trace. Yet the Jamaican negro is intensely fond of sound; nothing depresses him like silence. He sings at work, he sings at play, he sings in joy, he sings in sorrow. The only time he does not sing is when his wrath is kindled; and nothing arouses his righteous indignation more than the theft of any trifling possession, or of the produce of his garden; nothing then can equal the poignant contempt and condemnation he lavishes upon " de niggar who don' dis deed."

No wonder that among a race so open to the influences of the spiritual world, as well as of the evil world of his own imaginings, the negro should be so ready to sing his childlike, wondering praise of God. He has readily and eagerly appropriated our hymns, not always the best of them, and some of these rousing revival tunes he sings with an energy to suggest that some day we may find "black choirs" a new attraction in certain West-End churches in London. The hymn, however, when it has been sung over and over again, hour after hour, becomes an appalling drone.

The women as they sing at their work, loading a ship with bananas, for instance, produce, as I heard them, a curious high-pitched tone, with next to no enunciation. I could catch no words in their plaintive cry, but long after they had stopped or gone I learned that these sturdy labourers had found their heavy task lightened by the words:

> The King's highway.
> Walking in the light, walking in the Lord,
> Walking in the middle of the King's highway.

In sorrow groups of the negro population, seated among the *débris*, sang hymns to cheer their weary souls throughout the long night of the earthquake; in expectant joy they sang the whole night through two days earlier, seated in their thousands on the banks of the Hope River. These were the converts of Bedwardism—from the name of the negro who is the high priest of the faith.

The story of this man is remarkable, and had no disturbing earthquake come I expected to have had the advantage of a talk with him on the afternoon of the upheaval. My interest had been quickened by the record of an uneducated black who had been able to impose a kind of modern Messiahship upon an immense number of people, to gather faithful adherents throughout Jamaica and the islands beyond, and to establish evangelists at Port Limon and other places in Central America.

I have been told that the real Alexander Bedward is dead, and that another has taken his name and place—a ridiculous story unworthy of repetition save as indicating the quickening sense of mystery that surrounds the personality of the prophet.

To what proportions this faith may yet attain I would not hazard a guess. The people, from my own conversation with his adherents, are filled with a superstitious reverence for the man and all his works—in which the waters of the Hope River figure with miraculous healing properties, as well as spiritual blessing. The sick, I am told, have been brought on stretchers and gone away cured.

Faith certainly works wonders. One little convert of not more than twelve or fourteen years of age told me in simple childish fashion how ill he had been inside, and he rubbed his hand across his waistcoat—or rather where his waistcoat would have been had he been encumbered with one—but, having imbibed of the waters sanctified by the prophet, he was now quite well.

It occurred to me that Bedward himself might be nothing more than a non-orthodox or "Free Baptist," as he calls himself, and that his simple-minded people might have added out of their own childlike natures the superstructure of Divine power to heal. I find it difficult, however, to reconcile this view with the practice of selling the waters of the Hope River at the precise spot from which he chooses to draw it at so much per pint bottle. And there is a further touch of superstition in his requirement that his converts shall bring clear glass bottles; no black wine-bottles could he suffer to be used!

When the movement was in its infancy Bedward was arrested as a misleading if not a dangerous kind of demagogue. The charge failed, inasmuch as, without registering a conviction or acquittal, the court adjudged him insane, and passed him on to the asylum. When it was too late the legal informality of all these proceedings was discovered. Bedward could not be kept a prisoner in an asylum on the order of a court or a lawyer, however eminent, the sanity or insanity of a British subject requiring all the formalities of an examination by two competent medical men. Had any charge against Bedward been established in due form, a conviction recorded, and sentence passed, it would then have been in the power of the prison authorities, not the tribunal, to pass him on to the asylum. That is the legal confusion that arose in the Bedward case as represented to me, not by a lawyer, but by an ecclesiastic, and I naturally offer it with all reserve, the facts being all outside my own knowledge. Technical oversights do not belong exclusively, however, to our colonies, and, whatever the merits of the case, Bedward was certainly for a time wrongfully detained as an inmate of the asylum.

On the man's return to liberty Bedwardism naturally took a great leap forward, until now it is a firmly-established convention, like another Lourdes, at August Town, near Kingston, yielding to its high priest many sound pecuniary advantages.

Photo by J. W. Cleary, Kingston

ROARING RIVER FALLS

XIV

THE BEDWARDITE BAPTISM

Bedward is a very ordinary type of negro. He is a tin-smith by trade, and his wife a baker. The husband, therefore, makes the pan in which the wife bakes the bread on which the converts sustain the battle of life.

One of his neighbours in an interesting note to amplify my own observations says: "The cardinal note of Bedward's gospel is difficult to determine. He claims that the water, after being blessed by him, has the power of curing, and does cure, all the ills that flesh is heir to, and that the people emerge with a spiritual perfection. He claims to be the only true prophet.

"Every month he has a baptismal ceremony. Many hundreds of people from Kingston and the surrounding districts flock then to him. They journey in processions, sometimes half a mile long. They frequently use the cars, and it is quite curious to see six or eight cars packed with people going to the function. . . . On the way there and back they sing hymns and chant weird dirges. Every one returning carries with him a bottle or pan of the water, which he drinks with a full belief in its curative powers. The water is the ordinary water of the river, and owes its curative property to the fact that it has been blessed by the prophet. The converts have a slightly distinctive dress, the women covering their heads in a white handkerchief wrapped round in a particular manner.

"The baptismal ceremony is held on the banks of the river. Bedward and his assistant, whom he calls a minister, consecrate the water.

"Then the ceremony of 'dipping' commences.

"The candidate is robed in a white gown of sorts. He or she is then brought to the operator, a man ordained by Bedward. They walk into the water to a certain depth, the operator stands on a rock, and they are immersed twice, the congregation chanting: 'Hail to Prophet Bedward!'

"After every one is dealt with, a Communion service is held. The fees charged are 1s. each baptism and 3d. for each communion."

Sunday, January 13, 1907, was a great festival in the calendar of the Bedwardites, as I saw for myself. The people came from far and wide—from every quarter of Jamaica, from lands beyond. Round the pool in which the baptisms take place is only a restricted space, so that the competition for places began early. By nightfall on the Saturday evening the congregation had begun to assemble. Many brought food to sustain themselves through the long vigil, others bought it from the stalls on the spot.

The people gathered in hourly increasing groups on the steep banks of the beautiful river. Some sat on great boulders beside the rushing waters, others, alas! with clear intent, but no consciousness of sin, took places under the trees or in the shade of thick foliage, while yet others established themselves near the spot where the chief apostle of their faith would be seated when the business of the day began. It was a cloudless, moonlit night, in which the stars too were brilliant orbs of light.

Then the people of the main group began to sing, and throughout the night hymn after hymn was raised, over and over again.

The dawn breaks quickly, and by 6 or 6.30 A.M. everybody was astir.

"We carefully picked our way down a dirty steep descent to the river in company with barefooted, lithe natives, members of this fascinating cult, anxious to secure good places to see the immersions," says the author of "Ethiopia in Exile."

"At the foot of the hill a mountain torrent in a stony bed swept southwards to the sea. On either side steep banks rose abruptly from the water. A turn in the course of the river displayed to our view one of the most interesting sights I have ever witnessed in Jamaica. Every vantage-point in the wooded banks on either side, as well as the great boulders which obstructed the shallow, rushing waters of the Hope River, were covered with gaily dressed natives. We looked around, to find ourselves the only white people present, although we knew others were coming later. Thousands of negroes were assembled. . . . Bedward was sitting in an arm-chair, dressed in white, surrounded by a hierarchy of white-clad negroes carrying roughly-nailed wooden crosses.

"Bedward, as I saw him, is tall, broadly built, with a round, fairly intelligent, black-whiskered face, but I could divine nothing in his appearance, which was that of an ordinary negro, to account for the spell he exercises over thousands of his brothers and sisters.

"Two of his evangelists, full-blooded blacks, stood in a pool not more, I should say, than seven feet broad by six in length, in about four feet of water; two assistants stood beside them to relieve them of the penitents when they had been immersed, and several stood at the edge of the pool to arrange the long garments worn by the female candidates for baptism as they emerged from the water. . . . They were beginning then with the women, who, in an orderly procession, all respectably clad in white, came down from the opposite bank, where some tent-like shelters could be seen amongst the trees. It was a curious sight to see them handed on till they reached the celebrant of the rite, a very fat negro, who separately plunged them beneath what looked to me very dirty water, saying, 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,' whilst the crowd of blacks and white-clad Bedwardites, sitting or standing on the boulders around, sang, or rather crooned, a verse of a hymn at each immersion I tried to catch the words, but I could only hear as each person was plunged beneath the water the same sing-song refrain, 'Jesus came, a soul to save.' Many of these women had to be helped back up the opposite banks; one seemed in convulsions, fighting with the air, and rolling her eyes horribly, giving the bystanders some trouble to convey her away. After the baptism, as I was told, Mrs. Bedward took charge of them in the tent on the opposite bank, where they exchanged their dripping gowns for their ordinary clothing and partook of breakfast, the charge being a shilling a head."

Thereafter the people repaired to the Bedwardite church, a wooden structure in the village of August Town and adjoining the home of the prophet. More singing, praying, and preaching followed, but the crowds could not all obtain admission. Those who did had the advantage of putting their contri-

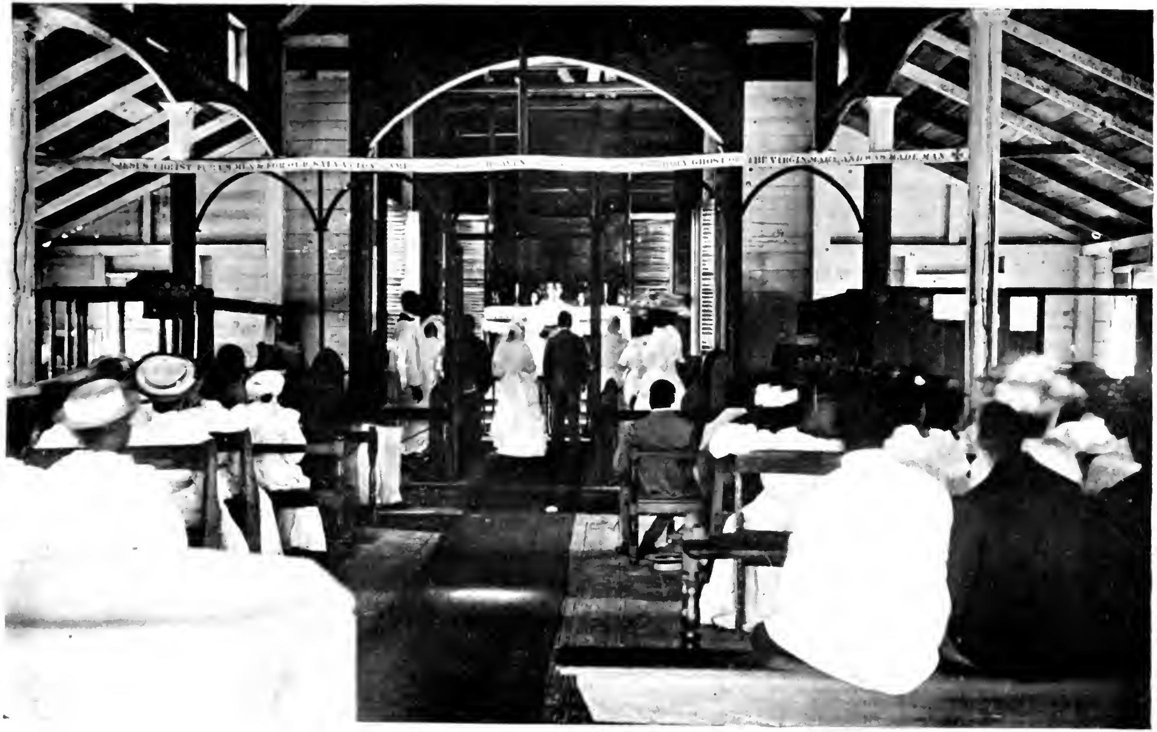


Photo by Alfred West, F.R.G.S.

A NEGRO WEDDING

The text running across the altar screen is: "Jesus Christ for us men and for our salvation came down from Heaven and was conceived by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man," than which it was probably impossible to select words more difficult if not impossible of interpretation to the average negro mind.

butions into a printed envelope, bearing the words, "Jamaica Baptist Free Church, August Town. A free-will offering to our Lord."

Those who did not secure admission remained for hours in the village, eating and drinking and singing, and hoping to secure the privilege of converse with one or other of the latest converts (there were over three hundred on this occasion), or the still greater delight—a sight of their leader.

As the day wore on I saw, on my return from Port Antonio, the people aboard a long line of electric tramcars, open at the sides, the seats arranged toast-rack fashion, crowding every inch of space, a bright and never-ending, merry party. As they were swirled back into the colonial capital their lusty voices, still singing hymns, could be heard far and wide. And so ended for them a beloved night and day of religious fervour and excitement.

Two months later there was another immense Sunday gathering at August Town, at which no fewer than 497 Kingston candidates were duly dipped and received into the fold of Bedwardism, while over 700 more candidates from the country were left over for another celebration.

The "New Messiah" found, as well he might, a fund of cynical pleasure in the spectacle of one or two white faces amongst his newest recruits, and he instructed his dippers thus:

"Dip dem deep, boys, and if dem gwine to run, ketch dem, and dip dem deeper a second time."

One or two attempts at a disturbance were made, a battle with sticks occurring within a couple of yards from the centre.

"Peace, black people, peace!' said Bedward, admonishing the law-breakers with all the calm assurance of dignity of a patriarch or a prophet.

Thousands of people were present, and at one time what threatened to become a serious disturbance was averted by the arrival of the police.

So ended the Bedwardite baptismal ceremony—a monstrous and wicked travesty of one of the most important rites of the religious life of Christendom, and yet full of significance in any attempt to appreciate the spiritual life of native Jamaica.

XV

CHILDREN IN MIND

THERE are, however, saner sides of religious life among the native population of Jamaica. To suggest otherwise would be an injustice to the earnest and largely successful work carried on in the name of the Church of England, Roman Catholicism, Wesleyan Methodism, the Salvation Army, the Moravians, Pennyites, Matthewites, the Seventh Day Adventists, and nearly all others besides.

The Adventists were holding a great West Indian Convention in Kingston when the upheaval put an untimely end to their deliberations. We did not escape on the ship, during the voyage from Bridgetown, Barbados, to Kingston, Jamaica, the efforts of their lady missionaries. In a moment of mental obscuration and weakness I admitted, on being presented with some of their literature, that my knowledge of Adventism was limited to the belief that it was some exaltation of one day in the week over all other days.

For this offence I was treated to a long lecture, for which I had only myself to blame, the purpose of which was to show that if I were a sick man, with a different bottle of medicine for each day of the week, and that if instead of taking No. 7 on the seventh day I took No. 1, and were poisoned and died, I alone should be to blame. The argument seemed to be that if I took Tuesday's mixture on Wednesday I should be quite done for, and that if I insisted on going to church on Sunday instead of Saturday I should be doomed. I wondered why that poison was "knocking around" in my medicine at all, but experience had taught me caution, and a lurching ship in the eternally rough Caribbean Sea has a subduing effect upon any natural spirit of inquiry on idle abstract questions of this kind.

The Church of England is guided in its mission to the people by Archbishop Nuttall, a man for whom every one has a kindly and appreciative word; and his is a name that shines through the dust and smoke of a stricken city after an earthquake as every inch an administrator and a man. His "memorandum" dealing with the management of the city's affairs under abnormal conditions, the immediate requirements of the people, and the suggested plans for opening up sources of income for reconstruction, and for the observance of sanitation, was a plain, straightforward, businesslike document, wholly unlike what one expects from an ecclesiastic, though I am not unmindful of the fact that there are innumerable instances of great administrators among great ecclesiastics.

Whether from motives of economy or necessity or with the motive of reaching the largest number, the Archbishop has accepted into the priesthood the services of the black as well as the coloured native (more than half the priesthood is now black or coloured), and in the country church the congregation as a result is wholly black, the white planter and his family being never seen within its walls at any service. In many cases there is no white planter to come. But in any event I must make at least one exception to the rule, and that in the case of the Rev. Mr. Douce, now of Mooretown, but formerly of Manchioneal.

Mr. Douce has enlisted the esteem of the white without forfeiting the confidence of the black, and his admitted success is one of the facts with which we have to reckon. As a clergyman candidly but rather cynically said to me, "One of the saddest facts I know is that Douce has not turned out a failure. His success is indisputable."

How far, however, the native population of the West Indies is capable of comprehending the faith of the Christian Church—there is no question of a willingness to try—I find it difficult to say, and am naturally dependent upon those who through long years of experience and observation are entitled to judge.

The people are but children in mind, as well as in all their ways of life. Their religion is not based on reason. That would not be conclusive proof of itself, if it is accepted that all religion is based on faith in that which cannot be demonstrated to the physical senses. The black man's faith, however, is a religion of ceremony and show and emotional exaltation. I dismiss at once all thought of his *un*moral life, for it would be absurd to expect to replace thus early polygamy, or a gregarious life that he has inherited from countless centuries of existence in darkest Africa, by monogamy, for which by instinct and education he is wholly unfitted, and which he cannot understand.

"What for God make me so?" asks the negro in justification of his sensuous life. The argument is to him irrefutable.

Even if we condone, too, his unconquerable propensity to steal, not money or jewellery, for these thefts are unworthy of him, but cocoanuts and bananas, we might still hope to find something of the essential spirit of Christian teaching reflected in his daily life. I fear we shall hope in vain, not from any lack of intelligence or enthusiasm on the part of his pastors, or from lack of sincerity on the part of the convert himself within the bounds of his superficial nature, but wholly from want of a mind large enough to take in even the merest elements of our faith. It is a long story, but let me explain.

Sunday morning in any village of our West Indian possessions is like nothing so much as a great *festa* in one of the lesser towns of Italy. It is the same national holiday, and if one misses the note of responsive gaiety of the one, there is in its stead a whole people in the brightest gala attire.

The "poor black," for whom your sympathy and generosity are regularly invoked at home on the day of the annual appeal for foreign missions, is nowhere to be seen. He exists somewhere, no doubt, but the light of day has come to the West Indian negro in vain if he cannot turn out on Sunday in shapely and presentable boots—preferably brown boots, and still more preferably those that squeak.

"Why boots that squeak?" you would surely ask, but for the remembrance that in that squeak there lies embodied the fact, announced to all and sundry at every step, that he has boots at all! He must have a white shirt too, a high collar, in which he suffers torture, and a tie of flaming colour —everything white save the boots which are brown, the face that is black, and the tie whose colours defy enumeration.

Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Lilywhite—I never heard such inappropriate names, Christian names and surnames, as many of these people have annexed at their own whim and fancy—is also adorned in purple and fine linen. In Barbados I found that colours did not figure largely in the attire of the native women, who were nearly all in white, unrelieved by any tint or contrast. In Jamaica colour in every variety of combination was the rule; and here, as throughout the islands, there is the most intense love of fancy laces, chiefly of the Calais variety.

It would be amazing to note how willingly the women suffer many weeks of toilsome labour in order to secure these pretty things for Sunday, were it not for the knowledge that in hardly any other direction have they any use whatever for money.

XVI

THE FIRST COMMUNION

THE first communion, which in any French village, with its picture of a proud and happy *curé* contemplating the all-embracing and ever-widening fold of the Church, the presence, perhaps, of the striking figure of the bishop in almost regal vestments, contrasted with the group before him of white penitents on their knees, is so sweet and beautiful a sight, becomes in the West Indies no more than a vain ceremony in which the mothers vie with each other in turning out their children in immaculate white.

There are the same white dress, white socks, white shoes, white veil and girdle, and flowing sash of broad white ribbon. Perhaps it is true that parents nearer home than the West Indies are not untouched by the same spirit of show and rivalry, but there the likeness to the Old Country ends.

These children of an unredeemed past are wholly unconscious of the significance of the ceremony and the vows they have pledged. It has been, rather, a little show in which they have had the privilege of taking quite an important part; and the heart-breaking character and unutterable hopelessness of his mission comes home to the priest when he finds a girl candidate can pass from a first

Photo by J. W. Cleary, Kingston

RETURNING FROM MARKET

communion in all her alluring finery and sinless virgin pride, "not having spot and without blemish," to an unblessed motherhood that is simple innocence itself.

At St. Lucia the Father one day received a visit from two black youths who told him they wanted to join his Church.

"And why would you like to become Catholics?" asked the Father.

"Because," said the spokesman of the little party, in that most curious of all *patois*, negro-English-French, "we want to wear those red coats and white jackets" (meaning the red cassock and white surplice), "same as Johnny Brown, and wait upon the Father at Mass."

What is true of the children is equally true of their elders. Religion is first of all an excuse for the display of clothing, and all the teaching in the world will not get the native to church on Sunday if he has only torn shoes to wear, though wholly uncovered feet were no disgrace the other six days of the week, and after that it is a social distinction and the occasion for interminable sing-song and rapturous excitement.

The plain truth seems to be that the Jamaican negro has accepted the Christian faith without really impairing his belief in the superstitions of his youth and his ancestry. Church-going and chapel-going, baptism, confirmation, communion, harvest festivals, and the whole round of spiritual obligation, according to the particular denomination to which, by some haphazard choice, he has attached himself, all represent an amount of social distinction which he would not willingly forfeit for much more than the six shillings per annum it usually costs.

To say that seems to make it appear that he is as worldly in his religion as the most worldly of congregations to be found in London and certain of our big centres of population, where the Christian teaching is so nicely trimmed and carved down, the singing so good and the deep, sonorous notes of the organ so truly comforting—where, indeed, no reminder of neglected duty is permitted to obtrude itself and disturb our conviction that everything is as it should be in this best of all possible worlds. To suggest such a thing would be the most absurd injustice to the negro character. There is nothing in Jamaica quite so inherently insincere, wickedly bad, and soothing as that.

The negro's religion is one of intense enthusiasm; his gratitude to God is overpowering, and he often loses all control of himself in his grovelling prostration and sensuous exaltation. But, Sunday over, away goes the faith, of which he has really no comprehension. Then will he steal from his neighbour's piece without the slightest compunction. He will steal even from his parson's patch; and I was amused to hear how one such pastor, with more than an elementary knowledge of chemistry, discovered the culprits by this device: He put a compound of chlorate of potash and sugar in a bottle, and into the mixture a piece of test-tube containing a strong solution of oil of vitriol; attaching this by wire to the best bunches of his bananas, he retreated and waited.

The unsuspecting thieves cut off a ripe bunch, thereby tilting the acid into the mixture. There was a great flare and a tremendous report. Rushing to the spot with a lantern, he found two men, one still up the tree, and both in a state of abject fright. One man was a churchwarden, and the other a lesser officer of the church—a sidesman, I think!

In another case the clergyman set his parish in an uproar by insisting that the superintendent of the Sunday school should be the husband of one wife only, and that this union should be sanctified according to the rites of the Church. It was an amazing interference with the private home life of one of the most active and liberal members of his church.

Besides, nice distinctions of that kind were so restrictive, so unheard-of, and so unnecessary!

XVII

A WEST INDIAN WAKE

It is natural that among such a people death should be surrounded by many superstitions. Most awesome is the superstition that the devil will come and claim his own in the spirit of the dying. He is pictured to their imagination as a calf with a dangling chain about his neck. The reader, therefore, may imagine the sense of terror when the sound of a chain falls upon the ear of the negro after nightfall.

Any water that may have been in the house at the moment of the passing must be instantly thrown away; for with the Jamaican death is a devil, never an angel, and as he cools his deadly dart in water on going out, one may judge the danger of using the poisoned liquid. If the cabin boasts a mirror it will be turned to the wall, or otherwise obscured, that the disembodied spirit may not be reflected therein. Relatives and neighbours and friends will immediately assemble and bemoan the fate of the departed brother, accounting for death as circumstances would suggest, any mystic omen being readily seized upon by way of explanation.

Hymns are sung the whole night through until they become a terrible and wearisome drawl, while some of the more panic-stricken may at intervals

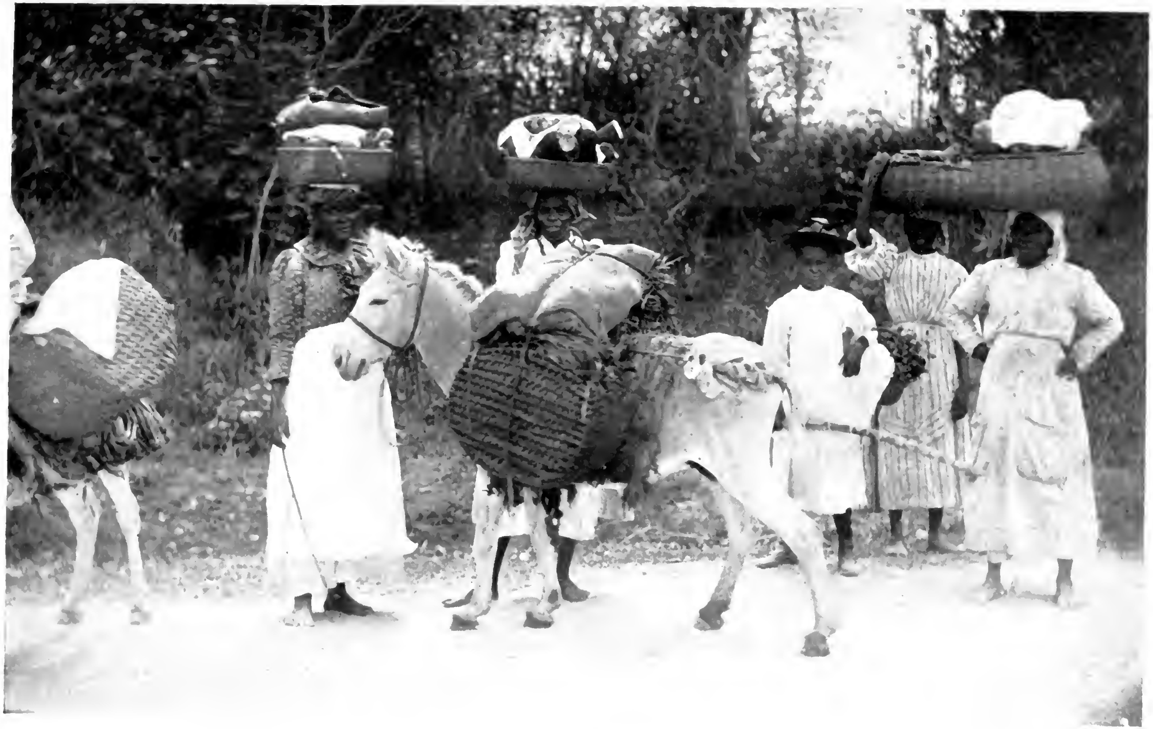


Photo by J. W. Cleary, Kingston

ON THE WAY TO MARKET

draw back the sheet from the face of the dead lying in their midst, and beg the phantom spirit to have mercy upon them and not reappear.

Interment is not long delayed. Within twelve or twenty-four hours at most the body is put into a plain wooden box, and frequently buried in the garden surrounding the cabin or in any neighbouring patch, cemeteries being a rather expensive notion of our own. A weighty stone will be placed over the grave if the money is available to buy one, and by the size and weight of the stone will the mourners judge of the probability of a return visit of the "duppy," or spirit, of the departed. Meanwhile fresh water will be brought into the death chamber and a light kept burning for nine days—the light to light the way of death, the water to quench his thirst.

The mourning ended, then comes the Ninth Day Feast, which is not unlike an Irish wake. There will be eating and drinking and merry-making, but also (unlike any Irish wake of which I have any knowledge) much other indulgence of a less innocent kind.

If the "duppy" does not rest in his grave, but persists in pestering his wife with his unwelcome attentions when she has taken another husband to her bosom, making noises at night, &c., a fresh feast must be arranged. This is the real Bella-Bella or Jumbi dance, for which there is a strict and extraordinary ritual.

Some fowls, a pig, and a goat will be killed, and a portion of their blood sprinkled over the floor and round the outside of the dwelling.

The law makes an unavailing effort to put down certain dances—those wilder outbursts that belong to the darker past of the West African forest. The guests therefore often come in secret. With no lack of heart or deficiency of appetite do they dispose of the liberal diet provided for their entertainment. The company range themselves round the room, male and female alternately.

The function begins by the hostess solemnly oblating about half a bottle of rum in the centre of the floor. Thereafter the bottle passes freely round the room. A phrase of perhaps six or seven notes will be played by the musicians on the drum and tambourine, and violin, if one is available—slowly at first, but repeated again and again, at a steadily advancing pace, the guests meanwhile keeping time by clapping their hands. When the music has attained a high pitch and the nervous excitement has become intense, five or seven of the guests of both sexes step into the middle of the floor, and there sing and dance the "Ballade"—words only used for this ceremony.

In the development of uncontrollable frenzy one (or perhaps more) of the dancers will give a loud shout, execute a frantic pirouette, and give a wild bound into the air, striking, maybe, the rafters with his head. Falling convulsed, he will be picked up and questioned by the hostess, the beat of the drums and the clapping of hands having now fallen back to the old slow measure.

"Who are you?" the woman will ask.

"I am ——" the man will reply, giving the name of the deceased; and, despite the din, all will marvel how the exact tones of the dead are reproduced in the tongue of the living.

"What for you disturb Caroline? You not like me love Malcolm?"

And so the questions go on, the babel of music, clapping of hands, and singing continuing without a break until the Jumbi quits the possessed. In the end the "duppy" may be appeased by the hostess solemnly proceeding to the grave of her late spouse, killing thereon a black cock, sprinkling the tomb with its blood, over which the contents of a bottle of rum are next emptied as a final act of peace.

No self-respecting "duppy" can resist such dignified attentions. He will be content now to take his eternal rest and leave Malcolm and his wife in peace and quiet.

Kingsley has a Jumbi dance in "At Last," full of graphic detail but misleading. "The hut," he says, "was lighted by some eight or ten candles or lamps; and in the centre, dimly visible, was a Fetish, somewhat of the appearance of a man, but with the head of a cock. Everything that the coarsest fancy could invent had been done to make this image horrible; and yet it appeared to be the object of special adoration to the devotees assembled. . . . Martin (almost naked and his body painted so as to represent a skeleton) took his seat astride of an African tom-tom or drum . . . now began to chant a monotonous African song. . . . Gradually he began to quicken the measure; quicker went the words, quicker beat the drum, and suddenly one of the women sprang into the open space in front of the Fetish. Round and round she went, keeping admirable time with the music. Quicker still went the drum. And now the whole of the woman's body seemed electrified by it; and, as if catching the infection, a man joined her in the mad dance. Couple after couple entered the arena, and a true sorcerer's sabbath began, while light after light was extinguished, till at last but one remained."

The presence of a fetish at all disposes of the idea that this was any rite belonging to Obeah, or that it was a Jumbi dance at all. There are important distinctions in all these celebrations; differences too, though infinitely less marked, in the ritual observed in the celebration of the same rite on one island as compared with another, a fact which I hope to show in a later chapter.

But in all the West Indian islands the mystic fear of the beautiful silk-cotton tree figures as one of the most firmly established superstitions. In the daytime it is an object of veneration, at night an object of terror. Its great height and wide-spreading branches, with the flying buttresses which support and flank its root, serve to constitute it one of the most picturesque features of any landscape.

No Jamaican native can be induced to cut down in cold blood a silk-cotton tree, from fear of the angry spirits who would thereafter torture his whole life. And I heard many stories of bold bad men who, primed with rum, cut down such trees (vandals they were certainly, whether white or black), and dug up the roots in order to clear the land for a few banana suckers. But these men could never have been prevailed upon to do such work had they not first made an effort, admittedly vain, to soothe the disturbed spirits by liberal libations of rum poured over the exposed roots of the tree. No wonder, then, that I heard, too, of the terrible fate which soon overtook the sacrilegious men who perpetrated the actual deed, and the agony of sleepless nights which was the heritage of the white employer.

"Returning home shortly after nightfall," related a planter to me, "I found my groom some two hundred yards away, leaning up against a fence in a state of the most pitiable grief, shedding oceans of tears, because he could not get back without passing under a silk-cotton tree! It seems that

Photo by J. W. Cleary, Kingston

THE BEAUTIFUL SILK-COTTON TREE

which sometimes covers as much as an acre of ground, figures in the superstitions of all the West Indian islands. There is a legend also of a little devil who is bound to the tree by silken threads drawn from a priest's girdle. (*See* p. 120.)

after dusk the 'duppies' hang up their cloaks on the branches, and woe betide any one who disturbs their clothes-pegs!"

Sometimes I heard the silk-cotton tree spoken of as the abiding-place of a little people gifted with many strange and weird powers. We all know these little people of old; they do not exclusively haunt the black man's imagination. They are to be found in various guises in nearly all parts of Europe, in France no less than among the intelligent and highly imaginative people of Norway, just as they are familiar enough to us all in the Isle of Man. In Jamaica, however, they are clothed in powers of darkness that are very terrifying. Yet they are not, apparently, gifted with eternal life, being, as I have shown, simply the ghostly presence of those only whom we have known in the physical world.

XVIII

THE LEGEND OF THE *DIABLESSE*

Mamadjo (Mamadjoo? Maman-Dijou? — the reader may take his own choice of spelling) is the spirit that inhabits the silk-cotton tree as a permanent home. The name is also borne by an ethereal creature that abides in the waterfall and river (referred to in a later chapter), like another Fossegrim of Norse folklore.

Mamadjo is a white woman, and is pictured to the imagination of the negro as bearing a child in her arms, with another child standing at her feet. The people make offerings, bringing to the foot of the tree fruit, cooked food, and clothes.

Sometimes in the shade of the silk-cotton tree may be found knives, forks, plates, and glasses—a complete meal for one, nicely set out on a clean napkin with a small bottle of rum standing uncorked beside it. After a time, the food, which no sacrilegious hands will despoil, is carefully removed and thrown into the nearest stream.

In the hollows of the trunk formed by the buttresses of the sinewy tree, "Hags" (known in the French-speaking islands of the West Indies as "Souquiants")—the conscious spirits of living persons acting elsewhere, separate from the skin or entranced body—make their homes and hold their "Sabbats."

The belief in loogaroos is another form of the same superstition. All relate to human beings, generally old women, who have made a compact with the devil by which, in exchange for certain mystic powers, they have pledged themselves to provide Satanus with a certain quantity of human blood.

Every night at first cock-crow, the moon being favourable, the loogaroos wend their way to the silk-cotton tree, and there divest themselves of their human form, each becoming visible as a ball of bluish fire which passes through the air like an astral body on its mission of blood. If you have a played-out, languid feeling on awakening in the morning, then the loogaroo has sucked away your strength, and you must safeguard yourself against another visit, or you will assuredly waste away and die.

Any tiny niche or cranny will admit the enemy, but if you sprinkle rice and sand before your cabin door, the loogaroo must wait and count every seedling and grain of sand before entering. If by some unheard-of chance you find the folded up skin of a loogaroo, your duty is to seize upon it at once, and pound it in a mortar with pepper and fine salt. The vampire cannot then resume any human form, and must soon die from cold and exposure.

The silk-cotton tree figures in a "Nancy Story" ('*Nancy* from *Anansi*, a word that has reached the West Indies from far away Ashanti, meaning spider—in this case the long-legged blackish variety carrying the big white sack), and with this I must have done with this figment of dread fancy.

A priest passing a large silk-cotton tree caught sight of a little devil playing outside one of the buttress hollows. The father caught him and, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, bound him to the tree with silken threads drawn from his girdle.

" When shall I be freed from the holy spell and set at liberty ? " was the pleading inquiry of the little prisoner.

" When women cease to conceive and bear children," replied the father.

Since then no woman passes the silk-cotton tree without hearing the oft-repeated question:

" Even yet, have not women ceased to conceive and bear children ? "

In the lapse of years, dust and leaves have gathered round the roots of the tree, but the devil still lives on, though his feet are buried in the ground.

Another West Indian legend, equally worthy of the vivifying pen of Ingoldsby, relates to the Diablesse. There are again points of similarity to the folk-stories of lands nearer home, the belief in Huldren, for instance, on which the youth of Norway are reared.

Huldren, as I remember—I am recalling the story as I heard it during a long summer holiday two or three years ago—lives in a great castle hid away in the forest. She is a woman of surpassing beauty and charm, with blue eyes and rich tresses of golden hair. Her voice is as sweet as a caress; her kiss is a dream of honeyed bliss. But Huldren only pretends to be human, for she has a cow's tail which she deftly hides. She laments her single state and tries to lure the innocent and confiding young man to her home in the trees with promises of love, and joy, and wealth. If the young man listens to the voice of the charmer he finds he is wedded to a vampire who sucks his blood to his eternal hurt.

In Jamaica, we have a fair and beautiful woman with shining hair. She has one human foot and one cloven hoof which she carefully conceals from observation. She inhabits "a purty little house, bery nice put away" on the mountains.

She is supposed to be the duppy of a child that has died in innocence and to have reached maturity in Jumbidom, or some hidden sphere of the negro imagination. Returning to the scene of her birth, she bewails her virginity in tears of ravishing beauty. The lonely wanderer on the high mountain road is touched by pity.

Enticed to her home, he is fascinated by her exquisite beauty. Eye and ear are enslaved. Her figure is as shapely and supple as that of a goddess, her face is a dream of tender beauty, her voice is a rapturous endearment, her laughter as bright and joyous as a silver bell, her breath is a sweet intoxicating exhalation of Paradise.

A captive truly in the chains of adoring love.

The awakening comes on apace, and the black man's cup of bitter anguish is filled to running over — the fair charmer is only an alluring devil.

The West Indies have a store of legends also of "Fair Maids," closely resembling the fairies of Celtic folklore, from whom, as with the Daoiné Mah, the knowledge of the medicinal virtues of many herbs was first obtained. The mystic powers animating these people are sometimes secured for the service of humanity by secret spells. But Heaven help any one upon whom has fallen the unhappy fate of yielding obedience instead of commanding it.

In the "Arabian Nights" we have the story of the fisherman who hauls up in his net a copper jar in which an active threatening spirit was imprisoned. The negro, drawing apparently on the same fount of imaginative inspiration has embraced the theory that these nature spirits must not be trifled with, and that the end of all such intercourse is that they become their master's master. Like sailors, they are apt to become troublesome if not kept hard at work. There is a legend of one energetic agent whose capacity for work was a terror and a bewilderment to his master. Directed to cleave a rocky mountain peak into three parts, the spirit returned to his master after one night's absence—the task was done. Then he was told to lay a line of stepping-stones from one West Indian Island to another. This was the work of a day. Then by an effort of cunning, the master found relief; he set the spirit to make ropes out of the sand on the seashore. The luckless spirit has never returned, and is said to be still vainly baffling with his hopeless task.

The Rolling Calf is, however, a much more common superstition; and few there be who have not either seen the fiery eyes or heard the rattling chains on the hillside after dark. The Rolling Calf is a fearsome thing, but curiously enough cannot overtake his victim going uphill. To escape from the Rolling Calf is therefore a sure way of falling a victim to the allurements of the Diablesse.

These are merely the shadowy superstitions of the West Indian negroes. Obeah is the all inclusive god, and the reader may judge how completely and overwhelmingly is their intelligence led captive when I say, in the words of an honoured and respected Roman father who has laboured long and earnestly in their midst, "Left to themselves these people would be Obeah pagans and the Christian faith utterly obliterated in less than twenty years."

Other equally competent authorities tell me that less than half that period would complete that unholy task.

XIX

OBEAHISM

What is this Obi or Obeah, which after more than a century's Christianising effort lurks behind every pledge of faith, and against which no legislation can prevail?

I have shown on another page that Jamaica, in common with most of the islands of the West Indies, is inhabited by a people drawn, to the extent of 98 or even 99 per cent., from the West Coast of Africa, and the point is of interest in this connection. The term Obeah may be derived from the substantive Obi, a terror still familiar among the inhabitants of the jungle, and denoting a corrupt form of serpent-worship drawn from the people on the East Coast of the Dark Continent, with whom witchcraft, sorcery, and fetishism are natural phases of their spirit life.

For this explanation this much may be said. In Egypt, Ob or Aub was a serpent, and Obion is still the Egyptian word for a serpent. Did not Moses forbid the Israelites ever to seek divination from the demon Ob? converted in our Bible to charmer, or wizard, or sorcerer. The Hon. Hesketh J. Bell, now of Dominica, and author of a work on this subject, says that "the witch of Endor is called Oub or Ob, translated Pythonissa, and Oubois was the name of the basilisk or royal serpent, emblem of the sun, and an ancient oracular deity of Africa."

Thinly veiled, the word has been traced back into Egyptian mythology. But these cognates may be or may not be. As Max Müller truly and wittily observes, "Sound etymology has nothing to do with sound." There is admittedly a suspicion of doubt in the speculations I have indicated, and particularly when we come to see how widely apart is Obeah-Wanga from Voodoo (or Voudou or T'changa).

Obeah relates to killing, Wanga to a spell, an incantation or a deadly drug, and is a system of single magic.

Voodoo (or Voôdou, the derivation of which is in a way an etymological romance) relates to a dual system celebrated by a Papaloi (priest) and Mamaloi (priestess) acting together, and in the presence of the sacred snake or fetish of the faith.

Two sects are comprised in the faith of Voodoo.

(*a*) The Vodun-T'changa (Les Mystères of the French West Indian Settlements). Colour white. Fetish: the harmless macajuel. The sacrifice: ripe fruits, milk, and the blood of pure white cocks and spotless white goats.

(*b*) The Vidu-T'changa. Colour red. Fetish: the poisonous green vidù. Sacrifice: the blood of black cocks and black goats, &c. On high festivals, the flesh and blood of the human victim—*i.e.*, "the goat without horns."

The rites of the first, the cult of Obeah, are practised throughout the West Indies; the rites of the latter are practised in secret and at the perpetration of the supreme sacrifice in the presence only of tried adherents.

No legislation, seemingly, can stamp out these twain gods of evil. "Obeahism," I am quoting from Mr. Livingstone's "Black Jamaica," "runs like a black thread of mischief through the known history of the race. It is the result of two conditions, an ignorant and superstitious receptivity on the one hand, and on the other, sufficient intelligence and cunning to take advantage of this quality. The Obeahman is any negro who gauges the situation and makes it his business to work on the fears of his fellows. He claims the possession of occult authority and professes to have the power of taking or saving life, of causing or curing disease, of bringing ruin or creating prosperity, of discovering evil-doers, or vindicating the innocent. His implements are a few odd scraps, such as cock's feathers, rags, bones, bits of earth from graves and so on. The incantations with which he accompanies his operations are merely a mumble of improvised jargon. His real advantage in the days of slavery lay in his knowledge and use of poisonous plants. Poisoning does not now enter into his practices to any extent, but the fear he inspires among the ignorant is intense, and the fact that he has turned his attention to particular persons is often sufficient to deprive them of reason. Obeahism is a superstition at once simple, foolish and terrible, still vigorous, but in former times as powerful an agent as slavery itself in keeping the nature debased."

Indeed, nothing can happen in a Jamaican village in which the Obeahman has not a part. If a native has suffered a wrong, the Obeahman will detect the offender and bring down the vengeance of Heaven; no black man will have any recourse to the law without first conciliating the fates of evil through the medium of Obeah. He is the spectre at every feast, and in the hour of death he is the spirit who has claimed a fresh victim.

Yet the Obeahman is in reality nothing more than a low, vulgar, lazy and cunning negro, unwashed, ragged, sometimes half mad, but almost inevitably diseased—a poor creature who has on this wise elected to trade upon the ignorance and cupidity of his fellows. Obeah is at best a mere God of Evil; you may propitiate him to leave you in peace, or you may prevail on him to destroy your enemy—usually by a herbal poison which your hired accomplice administers to the unsuspecting victim.

Obeah's temple may be any native's wattled hut, and his altar resolve itself into a darkened room with a burning lamp that reveals the solemn-faced impostor seated at a bench. He has before him a volume of Thomas à Kempis, which possibly he cannot read, and around him an assortment of cock-feathers or head of a cock, or a cat, rags, bones, earth gathered from a recent grave, and perhaps, by rare luck, a hand cut off at the wrist from the body of the newly dead.

This is the pagan streak of Jamaican native life that defies all humanising and uplifting effort, and seems, within our narrow ken, to mock the prayers of men and women who have given of their best in a great and good cause.

Not without a certain cynical laugh does one find sometimes the trees of a plantation decked out with strange guardians of law and order. A white planter in sheer exasperation at the loss of growing crops, will finally make use of Obeah, and "dress his gardens"—despite the protest of priest or Roman father—by hanging from branches a galaxy of wonder-workers; an open hand coloured red is most effective (the trade mark of a prominent Burton firm of brewers, such as one sees every day on the hoardings of London, would answer admirably), a few old bones, a bottle of any black or blue liquid with a dead cockroach floating on its surface, a triangular piece of board (pointing downwards) on which a similarly shaped piece of black cloth has been glued, a miniature coffin or two, into which a little skin bag has been placed, containing an egg, a chicken bone, some nails, a bean or two, a few feathers, and bits of rag of different colour.

From such a plantation the negro will "Please Gawd tief no more." But whatever the offence, and whoever the culprit may be, the white man need only loudly announce to all and sundry that he has got the footprint, and means in the true Obeah fashion to cast into the fire the earth that was so impressed, that the offender may waste away and die; within the hour the wrong-doer will be on his knees at your feet, cringing and begging for relief from such an awful doom.

"I put Obeah 'pon you" is, in fact, the most dread threat and calamity that can befall the negro of Jamaica. Sometimes you may find, as a result of a serious difference with some of your servants, that they invoke without warning the aid of their pagan god. A rusty knife suspended at your front door is an unfailing sign; and this reminds me that, visiting a planter's home, I found in a prominent position on one of the steps leading up to the piazza the half of a cocoanut into which various oddments had been placed, but of which I could distinguish only charcoal.

"What's this doing here?" I asked.

"Can't imagine. Been there for days."

"Is it Obeah?" I asked dubiously.

"May be so, only I can't think of any trouble to account for his attentions."

"No feathers and no earth," I said, looking critically and amusedly at the deposition. "Have they any 'God of Good' then?"

"Don't fancy they have. Must be Obeah."

And there it remained.

The more approved way of condemning you to the cruel fate of Obeah is to find in your pocket an assortment of chicken bones or on your pillow a dried lizard, feathers from a white cock, or a malodorous decoction of poisonous herbs in a bottle, or it may be nothing more serious than some evil-smelling liquid from a neighbouring swamp.

Then, as showing how the black native of Jamaica engrafts his superstitions upon his faith as a Christian, the actual experience of a Baptist missionary is worth recounting. From his bedroom window he had a glimpse of the upper portion of a window of his chapel. Late one night he observed in these panes the distinct reflection of a dim light. Believing that something was amiss, he put on a dressing-gown and went down the narrow path leading from his house to the vestry door, which he noiselessly entered.

Opening the door from the vestry to the chapel, he found a select company of his church members, including certain of his chief officers, sitting, squatting, standing in the centre of the floor. And here they were in a Christian temple going through their pagan invocations! assembled as their ancestors had assembled at the call of the Sacred Drum to render honour and sacrifice to the Totem Snake in the far-off days of old, the days of an untamed, unfettered, unlettered existence in the heart of an African forest.

XX

A VOODOO CANNIBALISTIC FEAST

Superstition takes many forms among the black native population of the West Indian Islands, though underlying them all is the same immemorial serpent worship.

A resident in Granada tells of an incident within his own experience. He met a curious procession on its way in the late evening to the Grand Etang, one of the loveliest spots in Granada, a lake up in the mountains at an altitude of close upon 2000 feet. Though he appears to have been misled into the belief that it was a mission to conciliate Mamadjo, the Mother of Wood as well as Water, it reads strangely like a procession to a Voodoo sacrifice.

"First came four or five stalwart negroes carrying pink, red and white flags, followed by a group of old women, dressed up in red cotton frocks, with veils of the same material covering their heads, and topped with a chaplet of some green feathery creeping plant, which grows in profusion in the high woods. Then came more elderly females, similarly clad in blue cotton, all dancing frantically to the sound of most barbarous music, which followed them. Three or four men carried in their hands large empty gourds, covered over with a loose network of small porcelain shirt buttons, which they kept continually shaking, thus making a loud rustling sound, serving as an accompaniment to a wild sort of song or refrain, yelled out in the most minor of minor keys by the whole of the assistants. The rear was brought up by an indiscriminate gathering of negroes, all dancing away furiously, and all decked with sprays of the same green creeper. Questioning one of these followers, I learnt that the procession was on its way to the Grand Etang, the supposed home of a 'Mamadjo' or siren, whom they were going to propitiate by sundry sacrifices of goats and fowls, in order to obtain from her a few showers of rain which were sadly needed for the young corn just planted.

"Most of these people were old Africans, who, although nominally Christians, and perhaps communicants, still clung to the old superstitions of the land of their birth, and notwithstanding the lessons taught them for the last fifty years by priests and parsons of all denominations, evidently reposed more trust in the power of their old Congo divinities. . . .

"Arrived at the Grand Etang, the old women of the procession would commence an endless prayer or incantation, addressed to the Mamadjo, accompanied no doubt by the sacrifice of a black goat and some white fowls, and the siren once considered satisfied, the ceremony would conclude by an African dance to the inspiriting sound of the tom-tom, lasting till daylight, when all would peaceably return to their avocations, and would, most likely, be seen next Sunday hurrying to their church dressed out in their best toggery."

I fancy that very little enterprise and dissimulation would have enabled the observer to satisfy himself that this was Voodooism pure and simple; but, all unsuspectingly, he seems to have accepted in perfect faith the explanation that was offered to him, though it is notorious that the native will resort to any artifice or actual lie rather than expose any of the arcana of his superstitions.

Bad as Obeah is in all parts of the British West Indies, it pales into insignificance compared with the Voodoo worship that lingers everywhere and dominates the black republic of Hayti—an independent island of chaos, cruelty, and confusion. So much for the notion of raising "our black brother" by thrusting upon him the responsibility of government for which neither nature nor tradition has fitted him!

The law of Hayti, the written law, would impose heavy penalties upon those who take part in the Voodoo sacrifices; but in Hayti, as elsewhere, there is a law above the law, and that is the people's will. No one dare neglect the call of the sacred drum, let alone put the written law in operation, and it is on record that Cora Geffard, the daughter of a former President of the Island, was shot dead as she knelt before the altar of a Roman Catholic church in Port-au-Prince, her only offence being that she was the child of her father, who had striven to suppress certain of the grosser Voodoo barbarities.

Voodooism, as I have already shown, divides itself into two kinds—the white and the red. The first makes little pretence at concealment, and it is possible for the white traveller to witness the sacrifice of white cocks and white goats to that serpent god of evil who is thus conciliated, the only danger being that once the wild untamed brutality of the black native is thoroughly aroused, he may extend the circle of blood-red sacrifice, however liberally you may have bribed the high priestess to secure your protection. But what is the ritual, you will ask?

"By the light of kerosene oil flames I saw about

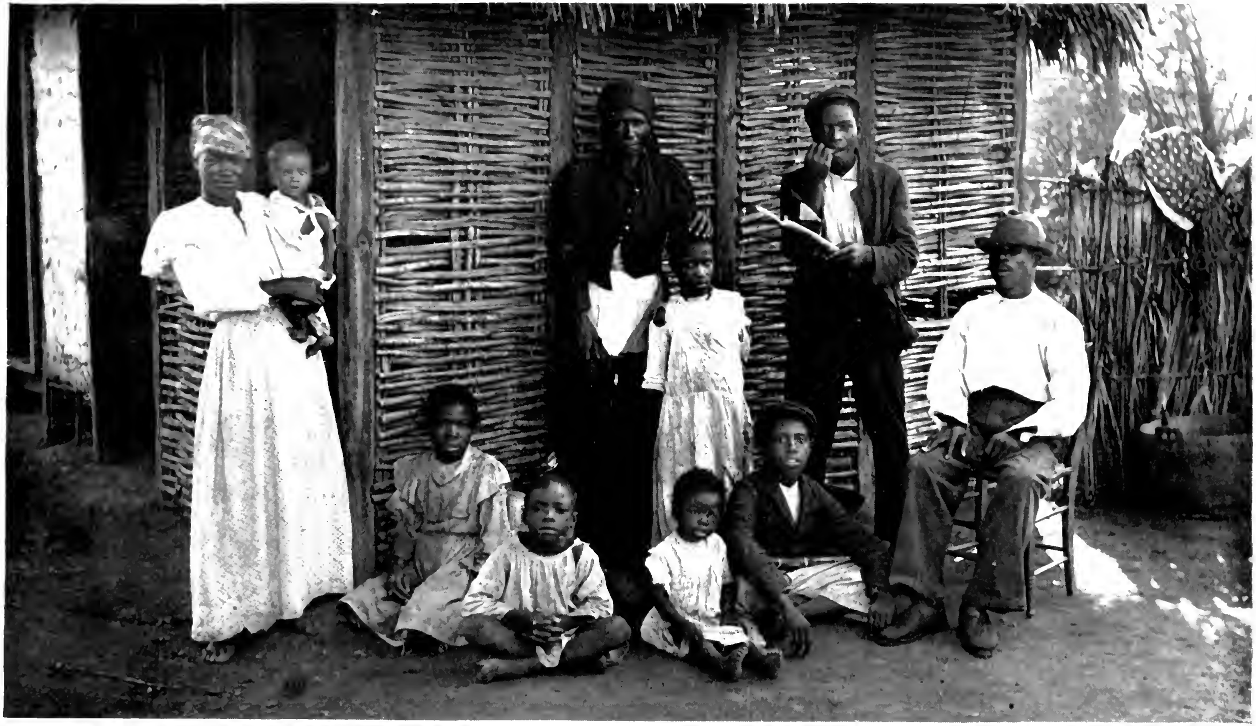


Photo by J. W. Cleary, Kingston

A NEGRO FAMILY

forty men and women gathered round a rude stone altar, on which, twined around a cocomacacque stick was the sacred green snake." I am quoting the words of a recent visitor to Hayti, sojourning at Jacmel, the ceremony of which he writes taking place some three miles outside that town amid a small wood. "The Mamoli, a tall, evil-looking negress, was dressed in a scarlet robe, with a red turban on her head. She was dancing a sensuous dance before the altar and droning an ancient West African chant, which the on-lookers repeated. Rapidly she worked herself up to a frantic pitch of excitement, pausing now and then to take a drink from one of the rum bottles which passed freely from hand to hand. At last she picked up a glittering machette from the altar, and with her other hand seized a black cock held by a bystander. She whirled the bird round her head violently until the feathers were flying in all directions and then severed the head from the body with one swift stroke. The tense and horrible excitement had kept the worshippers silent, but they burst into a savage yell when the priestess pressed the bleeding neck of the slaughtered fowl to her lips. Afterwards she dipped her finger in the blood and made the sign of the cross on her forehead and the foreheads of several of her disciples."

This is Voodooism in its less terrible aspect. The supreme feature of the ritual is practised only in some dark and lonesome wood or cave, and every art of cunning and deceit is exercised that none shall respond to the call of the sacred drum save those whom it legitimately summons to its terrifying rites. The preliminary sacrifice is a black goat; and then, when the worshippers are raised to a state of uncontrollable madness and intense sensuous excitement by blood and drink the priestess' suggestive dances heightened by intoxicating music, there comes the crowning sacrifice of "the goat without horns"—a drugged child, whose blood and flesh form part of the cannibalistic feast.

To those who labour among these people with no hope or reward but the hope that is eternal and the reward that is the wages of well-doing, among a people to whom such rites are the natural exposition of their barbaric unlifted natures, I may truly bow the knee in self-abasement. They are to me like the wayfarer on a boundless sea, still plying the oars in sure and certain hope of a glorious tomorrow. Not to my bedimmed eyes is the vision of the distant shore, nor can I yet feel, in the radiant words of Father Russell, that cheering "land breeze on my brow."

XXI

WHEN NORTH JOINS SOUTH

WHO shall say how, or when, or exactly why the distinction of race colour begins to manifest itself? Yet it comes to all as inevitably as the day succeeds the night. You may ridicule it, and trifle with your prejudices by talk of the universal brotherhood of man, by arguing that "God is the Father of all;" but against all your airy principles and rooted convictions the one eternal factor hurls itself: there *is* a difference, a difference you cannot change, firm and fixed in the everlasting verities of humanity.

He of whom this narrative relates, let me for convenience' sake speak of him as Herbert, left England with few of the prejudices of race, and perhaps still fewer of those of colour, a fact that is sufficiently explained in that he had some experience of the one and none whatever of the other. But long before he had crossed the ocean, he began, as we all do, unconsciously at first, to perceive and realise "a difference." There were all grades on board the ship, graduating from the pure white, through all the varieties of colour, of "just a touch of the tar brush" to the slightly brown, from the rather coppery to the lowest grade of all, the stage of inky blackness. Through all these gradations of colour he first began to appreciate the magnitude of a problem that threatens the peace and happiness of a large portion of the new world.

Arrived in Jamaica, he made his first settlement in the home of his father's earliest and best friend. Herbert rewarded this hospitality by falling desperately in love and laying siege to the heart of the younger of the two daughters, and the only one who was not already involved in an affair of the heart. But despite all threats from the daughter and entreaties of the prospective son-in-law, the father would not give his consent.

"No, no, no," he would say. "Herbert may want to leave the island by the next steamer, he would naturally take his wife with him, and I should be left stranded. No, I am going to stick to the only daughter I now have left."

Fair and specious were the promises that were made to meet that difficulty, but the ardent lovers made little progress, despite the tears on the one side and the dark threatenings of a runaway marriage on the other. The most obstinate parent cannot, however, carry his objection beyond a given point; and that stage was almost reached when he made the concession and agreed to give the young people his consent and his blessing, as soon as Herbert had proved the fixity of his intentions by having a home and an estate of his own.

Not more zealously did Jacob toil for Rachel than Herbert did for Marie. Hard work, however, would have been a long road to travel had it not been relieved by well-deserved remittances from a fond and indulgent father at home. The one and only condition of their marriage being completed, Marie, the fairest flower of the parish, became the happy bride of the son of her father's closest friend.

Life at River Bend, their new home, in a house constructed on foundations laid by the earliest Spanish settlers, was like a quenchless honeymoon. Then a new happiness grew imminent. Marie did not always come down to breakfast—and one morning the doctor was hastily commanded. That day Herbert found himself obtrusive; he might return for news about nightfall, or later. For the time being he was the unbidden one in his own home.

Like most men so placed, out of reach of his own kin, he did not wander far; and at short intervals he had all the news of the sick chamber, until at length there came the news that brought relief—the baby was born, and mother and child were both doing well. He still busied himself among his people on the plantation waiting for nightfall. Never did day seem so eternal. At length the sun began to steal from the horizon; and, unable to restrain all the tenderness and sympathy that were rising up like a well-spring in his heart, he started for the house.

In the main avenue he met the doctor returning in his buggy. The man of medicine and science was a picture of serious preoccupation. But the kindly face lighted up for a moment as their eyes met.

"A boy!" he cried, not drawing rein.

Then Herbert quickened his steps, eager to shower kisses on his wife, and to take the little sprig of manhood into his arms. Scaling the stairs, he was at the bedroom door in a moment. And then, approaching the bedside on the tips of his toes, that he might not wake either sleeper—*either* sleeper, he repeated to himself, for there were two sweetly pretty, gentle, wakeful sleepers now—for the first time he realised the sense of a parent's responsibility and pride.

All he could see in the faint light of the room on the soft white pillow was the rich mass of Marie's auburn hair, the crowning glory of her beauty. She was lying with her face turned from the wide open window, the coverlet pulled up close about her shoulders, but nestling at her bosom he could just catch a glimpse of the wee pinky head that had caused all this commotion, joy and anxiety.

Gently brushing back the waves of shining hair, he bent over the pillow, and tenderly pressed his lips against her soft warm cheek.

"Is that you, Herbert?" Marie asked faintly.

"Yes, dearest. I am so, so glad you are going on all right. I could not stay away another instant," smoothing the clothes as he spoke.

"Well, he has come!" she said half playfully.

"Who has come?"

There was a slight pause.

"Oh what a goose I am! Of course I know the baby has come. I seem to have lived a century since I had that news. Our baby, our very own, dearest——"

Marie tried to choke a faint sob amidst the folds of the pillow.

"Why, of course, the doctor told me. But he did not tell me much besides. I met him on the road. He must have been in a fearful grump. I cannot imagine why, unless it was because we have kept the dear soul so long from his home and his patients in town."

There was another half-suppressed sob.

"But there, there, dear. Why are you crying when you ought to be so very very happy. Perhaps that's why! I remember you cried when we were married."

The tears had broken away, and were streaming down on to the pillow.

"I won't chatter another word. But let me for one brief instant take him in my arms—and—and——"

"No! no!" came the pleading voice of the mother.

"But may not a proud father——?" with a little laugh.

"Not to-day then, dear."

"But——"

"Then not now."

"Think how proud his dear old granddad will be! They say grandparents always take more delight——"

A sob.

"But that can't always be true. Now if he had been a girl—I do believe I wanted a girl, just a wee miniature edition of her mother, no, *his* mother I ought to say—I had the names all ready, his mother's name and your mother's name, good soul, though you never saw her—" (and then very tenderly), "I am very very glad he is a boy. I never thought I could love a child so much. Now let's put eyes on him and I shall be gone."

"No, dearest, no, I say——"

But as these words were spoken he had already smoothed down the bedclothes and taken the little mite by both shoulders with all the delicacy of touch of a fairy goddess gambolling with a soap bubble. He drew the sleeping infant from the tender, firm, and then slowly relaxing clasp of its tearful mother.

"What a good quiet baby to be sure! but we'll have plenty of noise from him soon enough, I'll be bound. And oh! what a heavy chap too."

"Yas, Massa Herbert, he'll be big man," said the native nurse, watching the baby with all the eager solicitude of a mother.

"It's unlucky to weigh a new baby, or—why don't you get a light, nurse? It is miserably stupid in a room as dark as this. And what on earth are you blubbering about? There never was such a house of weeping women, I do declare."

The nurse busied herself to light the lamp.

"I never knew a new baby was a matter to cry over—not, at all events, when his mother is happy and well. Why, there were high jinks in the house when *I* favoured the world with my society!"

A sob.

"But, dear me! dear me!" and then turning to the bed: "Dearest, my angel wife, why are you sobbing?" And directing his words to the native servants in the room, "Was there ever such a pack of sorrowing creatures! from that cross-grained old medico, who looked so dour, down to every servant in the house, all as solemn as though you were chief mourners at your own funerals. Great goodness!" fondling the child in his arms, "some of you had better brighten up, or you'll put the mistress in a blue fever of despair. Now, woman! will you never get that lamp lighted?"

"Oh, Herbert! Herbert! You are torturing me. Give me back my baby," came the pleading voice of the mother."

"Certainly, dearest. But——"

"No, no, Herbert, give him back to me."

The father at that moment was bending on one knee that the pale light might fall from the lamp on the table to the child's face, whilst the mother, distracted with anguish, and with a face streaming with tears, had pushed down the clothes and was bending forward with outstretched arms, and nearly out of bed in her anxiety to regain the child, her heart's one desire.

"My God!" cried the man, rising dazedly to his feet. Then, in a far away voice, as though trying to unweave the tangled web of an indistinct memory, he exclaimed: "*Black.*"

At that word, the woman fell back on the pillow as one stung to her heart's core.

"*Oh, Mother! dear Mother! pray for me,*" she cried amid her tears.

The face of the man that one moment before was suffused with laughter and good-nature, was now ashen and ugly with consternation, anger, battling with grief.

Rushing forward, the nurse took the child from his arms; there she stood swaying it from side to side, while the mother buried her face in the pillow and wept as though her very heart would break.

"Then—*this,*" looking from the bed to the child in the nurse's arms, and in a voice of undisguised contempt, "this is not my child, but another's; and *you,* whom I treasured above all else the world could give, have been untrue to me."

"It is not true, it is not true, my husband!" cried the agonised woman, springing out of bed and lifting up her arms that she might fall upon his neck and kiss away with her own lips a lie so gross and foul.

"But can I doubt my senses? See for yourself? Can that, *that* be my child?"

"Oh, Herbert! Herbert, as I live, on my soul, never in thought or word or deed——"

"But look—child!"

"Oh, God! I do not know, I do not understand," she said, as though despair had taken possession of her very soul, adding distractedly to herself,

"And when I thought I had reached the summit of a happy woman's happiness, of our heart's desire!"

As she stood her eyes fell upon the child in the nurse's arms. Instantly the tones of love gave way to those of fiendish hate as she drew herself up in anger, "Oh, I hate it! I loathe it!" she said, stamping her foot. "I hate you—I hate myself. Take it away! Take it away!"

Oh, unhappy woman! Pride was reeling beneath the weight of weakness and emotion.

The nurse retreated in terror from the frenzied woman lest she should strangle the child in her fury.

"No, no! it is still my child," she said hoarsely; "give him to me, give him to me."

She seized the crying infant from the nurse, who stood powerless and stupefied, and clambering back into bed, cherished the child in her bosom with tenderness and kisses as only a mother can.

"*Dear Mother of Jesus, help me! help me! pray for me! I have no words,*" she called in the agony of her breaking heart, crying herself and her child into sleep.

When the East joins the West, over barriers fixed by God that none shall pass without the dreadful price exacted, there is cruel suffering and searching sorrow, somehow, somewhere, some day. Yes; as though it were an offence never to die, never to be obliterated, there is the inevitable legacy to the world of the unnatural and grotesque! The synagogue and the mosque are not cheated nor cajoled into submission, and in the clash of warring elements the baser metal is stronger and triumphant.

When North and South commingle, Nature is no wit less malevolent. She sleeps not, nor forgets; and that sombre pigment, like the loathsome black hand of an immitigable destiny, conceals itself through one generation only to gloom forth intensified in another: unrelenting—unoblivious.

That night in alternate rage and remorse, loathsome repugnance and tenderest love, the distracted man sought to tear the mystery into fragments, only to piece it together again, and vainly try to understand all of which it was a part.

"Her father alone can say," he told himself a thousand times.

Daylight was barely breaking through the blue haze of the mountain tops of that fair and beautiful island, and all the brilliant constellations of stars were fading into nothingness, when he started upon that voyage of discovery, a voyage involving fate and life itself. There was no need to explain his mission; evil news travels upon pinions.

"It means, my son," said the broken-hearted man, "my sin has found me out. Over the tide of nearly twenty years, in which I hoped it was utterly lost and forgotten and buried for ever, it comes up now to my humiliation, and the humiliation of my child. It means that your wife is my daughter, and never more so than in this bitter hour of trial; but it means also, though it racks me to say it, she is not the daughter of her whom in affectionate memory she cherishes as mother. It means that she is younger by nearly two years than you or she imagine. She did not know, and I hoped that she might prove that rare exception—and never know. But this accursed black blood will not die; if it skips one generation it obtrudes itself with horrible energy in the next. As a child Marie was fair and beautiful, no one could suspect she was not truly her sister's sister. On that seeming forgiveness of nature I built, I know it now, a foolish dream, for over the waste of years comes this recurring sin and long-drawn-out deception. Yet, God willing, I will make amends, such poor amends to her and to you as lie within my power. I will take my daughter back, and her home shall be before the whole world, her child's home. That shall be my atonement."

"No, no, no! that can never be. I will never give her up, and she is mine for ever."

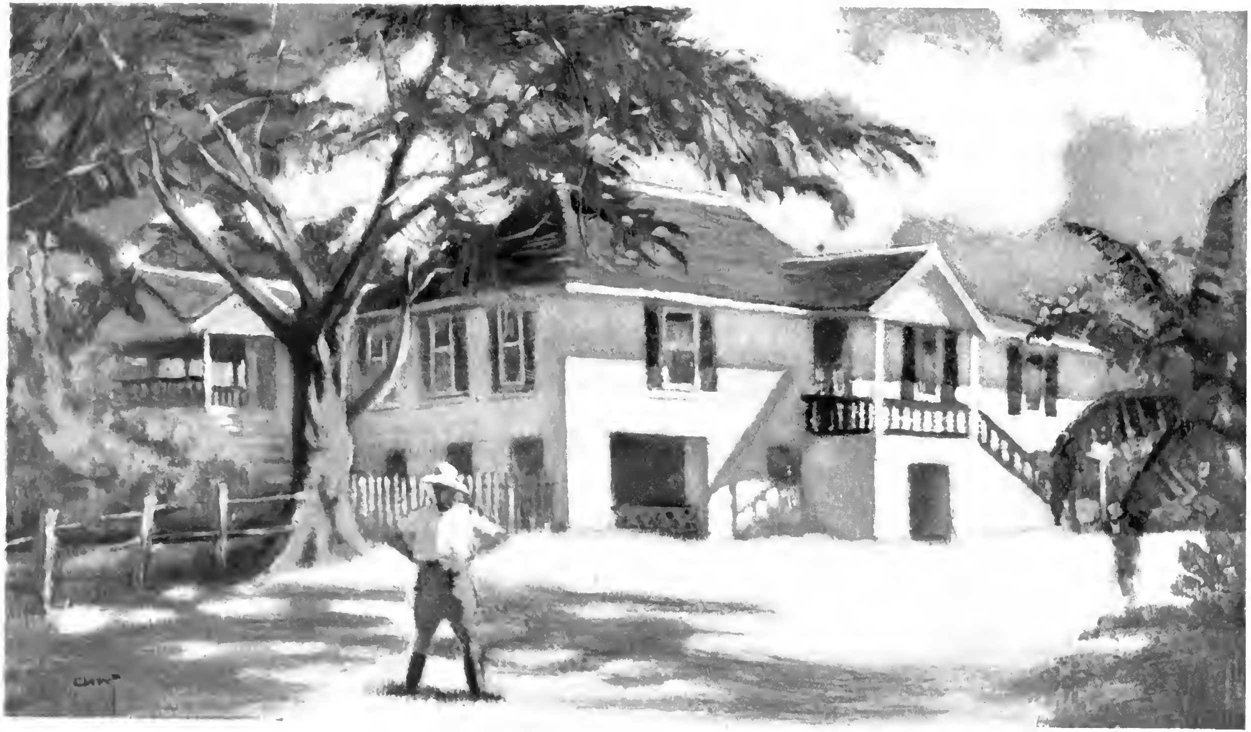
"But you forget—it is always there—and it can never be the same."

"Oh, the hideous cruel wrong of it all! Then what am I to do?"

"As she wills, my child."

In an out-of-the-way corner of the island there is to be seen a convent which, with its circular towers and tiny minarets, fittingly caps a gracious hill. "God's acre" lies on one side of the slope, so placed that it shall be to the material eyes of the recluse the last clear vision of departing day, and extend the mental horizon to the hope and glory of a bright and happier to-morrow.

No glittering monument marks any resting-place, but at the head of each a triangular stone obtrudes some twelve or fifteen inches above the grass. At the head of one fresh mound and on one such stone there appear in crudest graving the name and dates of one fair child, the Church's latest bride, to whom death came like a radiant hope—who shall call it vain?—of righting a great wrong, and blotting out for ever a sin that was not hers.



ABINGDON, JAMAICA

a typical English planter's "Great House"

XXII

HOME PROBLEMS

Life in Jamaica seems to produce an ever-increasing burden of complexity. Some two hundred odd years ago the population consisted roughly of an almost equal proportion of whites and blacks. During the slave period the number of blacks was increased out of all proportion to the increase of the whites, and this disproportion was further magnified after the emancipation, when so many of the white settlers returned to England.

The Spanish occupation of the island is evident in many ways to this day, not merely in place-names that are often purely Spanish, as a reference to any map will show, but in the houses dotted about the island built on a scale of solid security to weather all storms and withstand any siege. The romantic glory of these colonial palaces was barely maintained during the richest period of the English occupation, partly owing to the different temperament of the later ascendant race and partly to the fact that English residents seem at all times to have regarded Jamaica only as a temporary abode, a place in which to get rich quickly and return home. The English planter had his wife and family about him for brief periods only and the climate was blamed for much that resulted as a consequence.

Now the climate of Jamaica includes almost every gradation that may be desired—from the intensely tropical fever-producing swamps lying low near the sea and kept in a state of moisture by plenteous rivers, spheres where the alligator basks in the sun to the delight and danger of the sportsman, to the cool retreats on the Blue Mountains where most of the vegetation of an English kitchen garden may be found to flourish. These are the two extremes—the more reasonable description of the climate of Jamaica is that of eternal summer, where an overcoat at any time is a pain rather than a pleasure.

The English woman is never attired otherwise than in a summer frock, and there are hours of the day all the year round in which any clothing is even to the European a comfortless concession to social convention, while in the height of summer the heat of an evening seems to be hardly less than the shade temperature of the day. Failing therefore a very determined will the English woman lapses into luxurious idleness with black servants to fetch and carry and wait at every turn.

The Englishman has his work on the plantation, his riding, his polo, and his tennis and an occasional alligator shooting expedition, to keep him in health. But his wife bereft of that "snap" or "nip" in the air that prompts her to activity at home, spends many hours of the day within the shade of her own home, on the verandah perhaps, reading, and in this way loses the freshness of complexion she brought to the country and to her horror and dismay develops that sallow parched skin so disturbing to all her pride and beauty.

This grief, however, might not prompt her to desert her husband. The real problem arises over the baby! He it is who is the determining factor in the colonial house no less than in the house at home.

I have met those whose knowledge and experience of Jamaica go back to the pre-emancipation period and whose attachment to the island is strong and sincere, and have heard them declare that no other country in the world provides the same opportunities to the young man of small fortune of finding the road to a competency and of having the most keen joy of life all the way along that much sought path, but I have found few or none to declare that Jamaica was an ideal place for the English baby!

The climate is everything that could be desired for a while, no draughts, and chills almost impossible. Then the mother begins to realise that the warmth is too forceful and draws forth her tender blossom night and day without that cessation that comes in the nursery at home in our long cool winters. In other words, the English baby is not altogether unlike the English rose-tree planted in this over-kindly climate; it shoots forth rapidly, is an eternal mass of bloom until exhaustion sets in and it withers away and dies. The baby, on the other hand, is sent to the mountains to enjoy cool nights and rest, and sooner or later returns with the mother to England to the climate against which we all profess a national grievance.

The English planter is therefore left to his own devices among conditions of life that prompt if they do not indeed set a premium upon that deviation from the moral code as accepted at home. First of all there is the remoteness from all society, and I judge that only those who have had actual experience of such isolation can fully appreciate the depth of its influence.

Escaping from the lowlands to a hill station any visitor may find for a week or two that life is worth living, and he may imagine that he will never tire of the fruits and the flowers, the humming birds, and the fireflies, and all the beauty of nature that surrounds him. "But none of these things, even with the joy of health thrown in," says Mr. Plowden in his entertaining volume, "Grain or Chaff," suffice in the absence of occupation, and in time the *ennui* that brooded over the camp at Newcastle found its way into his heart and "I, too, would turn my thoughts to the necessity of whittling a stick in order to make the dragging hours pass less heavily."

Then this wonderful climate, this never-ending summer by which the winter sports of the homeland never come round, becomes a positive pain, and the sojourner hastens back to home and society.

To the settler there is no such escape. With a wife absent even for years, and on her part a climatically produced indifference to her husband in one direction if not tacit or indeed a definite acceptance of the fact that her place will be taken by some one, possibly a some one of her own choice, in the manner of a queen nominating her successor, or proclaiming a regency! is it wonderful that life takes many strange turns?

The average Englishwoman hears a good deal, more than enough, from those whose experience does not qualify them to express any opinion, of the absolute necessity of exercise in a warm climate—I do not often observe much activity among her sisters at home when the temperature is even ten or twenty degrees cooler. And then for the "greatly multiplied sorrow" she ever bears as the woeful penalty of Eve's fault, periods of lassitude are inevitable, but in the tropics this

NEWCASTLE IN THE HILLS

established as a military camp on account of the heavy mortality among the white troops stationed at Port Royal. The monotony of an everlasting English summer proved nearly as serious a tax upon the health of the troops as the swampy lowlands.

Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

THE MILITARY CEMETERY AT NEWCASTLE

lassitude is in some cases intensified and prolonged by the great heat. No wonder, therefore, that the Englishwoman finds her own health, no less than the health and education of her children, a good and sufficient reason for the trip to the temperate zone. And if her husband finds solace in her absence she may not always wish to know, though she would not hint any complaint if she did.

Now what are the factors which produce this remarkable result? I have heard it repeatedly averred that while the climate reduces the energy of the woman, it has the reverse effect upon the man—I am of course speaking of the white settler in each case. I question if either statement is wholly based on real knowledge. I think it is, however, an accepted fact that women are more often reduced by the heat in this climate, but whether in indulgence first or idleness thereafter lies the explanation, does not now arise. But I am satisfied that the licence claimed by the white man simply because he lives in a warm climate is not to be condoned, and I am equally convinced that if he considered his health merely, as he certainly might under conditions of greater occupation and leisurely distraction, he would, in the absence of his wife, live a life of absolute continence. Nor can he lay his account against the food, consisting as it does so largely of fruit, fish certainly, but meat by no means an invariable article of diet, no native wine, and rum a despised beverage suited only, he usually thinks, to the negro and the Jacktar, though he is in reality either following a fashion of society or despising what is cheap.

The explanation, therefore, that remains is that with wife and children absent for years, the aloofness from all society, and the deadly dull monotony of life in one everlasting summer on a lonesome estate or plantation, the planter begins, like all forms of nature, irresistibly to accommodate himself to the conditions in which he is cast.

That is the best story I can give of this aspect of the question. What of the other?

XXIII

THE NATIVES' MARRIAGE

To begin with, let me present in sum the conditions of native life. The woman is the worker in Jamaica, and I was interested to note that she will walk twenty or thirty miles—all through the night sometimes in order to escape the heat of day--to sell perhaps two or three shillings' worth of vegetables, fruit, &c., which (though it does not concern this story) she, or more probably her husband, may have stolen from a neighbour's garden. She walks bare-footed, with her clothing, of which there is not much besides the dress you see, tucked up usually in a rather awkward bunch about the waist and falling hardly ever lower than the knee, so that a clear, free stride may not be impeded, and carries with a sweeping elastic carriage her heavy load, accurately balanced on the bandana-girdled head, the hat, as often as not, grotesquely surmounting the topmost layer of fruit.

I have read expressions of sympathetic wonder that such women will neither take train nor share the cost of a donkey. The sympathy is wholly misplaced. The money earned by the journey is undoubtedly a great boon, but think of the privilege of a gossip all the way to market, the mild excitements of sale and barter, and the indescribable din and clatter of many tongues in the market-place itself, which is music to the ear of an inmate of a lonely one-roomed cabin all the rest of the week!

But the greatest pleasure of all is the personal adornment in the way of laces, frills and flounces thus acquired. No beauty at the Court of any Louis was ever more susceptible to the joy of adornment than these dusky ladies of the West. It is the ruling passion, not of a sex merely, but of an entire race. Rather, therefore, than sacrifice this duty, so obvious a one to all the tiny world that lies along her path, and the gratification of her own taste for finery, she will decline or avoid a sale near her own door, though it does not seem to occur to her that she might go to market just the same with the money in her hand, instead of the fruit and vegetables on her head. I take it, however, that the load of fruit and vegetables are the outward and visible sign of her mission to town, while the money would convey nothing to the mind of any onlooker unconscious of its existence in her possession. That seems an absurdly elementary proposition, but I find many such are determining factors in the daily life of the people.

As illustrating the great strength of the native woman and the immense load she can carry on her head, I cannot do better than mention one actual experience of a visitor, not many years ago, shortly before the railway from Kingston to Port Antonio was completed, whose travelling trunk, packed with clothes and weighing between 80 and 100 lb., was carried on a woman's head over an undulating road across a mountain range, some seventy miles in all, for 3*s.* 6*d.*

The men are the lords of creation and the women the beasts of burden. Indeed, only too

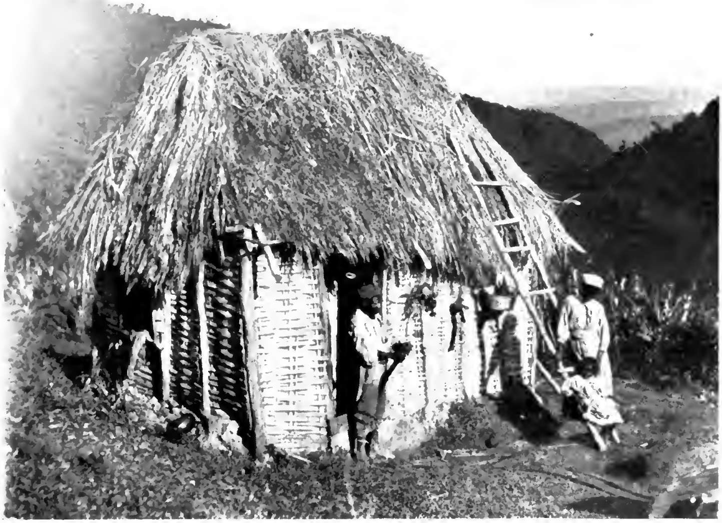


Photo by W. S. Campbell

THE NATIVE'S WATTLED HUT ON A LONELY PLANTATION

"The cabin in which the negro lives is nothing more substantial than a shanty . . . All food, save when the rain is falling, is eaten out of doors . . . a mere shelter for nights and a harbourage for knick-knacks and Sunday clothes." (*See* p. 157.)

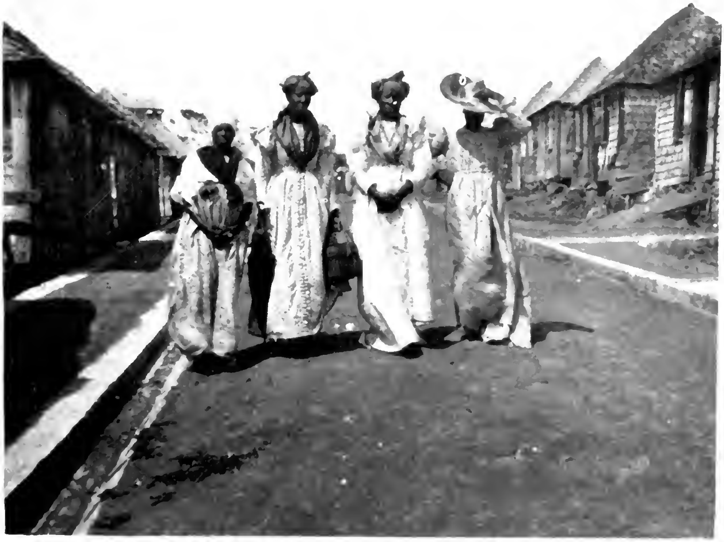


Photo by Mr. Algernon E. Aspinall (W. I. Committee)

NEGRO AMAZONS

Showing native houses in one of the lesser towns.

large a proportion of the men are no better than the women's encumbrances, living on what they can steal, and smoking what they have acquired by their wives' earnings.

"Marriage hab teeth, dat berry wise saying," is a negro proverb. The marriage tie therefore is not often sought, and the woman in Jamaica is against its yoke, as her legal freedom is the one and only threat she can exercise upon a lazy good-for-nothing stay-at-home-and-smoke husband.

When the marriage tie is invoked it is usually to satisfy some scruple on the part of the Church they imperfectly comprehend, while a touch of humour is not wanting to the ceremony in the spectacle of all the bridesmaids being drawn from the family of grown-up daughters of the contracting parties. These are the ways of life they have inherited from parents who knew no better, and to whom the unguided instinct of their own natures was the only law.

"If you blame them," I am quoting from a woman, the author of "Ethiopia in Exile," "for straying from what you have been taught as the path of virtue, a path you have not mentally evolved as the only admissible one, put yourself in their place; think of their past, of the dark heritage of their African descent; of their present poverty-stricken surroundings, their limited equipment, mental and moral, for the battle of life, which you at times, with all the props of a boasted civilisation, all the support of a highly-organised religious system, find so difficult; think of their lives in those wattled huts—no books, no pictures, with no power to connect cause with effect, no mind trained to think of the future, to weigh the relative proportion of things, with no memories of the past to steady them, no traditions to inspire them, their only possessions the two human cravings for hunger and love."

Elsewhere the same writer recounts an experience of the road. "One day a girl of twenty, carrying a huge basket on her head, stepping along with that elastic step which bears them over so many miles in Jamaica, attracted my attention, her smile was quite engaging, and she seemed bright and intelligent. I asked her if she were married. No, she lived with her father, she said, and went on to inform me that she was a Baptist —not a Bedwardite—she sang in the choir, and told me she prayed 'de good Lord to tak' me home, Missus,' before she had anything to say to some of the youths where she lived, who had 'such wicked minds,' and she vividly described the lives of those who had been 'brout to nutting.'" The incident shows the influence that ceaselessly menaces the virgin life, the keen sensuous rivalry among all the neighbouring youths as to whom shall fall the prize, and is remarkable only for the mature age to which the girl had attained without spot or blemish.

But if in early life the marriage tie is so rarely sought in any binding form, these people have their own ideals of the maidenly sacrifice. When the Church is conciliated, or vanity gratified, by a public ceremony, the bride will attire herself in a white dress with a train, a petticoat containing enough cassava starch to make the cotton or linen as stiff as a shirt front; an orange blossom wreath will encircle her woolly head, from which a tulle veil will hang down in long folds, to give the blush to modest mien, and on each dark brown cheek there may be a conspicuous dab of violet powder, while white slippers cover her flat, maidenly feet. Then is she the admiration of all beholders and the bridegroom the envied of all his kind.

Proper decorum requires her to keep her cabin. Never for one whole week must she be seen out of the door of her one-roomed hut without incurring the censure of all as a brazen puss. Naturally negro etiquette requires that her lord and master shall remain with his bride in this enforced seclusion from the meaning, prying gossip of the world, and no self-respecting bridegroom would venture to scandalise the community by breaking through so wholesome and well established a law, while their love and their kisses are sustained by such solid nourishment as friends choose to leave at their door.

Years earlier, therefore, than is the rule in our own land the native girl in Jamica is a wife, a mother perhaps, at fifteen, a grandmother at thirty, with great grandchildren about her at fifty, or long before a single grey thread has shown itself in the tiny folds of her curly woolly hair.

A woman will work for a man she has chosen to tolerate as her husband, dig for him, carry his yams into Kingston perhaps, and bring back her little purchases for the home. Or she may (and this is typical of the entire sex) work all day, six days a week, on a sugar estate, carrying the canes, sweeping up, or carting away the thrash, or she may be engaged, according to the season, hoeing the canes or digging out the water channels—all heavy labour in the full scorch of the sun, and earning say 10*d.* a day, while her husband satisfies himself with much milder efforts on, perhaps, three days a week, and spends the remainder of the week in idleness, recovering lost energy.

The little patch of land surrounding their cabin provides them with fruits, sweet potatoes, and many other vegetables, always including yams and usually bananas, while the native grown Blue Island coffee of Jamaica is one of the delicacies of the world, though I have either suffered some bad specimens in the making or I have not been educated to an appreciation of its rank green freshness on the palate. A little salt fish, which can be bought quite cheaply, is the one item of expenditure in the menu of the native's wattled hut, while enough home-grown tobacco can be obtained to satisfy the man's appetite for a smoke during those days of his ease and refreshment from labour.

XXIV

EDUCATION IN SEX

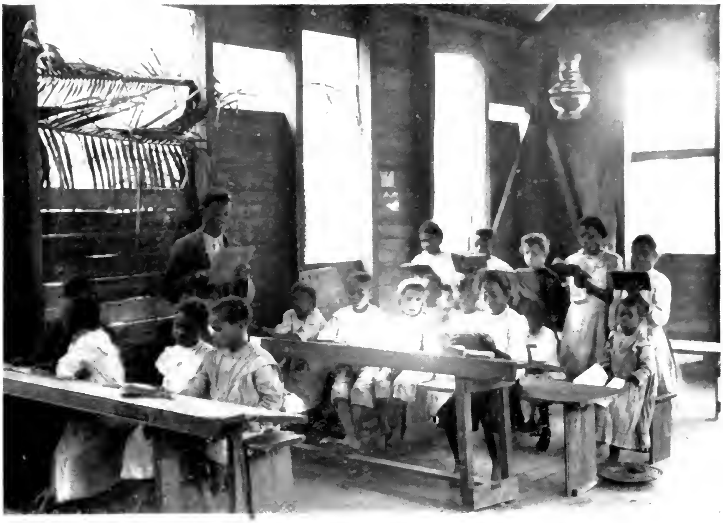
THE cabin in which these people live is nothing more substantial than a shanty, a rather large hut of one room, some ten feet long by eight feet broad, though many I saw were much smaller, and a few were larger, made of wood, in which portions of packing-cases, bearing the names and trade marks of English houses, are often to be seen utilised to repair the main structure, where some one has incautiously pushed an elbow through the thin match-boarding. All food, save when the rain is falling, is eaten out of doors. The cabin is therefore a shelter for nights and a harbourage for knick-knacks and Sunday clothes. Within these narrow walls children are born and reared with an absence of delicacy and an ignorance of all fault that is modesty itself.

Hence, from her earliest years, a native girl begins her education in sex long before she knows her alphabet, her name perhaps, or her creed. She passes from the state of mere childhood into that of adolescence, years earlier than is usual in a temperate zone, at eight, nine, or ten. Though education is not compulsory, and can never be made so amid such a scattered population, there are hundreds of schools dotted about the Island, the idea being that the uplifting of the people is first and foremost a matter of education.

The schools in the country districts are small and poorly equipped, either in staff or appliance, or in sanitary accommodation. You may find it presided over by a young coloured lady, to whom in her devotion to the well-being of her people and to whom in the success of her work, having regard to her circumstances, her isolation, her lack of that constant spur that comes from contact with her fellow teachers, as in the case of her sisters in the larger towns, and the intellectual stimulus that comes from contact with her superior officers of education, I must, in passing, pay the warmest meed of praise.

The school-house itself usually consists of nothing more pretentious than a single room built of a series of upright posts to which has been roughly nailed a number of short planks. Where the planks have been planed smooth on the inside they sometimes serve as a rough kind of blackboard. The absence of a few planks after four or five feet from the ground has been reached is explained by the necessities of ventilation and light! A country school with a wooden floor has a right to make some claims to equipment, while one with a corrugated iron roof, weatherproof as it is, promptly relieves the teacher during a rain-storm from any attempt at oral lessons.

It is, however, nothing unusual to find the little school of a Jamaican village consists of nothing more imposing structurally than a hut of wattled hurdlings, covered on the sides with mud and clay, roofed with palm leaves or grass and extending beyond the main props by one, two or three feet, to protect the apertures from the beating in of the tropical rain or the full glare of a tropical sun, while the floor is as nature left it, or as the pupils' beating feet have made it. The defect, therefore,



"THE SCHOOLS IN THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS

are small and poorly equipped . . . The school-house itself usually consists of nothing more pretentious than a single room built of a series of upright posts to which has been roughly nailed a number of stout planks." (*See* p. 158.)

Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

"YOU LUB ME?"

on the supersensitive score of sanitation, would not form any serious grievance in such a climate and in a country so sparsely populated, except that, in the cover of the bush, the children—I am speaking from the knowledge of an inspector of education of a quarter of a century's experience—coming indiscriminately together, indulge in practices that can only be hinted at as the gratification of unrestrained, unguided instincts. They are but doing what, in many cases, they have seen done all their lives.

As soon as they are able to earn any pay these children—boys and girls—pass off to the hard work of field or house. In the planter's house you will sometimes find the boy—with rare condescension, because such work usually belongs to women of the lowest grade of colour—spending days of every week upon a most laborious task—cleaning and polishing floors, developing in the process muscles that would be the envy of any boy of his own age at home. The girl may be at work among the sugar canes or in the factory, or in the river washing clothes (for of all the accusations that can be made against these people, that of outward bodily uncleanliness is the very last). To avoid bending low she may stand out well in the stream near some large and convenient boulder whereon the clothes dry almost as quickly as she has washed and displayed them to the sun. It is a heavy task, and her covering consisted (as I unconsciously surprised her, to her undisguised but rather coyish merriment, on the banks of the Rio Grande) of little, and that little beyond her needs—a girdling handkerchief about her head perhaps, and some slight thing in the way of a brightly coloured frock of which only the folds and frills and lace about the wide open neck and bosom were visible. All the rest was gathered up out of harm's way, revealing a figure supple, graceful, and black.

It is the ambition of every girl to become a mother, an ambition grounded in a well-known superstition that, if she dies childless, it will be her terrible fate to "ride a white horse in hell." We cannot ourselves afford to be either shocked or amused at this revelation of character, for in England itself, for countless generations—and certainly as late as the eighteenth century—it was the common belief, and not a merely jocular remark, that our old maids would be doomed to "lead apes in hell." Shakespeare speaks of the superstition in "Much Ado about Nothing," and again in "The Taming of the Shrew" (II. 1).

Katharina (to Baptista):

What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

H. Carey (1734), in a burlesque play, makes use of the superstition:

Pity that you who've served so long and well
Should die a virgin and lead apes in hell.

While in a play called "The London Prodigal" the idea is again advanced:

Women, dying maids, lead apes in hell.

The superstition, however, frivolously used in later times, was serious enough at one period, and the two variants would seem to have a common ancestry. But the cruel fate must fall to few indeed of nature's own children in Jamaica. I recall the testimony of a missionary who had spent close upon forty years in his peculiar field of the island, and who. in that vast experience, had found

1. *Photo by J. W. Cleary* 2. *Photo by Alfred West, F.R.G.S.*

TYPES OF NEGRO BEAUTY

two sole instances of women who had successfully resisted all entreaty and preserved a maidenly virtue right into middle life.

Then a clergyman of the Church of England told me that it was to him at the beginning of his pastorate a subject of pain to hear every girl candidate for confirmation asked if she was or had been a mother (for infantile mortality is high among a people who, despite all their maternal affection, have no scruple in letting the weaklings fall away).

"Was this necessary?" I asked.

"Yes, it was necessary, as I soon learned, that we should know that she was not actually leading a life of sin at that very time, and questions had to be asked about the whereabouts of the child or 'picnie'—a Jamaican contraction for pickaninny—the father, &c., her means of livelihood, and so on. Otherwise the entire office of confirmation would have become degraded."

"And was it solemnly undertaken?" I questioned.

"Within their powers and understanding—unquestionably yes. Indeed, the one and only gleam of hope lay in the singular fact that young women, who were regular in their attendance at church, would delay their confirmation over years in order that, having gone through a period of satisfying indulgence culminating in motherhood, they should after confirmation lead a new life of virtue, as understood by us. They, therefore, realised their sex, satisfied the ambition of motherhood, escaped the penalty of riding the white horse in hell, and became good Christians in confirmation! Only those who have had experience of the tremendous character of the effort will appreciate the merit, small though it is, we saw in that delay. By it I was first made to realise that confirmation meant something more to them than mere display, and that it had its reflex in their actual 'daily life.'"

To understand how soon and pressing these problems become in Jamaica, I should explain that a girl may pass out of the stage of mere childhood (the suffering is slight, whether owing to diet, climate, open air life, or relief from the conditions of a civilised society, I have no information) as early as eight or nine, though it is more often a year or so later, and become a mother at ten or eleven. Nature, however, usually delays that charge until the thirteenth or fourteenth year or even later, a contrast in no way remarkable with the more remarkable cases at home, having regard to the invariable rule of an earlier maturity among all white as well as black people living in a tropical climate.

Photo by J. W. Cleary, Kingston

LAUNDRY WOMEN

XXV

GODDESSES IN CHOCOLATE

The goddess in chocolate is usually a girl who has happily escaped an early motherhood. At sixteen years of age she is a perfect example of the physical woman, and nowhere in the whole of the wide world can she be excelled in beauty of form and grace of carriage. Hard labour in field and mill, and in the interminable task of keeping her skin no less than her clothes in a state of immaculate cleanliness, has given to each muscle that sufficiency of exercise which shall reveal its presence in all suppleness, smoothness, and grace of outline, while the soft shiny skin, as the natural reflex of her food, is a matchless picture of healthful, functional activity. Her teeth are pearly white, with a cleanness and a perfection of regular moulding that is the happy legacy of an unstinted appetite for gnawing at the close sinewy fibre of the sugar cane. Her head is poised with that nice accuracy which has been gained by balancing loads, heavy but within her strength. Her neck is neither long nor short, nor fat, nor lean, for shoulders, neck, and chest are all revelations of the woman leading a life close to primitive nature, clothed in fulness of flesh that shall show no ugly Adam's apple, or protruding clavicle, while the breasts are firm and full without a trace of that elongation that is at once her own pride and our despair.

To such a girl the thought that she might have the privilege of becoming the mother of a white baby—white to her with a whiteness that would make the snow sombre by contrast—is a dream of happiness and pride and glory among all her people of which it is impossible to give any adequate idea. It would lift her into an earthly paradise to which she dare not aspire nor linger on even in her prayers—and therein are we made to realise the deep and unutterable longing of her heart to cleanse her skin from all shade. This is impossible! Then in her offspring advance in that direction even by only one stage.

By such good fortune she would raise herself above all her kith and kin, a halo of sanctity would surround her for ever which, in some cases, no black or brown man dare venture to violate by even the breath of passion, while the child, light probably (of course never white), but usually brown or coppery, would be the object of an admiration, a love and a reverence befitting a child divine.

You may not think the little sallow face much more comely than the mother's satin skin of golden brown, but no compliment that an English man or woman can pay to such a mother and such a child can compare to that of assuming the mother to be merely nurse and the child the child of parents white without a shadow of taint!

Is it surprising then that while true to the natural primitive attributes of her sex she will never seek the attention of any man, white or black, in thought or word, or even glance, she should, if raised to the elect of the earth, the very pinnacle of her joy, in the Englishman's house, maintain towards him and everything that is his a steadfast loyalty, fidelity and devotion, that no pledge or plighting of troth could strengthen or sanctify? It is to her a bond without chains, and she is there "to have and to hold from this time forth" as long as he pleases, and yet withal prepared (in a spirit of resignation and with a poignancy of inexpressible regret in the deep wellspring of her great heart, which no man may truly appreciate or rightly fathom, and a complete absence of all jealousy it is so difficult to comprehend) to relinquish her place on the return of "the white lady," or, in the last event, on the final departure from the island of her lord and master.

A little story of two sisters, which occurs to me as I write, is worth recounting as conveying some sense of the curious make-believe atmosphere in which a girl may live in Jamaica. Their earnings would be the standard rate of 4*s.* per week each, out of which they would supposedly keep themselves in food and clothing. The amount spent on food by any household servant is very slight. If she is the cook and includes in her duty a visit to the butcher, he like a wise tradesman will conciliate her by following the almost invariable rule of providing a separate slice for herself. There is no intentional dishonesty in this an all but universal practice, and only in the case of an over-zealous wife is there any attempt to break through the rule, and then her good intentions are circumvented by the simple expedient of making up the weight in bone or providing inferior meat.

No one who values his digestion, let alone his peace of mind, or the dangerous attentions of Obeah, attempts to interfere with a custom that was in vogue and of a hoary antiquity before he was born. With such little presents, fruit from the orchards lying all around and the food that inevitably leaves the table uneaten, the average servants finds her 4*s*. nearly all available for other purposes. The other purposes always mean clothes, and the working girl in London would often be green with envy at the pretty and even costly things her dark sister in Jamaica can acquire out of her own earnings.

The two sisters of equal size, conceived the brilliant notion of clubbing their savings together and showing their taste along the best French lines. They bought a frock of the best Lyons silk, white of course, and probably a model that had drifted in some unexplained way over the Atlantic or from New York. It was a costume which might fittingly have graced any fashionable function of the early summer at Aix les Bains, before the usually dowdy autumn visitors had arrived.

One sister at all events could go to church a lady! Then was she a picture of stately grace. A hat, French too, a fond bloom of the Rue de la Paix, for which one or two guineas had been paid in Kingston, or about half or a quarter its original price in the home of its creation—a petticoat on which the needle had been worked long and industriously over fold, frill and insertion, all lavishly starched, so lavishly starched that the skirt in the amplitude of its folds was more widely displayed than the frock-maker ever dreamed of; stockings of delicate tint, silk too, and French as the seam down the centre of the tread of the foot would testify; boots of glacé kid, high heels, and fully a couple of dozen buttons, all of which she coyly revealed by carrying the train of her skirt and her petticoat over imaginary puddles with all the studied correctness of the fashion plate. But the picture is wholly incomplete without a tribute to the most shapely

Both Photos by Alfred West, F.R.G.S.

1. JACK TAR'S DIVERSION 2. A NEGRO TALE OF LOVE

bust, for no dark beauty of these Western Islands would be seen out of doors dressed on Sundays and high festivals, except in a corset into which she has no small difficulty in compressing herself.

Then when she fared to church, the undistinguished, undressed sister would walk behind *She* would be wearing a common cotton frock with no more decoration than a little frilling about the neck and the arms, a bandana handkerchief about her head, and no shoes on her feet. She, the undistinguished, would bear on two hands before her, her sister's Book of Common Prayer, on the top of which would be reverently laid her sister's fan—poor girl, she had need of the fan already in that discomforting though wholly necessary corset!

Arrived at church, my lady would take her place among the proudest and best; the sister would approach from behind, deposit with servantly obeisance Prayer Book and fan in a convenient place for the worshipper, and retire to the rear. Next Sunday morning this fine ceremony would be repeated, only this time the identity of "my lady" would be changed. Cinderella was now in the front row, talking with grave decorum to the coloured clergyman, while the sister was seated at the back in a cotton dress, her own, displaying, but not perhaps so ostentatiously, those feet that a week before were graced by embroidered silk hose and polished kid!

They were to English eyes as like as two peas, and how far their mutual privileges extended I deemed it gracious in a guest not to inquire nor even hazard a guess, though the possible confusion of identity of two wives, one impersonating the other with that other's knowledge and connivance, suggested to my mind the ever fresh and interesting problem raised in another form, that of two husbands and one wife, in a modern and much talked of novel, though my remembrance is that the theme, in its pristine power of reality and fuller sense, is as old as the Italian novelists of three or four centuries ago.

XXVI

FORBIDDEN DANCES

In the old days no white man ever made a native woman his wife in any legally approved sense. I have half a suspicion that there was indeed some enactment operating against if not actually prohibiting such a union. But this did not prevent, nor was it of course intended that it should, the white man from including in his personal retinue as many shapely goddesses in bronze as his taste or inclination prompted, or his means permitted.

Truth to say, however, there was at no time any attempt to reproduce the luxurious cultured extravagance of the Orient; no gilded halls, no sweet scented odours to enrich the air, no dancing girls in shimmering silks or the fleecy transparencies of muslin, no languorous music—nothing indeed but what was prosaically English—and dull. This is not a little curious when we remember that by instinct dancing is one of the vehicles of expression most natural to the West African negro.

Old laws, however, running up to the early period of the English occupation of the West Indian Islands, show that, established here as slave, the young and lissom negress revived to the sound of the tom-tom and the triangle all the most indelicate figures of the Calenda—a dance imported from Guinea, in great vogue throughout the period of the Spanish settlement, and highly relished by these gay woman-loving adventurers. Under English rule many of these dances were prohibited, rather, however, from the sense of anxiety aroused by the congregation of so many excited slaves than from any scruple on the score of moral damage. Outbreaks and rebellions were, in fact, often traced to these unbridled orgies.

The Congo negroes, on the other hand, brought with them a dance quite solemn in comparison. In this men and women stood round in a ring, and without moving from their places, lifted one foot from the ground, brought it down again with a stamp in cadence, bowing to each other and clapping their hands as they sang. But this sombre exercise could not survive the voluptuous excitements of the Calenda.

The Belair is another among the many dances that came over in the slaver's ship. The music in this case is provided by two drums, hollowed out of the trunks of trees and covered with a goat's skin or sheep's skin scraped like parchment and tightly stretched across. One drum may have a depth of three or four feet, and measure fifteen inches or more across. The other drum, called a baboula, may be only half that diameter, and not infrequently is constructed of a barrel with one end left open. The performer on the large drum, holding the instrument between his legs, beats the taut skin with the tips of the fingers of both hands, while the performer on the baboula provides his accompaniment anyhow. The dancers are assembled in line or circle and soon have ample opportunity to jump and pirouette, while one of the company provides a never-ending improvised song, in which all local events are celebrated and the foibles of the white planter, his manager or overseer, are not

Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

LIGHT-HEARTED, LAUGHTER-LOVING WOMEN

The typical negress, with no debasing ancestry of white blood in her veins, is the very soul of good nature, steadfast in her loyalty, immovable in her fidelity. She is strong and sincere in her attachments, judged by the measure of her intelligence, and carries the lightest of light hearts. Even in the moment of anguish she is ready to smile through her most bitter tears.

forgotten, any personal eccentricity, oddity, or peculiarity being seized upon and turned into a sort of amusing rhyme.

The Belair lasts throughout the night, the men having provided the light and the women the food and drink. Among the poorest a dance of this kind is a great festival; the men appear in an assortment of ill-fitting garments, and the women in wonderful creations—happy combinations of chocolate and blue, orange and green, violet and red, the delicate harmonies of the English or American visitor in her Paris frock being wholly unappreciated, though no one in the wide world would bestow more adoring adulation upon the beautiful touch of the texture out of which it has been evolved, and the patient skill by which it has been fashioned and made.

Granted that in later times dancing did not usually form a feature of the entertainment, we yet know that no dark-visaged Emir of Ispahan passed a life of greater ease and indulgence than did a few of our young bloods who made Jamaica their home in the heyday of its prosperity, and the island has the further but unenviable distinction of including in its entertaining history a feminine Blue Beard, a voluptuary of truly Oriental caste.

Rose Hall, the residence of this woman, still one of the show places of the island, lies some ten miles from Montego Bay, on the main road leading to Kingston. It was built at immense cost, having regard to its locality and the cheapness of labour at that time, some £30,000, by a planter, the Hon. John Palmer, who named the mansion after his first wife, Rosa Witter, a saintly woman, to whom a monument in marble by the elder Bacon was erected in the church.

"Mr. Palmer, after the death of his wife," I am quoting from Stark's entertaining record, "became infatuated with a handsome Irish immigrant girl, who had successively become the wife of three husbands whom she had secretly got rid of. It is stated she poisoned her first husband, aided by her paramour, a negro, whom she flogged to death, to close his lips; again married, poisoned her second husband, whose death she hastened by stabbing him with a knife; married her second paramour, a mechanic, a rude and unlettered man, with whom she had constant quarrels, and who disappeared mysteriously. Mr. Palmer became her fourth husband; and she is said to have worn, with her wedding ring, a ring with the inscription, 'If I survive, I will have five.'

"The history of this woman is a narration of licentious cruelty. It is related that she tortured her slave girls who served her by making them wear shoes, the wooden soles of which were charged with blunted pegs on which they were obliged to stand; that she punished them with a perforated platter that drew blood; that, becoming jealous of a beautiful coloured girl, the mistress of John Rosa Palmer, her stepson, she had the slave girl sentenced to death under the law of those times that gave plantation courts the power of inflicting death and bodily mutilation. This girl, like Abraham's Hagar, displeased her mistress, but was not thrust into a desert to perish. From the plantation dungeon she was led out to be strangled in the plantation yard, and to have her head struck off in the presence of the plantation gangs, and delivered into the hands of Mrs. Palmer for preservation as a malignant trophy. She put it in spirits and exhibited it to her friends who might visit her, saying, 'Look at the pretty creature.'

"Mr. Palmer found by the humiliations he sufferred by her secret licentiousness and by her ceaseless cruelties to her slaves, that she could kill by breaking hearts as well as by the administration of poison. He settled Palmyra, the adjoining estate, upon her, and left her there to finish her dissolute life, which soon came to an end by her being killed by her slaves, who were alternately the companions of her orgies and the victims of her morning remorse. On the floor of Palmyra Hall the stains of her blood existed for years. Mr. Palmer on his death-bed disclosed his complicity in his wife's murder—that, during his absence from the estate, he caused his slaves to rid him of the woman whose life of secret profligacy and open cruelty were an unendurable infliction."

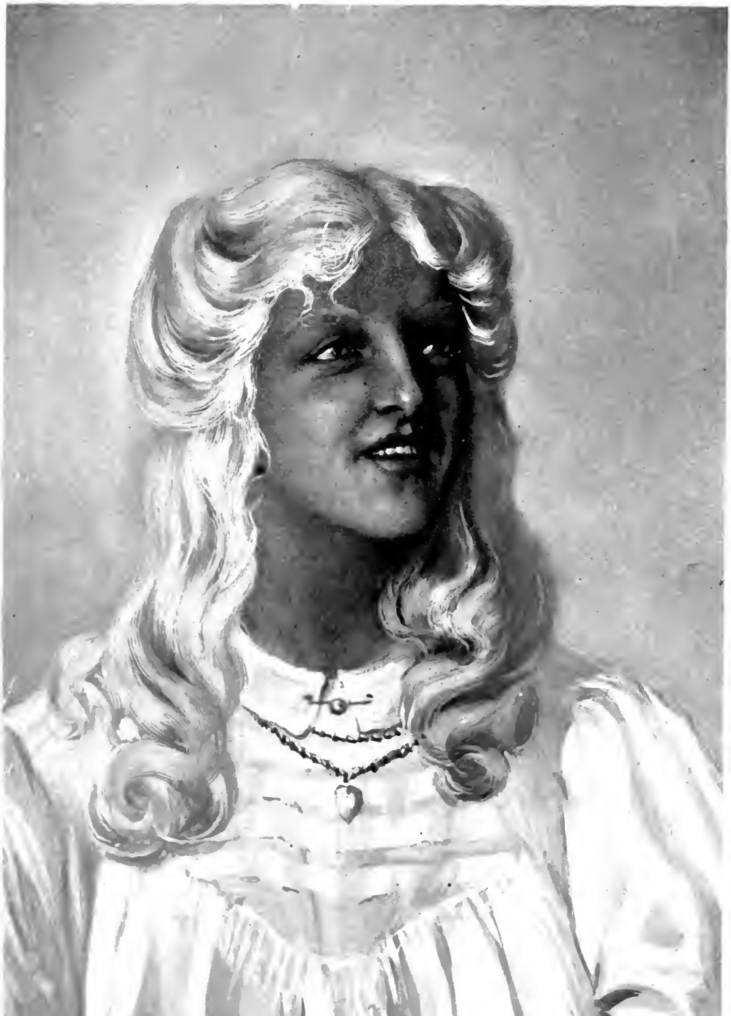
Yet she must have been a woman of remarkable power to have, practically unaided, commanded such implicit obedience from blacks, secured from a court of justice composed of white men, a legal covering for the dastardly act of destroying the pretty slave girl, and to have driven her husband from home, while other stories of her infamy were on every tongue.

It is part of the irony of fate that for many years tradition loaded the memory of the pure and godly Rosa with all the cruel excesses of her successor. Strangely enough, the marble monument, once so fair and beautiful, developed red markings as though blood was exuding from the nostrils, and round the neck a seam like a thin cord of strangulation.

The result of all this widespread admixture of two distinct races is to be seen in every part of the island in a vast "coloured" population from which the black pigment will eternally obtrude itself from generation to generation. A curious and remarkable fact in heredity came many times under my notice.

I found girls quite light in colour—fair skin, fresh complexion, blue, grey, or brown eyes, and rich tresses of hair, flaxen, golden, or quite dark in plaits coming down to the shoulder, when it was not otherwise done up in a more elaborate coiffure; and yet, with all the traits of English blood, there would be a nose flat and spreading and lips characteristic only of the negress.

In other instances, I found girls of the most amazingly English feature, even of distinction, beauty and refinement, associated with skins of inky blackness!



A JAMAICAN CRÉOLE

"In other instances, I found girls of the most amazingly English features, even of distinction, beauty and refinement, associated with skins of inky blackness." (*See* p. 174.)

(*Drawing by Wm. Aikman*)

XXVII

THE CREOLE WIFE

But whether truly black or of lighter tinge, the young Jamaican housekeeper has many, if not indeed most, of the gentler instincts of her sex, always making allowance for the stage of education and civilisation which she has thus far reached. She is proud of her place in the white man's favour, and justly claims and obtains, according to her rights, the homage of her less lucky sisters. Her loyalty to him is beyond the breath of suspicion.

It may be true that at first she allows father, mother, sister or brother to come to the Great House, where she is merely a household servant at 4s. a week, and plead for employment or trifling pecuniary aid from time to time, but once she is established as the mother of the white man's child, woe betide all relatives who try to impose any further upon generosity that is hers and hers alone! And there is a blend of vanity, pride, wifely devotion, all beautiful and intensely pathetic, in her silent effort to retain and justify her election.

She does not suppose that she can raise herself to his station, any more than prayers and penance can raise the sinner to the level of the gods, but she seeks to make herself acceptable in his sight, as well as her own, by scrupulous cleanliness of clothing, by interminable washings, as though liberal latherings of soap and water twice a day would cleanse the sombre pigment from the skin—what would she not sacrifice to be really white!—and by approximating her appetite to the fruits and meats of the white man's table, to dispose of the last remnant of that myth of the unlearned, that a black skin is any more odorous than a white skin, on the basis of the same foods, the same class of labour and the same cleanliness.

Life in the West Indian household produces, therefore, some curious confusions according to our ideals, in the relative status of its members. The dark lady who brings you your coffee in the morning may be mistress. Her daughter may be cook (or the posts may be reversed, the mother cook and the daughter housemaid), and still your host's child, and the manager of the estate, his son. But whether mistress, daughter, or son, not one of the trio presumes on the relationship. Mistress, housekeeper, or "butleress" is respectful even to distance, and yet not more so than the daughter, while the son would no sooner presume to be seated in his father's presence than he would expect to be asked to join his father at dinner. And that superiority of father towards son is not less than the son's superiority towards his darker brother of less proud parentage.

Whether "mistress," "housekeeper," or "butleress," or whatever other designation she may bear, she does not, it would seem, ever form a member of the household at night. She is, therefore, in no sense the companion of her lord, sharing with him the long watches of the cooler winter nights. It would not, indeed, appear that she ever shares with him the same apartment, either regularly or even occasionally, and the fact is worthy of record by students of heredity as establishing first

Photo by W. S. Campbell

A JAMAICAN LAUNDRY MAID

of all the unquestioned fact that the intimacy is one of convenience, passion, or mere animalism, with no sort of temptation to prompt or excuse it (save those secondary ones already alluded to), and second, as confirming in some measure various theories advanced to me as the explanation of the virility of the coloured race—being almost invariably conceived either when the sun is already risen, or if later in the day, after dinner perhaps, but never in idle languor or heavy sleepy weariness.

Sometimes these unions of the North and South are bluntly acknowledged, and an English clergyman with whom I have chatted on life and things in Jamaica, told me many curious phases within his own experience. Arrived at one place, his horse was watered and fed, while he himself was never asked indoors to share even a little whisky and water, or even a little rum and milk. The explanation reached him later. He was regarded as a very strict puritan, whose susceptibilities would be greatly shocked by the sight of children of differing shades of colour (though their parentage was the same—a white father and a black mother).

In another instance he was treated with what was intended to be the utmost hospitality his hosts could afford. He had received news of his preferment and hastened at the first opportunity to go down by train from Kingston and take a look at his new church and meet one or two of his principal officers. He had to sleep the night at the house of one of his churchwardens, a shopkeeper in the little village. All that the simple home contained was put forth for his entertainment.

Judge his surprise when, having just slipped into bed, the door was rather roughly opened and his warden entered, partly pushing and partly pulling into the room a frightened and highly nervous coloured girl! He could not realise in the dim light of the lamp what was happening.

"Now, Sa, dat be all right," said the man, leaving as precipitately as he had entered, locking the door by the latch on the outside so that the timid damsel should not escape.

The girl was the daughter of another church officer, about eighteen years of age, and as she stood there in the middle of the floor was wearing no more than a cotton petticoat which she reduced to absurdity by violently grabbing it at its lower edge and biting it with her teeth in her modest alarm.

The native loyalty is shown too in attachment to a particular estate. The English sugar-planter is glad enough to escape the height of the summer season in Jamaica, with its unrelieved hot nights, and spend from April or May till October or November in the Old Country. On his return he finds trouble has arisen between certain of his labourers and the estate manager. Appeal lies to the white man, and the almost invariable argument that is used as a final clincher is "Squire I be Lynwood man always." And it is worth noting that the argument is so powerful to the usual Englishman of good family, who characteristically wishes to retain old servants, that the man gets another chance, despite perhaps his notorious laziness, or abominable carelessness in the use of the cane-crushing machinery.

So is it also with the female servants. There is the same slavish devotion, a tradition probably of pre-emancipation days. Managers change, but their children remain. Indeed, as one planter remarked to me, he could never forget the different managers he had tried within the past dozen or more years, as their faces in various shades of colouring were all to be found on the estate, and he found it a curious psychological study to observe (after the determination of sex) which attributes or characteristics of each parent showed uppermost in the commingling.

A mother may now claim by law a weekly allowance from the father of each of her children, and I heard of the black mother being awarded, after an inquiry that would startle the sobriety of an English police court in its plain questionings of mother and father, the large sum of 9d. per week, payable every Saturday, from an equally dark but inconstant housemate. But an allowance is, I believe, rarely if ever sought against the white father, for the reason apparently that the white child is its own exceeding great reward.

This point of view of the native woman is admirably realised by Mrs. "Alice Spinner," a shrewd and therefore sympathetic observer, in her illuminative little book, "A Study in Colour," now long out of print. The scene of her observations was a Jamaican hotel whose identity is only thinly veiled, and her principal "study" there was her child and its devoted black nurse. The latter brought her perplexities to her mistress, and as a sequel to an incident in the hotel kitchen in which the nurse attacked the chef, demolishing him with the contents of a tin of condensed milk, we have an account of the admiration aroused in the lethargic quadroon by the "speerit" thus shown by the Sambo girl.

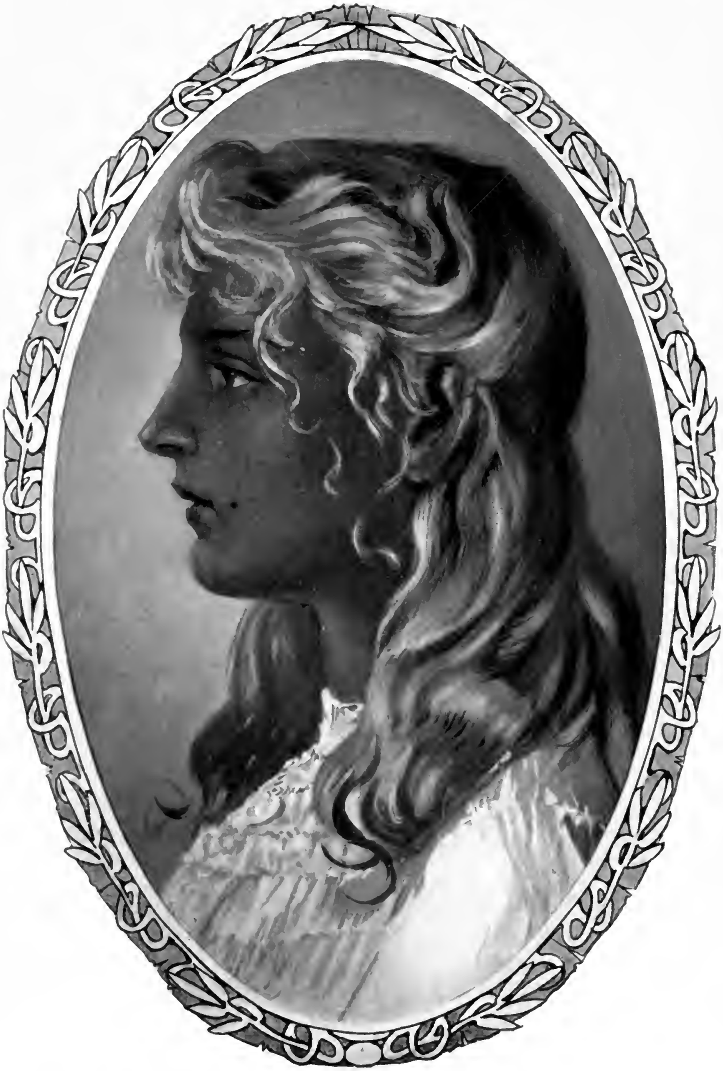
"Claude, de cook, now say he no see why I not marry him, at least for as long as we both stop here. I hab told him 'No,' 'cos, as de missus know well, I wish to marry in church, an' honourable, like a white girl, but he tell me I awful big fool, when he gib me such a good chance.'

The Missus exclaimed in horror as the full meaning of Claude's proposal dawned on her.

"Yes, missus, I know all dat, but still dere something in what he say too. He tell me he married nine women in de different places he been in, in de berry same way, an' dat dey all hab such nice fair children, an' one ob dem twins. Tink ob dat, missus! The quadroon, you know, missus, an' if I marry him I might hab almost white chile."

These, therefore, are the conditions, as I understand them, that produce the remarkable results to which I have alluded; and both in this chapter and chapters xxii.–xxvi., as well as others contained in this volume, I have endeavoured to show the magnitude of the problem this admixture of the races has created and is creating at a steadily advancing ratio, a problem which will assuredly produce in the judgment of many competent observers a crop of trouble at some future time, despite the undisguised favour with which the present Governor of the Island (Sir Sydney Olivier) regards all "race fusion" (as to which I have something to say on a later page).

I trust I have not unfairly stated the case on either side. I admit at once, though it is no part of my purpose to point any moral, that I regard with positive terror and aversion unions of much less marked distinction of race, tradition, and fundamental religion, whatever modern phase it may fashionably assume, including many that are of almost everyday occurrence in England, and therefore tolerated with perfect equanimity, and an absence of refined feeling that is to me appalling. In Jamaica the native has an apt saying: "God made de white man and God made de black man,



ONE OF NATURE'S OWN ENIGMAS IN THE WEST INDIES (*See* p. 174)

(*From a drawing by William Aikman*)

but de Devil made de brown man." The half-caste race that has resulted from this commingling is in a state of latent but perpetual feud—with the white in a state of bitter envy, with the black in a spirit of loathing and contempt. In the clash of passion the man of colour finds himself the enemy of both.

Enough! Let us escape from all the stifling squalor of mixed marriage, haphazard, unsanctified intercourse, and degrading association with the half-caste; let us breathe again the pure atmosphere of an English gentlewoman's home.

XXVIII

THE STORY OF AN ENGLISH BRIDE IN HER OWN WORDS: "MY BRIDAL MORNING"

Treasuries of uncounted gold would not induce me to tell my tale in such a way as openly to disclose my own identity, much less that of my husband, or to betray our little home on the sunny shores of Green Island, Jamaica.

Not that I could in any way suffer annoyance or disturbance as a consequence. We are too far out of the beaten track for that; but rather from the feeling that in such an event I must in some way cheapen by the rude flare of publicity what belongs to ourselves alone. Of course I know that in a thousand different ways the curious and the wide-awake may so analyse my words as to leave no doubt as to the identity of the culprit who has inspired these pages. That does not hurt me; it rather piques my vanity, insomuch that I, who have had no experience in the use of the pen, have so unfailingly realised the picture now in my mind's eye.

In the foreground of that picture stands a man, strong, confident, and sincere. That is my husband. Beside him is an English bride, as I still tenderly regard myself, though the days are gathering up into a space of time since I plighted my word and troth with the words "I will"—none other, therefore, than myself, and admittedly unlike in mind, body, outlook and experience to the woman usually thought fitted to the supposedly rough usages of colonial life. But these two figures do not complete the picture. It must include the manservant and the maidservant and the stranger that is within our gates, for of all of them have I memories at once amusing, pathetic and significant, each in its own way worthy of recall, casting the sacred glow of reality upon our far-away home.

These feelings of reserve notwithstanding, my heart is inditing a good matter. New as our Island home is to me, I have learned to love it; I cherish for it a sentiment inferior only to that which unites me to my husband, to mine own people at home, to England herself. True it is that residence abroad serves but to deepen and intensify that passion for the mother-land which may be but coldly felt by those "who only England know." None the less, in the interests of this new home of mine in sunny seas, I should like to tell as vividly as I may some of those tiny incidents that have endeared it to me. Are not love and home combined in a "woman's whole existence"?

Why should I not admit straightway that my husband was just as much my choice as I was his? I don't feel prepared to go further than that. Perhaps, indeed, the nearest approach I ever made to what is deemed the exclusive masculine prerogative, was to acknowledge the most profound delight that residence in Jamaica would afford me! I had not been asked, but that did not matter to any one holding the view that it was a little beneath the dignity of a girl to sit like a rose on a bough waiting to be plucked, and really exercise no voice in her own destiny. But then, you will say, the die of our fate was already cast. Of course it was; I knew it and I, whose horizon for six or nine months in the year was bounded by the trees of Hyde Park on one side and on the other by the spire of St. ——, but what does all that matter? The story is as old as the hills, and the feeling familiar to every woman who has had the luck to marry where love—to give and to have—lies in rich and rare unexplored abundance. In the passage of years, many years, from nursery days in fact, I came to discover at last that I could know no home where he was not, and that where he was there must I be also; whether it were amid the oil wells of the Caucasian mountains (as once seemed likely), or among the sugar-sticks of Jamaica, as Fortune has decided,

Ted went out to Jamaica about a year and a half before I did, "to look round and take in things," as he said. A whole year spent in that way seemed to me a leisurely process, but then I was all impatience; and small idea had I either of the extent of the island, the wide scope of a planter's knowledge, or above all, of the land-sharks that ply their calling in Kingston, ready to palm off on the unsuspecting, trustful, confiding Britisher, fresh from the old country, some miserably bad egg in the way of an estate or plantation which no one could conceivably make remunerative. My later and more practical knowledge of the situation tells me that Ted acted most wisely in thoroughly gauging the situation everywhere, and that finally in closing on the estate he did (and at the price he did), he had done as well as if not better than I could myself have done—and *that*, as Ted admits, is praise indeed.

Of course the eulogy is all nonsense. I should be the biggest goose at business in the whole island, and could no more distinguish, unless by feminine intuition, a land-shark from a thoroughly honest man, than I could take wings and fly; but it pleases my big boy to make pretence of pretence, and so we still play our little parts of make-believe just as we did in the dear old days long ago, when I was a little girl in a white frock and a broad blue silk sash, aged five, and he was quite grown up, wearing trousers down to his boots, a tight-fitting jacket ridiculously short in the waist, and an expansive Eton collar, a man indeed to my admiring eyes of the mature age of ten.

And this reminds me that I had a birthday last week, twenty-three!—what an old woman I am getting!—and instead of a scramble of an early dinner and a frolicsome evening at the play, we had a long drive in the morning, with pictures of land and sea, mountain, river, and waterfall, one long glorious panorama of beauty, while the song of the fishermen in their canoe, rudely hewn out of the trunk of a giant tree, still rings in my ear as it reached us over the expanse of rippling waters:

Breeze do blow,
Breeze do blow,
  Breeze do blow to Cuba.

I thought it prettier than the 'bus conductor's oft repeated "Penny a' th' wy t' th' Bank, penny a' th' wy t' th' Bank," or, "Where der yer want to gow, miss?" And instead too, of being clad in wraps fitted for exposure to sleet and rain or fog and Arctic cold, I was in the shade of the canopy of the buggy, wearing "the most bewitching of all summer gowns"—those are Ted's appreciative words (I do like a man who takes note of what you wear, but then I like Ted altogether)—and pretty "frilleries," though I say it, to match, with no more thought of injury than a little dust as we sped along o'er hill and dale behind two fast running mules or my own thoroughbreds.

But my thoughts must go back to London town, to shops, and purchases without end. I did buy some things, as the Vicar of Wakefield did choose his wife, that they might wear well, only they get no wear. It is easy to furnish a home in the tropics if you have lived one week abroad under real tropical conditions, but my experience in that direction was limited to such "tropical" weather as we got in London one week in July last year.

And if I did buy a few dozen more glass-cloths, and a few dozen more table-napkins, than could by any earthly chance be required for a generation, in a house where a guest from home is like an angel from the clouds, I can truthfully say that I did not "rush" Ted—I do wish Ted did not lead me into the use of such expressions—I did it with "mine own." Have I not, moreover, shared with him the indescribable merriment of seeing our cook and our housemaid decorate their heads with our napkins whilst none were to be found for the table?

Of course I took out lots of things I might have bought as cheaply, perhaps more cheaply, in Kingston; but then I had other thoughts once landed at Jamaica and I really could not come down to glass-cloths or table napkins, much less ox-tongue and potted this, that, and the other, to say nothing of a piano warranted to stand any heat.

Remember I had not seen Ted for a year and a half—an unending eternity I thought it and more than unnecessary because I could have explored the island with him and helped too in that task of "looking round and taking things in."

Our party at Constant Spring was a tiny one.

May I put myself first, for this once in my whole life, her wedding-day being the one and only occasion on which a woman can truthfully regard herself as *the* centre of all interest? The bridegroom really is non-existent. My sister, who, like an angel of good cheer, had crossed the ocean to see me fairly started on my new career as wife and housekeeper; and my brother-in-law, who was shrewdly and conscientiously to administer all business matters, and hand me over in legal form, completed our numbers.

We arrived on a Thursday; and at what would seem to those at home an absurdly early hour we had breakfasted, and passed our personal luggage through the Customs. We considerately left Ted to see about all my ship's cargo of possessions for our new home, and were already established at our hotel six miles outside the town before good people at home would dream of being aroused for "an early cup of tea." But that is the way in the tropics, and one acquires the habit by the instinct of convenience. Next day Ted gravely announced that he had the formidable document from the Colonial Secretary to license our marriage, but added:

"By the way, I have not fixed up any clergyman to 'Jack us off'?'"

I really must confess I don't like some of Ted's expressions. To be "jacked off" seemed to me to suggest the barbaric act of the executioner. But you must not consider such trifles in a man otherwise amiable.

"Well, I think Ted had better see to that at once," said practical minded Sis.

"And I'll tell him to snip it, for—for an extra consideration," concluded Ted, jumping out of a chair.

A nod to a formidable black creature in gold braid on the front balcony, a buggy was at the foot of the steps, and the next moment he was away.

What kind of irreverent compact Ted entered into with the clergyman I do not care to hear. All I know is that he exacted a promise that the service should not last more than fifteen minutes in all, and as little over ten as conveniently possible. and that it should begin at 8.45 the next morning.

No choir, no organ, no congregation, none other but the five of us, the clergyman in all included; no wedding bells, no bridal dress, no anything at all many a girl would say.

But sentiment was not wholly lacking, and that Saturday morning as I lay in my bed, encamped in pretty mosquito netting, looking across green field and orchard tinted with bloom and clustering fruit through a soft dreamy blue haze, to the bare hills beyond, rising one behind the other, up, up, till they mingled with the far-away mountain peaks, over which the rich red glow of a glorious dawn was breaking, I found black Susan, our bedroom maid, arranging on my dressing table dozens of white and red roses—their voices were not silent.

And as I beheld the sprays of orange blossom (real orange blossom indeed, for the orange tree on this island is everywhere) to hang about my mirror, I felt that I would not exchange my simple wedding for any consideration whatever. No bridesmaids, no fuss, no reception, no leavetaking over and over again repeated.

A few minutes later my room was flooded with sunshine. I slipped on a dressing-gown, and with Sis to keep guard, trapesed to the end of the corridor and down a spiral staircase to the swimming bath. It was not 6.30, but the air was already warm, and I began my unconventional wedding-day with a plunge and a swim in the bath of the "Constant Spring," a refreshment I did not know when I might enjoy again.

By half-past seven we were at breakfast at a table on the eastern balcony, in the shade of course, but enjoying the warm fresh air like a morning at home in the height of summer. My wedding frock revealed nothing to the stranger—soft white muslin and filmy lace, a long satin sash, and, oh yes, just a suspicion of a train; for oh, vanity—vanity, thy name is Woman—I wanted to look my best and my tallest.

The Half-Way Tree Church—St. Andrew's is really its proper ecclesiastical name—was soon reached and the formality, including to me the unexpected requirement of solemnly declaring I knew of no just cause or impediment, a promise tacitly understood and disposed of at home I believe by the publication of the banns, ended long before the fifteen minutes Ted had bargained for.

Yet never before in my life was I so tortured. During that brief service I was six times bitten by mosquitoes! But it ended at last, and, all other formalities over, we drove leisurely down into Kingston to the railway station, saw our luggage aboard, and took our seats (our own two selves now, for Sis was to follow a week or two later and the brother-in-law was to return to England, home and duty) in the reserved portion of a saloon in which I found yet more flowers: orchids in this land of orchids and unexplored blooms, fruit in this land of fruit, iced cocoanut water, everything my heart could desire—even a big white cotton sheet to cover me all up in like a big baby, to save my frock and protect me from the dust while I slept or rather dozed through the mid-day heat—truly a happy, happy woman if ever the world contained one.

The railway in Jamaica is not an awe-inspiring experience in respect of excessive speed, but no traveller need make a grievance of that. The trains run only in the daytime, thus affording you the opportunity of seeing wood, stream and orchard that cannot be excelled in beauty the world over, veritable glimpses of God's own garden.

At every stopping-place I curiously inspected the groups of waiting negroes, and getting down from the train —there was ample time for this little exercise—spoke to some of the women fruit-sellers without understanding a word they said in reply. They understood my gay spirits, and their smiles required no translation.

It was mid-day, and the sun was now intensely hot. Every window was open, even the door to the rear platform of the carriage. By keeping quite still we could be very comfortable, but the dust lay everywhere, and, oh dear! what a peck of it I must have swallowed. I blessed that cotton sheet.

XXIX

"MY HOME-COMING"

Arrived at the end of our train journey (in caprice let me call it Montego Bay, just to confuse the knowing and the inquisitive) I found Ted had a couple of buggies in waiting, one for ourselves, one for my own personal belongings. That for ourselves was drawn by a pair of mules, both of which won my heart at once—glossy-coated, spidery-legged, fleet of foot, timid, dear things.

The black driver was smiles from ear to ear as I patted the two animals, and a group of idle men and women and slim-legged children looked on approvingly. But I provided them with more amusement than I bargained for, though I laughed as heartily as they did when, as I rubbed the nose of one mule, the other gently and neatly nipped two roses from off my hat!

By this time the luggage was in and we were ready for a start.

"Now, Ted, shall I drive you? It would be fun." I love driving, and I really believe I am never quite so happy as with the reins in my hands; I would drive to my own funeral if that were within the bounds of possibility.

I detected a cloud on that open countenance.

"Would it be too shocking or unconventional or ——?" I asked. I could think of no other objection.

"But what would you do with the boy?"

The "boy" was an infant of distinct maturity, still grinning and showing two rows of pearly teeth.

"Oh, put him in the other buggy," I said, "the luggage will be just as safe with two of them to look after it."

"I would rather you saved yourself the fatigue now, and if you wait a couple of hours or so you can drive your own pair, and better animals than these, good as they are."

"My own—and better?" I said in surprise.

That settled it. I got in at once, and the black boys having nimbly tucked in the folds of my skirt, and covered my knees with the lightest of driving aprons, I was as happy and as comfortable as a queen making a state entry to her capital.

We were flying along the road past what were to my eyes a series of the most hopelessly uncared-for shops and cabins, dogs racing and barking at our heels in sheer love of the sport, children, wee black pickaninnies with scarcely any covering, hastening from our path as our driver sang his song of warning—different from but just as romantic in another way as the calls of the Venetian boatmen at every turning of the canals.

"You never said a word that you had bought a pair of mules for me—you extravagant boy," I said remonstratingly.

"Did I say mules?" he said, with a meaning laugh I could not then understand. "Well, I wanted them to be another surprise. I am sure you will like the—the mules, certainly the best pair on the island with the boy thrown in. I am sure he will amuse you, no whip, no tugging at a hard mouth, he only sings and talks to them and away they speed like——. But wait and judge for yourself."

"Of course, I shall like them. They will be a never-ending pleasure, and Sis, too, will be delighted. It is very sweet of you, husband," I said, using that rather terrifying word for the first time with mixed feelings of fun and earnestness. And I exercised my own prerogative of kissing him on the spot, partly, it must be admitted, because I was touched at this last indication of tender solicitude for my happiness, and partly to hide the tears in which my eyes were beginning to swim.

Tears of joy? a girl will ask in surprise, as though I were unreasonable. But that will be a girl who has not experienced the feeling of concern at being four or five thousand miles away from her old home, and her own land, amid scenes strange and unreal, with her all, heart, mind, body, indeed her very soul, all, irrevocably dedicated to the man she loves, finding, to her inexpressible joy, the wee-est wee misgiving unrealised, and in its stead that all-pervading sense of security and peace to be hers for ever and ever and a day. To me sorrow may be easily too deep for tears, but I can weep in gladness, and never more readily than under the sacred spell of gratitude and love.

Then we reached Lucea, in the parish of Hanover, the end of our first stage, and barely had we got out of the carriage when I heard the flying wheels of another vehicle coming down the road at racing speed, the driver singing away in a voice lusty enough to strike terror into any quadruped.

"There he comes," said Ted, contemplating the approaching carriage with evident approval.

"Who comes?" I asked, simply.

"Solomon and the mules," replied Ted.

"Oh," I said, as full as he now of intense interest, the driver meanwhile singing as far as I could make out, something like this:

Yip—ho—yaa—kee
Take—a—walk—ee
You—Bramble—sir
Oo—oo—ooo.

Yip—ho—yaa—kee
Take—a—walk—ee
You—Nelly Madam
Ee—ee—eee.

By this time he had swept round in an imposing circle, pulling up at our feet. Looking at various black brothers:

You tink dat mule no provoke me?

and without waiting for any answer, addressing the offending mule—all make believe:

You know you provoke me, you Bramble sir.

When he had time to recognise our existence it was deference itself to Ted—to Ted alone—I was nowhere visible in his eyes—he resumed:

"Yas, squire," which I took to be negro English for "I've come," or "At your bidding, sir."

"Will you try these," asked Ted, "or wait?"

"Yes," I replied, but resuming my old seat. I was confessedly tired now with all the heat and dust and ever changing scene that had passed before my eyes in a day that had truly contained a great deal more than any other day I could ever hope to live again. "I'll drive the last five miles or so, the air is getting cooler, keener and fresher. But how on earth am I going to sing to them like that?" I asked incredulously.

"Oh, they'll go fast enough without the singing," replied my husband reassuringly. And then he went on as we raced along: "But this man is a boon and a blessing as a groom, and he came of his own accord and with only his own recommendation. 'I' be your boy squire, 'solved be your boy.' I never saw animals, harness, stables better cared for. It will be an interesting historical study for you to trace Jackanape's ancestry. This extraordinary natural instinct in the management of horses, of never using any whip, of always singing and talking with them, is a link I'll be bound with some dead and forgotten phase of civilisation in Africa—Egypt probably. You'll fish it out—out of somewhere."

This was entirely characteristic of Ted, faced by a kind of abstract problem. It is gently brushed aside.

Now if I have said little of the country through which we drove, it is not because I did not note and appreciate what I saw; rather is it due to the utter exhaustion of mere words to convey any sense of the richness and glory of every picture. Then there are many things, travel books, guidebooks, souvenirs, photographs and the like, which tell that tale. It was one long surprise, full of pleasure and gratification.

But my last long surprise (it is with me still, fuller of pleasure and gratification than I can ever hope to express) was reserved for the last stretch homewards. We turned off a little distance from the main road, pulled up in front of a long straggling one-storied bungalow, and got out. I could not then guess why. In a little parlour kind of place a servant in a motley coloured frock, but with a white apron, edged with lace, contrasting with a cheery face of shining Sambo black, instantly brought us tea. A hot cup of tea was indeed a joy.

The mules had by this time drawn away, and in their place soon afterwards I heard the impatient stamping of hoofs on the hard shingly ground. I jumped up, and looking out of the wide open window, saw two of the prettiest racing ponies I ever beheld; a perfect match in height, colour, and everything; glittering silver harness, a new buggy, canopied not unlike a Cape cart but different from the prevailing pattern of Jamaica, and a coachman—simply an older edition of Solomon in short, curly grey hair.

Forgetting the proper gravity of a married woman! and my duty as president of a tea-table, I bolted, leaving Ted to finish his tea and marmalade. At the door I saw my wraps had been transferred, and that my dressing-bag occupied one of the seats, and that sedate edition of Solomon, David by name, as I later learned, was standing at the horses' heads.

Then I hesitated. My irresponsible girlish spirits were gone. I guessed it all.

I knew such horses could only be for show in a Jamaican town, and for a lady's particular use in a country district like ours. So I returned to the little tea-room. But I had no words. It is one thing, I thought, to buy such luxuries for oneself when one has, so to speak, earned them after a long period of strict economy and "doing without," but it is quite another thing to come upon such a gift all unawares. Happily love has her own tongue—ought I not to say her own lips? for I kissed my husband then, for the third time that day (am I startled at my own immodesty in confessing it?), and said in a rather shaky voice, without venturing to meet his kindly but penetrating eyes:

"But, Ted, we shall be ruined, I'm sure."

"Don't think it, my sweet little woman," he said, taking me in his strong arms.

It does not concern this narrative of trifles, but it occurs to me as I write that Ted never mentions my name, has never done so to me in letter or speech for years now—never since our love was grown up. Nowhere, therefore, can it appear in these quite truthful confessions. It is to me a very, very precious compliment; I do not always like to think of it; it so oppresses me with a sense of my own unworthiness as a kind of claimant upon such adoration—that wee me and his great love. I can only hope, and try, and pray that I may die rather than break the sacred spell with which I know he surrounds everything that is *me* and *mine.*

"Many a man," he went on, as he sat down and gently drew me on his knee, "gives his wife a little chain of diamonds, or a string of pearls that would cost five or ten or twenty times as much, and nothing is thought of it among rich people, which we are not, while these pretty spidery-legged things, as you called them, will give you infinitely more pleasure and a good deal more care and agreeable thought. And, after all, they represent only a very small sacrifice among the many sacrifices of our year and a half apart."

Not for lovemaking nor speechmaking would the horses brook any more delay. Their impatience was beautiful to behold. Still, I got up from Ted's knee a little reluctantly, I admit; but am I not a daughter of Eve, and as truly in love with love as any woman, and can I be ever wearied in hearing my big goosey goosey-gander say how truly he is mine?

I was pulling on my white gloves—white when the day began, but soiled enough now—determined to travel that road to ruin and financial destruction, I had pictured in a touch of despair, with as light a heart as any beggar on horseback, or those thoroughbred steeds would allow.

A surprise, however, was in store for Ted as we drove up to Morden Grange, Merryfields, my new home—*our* new home. There were assembled all the men, women and children employed, and many others besides, upon whose goodwill we had no claim other than that of neighbours. From estate and plantation and mill they had come, with shining faces and their Sunday best harvest-high-festival clothes, to welcome "the White Missus."

Hats were off, and strings of little banners, gathered up from goodness knows where, festooned the entrance to the Great House, as they call our home—our bungalow—to distinguish it from their own places, which are hardly larger than so many ship's cabins.

They all talked at me, as it seemed to me by their expressions and the babel of voices. They smiled and laughed and bowed, and smiled and laughed again.

I tried to look as pleased as I felt, and from the first step leading up to the verandah I made the one and only speech of my life.

"Thank you for your welcome home. I am very, very pleased. Thank you, and good night."

I was gaily gathering up my pretty but dusty skirts, to mount the four or five remaining steps, when I saw a little black girl in spotless white bearing a bouquet of flowers, with narrow streaming ribbons all decorated with flowers on either side. Ted saw the little thing's bewildering nervousness as she was urged and, indeed, pushed forward. The next instant she would have been in tears, but Ted saved the situation by kindly taking her by the hand and bringing her to me, and then she gave me the bouquet quite nicely.

"And what is your name?" I asked, looking at a face that was strangely English save in colour—*that* was inky black—another of Ted's historical or anthropological conundrums, I thought.

"Mabel Guy Mannering," she said.

O memories of great Scott! I took the lovely flowers (orchids gathered from the banks of a river not far away), truly a bouquet for a queen.

I kissed Mabel, to her own surprise and the gratification of all beholders, save Ted, whose face was instantly all clouds.

With a "Now-what-have-I-done" feeling, I hastened indoors to explore!

XXX

"OUR HOME"

How can I explain what "our" home is like to a sister who has never visited a country where the climate is always warm, warm even in winter, and in summer intensely hot!

We are on the site of some Spanish grandee's home in the far-off days of two or three centuries ago; the great walls he built, monuments of enduring labour, form the cellars and foundations of our two-storied bungalow. A broad and covered piazza encircles the house, and here we spend our wakeful days, not less than the hours of our siesta, and eat most of our food—everything save, I was going to say, our one formal meal of the day, and how "formal" that is, you will judge later.

Almost every hour of the twenty-four is spent in the fresh air, every window is wide open, and not a carpet covers any floor, though one or two loose rugs are in every room. Then think of it, ye poor things in smoke-begrimed, foggy, rainy, slushy London—not a fireplace in the whole house, save the make believe presided over by our cook, which reminds me—

The one and only cookery recipe I remember hearing about in childhood days, was from Mrs. Somebody's book—Glasse, I fancy, was the worthy's name:

"NOT A CARPET

covers any floor, though one or two loose rugs are in every room. Then, think of it, ye poor things in smoke-begrimed, foggy, rainy, slushy London—not a fireplace in the whole house save the make-believe presided over by our cook." (*See* p. 200.)

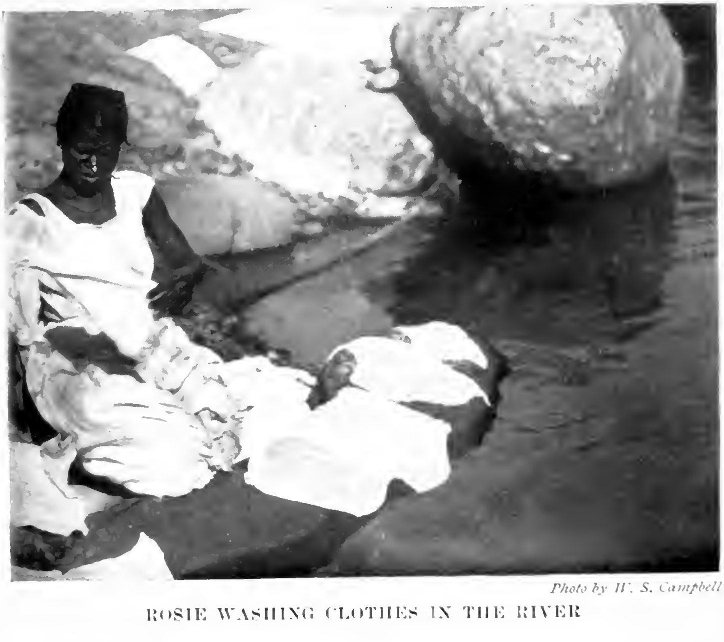


Photo by W. S. Campbell

ROSIE WASHING CLOTHES IN THE RIVER

How to Jug Hare.

First catch your hare!

I can give you another:

How to Cook a Dinner.

First catch your cook!

Justina was a household treasure, but the moment she heard me approaching the kitchen she fled, and down in the garden twenty or thirty yards away I would espy her hiding behind a tree.

"Justina, Justina," I would call, "you come here, please," trying hard not to laugh, though I was bubbling over with suppressed merriment at the whole spectacle.

"Yas, missus," she would reply, but too filled with fear to move a step.

After days and days of effort and coaxing, and the practice of nice diplomacy, I reached the conversational stage, and Justina was induced to hear my orders within the boundary walls of our own house.

But her nervousness was terrible to behold. She could never remain still and listen for one brief second. If a picture hung on a wall, suspended by a cord sufficiently long to allow of it, she would for no purpose whatever turn its face to the wall, then give it two more turns.

"Justina, do please listen and leave that picture alone," I would say.

"Yas, Missus."

The next instant she was busied with the lower hem of her apron, pleating it, and positively tearing it in her fright.

"Justina, don't tear that apron."

"Yas, Missus."

Then the paint on the wall had her undivided attention, and she was busy picking off microscopic pieces with her finger nails!

That is our cook!

Still, I am quite hopeful. We shall get along very well in time, and, thank goodness, she has a born gift for soup-making, as you will presently learn for yourself.

Clementina Maud Evadne Brown, who is both lady's maid and housemaid, is another household treasure. First let me tell you what she looks like. Think of the genuine negro woman; a skin as black as coal, and yet a certain indefinable comeliness, except that she makes up her hair in a series of innumerable plaits. These stick out from her head at right angles for six days out of the seven, like so many points of a porcupine. And never do I see her without a sailor hat. She waits at table, as she waits upon me, shoeless, stockingless, but never hatless!

Some hidden mystery lurks in that hat, for on its indented crown everything is carried, from the heavy pail to the merest trifle.

We are at dinner, coffee is served, I have no spoon. Stately, white-haired David, who usually waits at table, besides valeting Ted, driving with me when Ted is otherwise engaged, and attending to some higher class work on the estate or at the mill, is away.

"Clementina, please bring me a spoon."

Clementina gracefully betakes herself to the sideboard, takes up a spoon, puts it on the crown of her hat, walks over to me, takes it from her head, and places it at my side.

Then I have no milk—for even the best Blue Island coffee in the world I desecrate with both milk and sugar, to Ted's agonising despair.

"Please hand me the milk, Maud"—I can't

always get round her first long name, in which she takes high pride.

Clementina takes up the jug, balances it adroitly on her head, takes exactly two steps to where I sit, lifts the jug from her head, and places it at my side.

On Sunday, however, the plaits disappear, and with these go the plain sailor hat. Her hair is nowhere more than two or three inches long, but it is now all in frizzy waves, nipped up at the back with a large coloured bow. White frock of course, with much lace, a petticoat most abundantly starched, a hat of many colours, and somewhat showy hose and shoes. She is going to church this morning and is indeed typical of her people, inasmuch as everything she possesses is epitomised in the clothes on her back. It is Harvest Festival Sunday and she asks for an offering, "half a daller," and goes proudly on her way.

I felt a little scandalised when Ted told me that these "harvest festivals" take place some half-dozen times a year!

I would not, however, let my goose of a husband know I felt a bit "had," another of Ted's sweet colloquialisms, despite the fact that he reads, week by week, every line of a purist stickler like the *Spectator*, so I said,

"You seem to think you are in England still, my dear," in my most withering tone.

"Well, what of that?" he asked, barely lifting his eyes from the Jamaican newspaper, the *Gleaner*, or *Telegraph*, he was just then pretending to read.

"Simply this—if the harvest in Jamaica is gathered all the year round, I don't see how thanksgiving can ever be out of season."

"Quite true, little woman," said Ted in that annoyingly conciliatory mood a man adopts when you really feel ready for a grand field battle.

Of course the plain truth is that these festivals are a means of gathering money from the planter through the medium of his servants, and fruit and bread from his labourers: while even the poorest of all must give, I find, even if it is only a loaf of bread.

We have a market in a little town not far away, twice a week. Sometimes the market seems to have been forgotten by the sellers. Then are we dependent upon our own resources, the chickens of our own rearing, the canned meats of our own bringing, the marmalade of our own making, and the fruits, many and various, of our own growing.

But fish is nearly always to be had—King fish bonito, very much like a mackerel, but with the snout of a pike, and yellow tails—costing on an average a penny the half-pound. Chickens we buy at a shilling apiece, alive, for feeding up. Beef is "a bit" per lb., a bit being 4½*d.* or three quatties, a "quattie"—a term introduced probably by Irish visitors or settlers—being 1½*d.* (*quarter* of sixpence); a "tup" I was led to believe was yet another term for 1½*d.*, and not for 2*d.*, though I had "ma doots"; and "gill," I learned, was half a quattie—¾*d.*; a picayune, a word surely drawn from the extinct tongue of the Carib, 3½*d.*; and a "mac"—a relic of a Scottish visitation this time—being 1*s.*

This seems all quite simple, but when I asked for "a tup" worth onions, and then "a tup" worth of salt, I was corrected "No, missus, a 'gill' of salt," though "gill" is a money term, not a measure of capacity as at home. And then, as if this confusion were not enough for my poor head, I have to think of wages in "dollars," and of a survival of old times when a £1 note was worth 12*s.*, from which we still have only 6*d.* in silver to pay, instead of 10*d.*, calculated on the basis of the old paper currency. Lastly, let me say, though your native servant is not concerned with the meat problem, and gets on very well with very little of it, that sheep's mutton is dear—7½*d.* per lb., while goat mutton is rather cheaper, at *5d.* per lb.

No native soup seems to be made without yam. Yam is the stock-pot for all dishes. But as the soups are all good, in which tomatoes, onions, calalu (or is it callalloo ?), a kind of spinach, form leading items, we were both gratified and satisfied.

A novelty in native ways occurs every day. When I find a fresh servant in the house, I merely say, "Clementina, who is that stranger helping you in the rooms ?"

"Yas, missus ; dat my sister."

The servants in this land exchange their visits quite freely, but never go away without leaving a substitute.

Then it was Justina's turn to have a couple of days off, to make a visit of inspection at the house of some cousin or aunt. At dinner her sister, Rosie, did all right for us until it came to the coffee. When that was served, I could not make out what had happened, and Ted pulled an altogether unnecessarily long face as though he had gulped a dose of medicine as a makeshift for a soothing liqueur.

"Maud," I said, "will you ask Rosie to come and see me ?"

"Yas, Missus," said the girl, eyeing my husband apprehensively.

Clementina Maud Evadne Brown bolted as though she suspected a storm, but Rosie entered with laggard step, as though she expected me to beat her on the spot—little me! whom she could pick up and carry away on her back like a baby.

"Rosie," I began, "did you make the coffee ?"

"Yas, missus."

"What did you put in?"

"Coffee, missus."

"Yes," I said, trying to resist a smile at the way she had picked up my silly question, "but anything else, Rosie?" endeavouring to put her a little at her ease.

"Yas, missus."

"What?"

"Out ob de jar."

"The spice?"

"Yas, missus."

"But why put in spice?"

"De spice by de coffee, missus," meaning that the spice lay beside the coffee in the storehouse.

I gasped in relief that it was nothing worse.

"Well!" I said, trying my best to look severely at my husband, "you need not make such a long face. I have known of people who make quite a rule of putting spice into their tea."

I confess I did not think the logic of the argument was very sound, but I regarded it my duty to defend the house-keeping.

"I'm not pulling a face, I'm only thanking Heaven it was not soft soap," groaned Ted.

I thought Heaven would not thank "Massa Edward" for his prayers of thanksgiving if he came with a face like that.

Unable, however, to maintain the gravity of the situation for another instant, I burst into laughter at the sight of the quaking Rosie, who still seemed to be expecting me to whack her with a sugar cane. Ted hid his face in the coffee cup, and Rosie, relieved but disappointed (she had certainly counted on that chastening, or "roughing" as they call it, with the sugar cane), retreated to her own domain as we moved to our chairs on the verandah.

Another day. Time, 2 P.M I am going for a drive later in the afternoon, and I overhear this conversation.

"Solomon!"

"Yas, squire."

"The mistress is taking the horses for a drive at 4 o'clock. Now, keep your eye on the clock and be round to the minute."

"Yas, squire, your boy be dere"

Or this:

"Solomon, I want you to water the mules."

"Yas, squire, your boy do dat."

It is not, however, all plain sailing, and we have curious ebullitions of temper.

"I want you to cut that grass." It is my husband's voice.

"Yas, squire."

"Clean the harness you used this morning?"

"Yas, squire."

"And fetch the water?"

"Yas, squire."

Solomon seems to take his bearings.

"You understand?"

"Yas, squire. But I no cut dat grass. I take oat' my hand drop off 'fore I cut dat grass."

"You have taken an oath! You must do exactly as I tell you—cut that grass, clean the harness, fetch the water. Now, begin at once."

"I refuse, squire."

"You have got to do it all the same, remember!"

"I refuse, squire; I refuse, squire; my hand drop off, my hand——"

I could hear no more of Solomon's reiterations of his oath.

The firm insistence, however, was enough, the grass was cut, the harness was well cleaned and oiled, and the water was fetched—in fact, Solomon did an admirable day's work that day, although the day was nearly half spent before he began. And, truth to say, despite all the mutterings, the work was done quite willingly in the end.

I mention the incident as showing that these people bear no malice for any triumph of the white will over theirs.

The barbecue is not exactly as its name would imply, the place of great feasts, but it is none the less the scene of all the courtships and revelry on the estate; and there, in the open air on this huge stone table, without shade from the sun, Justina does everything except her actual cooking, and Clementina Maud all the cleaning she can carry there.

To that meeting-place at the rear of our house Solomon carries the harness and waits for orders, but David is above all such familiarity—his distinction as driver to the White Missus and valet to the good Buckra gentleman places him in a position of dignity and responsibility, and this air of superiority is not lost upon Solomon.

But, speaking generally, every one who has business with us, and many who have none, find their way to the barbecue, there to chatter and laugh, and laugh and chatter, by the hour, as though no tropical sun were smiting their heads at a temperature that may easily register 125° and more.

Another novelty to me was to find that our indoor servants sleep outside in a kind of schoolboys' cricket pavilion. It must be a queer place, for when I ask for "Pepper," the fox terrier, I am told he is asleep in Justina's bed. When I ask for the cat—"Poosey," as they say it, is there too. And the last of the family I heard that had made

Photo by W. S. Campbell

WAG WATER VALLEY

No picture in black and white can do justice to the rich colouring of Jamaican scenery. The translucent blue mist shrouding the distant hills, which is part of the charm of every view, is left wholly to the imagination.

her home in that same corner, not in the bed this time I hope, was one of the hens with five of her chickens!

Certainly Justina must have a tough skin to defy the insect life that poultry bring inevitably in their train.

"Grass lice bad for true, but fowl lice much wickeder," was David's sagacious comment.

The native labourer, with his wife and children, lives in a hut of his own construction, for which, with a small piece of land adjoining as a kind of garden, he or she, as the wife is often the householder, pays a hut tax or rent of twelve shillings a year. That return would not be worth considering save for the indirect command it gives Ted over all their labour, while if they themselves steal from our plantation they certainly stop any other thieving.

Among these poor people, with the simple souls of children, and as easily quickened to laughter as to tears, I have become directly or indirectly "Medicine Woman," a duty I suppose that in the far-off days belonged exclusively to women Happily their ailments are few, chiefly an occasional fever, for which doses of quinine are the stock remedies.

"Squire, your boy, sar," (I hear the voice from without,) "is going about doing all as usual, but his stomach is very high, *very* high, squire; him no well at all."

I look out, and there is the unhappy Solomon, such a picture of woe!

According to the strict rule of the country in all cases of illness, his head is bound up in a large handkerchief, and his face haggard and melancholy beyond expression.

Enough medicine to kill three ordinary men, and a stiff glass of white rum, enable the unhappy man to dispense with the handkerchief and assume a more cheerful frame of mind.

When the entire village is ill, and all appear with heads bound up in handkerchiefs, you would assume either that there has been a grand Belfast riot in the sacred cause of freedom, truth, and religion, or that the whole population is affected with toothache. Nothing of the kind; the cause in each case may be anything from a sprained ankle to a stomach ache, the latter for preference being the more common malady.

Yet it is extraordinary to observe how these powerful negroes, who will suffer all sorts of intense pain, a bad slice in the arm, for instance, with the machete—a huge ugly knife they use in the banana plantation, and for all other purposes besides—with almost stoical fortitude, will yet succumb in hopeless despair to any kind of internal pain.

"I go die," says a man, and die he does.

Our home has undergone many changes. I have not been so silly as to try to graft upon the life of the tropics the conditions of home that are suited to the temperate zone alone. But I have tried to put away the burlesque imitations of life in England.

The housemaid's straw hat has of course disappeared, and in its place Clementina wears what is typical of her own native taste (and therefore suitable and even interesting in my eyes), a turban of emerald green and magenta stripes—not fixed on after the Indian fashion, but rather like the Egyptian, showing no hair, the ends coming down at the nape of the neck in a very becoming way.

Justina, too, has a turban, and both wear shoes

Photo by W. S. Campbell

AT THE MOUTH OF THE WAG WATER

Photo by Mr. Algernon E. Aspinall (W. I. Committee)

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

for my pleasure; while, to preserve the quiet of the house as the servants move about, I have laid down in the passages dark green prairie matting.

"You're a brick," says Ted, "for making a house look like home—a cultured and refined home instead of the usual settler's place—arranged like the temporary resting-place of an alien in a foreign land, a kind of let's grow rich and get out of this quick feeling everywhere."

Of Justina, Clementina, Rosie, and all the rest of them, they are never done with my praises, inspired partly by treatment kindly and firm, and partly, too, by their surpassing admiration for all my frocks and frilleries, which Clementina handles with the reverence of a Roman father displaying to your wondering gaze the sacred relics of a martyred apostle.

Indeed, in this corner of the land I reign with the invisible sceptre of a goddess, not a queen, and every new baby for miles round bears my name! No woman could desire, much less deserve, such self-abasement, such admiration, nay such worship as any lady may enjoy among these pure-minded, simple-hearted loving people.

When it is my turn, figuratively, to bind up my head in a white handkerchief, I betake myself to a secluded corner of the piazza and rest.

Clementina is all sympathy and devotion,

A great silence is proclaimed! No sound is suffered to reach my ears save the drowsy hum of the bees among the flowers, and every now and then a rustling among the leaves of the trees as some tiny, richly-feathered bird flits from bough to bough.

I am only a little a-wearied. But my couch is a veritable shrine.

I lift tired eyelids and espy a black boy to whom Justina has accorded this privilege of " visiting the sick." The shoeless feet approach, the nearly noiseless, almost hesitating tread is that of the unworthy publican in the tabernacle.

I note the solemn face, I understand the kindly intention in the gift of fresh milk which he cautiously bears in a glass with both hands.

" For de sick," he says, with stately gravity, proffering his holy offering at the shrine of the ailing " White Lady."

I can only smile my thanks. It is enough. His bright eyes beam with gratitude. He is gone.

I want to laugh, I want to cry. Who is there to say I do wrong if I do either or both ?

But there now, in all this tale of my own glorification " Massa Edward " seems to have dropped for whole pages out of my story. " Seems," I say, because he is there all the same, only you can't see. Every day is too short to appreciate the delight of my new home, to give back in love that of which I have received so large a share.

Sometimes we journey to Kingston, to attend staid and proper functions; to pay our respects to his Excellency, and meet at dinner or in the gardens of the King's House, such great people of the earth as favour our island with a call, and sometimes we go to Port Antonio to be entertained or entertain, chiefly friends of my own from New England states, now only a few days' sail from our door.

But whatever the pleasure of these excursions, and whatever the delight of chumming up afresh with those friends of my youth—and reviving sweet memories of life and travel and study in dear old Italy—I am always glad enough to get back to our own home; and sometimes in the first hours of morning light, and sometimes in the hours of fading day, I drive, with Ted at my side—a picture of happiness and content—David or Solomon behind, arms folded and statuesque, a picture that would do credit to Hyde Park, and arouse the admiration of all beholders any afternoon in Central Park, New York, my fleet-footed ponies over great stretches of country, giving wonderful glimpses of orchard, land, and sea all the way.

There is a little hotel at the end of one of our favourite trips, and there in the cool shade of the verandah, looking out on the sea, we sip our tea, meet our neighbours, and listen to the faint echo of the song of the fisherman far out at sea:

> Oh the mocking bird,
> Oh the mocking bird,
> Hurrah, hurrah,

which reaches us, over the dimpling curling waters, in its chantlike repetition, like an echo of the deep hush and murmur of voices at prayer through monastery walls.

And so, in this land of wood and water, of sun shine and song and dreams, we mingle our days with night, our nights with day, and seem for the nonce to forget that there is a world without, a world of eager, hungry, unsatisfied and cruel effort, a world in which even bread and fresh air are not the heritage of all—a contrast, indeed, to our little island realm of eternal sunshine, and plenteous ease, lying in the very lap of the gods!

XXXI

THE EARTHQUAKE

When we reached Kingston bunting was spread to the breeze, bands played on our decks and on the wharf as we came to our moorings. The Governor was there to greet us, and a visit, full of interest to us and of significance to Jamaica, began under the happiest auspices. Hardly more than a week later, we left a city of chaos, death, and, seemingly, of hopeless ruin.

Cast into the midst of such an overwhelming disaster as befell us with lightning rapidity the third day after our arrival, I was not, nor do I think any of us were, able to realise in any true sense of the word, the pain and suffering, the death and ruin, that met our eyes and ears on every side on the late afternoon of January 14, 1907, and every day thereafter to the end of our stay on the island.

Picture to the mind's eye a cloudless sky, a temperature of 92° or 95° in the shade, relieved about mid-day by a cooling breeze that increased in power until about three o'clock, when it had attained the violence almost of a gale, and you have the atmospheric conditions that immediately preceded a terrible upheaval.

I was seated at a little table, every window and door of the room was wide open, the heat was oppressive. As I vainly tried to fix down on paper some of the vast store of facts and impressions that filled my memory every hour I had lived on this amazingly interesting island, I vividly recall the sense of positive torture I experienced in the effort to concentrate my mind amid all the distractions of that tropical afternoon.

Doors were repeatedly banging, blinds on every window were for ever waving in the wind; at each violent gust they would snap like the crack of a whip. Lace curtains breaking loose from their lower fastenings were streaming continuously on the breeze; on the windward side they were often level with the ceiling itself. To add to my nervous discomfort, some tiny enemies on transparent wings would strike now and then near my ear a clear unmistakable musical tone that suggested an early bite. The delights of the tropics, I thought, have their abatements!

The strong breeze began to lose force until, at about 3.30, it had faded into nothingness. For two minutes there was not a breath of wind, no doors banged, no blinds moved, curtains fell back to their places, not a sigh lifted a leaf on any bough. Nature had seemingly withdrawn for her afternoon siesta.

And then—I live that moment now—without murmur or warning, from the Blue Mountains beyond, or the still bluer heavens above, or the ground beneath our feet, there steals down upon us some intangible, impalpable monster, before whom the very earth reels and groans in violent agony and despair.

The heightening roar is of eternal memory—it was as though some vast herd of tigers, with warm blood already on their tongues, had been suddenly robbed of their prey. A giant had seemingly seized upon the foundations of the structure in which I sat, and was shaking the building with brutal pertinacity.

At the first movement of the earth the ceiling began to fall about my ears, covering me with small particles of mortar and dust—though not till long afterwards did I notice either. I stood up with a certain dazed sense of danger that is near, but none of fear. Some guardian angel seems to whisper, "It is not now." Ah, yes; I know!

I stepped to the doorway, and for one brief second stood there surveying with an unaccountable, curious, half-cynical feeling, "If this does not cease soon the whole place will be in ruins."

That moment, amid the clatter of broken glass, collapsing floors directly above my head, tumbling walls of brick, and falling masonry, the instinct came—"Escape."

I jumped from the piazza into the garden, but immediately stopped to observe, with wholly detached consciousness, as I replaced the cover to the point of my fountain-pen, the work of destruction as it went rapidly on in that wing of the building from which I had just made my exit.

I have heard how the universe seemed to revolve like a child's top for four or five seconds, and then stop with a frightful jerk. But no one has described to me the dancing earth as I experienced it at that moment. The circular movement was there, close under my feet, but the upward movement was not less marked. We seemed to rise and fall as though embarked on the surging sea. Heavy walls swayed like an insecure bad stage setting, and at the same moment the earth rose and fell, bringing down masses of débris at every plunge into some hidden gulf, breaking floors like so much

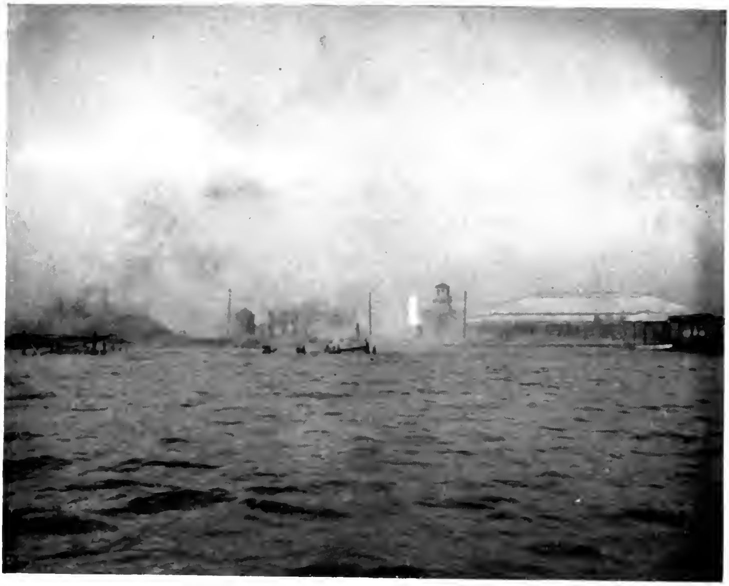


Photo by W. S. Campbell

KINGSTON FROM THE SEA, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

Showing the smoke rising from the burning city.

Photo by courtesy of Mr. Ebenezer Carr

APPROACHING KINGSTON FROM THE COUNTRY

The first feature to attract attention was the dense clouds of smoke and dust that filled the sky and obscured the sun.

match-boarding, and tearing every holding from its socket in wrathful violence.

At 3.32 Kingston was happy and well. At 3.33 the city was seemingly a hopeless wreck, with the very sun itself obscured from our vision. All man's handiwork of a generation, nay, of a whole century or more, was instantly flouted. A whole community lay in ruins and in tears, in suffering and in death.

Many efforts have been made to measure the disaster by some standard of significance to the understanding: the roll of death, the area of destruction, the small proportion of buildings left standing, the happening in mere duration of time.

How vain! Eternity can alone reveal the secret of the disaster's toll of death, and how purposeless to attempt any measure of the awful agony and suffering that succeeded that fateful moment when still another and deadlier enemy had crept into our midst, and fire was completing its awful task!

Some have said the earthquake was all the work of twenty seconds. May be so. But who among us can count the passage of time in the moment of a cataclysm, when the mind is living a vast eternity every second, and the tablets of the memory are crowded with so many conflicting impressions, impulses, and memories?

Any languishing sense of bitter resentment towards any one, at any time, anywhere, falls from us like a discarded cloak. I think of such as near and dear to my own heart, and ask, "Where? Whence? Alone? Why am I not seeking? saving? doing?"

God has indeed visited His people, but what of the call of humanity *now?*

Twenty seconds? Why not? Perhaps! Though I judge quite twice as long.

Words cannot picture a scene of such desolation and despair as befell Kingston within that brief and awful space of time. The thunder of falling masonry stuns the air. Solid brick walls bulge, and then collapse with a crash; great structures of iron, wood, brick, and stone sink like a house of cards; roofs built entirely of wood glide away from their holdings into the street; entire buildings become in a moment a mere mash of débris.

There is a tiny moment of silence, in which people are trying to realise what has happened. And then out of all this ruin, with the very sun itself obscured by blinding dust, there comes the pleading cry of the helpless, the dreadful oaths of the bitterly hopeless, the swooning and only half conscious groans of the dying. The call for help is everywhere, the plea for water here, the agonised appeal for release from broken timbers there.

Out of the confused mass of impressions, one recalls the pictures of a hospital thronged to overflowing, of the decks of the Port Kingston (the only British ship in harbour at the time) crowded with the dead and dying and suffering multitude, of the mangled remains of the unknown and unrecognisable cast into great barges, to be later thrown into the sea a few miles away as food for the sharks; of the half incinerated bodies that were to be met with at every turn, of the dead ranged in rows along side streets; of the procession of carts to the cemetery at May Pen, a little way outside the town; but, most gruesome of all, the great funeral pyres in Kingston itself, a veritable inferno, into which the dead were cast in such vast numbers. In this way one gathers fragmentary notions of the stupendous character of the disaster.

I do not quarrel with this ready despatch of the dead into the bosom of the sea, nor do I set up any

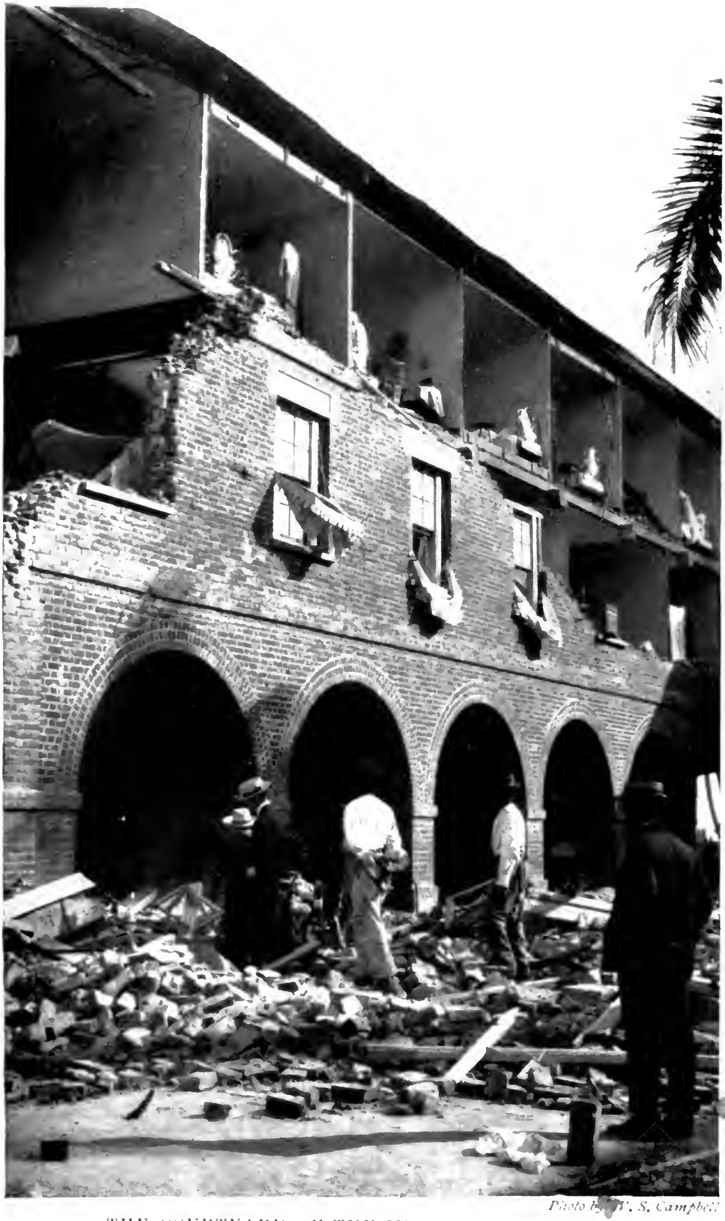


Photo by [illegible]. S. Campbell

THE COURTYARD OF THE MYRTLE BANK HOTEL

Lifting a body from the ruins.

sentimental claim for the sacredness of the visible tabernacle of the soul thus cast into the flames; for, whatever your views on these questions, a tropical sun and a scorching day have a way of determining the problem, and you find yourself in favour of the readiest means of disposing of the dead as the only means of saving the living.

During the days following the earthquake, the streets of Kingston were becoming hourly more pestilential; and if the dead had not been dealt with in the rapid way I have indicated, Jamaica would have been in peril of a visitation of plague worse even in its toll of death than the earthquake itself.

Amid all the human sacrifice one's finer sensibilities are inevitably blunted. Were it otherwise, one could not at such a time eat and live. Yet I confess to many a heart throb as the awful drama unfolded itself, sometimes before my own eyes.

Who among us can realise the distracted state of mind of the loyal wife, secure at home, watching and waiting as minute succeeded minute. and, finally, hour succeeded hour?

Yet no news of the absent one.

Unable to still the beating sense of apprehension, she started out in this city of desolation—and plunder, and possibly worse, who knows!—on the apparently hopeless task of finding an injured husband; never relaxing her efforts throughout that endless night; turning over the dead that she might see a tattered and torn face; examining clothes when all other efforts at identification were fruitless, peering into the faces of the injured here—all, all, in the one elemental heart-rending mission of love, only to be rewarded in the end by reaching the cemetery in the first grey light of dawn at the very moment the first shovelsful of earth were being cast into a hastily made grave upon the upturned face she had sought so long.

Not without a thrill can I think of that woman's dark night of suffering and sorrow, of that tragic moment when her dry eyes first realised a cruel immutable destiny, and, at long last, of her return to a wrecked and now desolated home. She had indeed kept the vow "until death us do part," and made the world richer by her fidelity and love.

What that desolated habitation can be was realised only too acutely in another instance, where a soldier brushing past other survivors burst into what remained of the old home. There lay—he saw the whole tragedy was at one glance revealed—the mangled and bloody remains of his family—wife and children in one huddled heap. He cast one awful look upon the hideous scene, and staggered back without a sound, his body shaking convulsively.

"Then he turned slowly away. He appeared to hesitate a moment, but suddenly, before we had the slightest chance to prevent him," says the Red Cross worker, "he drew his revolver and shot himself through the head."

Tragedy unfolded itself in unexpected places. Amid the dust and smoke the black nurse, with a white child in her arms, ventures out on the uppermost verandah to signal for aid; the staircase has apparently gone. But the earth is still vibrating. The next instant there is the sound of creaking timber, and oh, unmerciful Heaven! the verandah is giving way. An instant later nurse and child have lost foothold, and are precipitated among the hopeless ruins at our feet.

The devotion of these dark-visaged children of the sun to the white baby in their charge is that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

CARRYING THE WOUNDED TO THE *PORT KINGSTON*

Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

AN OPERATION ON DECK

Their heroism is the bright page in a black history. What white mother could rise to greater heights of saintly sacrifice than did the negro nurse here, there, everywhere?

The earthquake happened at a moment when most young children were asleep in their cots. At the first sound of alarm the black nurse sought safety, not for herself, but for the Englishwoman's child. And she did this often at the price of her own life. In one instance, amid all the fallen timbers, mortar and brick, a mother found her child's cot smashed, the nurse on her knees protecting her charge with her own strong arms and her own body. The nurse was a mutilated corpse, the child in the protection of her arms unscathed, happy and cooing.

Such fabulous escapes are numberless. Sir Alfred Jones, bearing, like each of us, a charmed life, was inside the Myrtle Bank Hotel, yet escaped unharmed from a building that engulfed many people beneath his feet. Rumour included among these victims three passengers known to us all—Miss F. E. R. Hall, of Manchester; Dr. Thomas Savage, of Birmingham; and the latter's nephew, Mr. L. O'Connell. But once more rumour lied, for despite the most strenuous investigation of the ruins, no remains of these three persons were either found among the ruins of Myrtle Bank or elsewhere, and though the *Port Kingston* brought back their luggage, gathered from their rooms at the Constant Spring Hotel, their fate remains an insoluble mystery to this hour.

Mr. Jesse Collings, Sir Thomas Hughes, Mr. Howell Davies, M.P., and others were in the garden of Myrtle Bank, and suffered nothing worse than a fall from the upheaving earth. Lord Dudley, the Governor, Archbishop Nuttall, Sir Daniel

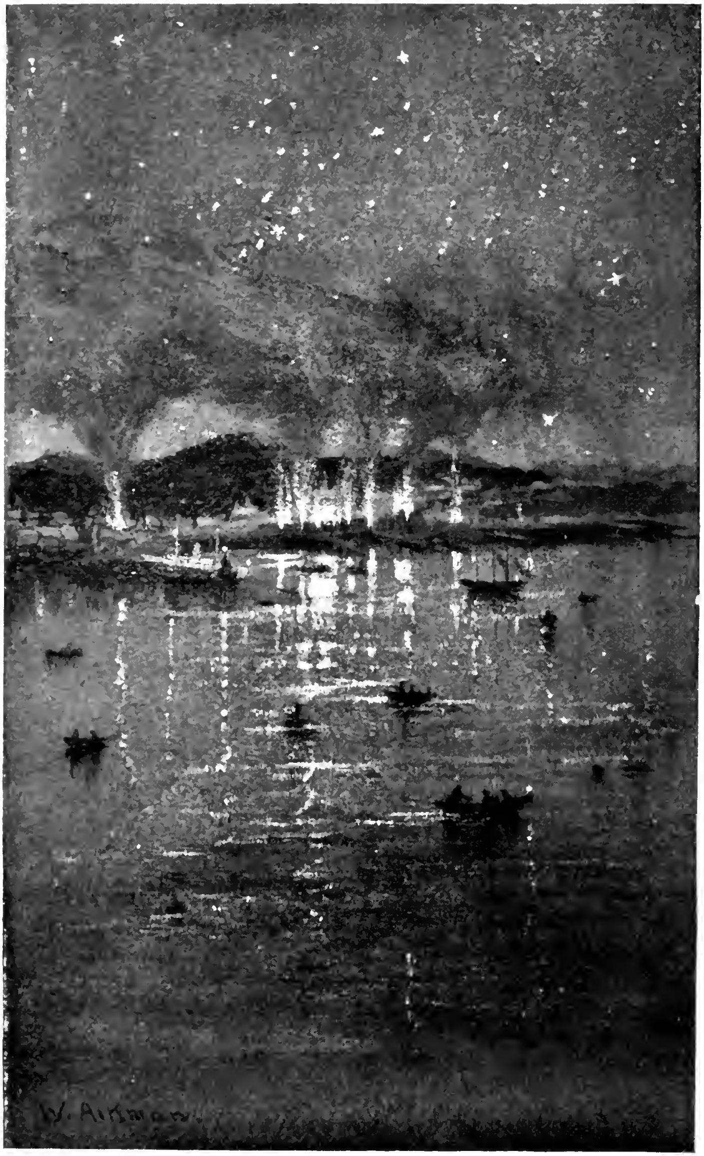
Morris, Dr. Swaby (the Bishop of Barbados), and delegates from all the West Indian islands, were in the Conference Hall of the Old Mico building.

Mr. John R. Bovell was actually reading his paper, giving the results of his experiments with seedling canes at Barbados, when the angry roar silenced his voice—a roar, as Lord Dudley described it, like a great river that had burst its banks and was carrying all before it. The building began to heave, and there was then for one brief instant what threatened to be an ugly rush for the door, when over the din came the voice of the Archbishop, firm and convincing.

"Gentlemen, keep your seats."

Order was instantly restored, and every one left the building in safety, only to encounter scenes of the most frightful wreckage and carnage all around. On the doorstep of the Conference Hall Lord Dudley realised that he was hatless. The first violent tremor had by that time ceased, and Lord Dudley calmly returned to the building that still threatened instant collapse, and from the platform, whence he had just clambered down, secured hat and umbrella.

The Jamaica Club was included in the total wreck. Here Mr. Gerald Loder escaped from a broken chair, under which he was thrown and pinned down by falling walls and roof, while in the same room two members were struck dead in their seats. Mr. R. W. Bradley, a former editor of the *Gleaner*, but more recently engaged reading for the Bar, was in the billiard room with Mr. A. R. Hamilton, a coffee planter. Cue in hand, each man bolted through an open window into the garden. Mr. Hamilton escaped, but Mr. Bradley—one of the best all-round sportsmen on the island, whether at billiards, tennis or bridge, whose invari-



THE BURNING CITY

“The sky was a brilliant constellation of glorious lights, the waters over which we passed, dark and awesome, rendered all the more forbidding by the human flotsam and jetsam (from which I must shut my eyes) floating idly on its surface from a ruined city.” (*See* p. 230.)

able luck was a byword—was the thousandth part of a minute late. A great iron girder reached him in his flight at the extreme length of its fall, killing him on the spot.

In that same clubhouse I had luncheon with Mr. A. McDowell Nathan, the chief merchant of Kingston, the day before on my return from Port Antonio. At the moment of the happening Mr. Nathan was seated in a barber's chair. With the towel still about his neck he rushed from the rocking building into the street, only to meet with instantaneous death, while the barber (and his chair) remained unscathed.

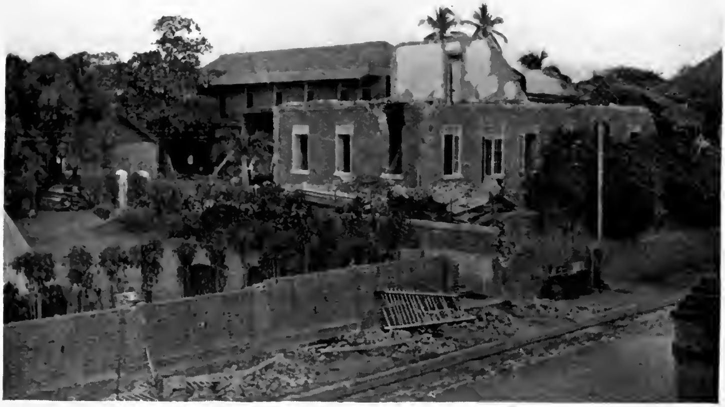
Sir James Fergusson was in a tobacco shop at the corner of Harbour Street, when he hastened into the street and to his death. By some confusion of identity, as to which I have no key, it was reported that it was I who was so killed, and that the Vice-Chairman of the Royal Mail had escaped. This news was included in the earliest information despatched from Jamaica, with the result that I too am of that select throng of whom each has had the melancholy privilege of reading his own obituary.

The same cablegram announced that Captain Constantine had narrowly escaped in some miraculous way. The fact is, I believe, Captain Constantine did escape the first upheaval, only to fall a brave and noble martyr immediately afterwards. He was making a valiant effort to save a tortured sufferer, upon whom a heavy beam was resting, when the building collapsed still further, and he was lost in the ruins.

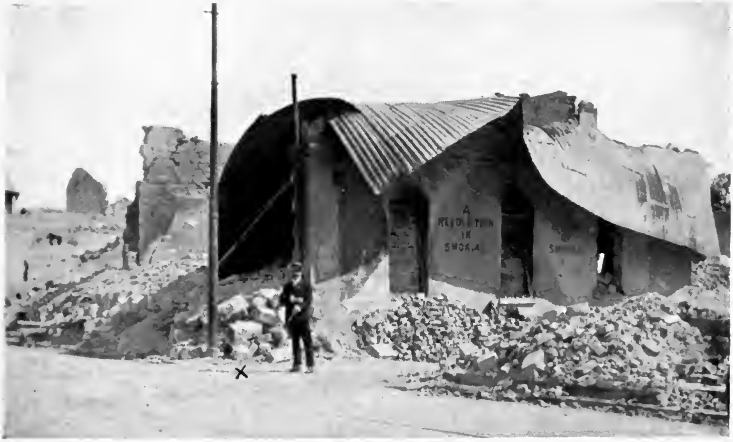
It would serve no useful purpose to recount these incidents and correct these errors, except in so far as it helps to convey some sense of the hopeless confusion into which the city was cast as the people darted hither and thither without in the least knowing how or why or whence. It is, however, only in this accumulation of bewilderment and horror that I can hope to realise even for myself the chaos no less than the great volume of misery that lay everywhere in that stricken city that day, and practically wiped it out of being.

And so I might go on multiplying the list, always excepting—by the strangest good fortune—every name in the list of Sir Alfred's guests. But among the least conspicuous I recall, with, perhaps, more real and personal pain than all others among those who vanished from our sight, as brave a little Englishman as ever left our shores. He was a boy of, perhaps, twelve or fourteen years, fair and handsome, quick of movement, and intelligent, with a smile full of roguish good-humour and sunshine—some mother's precious darling, as I judged from little tricks of expression. We had chummed up together on the ship. Perhaps friends were not too many, and my affectionate sympathy was touched. Finding the little fellow alone on the verandah of one of the Kingston hotels, I gaily made a tour of exploration of the hotel in his company, ostensibly to see what kind of a place it was, really to enable him to know his way about. We finished up with the manager, and an injunction that he was to procure for him the best attention at meal-time, and to see the little chap comfortably tucked up for the night at bed-time. I could think of nothing else to make the little wayfarer happy, or as happy as his stout heart wished me to believe.

Where is my little friend now ? I cannot tell, nor could I glean anything in the turmoil of smoke and disaster and the unutterably confused wreck



THE JAMAICA CLUB IN HANOVER STREET, KINGSTON (*See* pp. 222–3.)



Both Photos by G. W. Muirhead, of Clarendon

MACHADO'S CIGAR STORE

Showing the spot where the Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson, Bart., Vice-Chairman of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., lost his life. (*See* p. 223.)

of the place where I saw him last. I want to think he is strong and free, but dare I hope?

With the sun obscured from our vision by impenetrable dust that rose like a cloud into the heavens, night came on apace. From far and wide, fellow voyagers returned to seek out relatives and friends. Some hastened to the hospitable decks of the *Port Kingston*, where Sir Alfred, captain, officers and crew were one and all aiding the sick and dying. Wharf and decks and companion ways were like shambles, as Dr. Evans worked among his numberless patients, all that night, all the next day and all the next night, alleviating suffering, easing the pain of the hopeless, crushed and dying.

Night had hardly fallen upon the stricken city when it was discovered that, as a result of the upheaval, the ship's bow was well aground, while the clouds of flame and smoke were getting ominously nearer and nearer. In the face of this new danger it was found there was not enough steam to move the vessel, with the further difficulty that one of the boilers was under repair. At all hazards, however, the ship must be got away. Efforts were made to get her clear with the aid of a small tug, but the tug was incapable of moving so large a ship.

Meanwhile the furnaces were energetically stoked in the one supreme effort of making the proud vessel mistress of her own destiny. Surely if ever an owner was in danger of losing heart, it was when the hoarse cry swept by:

"Make ready the starboard boats."

Was the emergency now seemingly so near of leaving the ship to her fate?

Never was the steam gauge watched with such feverish anxiety.

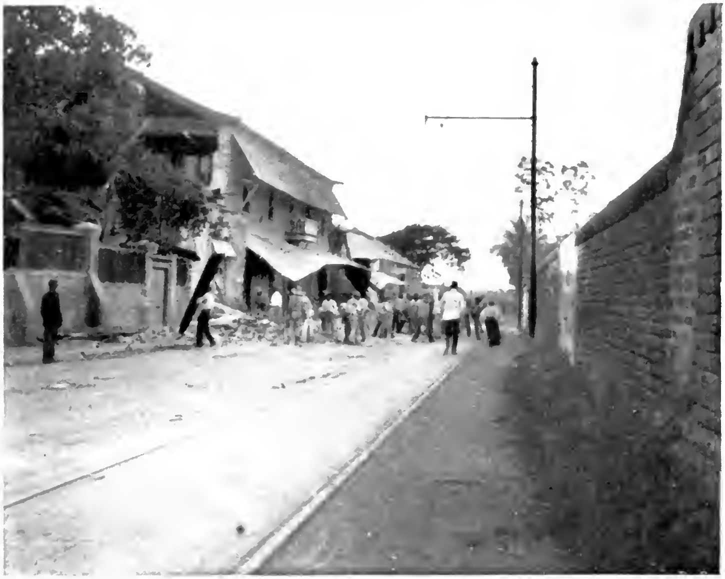
At last came word from the chief engineer, that there was sufficient accumulated energy. "We can move the ship." The captain was on the bridge. Every member of the crew was at his post, and as the last link with the shore was severed, the vessel, to the relief of everybody, came away from the ground, backing into the main channel. Later she was moored to the railway wharf, which was out of the danger zone of fire.

The stream of human suffering flowed on unabated, and while space allowed no one was rejected. When the decks became congested, the adjoining wharf was requisitioned as a hospital. Here, in the open and under cover, when cover could be found, the stewards improvised beds; and every one who was able to do so, joined in the effort to alleviate the suffering of the agonised people.

Amid the universal demand, the store of anæsthetics was soon exhausted, and thereafter amputations had to be carried out under conditions one would rather not remember. Sheets and pillow-cases belonging to the ship were torn up for bandages, and the ship's stores, whether surgical, medical, or of whatever kind, were similarly requisitioned.

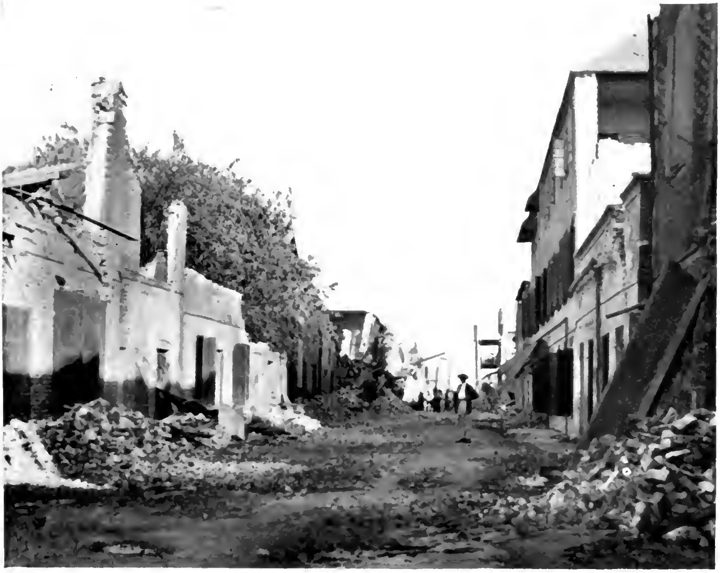
Sir Alfred readily lent his ship, and everything that was the property of Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co., in the sacred cause of suffering humanity. The permit to Lady Dudley (written in pencil on the back of a menu card and reproduced on another page) to secure, if possible, meat extract and some wine from the larder and the cellars of the Myrtle Bank Hotel tells its own tale—the goodness of heart of the giver, no less than the courage and zeal of the ministering angel who sought it.

Another large body of English and American



KINGSTON RAILWAY STATION

View from the street, showing the tram terminus outside the railway station. In the upheaval the station buildings were destroyed, but the running of the trains was resumed the following day from a point a little way outside the city.



Both Photos by Mr. Ebenezer Carr

SIDE STREET OFF WEST STREET, KINGSTON

visitors found their way back to the Constant Spring Hotel, six miles outside the city. Many had to trudge long distances, the electric tramway having collapsed, while buggies even when obtainable, were at high premium. The hotel building was badly injured, the frontage of the west wing standing clear and threatening to fall at any moment. Yet it remained, and as I looked I noted that amid the warring elements the three flags on the building were blown in three opposing directions. Indeed, the Cross of St. George on the west wing was floating against the prevailing current of the wind ! while John Crow, a great black carrion bird, for which the negro has a superstitious fear, swirled round and round the threatened building, with an air of the most ugly foreboding.

Within the hotel everything was in a state of wreckage, and at each violent throbbing of the earth, every guest and servant who had ventured into the building in search of any scraps of food or clothing made a mad rush to get clear away: leaping over chairs, table, balustrade, or any other obstruction that lay along the path of salvation.

To reach my own room I had to pass up the main staircase, now strewn with débris, and along a corridor on the first floor which for twenty or thirty yards or more was apparently intact. Then, at the bend of the passage, came the other side to the picture. The room facing mine was a complete and hopeless wreck, and into it had been dropped the whole contents of the room above, bed, luggage, washstand, all in grotesque disorder. Huge fissures in the outside wall revealed the starlight night, and the final collapse must surely come with the next shock. I clambered over the débris that obstructed the passage and entered my room, only to find it entirely unharmed. Everything was in order, no disturbance anywhere, save that the ceiling had shed its thin coating of white.

I flung my traps together and made for the tennis lawn, where we arranged our chairs and cushions, and in some cases our sofas and our beds, in such peace and security as the circumstances allowed and the heaving earth made possible. The warm and beautiful night closed in early, the cruel red glow of the burning city, with its storehouses of sugar and rum exploding and bursting into flame, shone out in intense brilliance on the black cloud of smoke that arose into the gorgeous starlit heavens.

Night had settled down upon us before our watchful eye had detected on the mountain heights, clear against the sky line, an ominous tongue of flame. With traditions of an extinct volcano in Jamaica, close up to Kingston somewhere, active once though in the far-away past, and memories too of Mount Pélée, is it any wonder that the little circle that knew kept the secret but lay down on the groaning ground with a stolid resignation that feared nothing but was prepared for the worst?

That worst of all calamities, however, did not come, and we slept, or pretended to sleep, until the morning hour when the Southern Cross, which Kingsley affected to disparage, was visible in all its splendour and magnificence and the sun cast its first pale light on a blasted, blackened, and burning heap of ruins.

The scene at the hospital was in the last degree heartrending. The accommodation was hopelessly insufficient, and for some time after the catastrophe the surgical aid was unutterably inadequate to such illimitable demands.

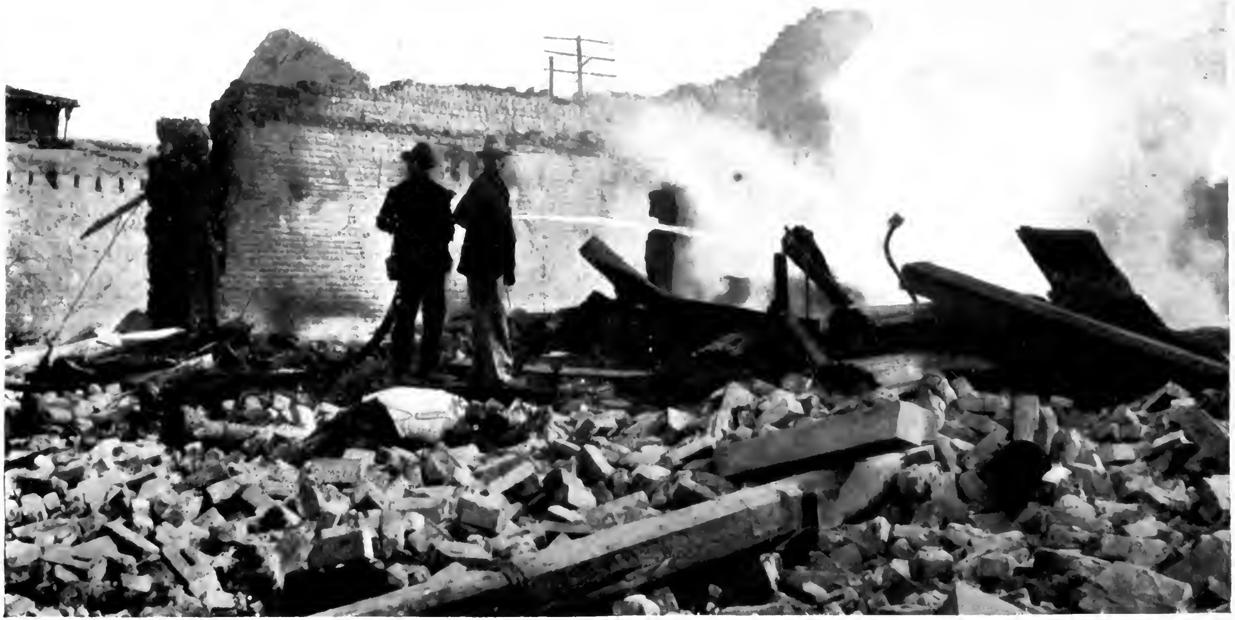


Photo by W. S. Campbell

PUTTING OUT THE FIRES

After the earthquake fire broke out in many parts of the city. At this spot—Harbour Street looking east—the dead were lying about in dozens. One body is close to the firemen's feet, and another, of which the bent knee is most prominent, is partly buried in the débris beneath the fallen timbers, while many others were lying to the right, at this point, out of the range of the camera.

"Will no one put a bullet through my head?" cried a stricken man outside the hospital, whose heart was sick with deferred hope at what seemed to him the interminable delay of gaining surgical aid.

"No," said the cheery voice of a doctor coming up at that moment; "we are going to put you on your feet again."

Elsewhere in the stricken city I chanced upon a girl cooling with a wicker fan the pulsating face of a brother.

"No human power could, no human power should, try to do more than soothe that dying pillow," whispered the doctor to me.

But the sister fanned on.

"The doctor says he is unconscious," she murmured to me later, as I stood near, powerless to help, "but I am sure my brother tried to answer when I spoke to him a little while ago."

And the cooling draught, with now and then a drop or two of brandy and water, was never intermitted through the long and weary hours.

Other friends stood near, willing but powerless to give aid.

Truly they serve who only stand and wait.

Next day there was still a thread of life, but oh, how slowly it shrank! If in these days of stress and trial no prayer had ever found expression on my lips it found words then. Why stayed the Angel of Eternal Day in her flight? Why tarried so long over what she had marked as her own? Come soon, come now!

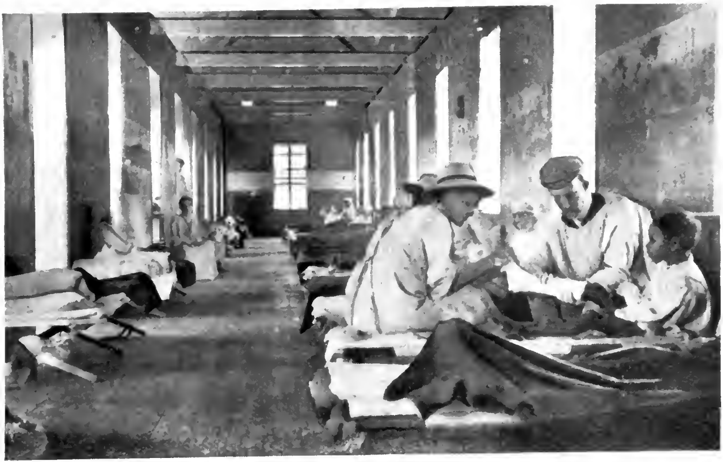
But it was not yet. In the rich red glow of the morning light, however, she came to make the imperfect whole.

That is sorrow—and, in a sense, joy too—from its individual point of view; what of its accumulated horror ? One night I had occasion to visit Admiral Davis on the American warship *Missouri.* Sir Alfred Jones readily granted me a ship's boat, and four of the crew, under one of the younger officers, at once volunteered to row me over—partly out of the sailor's disposition to do a kindly thing, partly, too, out of a little love of adventure, and in part, also, out of a desire to chum up with the roaring sea-dogs of a warship.

The sky was a brilliant constellation of glorious lights, the waters over which we passed, dark and awesome, rendered all the more forbidding by the human flotsam and jetsam (from which I must shut my eyes) floating idly on its surface from a ruined city. Peace and beauty overhead, danger beneath : but there, standing out against the dark background of the eternal hills, that most hideous of all pictures my mind will ever conjure up—Dead men's fires.

Figures, muffled up all about the mouth and nose, as a protection against the nauseating gases, moved in the deep red glow, throwing into the languishing flames fresh fuel of oil and coal and timber, and then more and more human remains avid of destruction. The sickening odour is unforgettable ; it will not even leave my clothes, nor can any hideous nightmare reveal to the mental vision any image more revolting of Inferno itself.

But it would be an unprofitable task to heap up the record of the painful and the horrible. My object rather is to show that immense as this disaster is, Jamaica may yet achieve great things. She is done for ever with elaborate brick and stone structures of a plan and character belonging to the home country alone. Her villas and mansion houses will not be built in future on the scale suited and familiar to Hampstead Heath, but of



From Photo lent to the Author

WITHIN THE PUBLIC HOSPITAL AFTER THE FIRST PRESSURE HAD BEEN RELIEVED

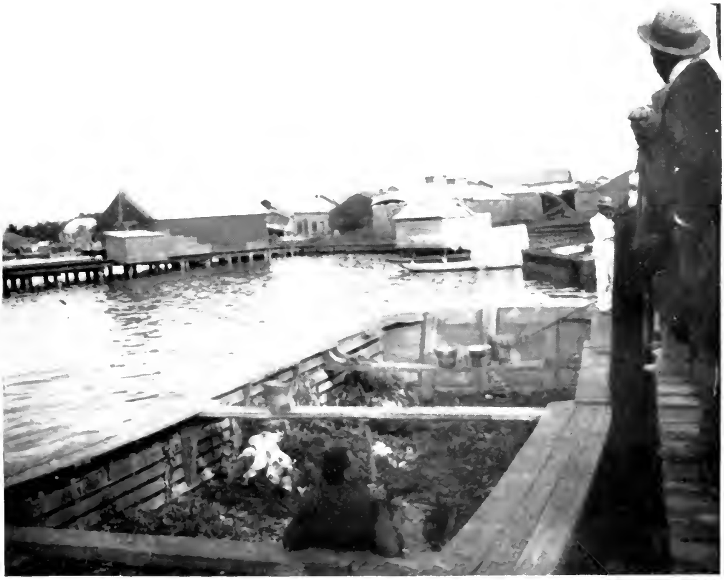


Photo by W. S. Campbell

LIGHTER RECEIVING THE DEAD

Many victims in the earthquake whose bodies had become a noisome offence were removed in barges from Kingston to a point outside the harbour where sharks abound. There they were committed to the bosom of the sea as the readiest means of disposal. (*See* p. 218.)

one storey, or two storeys at most, of the bungalow pattern, and composed largely, if not entirely, of wood, something in a word that will yield to a similar strain should this most fearful visitation be repeated, though—if the immunities of the past may be presumed on—such another cataclysm should be spared the island until 2122.

Lastly, Jamaica has now an opportunity of raising for herself an entirely new capital. The Kingston of yesterday was the most featureless city, architecturally considered, that it has been my lot to visit—narrow streets, a possible side walk, buildings of the most heterogeneous sorts, each reared regardless of its neighbour.

Out of all this chaos may we not hope that there will now arise another Kingston, further removed from the harbour, of broader streets, of umbrageous boulevards, with—is it too much to hope ?—in its main thoroughfares a suggestion of the Boulevard des Italiens? Nervous tourists may hesitate, but fright will be replaced by confidence if Jamaicans will now recognise the elementary common sense of building shops and houses suited to the country.

Theirs is a land of singular beauty, of wood and water, a veritable tropical garden of inexhaustible richness, where anything and everything will grow and prosper. It is a land with a great past and a greater future : if her administrators at home, as well as abroad, will but read their lesson aright, and realise their opportunities to-day.

XXXII

THE

Jamaica Gazette.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1907.

PROCLAMATION.

The Governor desires to express his profound sympathy with all persons who have lost relatives or friends by the calamity of the 14th inst.

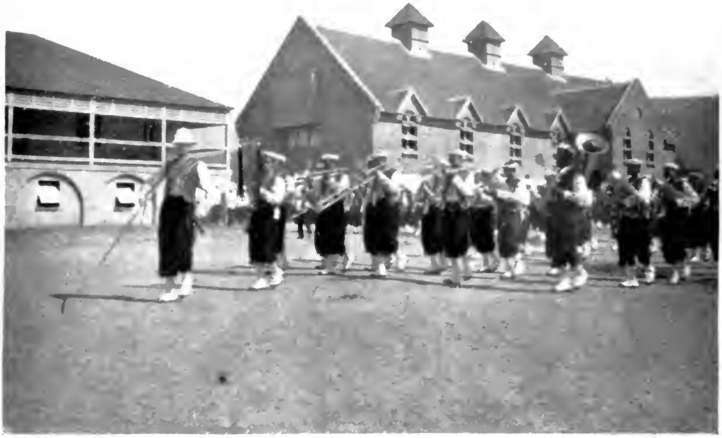
Also for all those who have suffered in body or property by the same visitation.

He tenders his best thanks to all those who by their actions or example have devoted themselves to repairing the injuries suffered by all classes of people, and he calls upon all persons to take early action to repair the damage done.

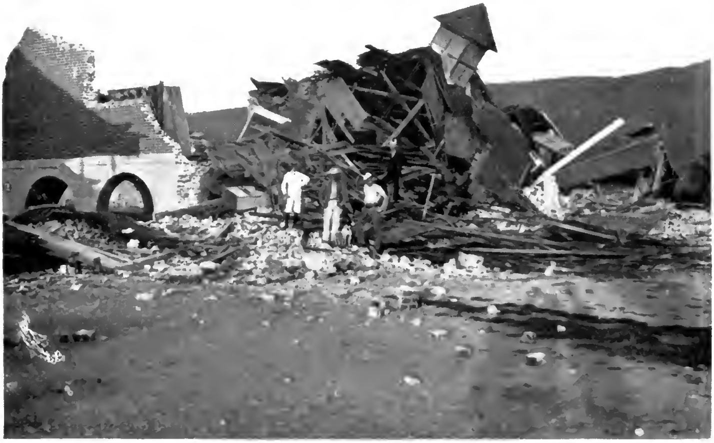
His Excellency particularly thanks all those who by their steadiness and patience have rendered the task of the authorities easier in suppressing the fire and in keeping order.

J. A. SWETTENHAM,
Governor.

January 16, 1907.



BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE: THE BAND OF THE WEST INDIA REGIMENT OUTSIDE THE GARRISON CHAPEL



Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE: THE RUINS OF THE GARRISON CHAPEL

XXXIII

AMERICAN AID

I HAD no intention of adding one word to the story of Jamaica in the bitter hour of her trial, nor did I foresee the occasion (and in some degree the necessity) of doing so that has since presented itself. My task, as a guest of Sir Alfred Jones, consisted in communicating my impressions of a beautiful tropical garden, with especial reference to the growth of cotton on a wide commercial basis, to a syndicate of newspapers, through the agency of my friend, Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, of Messrs. Cassell.

It became known, however, that I was in Kingston at the time of the upheaval, with the result that I received, days after the happening, urgent requests from English and American newspapers for the fullest personal details. These requests conveyed to us within the isolated city the first authentic information that nothing but the baldest details of the disaster had thus far reached the outside world. Further, they told us that within certain limitations, *i.e.*, the capabilities of one wire, the pressure of Government work in keeping the Colonial Office informed of all that had happened, and the messages in response to urgent inquiries from relatives and friends at home, it was now possible to tell something of Kingston's bitter tale of suffering and woe.

How long the messages received by me had been in course of transmission it was impossible to conjecture; but that there should be delay was inevitable, and that there was delay is proved to me now by a more urgently-worded cablegram that has followed me home across the Atlantic. This message is from the *New York Times*, and asks if it is not possible for me to comply with their previous request for a long description of the disaster: "No adequate report has yet come out of Kingston. Intense anxiety here and in England for news." From this explanation it will be understood that throughout the trying hours and days following the earthquake, and particularly in regard to incidents now related, my duty did not lie in the direction of gathering items of news.

The earlier cables reached me on the deck of the *Port Kingston*. I immediately went off to the music saloon, seized such scraps of paper as were still available—all the passengers had been urgently writing letters home, *via* New York and elsewhere—and set down in haste, amid overpowering heat and the sickening odour of a burning city, such facts as were within my own experience.

"In an atmosphere which is charged with conflicting rumours," I wrote that night in my long cablegram, which filled, a few days later, several columns of the *New York Times*,* "it is impossible to believe anything outside one's own know-

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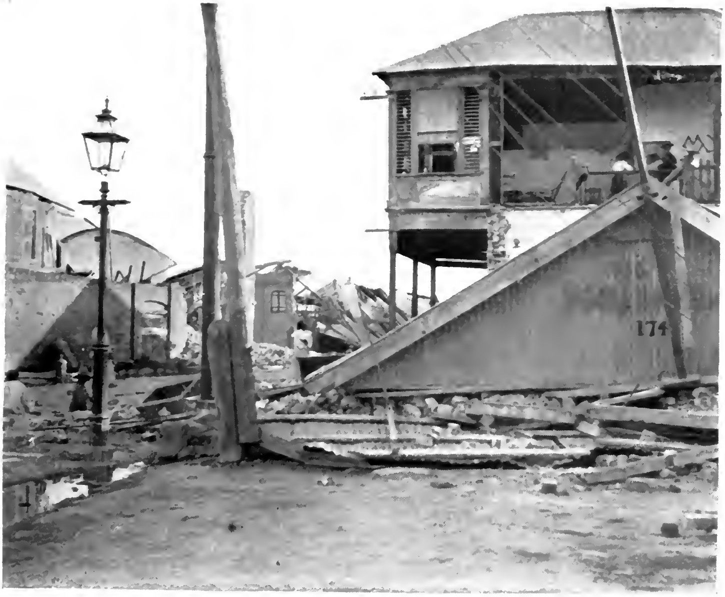
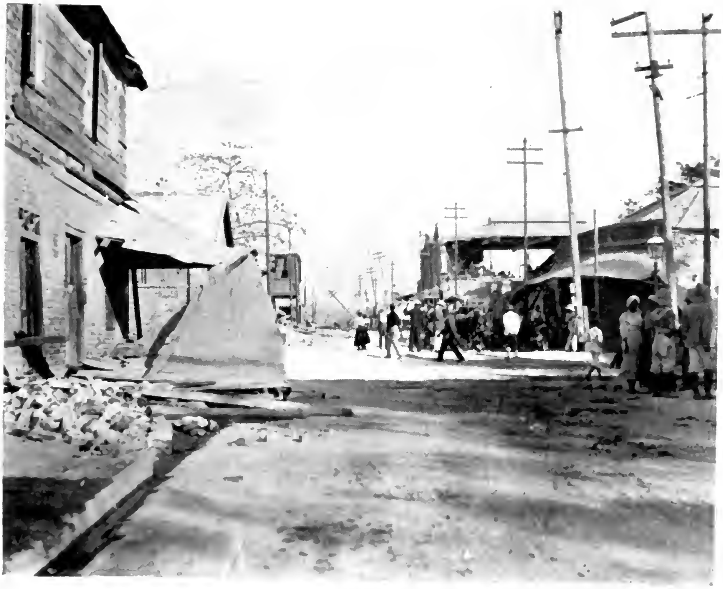
* This message appeared in New York on Sunday instead of Friday or Saturday as I had expected, and was apparently the first long message to get through (though I was unaware of that fact at the time), blocking the wire for a considerable time. It reached London on Saturday morning, but was not published till Monday. Meanwhile an enterprising Transatlantic news-agency made use of the opportunity and despatched the message once more to England, where it appeared all over the country at greater or less length in journals that had not borne a tithe of the cost entailed by the *Daily Mail*, the newspaper for which it was alone sought and intended.



A GLIMPSE OF HARBOUR STREET, KINGSTON



Both Photos by Mr. Ebenezer Carr

ANOTHER PART OF HARBOUR STREET, KINGSTON

ledge and experience I know the situation has been immensely relieved by the arrival of the American warships *Missouri* and *Indiana*, with a torpedo-boat, under Admiral Davis, with men ready to offer as a guard and surgeons with medical comforts and supplies. Without a moment's delay the admiral landed a body of men as guards. He also tendered the services of his medical staff; but Sir Alexander Swettenham, who exchanged courtesies with Admiral Davis on board the *Missouri*, declined the offer on the ground that he saw no justification for accepting it. Yet I know that the presence of the bluejackets quelled with opportuneness a rising among the prisoners in the penitentiary, and established a sense of power and authority, the value of which it is impossible to over-estimate.

"I cannot appreciate the feeling behind these diplomatic courtesies, and do not know how far the Governor is acting under the pressure of medical etiquette, but I do know that the American admiral's offer was made in the cause of our common humanity, and the aid of eight surgeons was declined while the hospital was crowded with 400 or 500 patients, though the accommodation was barely sufficient for half that number."

In the cloud of conflicting statements, my information at that moment was that the Governor had in some way got his back up over the American warships, and that in declining the aid of the navy surgeons he was doing so under urgent pressure of such of the resident medical men as still survived and were available for public work. It was incredible that doctors could carry professional jealousy to such lengths, but pressure of some kind, it seemed to me, had been exercised somewhere by some one; and that explanation seemed as reasonable in its unreasonableness as any other that could be offered.

Returning to England, I found that it was this action on the part of the Governor that produced at home and abroad the most profound sensation, just as it produced in me, at the time, and on the spot, bewilderment and amazement. Much bitter controversy has arisen, and the American "invasion" of Jamaica has become an historic "incident." What are the facts?

The earthquake occurred on Monday, the 14th January. The days of Tuesday and Wednesday were full of dark forebodings as to what would happen if the worst element in the black population of this seaport* were to get out of hand and ridicule and defy the black troops; or, worst contingency of all, what would happen if the black troops joined the looters, and the whole negro population threw off its yoke of subjection.

Even the most unimaginative among us heard with unfeigned anxiety that inmates of the asylum had broken away, that in one instance coming under my own notice, a lunatic had invaded a party camped in the garden, and violently seized a man by the throat, only to relax his hold with as little reason, and that in another case several blacks came up threateningly and exclaimed, "Black man as good as white man now!" only to be cowed into submission by a white man's resolute and determined will. The fact that only nine lunatics, out of a total of 1000, escaped, is quite immaterial to the issue. The nine included a man named Senior, one of the most violent of the

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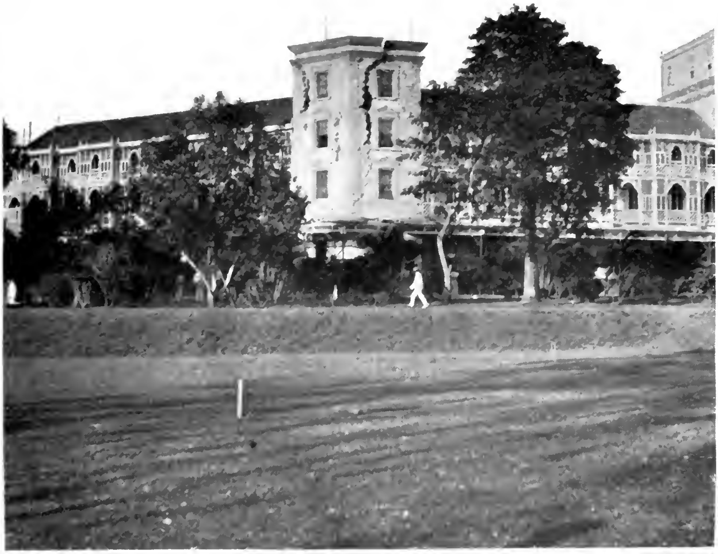
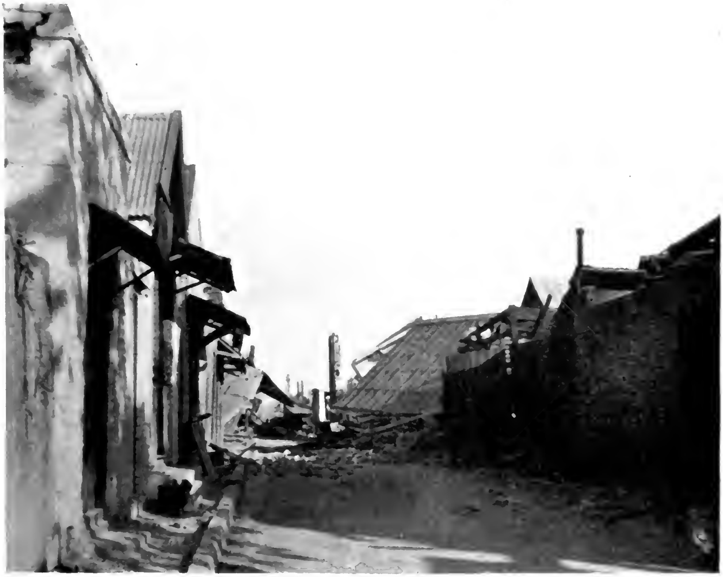
* Old Colonials warned me, long before I set foot in Jamaica, to base no judgment of the negro race upon any uncouth specimens I might chance to meet in Kingston. The depraved idler and offender is to be found in the capital alone. Nowhere else can he secure foothold on the island.



CONSTANT SPRING HOTEL

Showing the West Tower, cracked in the earthquake, and now entirely reconstructed.



Both Photos by Mr. Ebenezer Carr

PORT ROYAL STREET, KINGSTON

whole tribe at the asylum, and their uncontrolled presence in the streets instantly produced the impression—an impression that would be shared by any one placed in like circumstances—that the whole of the unhappy people were free.

Certainly the earthquake was responsible for an outbreak within the asylum itself, that threatened to be the death of the matron-superintendent. The women in their mad fury set upon her, and there was a moment when it was feared that the black staff might leave their chief to her fate in order to save themselves Dr. D. J. Williams, for whom the lunatics entertain a child-like faith and respect that is no less wonderful than pathetic, came upon the scene at this timely moment, and almost unaided quelled the disturbance

Nor were the grossest acts of robbery absent from the streets. Shops were looted wholesale—an entire establishment in less than ten minutes. Elsewhere a Chinaman, buried in débris to his neck, was left to his lingering fate while his store was ransacked before his eyes.

The people had either lost all sense of right or believed the ridiculous story they told each other, that the Governor had given them leave to take away anything they fancied in any shop fallen by the earthquake.

Near the corner of King Street and Harbour Street on the early morning of Tuesday, two of the black ruffians who can maintain a foothold on the island by keeping to Kingston alone, were found in the heat of an angry quarrel as to the possessions of a white lady, whose body, apparently that of an American tourist, lay at their feet. There were rings on the lady's fingers, bangles on her wrist, and a gold chain encircled her neck—as profoundly pathetic a picture in this city of ruin as any the sun shone on.

I mention these incidents to show that the days following the earthquake were full of dread anxiety, that the sense of grave apprehension was widespread among the white population, and that some display of the white man's strength and resource was eagerly sought and expected.

Many stories reached us of the strength that was near at hand, and almost hourly expected, that the *Dreadnought*, greatest ship of the fighting line of the world, had been intercepted on a voyage to somewhere and was now steaming to protect if not to save us. To me, the most reasonable and the most credible story was that the British gun-boat stationed at Bridgetown, Barbados, had started for Kingston, Jamaica, the moment she had learned of the disaster. But when would she come? Hours seemed like days, and because the gun-boat did not accomplish three days' sailing in three hours, there was undisguised impatience.

It was inevitable that the Government should be accused of starving the navy, starving the colonies, and that we should hear that our West Indian possessions were practically abandoned, or at the mercy of any contingency that might arise. I fear it was in vain that I urged, without any brief for any party, that this isolation of the West Indies was not a political question, that it was the approved judgment of our wisest naval strategists that we should concentrate our fighting force on the sea at the point at which it could deal the first and deadliest blow upon any possible enemy, that in the Caribbean Sea we had no fears beyond our everlasting fears of that grim monster we could not see, who was bent upon disturbing the very earth's crust itself, and against which no naval programme could provide.

Imagine, therefore, the sense of relief to every one in Kingston when, that Wednesday night at nearly midnight, the unmistakable penetrating search-light of a warship flashed over the town from a point outside the channel. It wanted no telling, it was known to every one, white, coloured and black, and that night people everywhere, in their own gardens or in the parks, and seated or lying amid the débris, slept with that refreshing sense of peace and security which authority backed by inherent strength can alone convey.

But, dare I confess it? A fresh grievance arose in the fact that the ship was not British. Let me pass this over with the contempt that is due to the pitiful parochial minds that gave it utterance. An hour or two later the ship of war which turned out to be the United States torpedo destroyer *Whipple*, was abreast of us, and no sooner had she dropped anchor, than two of her officers, whom I later came to know as Dr. Ames and Lieutenant-Commander Anderson, came over to us, and in undisguised impatience at every moment's delay asked to be conducted to the master of the ship.

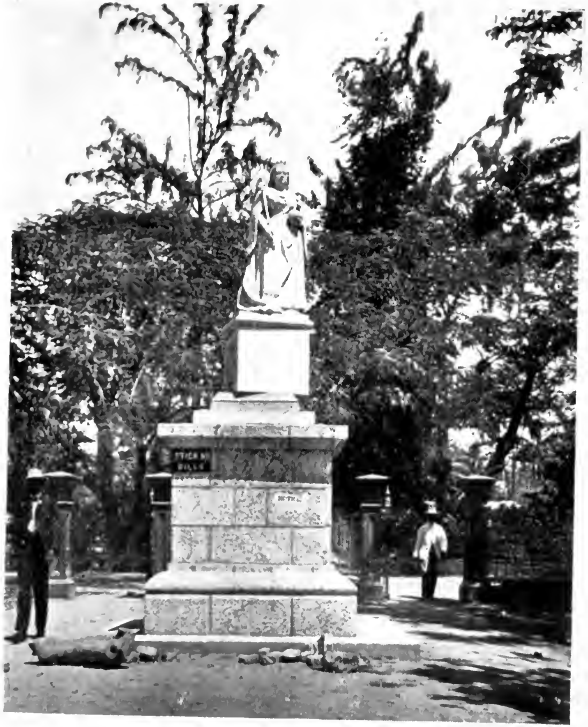
I was present throughout the interview between the three men. The officers asked where they could find the Governor, as they wished to see him without an instant's delay. The Captain was as hazy as any of us as to where the Governor might be found at that hour of the night, and the "let me think" was understood to be disinclination to say definitely, or a preliminary to evasion. The officers did not disguise their annoyance, and would not brook a moment's delay.

"Surely, gentlemen," said one of them, "some one in the whole ship's company can conduct us to the Governor, right here and now."

In that way officers and captains developed distrust on one side and annoyance on the other, when none was strictly justified on either side. Happily it ended abruptly in the Captain's conducting the officers ashore, where they met Deputy Inspector-General Wedderburn, the chief of police in Kingston city—not, be it noted, the chief constabulary official of the whole island, as that post is held by Major Kershaw, an officer with a distinguished record in a like capacity (if I remember rightly) in Cyprus.

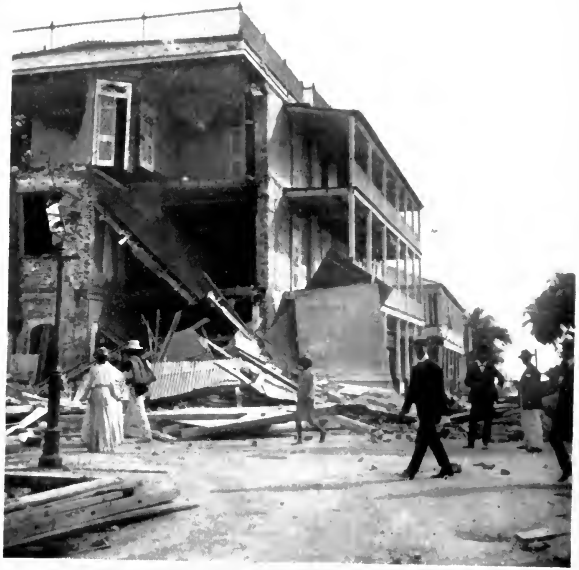
The Governor was at his home, some miles outside the town, and not then visible. From Mr. Wedderburn, however, they obtained the welcome due to their position and mission. The officers came back to our ship, and Captain Parsons returned with them to their vessel and readily moved their ship to a more convenient and safer anchorage, so that the breezy cross purposes of the earlier interview were happily ended.

Next morning the two warships *Missouri* and *Indiana* came in sight, steaming at what seemed (having regard to their deep draught) a dangerous speed up a channel that could no longer be trusted, after the upheaval of an earthquake. But it was an urgent mission full of the grim possibilities of saving broken and wrecked lives lying under heaps of ruins, and the Admiral was obviously prepared to take risks. It was between 8 and 9 A.M. when the two ships in line made that grand sweep that leads up to the immediate front of Kingston; a glorious morning, a blue sky overhead, with not so much as a speck of white cloud to break the horizon; such a morning and such a scene as the tropics and the blue waters and green



THE STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA

was shaken, but did not fall. The statue of Father Doupont on the other side of the gardens was completely wrecked,



Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

THE MARINE GARDENS HOTEL

the scene of a tragic incident (the black nurse and the

slopes of Jamaica can alone produce. The flags of both ships were flying at half-mast.

Truly a spectacle in its accumulated grandeur, sorrow and might, and in its mission of mercy and love of humanity I can never again hope to realise! I envy no man who, in the face of an entire city lying in ruins, could witness unmoved to the depths of his heart the approach of those ships that morning.

Men were immediately landed, armed and ready for any emergency with which the Governor might have to deal, while two officers—the flag lieutenant and the Admiral's secretary—were entrusted with the duty of interviewing the authorities and acquainting the Governor of what had been done, and in the name of the Admiral and the whole of the American people placing the two ships of war, with all their men, surgeons, sick-bay men, medical supplies and comforts entirely at his disposal.

The officers, on landing, were directed to the temporary headquarters of the Government, where the Colonial Secretary was in charge.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" was the question addressed to the American officers.

Under the circumstances the inquiry bore a suggestion of grotesque humour of which I am disposed to judge the speaker had only a feeble notion.

"It would not seem to be a question of what you can do for us," was the naval officer's reply; "it is what can we do for you?"

"Have it so."

The American officers then explained their authority, their mission and their resources. They came in response to an appeal of the Governor of Jamaica to the provisional Governor of Cuba which had reached him over the cable in these terms:

(Dated Wednesday, January 16, 1907.)

"*Kindly send immediately bandages, lint and wool for those injured by the earthquake, at cost of Colony.*"

A copy of this telegram had been sent by Governor Magoon to the Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Atlantic fleet, asking him at the same time to respond if possible to the call of the Governor of Jamaica.

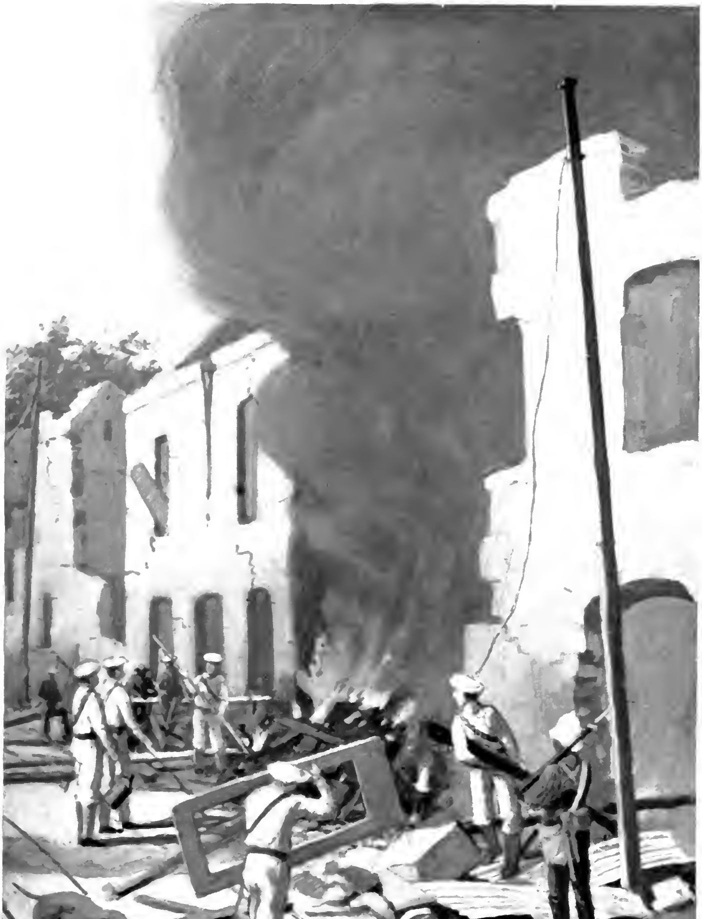
"That is why we are here."

Meanwhile the American navy men, apprehending no difficulty or "incident," and impatient at any waste of precious moments in the exchange of idle diplomatic courtesies, while lives were slipping away in the gloom, were already at work.

Surgeon McDowell, with six other skilled officers, was superintending the landing of the medical stores which had been so urgently sought. Tents, of which I subsequently learned there was only a limited supply, were brought ashore and erected in the Parade Gardens to shelter some of the homeless people.

Another detachment of the navy men readily lent themselves to the task of pulling down dangerous walls that threatened a further destruction of life. Looting was arrested in cases that came under the notice of the men as they worked in the streets in the heat of a tropical sun.

But most important of all, while natives lingered in impotent idleness, the eager, plucky, adventure-loving seamen, set to work to investigate some of the ruins that lay on every hand. From beneath the débris of the Sailors' Home, four bodies were soon brought to light. Death had come to these victims with merciful speed; already the remains were a noisome offence. A fire of broken timbers



AMERICAN BLUE-JACKETS TO THE RESCUE

" While natives lingered in impotent idleness, the eager . . . seamen . . . brought four bodies to light . . . Already the remains were a noisome offence. A fire . . . was quickly made." (*See* pp. 242–3.)

was quickly made, and the disfigured bodies, that defied all identification, were cast into the flames without an instant's delay.

The American surgeons established their temporary hospital at Winchester Park, and were soon busily engaged alleviating the sufferings of the people, and to some extent easing the pressure of work upon their resident professional brethren.

These acts of charity and humanity were advancing, while at Washington official authority and sanction were pushed forward with equal celerity.

The cable of Sir Alexander Swettenham to the Governor of Cuba was dated the 16th. On that same date Admiral Evans detached a portion of his squadron for immediate duty, and to Rear-Admiral Davis was delegated the task of relieving the fallen fortunes of Kingston.

The *Whipple* was instantly despatched, and the *Missouri* and *Indiana* were already in Kingston Harbour on the morning of the 17th, when the Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Fleet in Cuban waters received from the Navy department at Washington the authorisation he had anticipated:

(Dated January 17, 1907.)

"*If in your judgment conditions require issuing stores to Kingston earthquake sufferers, you are authorised to do so.*"

An Act of Congress was drawn up and approved the next day. It was entitled "An Act for the relief of the Citizens of the Island of Jamaica," and it authorised the President of the United States "to use and distribute among the suffering and destitute people of the Island of Jamaica such provisions, clothing, medicines and other necessary articles belonging to the subsistence and other stores of the naval establishment as may be necessary for the purpose of succouring the people who are in peril and threatened with starvation on the same island in consequence of the recent earthquake and attendant conflagration."

While all this speed was being exercised on our behalf, what were we doing in the earthquake city itself? Stumbling over nice points of international etiquette? as I have seen stated; asking ourselves if some, under the circumstances, ridiculous fusty old Colonial Office Regulation No. 209 had been quite nicely and properly observed? as I have seen gravely urged; or were we standing in a state of coma under some paralysing influence, awe-stricken and afraid, though the city contained Englishmen, like Sir Alfred Jones, to name only one of a dozen or more, of the highest organising experience and power? Let us see.

Relief for the stricken people came also with startling promptitude, from quarters that have received but scant acknowledgment. The day after the earthquake, when suddenly provision had to be made for thousands of persons in hospital and camp, there sailed from Santiago, Cuba, the steamer *Oteri*, at the order of the International Brotherhood League of California. The ship was laden with food-stuffs, and their representative, Mr. W. R. Turner, tendered these supplies to the people in the name of the League, while on his own behalf he offered his personal services in any capacity that would suggest itself. The *Oteri* discharged her welcome cargo and cleared the port, but came back again to Kingston with further shipments of coffee and other necessaries, such as the doctors at the hospital had deemed to be most urgently required.

The guests at the superb Hotel Titchfield—Americans all—promptly organised a relief com-

CENTRAL PARK, 6 A.M. THE MORNING AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

FAMILIES ENCAMPED IN THE GARDENS OF THEIR WRECKED HOMES, VICTORIA AVENUE, KINGSTON

mittee, and subscribed £500. The ladies did more—they sat up all night in the charitable and sympathetic labour of making bandages, despatching to the stricken city these and all other supplies that money could secure at that moment in shop or store in Port Antonio. Nor were the employés in the Hotel less unmindful of the needs of the suffering people, sparing neither savings nor service in the common cause.

The work that was done at the Government hospital during these days of stress and trial, relieved as it was at all points by the efforts I have described, outstrips all feeble words of praise and appreciation. And yet, despite all the energy and self-sacrificing efforts of Dr. J. Errington Ker and the medical staff that was called to his aid, no city ever presented for days after the great happening so ample a field of activity.

At 3.30 on the fateful afternoon the inmates of the general hospital at Kingston numbered 202, a normal figure. By five o'clock the roll of patients had jumped almost at a bound to 700 or 800, all the additions being composed of serious and fatal injury cases of all classes. I am persuaded that none but those who were either present at the time or have had actual experience on the field of battle, can presume to appreciate the scene of carnage that presented itself, or form any idea of the qualities required to cope with the difficulties that revealed themselves at every turn.

Anæsthetics were buried in the upheaval with all the surgical instruments remaining in the operating theatre; but willing hands unearthed these, and thereafter there was a sufficient supply of chloroform—ether is seldom used in Jamaica, as it does not keep well.

For at least two days Dr. Ker had no information as to what had befallen outside localities. Kingston itself was a measureless scene of disaster and still greater danger. With no certainty at first of a full and reliable water supply, the imminence of rain, and many thousands of people living practically in the open, on the race course, the Quebec lands, the Parade Gardens, &c., under conditions predisposing them to disease, the Superintending Medical Officer and those associated with him deemed it not improbable that earthquake and fire would give place to an epidemic, and that plague, typhoid, or dysentery would fill up Jamaica's cup of bitterness to running over.

Dr. C. W. M. Castle, the Senior Medical Officer, with the staff—Dr. J. A. Allwood, Dr. G. H. K. Ross, and Dr. F. R. Evans—was already in active operation, while Dr. C. R. Edwards, of Gordon Town, who happened to be under treatment at the hospital at the time, very pluckily got up and faced the work. Other help was urgently needed, and Dr. Ker summoned from the country districts for duty at the hospital those members of the Government Medical Service who could be spared from their local stations, and to whom actual injury had not incapacitated from work. Dr. W. D. Neish hastened to the scene of disaster from Spanish Town, Dr. C. A. H. Thomson from Falmouth, Dr. A. W. Thomson from Chapelton, Dr. R. S. Turton from Stony Hill, Dr. W. G. Farquharson from Lucea, Dr. G. P. Campbell from St. Thomas, and Dr. F. A. Ritchie from Trelawney.

Private medical practitioners like Dr. C. T. Dewar of Trelawney, Dr. G. W. Thomson of Montego Bay, and Dr. Vine of Falmouth were also among the helpers; as were those of Kingston itself—Dr. M. Grabham, Dr. F. L. Myers, and Dr. A. A. Ayton—as soon as the necessities of their individual patients and their own homes permitted.

Nor must I omit from this roll of honour the name of Mr. M. C. Solomon, who was attached to the Public Hospital immediately after the calamity, acting, I judged, as Dr. Ker's right hand in a multitude of administrative duties that suddenly arose in these strenuous, nerve-racking days.

Happily, well-grounded fears for the future were not realised. The rain did not fall, and if Kingston escaped an epidemic, the country, as a whole, suffered for months after the earthquake the most terrible loss from drought within living memory. But to the Medical Department, and in particular to Dr. J. Errington Ker, the island owes the most profound gratitude, not merely for the work of tireless days and nights, but for timely preparation for a visitation of sickness, to which, had it once established itself in our midst, Jamaican history could have shown no like chastening.

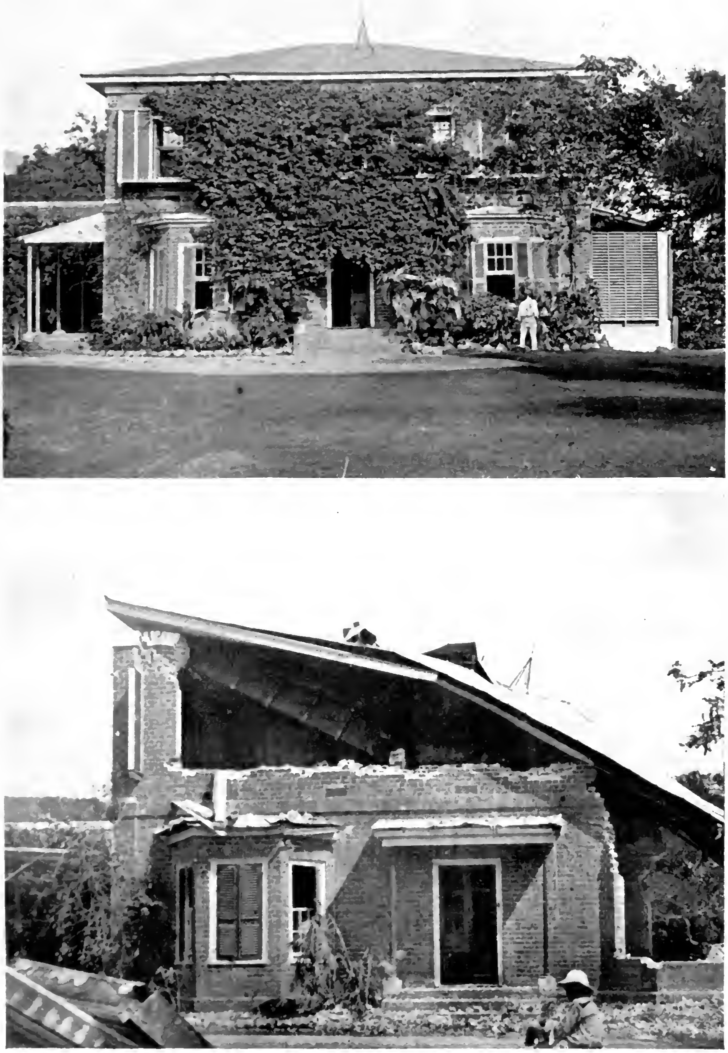
XXXIV

ACCEPTED AND REFUSED

By some unhappy accident or chance, of which I cannot pretend to offer the smallest explanation or excuse, the aid—particularly the medical and surgical aid—offered by the American man-of-war's men, with sailor-like heart and impatience over all form and ceremony, was received with the landsman's chilling hauteur. The authorities appeared at the same time to accept without offence a like offer at the hands of Dr. Christensen, who came to Kingston in hot haste at the bidding of the Governor of the Danish West Indian Island of St. Thomas, on the same humanitarian mission. Thus was in process of formation an "incident" which, with all its involutions, cross purposes, and unsettled policy, has no historical parallel.

Trouble arose at the Penitentiary, where some hundreds of the most intractable men on the island were undergoing various terms of imprisonment. The earthquake had played havoc with part of the building, and at least two prisoners were killed by the falling bricks, one victim, by the irony of fate, at the very moment he first entered the prison.

A spirit of alarm and unrest seized the men at the moment of the upheaval. By Thursday morning they were at large in the compound of the jail, and could not be got back to their cells. Mr.



Photos lent to the Author

THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF DR. SHACKLETON IN THE ASYLUM GROUNDS, KINGSTON

(1) Before and (2) after the earthquake.

Douglas, the superintendent, was now sufficiently alarmed to see that a serious conflict of authority was sooner or later inevitable, and that if it was war, his meagre staff must be annihilated. Word was immediately despatched to Major Kershaw (Inspector-General of Police and Inspector-General of Prisons and Reformatories—two inspector-generalships which should never be held by one and the same person*) at the Government Head-quarters, where the Colonial Secretary (the Hon. Hugh Clarence Bourne) was acting chief.

These officials can alone say if this urgent appeal for help from the Penitentiary was not brought to the notice of the Governor without delay. I know the Governor was not present at the moment, but he was constantly visible riding about the city. As I saw him he was a proper object of respect and admiration, soldier-like and calm, with not a trace of the nervous tension of which by stupid, unkind friends he was later accused. Indeed, no parade-ground ever presented a more wholesome spectacle of dignified cleanliness, the large, immaculate white gauntlets giving a finishing touch to an altogether striking and impressive picture.

Unhappily, few of his subordinate officers, facetiously described as "my insubordinates," realised his standard of efficiency in this period of trial. Yet no body of Government officials, so far as I was enabled to judge, ever worked more zealously in a moment of crisis. Their efforts were rewarded in only too many instances by contemptuous criticism and a public castigation that must have gone far to rob authority of its influence, prestige, and power. The dignity of the administrator was surely wanting when the Governor dismounted to show the native labourer how to play the hose-pipe on smouldering débris! While absurdly trifling details were obtaining attention, large public issues, full of vital import, were going awry for want of timely grasp.

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* An officer who is responsible for the prosecution ought not in all fairness to be the officer responsible for the administration of the sentence.

It would be interesting to know how far these unfortunate differences were made known to the authorities at home. Any member of the Government service has the right of appeal to His Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies in London. Such appeal would be despatched to Lord Elgin through the medium of Sir Alexander Swettenham, who would be bound to transmit it to the proper quarter. And though the Governor would read the accusation laid to his charge it would be approved custom on his part to make no counter accusation, explanation, or defence until the Secretary of State asked for such explanation or defence.*

Of alarm, "official alarm," if I may so describe it, I do not think there was any. What if the prisoners at the Penitentiary did break away? "Was not St. Paul released by an earthquake?

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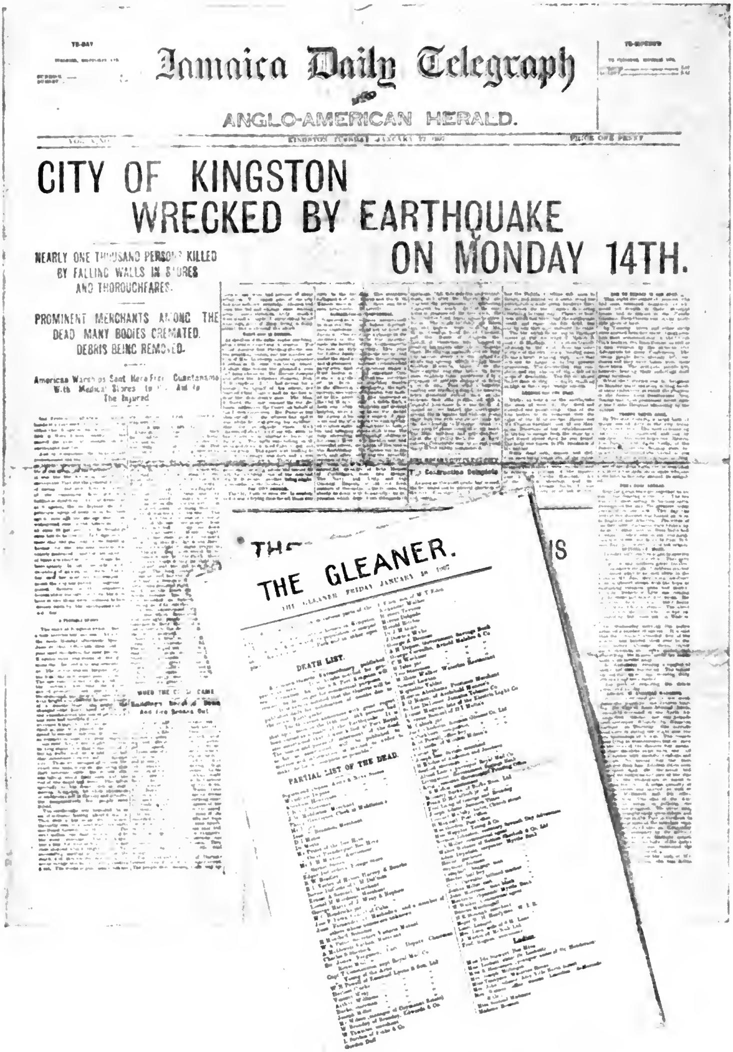
* That such appeal was made to Lord Elgin, in one instance, may be assumed from an announcement in the *Gleaner*, July 8, 1907, as follows:—

"UNDESERVED CENSURE.—Late Governor's Withdrawal.—A large number of our Kingston readers are aware that a senior Inspector of Police from a country parish who was on duty in Kingston immediately after the earthquake, was very severely and publicly reprimanded by our late Governor for some supposed neglect of duty, which it subsequently transpired the police officer in question was not responsible for. The Inspector, after failing to obtain a withdrawal of the censure in Jamaica, petitioned the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The late Governor, in forwarding the Inspector's petition, withdrew the reprimand and expressed his regret, stating that the whole affair was due to a misunderstanding of the circumstances. We understand that Lord Elgin caused the police inspector to be informed that in view of the late Governor's withdrawal of the censure, there was no need for further consideration of the matter."



Jamaica Daily Telegraph

and

ANGLO-AMERICAN HERALD.

CITY OF KINGSTON WRECKED BY EARTHQUAKE ON MONDAY 14TH.

NEARLY ONE THOUSAND PERSONS KILLED BY FALLING WALLS IN STORES AND THOROUGHFARES.

PROMINENT MERCHANTS AMONG THE DEAD. MANY BODIES CREMATED. DEBRIS BEING REMOVED.

American Warships Sent Here From Guantanamo With Medical Stores to Aid the Injured

THE GLEANER.

DEATH LIST.

PARTIAL LIST OF THE DEAD.

MEMENTOES OF THE EARTHQUAKE

Men as well as machinery were lost in the upheaval, but despite every difficulty the newspapers, with splendid courage and enterprise, soon resumed regular publication —*The Gleaner* (reduced in size) on Friday the 18th, and the *Jamaica Daily Telegraph* (in its familiar form) on Tuesday the 22nd. Copies of both journals were eagerly bought, and the roll of death was anxiously scanned. In the tension and confusion of a wrecked city no one knew who had survived or who had fallen.

Then there was no reason why the prisoners at the Kingston Penitentiary should not be released by the same agency if they had attained a similar degree of sanctity!" It was a feeble witticism, but it would serve.

With those, however in close quarters with the contingency in the prison there was real stress and anxiety, and the Admiral was asked for an armed party to cope with an imminent peril. The *Indiana* moved from her anchorage to a point higher up the stream at which the prison parade ground might be overlooked, and an armed party of seventy-three men under Lieut. Sticht, with Ensign Abbott and Midshipmen Page and Mann, was landed for this special duty. No conflict occurred, this display of authority quelled the ugly mood of the mutinous men at once, and very soon afterwards every prisoner was back in his cell and under lock and key.

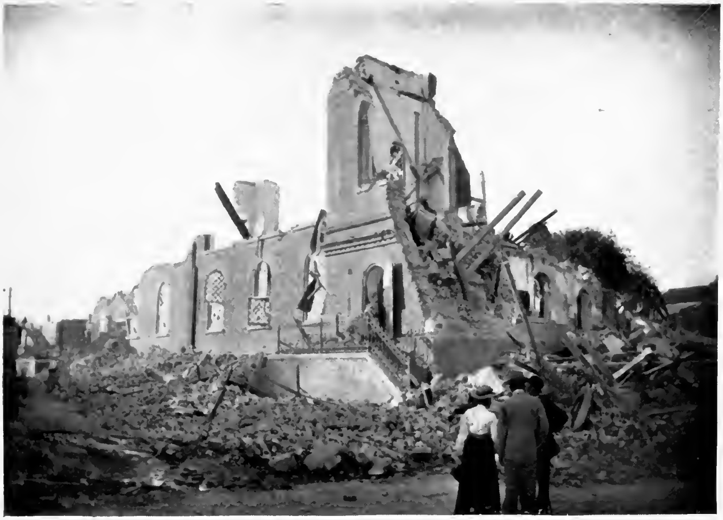
That night I went over to Admiral Davis. Not being known to the Admiral, I introduced myself as one who had the honour and pleasure of being personally known to his brave and distinguished chief. I was asked to join him at table, but my own clothes had become an offence by contact with the odours of the unburied and burning dead, and I made my excuses. I paced the deck in the companionship of one of his officers, and for the first time learned how grievously the relations of Governor and Admiral had gone awry, and how every charitable impulse of the American men-of-war's men had been checked.

I saw the Admiral a few minutes later in his cabin, and I found in him a man as unlike what Englishmen think is typical of American bounce as anything I can well imagine. Slight in build, with middle age behind him; gentle, suave and almost courtly in manner, a man, as I read the face, of generous instincts, keen intelligence, penetration, decision, and, I should judge, conciliatory to a degree; all features of the best type of fighting dog that any navy can produce.

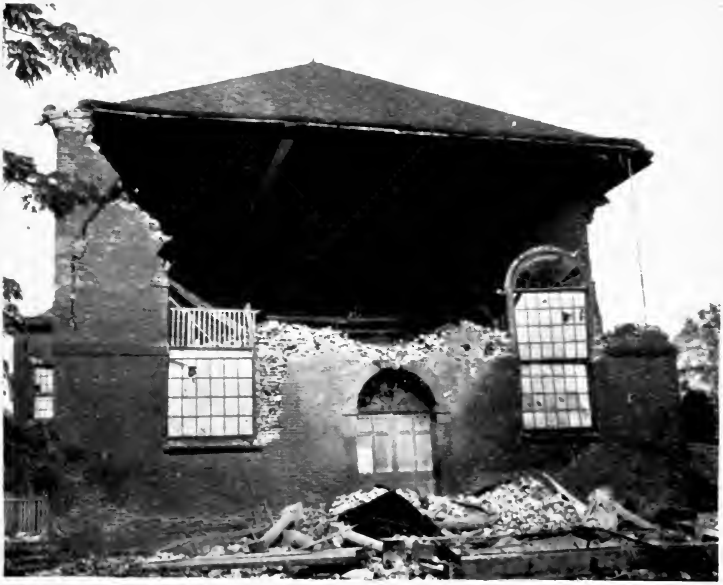
He told me how they had come away from Guantanamo, Cuba, in hot haste to render succour to a people stricken in grief under circumstances already detailed. He believed his men had thought of everything that could by any imagination be required, camps for the people to sleep under in the parks alone excepted. How they had forgotten tents, he could not tell, except, as he playfully added, by remembering everything else.

"I have been surprised and, with my officers, I have been deeply hurt that an offer of help should have been declined while the need was so obvious. I have met the Governor, and I think Sir Alexander Swettenham a man of undoubted intelligence and force of character. My only explanation is that he is acting on a misconception of the requirements of the situation, from want of actual knowledge of many facts as they have reached me as within the personal observation of certain of the most trusted officers of my ships. Can you offer any other explanation?" he concluded.

"To see the other side of any question you must assume the other man's point of view," I suggested. "Sir Alexander Swettenham has been here some time, and as a result of careful and judicious administration of its affairs has raised the finances of the island from a state of yearly deficit to one of healthy balance, when suddenly, down comes a crisis of this kind to sweep away every available surplus, and the labour of years. In England no less than in America I fear we do not ask, 'Why has a man not succeeded?' but 'Has he succeeded?'



HOLY TRINITY ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH,
DUKE STREET, KINGSTON



Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

THE OLD CALABAR BAPTIST CHAPEL, EAST QUEEN STREET, KINGSTON

The oldest chapel in the district.

earthquake or no earthquake, such a happening being taken as part of the luck or ill luck of the man. We will not blame the Governor for the earthquake, but we may act as if we did. I suggest to you, therefore, that the Governor is bitterly jealous of any interference from any quarter whatever. He wants to see this thing through himself."

"But is a crisis like this a one-man show?" asked the admiral "And a dangerous development was nipped in the bud by my men this morning by arresting a mutiny at the Penitentiary. Further, the Governor declares there is no looting, yet my officers give me an entirely contrary account, not the mere looting of shops and factories, but jewellery from houses and from the dead. I know they saved the jewellery of some poor people themselves as they passed through the streets on their return to the ship."

"Did the offer of aid involve any obligation?" I asked.

"None whatever. It was our privilege and our opportunity to be nearest at hand, and we deemed it would have been less than our duty to our common humanity to hesitate in coming here with every available necessary and supply for a city stricken by sorrow and death. My men were available for work, eager and ready to help, to pull down walls or build them up, to rescue the dead and dying and still living people from their tombs, to clear the streets of débris that the wounded might be carried to hospital with the least pain and suffering, at worst to allow the funeral cart to pass through, and establish by example the sense of authority which a body of navy men could give."

"But would not the Governor accept the help of your surgeons and their appliances, medical supplies, anæsthetics, &c. ?" I asked.

"In the opinion of the Governor the hospital is more than abreast of all its work. While, therefore, my offer of help has been declined, some of my medical staff have undoubtedly been working at the hospital on their own personal responsibility, where supplies and skilled aid were urgently required. My explanation, therefore, remains that facts have been withheld from the Governor, or that he does not apprehend the situation. I am to see him to-morrow morning, but I am not hopeful. In any event, our help is every hour of less value. I shall, however, be pleased to tell you the result, if you come over to the ship after 10 A M. to-morrow. You are most welcome also to any aid I can offer you in getting your cables on the wires, but, hemmed in by these high mountains, our 'wireless' is not of much service. I am sorry, I wish I could render you more immediate help."

That was the end of our public conversation, and a few minutes later I was on my way back over the sullen waters to the *Port Kingston.*

I was bitterly disappointed at what I judged would be regarded as an affront to the whole American people, regarding what was so entirely well meant; and in my cabled message I endeavoured to show that a hopeless misconception had arisen, and that the Governor had declined what would have redounded to his honour to have accepted with gratitude and esteem.

XXXV

FAMOUS LETTERS

THAT night, after I had left the *Missouri*, Admiral Davis despatched the following letter to the Governor* :—

"United States of America ship of war *Missouri*,[1]
Kingston, January 17.

"MY DEAR GOVERNOR,

"I beg that you will accept my apology for the mistake in the salute this afternoon. My orders were misunderstood, and the disregard of your wishes was due to mistake in transmission of orders forward. I trust that this apparent disregard of your wishes may be overlooked.

"I landed working parties from both ships (of war)[2] on the shore to-day to aid in ? wrecking, and in clearing away the ruins in the streets and buildings. I propose to land parties to-morrow morning for the same purpose unless you expressly desire me not to do so. I think there is a great deal that can be done in the way of assistance to private individuals without interfering with the forces of yourself and the Government officials.

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* Reprinted from the Parliamentary White Paper. The following variations, however, appear in the letter as given above to that published in the Jamaica *Daily Telegraph*, January 22, 1907 :—

(1) U.S.S. "Missouri" (not American ship of war).

(2) (of war) omitted.

My only object in being here is to render such assistance as I can. I trust that you will justify me in the matter in cause of common humanity.

"I had a patrol of six men on shore to-day to guard and secure the archives of the United States Consul,[3] together with a working party of ten men to clear away wreckage. This party, after the work at the Consulate was done, assisted the general working party in the work in the streets, and caught thieves, and recovered from them a safe belonging to a jewel[4] store value about 5000 dols. From this I judge that the police surveillance of the city is not adequate as to protection of private property.

"Actuated by the same motive, namely, that of common humanity, I shall direct the medical officers of my squadron to make such efforts as lie in their power to aid outlying cases of distress, which would not perhaps come under the observation and treatment of your medical officers.

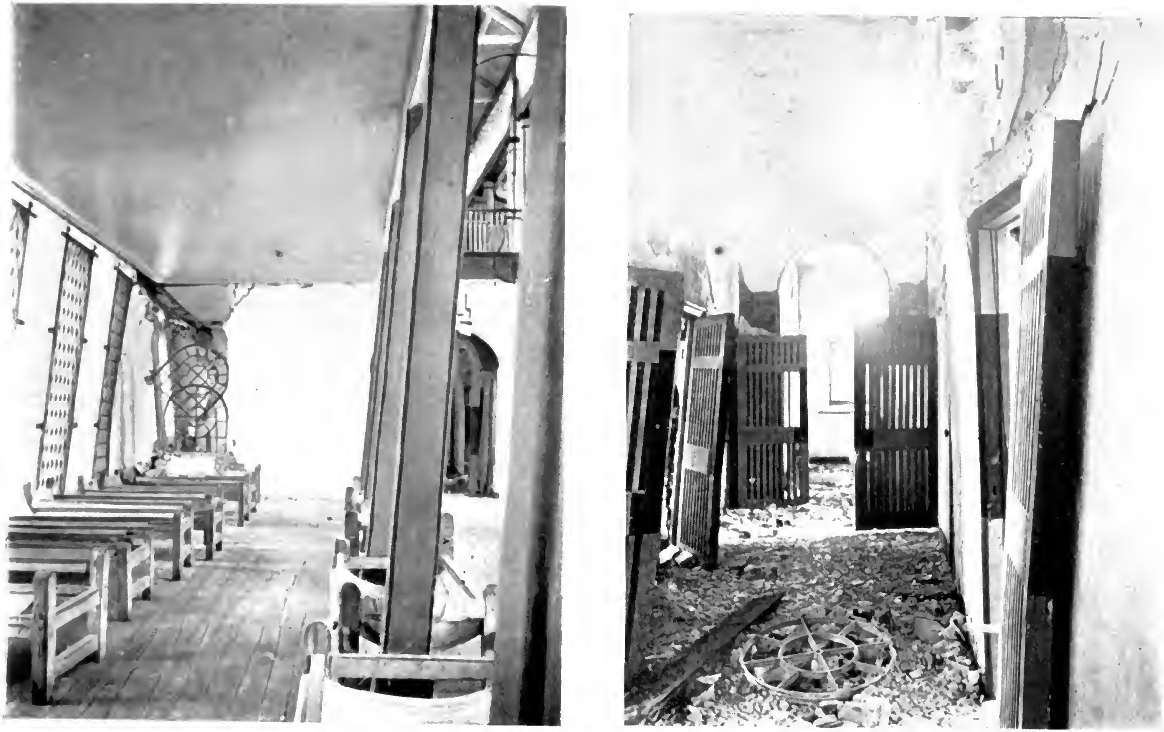
"I shall have the pleasure of meeting you at the hour appointed, namely, 10, at Headquarters House, and I trust that you will approve of my action in these matters.[5]

"I am, with high respect,
"Your obedient servant
"(Signed) C. H. DAVIS,
"Rear Admiral U.S. Navy Commanding
Detached Squadron."

Some hours later—it was then Friday morning—I sought the counsel and advice of Sir Alfred Jones.

"Will you not yourself make a visit to the

(3) Consul*ate*.
(4) Milke Bros. jewellery store.
(5) The remainder omitted.



Both Photos by Dr. D. B. Neish

WARDS IN THE LUNATIC ASYLUM

American Admiral, Sir Alfred," I urged, "and learn for yourself from Admiral Davis's own lips the offer he made and the refusal with which it was met; not merely to the offer of armed troops, but every offer of surgical assistance, medical supplies, and everything the mind of a charitable people could suggest?"

"How dare I?" asked Sir Alfred. "I am only a private individual, like yourself. How can I venture to step into a controversy between two strong-willed men, each with an entire nation behind him? I cannot foresee the harm I might do."

"Harm!" I said. "What harm can you do in knowing exactly what the Americans have done, what men and supplies they brought at an hour's notice, hearing in what way the offer was sought and made, and in what manner it was received and refused?"

"Believe me, I am grateful for the prompting," was Sir Alfred's reply, "but you must not ask me to do anything that would weaken the hands of the Governor when his authority wants all the backing it can obtain."

"Then let the Admiral himself do all the talking; meet him, and hear for yourself something besides the Governor's own story, because you are sure to be taxed on all these points on our return."

"No! no!! no!!!" each with more tone and less conviction.

And yet I was more than ever satisfied that the real Sir Alfred Jones was anxious beyond all things to reconcile the two men.

"Sir Alfred," I persisted, "if I know anything about what is going on in the outside world, from which we have been practically isolated for days, this is to you the opportunity of a lifetime. You are in this broken-down, distracted city of sorrow and death, not merely the first merchant, but the largest shipowner in the world, and these people have a particular and special financial claim upon you. For one whole hour you can be in the minds of two great peoples—in fact, the peoples of the world—the greatest Englishman alive. Let me take a boat and announce to the Admiral your coming. If your visit were at this moment of strain impossible, or difficult, or even inconvenient, I would know in an instant; but I am as sure of it as I am alive that you will be received by Admiral Davis with honour and distinction. I am vain enough to want to arrange an historic conference. I want to see, in this moment of tragedy, the meeting of the only two men in the whole island who really matter."

"I cannot! I must not. My place now is that of director of this line of steamers, and my business is to get this ship to sea in fulfilment of a binding contract."

"I know if you talk with the Admiral for four minutes you won't let this ship go to sea to-day, contract or no contract."

But it was no use contesting, as it seemed to me, with a whole shipful of active and persistent advisers all ranged against my view, prompting Sir Alfred Jones to do no act of venturesome initiative that might entail the displeasure of the Governor and all the satellites of that official sun. And so, bitterly disappointed and a good deal broken in spirit, I relinquished the task of bringing two large-hearted men of action together.

That same day the Governor's reply * reached the hands of the Admiral. It read as follows:

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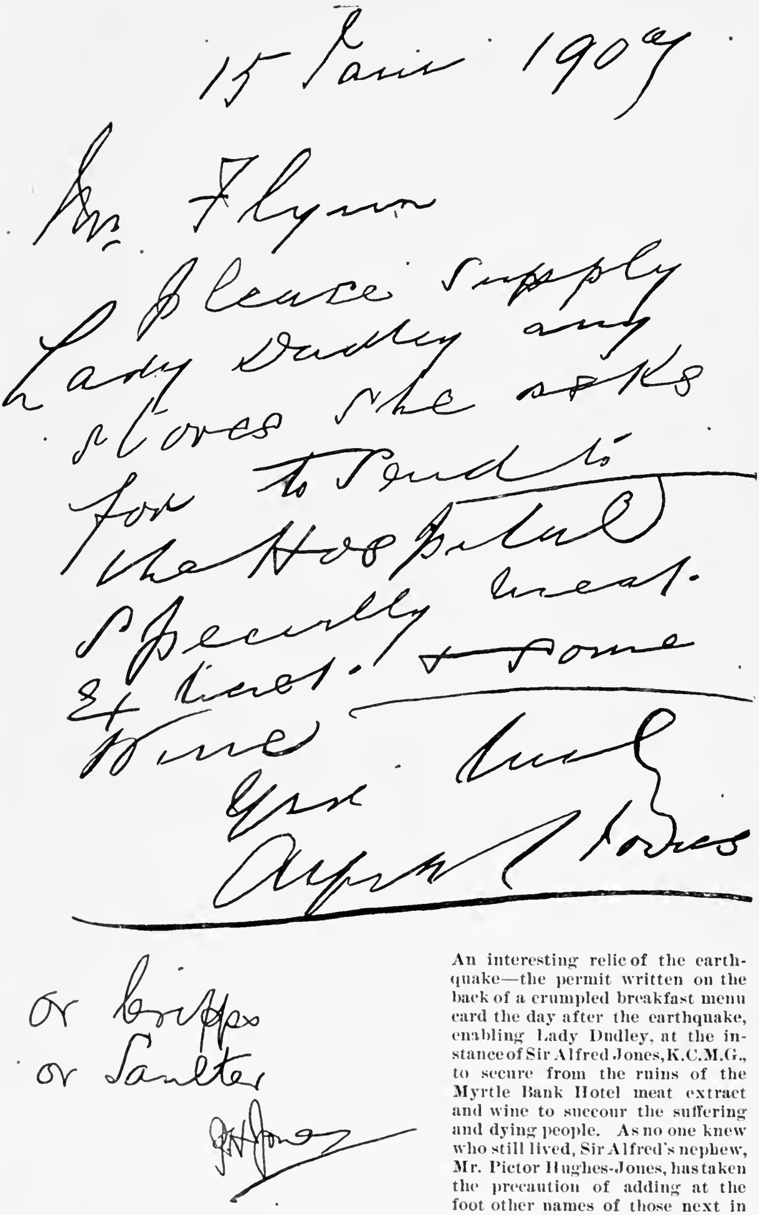
* This is the letter as given by the Governor in response to an inquiry from Lord Elgin. There are changes in the text comparing



15 Jan 1907

Mr Flynn
Please supply
Lady Dudley any
stores she asks
for to send to
the Hospital
Specially meat
Ext. & some
Wine
Yours truly
Alfred L Jones

Or Griffes
Or Saulter
GH Jones

An interesting relic of the earthquake—the permit written on the back of a crumpled breakfast menu card the day after the earthquake, enabling Lady Dudley, at the instance of Sir Alfred Jones, K.C.M.G., to secure from the ruins of the Myrtle Bank Hotel meat extract and wine to succour the suffering and dying people. As no one knew who still lived, Sir Alfred's nephew, Mr. Pictor Hughes-Jones, has taken the precaution of adding at the foot other names of those next in authority.

January 18, 2 P.M.[1]

"DEAR ADMIRAL DAVIS,[2]

"I thank you very much for your kind letter of the 17th (delivered to me this morning), for your kind call, and for all the assistance you have given, and have offered[3] us.

"While I most fully and heartily appreciate your very generous offer of assistance, I feel that it is my duty to ask you to re-embark your working party, and all parties which your kindness has prompted you to land.

"If, in consideration of the American Vice-Consul's assiduous attention to his family at his country house, the American Consulate may need guarding in your opinion (he was present, and it was unguarded one hour ago), I have no objection to your detailing a force for the sole purpose of guarding it, but that party must not have firearms or anything more offensive than clubs or staves.[4]

"I find your working party this morning helping a tradesman[5] to clean his shop[6]; the tradesman[7] is delighted to get valuable[8] work done without cost to himself, and if Your Excellency were to remain long enough, I am sure that almost the whole of the private owners would be glad of the Navy to save them from expense.

---

the version given in the Parliamentary White Paper (published in April) with the version published in the Jamaica *Daily Telegraph* (published January 22) as follows :—

(1) Head Quarters House, Kingston. January 18, 1907. (No statement of time).

(2) Rear Admiral Davis.

(3) Have offered *to give* us.

(4) *for their function* is omitted.

(5) Helping *Mr. Crosswell* instead of "a tradesman."

(6) *store* instead of "shop."

(7) *Mr. Crosswell* is

(8) get his work. Delighted (*that his*) work (*is*) done without cost, &c. The words in italics and in brackets being apparently omitted by the writer.

"It is no longer any question of humanity; all the dead died days ago, and the work of giving them burial is merely one of convenience.

"I should be glad to accept delivery of the safe which the alleged (thieves ?)[9] were in possession of from the jeweller's[10] shop. The American Consular Agent[11] has no knowledge of it; the shop[12] is close to a sentry post, and the officer in charge of post professes profound ignorance of the incident, but there is still on the premises a large safe which has been opened by the fire, and also by some other (*sic*).[13]

"I believe police surveillance of no city is adequate to protect private property. I may remind Your Excellency that not long ago it was discovered that thieves had lodged,[14] and pillaged the town[15] house of a New York millionaire during[16] absence of owner[17] for the summer. But this fact would not have justified a British Admiral in landing an armed party to assist the New York Police.[18]

J. A. SWETTENHAM."

The same day—Friday—the Governor held a special court at the Penitentiary for the trial of the five ringleaders in the recent mutiny. It would be interesting to know—admittedly only as a subject of psychological speculation—whether the Governor's letter to the Admiral requiring the

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(9) The brackets and the query mark to thieves do not appear.
(10) from Milke's store.
(11) American Vice-Consul.
(12) Store.
(13) Opened both by fire and by other means.
(14) Lodged *in*.
(15) "Town" omitted.
(16) During *his* absence.
(17) "Of owner" omitted.
(18) I have the honour to be, with profound gratitude and highest respect, your obedient servant, (signed) ALEXANDER SWETTENHAM, Governor.

immediate recall of the American navy men had been written at the moment of the holding of the Governor's Court at the Penitentiary, or whether it was written afterwards. The probabilities are that it was already written and despatched.

At the holding of the Court a party of armed men belonging to the American squadron were stationed within the prison enclosure, and in the proceedings of this tribunal, it was now brought to the Governor's knowledge in formal testimony (apart from the statement contained in the Admiral's letter) that a mutiny among the prisoners at the Penitentiary had been arrested by the timely aid of the American man-of-war's men.

To those present in court it was difficult to conceive that the men who were now put on their trial were ever "ringleaders," capable of defying the authority of a child ; bewildered, trembling, and in such an abject state of terror were they, and to such lamblike submission had they been reduced.

The sentence of the Court was that the five men should each receive ten lashes.

The Governor, now availing himself of the American aid, directed that a party of these armed men should convey the prisoners to the place where the sentence should be executed.

A deputy officer essayed to say that the armed escort of the American navy men was unnecessary, the prisoners being under the most complete control.

The Governor, however, put an end to all further parley and sternly directed the chief of the prison to do as the Court had directed.

A detachment of the American man-of-war's men was thereupon immediately brought up, the prisoners were led away under this escort, and the "cat" duly administered.

So ended the business at the Penitentiary.

It is interesting only as one aspect of the historic "incident," showing that the rising was within the knowledge of the Governor, that he awarded the punishment of the offenders, and that he himself directed the co-operation of armed men of the American squadron, on Friday the 18th—the date of his own historic letter.

A CROWDED TRAM-CAR

Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

THE RUINS OF A TRAM-CAR AND A TANGLE OF ELECTRIC WIRES

XXXVI

THE PORT KINGSTON SAILS

LATER in the afternoon of Friday the *Port Kingston* sailed, and for days I fear I had to uphold a most unpopular cause. Everything that the wit of uncharitable man could suggest was urged, I believe, in those days, by a small but eloquent body of politicians. Why should the American people run to our rescue? and why open the floodgates of their bounty when neither rescue nor bounty was required? (We were now nearly 1000 miles from the scene of danger!) But, worst of all, why should an American Admiral land armed troops on British soil?

"Why!" exclaimed Mr. Jesse Collings in a burst of anger so unlike the genial charity of the real man, "they would have gone away and proclaimed to the whole world that they had 'saved the situation.'"

In vain did I urge views which I ventured to think were not only sounder policy but rising above all such insular smallness and conceit. Again and again did I show that if we were now happy in our own security, on a British ship on the high seas, we had been saved, whether we cared to recognise the fact or not, from a very real danger that might have overpowered us at any moment; that the lunatics had broken loose and that certain of them had roamed the city at will; that the prisoners at the Penitentiary, including some of the most desperate half-bred creatures of the islands, had prepared for mutiny, and had been driven back to their cells by this armed body of American navy men from the *Indiana*, all eyes looking on; that the English population of the Island was a mere handful, a beggarly two per cent. at most; that looting was much more widespread than we had at first apprehended, that the black troops which were supposed to be such a bulwark of security looted the looters under my own eyes, and that the whole atmosphere was so charged with nervous apprehension, that anything might have occurred at any moment.

These were the arguments I used as they concerned ourselves. But what of the lives ebbing away under all the frightful débris of the wrecked city? what of the poor souls watching and waiting for release from a living tomb?

Three men had come out alive on the Thursday! Why not thirty? How many others had reached the limit of human endurance and made their hiding-place their grave, bitter anger filling their hearts?

"Why, instead of resenting the help of 100 men," I said, "we should have welcomed these with joy and asked for 900 more, and as many as could be spared from the ships."

Happily no one ventured to defend, as I now recall the incidents, the refusal to accept skilled aid and medical supplies at the hospital, both of which had been so urgently wanted.

Lastly, I urged that whether we wanted the aid or not, it would have been a diplomatic courtesy to accept it, and so strengthen on that side of the Atlantic in this hour of peril and pain one more of the national friendships which had been the distinguishing note of King Edward's life and reign.

All this seems now to be self-evident and irrefutable. Yet these views were made to appear as either rank opportunism—or worse, traitorous heresy—compared with the magnificent outbursts of patriotic zeal about the armed soldier of a foreign power on British soil. Yet the American men-of-war's men (as Admiral Davis represented his offer to me at least twelve hours before the offer was finally and irrevocably declined) were strictly enlisted in the British service, and American only in name, had the Governor chosen to avail himself of the tender. If any deduction can be drawn from the heated controversy into which my messages to the press, and my convictions had drawn me, it is, be it said, elemental and charitable, respect for the views of other men, who, with like opportunities of forming an intelligent opinion, arrive at conclusions so entirely at variance.

In the course of the two or three days' sailing from Kingston to Barbados, a gentleman who was a stranger to most of the ship's company asked some half-dozen of us if we would meet in the saloon and determine if certain expressions of opinion should not be put on record—statements that I understood should be appreciative of the splendid behaviour of the doctors, officers and crew of the *Port Kingston* during the recent crisis. I agreed to join in the movement if we were not in danger of taking ourselves too seriously, and on the condition that all controversy regarding the American "invasion" be ruled out of order. "On that question," I was satisfied, "the world has long since formed its final opinion."

At this informal meeting Mr. Arnold-Forster gave out the mind of the prime mover in the matter. My only contribution to the wisdom of the round-table conference was a suggestion that, while we testified to the splendid way in which every officer of the ship, from the captain to the youngest steward, had sought to alleviate suffering under circumstances of pain and inexperience sufficient to unnerve the most stout-hearted, it was fitting to begin by recognising that what had been done was only rendered possible by the active goodwill of the owners of the ship, and that if the medical chest had been invaded, food supplied without stint, and pillow-cases and sheets torn up wholesale, Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co., in the person of Sir Alfred Jones, would alone bear the cost. Mr. Henniker Heaton was entirely of this opinion, and proposed that I should now take in hand the arrangements for a meeting and draw up the resolutions.

My responsibility happily was shared by Mr. Arnold-Forster, and the meeting arranged for the following day according to the following

NOTICE.

> A meeting of passengers will be held, by permission of the Captain, in the Dining Saloon, at 11 A.M. this day (21st January, 1907).
>
> Important resolutions will be submitted, and the attendance of all passengers is earnestly requested.

The actual typewritten slip is before me as I write, with other more or less pathetic relics of this period of stress and trial, and it vividly recalls the curious experience that day and night were rapidly losing their significance to many of us. We had been awake and "alive" at all hours for more than a week, living every hour of the twenty-four. The resolutions were drawn up at about midnight, and the notice calling the meeting for "this day" must have been posted up long before the dawn. That dawn has left a vivid picture on my mind, and one that I shall not readily forget, though it has its cynically humorous tinge.

The heat was still intense, and the cabins were still odorous. The ship was uncomfortably full as far as Barbados. Ladies slept in chairs and on couches and on made-up beds on the floors of the drawing-rooms and the library; dozens of men took their night's rest under white sheets on the benches round the music saloon, while others were glad to make their beds on the floor.

The spectacle at night was awesome enough in the full glare of the brilliant electric light. Imagine, therefore, the first real sense of fright I suffered, in a week crowded with much mental suffering, when I awoke that morning in the earliest gleam of day, and found myself stretched out in what appeared to be a rather showily-decorated mortuary-chapel, with the dead lying about in dozens, and all covered up, as I could faintly discern, in white sheets and evidently *quite dead!* as I said to myself.

I have heard of the disagreeable sensation of "waking up to find yourself dead," but never realised so vividly the pleasurable fright of waking up to find myself *not dead!*

The soul of Mr. Jesse Collings was vexed that, in drawing up the proceedings of the passengers' meeting, no mention was made of the one subject on which he desired to speak, and which, had it been touched upon, would certainly have terminated the whole proceedings. I believe I went so far as to say that if he proposed a resolution, giving the colour of approval to conduct which on humanitarian grounds alone I regarded with such horror, I should submit an amendment—"and carry it." Mr. Collings is separated from me by many, many years, and I would instinctively yield the deference that is due from a younger to an older man, most of all to one of such wide knowledge and ripe experience, and one with whom more than a month's residence on ship-board, including the unforgettable week at Kingston, I learned to hold in affectionate respect and admiration.

If, therefore, I urgently pressed for unanimity, it was because I was overwhelmingly convinced that silence was best regarding what we were least competent to form an entirely dispassionate judgment upon. Besides, we were in imminent danger, as I have said, of taking ourselves too seriously, and of imagining that our resolutions were of any more value than the opinions of any other visitors of equal number.

So convinced was the Bishop of Barbados of the unsuitability of the whole proceedings that, despite all representations by me, he declined to speak to the resolution first set down by us to his name, though later, when he saw that we only "recognised" self-sacrificing effort, he readily admitted that all the resolutions had his approval. For the same reason, and perhaps for other reasons, Mr. Lawrence was equally firm in refusing the invitation of my colleague, Mr. Arnold-Forster.

The meeting was held shortly before the ship's arrival at Barbados, where so many passengers left us for their homes on this or one or other of the West Indian islands. Lord Dudley made an admirable chairman, and skilfully negotiated the "rocks ahead" that came up in the form, first, of the seemingly innocent suggestion that the resolutions should be "amplified" for the information of the Colonial Office.

"Amplification" is as blessed a word as Mesopotamia. Without an atom of suspicion or ulterior motive, even Sir Daniel Morris seemed taken by the word and derived a measure of the familiar and traditional comfort from its use. But amplification, at the least, meant more than the resolutions conveyed, and might mean a great deal more than the meeting would approve. Lord Dudley, therefore, disposed of the idea with the satisfying enigmatical promise, if "amplification" were found "feasible," it "might" be done.

We were soon in the danger-zone a second time, with some other equally unnecessary and inappropriate suggestion on this occasion from the prime mover of the meeting; and it was equally happily disposed of by Lord Dudley without any break in the harmony of the proceedings. The speeches were all good, several, particularly that of Mr. Lancaster, were excellent—never wavering from the subject-matter for a single half-sentence.

Sir Alfred Jones made his acknowledgments in the dining-saloon after lunch, shortly before so many of the passengers (including Lord and Lady Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold-Forster, Mr. and Mrs. James Lawrence, Mr. B. Howell Jones, Dr. Francis Watts, C.M.G., Mr. J. H. Hart, F.L.S., Mr. John R. Bovell, F.C.S., Dr. Neville Williams, and many others) separated on our arrival at Barbados.

Our host's wine-chest had been invaded to good purpose; every one was in high spirits, as a relief from the tension of the preceding week.

Sir Alfred's reply was entirely characteristic, forceful and optimistic; his faith, despite any check, was unshaken. We must go forward on the line of our destiny, and realise our great heritage in the West Indies. It was like a lightning flash of Titanic generalship. Sir Alfred made his hearers feel that, earthquake or no earthquake, the gods themselves were on our side, and that Jamaica was their pet child, and ours. Surely that is the spirit that moves mountains.

An hour or two later, at the club-house at Bridgetown, we read the cables from London. The King, with characteristic generosity and promptitude, had inaugurated a Mansion House Fund with a gift of 1000 guineas, and the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales were not less kind and generous in their sympathy.

"I am commanded by the King," read the message to the Governor, "to request you to express to the inhabitants of Kingston the horror with which his Majesty and her Majesty the Queen have learnt of the terrible catastrophe which has befallen that town, with the loss of so many lives, and the deep sympathy of their Majesties with the sufferers, and with the relatives of those who have been killed."

The Prince of Wales cabled: "The Princess and I are greatly shocked to hear of the earthquake, and desire to express our deepest sympathy with the inhabitants and the sufferers."

Canada, too, was ready to lend willing help. "Shall be grateful to you if you will convey to the people of Kingston, at request of my Ministers," was the message of the Governor-General of the Dominion, "an expression of their profoundest sympathy and of their anxiety to render assistance in any way that may be immediately required."

With memories of Mont Pelée and the sympathy of England in that terrible disaster to the neighbouring French colony of Martinique, President Fallières cabled to King Edward an expression of the sorrow of the French people. "I wish particularly to express to your Majesty my heartfelt condolence on the sad event that has befallen your beautiful colony of Jamaica, and my sincere sympathy with the families of the victims."

King Edward's reply was: "I thank you most sincerely, Monsieur le President, for your kind telegram, and I am deeply touched by the sympathy you express with me on the occasion of the terrible misfortune which has befallen my colony of Jamaica." Fresh from the scene of desolation it was only with eye bedimmed with emotion that we could read these simple touching tributes.

There were messages, too, from the British Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, from Lord Elgin and others, expressions of gratitude to the American people, the thanks of Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Haldane on behalf of the British Government to the Government of Washington, blank bewilderment at the news that American aid had been sought and declined, and positive dismay over the terms employed in the Governor's letter to the Admiral.

We learned, too, that the Americans were not allowed to draw up their anchors without the citizens of Kingston making some effort to convince Admiral Davis that the Governor did not speak their minds.

Mr. C. W. Tait, the Mayor of Kingston, was too seriously injured to attend any meeting. The Council, therefore, assembled at the Mayor's bedside, and the following pathetic appeal was drawn up and signed:

Kingston, January 19, 1907.

" Rear-Admiral Davis, U.S.N.

"Sir,—On behalf of the Mayor and Council as well as all the citizens of this stricken city, I desire to express my deep and sincere regret that any unpleasantness should have arisen to cause you to decide to withdraw the valuable assistance which you have voluntarily and so generously been rendering to this country and my unfortunate fellow citizens.

"Whatever may have been the cause that has induced you to decide to withdraw we deeply regret it, and we do not approve or take any part in it; so we ask you not to withdraw your valuable assistance or take offence at the conduct of one man, if, at a time when overwrought by responsibility and calamity, he has acted in a manner that he himself will regret on reflection; and in particular I ask you not to let the sick, wounded and destitute call in vain for the comfort which until now they have been receiving from your hands, and for which I and they thank and bless you.

"I have the honour to be, sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"C. W. Tait, Mayor of Kingston."

The Admiral's reply was interesting but disingenuous:

U.S.S. *Missouri*, Kingston, Ja.*
January 19, 1907.

"Sir,—Your Hon.'s communication of this date in the name of yourself and Council, as well as all the citizens of Kingston, is received.

I beg that you will understand that I am not withdrawing my squadron from Kingston by reason of any unpleasantness, any misunderstanding, or any cause of offence. I came here to render first and immediate aid. I could only remain for a few days, and within that time I have done all that lay within my power to do, and all that the representatives[1] of His Majesty's Government have[2] required of me. As a foreign naval officer, I am bound to respect the wishes and requirements of the supreme authority of this[3] island. I have left an emergency hospital at Winchester Park in what I believe to be good working order under the supervision of the American Jesuit Fathers. If I were to remain indefinitely there would, I know, be an abundance of work for me to do, but under the circumstances, having fulfilled the object of my mission, viz., to render first and immediate aid, my duties oblige me to withdraw.

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* Comparing the version published by Sir Frank Swettenham with

"I am particularly anxious to remove the impression that there has been any misunderstanding between myself and the constituted authorities[4] of Jamaica, and sincerely believe that the work of restoration will progress, and I express to you my wish that your city may[5] rise again from its ruins and find its former prosperity.

"I thank you for your expressions[6] of appreciation of such services as my officers and men[7] have been able to render, and I have the honour to be, with great respect,

"Your Honour's obedient servant
"C. H. Davis,
Rear Admiral Com. Detached Squadron U.S.A."

This is a remarkable letter chiefly because it says two things at the same time. Admiral Davis makes a well-intentioned effort to disavow the

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the text as it appeared in the *Gleaner*, the week after the earthquake, I note the following changes (all of them unimportant save the first) :—

1 representative
2 has
3 the
4 authority
5 may *again*
6 expression
7 "and men" omitted.

assertion that he has received cause of offence, indeed he says he had "fulfilled" the object of his mission. If he had completed his task, why was it necessary to add the qualification "under the circumstances"? That there were limitations to the service he was enabled to render is shown in the words, "I have done all that lay in my power to do, *and* all that the representative of His Majesty's Government has *required* (*!*) of me." Whether the *and* should be "or" matters not. It is clear he would have done more or he would not have written "as a foreign naval officer I am bound to respect the wishes and *requirements* of the supreme authority of this island," otherwise the Governor would have had no occasion to state his "requirements."

In a word, the letter is the letter of a diplomatist, soothing and conciliatory, but none the less capable of two entirely distinct interpretations.

Sir Frank Swettenham, in a lengthy communication to the *Times* (July 20, 1907), that is praiseworthy only on account of its fraternal loyalty, seems to set great store by this letter. It forms at best a two-edged weapon in defence, its indirect revelations as a basis of indictment are obvious in every line. It remained, however, for Sir Frank Swettenham to remind us that Admiral Davis was not immaculate; indeed, he was guilty of a most flagrant sin—he forgot on arrival at a British port "Colonial Office Regulation No. 209."

I find it difficult to appreciate seriously the official mind that can quibble over salutes in the face of a city lying in ruins, with the noisome fires of the burning dead still visible in its streets, and the whole atmosphere charged with an odour that is unspeakable. I find it difficult to appreciate the official mind that can remember pop-guns that did not go off, and forget lives slipping away in the awful gloom of a living tomb. "Necessary work was left undone" is the testimony of the special correspondent of the *Times*, a man of high purpose and unflinching integrity, and "that there were hands willing to do it is undoubted." No wonder, then, I find it impossible to treat with proper gravity a defence so unworthy of a brother, so feeble, and so cruel.

To some extent Sir Frank Swettenham seeks to disarm criticism by the plea that he has ascertained his facts "with great difficulty, and only very recently." His difficulty, or his industry, may be judged by one statement—he has not correctly ascertained the date of the earthquake.

It is too much for me to hope that I can have provided a controversialist of such discretion with any first-hand information or the basis of any revision of judgment. But I am entitled to question if he will disparage the determined, immovable attitude of the British Colonial Office in this matter, and of Lord Elgin in particular, until he shows that the late Governor appreciated the situation with which he was called upon to deal—though his "courage" and "devotion" were undoubted, and rightly bore recognition in the King's Speech —that the American aid, medical, surgical, and otherwise, was neither sought nor needed; that the late Governor did not avail himself of the services of armed men of the American squadron; and that Sir Alexander Swettenham's letter to Admiral Davis was nothing more nor less than a model of courteous, diplomatic usage.

A fresh touch of pathos was soon added to the correspondence. Mr. Tait did not long survive, his name being added shortly afterwards to the daily lengthening roll of victims.

But the most significant of all the cabled messages read by us that afternoon at Barbados was also the briefest:

"The *Missouri* and *Indiana* have left Kingston."

Thus terminated the historic "incident."

XXXVII

THE PORT KINGSTON'S RETURN

THE news that reached us over the cables in the club-house at Bridgetown, Barbados, on the afternoon of Monday, January 21, filled most of us with very conflicting emotions.

It was with a natural sense of affection and pride of Empire and race that we heard of the King's keen and ready sympathy with the desolated and homeless citizens of Kingston, of his Majesty's gift of £1000, of the opening of a Mansion House Fund, to which the City, true to its high traditions, had already contributed a generous sum, of donations despatched from communities far and wide, of sister colonies subscribing (largely, in some instances, out of slender means); and, not least in importance, of the whole-hearted gratitude already expressed by the British Government to the Government of the United States for the hand of succour so promptly held out to our stricken colony.

But what were we to make of the trenchant criticism of the action of the Governor? of the acrimonious outburst arising from his rejection of all aid, and the sense of dismay created by his letter to the Admiral? We saw that the breach was past all healing, for now we heard that Admiral Davis had drawn up his anchor and sailed away, as the only possible answer to the hauteur with which his good offices had been received.

There was no mistaking the spirit animating the authority at Kingston. The last act of the pitiful drama was the arrival of an entire shipload of supplies, the personal gift of President Roosevelt. This ship, the *Celtic*, on reaching Kingston, learned that all American aid had been declined. She also received at the hands of the American Vice-Consul the instructions of Admiral Davis to return to the port in Cuba from which a day or two before she had started so readily on her mission of mercy.

It is not difficult to understand the feeling created in the minds of loyal, earnest, self-sacrificing Jamaicans as the details of this seemingly cruel drama were unfolded before their eyes. As I write I see strewn about my desk, covering chairs and floor, letters and newspapers, each recounting some incident or point of view. Taken together, they continue the history of Jamaica from the hour I left the Colony.

The newspapers were silenced by the disaster. Within five days, however, the *Gleaner* appeared, foolscap size, "printed by kind permission at the Government Printing Office." I see recorded the looting of between six and seven hundred bags of rice from one lock-up store, with the comment that "this does not speak well for the efficiency of the protection provided by the authorities; and when it is considered that American assistance was refused, the situation is even more deplorable."

In the Jamaica *Daily Telegraph*, which also quickly regained its voice, I read with a sense of shame the petty humiliation to which it appears Admiral Davis was subjected prior to his official leave-taking. I must make deductions from a newspaper account produced in these days of bewilderment, and refuse to believe that any lesser Colonial Government official, however humble or undistinguished, could be wanting in manners to a gentleman of such distinction and courtier-like bearing, no less than a naval commander of a friendly foreign Power.

But how could the Governor command respect and preserve authority amid all the seething discontent or distrust of a white and black population, where a newspaper could publish a leading article such as appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of Kingston a little more than a week after the disaster.

The writer bears willing testimony to the Governor's energy and the goodness of his intentions, which no sane man could ever have questioned, but asks if his Excellency's general behaviour in a moment of great peril has been worthy of a responsible British official, or even of a cultured English gentleman. A technical blunder was admittedly committed by the American Admiral, but why adopt an insulting attitude to him in a letter "also brimful of insults to the most prominent men in Kingston"?

The newspaper goes on: "The Governor's conduct is absolutely reprehensible, and as inexplicable as it is reprehensible. Indeed, it affords conclusive proof that he is not the man who is wanted in Jamaica at the present crisis. We want a calm, strong, controlling mind to direct operations—a man who will not spend his time and waste his energy in cavorting round the city damning and swearing at officials who are endeavouring to do their work in a zealous and loyal manner, and humiliating even heads of departments in the presence of their subordinates. We admit that His Excellency has been working hard, and that he is animated by the best of motives. But he has apparently not been able to maintain self-control during a critical ordeal, and he is perpetually making the mistake of thinking that he is the only wise man in the community. If he were to learn to bridle his tongue, and also his pen, and to sit down quietly at Headquarters House, issuing orders and necessary reports, he would find that there is no lack of able and devoted assistance at hand, and he might yet be able to recover his reputation. But the people of this community (with possibly a few exceptions) have lost confidence in his powers of guidance, and are indignant at his autocratic bullying and insulting manner."

How the Governor submitted to language like this perplexes me. If it were unjustified he was entitled, I think, in the interests of peace and good government, to suppress without a moment's hesitation such a publication at such a time. If it were true, then Jamaica wanted some other head in the piping times of peace no less than at a period of crisis.

But that there is another side to this picture must have been evident to every one who will recall the pæan of praise that went up the moment the *Port Kingston* touched the docks at Avonmouth.

Sir Alfred Jones declared emphatically that it was cruel that the Governor should have been so bitterly criticised at a moment when he needed all the sympathy and support that could be extended to him. Mr. Jesse Collings had fact and sound argument to show that the Governor was unsparing in his personal efforts to cope with the situation. It remained, however, to Mr. Hamar Greenwood, a lawyer by profession and a Member of Parliament, to realise the situation in phrasing that suggests the hustings in its unmeasured invective.

"There were a few acts of petty larceny, a little rice and a little tobacco taken from broken down

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"There were a few acts of petty larceny, a little rice and a little tobacco taken from broken down

Photo by Mowll & Morrison

Alfred L. Jones

shops." (The "little rice" consisted, according to the *Gleaner*, in one instance alone, of 600 or 700 bags! The "little tobacco" consisted of thousands of boxes of cigars from the wreckage of one factory.) Mr. Greenwood quite properly "takes off his hat" to the Governor, but this simple act of courtesy, reserved apparently for rare occasions and such as are of high dignity, is sadly diminished in value and significance, when we find him speaking of the criticism of "the tone and diction" of the Governor's letter to the American Admiral as "puerile." It "is simply the latest case of the criticism of the strong men in the firing line by the fool in the armchair at home." (I wonder how Lord Elgin and Mr. Winston Churchill appreciated that delightful piece of candid opinion from a political comrade—Mr. Greenwood did not know at that moment how rapidly was history in the making.)

A superb sentence to close: "Is it come to this, that the might and majesty of the British Empire is to be prostituted to an outburst of Yankee bosh?"

What can this mean? Can this "outburst" be a veiled allusion to the three warships laden with medical comforts and supplies that hastened to the succour of a city stricken by earthquake? Or has it some dark reference to the President's gifts that filled the hold of the *Celtic*? Or was it the hand of succour held out by the Brotherhood League of California, or the willing funds and the ready service of the American ladies at the Titchfield Hotel? Perhaps the "Yankee bosh" was the judgment of the American press that neither apology nor explanation was wanting from the British people for the act of declining all aid at such a moment of need while the reading public of the world possessed a letter that explained all! But enough! Mr. Greenwood's rejoinder was at best worse than mere silliness, it was bad manners.

Mr. Henniker-Heaton, M.P., in more sober argument, declared his conviction that there would have been a riot among the negroes if the American armed force had remained on land for forty-eight hours! Are we, then, to suppose that the negro of Jamaica is quite so dense as to bite the hand that dressed his wounds?

And further, "Letters were written, unwise letters and letters never intended for publication, and I have no excuse for them." What letters are referred to? I know of one letter only that I wish had never been written, and I have searched in vain in the letter to which it was a reply for any word that would justify the spirit of its rejoinder.

Mr. Henniker Heaton yields to no one in respect for the people of the United States, among whom are his greatest personal friends, and his final word is: "It is most deplorable, and I am heartily glad peace was made with the United States authorities, who, I believe, have no designs on our possessions in the West Indies."

This idea, however, that the correspondence between his Excellency and the Admiral was "private," and that Admiral Davis was guilty of a grave breach of etiquette in disclosing its terms, is surely founded on an entire misconception of the circumstance. Agencies of the United States, official and otherwise, hastened to the rescue of a city stricken by earthquake, of a people who were subjects of a foreign power, united to theirs by the ties of goodwill, race and religion. In the pursuit of that act of mercy, the American Government expended in ships and supplies a large sum of money; and Admiral Davis had no more right to consider his mission "private" than he had to deem the refusal with which it was met as "confidential." It was a public service "in the cause of our common humanity," as he said both in his official letter and in his conversation with me, and it was no part of his duty to keep secret a correspondence that belonged to us next after the people of his own country.

The real danger of the position becomes apparent when we seek to imagine the conflict that would or might have arisen between two strong men had Admiral Evans come himself instead of delegating the duty to Admiral Davis. "Fighting Bob" is deservedly the idol of the American people, as he is the idol of all his men, filling in their hearts and imagination a niche we reserve for our own breezy and indomitable Lord Charles Beresford. The story of his adventurous life is fuller of thrills than the most exciting romance of fiction.

Would Admiral Evans have retired on any mere pretext of custom or diplomatic usage while lives were ebbing away amid all the agonising horror of a living tomb? Or would he have brushed aside all idle letter-writing while the cry of the helpless and entombed resounded about the very vault of heaven. True, *armed* men might have been recalled, but the work of rescue of dead, dying, or merely injured would have suffered no check.

There are moments when even the most lofty ideals of patriotism lapse into insignificance: when even "Colonial Office Regulation No. 209" does not apply; when humanity is one family. Surely this was such a moment. And Admiral Evans would have left that service in the cause of our common humanity to speak for itself to the heart of our King, and the hearts of the English people everywhere, no less than the people of his own land.

What the harvest of living might have been we can never know. All we know is that though "all the dead died days ago," a certain number of people did come out alive on Thursday, January 17, the day of the arrival of the warships, and that they still live to tell their agonising tale of a living tomb.

The "eye-witness's narrative" that appeared in the *Times* (alongside a briefer but equally lucid statement of fact in the form of a letter from Mr. Ebenezer Carr, who was making a tour of the island in the company of my friend, Mr. Alderman Adnitt, of Northampton) on the day following the return of the *Port Kingston*, was—I believe I am disclosing no secret—from the pen of the Right Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P. It bears evidence of the scrupulous fairness of the writer's judgment, and I have already laid it under contribution. Without knowing, however, the wide services Admiral Davis wished to render, Mr. Arnold-Forster wrote:

"Jamaica is a very hot-bed of idle rumours and unfounded stories, and it is not to be wondered at that the rumour of disorder should have spread in circumstances in which disorder might reasonably be anticipated. Nevertheless, the landing of the United States marines was an error; an error which, unless I am greatly misinformed, was due to a misconception of his duties by a subordinate, and not to the act of the Governor, who, on learning what had taken place, lost not a moment in thanking Admiral Davis for his prompt and friendly action, and requesting him to withdraw an armed force for whose services there was no use whatever."

It would seem that the "eye-witness" had only one idea of the object of the American marines—that of saving white women from "disorderly" blacks. But that there was, or that there had been, work to do in the stricken city of an altogether different character is borne out by an earlier paragraph:

"In the opinion of some persons, it would have been well if immediate application had been made to the willing men who passed the twenty-four hours in enforced inaction at Constant Spring, and if parties had been formed for an immediate and systematic search of the ruins before the advancing fire made all efforts useless. It is undoubtedly the fact that many persons were burnt to death in the absence of organised rescue parties, and it is possible that among the many men available, of whom nearly all had some experience in organisation or command, the nucleus of such search parties might have been formed. It is easy, however, to be wise after the event. The Governor displayed great courage and untiring energy, and much admirable work was done. But that, for a time, *there was necessary work left undone, and that there were hands willing to do it, is undoubted.*"

Surely no words contain a more emphatic justification for accepting the aid of the Americans, as well as that of those capable Englishmen on the spot, from the moment of the calamity.

Public opinion in England, however, was allowed to shape its will in ignorance of facts known only to the Colonial Office. Nor at the opening of Parliament was the veil lifted. The King's Speech contained the following somewhat cryptic references:

"The earthquake at Kingston adds one more to the series of calamities which Jamaica and my other colonies in the West Indies have experienced. I regret the deplorable loss of life and destruction of property in an important city, and I have seen with satisfaction that the emergency has been met by the Governor and his officers with courage and devotion, and by the people with self-control.

"The occasion has called forth many proofs of practical goodwill from all parts of my Empire, and I recognise with sincere gratitude the sympathy shown by the people of the United States of America, and the assistance promptly offered by their naval authorities."

With these tributes public discussion might have been closed. But the Governor was dogged by many unwise counsellors. Well might he exclaim: "Save me from my friends; from my enemies I can defend myself."

XXXVIII

THE GOVERNOR RESIGNS

Both heads of the Colonial Office were questioned and harried. In Jamaica, too, the acrimonious dispute was kept alive by the indiscretion of friends. Was it not Disraeli who so neatly hit off such folly? One supporter, industriously rebutting the attacks upon his chief, made the accusation ten times worse by ceaseless repetition. When he came for encouragement and approval of his foolish defence, the withering inquiry was put in—

"But was it *quite* necessary to repeat the slander?"

Then came the bombshell, "the Governor has resigned," Mr. Winston Churchill adding that the Governor claimed to be relieved "on account of age." In the end the Government was induced to publish a Parliamentary White Paper, giving "Correspondence relating to the resignation of Sir A. Swettenham of his office as Governor of Jamaica. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of His Majesty, April 1907," from which I make the extracts next following:

Under date January 22, Lord Elgin cabled the Governor as follows: "The newspapers here report you have addressed to Rear-Admiral Davis, of the United States Navy, the following letter." (Then followed the letter as published.)

Lord Elgin's cablegram continued:

"If such a letter is correctly attributed to you, I must observe that both in tone and expression it is highly improper, and especially unbecoming to His Majesty's representative in addressing the officer of a friendly Power engaged upon an errand of mercy. I must further require you to withdraw forthwith and unreservedly any such letter, and to express your regret for having written it. Your withdrawal should be telegraphed to me at once, when it will be transmitted to the Government of the United States through the proper channels.—Elgin."

The Governor replied to the Secretary of State as follows (received 1 A.M. January 23, 1907): "I have received the following letter from the Admiral" (then followed the letter as given on an earlier page). "My reply was as follows" (then followed the Governor's letter in reply).

The "White Paper" concluded with the following:

The GOVERNOR to the SECRETARY OF STATE.

(Received 8.10 A.M. January 24, 1907.)

Telegram.

I respectfully request that following telegram may be sent on to American Admiral Davis, Cuba, from me through the proper channel:

> "At the instance of the Secretary of State for the Colonies I desire to fully and unreservedly withdraw my letter of 18th January, and express regret that I wrote it."
>
> Swettenham.

The GOVERNOR to the SECRETARY OF STATE.

(Received 8.10 A.M., January 24, 1907.)

Telegram.

Respectfully apply for permission for retirement on account of age, forthwith to be relieved.—Swettenham.

Mr. H. E. Cox, Custos of St. Ann, intimated through the columns of the *Morning Post* (April 24) that an address to Lord Elgin had been extensively signed in that district in which the local newspapers were repudiated, and it was quite truthfully set out that the Governor had "shown himself to be a most able administrator, having brought the executive work of the Government into a condition of great efficiency and regularity." The address went on :—

> "He has been unsparing of himself in strict and regular attention to the daily work of his office, and he has required all the other members of the Civil Service to strictly and regularly perform their duties. In this he has done a great service to the Colony, although he may (as the *Gleaner* newspaper once said) have 'made all the officials fear him.' He has been absolutely upright and honest in all he has done ; fearless and impartial in carrying out measures which he has deemed necessary for the good of the Colony ; inaccessible to all flattery or private influence ; scrupulous to the last degree in the avoidance of the smallest obligation to any one. By the closest attention to economy he had, before the earthquake, brought into the financial affairs of the island a prospect of prosperity such as had not been seen for long past.
>
> "At the time of the earthquake, while so many sought a selfish safety, he showed courage and practical sympathy with the sufferers, thereby initiating calm and systematic succour. When he found that, without due deference to his authority as Governor, foreign troops had been permitted to land on the soil of the Colony, he upheld the rights of the Crown and of the British Flag, by requiring the re-embarkation of those troops ; in this he did no more than his plain duty, and what allegiance to his King required. While it is true that in doing so he employed terms which may have been inadvisable, it must be remembered that they were provoked by the uncalled-for statement of a foreign official that Kingston was insufficiently policed.
>
> "At the present crisis in the destiny of the Island the undersigned consider it would be most disastrous that the firm hand of Sir J. A. Swettenham should be withdrawn from the Administration. His complete rectitude, his impartial strictness, and his devotion to the true welfare of the Colony will be sorely needed at a time when it is likely that the use of a large sum of public money will be sought by a limited number of the inhabitants of Kingston, regarding whom a new Governor would know nothing. At such a time control without fear or favour, affection or ill-will, is absolutely needed and not always found."

The definite appointment of a new Governor made it inappropriate to send the address to the

Colonial Office, but it fittingly forms a part of this narrative as a tribute to the energy and intelligence of a high-minded public official.

What, however, am I to say of those indiscreet friends, members of the City Council of Kingston, who proposed a valedictory address?

The *Gleaner*, in its leading article (April 29) says: "No sooner had the mover of the resolution opened his mouth than his colleagues began to laugh at him."

Surely that indicated a widespread feeling that no more should be said. But no, the indiscreet friend is irrepressible. A meeting of the Kingston magistrates was then called for the same purpose. Captain Forwood from the Chair proposed "that no address be presented." This was agreed to, and I gather that the meeting terminated, "having lasted just five minutes."

What do I make of all this? The simple fact seems to be that a great national calamity, which would have provided the occasion and the opportunity to many a man of leaving an imperishable name, not merely in the annals of an island, but in the history of the world, proved the undoing of Sir Alexander Swettenham; and the nation, by some unhappy mischance, which no one can wholly explain, lost the services of a man of unquestioned ability and power.

I have been told that the finance of Sir Alexander Swettenham was based on lines of rigid economy rather than upon those of expanding income by measures fostering industry, and that in administration his genius was more marked as critic than as creator.

No one, however, can question the zeal which he brought to his high duties, or the fearless rectitude of all his acts. And if this were the occasion, which it is not, I could show how he almost stretched a point in refusing a Government grant for an object he personally approved but deemed had no claim upon Island funds, making up the deficiency out of his private bounty.

The one lesson I draw from the "incident" and its sequel is that the East, with its traditions of autocracy, is not a fit training-ground for the West.

XXXIX

THE NEW GOVERNOR

THE

Jamaica Gazette.

EXTRAORDINARY.

FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1907.

Colonial Secretary's Office,

No. 209. May 3, 1907.

His Majesty the King has been pleased to appoint Sydney Olivier, Esquire, B.A., Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, to be Captain General and Governor-in-Chief of the Island of Jamaica with the Dependencies thereof as from May 3, 1907.

Mr. Olivier is sailing for Jamaica by the s.s. *Port Kingston* leaving Avonmouth on that date.

By command,

Robt. Johnstone,
Asst. Colonial Secretary.

The same issue contained the following entirely graceful farewell from the late Governor:

No. 213. May 3, 1907.

On vacating the Government of Jamaica Sir Alexander Swettenham desires to express his gratitude to the Officers of the Administration generally, for the ready and efficient help they have afforded in the Government of the Country, and especially to those who showed energy, courage or devotion to duty in the recent trying calamity.

He wishes to record his testimony to the general good conduct of the sufferers from the catastrophe, his admiration for the great fortitude they have shown in adversity, as well as for the diligence and activity which so many are daily manifesting in restoring their damaged edifices, and re-commencing business, and his persuasion that the experience of most severe trial successfully overcome will prove of inestimable benefit to the Community on whose behalf such hearty sympathy and splendid generosity have been testified from all quarters of the world.

By command,
Robt. Johnstone,
Acting Colonial Secretary.

The end is soon reached.

Mr. V. H. Metcalfe, secretary, wrote to the President from the Navy Department, Washington, under date April 23, requesting that in pursuance of the Act of Congress, the issuance of stores by detached U.S. Atlantic fleet " be approved, and that no charge therefor lie against the Jamaica Government."

To this document was added " Approved, April 23, 1907," and the signature " T. Roosevelt."

Copies having been forwarded by the British Ambassador to the Governor of Jamaica, Sir Sydney Olivier replied from the King's House, Jamaica, under date June 5, 1907: "I have the honour to ask you to be so good as to convey to Mr. Root and through him to the American Government, in confirmation of the message telegraphed by Sir J. A. Swettenham on January 18, an expression of my sincere thanks on behalf of this Government and the sufferers for the articles so generously and promptly supplied, and also express my grateful appreciation of the action taken by the President and the Congress of the United States of America in declaring that no charges should lie against this Government in consequence of the issue of the medical stores."

With those official words of appreciation and thanks the unhappy controversy was closed.

XL

TROPICAL SPORT

SPORT in Jamaica, to which hitherto I have given no more than a passing word (and that word regarding only the tarpon fishing,* a sport worthy of kings), demands a larger notice than my space will now permit of. True, it has suffered woefully from the activities of the mongoose. Introduced to the island to rid the cane fields of one enemy, the mongoose has shown a most pernicious activity in other directions. Ground-nesting birds' eggs have been destroyed wholesale, with the result that little on wings remains in some districts, save the great and ugly John Crow, and the extremely small and beautiful birds of plumage which nowhere rejoices the eye more frequently than amid the rich foliage of the plantations of the King's House, Kingston.

Ticks have flourished beyond all endurance, and among the natives, particularly among the children, there is great suffering from these tiny pests, which, if neglected, soon burrow under toe-nails and under the skin of uncovered feet and legs, setting up inflammation and abscess. It behoves every visitor who would move about freely among long grass and shrubbery to protect the feet and legs; strong high boots being a necessity for ladies.

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* As I write I have word of Mr. Vincent Verley securing, near Old Harbour, with rod and line, after a two hours' fight, a tarpon weighing 126 lbs! Imposing as that fish must be, twice that weight is not unknown in these waters.

Horses, mules, and donkeys are sadly victimised by the same enemy. Ticks often lodge themselves on an animal's back at a point that cannot be reached by the swish of the tail, and I heard of a grateful horse standing perfectly quiet while a bird, perched on his back, pecked out of a festering sore the lost burrowing pest. The anæmic condition of many animals is entirely due to the ravages of the tick. Jamaica would be grateful to any one who could devise a means of wiping out the mongoose, the indirect cause of the prevalence of the tick.

But if shooting, as understood at home, is not one of the sports of Jamaica, what better compensation is wanted than the hunting of the alligator? Alligators, or rather *crocodilus acutus*, abound all along the south side of the island, from Holland Point to Negril Lighthouse. On the north side of the island the alligator is rarely met with, though he abounds on the coast directly across the water, the south side of Cuba, Haiti, and Porto Rico. In Holland Pond, Duckingfield Lagoon, Pera Estate, and in the mouth of every swampy river the alligators literally swarm.

By day the stealthy observer may see them swimming about; at night their splashings and bellowings are distinctly suggestive of an all inclusive appetite that is a little trying to the nerves. They cannot, however, be shot and recovered in every place in which they are plentiful. Even with luck in the shooting, most of the alligators killed will be lost, as they invariably sink, and when they rise a few hours later, the operation of skinning is distinctly unpleasant; if it is delayed for a couple of days the odour is insufferable. Then the mouth of an alligator river is often bordered by a forest of mangrove, the haunt of mosquito and malaria.

It is not an easy task stepping from root to root of the mangrove, carrying rifle and field-glass. One false step, or any casual slip, will plunge the sportsman up to his arms in mud of an odour and a consistency that defy description! The sport is good for the year round, but for the English visitor the exertions of the winter, with a shade temperature of 86°, will probably suffice.

Mr. Edwin Butler, a former member of the Civil Service, tells me of several places which can be reached without too great an effort. The lagoon, for instance, at the mouth of the Rio Cobre, attainable either by boat from Kingston, or by a two-mile walk from Cumberland Pen Station, comes within this category. Then there are the Salt River in Clarendon and the Bowes River (from May Pen); the Bushy Park River and Amity Hall (from Bushy Park); and what is called the Salt Ponds district (from Hartlands or Spanish Town).

The Salt River is also accessible by boat from Old Harbour Bay, and Mr. Butler's advice to me is of wider application and usefulness: "Don't take two boatmen, they will only talk, one boatman can do all the rowing. Land now and then and walk up the river, carefully investigating every likely object floating on the surface with your glasses. Bowes River is a short walk from May Pen. Follow the Salt River road until you come to a house on the angle of the two roads, turn to the left over a stream, and where the road runs close to the river, get on to the pasture and walk silently down to the river to the bush and sit down. You are sure of sport.

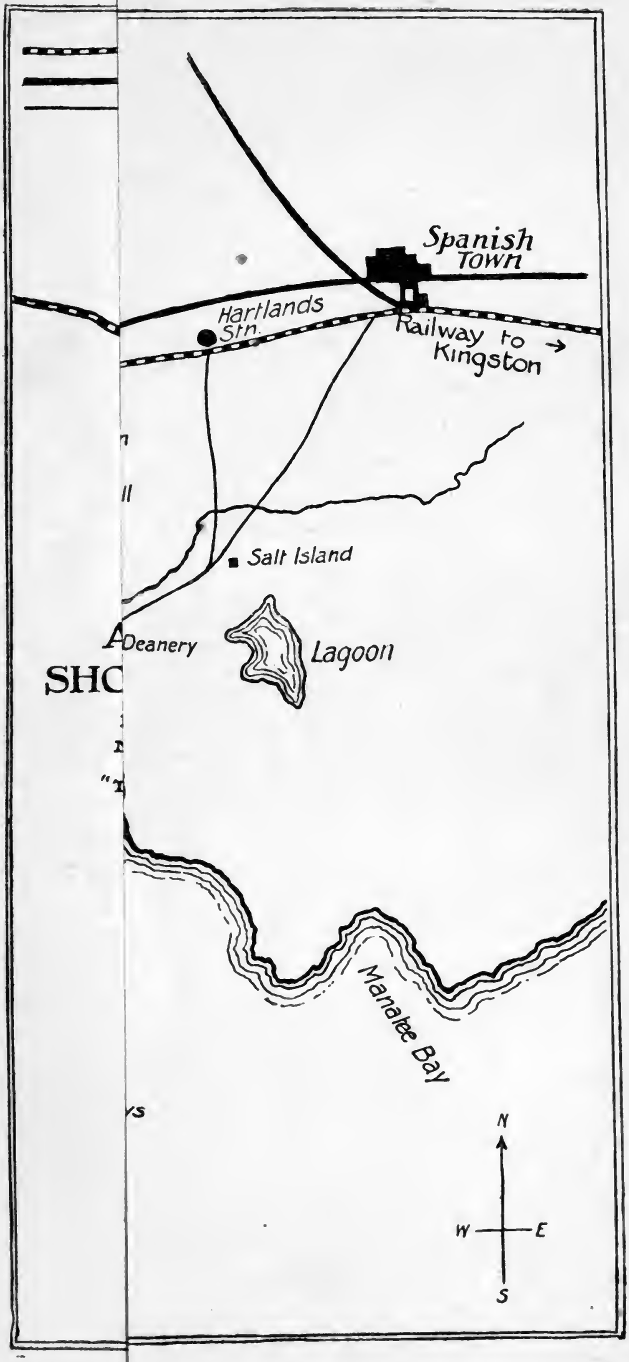
"The Bushy Park river is on the estate of Mr.

Verley and about two miles from the station, on the estate road. After passing the big gate, a quarter of a mile beyond the railway, keep straight on through some negro huts; the left road will take you to the Great House Works, Amity Hall and Cherry Garden; take the one straight ahead, and after passing the watchman's hut bear to the left by a cattle-pen until you see the fence by the river. Walk silently down to a point near the sea where you find a crossing on a tree. The east bank is more open.

"The Salt Ponds district provides good shooting, and at Goat Island you have the opportunity of securing both alligator and that, alas! now rare mammal, the manatee, fine specimens of which, female and cub, were sent to the South Kensington Natural History Museum by Sir Henry Blake, a former Governor. Beyond Old Harbour Bay going westward there is Milk River. Here there are good boats, first-class lodgings, and mineral baths with the addition of mosquitoes that do their best to earn an honest meal at the expense of the visitors."

It would, however, take a year or more to exhaust the sport of the Great Black River swamp, the lagoons of the Pedro district, the great morass round Savanna la Mar, and the pools and rivers on the road to Little London and Negril.

Shooting fish such as the calipiver, snook, &c., gives good sport where a bridge crosses the river near its mouth, as over the Rio Grande, Swift, and Spanish River, the Martha Brea, and the East and West Rivers at Lucea. The sportsman must take a boy with him, who swims in after the fish. With experience as to refraction of light, sport can be had with a rifle even when the fish lies some distance below the surface of the water.


Spanish Town
Hartlands Stn.
Railway to Kingston →
Salt Island
Deanery
Lagoon
SHC
Manatee Bay
N
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From Kingston to Savanna la Mar pigeon shooting may be had anywhere near the sea. The birds leave in the early hours of the morning for the hills where they feed, returning about 5 P.M. to the mangroves to sleep. During the winter months most of the ponds and lagoons are the resort of duck, teal, snipe, plover, and other water birds.

The Palisades are a favourite haunt of duck, coot abound up the Ferry River near Kingston (a boat is necessary). Snipe are plentiful in Westmoreland, and good paroquet shooting may be had at Phœnix Park, near Falmouth, and other places. Birds and fish are strictly protected during the breeding-season. Crocodiles are not protected, but few are shot, and they are multiplying, though the mongoose destroys a few nests and eggs.

Tarpon are common all round the coast. Shark and giant ray are now and then harpooned. All the mountain streams are full of mullet, and the large rivers contain calipiver (or Jamaican Salmon), hog-nosed mullet, snook and many others. The mountain mullet is caught with a morsel of Avocado pear, hognose with a fly or silver shrimp. The calipiver takes nothing now so readily as a dab of green slimy weed from the rocks. Mullet can be obtained from the pools of the Falls river (seven miles from Kingston), the Swift, Spanish, Grande, and Buff Bay rivers. The rivers at Anotto Bay, Lucea, and Savanna la Mar yield abundant sport; the conditions may be harder than in England, but are easier than in India or Africa.

In a word, the sportsman has an ample and varied field of operation.

XLI

AU REVOIR

AND now to my last words.

I fear it may be urged that the picture I have presented in these pages is, in certain of its most important aspects, sad, bewildering and hopeless. Sad and bewildering I may, with reservations, admit it to be; but utterly hopeless? Never.

Jamaica is one of the fairest jewels of the Antilles, and this beautiful land would be the home of peace, purity and prosperous content had we carried to the work of its development and administration one-thousandth part of the cunning, skill and intelligence we have expended (to cite but a single instance) on Egypt.

In no other part of the British Empire have we been so persistently dogged by ill-fortune of our own shaping. No otherwhere have we brought into play more cruel avarice and wrong-headed sentiment. We have treated the negro first like a dog, or worse, then fondled him like a pet of our tenderest emotions. We have required him for our benefit to multiply and increase upon the earth like the beasts of the field, and then lifted our eyes to Heaven in pious horror when what we chose to regard as the sanctities of marriage were ignored.

Having denied him the right to live save as a dispensation of our bounty, we did not hesitate to teach him in holy catechism that he did not belong to himself. And then, with such dispiriting lessons in his heart, we next made the familiar right-about-face movement, and sought to establish him as a lord unto himself, in the guise of a peasant proprietor, with a vote and a voice in the government of his native isle!

Of all the wrong-headed acts of ours in Jamaica, surely that was the most appalling, when we sought by subtle dialectics to harmonise our avarice with our faith, by proving to the negro that, though he was ours to command, to work, to suffer, nay to die, there was yet in him something that belonged either to himself or to God, and that he was a rightful heir to the Atonement of the Cross. That was our way of reconciling the irreconcilable, that finishing touch of Exeter Hall hypocrisy for which in all ages and in all climes we have been so distinguished.

Properly to grasp the situation in Jamaica as it is presented to any observer to-day we must, in my judgment, lay hold of these essential features of our history. We must never forget that the Christian faith came to the negro in bondage in a foreign land, that with the first gleam of his intelligence he was taught that in history, blood and dark ancestry, he, with his fathers before him and his children after him, was in a state of permanent inferiority to those white instructors in whose hands he was as a mere chattel.

Nay, his Christian teachers did more. They shared in these modern days none of the deeply seated aversion of old time, Jewish, Christian, or Islamic, to forming imagery of God. Whether it was in painting or plastic art, the Creator was pictured to the negro's imagination, in the spirit of Raphael, as a white-haired man of benevolent countenance, flowing grey beard, and *white of skin.*

The picture of Christ was that of a white man, and the Mother of Jesus was similarly white beyond compare. Joseph was white, and white was every apostle. All were white, and that the negro's instructors were white too, only showed how nearly allied to Him they were, how they stood like beloved children at His right hand in the sunlit sphere of God's goodness and blessing. Into that picture the negro could only creep as one far removed from the mercy of Heaven. That, throughout the ages, was the legacy of the man of ebon skin.

What would the black man not suffer to be white? What would the black woman not forfeit to cleanse from her skin that loathsome black pigment, and make herself white with a whiteness that was innocency itself, approximating herself, however faintly, to the image that filled her heart and mind, the peerless, sinless purity of the Virgin herself, honoured and blessed above all her sex?

This idea of the whiteness of God has found many curious expressions, many grotesque travesties that could not fittingly be reproduced in these pages. God is asked to extend His "lily white hands" over the heads of the negro congregation as a final act of blessing, and the preacher has fired the imagination of his hearers in elucidating the text "We shall be like Him" (1 John iii. 2) by exclaiming, "Brethren, imagine a beautiful white man with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and flaxen hair, and *we shall be like Him.*"

This is the perverse anthropomorphism which we have thrust upon the negro people, a personification of God after our own image, the influence of which has been so subtle, so far-reaching, and so degrading.

Our faith came to the negroes in chains. It came to them also like a radiant hope. It eased the heavy task, it gave them patience in suffering, comfort in bereavement, consolation in death. Not the rigours of the cruellest taskmaster, the pains of fire nor death itself availed to quench that pure flame. It gave them the eternal hope of a glorious to-morrow, when out of their most abject miseries, keen anguish and irreparable sorrows, there should arise a land of ease and joy and song, a land o'erflowing with milk and honey, the home of God.

Heavy hearts turned to this heavenly citizenship with wistful longing and firm faith. Songs gladdened the long vigil, songs crude and unlettered, born of adversity in the house of bondage, earnest, solemn, quaint, tender and sincere, as they floated through the palms and whispering grass of the starlit night.

That was our gift to the black race, extorted though it was from most, and opposed as it was by many. But then, unhappily, we taught them other things as well, lessons we would fain forget now if the legacy of those dark days were not with us still. A sombre-skinned race of children had found those baser lessons easy enough once they had embraced the religion of their white masters. Let us not attempt now to apportion blame. Let us not forget the easy path to sin on the one side, and on the other the negress's transcendent joy—an exaltation, be it remembered, born of her most cherished hopes—in finding herself the mother and adoring guardian of the white man's child—like unto him, like unto God, the Babe in Bethlehem, and in herself honoured and blessed above all her sex.

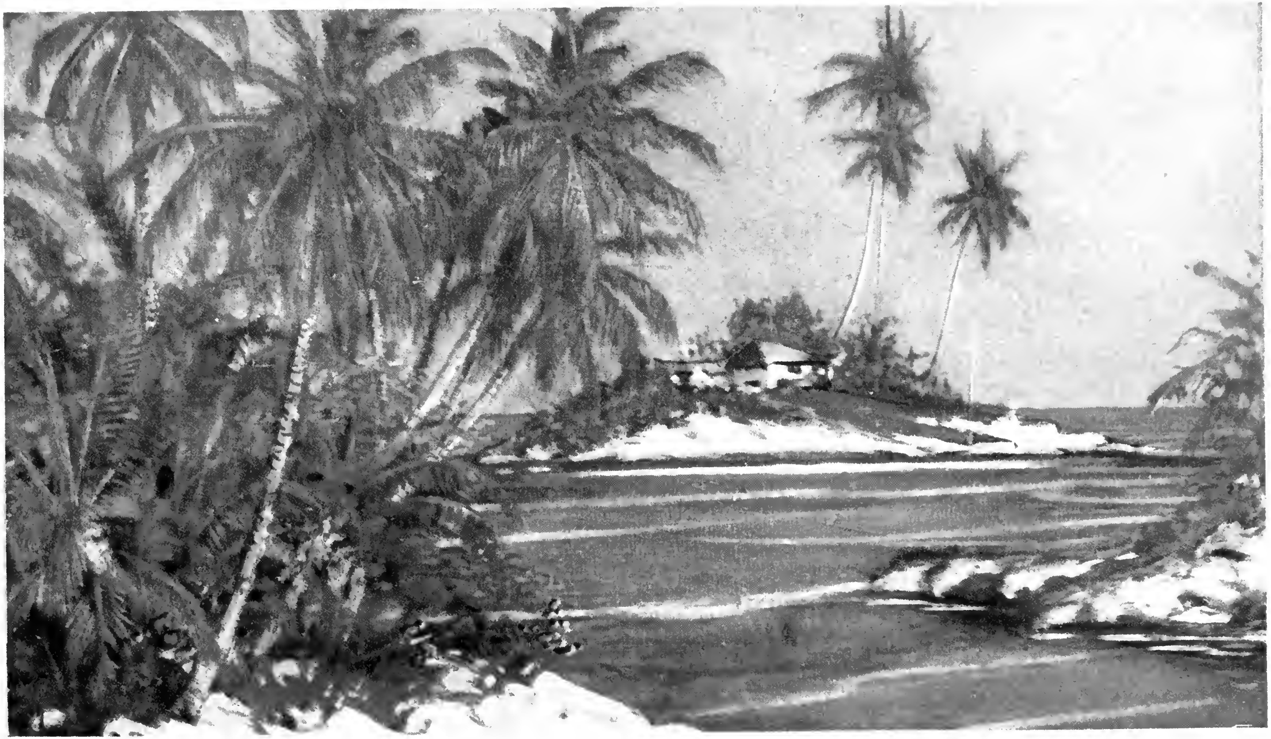
In this wise a "coloured" population came into being, and it is well to remind those harsh critics who are blind to the frailties of the homeland, and abroad are so quick to blame, so slow to pardon or extenuate, that when we gave the Bible to these people as a guide to their halting footsteps, we gave them the record of the wedding feast, but no hint of any spiritual blessing or marriage ceremony.

Is it any wonder then that the negress who learns half her Christian faith aright, consciously or unconsciously, learns the rest for herself, and that in approximating herself, or her children, to the colour round which her eternal hopes are clinging, she is achieving a joy and felicity which we can never hope or pretend to check or disparage?

Surely it is pertinent to ask of such of us as presume to higher moral feeling and purity of life, how would we stand if the question of colour in our religion were reversed, and black became saint-like, God-like, peerless, sinless, adorable? Yet out of the abyss of our ignorance, and the boundless incapacity of mere mortals to comprehend things spiritual and eternal, we have not hesitated to raise a vast superstructure, to personify God as a Heavenly Father like unto ourselves, a picture flattering to our own narrow pride, but alas! one for ever alien to the negro race.

We know the negro to be capable, physically strong, and intellectually by no means despicable. He is docile, naturally obedient, genuine, jovial, well-disposed, irascible, excitable, deludable, volatile and unpersistent—plastic material out of which, had we chosen to understand the exact quality that fell to our plundering hands, we might have made a sound, honest, contented, wealth-producing people of inestimable service to ourselves in the progress of the world.

Instead, we have made him servile, suppressed his initiative and destroyed his intelligence; in a



One of the lesser islands lying off Green Island, Jamaica
from a sketch lent to the Author by May Goodwin

word, we have taught him the worst of all lessons, either for a race or an individual—a fundamental inferiority incapable of uplifting. We found a grown-up child of the forest. Because we have made of that child, not a man, but a mannikin, masquerading in the guise of a European, we affect to despise the product of our own crude and clumsy methods with a lofty assumption of amusement that fills me almost with despair.

I do not pretend to know from any observation of my own what the influence of Mohammedanism has been on the negro race. But I do remember how the conviction was forced upon me in Jamaica that the black, who has made such a lamentably poor figure as a Christian, would probably have made a self-respecting and honourable Muslim—a conviction to which I find many travellers have borne witness after observing how the manhood of the race is depressed almost to extinction in Protestant countries and how it is developed under the reverse processes of the Crescent.

Mohammed did not despise the negro race, and it is worthy of recall that wherever the Azân summons the faithful to prayer, the negro, from the far-off days of dark-visaged Bilâl, the first Muezzin, knows not the blighting humiliation of caste. Neither colour nor race debars him from the highest privileges of his faith. The shackles did not fall from the convert to Christianity, but the negro slave as Mohammedan became free.

It puzzles me to understand how the negro has been found so unworthy of study when our need of his service was so urgent. Greek and Latin literature abounds with tributes to the beauty no less than the strength and fidelity of the race. It was in Ethiopia the Jews were saved from extinction. Moses was born and educated in Ethiopia and among her daughters found his wife. It was upon a negro the cross of Christ was laid, that he might bear it after Jesus to Calvary.

Homer pictures the celestial circle betaking themselves from the summits of Olympus for the enjoyment of Ethiopian hospitality. And where the gleam of tradition and fable gives way to the clearer light of history, the lustre of the "remotest nation" is not diminished. The Ethiopian, with his black skin and frizzled hair, is still the object of contemporary curiosity and admiration, "most just of men," "favourite of the gods."

Historians of vision and caution find him in these early days in the highest rank of knowledge and civilisation, to whom, despite our present contempt (an interesting subject of reflection), "we owe our arts, sciences, and even the very use of speech."

"Blackness of skin cannot degrade an ingenuous mind, or lessen the worth of a scholar or wit," said the poet to the negro khalif who reigned in Bagdad in the ninth century. It was a lover in praise of a sombre-tinted Venus who a century later exclaimed: "If a mole be set in an ugly cheek it endows it with beauty and grace; how then should the heart-stricken lover be blamed for looking upon his mistress as a mole all over?"

The prayers of the Roman Catholic Church, too, include many references to the Virgin as black and beautiful—"*Nigra sum, sed formosa, filiæ Jerusalem,*" to quote the office of Our Lady*—and this idea of the Mother of Jesus being black of skin has found graphic presentment in art, of which the Black Virgin in the chapel of St. Thomas of Ville Neuve, Paris, occurs to me as I write as one famous and much-revered example.

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* *I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem.*—The Song of Solomon, I, 5.

Then why, I am tempted to ask, all this contempt? Surely it is the refuge of those who forget their history.

The problem, however, with which we are faced in Jamaica, and with which we have been faced practically since the days of the Emancipation, is how are we to make the negro work in a land where bountiful Nature seems to conspire with his own natural indolence. One day's labour every week or every fortnight is ample to sustain any negro in comfort—granting, as is almost invariably the case, that his wife keeps a roof over their heads by her own tireless, independent effort, while children running about almost naked form practically no strain whatever upon the family exchequer.

Indolence is the occupation not of the devil but of the devil's disciple. To uplift the negro, therefore, we must make him work; and by some means we must raise, not lower, as hitherto, the standard of his comfortable life.

Can we promote industry by ministering to his vanity and to his passions?

Can we produce in his mind a feeling of more tender regard for his wife, and a determination to save her from degrading labour?

Can we produce in his mind a wholesome dissatisfaction with the miserable wattled hut in which he and his wife and children of all ages and both sexes live and sleep indiscriminately?

And can we evoke a more tender regard for child life in the earliest years of infancy, and save some of that great throng that passes away in the first year of life?

Thus far we have made small progress in all these directions, and if we have advanced the negro since Emancipation in intelligence and understanding, he has fallen back in his obedience to certain instincts of the primitive man in his relations to woman from which Europe has much to learn.

But to set up the tenets of Islam, as has been suggested to me, is unthinkable, not from any narrow prejudices of creed, but because polygamy has failed, failed to advance the prosperity of countries of which Mohammedanism is the guiding star, and because under its influence the position of women in Jamaica, hard though it may be to-day, would be infinitely worse in the illimitable terrors of the seraglio.

I have once or twice had occasion to refer to the figures of population. The expansion taken in conjunction with other vital statistics has many points of interest. The earliest numbering of the people took place in 1660, when "the relicts of the army" were set down at 2200; planters, merchants and others being probably as many more. In 1673 the population was more exactly ascertained. White: Men, 4050; women, 2006; children, 1712; total, 7768. Negroes, 9504 = 17,272. In 1734 the white population was somewhat fewer—7644; but the introduction of slave labour had lifted the black population to 86,546. Forty-one years later (1775), the free coloured people were for the first time accounted for, the figures being: whites, 12,737; free coloured, 4093; slaves, 192,787 = 209,617. Sixteen years later (1791) there was present the largest white population known to Jamaican history: Whites, 30,000; free black and coloured, 10,000; maroons, 1400; slaves, 250,000—all approximate figures, gleaned from a return to the House of Lords dated March 1839.

At the period of the Emancipation (1834) the figures were: Whites, 15,000; coloured, 40,000; free black, 5000; slaves, 311,070—total, 371,070.

Not till 1844 was the first census taken by duly appointed officers, acting under the authority of an Act of the legislature, and then the whites were still some 15,729 ; the coloured people were now 68,576, and the blacks only 293,128 = 377,433 ; while the sexes were divided as follows: males, 181,633 ; females, 195,800.

In 1861 the white population had fallen to 13,816, while the coloured people had again markedly increased to 81,074, and the black to 346,374, notwithstanding visitations of cholera, scarlatina, and small-pox, which were responsible for between 50,000 and 60,000 deaths.

In 1871 the white population had again fallen to 13,101, the coloured advanced to 100,346, and the black to 392,707 = 506,154.

In 1881 the census figures for the first time included coolies and Chinese, the total of all being 580,804. Ten years later, the white population was 14,692; coloured, 121,955; black, 488,624 ; East Indian, 10,116 ; Chinese, 481 ; not stated, 3623, or a total of 639,491.

To-day the estimated population is set down at 820,437 (male, 399,416; female, 421,021). This disproportion in the sexes is very marked in particular localities—in Kingston, for instance, where it is as two to three, while in certain smaller centres—Lucea, for instance, it is even more marked, the male population being only half as numerous (as one to two).

William Rathbone Greg, a critic of high repute in his day, in "Literary and Social Judgments" (1870), quotes figures to show that "out of a population of 420,000, not fewer than 14,840 marriages annually take place, being a proportion of one in twenty-nine. Indeed, everywhere marriage is now the rule." If these figures were correct they are a remarkable contrast to the latest returns.

The marriages registered per 1000 of the population average for ten years slightly over 3000 all told, or, for 1905–6 (as shown in the last return issued January 1907), 3116, or 3·8 per 1000 of the population. Of the 6232 married, 2165 (34·7 per cent.) signed the register with a mark (bridegrooms 31·6, brides 37·8). Ten years earlier 41·2 per cent. of the bridegrooms were illiterate, and 53·4 of the brides, so that education is making a steady advance year by year.

The births in the last return numbered for the year 31,618, or 38·8, while the deaths were 17,871, or 21·9. The death-rate over a period of ten years shows a slight tendency to fall. The feature of the birth-rate is of course the large proportion of illegitimacy. Of the 31,618 births, 20,646 came under this head, so that of every 100 children born, 65·2 were the offspring of "irregular" unions as compared with 63·2 in the previous year.

The mortality among children is sufficiently startling to justify the moralist's sense of horror. Of the 17,871 deaths, 5219 (20·2) are those of children under one year, and 7927 (44·4) under five years. The rates for the preceding year were as high as 28·2 and 47·3 respectively, so that the weaklings are either better cared for or battle more successfully for the breath of life.

Another table before me, fresh from the press a couple of days before the earthquake, compares the mortality among legitimate with illegitimate children. In Kingston only 16·64 legitimate die, compared with 26·35 illegitimate (mean 22·9). In Trelawney the figures are 13·27, compared with 22·25 (mean 19·4).

More than three deaths out of four were registered without any qualified medical certification of death (or a total of 14,250 = 79·7 per cent.), extraordinary figures which speak for themselves.

The leprosy hospital is one of the sights of Jamaica. Unfortunately all the afflicted are not to be found within its walls. Greater stringency in isolation might do something to check the spread of this disease on the Island. At present it is a terrible curse, and a bewildering problem for the authorities. Good class families are reputed to be saturated, but it is more largely the fate of children of a Scandinavian father, in general a sailor.

Doctors denied that leprosy was transmissible or infectious; it is both. The cases of Father Damien, and the late cook at the Lepers' Home at Spanish Town, prove the latter, and common sense suggested the first. There are about 2000 lepers in Jamaica at the present time. Leprosy is still endemic in Norway and Sweden, where they eat much salt fish; but in the two Scandinavian kingdoms the climatic conditions are different, and salt fish never attains such a sublimity of rottenness and foul decay as in the tropics.

An incident of fifteen years ago was mentioned to me, and is worthy of recall. A cargo of fish, from Newfoundland I think, was condemned by the customs or port authorities of Kingston, and was therefore dumped into the harbour as a fitting gorge for the hungry sharks. The negroes in canoes fought the officers in boats, and carried off a large store of the condemned food.

In the Isle of Man we have a suspicion that an excessive diet of dried and salted fish results in a weakening of the blood, setting up a condition favourable to the development of cancer; and only a year ago I was asked to conduct an inquiry with a view of accumulating facts, within the bounds of our own island world, from which medical and scientific experts might draw conclusions.

A poor diet must be an ever pressing source of danger, and therein seems the answer to all inquiry. Where putrid fish is a delicacy, the scourge of disease is inevitable.

Jamaica presents many problems, as, I believe, these pages will have shown—problems of race, government, religion, language, and much besides. It is impossible to touch her shores without feeling one's interest quickened by the contemplation of some vast field of inquiry, speculation and study. During my brief stay I found my mind concerned with many widely different subjects. Among them I remember the discovery that the English language, though he has heard none other his life long, is a foreign tongue to the negro.

In our conceit and insular pride, we sometimes talk as though Anglo-Saxon speech were the noble heritage of the whole world. I am forced to the conclusion that it is unsuited to the negro, to his tongue, to his ear, to his understanding. No one can listen for one day to his tortuous variations, omissions, and additions without realising that our language is not, and never can be, his natural vehicle of expression. He may have made a better showing with the more vocal sounds of Spanish. Of that I cannot as yet speak.

It is sometimes said that if the United States were cut off from us for one entire generation, we on one side of the Atlantic should not be on speaking terms with our kith and kin on the other at the end of that time, so completely would the language have modified itself.

In Jamaica, if the white influence were withdrawn, Jamaican-English would be non-understandable in half that time. A forest patois would probably be developed on the groundwork of our speech, in which many sounds in our tongue would be utterly lost and forgotten.

A small volume, touching various aspects of the race problem as they appear to any observer in Jamaica, has been published under the title of "White Capital and Coloured Labour," by Sydney Olivier. One rubs one's eyes to find a Governor of Jamaica writing "No. 4" of "The Socialist Library," published by "The Independent Labour Party." Surely this is a startling sign of the march of events within the last few years; and how startling, I am made conscious by reference to "Riches and Poverty," which I received as a gift of make-weight to "White Capital."

In "Riches and Poverty," the Hon. C. A. Lister makes it clear that the Socialism of the "I.L.P." is thorough and in no way affected by any spirit of opportunism. The capitalist and the landlord must be "done away with," inasmuch as "absolute private ownership constitutes a public danger to the community." Such taxpayers, too, as already groan under a shilling income-tax and national and municipal extravagance will learn with growing sense of terror that there is to be in the near future a "fearless taxation of wealth."

How far Sir Sydney Olivier is tainted with these notions I have no idea. But he has cast a bombshell of his own making, and it may be a serious mischief-maker now that the author is in the position of a Colonial Governor. He appears as an advocate of the fusion of the white and black races! The book in which this traitorous, heathenish doctrine is set out admittedly derives its importance solely from the high position of responsibility of the author. Hitherto I have endeavoured to avoid pointing any moral lesson in setting out the facts as they touch the commingling of the two peoples, but I have not hesitated to urge the firm conclusion that the black and white races are separated by barriers fixed by God that none shall pass without price.

"Society," the author tells us on page 20, "grows increasingly unstable, unless the race prejudice and race division are modified." To secure the goal of stability, he finds inter-breeding "advantageous." Then with a fine sweep, "these barriers," *i.e.*, between black and white, are declared to be "not different in kind or in strength from those which once separated neighbouring European tribes."

Sir Sydney Olivier goes even further astray, and surely in a direction in which he might easily have found correction, when he urges that the white woman may have "strong social objection against marriage with a black or coloured man," but "no corresponding strong instinctive aversion."

Clearly Sir Sydney has had a most unhappy experience. Every white woman of pure mind and any knowledge of the simple elements of psychology, shrinks from that touch as an unholy contagion; not because she *despises* the black race, which Sir Sydney Olivier seems to think is the natural result of an objection to race fusion, but because it is something *different and apart.*

Nor is Sir Sydney Olivier on any more acceptable ground when he urges that the intermarriage of white and black peoples would mean to us an added growth of "emotional and spiritual energies." The white family is already superabundantly supplied with emotionalism—as every physician in England would testify. To increase that store of nervous excitability would be not merely a sin but a crime.

I opine that the Governor may quite suitably argue that "only one who is both an Englishman and a foreigner . . . can really appreciate and enjoy to the full the gorgeous feast of contemporary British psychology. Its most humorous, because most sympathetic satirists are Englishmen of mixed race." Within limitations this is true. But even here the author includes the Jew in the alien element, though all history and experience have shown that in such a union the Jew survives alone, generation after generation. I think it was a keen and intelligent observer like Dr. Pentecost, who exclaimed to me in America, a year or more ago, with a natural and proper exultation and pride: "It is wonderful to see how the Anglo-Saxon blood rides down everything—everything but that."

The commingling of the white race with that of the negro has, undoubtedly, produced some distinguished specimens. Pushkin was the offspring on his mother's side of Peter the Great's African general Annibaloff, and Russian poetry is enriched by his genius. It is not a wholly happy instance of a union which Sir Sydney Olivier thinks so "advantageous." The Czar had occasion to show his displeasure at the wildness of the poet's life. At thirty-two years of age he was privileged to marry Mademoiselle Goutchareff, a woman of remarkable beauty. Six years later he fell mortally wounded in an encounter in which he wrongly imagined the purity of his home was concerned.

The elder Dumas, too, had negro blood in his veins, but I have cast about in my mind vainly for any example that might be placed on the same level. Of course Toussaint l'Ouverture, who has left an imperishable name in the history of Haité, was also the child of a mixed marriage.

In our own day we are not without instances. London can show a medical specialist of the highest attainments whose mother was a native Jamaican of negro blood without a trace of claim upon any Venetian doge or Spanish don. In the world of music there is a composer of distinction. Across the Atlantic, " colour " rightly claims with pride a son of energy, intelligence, and power in the person of Mr. Booker Washington, with whom Dr. Edward W. Blyden, of Liberia, wholly of negro parentage, may fitly take rank.

But, after all, it is pertinent to ask, what are these isolated instances, covering a century and a half, compared with the hopeless deluge of sin and degradation of which they alone are the redeeming feature! It is not argument, I know, but I do feel disposed to ask the Governor if he would not shrink with loathing and horror at the mere suggestion that a daughter of his contemplated such a union. Only in this personal way, however, can Sir Sydney Olivier realise the better instincts of his own nature, and appreciate the frightful price he asks the white race to pay for its vain, imaginary self-imposed task of raising black to " colour " and " colour " to white, to the detriment of all—white, coloured, and black.

Sir Sydney Olivier does not attempt any large exposition of the faith that is in him, by an adequate examination of physical facts. He rather eludes the vigilance of the reader by a curious half-suggestion of a conviction than by positive inexactitude of statement. And yet, taken as a whole, the volume is obviously built up on a mass of inconclusive data and humanitarian dogma.

He hedges an argument by propositions to

CROWDS GATHERING ON THE ELDER, DEMPSTER WHARF AS THE DIRECT MAIL STEAMER HAILS IN SIGHT

Both Photos by W. S. Campbell

THE CLOSING IN TWILIGHT OF OUR DEPARTURE FROM JAMAICA (*See* p. 319)

which it has little or no relation, save perhaps mere expediency, by which I judge he would assert in the final event that his conclusions were right if his justifications for them were wrong. Sympathy and natural goodness of heart guide him rather than a stern and unequivocating acceptance of facts as they are.

Clearly Sir Sydney Olivier is more or less tainted by the ill-digested doctrines of Socialism. I have heard it said that he would repudiate the badge of the Socialist and call himself a Fabian. The latter is a badge of convenient and dignified theorising, and affords facilities for introspection and speculation.

In mind, outlook, and experience the new Governor comes from the opposite pole to his predecessor. To him the function of government will mean wide and noble aspirations, and in his hands the administration will be marked by intelligence and zeal. But Fabianism and all foolish and wicked notions of race fusion must be relegated to that domain of day-dream to which they properly belong.

Governors come and go, but Jamaica remains with us always. It occurs to me that it would be a simple act of loyalty no less than of wisdom if the real headship of King Edward, to whom in the darkest hour of the earthquake the unlettered population of Kingston turned in simple childlike faith as to a parent, strong and mighty to save, were made the measureless agency for good it might be; we should not wait till the King has passed out of this life before we have familiarised his features to the eyes of the people in cold, white marble.

Every Government building, from the office of the Colonial Secretary to the entrance hall of the Public Hospital, every court of justice and every village post office should contain on its most prominent wall a picture of the King, instinct with life. In this way that Fatherhood of his People would be made a graphic unforgettable reality in the hour of stress and trial no less than in the hour of temptation, should such an hour arise.

In many countries of Europe—in Italy not merely the officer sitting at the receipt of customs but every little country post-office upon which I have chanced, in Germany every school I have been privileged to visit—this idea of conveying to the mind of the administrator no less than to the minds of the people, old and young, the lineaments of the reigning monarch, has met with approval, forming a reminder to the governing officer, often of influence and significance, that he acts for his King; to the people that errors are his own and not his who sent him, and that the King who gave can take away the power that is misapplied.

If this is deemed simple wisdom among European peoples living under provincial governments and conditions of more or less close touch with the centre of authority, how much more wisdom would be shown in adopting it among a people of lesser intelligence and education, living far away from the centre of authority, and under a government approximating to that of a Crown Colony?

Outstanding, however, from all my memories of Jamaica two are imperishable. They are two pictures, and together they form a contrast it would be impossible for my stumbling pen to heighten in colour or overcharge in imaginative detail.

In one I recall that glorious morning of our arrival, the dawn breaking like a tongue of flame behind the bare rugged mountains, now screened from more definite vision by a muslin transparency like a veil of fleecy blue, the Southern Cross and all the glittering constellation of stars fading in translucent mist, and ourselves gliding over the purple waters as they danced around us in tiny wavelets in very joy of another gladsome day.

In the other picture I recall, not without a thrill of anguish, that late afternoon of our departure when our last glimpse in the twilight was that of a blackened and broken city, lying amid the terrors of the still unburied dead, the still smouldering fires, the gloom of settled melancholy and almost of despair.

But is it not the hour of sorrow rather than the hour of joy that cements human hearts? Am I not drawn by silken cords of sympathy and good-will? And shall I not be rewarded beyond all humble words of praise and thanksgiving if in any of these pages I have served to point or lighten the path we would tread?

APPENDICES

I

THE

Jamaica Gazette.

VOL. XXX.] THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1907. [NO. 7.

6th March, 1907.

THE GOVERNOR directs the publication, for general information, of the following letter from Mr. W. R. Hall Caine, enclosing six resolutions passed at a meeting of passengers on board the R.M.S. *Port Kingston* on 21st January, last, relating to valuable services rendered by Sir Alfred Jones, K.C.M.G., and the officers and crew of the *Port Kingston* during the period which followed the earthquake on the 14th January.

By command,
H. CLARENCE BOURNE,
Colonial Secretary.

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41 Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.
1st February, 1907.

His Excellency Sir J. Alexander Swettenham. King's House,
Kingston, Jamaica.

SIR,

I beg to enclose six resolutions passed at a meeting of passengers on board the R.M.S. *Port Kingston* at Sea, off Barbados, 21st January, 1907, the Right Honourable the Earl of Dudley in the chair.

A suggestion was made at the meeting that these resolutions should be amplified by further details, but such suggestion did not form an instruction of the meeting. I have, however, incorporated in the enclosed statement of the proceedings a list giving the names of the mover and seconder of each resolution. These gentlemen were chosen that they might testify to those facts within their personal experience and observation. They would gladly provide any detailed information that might be desired, and I shall be pleased to offer any aid in my power to that end.

I am, &c.,
W. RALPH HALL CAINE.

APPENDIX I

RESOLUTIONS PASSED AT A MEETING OF THE PASSENGERS ON BOARD THE R.M.S. "PORT KINGSTON" AT SEA, OFF BARBADOS, 21ST JANUARY, 1907.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley in the Chair.

1.—Moved by Sir Thomas Hughes, seconded by Mr. Howell Davies, M.P., and resolved :—

"That this meeting desires to record its deep sense of the public services rendered by Sir Alfred Jones, K.C.M.G., personally and on behalf of Messrs Elder, Dempster & Co., in unreservedly placing the Company's steamer, all stores, appliances and necessaries at the disposal of those suffering from the effects of the earthquake that took place at Kingston, Jamaica, on the 14th January last. It further expresses its gratitude to Sir Alfred Jones for the courage, calmness and cheerfulness with which he has borne the great responsibilities imposed upon him during these days of loss and trial, and his solicitude both for his fellow passengers and for the many persons of all ranks and classes with whom he has been brought into contact."

2.—Moved by Sir Daniel Morris, K.C.M.G., etc., seconded by the Hon. B. Howell Jones, and resolved :—

"That this meeting desires to record its high appreciation of the self-sacrificing devotion of Dr. Arthur Evans, who on the occasion of the earthquake placed his professional services unreservedly at the disposal of the injured inhabitants of Kingston, and who through many trying hours laboured unceasingly to save their lives and to alleviate their sufferings."

3.—Moved by Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P., seconded by Mr. H. Cotterell, and resolved :—

"That this meeting desires to thank Dr. Neville Williams for the services he rendered to the sick and wounded, both in the town and at the ship's side."

4.—Moved by the Right Hon. Jesse Collings, M.P., seconded by Sir Ralph Moore, K C.M.G., and resolved :—

"That this meeting expresses its gratitude to nurse Sarah Cross and to all those members of the ship's company who assisted in the task of treating the wounded and of administering surgical and medical aid under the direction of Dr. Evans. The meeting recognises the great devotion with which all those referred to performed an unaccustomed and trying duty under difficult circumstances."

5.—Moved by the Right Hon. Arnold-Forster, M.P., seconded by Mr. Charles Lancaster, and resolved :—

"That this meeting recognises with pride and gratification the courage and devotion displayed by Captain Parsons, the officers and crew of the *Port Kingston*, all of whom in their order and degree rendered effective service in succouring the wounded, in comforting the distressed, in safeguarding public property, and in performing the many arduous duties imposed upon them during a period of exceptional stress."

6.—Moved by Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., seconded by Mr. J. Thompson, and resolved :—

"That copies of these resolutions be sent to His Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Right Hon. the President of the Board of Trade, His Excellency the Governor of Jamaica, Sir Alfred Jones, K.C.M.G., Dr. Neville Williams and Nurse Cross; also to Captain Parsons, Dr. Arthur Evans, Mr. Little and all the officers and men of the R.M.S. *Port Kingston* as a testimony of the esteem in which they are held by the passengers and as a memorial of the occasion on which they rendered such signal service."

The meeting further determined on the nomination of the chairman to empower Mr. W. Ralph Hall Caine to carry out the foregoing resolutions, and Lord Dudley in communicating the thanks of the passengers to Mr. W. R. Hall Caine and Mr. Arnold-Forster for drawing up the plan of proceedings, authorised Mr. W. R. Hall Caine to convey the resolutions to the press as soon as official custom would deem suitable.

Letters in acknowledgment of copies of the various resolutions, read as follows:—

DOWNING STREET,
11 *February*, 1907.

SIR,

I am directed by the Earl of Elgin to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st inst. enclosing copies of certain resolutions passed by the passengers on board the *Port Kingston* relative to the services of Sir Alfred Jones and the officers and crew of the vessel in connection with the earthquake at Kingston, Jamaica, on the 14th of January.

2. Lord Elgin has been glad to receive this testimony to the valuable assistance rendered by Sir Alfred Jones and the whole staff of the *Port Kingston* on the occasion of the disaster.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
C. P. LUCAS.

W. Ralph Hall Caine, Esq.

BOARD OF TRADE, MARINE DEPARTMENT,
7, WHITEHALL GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.
22*nd February*, 1907.

SIR,

I am directed by the Board of Trade to advert to your letter of the 1st instant, addressed to the President, forwarding copies of six resolutions passed at a meeting on board the R.M.S. *Port Kingston* respecting the services rendered by Sir Alfred Jones, K.C.M.G., Doctors Arthur Evans and Neville Williams, Nurse Sarah Cross, and the Master, Officers and Crew of the *Port Kingston* on the occasion of the earthquake at Kingston, Jamaica, on the 14th ultimo.

In thanking you for forwarding copies of the resolutions in question to this Department, the Board desire me to say that they very highly appreciate not only the self-denying labours of those who so readily assisted in the work of succouring the unfortunate sufferers from the catastrophe, but also the courage and devotion displayed in rendering those services under most trying and difficult circumstances.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Walter J. Howell.

W. Ralph Hall Caine, Esq., 41, Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.

King's House, Jamaica,
7 *March*, 1907.

Sir,

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated the 1st ultimo enclosing six resolutions passed at a meeting of passengers on board the R.M.S. *Port Kingston* at sea, off Barbados, on the 21st January last, relating to the valuable services rendered by Sir Alfred Jones and the Officers and Crew of the *Port Kingston* during the trying period which followed the earthquake on the 14th January last.

2. I have already conveyed to Sir Alfred Jones my gratitude on behalf of the Colony for the thoughtful, generous and effective assistance so freely given; and I have caused a copy of your letter and the resolutions to be published in the Official Gazette of this Government.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Jas. A. Swettenham,
Governor.

W. R. Hall Caine, Esq., 41, Queen's Gate Gardens, London, S.W.

17, Canning Street, Liverpool,
Feb. 7, 1907.

Dear Mr. Hall Caine,

Thank you very much for the copy of the Resolution passed on board the *Port Kingston* with reference to myself. Everybody has been awfully kind. I was glad to be there, and also to be a Britisher. Thank you too for your kind note and appreciative remarks.

I hope when in Liverpool you will not fail to come and see me.

With very kindest regards,
Sincerely yours,
Arthur J. Evans.

The Middlesex Hospital, W.,
8 *February*, 1907.

Dear Sir,

Your letter and accompanying copy of the Resolution passed by the Passengers on board R.M.S. *Port Kingston* was, with other correspondence on the same subject received from Dr. Arthur J. Evans, read to the Weekly Board at their meeting on Wednesday last, and caused them the highest gratification.

A Resolution was then passed expressing the Board's appreciation of Nurse Cross's conduct on the occasion alluded to, and she was subsequently interviewed and commended by the Chairman, who, at the same time, handed her a copy of the Resolution kindly forwarded by you.

It was further decided that a suitable address inscribed on parchment should be given to Nurse Sarah Cross as an acknowledgment of her distinguished behaviour.

Yours faithfully,
F. Clare Kelliado,
Secretary Superintendent.

W. Ralph Hall Caine, Esq., 41, Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.

II

THE IMPERIAL TREASURY GRANT AND LOAN

On March 14, the Archbishop of the West Indies and Mr. A. W. Farquharson, the Crown Solicitor, were delegated by the citizens of Kingston to proceed to England and enlist the practical sympathy of the Imperial Government in the fallen fortunes of the city.

The Archbishop, whose tireless energy in the cause of Jamaica is a byword throughout the colony, made his representations with what may be best described as dogged but conciliatory persistency. But all the diplomacy of the Archbishop and all the skill of Mr. Farquharson in this invasion of the British Exchequer would have availed little had they not enlisted the whole-hearted support of Lord Elgin in the final court of appeal, the office of Mr. Asquith.

The success of the little mission is shown in the following letters, for copies of which I am indebted to his Grace.

Downing Street,
8 *May*, 1907.

Most Reverend Sir,

I am directed by the Earl of Elgin to inform you that His Majesty's Government have decided to invite Parliament to make a free grant of £150,000 in aid of the sufferers by the earthquake in Jamaica, and to authorise a loan to the Colonial Government of £800,000. The exact terms of the loan are still under consideration.

2. Lord Elgin is informing the Officer Administering the Government of Jamaica of this decision by telegraph, and is expressing the hope that the aid which it is thus proposed to give from public funds, supplementing the private subscriptions already contributed, will enable the people of His Majesty's ancient and loyal colony of Jamaica, in conjunction with their own efforts, to surmount the great trial which has befallen them, and secure renewed contentment and prosperity for the Island.

3. The petition brought home by yourself and Mr. Farquharson will be formally laid before the House of Commons with the recommendation of His Majesty thereon. Lord Elgin desires me to

express his thanks to you and Mr. Farquharson for the assistance you have given in the consideration of this most important matter.

I am, Most Rev. Sir,
Your obedient servant,
C. P. LUCAS.

24, BELSIZE PARK, LONDON, N.W.,
10 *May*, 1907.

C. P. Lucas, Esq., C.B., Assistant Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, Colonial Office, S.W.

SIR,

I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your letter dated 8th May, informing me of the decision of His Majesty's Government respecting the application from Jamaica for Imperial assistance. Though the aid thus assured is not quite all that we desired, I trust under good management it will go far towards furnishing the needed assistance to enable an effective beginning to be made in the restoration of buildings and the resuscitation of the business of the city, and the home life of the people; and will serve as a stimulus to all grades of persons to use to the utmost their own powers of self-help.

2. I desire, on behalf of my colleague, Mr. Farquharson, and myself, to express our great appreciation of the personal courtesy shown to us, and the sympathetic and patient consideration of our representation by His Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, by the Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, and by all those in the Colonial Office with whom we have conferred.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
E. JAMAICA,
Archbishop of the West Indies.

The Kingston Restoration Committee supplemented this expression of gratitude by formal resolution, transmitted through the Governor to the Colonial Office and published as a White Paper in November, setting out the appreciation of the inhabitants of His Majesty's sympathetic interest in the welfare of the Colony.

The resolution concluded with thanks to the House of Commons "for the generous and substantial assistance granted" to the sufferers by the earthquake and subsequent fires.

Lord Elgin's reply stated that "the resolution has been laid before His Majesty, who was pleased to receive it very graciously," and further that "it will be communicated to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and laid on the table of the House."

III

NEGRO PROVERBS

Cockroach eber so drunk, him no walk past fowl-yard.

This is perhaps one of the most familiar of all epigrammatic phrases on the tongue of the negro Creole. Its wisdom lies in its application, and, like nearly all negro proverbs, requires translation : (However drunk the cockroach may be, he will never take the risk of walking past a fowl-yard.)

A variant is found in the phrase : *Cockroach give dance, him no ask fowl :* (When the cockroach gives a dance he does not invite a fowl.)

The negro has a nice distinction, too, in the character of an invitation : "*Come see me,*" *is no'ting* ; "*come lib wi me*" *is something :* (Come and see me is nothing, but come and live with me is something.)

His contempt for the brown man is proverbial. He says : *De brown man wife eat cockroach in corner, save him money fe buy silk dress ;* which is understood to mean, " The brown man's wife eats cockroaches in a corner, that she may save money for her husband to buy her a silk dress."

But to show that he is not unmindful of the brown's pride of colour, the negro has a shaft from his own arrow : *John Crow tink him own pickney white :* (Every black man thinks his own child to be white.)

Remembering the early ancestry of the negro, it is not remarkable to find that the dog figures in many phrases. He says : *Hog run fe him life, dog run fe him character :* (The hog runs for his life, the dog for his reputation.)

Before dog it is "*Mr. Dog,*" *behind dog it is* "*dog*" *;* and another, that is suggestive of "Give a dog a bad name," &c. : *Ratta say, de man chop him a no kill him ; de man dat say,* "*Look oo rat*" *;* from which I make out : The rat says that the man who chopped off his tail was not the man who killed him, but the man who gave him a bad name, saying, " Look you here rat."

To-day for me, to-morrow for you.

Time is longer than a rope.

The cat knows when it is four o'clock.

A closed mouth catches no flies.

Sleep has no master.

If there is trouble in the bush, it will soon be in the house.

If you play with a monkey, don't meddle with his tail.

Never make a goat the trustee of a bread-nut tree.

APPENDIX III

It is not for any want of tongue that the cow does not talk.

Not everything you hear is safe to repeat.

When the black man steals, he steals threepence ; when the white man steals, he steals the whole estate.

Nor does the clergyman escape the negro's watchful, cynical eye, for he has a gentle reminder of the humanity of his pastor : The parson thinks of his own child first.

Every day is a fishing day, but it is not every day you catch fish.

No cotton tree is so large that a little axe will not cut him down.

One thief does not like to see another thief carrying a big bag.

When the negro, labouring in the heat of the sun, sees his more fortunate brother driving by, lying, rather than sitting, at his ease under the canopy of his buggy, feet extended and resting on the front splashboard, through which the reins are drawn, and a large cigar in the gentle grip of his lips, he takes such poor comfort as the contrast affords:

Rocka 'tone a' ribba bottom no feel sun hot : (A stone at the bottom of the river does not feel the heat of the sun.)

IV

THE SHIP'S DAILY RUN

FROM THE LOG OF THE R.M.S. "PORT KINGSTON."

Registered Tonnage—Gross, 7585 ; net, 3841.
Crew, 166. Voyage, Twenty-first.

(OUTWARD.)

	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Run.	Remarks.
1906. Dec. 29	51·18	3·52	**47**	8.10 A.M. Left Avonmouth for Barbados. Light winds.
„ 30	47·17	11·13	**378**	Moderate wind, strong sea, squally weather.
„ 31	43·06	17·26	**363**	Ditto.
1907. Jan. 1	39·07	23·41	**371**	7.10 A.M. Passed Azores islands, San Miguel. Moderate breeze and sea. Clear weather.
„ 2	35·07	30·16	**397**	Light breeze, smooth sea, fine weather.
„ 3	30·59	36·15	**390**	Strong wind, high seas, clear weather.
„ 4	27·02	41·38	**369**	Moderate gale, high seas, squally weather.
„ 5	23·17	46·34	**350**	Strong wind, high seas, squally weather.
„ 6	19·20	51·47	**375**	Light breeze, moderate swell, smooth sea, fine weather.
„ 7	15·29	56·52	**373**	Ditto.
„ 8	Anchored Barbados.		**223**	4.36 A.M. Arrived Barbados. 1.38 P.M., depart for Jamaica. Light breeze, moderate swell, fine weather.
„ 9	14·49	65·33	**361**	Moderate following wind, rough sea, clear weather.
„ 10	16·52	72·31	**421**	Ditto.
„ 11	Direct Line Wharf.		**262**	Arrived Kingston, Jamaica. Moderate wind and sea, fine weather.
	Total distance		**4680**	

APPENDIX IV

(HOMEWARD.)

Jan. 18	17·56	76·51		4 P.M. Left Kingston for Barbados.
„ 19	17·25	71·45	**299**	Strong head winds, high sea.
„ 20	15·32	66·12	**340**	Ditto.
„ 21	13·28	60·26	**356**	3.15. Arr. Barbados, dep. 9.45 P.M.
„ 22	15·50	58·06	**241**	Strong head wind and sea, fine weather.
„ 23	20·29	54·14	**356**	Strong head wind, heavy swell.
„ 24	25·00	49·45	**367**	Moderate wind and sea.
„ 25	29·26	44·55	**371**	Ditto.
„ 26	33·25	40·10	**341**	Moderate wind and sea, heavy head swell.
„ 27	36·57	35·46	**303**	Moderate gale, high seas.
„ 28	40·31	30·28	**327**	Ditto.
„ 29	44·17	23·39	**376**	Light breeze, smooth seas.
„ 30	47·19	16·40	**365**	Ditto.
„ 31	49·46	17·30	**371**	Ditto.
Feb. 1	To Avonmouth.		**218**	
			4631	
	Total of Cruise		**9311**	

AU REVOIR,

CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS.

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