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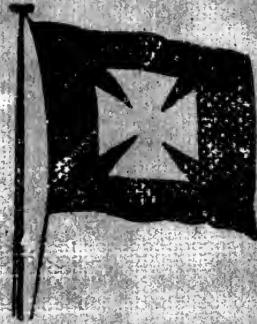


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SUSAN DE FOREST DAY

THE CRUISE
OF THE
SOUTHMAN



IN THE
WEST INDIES

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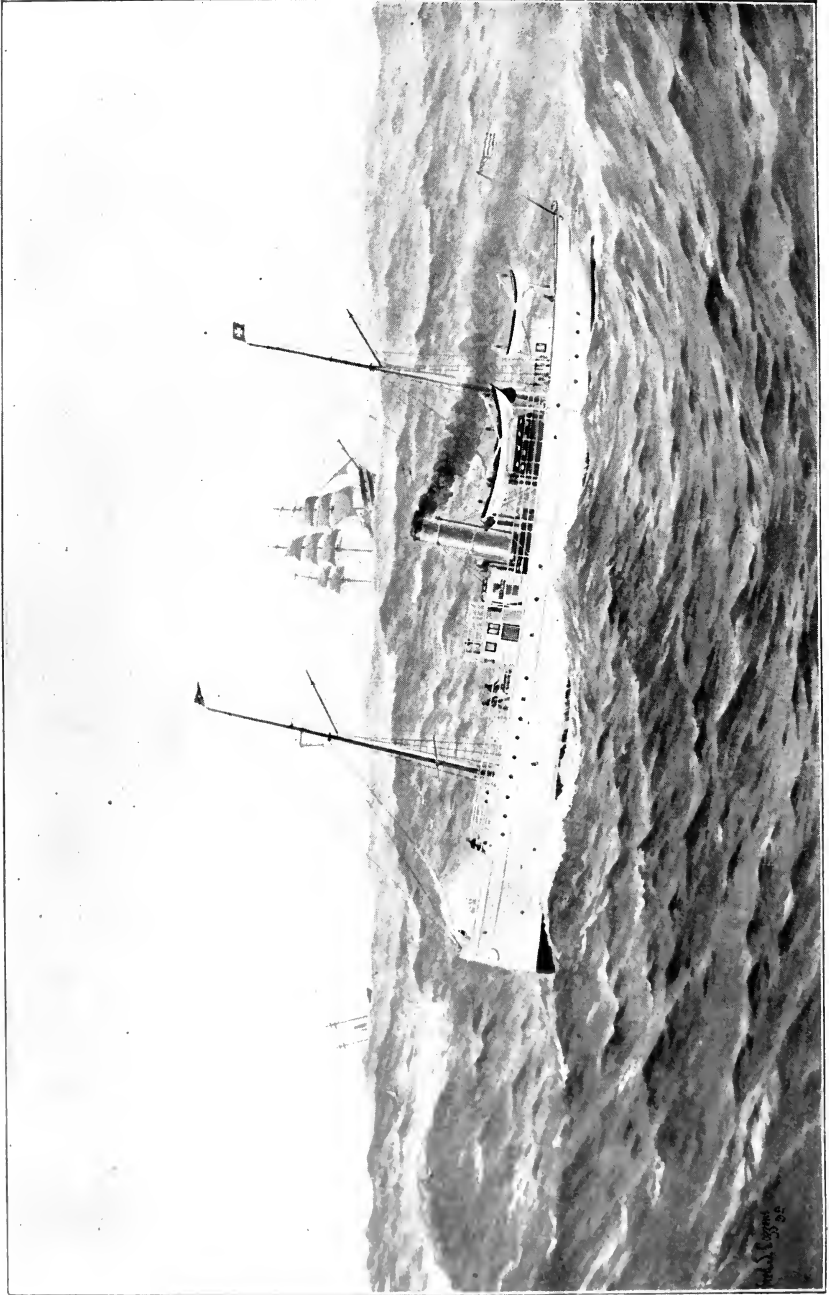


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“OFF HATTERAS.”

W. S. Cogswell
1904

THE CRUISE OF

Susan de Forest Day

THE SCYTHIAN

IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY

SUSAN DE FOREST DAY.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED.



F. TENNYSON NEELY,
PUBLISHER,
LONDON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

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TO MY TRUSTED FRIEND

WHO HAS BEEN MY COMRADE IN MANY MILES OF TRAVEL,
MY COMPANION IN MANY HOURS OF PEACE.
TO MY STAUNCH AND LOYAL

SCYTHIAN,

WHO HAS GIVEN ME HEALTH, HOME AND HAPPINESS,

I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE BOOK.

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THE CRUISE OF THE SCYTHIAN IN THE WEST INDIES.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

ONE cold afternoon in January, 1897, found us on board the *Scythian*, which was lying at anchor off Tompkinsville, ready to start for the West Indies.

We consisted of myself (pardon the egotism, but as captain I must put myself first) and another woman, my brother-in-law and another man, making a party of four; that ideal number where traveling is concerned.

We knew each other well, and liked each other better, not even fearing the disillusionments to which yachting parties are unfortunately heir.

The party was completed by the two mascots, bright, white-haired, brown-eyed bull

terriers, Trilby and her son, Starboard, who were both capital sea dogs, and well up in life on shipboard.

We were going to the West Indies, for that best of all reasons, simply because we wanted to. We longed to see the palm trees and sugar cane, to eat the luscious fruits and to float over summer seas, basking in the warm tropical sun, while the trade wind softly fanned our brows.

St. Thomas was to be our first port, as we wished to taste to the full that abrupt change from the white North to the green South, which is so exactly like the shifting of scenes in a theater.

We realized that in our little drama (we knew not yet if it would prove a tragedy or a comedy) there would be between the scenes a long *entr'acte* of six days, and fifteen hundred miles of seething ocean.

This *entr'acte* we regarded according to the feelings vouchsafed to us individually by a kind Providence when at sea, one looked forward to it with resignation, another with apprehension, and others with the joy of the true lover of the ocean, who is happiest when on the good salt

sea, with the wild winds lashing the waves into great, foam-flecked hills, while the salt spray stings the face like tiny whips.

This was to be our first trip to the tropics, but our stanch little craft was no such novice. She knew those waters well, but that was before she was a "lady." Then she was one of "the little cargo boats that's got to load or die," with a coat of rusty black on her sides, overworked and uncared for.

Many a time she had plied between those islands, with her hold piled full of oranges and bananas, or had toiled up and down the coast, regardless of wind and weather, dragged back by huge coal barges thrice her size. But she had been always stanch and seaworthy, in fair weather or foul, and loyal as a faithful old bulldog. Now she was having her reward, for she had experienced a complete change of heart.

In place of her deep hold, there were now delightful little rooms, as dainty as women's fingers could make them, with white paint, pretty cretonnes, fireplaces, armchairs, pictures, books and rugs.

Outside she was glistening white, and her

decks clean and polished, while most surprising of all, at her mainmast floated the blue burgee, white starred and red barred, that showed she had the honor of being a quasi-member of that best of all good clubs, the New York Yacht Club.

But she still kept her old towing bitts, her bow was blunt and full, and the look of a bulldog had not left her; for her owner was proud of her record in her seamy days, and she was to prove herself just as stanch and true in her fine feathers as in the old days of her rusty black coat.

Of this we feel sure as we stand on her deck in a blinding snowstorm, waving our adieux to a party of friends, who had come down in a tug to lunch with us and bid us godspeed.

They had expected to see us off, but the parting had been so pleasant, and prolonged so late, that we decided not to put to sea until the next day. So we saw them off instead, watching them disappear into the murky atmosphere of the winter twilight, when we went below to hug the bright fire in the sitting room and discuss our plans. This snowstorm was a real

trial to us. In reading of the West Indies, we had all remarked that the writers invariably left New York in a "blinding snowstorm," in order, as we censoriously supposed, to make more effective the description of their transit to a warmer clime.

We had intended to show our originality in choosing a lovely warm day for our departure, and now, this inevitable storm had overtaken us, leveling us down to the common herd of tropic-seeking travelers.

Should we start in the traditional snow-storm, and brave the fury of the northeast gale, instead of lying tamely at anchor waiting for smoother and less conventional weather?

There were many pros, and perhaps more cons. But when the captain observes that she cannot see the use of having a good sea boat if we do not go to sea, the pros carry the day, and we decide to start on the morrow, snow or shine.

The next morning the snow is still with us, and the northeast wind is still blowing a raging blast. But we are not to be turned from our purpose, and by ten o'clock Scythian's anchor

is up, the screw is churning the water under her stern into a lather, and pushing her bow through the leaden water down the Swash Channel, past Romer's Shoal, where the sea is breaking heavily, out to the open ocean. There the wind is blowing with a vengeance. As we pass Sandy Hook Lightship we see her rolling heavily, while we are none too steady ourselves.

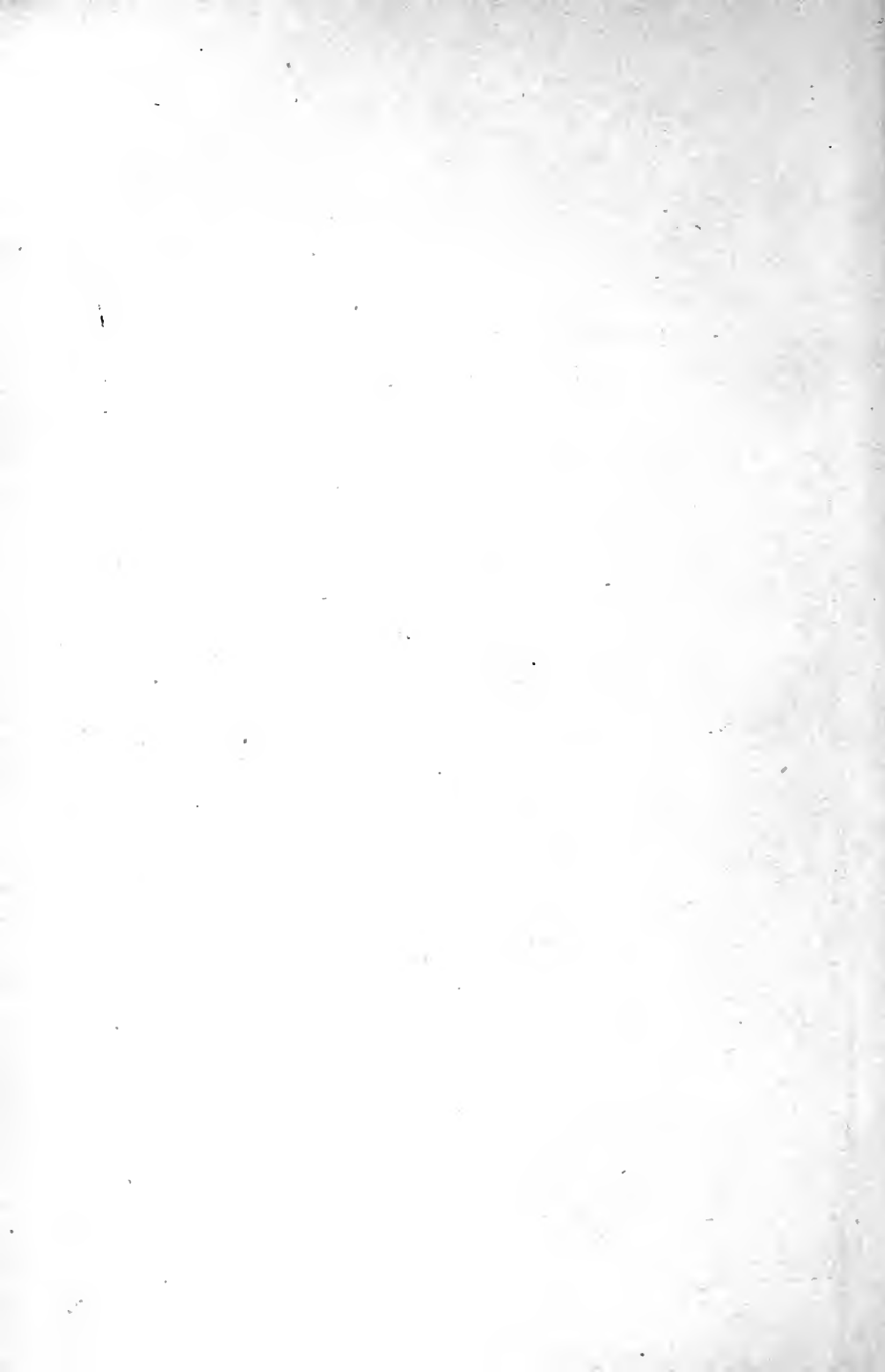
This is mere child's play compared to what we get as we turn down the Jersey coast, for the sea is rising every hour. As we watch Navesink Lighthouse slipping down below the horizon, behind that waste of greeny-gray, white-capped water, it crosses the captain's mind that the North Atlantic in January, with a northeast gale blowing, is not necessarily the most comfortable place in the world to be in, even if one does own a good sea boat.

The decks are coated with ice, the spray is flying in every direction, giving our smokestack a fine sheath of salt, and the wind whistling through the rigging lends to each line and spar its own particular shriek.

We passed Hatteras with a heavy sea run-



SITTING-ROOM.



ning; the rollers, breaking on Diamond Shoal, threw their foam many feet into the air.

We sat in the stern of the boat watching the great following waves, each seeming higher than her mast, and coming so fast that we felt sure each one must swallow us up. But our little boat knew her business too well; she would give a big lift into the air, wriggle herself with a curious little motion, come down triumphantly, and we would see the great watery mountain rolling on ahead, leaving us in dryness and safety.

We were congratulating ourselves that the worst was over with the passing of the far-famed Hatteras, but that was a delusion on our part, for we had still the Gulf Stream to cope with.

Personally I have always had the most intense respect for the Gulf Stream, but never before had I been given such a realizing sense of its power to torment poor mortals who trust themselves on its tepid bosom.

As soon as we were fairly in the current, the wind, which had until now been northeast, backed into the northwest, and blowing dead

across the stream soon kicked up as nasty a cross sea as one could ever hope to see even in that river of the ocean.

The effect on our party was quite instantaneous; some thought that they would lie down for a little while, as they felt slightly "indigested" from eating a rich pudding the day before.

This indigestion was a complaint from which my guests frequently suffered, and, strangely enough, invariably on the roughest days.

Seasickness was never mentioned; no one was ever ill, only slightly "indigested," a harmless little sacrifice of truth on the altar of pride.

In this turbulent sea every inanimate object found a voice, and rattled, banged or squeaked vociferously. Articles of all kinds not firmly lashed held high carnival in the middle of the floor, and the captain was edified to see her Bible playing tag most amicably with a pack of cards, each one "it" at the same time, and chasing each other up and down the room with every lurch of the boat.

Eating was performed under difficulties;

soup was given up as impracticable, and table manners deteriorated to their primitive form of getting one's food to one's lips as surely and as quickly as possible, regardless of looks.

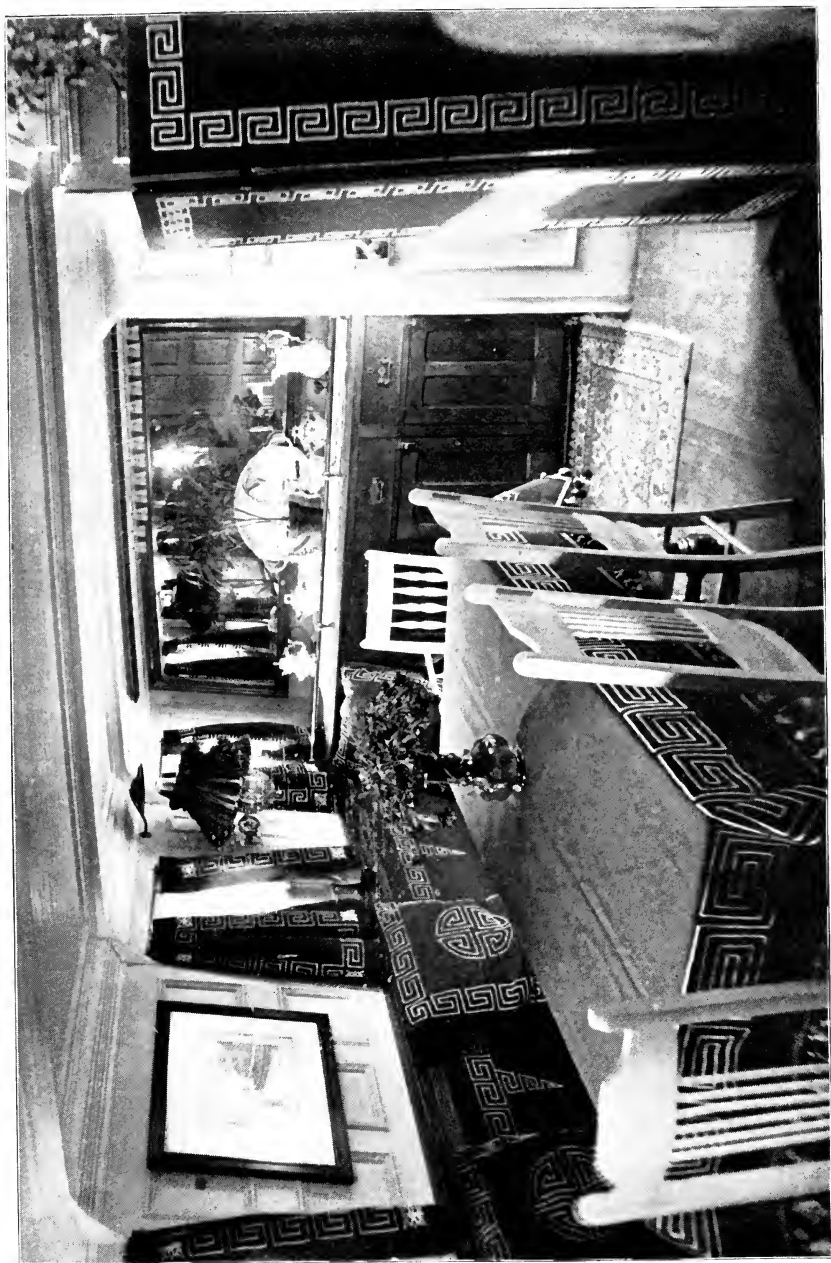
The dogs were most amusing to those of us who were there to see them. Trilby took it all most philosophically, like a true woman. Seeing that there was nothing for her to do, she retired to the most comfortable armchair, there to await better days, doing credit to her sex. Starboard was panic-stricken, and for some reason, never to be explained, chose the captain's bathtub as the place most calculated to give him safety and comfort. It must have been very cold comfort, for there he would lie, hour after hour, even if the porcelain tub was full of cold salt water, with his eyes fixed firmly as if in supplication on one corner of the ceiling. Perhaps he expected each moment to be his last, and considered a bathtub the most fitting place of preparation for a watery grave. Starboard never quite recovered the mental equilibrium he lost in the Gulf Stream, and throughout the trip at any unusual sound we would see a white tail disappearing down the cap-

tain's companionway, hear a little click as the bathroom door closed behind him, and would know that his poor heart had found a panacea for all its woes.

However, the Gulf Stream has its limits, although I have found it in me to wonder if they would ever be reached, and as soon as we had left it well behind our indigestions vanished with the subsiding waves, and our drooping spirits rose, for now at last we could expect good weather.

Father Neptune must have had some special grudge against us, for during the entire trip so far he had sent us almost every variety of weather except good weather. We had gales from every quarter and of varying magnitude—high gales, moderate gales and fresh winds; accompanied by head seas, cross seas and following seas, giving our Scythian exercise for every muscle.

To be sure we had some respites when the sun came out, and the wind went in for a rest, preparatory to fresh exertions. Then the dogs would lie basking in the sun, Starboard in particular strutting up and down the quarter-deck



DINING-ROOM.



as though the word "bathtub" were not known in his vocabulary. We would bask, too, wrapped in warm rugs and ensconced in comfortable seachairs.

We would discuss troubles past and pleasures to come. We would recall how gallantly Scythian had borne herself during all those trying times, how she had made her nine knots almost every hour in head winds and head seas; how she had kept us dry as a bone in spite of the great waves that tried to prevail against her, never once giving us a glimpse of green water, although the spray often flew high over her bow. We decided that, although she might not be a thing of beauty lying at anchor among her aristocratic sisters, in a gale off Hatteras her full blunt bow and high freeboard were a distinct comfort; and we always ended by agreeing that life on her deck was better worth living than anywhere else in the world.

The rough weather had been an excuse on the part of my masculine friends for a most criminal disregard of their personal appearances. Shaving had completely gone out of fashion, and ugly gray flannel shirts had come

in. But when the captain found that cravats were going to keep company with the discarded razors, she felt it was time to exercise her authority. Her words were few, but very much to the point, and as any one disobeying the captain is liable to be put in irons as a mutineer, better things were promised for the morrow. But alas! when to-morrow had become to-day, no one thought of personal appearance, for all attention was given to keeping on our feet.

We were in the throes of another gale. This time it was a "smoky sou'wester," which soon piled up such a nasty cross sea, that when at last we had to lay our little craft to, it was a question how to keep her head to the seas. They were coming in every direction, striking now her beam, now her stern, and now her bow. We seemed in the midst of a huge tide rip, which, according to my skipper, was for all the world like a hurricane sea. The waves would rise straight in the air as if they would never stop, and then as suddenly drop down again in the same place.

There we lay bobbling like a tiny piece of

cork in that dreadful sea for twenty-three hours—hours upon which we none of us look back with any degree of pleasure. During these hours the captain was distinctly unhappy—mentally, not physically, be it understood.

She was learning one of her first lessons as to the difference between deep-sea yachting and travel in an ocean "liner." She had been wont to find great amusement in a big roll, followed by a deafening crash; but the joke perceptibly diminished when it was her own china which caused the crash. She found it easier to kiss the rod when it smashed the Cunard Company's crockery than when it demolishes her own household gods.

At last, however, the sea spent itself and gradually died down, so that we were able to continue on our course, first at half and before long at full speed.

Slow as our progress southward had been signs were not wanting to show that we were surely reaching lower latitudes.

First of all, we women found ourselves uncomfortably warm one afternoon, and went below to reappear dressed in thin cotton shirt

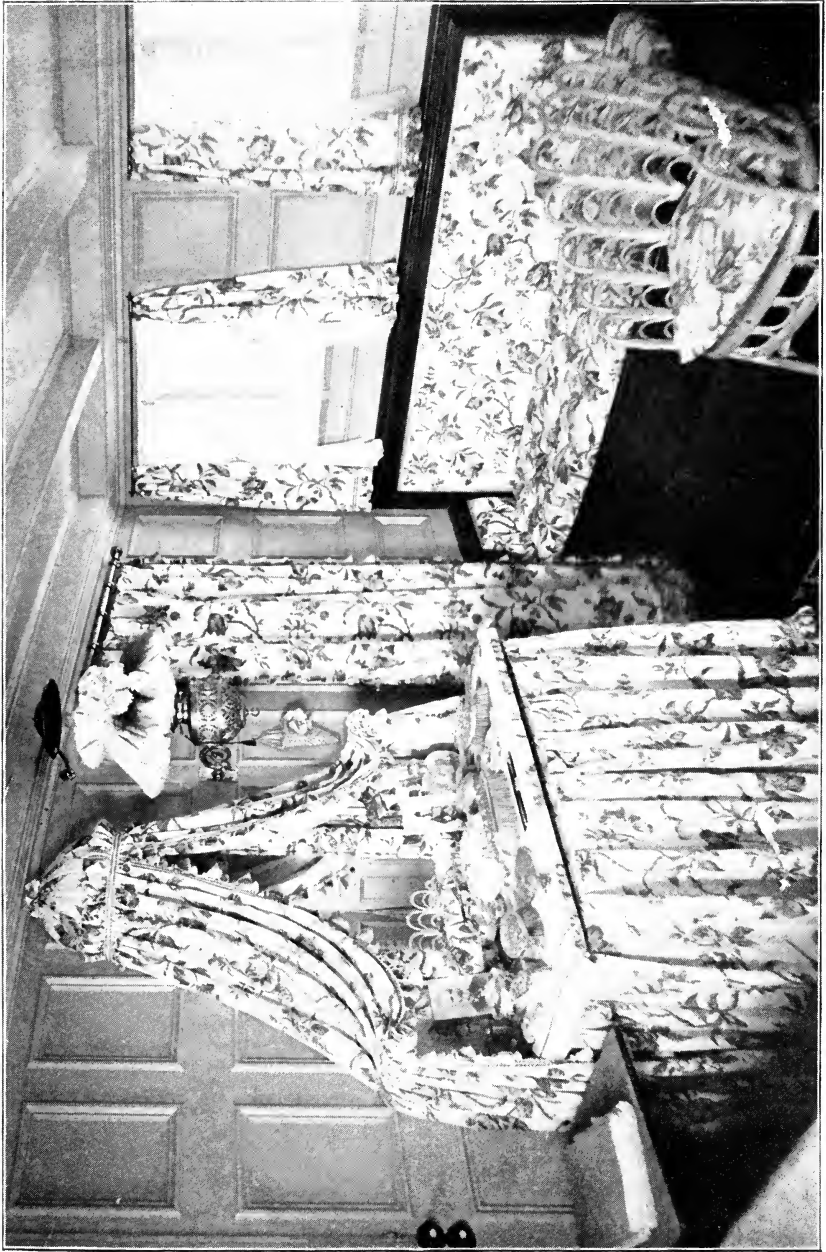
waists, in which we experienced that delightful feeling of superiority which always comes of wearing summer gowns when ordinary stay-at-home mortals are clad in winter furs.

Soon the sun grew almost too warm, and the dark blue awnings were brought out and bent on to their stanchions, making a delightful shade on the broad white deck. Here we frittered away many hours, doing nothing more energetic than to watch the porpoises play in the smother round the bow, or the flying fish flash past us like gleams of glittering silver. The sea had grown warmly, intensely blue.

It is so blue that the prosaic member of our party said it seemed as if a big bag of bluing had been dissolved in it.

He was at once frowned into silence, for the rest of us had become mildly sentimental by reason of the sudden transition to a warm climate, and such a simile smacked too much of the commonplace to please our maudlin fancies.

The sky as well as the sea had grown deeply blue, and was thickly fleeced with gleaming white clouds, shading off into heavy dark grays as if in each lurked a baby thunderstorm.



BEDROOM.

One never-to-be-forgotten morning there came stealing toward us from the northeast a most delicious little breeze, rippling the water into tiny waves and cooling the overheated air.

It was the trade wind itself, seeming by its soft advances to welcome us to the latitude where it reigns supreme.

We could hardly believe it possible, after our recent experiences, that anything so gentle could come out of the northeast, and, as we were to learn, our skepticism was not without foundation. But although we were to suffer much from these same trade winds when robbed of their surprising gentleness, our first meeting with them will serve to atone for many a hard blow they were to inflict on us in the days to come. Although they had absolutely no effect on our speed, they seemed in some way to be wafting us farther south, until one morning the dogs sniffed the air with unusual interest, holding their noses well up, and taking in whiffs as of some delicious perfume.

We did likewise, but could discover nothing in any degree intoxicating, when suddenly our attention was attracted by a strange cloud a

little off our port bow, that had an almost material look. It did not melt, and form, and dissolve again into lovely shapes as its brother clouds were never tired of doing; but kept its own noble outlines. As we stood watching it the sailing master came forward with a broad grin on his face, and pointing to our supposed cloud, said:

“Miss Day, Porto Rico lies directly ahead.”

We were bound for the Mona Passage, and had made our land fall twenty miles too far to the eastward, so the first we saw of the island was the bold northern shore, with its mountains looming grandly through the mists which wreathed their summits.

We were most interested in Porto Rico then, because it was Spanish; our interest would have increased a hundredfold had we known how soon it was to be American, and we would have watched it with even greater curiosity as we ran along its shore to the westward.

The mountain sides, from being a misty gray in the distance, take on a tinge of purple which gradually changes to the loveliest, tenderest

green, as we draw near—the exquisite green of the sugar-cane.

Soon we make out the little villages of white houses among their groves of palms and mangoes, drowsing in the glorious noontide sun, turning all it touches into gold. And now we are first struck by a peculiar atmospheric effect that we see everywhere in the Caribbean Sea. Although each moment we are nearer to those brilliant shores, they never seem near. We see them distinctly, but they never lose that evasive charm of distance; the mountains are ethereal and, as it were, spiritualized. They seem to float on the purple water as though made of the most exquisite iridescent Venetian glass; and the constantly changing lights and shades impart an almost unearthly beauty to the already lovely scene.

It is so lovely that we use all our adjectives in the superlative, like the veriest school-children, and then, realizing the absurdity of trying to express such coloring in any words, we fall into silence—that truest sign of appreciation.

That afternoon's run through Mona Passage will be long remembered—with the emerald

shores of Porto Rico on our left and the lofty mountains of Santo Domingo just visible on our right, many miles away.

The sea was at last calm, our good ship steady, and as we watch the sun go down in a blaze of glory we feel that we have reached in truth the "land where it is always afternoon." So we went to our beds, all of us happier in mind, and some of us in body, than we had been in many a long day.

Alas! and alack! all our congratulations were premature! No sooner had we rounded the southwestern point of the island and turned eastward into the Caribbean Sea, than the gentle trade wind freshened until it reached the velocity which in the Atlantic would have been called a gale; that mild blue sea rose up in its might and rolled us around most unmercifully; the creakings, bangings and groans which we had thought hushed forever lifted up their voices anew in wild protest, and we passed as uncomfortable a night as any we had been through during the whole trip. But the worst of it was that we felt so aggrieved and so foolish.

We had waxed almost, nay quite, poetic over the balmy zephyr that was now whistling and shrieking in our deafened ears; our souls had been lifted up by the soft beauty of those summer seas whose angry white-capped waves were breaking into clouds of foam over our bow, and when we met each other the next morning in a clinging, cloying fog which would have done credit to the Maine coast in August, we were unfit for publication.

Was this yellowish waste of waters the blue Caribbean Sea? and could that ugly, murky commonplace coast line on our left be our lovely sun-kissed Porto Rico? Alas! the first of our many little illusions concerning tropical weather was being dispelled so rapidly that it left a distinct blank in our minds.

The fog burned off enough, however, to show us Crab Island, low and sparsely wooded, on our port side, and directly ahead the goal of all our journeyings, the Island of St. Thomas, rising out of the sea with such clear cut lines that it looks for all the world like a sugar loaf.

If that is St. Thomas, Sail Rock must soon be in sight—that famous stone into which a

French man-of-war fired two broadsides one misty morning a hundred years ago, mistaking it for a buccaneer, under full sail, trying to escape. We strain our eyes and at last make out a pile which we are told is the famous rock. If this little tale be true, the Yankee eyes of this century must be far better than the French of the last, or else the ships must have greatly changed in fashion, for under no circumstances could any of us have mistaken that triangular-looking rock for a ship under sail, or for anything in the world but a curiously shaped piece of stone.

Now, we are nearing the island and our journey's end; the lights and shadows are chasing each other over the sunburned hills of St. Thomas, and presently the harbor opens out before us.

The little town of Charlotte Amelia lies directly opposite its mouth, with white, red-roofed houses creeping up the three hills near the water's edge. Back of the town the higher mountains sweep their finely rounded sides upward in a semicircle, throwing two promontories, like long arms, out to the sea, to form the almost land-locked harbor. It is a lovely sheet

of water, a real haven, and not a "roadstead"—that apology for a harbor which we are to find elsewhere in the West Indies. Here, after eight days of tossing and rolling, we soon cast anchor, not far from the American consulate, where the familiar Stars and Stripes seem to float a welcome over the blue water to us on our safe arrival to this foreign land.

CHAPTER II.

ST. THOMAS.

WITHOUT any real reason we at first find St. Thomas a trifle disappointing.

The island is charming. We see along the shore sago palms, cocoanut palms, tamarinds and mangoes—trees whose very names transport you to the equator. The town is delightfully quaint and foreign, and we feel that we have every reason to be enthusiastic; but, with true human contrariness, we are not.

Perhaps we were tired after our various marine athletics, or a bit enervated by the hot noon sun. Perhaps those bare, barren, rugged mountains, whose counterparts we had seen time and again in our own everyday America, did not come up to the ideal we had formed of the wealth and luxuriance of tropical vegetation—an ideal almost unconsciously derived from the old geographies of our childish days in which the picture of a dense jungle, with

serpents gracefully festooned from tree to tree and a monkey in one corner, always was the symbol of the torrid zone.

But our little disappointment was soon thrust into a corner, and our attention taken up by the myriad boats, painted every color and rowed by black men of every shade, which soon surround the Scythian. Of course no one can come within speaking distance until the doctor has passed us through quarantine.

He comes up the gangway and asks with a courteous bow and in excellent English to see the captain. I step forward and present myself to him, and he says with another low bow that he is honored to meet me, but that he must first speak with the captain. When I tell him that I *am* the captain he forgets his irreproachable manners and favors me with a prolonged stare; then, after a moment's pause, he asks me for our bill of health. It is the captain's turn to stare, for we never thought of having a bill made out on leaving home.

When the captain tells him we have no such thing on board, he looks grave, and says it is a pity. He had heard some months ago that a

ship had been quarantined last summer in New York for smallpox, and asks if the disease has spread much.

We hasten to reassure him on this point, and after a little more meditation he tells us that he thinks it will be all right, and that we can consider ourselves out of quarantine.

Then we have to reckon with the harbor master. He had come out very grandly to pilot us in, rowed by four men, his fiery red hair well set off by a gorgeous uniform, and the Danish flag at his stern.

We were so busy watching the shore that we did not see him making for us, and the first inkling we had of his presence was an angry voice from below our stern shouting: "Stop, stop! Don't you see my flag?" We did not stop, although when we peered over the stern we did see his flag. But it conveyed nothing to us, and thinking he wanted a tow, threw him a line and brought him with us up to our anchorage.

It was not until he had stepped on the deck, in a towering rage, and disclosed his identity, that we discovered of what a dreadful breach

of etiquette we had been guilty. He feared he would miss the five dollars which would have been his fee for piloting us in, and when we presented that sum to him he was quickly restored to good humor.

Our sufferings at the hands of the negro boatmen now began. About thirty of them took up their stations in a cordon, surrounding the boat, and there they stayed, chattering in their unintelligible gibberish like so many monkeys all night, and watching our every motion all day.

It was really embarrassing. They would lie in their boats, quietly sucking pieces of sugar cane, evidently their only meal, until one of us came on deck. Then they would stand up the better to see, stare in utter silence for a time, and every now and again go off into great guffaws of laughter, throwing back their heads, showing their superb white teeth, and rocking themselves backward and forward in a perfect ecstasy of joy. We try to make believe we see the joke and laugh too in a sickly kind of way, but the captain personally confesses to several surreptitious trips below to ask of her

mirror if there was anything unusually amusing in herself or her dress.

We look around the harbor at the vessels collected there, for St. Thomas is quite a port of refuge.

Among others is a big Russian man-of-war, with a name we are sure would have been unpronounceable even if we had been able to read it. We found out later that the men were worked in a way that would have killed anything but a Russian.

Just then their boat races begun, and they find the Scythian a convenient rounding place, so we have a good chance to study the men, as boatload after boatload rowed past. They are muscular, thick set young fellows, with stolid faces, straining every muscle and bending to their oars, as the coxswain in the stern bends his body, as if to jerk the boat forward.

Surely if Peter the Great could have seen these young sailors, he would have said of them what he said of his soldiers, when some visiting sovereign asked to see his fortifications. Pointing to the army standing before

him, he answered: "There is my fortress, and every man is a brick."

Toward the cool of the evening we go on shore; we women dressed in our thinnest summer muslins, and the men unrecognizably beautiful in white ducks and yachting caps.

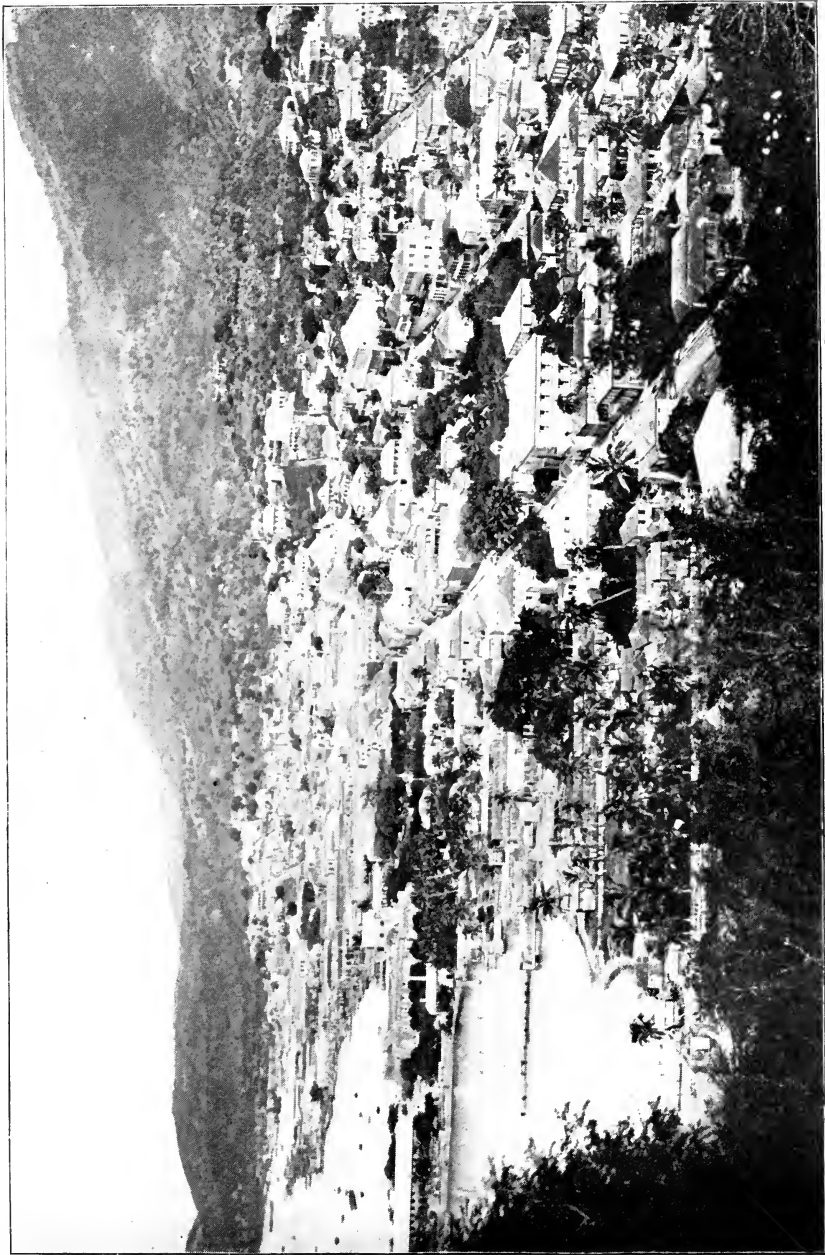
Our launch is followed by a trailing line of boatmen, eager to see our triumphal entry into the town.

As we step on the stone wharf we find apparently the entire negro population there to welcome us, and as we move up the funny little street, shaded here and there by drooping palms, the crowd moves with us, courteous and kindly, but most disconcerting. We grow so rattled by the great interest we excite that our ideas as to where we are going take wings, and we presently find ourselves strolling up the chief street of the town, with one of our party proudly and unconsciously carrying in each hand a quart bottle of Apollinaris. He never could tell exactly what his idea had been in buying the bottles, or where he had made the purchase, but there they were, and his life was made miserable because of them.

The town is quaint and foreign, with its glary streets and white houses. But there is no green to be seen, and something seems to have come over the whitewash of the houses, for they look blotchy and more or less dilapidated, as houses have a way of doing in southern countries. About them seems to hang an air of decayed gentility, as of those who have seen very much better if less respectable days.

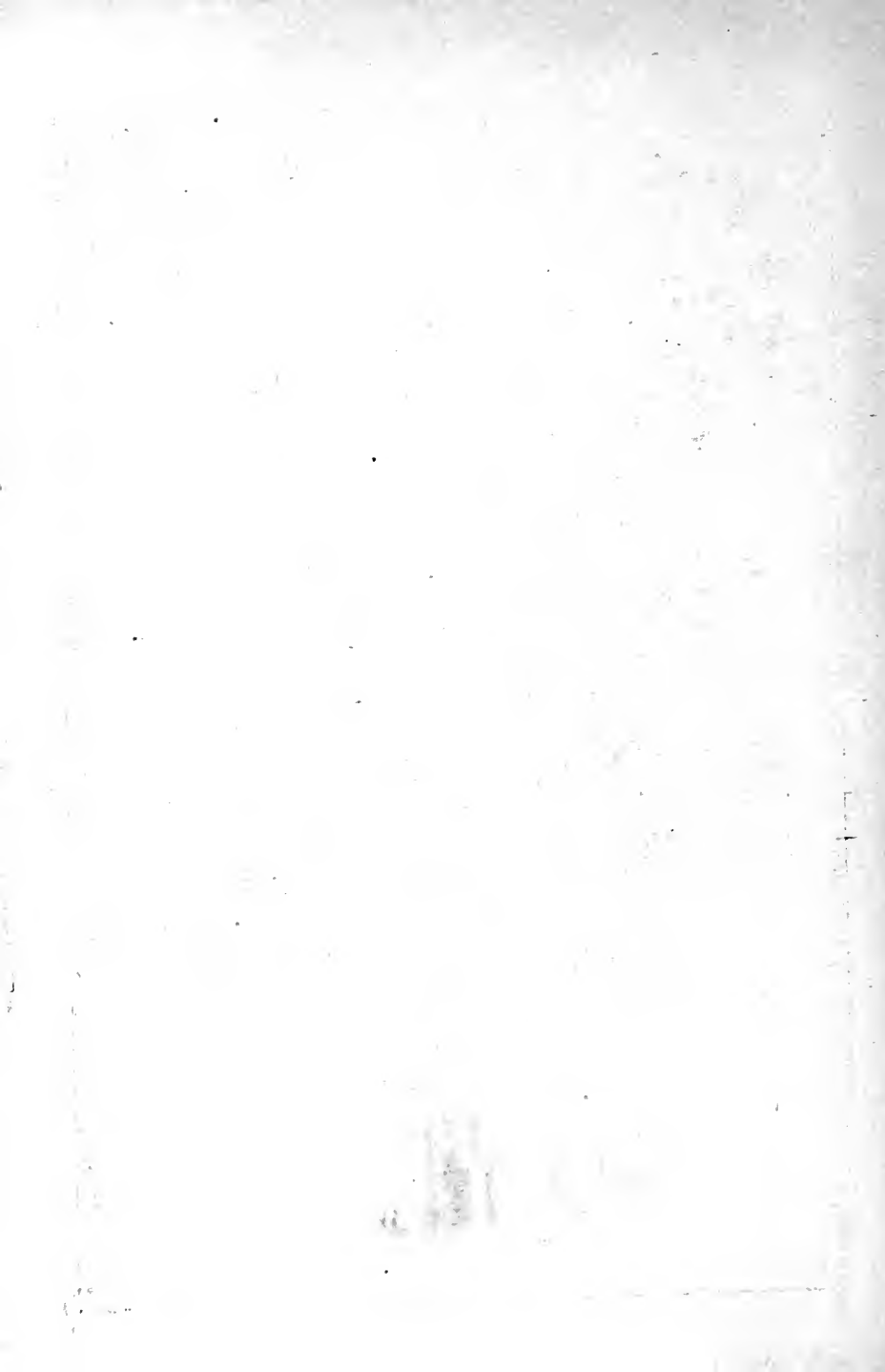
The streets are thronged with black people of every varying shade, from a shiny jet to a delicate cream, coming and going, laughing, talking and joking, as though life were one huge delight, and care and worry things unknown. The absence of white faces is very strange, but as there are only ten pure-blooded Danes in the whole island, it is after all not to be wondered at.

We amuse ourselves by watching the crowd, and by being stared at by them in turn, but we are always greeted with a courteous bow, and sometimes with a few kindly words, which quite counteract the stare. There was one exception. A little black imp, noted chiefly for the absence of his clothing, had the impudence



ST. THOMAS.

“The town looks delightfully quaint and foreign.” Page 34.



to ask the captain, after looking at her critically, if she had ever known George Washington.

Of course the remark was beneath contempt, but it was surprising how much amusement the foolish question afforded her friends. He of the Apollinaris, especially, was glad to have the joke turned from his head to the captain's. Finally a compact was made. He should never allude to the father of our country if the captain would give a dinner at the hotel with which to drink the Apollinaris, thus burying it forever from our sights and minds.

We asked a friendly, respectful little black, quite different from the other impertinent wretch, to show us the best hotel in the place.

He proudly takes us to a fine, solid old building, on the main street, facing the little square. It must have been an imposing old place in the palmy days of the island, when St. Thomas was so rich that the streets were said to have been paved with Spanish doubloons. We none of us knew exactly what Spanish doubloons were, but the mere words sounded so grand that the idea was most impressive.

In those days, when every nation was at war

with its neighbor, St. Thomas enjoyed the popularity of a neutral port. There French and Spanish, English and Dutch, planters and buccaneers, smugglers and men-of-war's men, forgetful for the time of their differences, met to squander their well-earned or ill-gotten gains.

Perhaps in this same hotel the famous old pirates, Blackbeard and Bluebeard, St. Thomas' patron saints, whose stately castles still stand on the hill, may have dined on state occasions. Here they may have celebrated the capture of some particularly rich prize, whose crews had walked the plank straight down to Davy Jones' locker, and whose booty was now being brought up to the town, to be sold to the highest bidder for a fabulous price. This wicked old Blackbeard once held the whole American coast in terror. He even went so far as to capture some scions of Charleston's most aristocratic families on their way to Europe. Being in need of food and medicines he ran his forty-gun frigate boldly into Charleston harbor, flying his black flag proudly aloft, and holding the defenseless town at his mercy. He then sent a delegation of his choicest pirates to Governor Johnston,

saying that if his necessities were not supplied within forty-eight hours, the heads of all the prisoners would be sent in to Charleston with the compliments of the gallant buccaneers. During these forty-eight hours the pirates owned the town, and when they left their boats were loaded deep with all the delicacies of the season, for we all know Southern hospitality.

But poor Blackbeard overreached himself at last, and one morning left his beautiful castle facing the bay and sailed away never to return. He put his head once too often in the lion's mouth. While he was lurking round the Virginia coast, he was overtaken by two good cruisers sent after him by Governor Spotswood. After a desperate conflict, all his crew were hanged, and his own head was placed as a figurehead on the bowsprit of the larger boat. It was carried into Jamestown harbor in triumph with a celerity which he would have been the first to admire. This was the end of the "Last of the Pirates," as the bloody old Englishman was called, who had for so long been a thorn in the side of our infant shipping. Of course, one

feels in duty bound to regard these "Brethren of the Coast" as most reprehensible and unworthy persons. But perhaps none of us can quite smother a sneaking feeling of admiration for the pluck and dare-devil courage of the wicked old gentlemen who carried everything before them by sheer bluff, and by what in a better cause would be called "Yankee grit."

It is almost sadly that we enter the hotel so pathetic because of its bygone glories and piratical memories. All pathos changes to consternation at finding ourselves in a damp, nondescript apartment, less like a hotel than anything we could imagine, and unpleasantly suggestive of our recent recollections of Blackbeard.

There was a buggy in one corner, and casks of bay rum piled up in another. But our dusky cicerone calls to us to "go on up," so upward we go, to reach a room, enormous, stone-floored, and scantily furnished, yet clean, and above all cool.

A waiter brings us out on a stone piazza, with large arcades overlooking the square in front. These arches are hung with white curtains, to

be drawn when the sun strikes too hotly on the tables, but thrown wide open now to let in the sweet evening breeze, fragrant with pungent perfumes.

Here we sit at a small table, with a lovely view of the palm trees waving their snake-like leaves against the amber sky, and with glimpses now and again of the amethyst colored water in the bay beyond.

They serve us a moderately good dinner, while we dispose at last of our Apollinaris, most temperately, wondering, meanwhile, at the astonishing drinking capacity of some officers from the Russian man-of-war, who, are seated at a table near us. They drink glass after glass of champagne as though the foamy wine were only water, and as we leave an order is given to bring in six more quart bottles without delay, as they are still thirsty.

A short walk brings us to the American consulate, a well whitewashed building on the main street. Here we receive the heartiest of welcomes from our consul, Captain Stewart, and his two daughters, that in one moment makes us feel at home in this strange little town.

Captain Stewart is one of the most whole-souled, honorable and upright of men, a fine type of the old American sea captain. Any recollection of St. Thomas brings back to us his hearty hospitality and unlimited kindness.

His daughters take us into a large, airy room, with curtains well drawn back to let in whatever breeze is stirring. The board floor is bare and polished, and the furniture is of cane and wicker, for upholstery and carpets are but convenient lurking-places for unpleasant insects, little and big.

Our host soon moves to the balcony overlooking the street, for it is intensely hot, and palm-leaf fans such as we use in our hottest summer weather are a comfort after our short walk in the cool of the evening. Time runs quickly, and through the sweet night air, full of strange fragrance, the mellow voices of the negroes singing the evening service in the Moravian Church opposite, float up to us, and the brilliant white stars come out one by one to illumine the purple heavens.

We are much interested to meet the captain of the big American ship *Sintram*, which lies

next to us in the harbor. She is leaking hopelessly after her battle with the same storm which mauled the Scythian about so unmercifully.

St. Thomas, which used to be a real hospital for broken-down ships, is rapidly getting an unsavory reputation by reason of the impolitic and arbitrary conduct of the natives toward those who put in there in distress.

The Sintram was loaded with coal, and although coal was then selling at St. Thomas for five or six dollars a ton, no dealer would offer more than two and a half for the Sintram's cargo. So the captain found it cheaper to tow his cargo to Baltimore, at a cost of several thousand dollars, than to part with it at such a low price.

One of these coal dealers lives at present in Blackbeard's castle, and it is to be feared that, although the old pirate was long since gathered to his fathers, his mantle may have fallen upon some of the present St. Thomases.

So trying have these abuses become that our government wisely chose a man thoroughly versed in seafaring matters, as is Captain

Stewart, to protect the interests of American seamen against these human sharks.

Speaking of sharks, our friends took occasion to warn us against the aquatic variety with which these waters are filled. They especially dwelt on the danger of letting our dogs by any chance fall in the water, as the monsters had a particular fondness for canines, and any slip would mean a horrible death for our mascots.

After promising to give great care to our pets, we make our way down to the landing. There we find our poor Swedish launchman surrounded by a swarm of black admirers, watching his every movement, while he, poor man, is a prey to the most intense embarrassment. He vainly strikes match after match to light the launch, and as one after the other flickers and goes out, he is greeted with roars of approval by the multitude, who consider this exhibition as especially arranged for their benefit. When in desperation he lights the whole box, and the naphtha takes fire with a big explosion, the enthusiasm is unbounded, and we leave the landing amidst a storm of applause.

Our poor boatman is so covered with confusion that we can see his crimson face even in the starlight. Surely nowhere else can stars be as white and as brilliant as they are here in the tropics. They are little moons, so bright that each one makes its own particular golden track on the dark water, a track which always reminds us of Jacob's ladder, and seems to lead up from this earth to those purple velvet skies above. There must be angels ascending and descending that ladder to-night, and among them Trilby's guarding spirit, for she heard the talk of the sharks, and woman-like, her curiosity got the better of her. On reaching the Scythian she makes a jump, to land, not on the gangway, but right into those shark-infested waters. A moment of horror ensues. We recall the warning so lately given, and see visions of that little white head being fished out of the sea before our sight, *sans* body, *sans* legs, *sans* even tail. A thrill of gratitude runs through us as we see first Trilby's forepaws, then her hind legs, and last but not least, that wagging, affectionate, expressive tail, rise slowly from the sea, all still firmly fast-

ened on, and untasted by the monsters of the deep.

Some of us were inclined to be skeptical after this in the matter of sharks, and to study the matter hired the blackest of all our black attendants, most appropriately named Snowball, to fish for them. He has a hook which might have been a small anchor, a line like a hawser, and a piece of pork sufficiently evil-smelling to attract every shark in the vicinity, were there any within smelling distance. Snowball fished and fished day after day, but never a shark came to investigate that bacon, and we came to the conclusion that sharks existed only in the imagination of the St. Thomases.

The next day we need a new cabin boy, and decide to tempt fate by taking one of the St. Thomas boys in that capacity. Shortly our steward appears with a youth in tow, looking like one of Murillos pictures, with olive skin, oval face, and glorious liquid eyes. He is named Edwin, but we fall into the habit of calling him St. Thomas, after his birthplace; a custom which frequently shocks our visitors

during the trip. They always look mildly scandalized when we wonder "why St. Thomas is so long bringing the lemonade," or "why St. Thomas has not moved our chairs." He is courtesy itself, and speaks excellent English in a delicious soft voice, as do all the other negroes. Curiously enough they speak no Danish, although St. Thomas has been Danish ever since Jorgen Iverson landed on the island, and took possession of it in the name of Denmark, in 1672.

Unlike most of the other islands with which England, France and Holland played battledore and shuttlecock during the eighteenth century, St. Thomas has only once changed hands. For one year she was in the possession of England. It is true that some years ago, when there was one of our periodical demands for a coaling station in the West Indies, the United States had almost concluded the annexation of St. Thomas, which seemed to meet with all our requirements. The affair had gone so far that the King of Denmark had taken an affectionate farewell of his West Indian people. He was probably quite as pleased to get rid of them as

they were anxious to be absorbed into the vortex of our republic. But the treaty intention was ignored by our congress, so the disappointed king and his reluctant subjects had the humiliation of retracting their farewells, and of affecting delight at being once more yoked together.

One glorious morning we go on shore to drive around the country. The most extraordinary vehicle awaits us, the like of which we had never seen. It is drawn by two horses about the size of Newfoundland dogs, and driven by a smiling Jehu, whose spotless white duck sets off to the utmost advantage his ebony complexion. He is gifted with great powers of conversation, which he exercises freely during our drive.

As he takes us through the town he points out that the houses are seldom more than two stories high, because of the constant fear of earthquakes, and that there is no glass in the windows, as it could not stand the force of the wind during a hurricane.

These two phenomena, the earthquake and the hurricane, are the scourges of these islands,

of which the inhabitants stand in deadly terror. When the premonitory signs of a hurricane are seen, one shot is fired from the government cannon down the bay, to warn the people of the approaching danger, to be followed by two more when the peril is imminent. At the first shot the heavy wooden shutters, that are used instead of windows, are closed and fastened by iron bars. All perishable goods in the shops are taken to the cellars, and whatever can be moved to a safe place is put there without delay.

Then, in the breathless stillness that precedes the storm, the people watch the sky in dread, listening for the two shots which tell them that the tempest is about to burst. Sometimes they are not heard, and the danger is past. But when the sharp report strikes the heavy air, they know that their fate has overtaken them. Every one flies from the streets, and the houses are filled with cowering wretches, while the roaring spirit of destruction runs riot over their helpless heads. It uproots trees, levels houses, blows ships high and dry on the shore. It tears, breaks and

crashes all that stands up against its might, until at last, its awful fury having spent itself, it goes its way, leaving the abomination of desolation in its wake.

For the earthquake there is no warning. It hangs like the sword of Damocles over the heads of the devoted people, who never know when the earth may open and suck them into a horrible death.

This is the dark side of a picture of which we see only the brightness, as we leave the town and reach the wilder part of the island.

The roads in the interior are so poor that we do not see as much of the country as we would wish. But what we do see is charming. The road is bordered with stately palms, mahoganies, calabashes and tamarinds. Among the thronging people there are no worried looks, no careworn faces. All of them, young or old, in frilled muslins or tattered rags, upright as palms or gnarled as silk cottons, wear kindly expressions, and nod to us gayly as they pass by. They seem to find life so well worth living that only to watch them brings a smile to one's face. They do not have any visible means of

support except the fruit trees, for although St. Thomas used to raise more sugar-cane for its size than any island of the Antilles, there are now hardly ten acres under cultivation.

Of course this is the fault of the negro! He is the black sheep of the West Indies—the scapegoat, as it were, on whose unheeding back are laid all the sins and all the shortcomings of the islands. He is lazy; he is idle; he will not work for ten hours a day to earn twenty-five cents; all endeavors to persuade him to become a beast of burden for the benefit of the whites are unavailing.

He prefers sitting lazily in the glorious sunlight to toiling all the long day under its burning beams. He picks his daily manna from the bread-fruit tree in his garden, warmed and browned to a T by this same tropical sun; When thirsty he need only cross the road, and take a cocoanut from the palm to refresh himself with a milk sweeter than that given us by our best fed cows. The harbor is full of fish, the wood of yams, plantains and bananas. If his taste grows fastidious, he has sugar-cane and guava to make for himself a dessert that is

a delicacy on our own tables, while nature has supplied him with most of his clothing. If it be of rather a funereal hue, it is after all the only dark thing about him, and therefore pleasant by contrast.

Of course, from our point of view, it is sad to see a people so utterly contented with the station in life to which they are called, that they have no wish to improve it. Their absolute lack of ambition and the "divine discontent" which lies at the root of all progress, seem almost criminal.

But from their point of view—and even the West Indian negro may have a point of view—the matter wears another aspect. If these simple pleasures content him, why, he asks, should he slave for us in order to gain money, when the only things on the whole island to buy with it, when earned, are Florida water and bay rum.

So argues our driver, sitting with his back to the horses, and dangling his shapely legs carelessly over the wheels, while he discourses. It is hard indeed to gainsay him, for what could money buy more beautiful than this fragrant air, this warm sun, which sends a glow to one's

heart, and that blue sea and sky which delight one's eyes?

He brings us safely back to the town, where we go to say good-by to the Stewarts with real regret, as we leave St. Thomas in the afternoon.

As we turn our stern to the town we pass the *Sintram*, receiving a parting salute from her captain.

Suddenly we see coming into the harbor a beautiful white yacht, with dainty lines and tapering stem and stern, looking a queen among her rougher sisters lying at anchor. As we come nearer we recognize in her the *Columbia*, with the N. Y. Y. C. flag flying at her foremast and the good old American ensign at her stern.

As we pass the yacht a salute is exchanged between the aristocratic greyhound and the stanch little bulldog, and each goes her own way; the one to anchor in the harbor we are so loath to leave, the other to plough her way across the forty miles of water which divides St. Thomas from Santa Cruz.

CHAPTER III.

SANTA CRUZ.

IT is late when we turn our stern to St. Thomas, so we have the sail to Santa Cruz in the low afternoon sunlight, the shadows of the masts making long, dark streaks on the bright blue water. It is by no means smooth water, for our friend, the trade wind, is out in force, and has blown numberless saucy whitecaps over the sea.

As the sun sinks lower and the masts grow unnaturally long, St. Thomas fades into the ghost of itself, and the hills of Santa Cruz materialize visibly.

We had heard so often that there was no twilight in these latitudes that we were surprised not to see the sun go and the darkness come in the same instant. But there *is* a twilight, and a very lovely one too. The moisture-laden atmosphere changes into delicate shades of blue,

rose and lilac. The shifting colors die away not suddenly but gradually, and the moon comes out like silver, as we feel our way cautiously into the roadstead of Fredrikstad. There is no lighthouse, only the twinkling lamps of the village to guide us in, and an ugly coral reef stretches far out from the southwestern point of the island. By half after seven we hear the welcome cry: "Let go the anchor," as the mud hook splashes to the bottom, and we are again lying off one of little Denmark's colonies.

The next morning we are up bright and early, ready to go on shore before the heat of the day, and take the great drive of the island from Fredrikstad, or West End, to Christianstad, or Bassin, along the King's road.

We spent several days at Santa Cruz, but all recollections of other things pale before the memory of that charming drive.

The island did not look impressive from the roadstead, where we were so exclusive as to be the only vessel at anchor. The land is quite low toward the southwest and slopes gradually to higher land on the northwest, but except for

the vivid green of the sugar-cane, the scenery appeared to us as rather tame.

After landing on a sandy beach we walked into the town, which is hot, dusty and modern, with no trace of the picturesque, except in the market place. Here there are dozens of negresses in gay dresses, laughing, gesticulating, and chattering in their monkey-like jargon, their shining faces full of animation, while on stools before them are displayed their pitiful little commodities. In front of one stout old woman is a tray of green oranges, a young negress formed like a bronze statue has a few bunches of stunted bananas for sale, and a blue-eyed boy with woolly flaxen hair begs us to buy some of his guavas or sapodillas. But no one cares whether you buy or not, as the market seems an exchange for words rather than wares.

When our carriage comes we are glad to stow ourselves into it, and get away from the hot town. Then our delights begin. A fresh breeze springs up to cool our faces, and as we reach the country some new beauty appears each moment to be exclaimed at and admired.

If we had so far been a trifle disappointed in

the tropics and a little skeptical as to their supposed perfections, Santa Cruz amply repays us for any such feeling. The charm of that drive beggars all description; for who can describe sunlight and perfumes and dusky shadows and gleaming lights and air that is languorous even while it exhilarates? Other islands of the Caribbean may have grander scenery, higher mountains, more profuse vegetation, but there is nothing to equal the warm, smiling loveliness of Santa Cruz as we see it that morning. It is called the Garden of the West Indies and it well deserves its name, for it has an exquisite daintiness about it which makes the whole land look well groomed. The road looks as though it were sanded and squeegeed every morning, and is as white and smooth as the deck of a yacht; even the bridges wear a coat of paint so fresh that it surely could only have been put on a few hours ago.

On the right the island slopes in an undulating plain from the sea, of which we catch glimpses now and again, blue and misty in the distance, to the violet-colored hills on the left. All the land is one luxuriant mass of waving

nodding, graceful sugar-cane, bending and rustling its drooping leaves as though wishing us a gracious good-morning. Its intense green surges like an emerald ocean over all the plain, and creeps far up the sides of the distant hills, covering all the land with its plentiful sweetness.

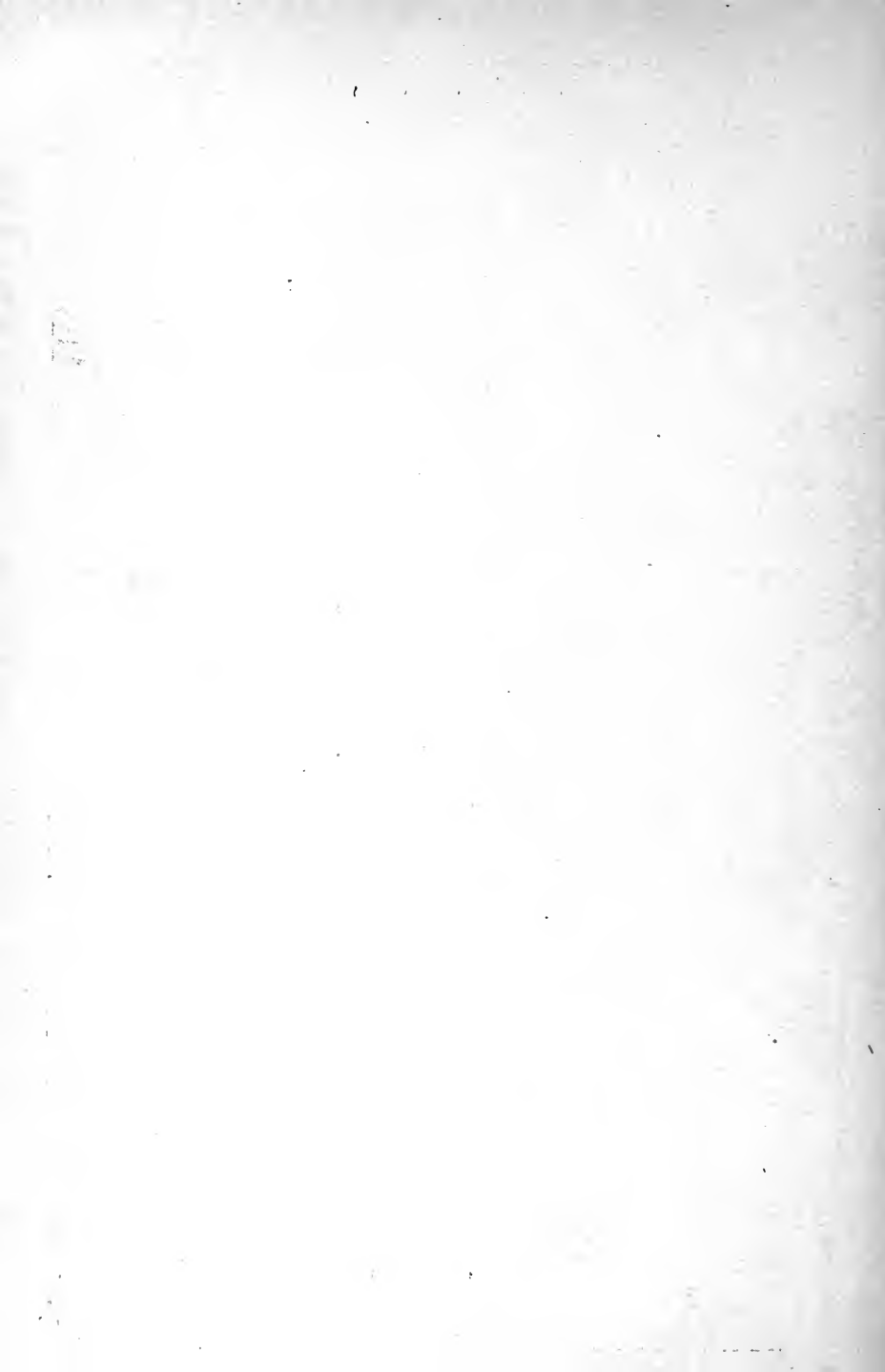
Plantation follows plantation, and every hill along the roadside is crowned by low, rambling houses, with great broad verandas. These are the homes of the planters; and nothing could be more charming. There is a look of home and thrift about them, and they are almost the only houses in the West Indies which live in the present tense and not in the past. They are smothered in roses, hibiscus, palms, and flowering shrubs, of which we do not even know the names, and around them, at a respectful distance, cluster the wooden cabins of the negroes who work on the plantations.

The road running through the center of the island is called the King's Road, and is lined from beginning to end with royal palms, standing sometimes in double lines on each side of the way. Now, to tell the truth, we had so



SANTA CRUZ.

“ King’s Road is lined from beginning to end with Royal palms.” *Page 56.*



far been bitterly disappointed in the much-talked-of palms; to our prosaic minds they had seemed the most overrated of trees, and suggested strongly large feather dusters tied to the tops of telegraph poles. But when these royal palms stood before us in their stately rows, their gray trunks springing far up into the air, straight and symmetrical as granite pillars, capped by that great mass of drooping green leaves, we had to acknowledge that the palm could indeed be regal in its stately majesty. The simile is of course utterly irrelevant, but the grand upward sweep of those gray trunks, ending in that burst of green always reminds us of the upward curve of the skyrocket, which seems to spurn the earth to dash itself into a shower of glory against the inaccessible heavens. They engross all our attention, and we are oblivious to the fact that any other trees exist until our driver points out to us quantities of coconuts here and there along the road. These have been planted by order of a former King of Denmark, who appears to have been a singularly thoughtful ruler, for the refreshment of travelers, as with us there would be soda-water

fountains and beer saloons on the wayside. The fruit is public property, to be picked and its milk drunk by any one when thirsty. A remarkable thirst soon overcomes us, and our driver "shins" up the tree in a miraculous way of his own, chooses the biggest cocoanut, and descends to earth with it. We open the nut and sip the milk; but it is so sweet and insipid that a little goes a long way. It tastes like very thin, very sweet milk, in which a cocoanut has rested for one instant, leaving a suspicion of its flavor behind.

Through this smiling country flows a constant stream of people, some busy, and others enjoying the sweets of idleness.

A handsome negress, with her clean white dress tucked under her belt, well up to her knees, passes by. A group of young men, beautifully gotten up in white ducks, hurry on, evidently trying to overtake the colored beauty, who smiles coquettishly to them over her shoulders. They are not in too great haste, however, to touch their broad-brimmed hats to us, nor to show their straight white teeth in a friendly

smile. A great ox cart, drawn by sleek, well-fed oxen, yoked in pairs of four or six, comes creaking on its way, either carrying great loads of cane from the plantations to the sugar works, or piled high with hogsheads of sugar on the way to Christianstad for shipment.

It is sugar, sugar everywhere. The little pickaninny in its mother's arms is sucking a piece of cane in lieu of a rattle. The small boys are chewing it with the feverish devotion which with us they expend on chewing gum. The grown people are cutting it in the fields or crushing it in the works, and the air is heavy with the peculiar sweetish smell of the growing plant.

On and on we go through the exquisite country, entranced by every sight, sound and smell, until the plantations grow further apart and the houses nearer together; and we clatter regretfully down the glary white streets of Christianstad. We stop in front of a large, comfortable white house, and go up the stairs to be received literally with open arms by our landlady, Mrs. Pentheny.

"Which of you," she exclaims, "is the wonderful lady who is captain of her own ship?"

I would fain deny the allegation, but there is no escape. Discreetly murmuring that I am she, I am immediately drawn in a close embrace to the ample bosom of our landlady. I emerge warm, disheveled and a trifle indignant, but one glance at her motherly face disarms one, and we become great friends—from a safe distance.

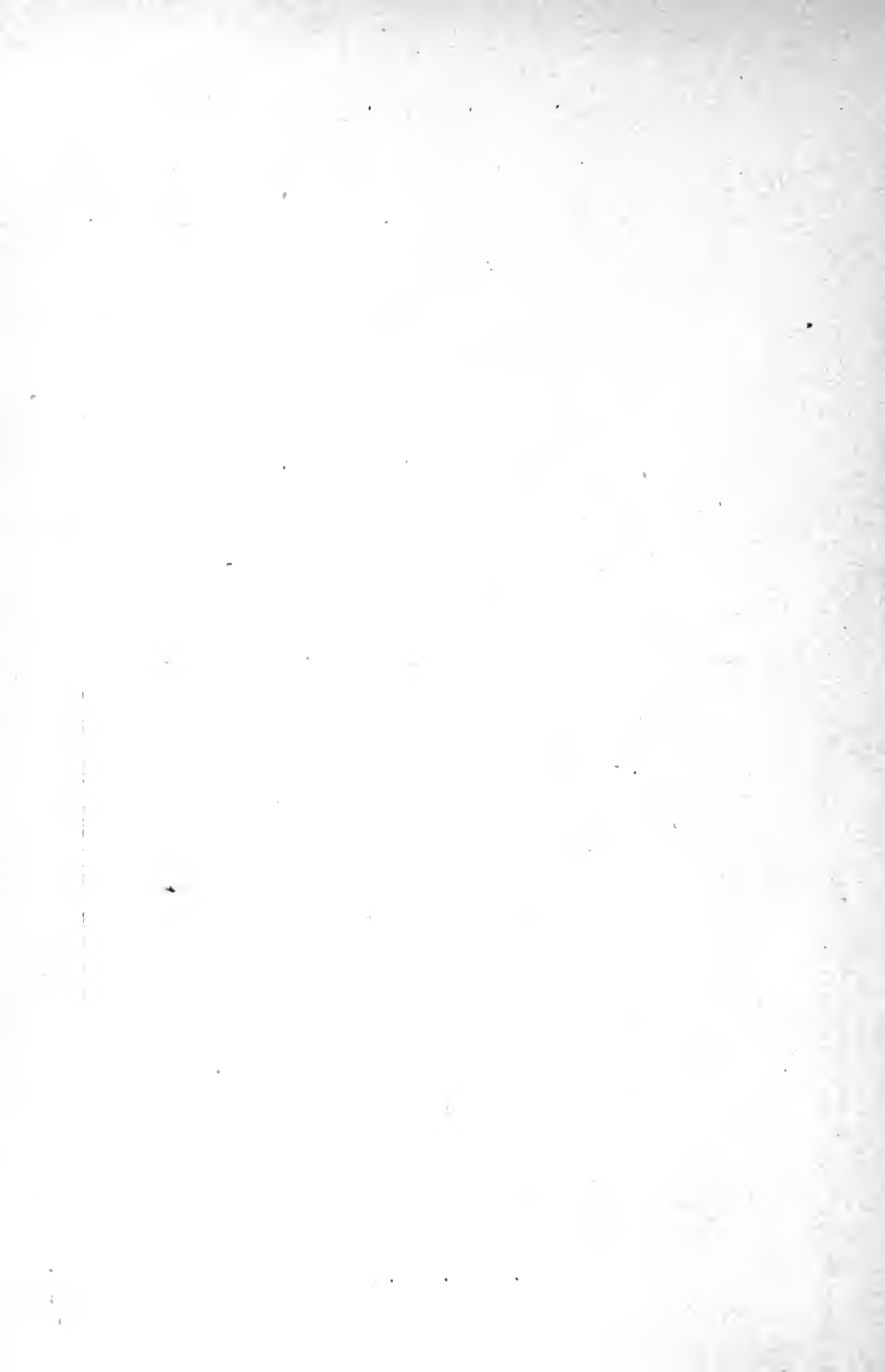
Her interest and hospitality are unbounded. After investigating all our family histories, ascertaining minute details of the boat, and among other things relieving her mind on the point that, although I am captain, I do not take the middle watch at sea, she takes us into the next room for luncheon.

It is served on one of the most superb old mahogany tables it has ever been our evil fortune to envy, with shiny top and great clawed legs. It had belonged to one of the old-time planters, and if it could have told its reminiscences what tales it would have given us of the old days in Santa Cruz. Then the planters feasted and dined and wined in a luxury which we fear will never be seen in these islands again. But no more delicious dinner could



SANTA CRUZ.

“It is sugar everywhere—the grown people are cutting it in the fields.” *Page 59.*



ever have been served off it in the days of yore than the one which Mrs. Pentheny now sets before our hungry eyes. Course after course is brought in until even our salt-water appetites call a halt. For drink she gives us a most delectable lemonade, sweetened with a big lump of guava jelly. When she finds it impossible to force anything more down our throats, she allows us to rest for a time in the shady drawing room. The West Indian rooms had not ceased to look bare to our eyes; they always seem to be undergoing a vigorous spring cleaning, but there is one article of furniture which is never absent—the American rocking chair. It seems to have a place in the hearts of West Indian housewives that nothing else can fill, for no one, rich or poor, is without one.

Mrs. Pentheny offers to show us the sights of the town, so in her good company we shortly leave the grateful shade and saunter down the Kingstrade, Christianstad's main street.

The town is larger and more compactly built than West End, some of the houses being handsome in a spacious, old-fashioned way. The Royal Palace especially is a really imposing

building of three stories, with a fine stairway leading up on one side to the arcaded portico above, where the arms of Denmark are very much in evidence above the doorway. It is almost the only outward and visible sign of Danish supremacy to be seen. English is universally spoken, and the Stars and Stripes are far more frequently seen than the red-barred flag of Denmark. It would be almost impossible for the people to have a deep-rooted feeling for any one country after their checkered career.

The island was originally conjointly French and English, then became English alone. The Spanish and French then took turns in it, after which it enjoyed the distinction of belonging to the Knights of Malta for a limited period. The Knights appear to have been overpowering, for in 1730 the island is reported to be uninhabited. Then different Companies found it a fair field for their schemes of colonization, until at the close of the eighteenth century Denmark purchased it for thirty thousand pounds.

The people have formed the habit of changing nationalities as some persons

change their dwellings, and they are already contemplating existence under another flag. They are alternating between the fear of being sold to Germany, which fate seems imminent, and the hope of creeping under the protecting wing of the United States, which to them seems the giver of all good things. Even the children on the streets have opinions on this subject, for one little gamin stepped up to us. and with a really appealing look begged:

“Please, massa, please, won’t you take us? If you don’t, you know Germany will, and I could not stand that, though I am extract of German myself—so please, massa, do take us.”

We had to refuse the proffered gift, and left the little fellow wondering meantime over the possible type of person expressed by the term “extract of German.”

The Kingstrade leads directly down to the land-locked harbor. There lies a schooner, whose slender masts and beautiful lines at once catch our eyes and proclaim her a fellow countryman.

We are not wrong; she is an American

schooner, the Vigilant, built in Baltimore over one hundred years ago for the slave trade. From being a slaver she turned to a pirate, and having long since abjured piracy, and sown all her wild oats, she is now an honored member of the community. As a government dispatch boat she makes trips twice a week between St. Thomas and Santa Cruz, and is a favorite craft because of her speed and sea-going qualities, which still do honor to her native land.

As we stand watching her a lumbering old stagecoach comes clattering down the street, on its daily trip from Fredrikstad to Christianstad. It is a relic of the old times, and looks as though it must soon drop into small pieces from extreme age. Its day of dissolution is looked forward to by the progressive inhabitants with impatience, as then they hope to start a trolley line between the two towns. We are thankful we have seen Santa Cruz in the days of the stagecoach, before all of the romance is pushed aside by the rushing car and clanging bell. It would grate on our nerves to hear the voice of the conductor warning us to "hold fast" as we

whisk round the corner of a sugar-cane plantation, or as we come to an abrupt standstill under the royal palms.

The lengthening shadows warn us that we must be on our way home, and we say good-by to our wholesome hostess, bundle ourselves again into our little trap, and start off on the same road by which we had come.

The low sun and long shadows make the country, if possible, more lovely than it was in the bright light of the morning. There is a touch of sadness about the big houses now that was not there before. Perhaps it is reflected from our own minds, which are filled with stories of how difficult it is now for the people who, fifteen years ago, made and spent large fortunes each year to make a decent living. The same old cry is heard all over the island—overproduction and the bounty put on beet-root sugar by European powers. The smaller planters have been forced out, for although the cost of production has remained almost the same, the profit to be made is reduced fearfully. The Danish government had a scheme on foot to reduce the cost of produc-

tion, by doing away with the old windmills, by which each planter crushed his sugar cane on his own estate, and replacing them by a large central factor, run by the newest machinery. Here all the cane could be brought from the different plantations to be crushed, as wheat to a flour mill. From these works on the high central ground, pipes were to be laid to another factory in Christianstad, on lower ground through which the juice was to be run, there to be converted into sugar and made ready for export. This would have saved the expenses of the individual mills and of the carting of the sugar. But the plan was too long delayed. The planters were in desperate straits, and could neither afford to run their plantations at a deadly sacrifice, nor to do anything else while the scheme was in abeyance. They were obliged to sell, as the only solution out of their difficulties, and the enterprising American capitalist was ready at hand to help them and to better himself. Bartram Brothers made a point of buying all the plantations, as one after the other they were put on the market, through their agent, Mr. Black-

wood, for a fair price, so that at present the greater part of the island is in the hands of these gentlemen. Mr. Blackwood, like a true American, has built a large modern factory, while the King of Denmark was looking over the plans. Although the competition is strong, he has succeeded in making a good profit so far on the money invested, and is probably the only man in the West Indies to-day who has been able to do so.

The old patriarchal idea of a sugar plantation, run by negroes and superintended by the planter, a man of elegant leisure, has gone to the clime which shelters so many delightful but exploded ideas. Its place is taken by a thoroughly commercial idea, where every resource is used to make the sugar business a paying industry.

We drove to Mr. Blackwood's works at Lower Love, which are surrounded by some of the finest estates on the island. It is a busy scene. The large factory, with its tall white chimney, the numberless outhouses and machine shops, and the busy throngs of negroes, make an interesting sight. These negroes work, too, with

good will and are proud of their positions. They are all well paid, and there are no complaints here of idleness.

One old woman in particular we notice, feeding the carrier with cane, whose legs are swollen to an enormous size from elephantiasis, brought on from standing so long in the wet cane. They have tried to persuade her to stop her work, but she is proud of her place, and keeps to it day after day. All of which would seem to show that the negro is not so lazy after all, when a fair incentive is given him to work.

It is interesting to see the great oak casters, full of the cane, being first weighed on the Fairbank scales. Their contents are then thrown into the carrier, and conducted to a series of rollers and crushers, very perplexing to the eyes of the novice, which roll and crush until all the juice is extracted. The cane refuse, or bagasse, is burned wet for fuel, the juice, after many processes of purifying and clarifying, is sent off in hogsheads for export, and the molasses is run off and barreled after three grades of sugar have been made.

The burning of the cane instead of coal is a saving of ten thousand dollars on each crop.

It is late when we have seen all that is to be seen, and we have just time to hurry back before the darkness is upon us. It has been a long, perfect day, and we have enjoyed ourselves so much that we are thoroughly tired, mentally and physically.

A couple of days later we go with Mr. Blackwood and his wife for a drive through the mountains on the north of the island. One of our party, who is versed in several dissimilar branches of knowledge, is left behind to tinker with a launch belonging to one of the richest men on the island. He is a negro who has started a soda-water factory, from which he supplies all the West Indies with effervescent drinks and himself with an excellent income. He imported this launch six months ago from America to tow his soda-water out to vessels on lighters. It worked finely for just one week, and then, with a perversity to which launches are given, stopped one fine morning and has not moved since. Seeing our launch flying so merrily to and fro, the soda-water

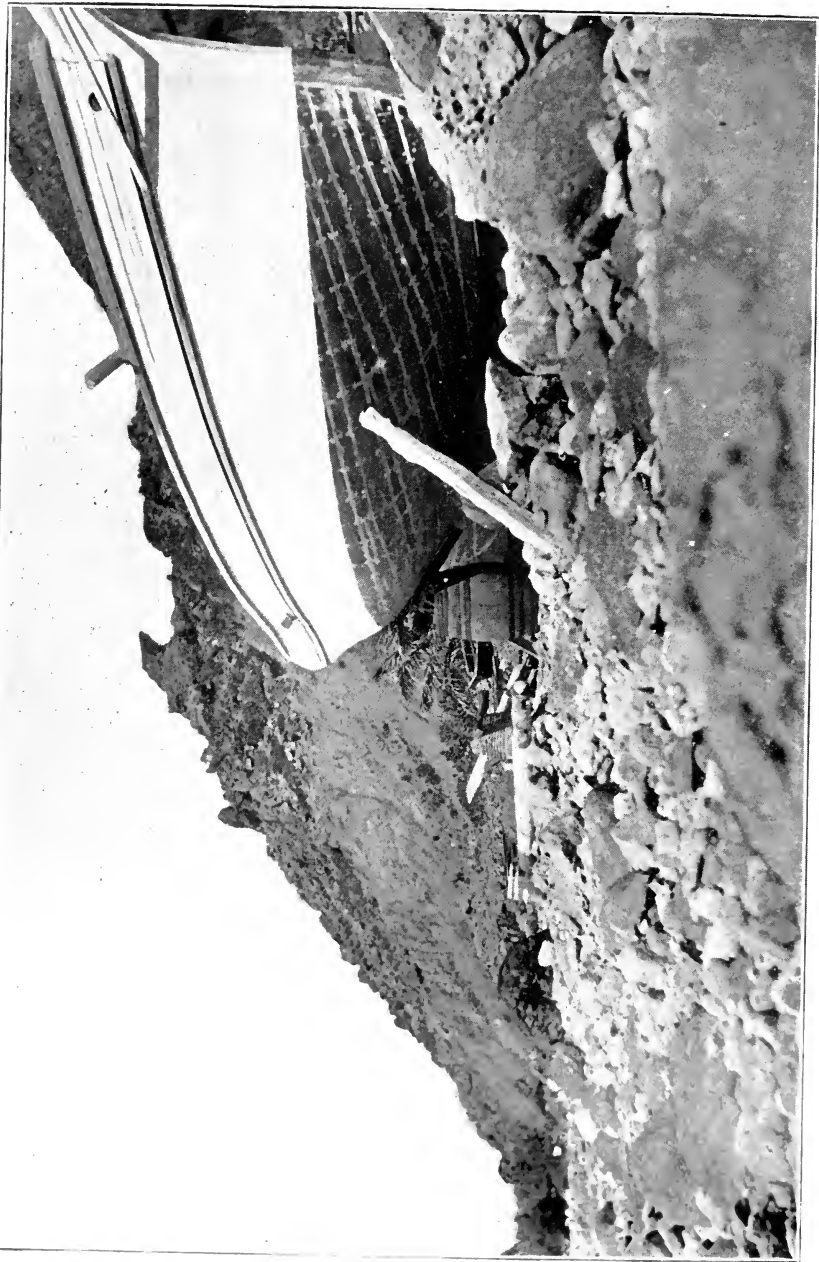
maker thought there must be some one on board skilled in the management of launches, and asked, if so, that he might come to assist him. We drove off, waving good-by to our friend, who had at once volunteered his services, and left him gorgeous in his white ducks and broad-brimmed Panama hat, the center of an admiring group.

Our drive was beautiful and a complete contrast to the rest of the island. The road, after crossing a range of hills with magnificent scenery on every hand, winds along a deep ravine that has been worn by a little water-course. Its sides rise precipitously and are covered with all kinds of tropical vegetation, taniars, bread-fruit and bananas; with here and there the gray, misshapen trunk of the silk cotton standing out in sharp contrast against the mass of green. The road is dotted with negroes, healthy, smiling and courteous, all in their best clothes, for it is the Sabbath day. We at last leave the hills behind and come back by our beloved King's Road to hot little Fredrikstad. And very hot it is, too, by contrast with the cool green country.



SANTA CRUZ.

“Covered by all kinds of tropical vegetation.” *Page 70.*



SABA.

“If such a mass of rocks can be called a beach.” *Page 75.*

The first thing we see, in a launch tied to the shore in the broiling sun, is our charitable friend. His ducks have not a trace of their former whiteness, and his hat, the pride of our party, is now drooping in the brim and streaky in the crown—he unthinkingly dipped it in the water to cool his head while he worked! Suddenly there is a little explosion, the negroes scatter in every direction, and the Panama hat waves wildly in the air. At last the screw is churning, and in a moment the launch itself is moving up and down the shore.

We say good-by to Santa Cruz in the midst of a stream of gratitude, which is poured on us by the grateful soda-water man and his friends, who think a miracle has been worked in their behalf.

Late on that same afternoon our own screw churns up the water once more and we are underway. We pick our way out even more carefully than we did our way in, for the coral reef stretches out from the land quite three miles, and it must be passed before we can turn to the eastward. On its jagged jaws are the whitening bones of a fine old bark, the

Fearnaught, which met its death one moonless night running up from Trinidad with a cargo of asphalt. She was close hauled on the wind, trying to cut the southwest point of Santa Cruz very close so as to fetch Sail Rock Passage, the great thoroughfare between the West Indies and North American ports. She cut it too close, struck on the reef and was abandoned to her fate.

We watch the lovely island spread out before us, with its plantations running down to the sea in graceful slopes, until it grows blue and violet, and then fades into the misty gray which soon hides it from our sight.

CHAPTER IV.

SABA.

SABA is a mountain which rises straight out of the sea for two thousand eight hundred feet. It has no seaport, no harbor, no roadstead, no anchorage, yet its men are noted as being among the best sailors in the world. The inhabitants build the stanchest boats in the Caribbean up in the mountains, and when finished slide them down the steep slopes to the sea.

You climb eight hundred feet up the mountain side to arrive, breathless and panting, at a town they tell you is called Bottom, and you wonder if the subjects of good little Queen Wilhelmina can be making fun of you. So you can quite understand how impossible it would be for a woman to pass by an island possessing such delightful contradictions without stopping to investigate it.

We reached Saba at daylight the next morn-

ing, and most impressive it looked with the clouds veiling the majestic peak, which rears its steep, sheer sides grandly out of the water. We could not quite believe that there was really no anchorage, and so steamed slowly toward the land until our bow almost scrapes the rocky wall of the shore. Our lead line then gives us fifty fathoms, and we are convinced of the truth of the story.

Not a soul is in sight, so we give a blow of the whistle to attract some one's attention, but with no result. A second and a third blast are equally in vain, until at last in desperation, we give a sound so piercing and prolonged as to wake the dead, even of Saba. This brings to light a train of people, scrambling down the mountain side in our direction. We afterward find that the cause of the delay is that the harbor master, that most important personage in the West Indies, lives high up in the mountains. Whenever any boat is seen from Bottom to be approaching the shore, a large horn is blown to apprise him of the fact, and it naturally takes him some little time to descend to the level of his duties. He comes out to us in a strong

boat, rowed by four stalwart negroes, with a much dilapidated Dutch flag at the stern. After much parleying and some dickering he consents to put us on shore—for a consideration, of course—and we all step into the boat, leaving the Scythian to steam up and down like a restless spirit until our return.

The rocks rise almost perpendicularly from the sea, but in one place, about four yards wide, there is a beach (if such a mass of stones can be called a beach), where it is possible for a boat to reach the shore. Fortunately it is a windless day and the water is smooth as glass, so that the landing through the surf is not as alarming as it might be were a heavy sea running. Even now it is none too pleasant with the waves breaking into foam on the rocks. Just before we reach the line of surf the rowers bend to their oars with a powerful stroke, sending the boat well up on the beach, where other brawny arms are waiting to drag it out of the reach of the crawling waves.

As soon as we find ourselves on dry land, the question arises as to how we will ascend the narrow footpath which leads up the mountain,

a path so steep that in places steps are cut in the rock up which to climb. There are three ways of going up. The first is, of course, to use those organs of locomotion supplied to you by nature, and walk; the second, is to use the organs supplied to some one else and be carried; the third, is to be taken, like their provisions, in a hammock slung between the shoulders of two men. The others chose the first course; the captain, the middle, as offering more novelty. She soon finds herself lifted from the ground and seated on the shoulders of an immensely tall negro, feeling miles from the earth. The negro is so thin that she has no visible means of support, and although held securely by the feet, the rest of her anatomy sways off into space at every step. Now her head almost bangs against the rocky wall on one side of the path, now she seems falling down the sheer precipice on the other, to the ocean far below, where, in her mind's eye, she sees the sharks already gathering in anticipation of her arrival. She begs and entreats to be put down, but the rest of the party are so entranced with the spectacle she presents that



SABA.

“Seated on the shoulder of an immensely tall negro.” *Page 76.*



“ Looking down the ravine we see the wide blue water far beneath.” *Page 77.*

their laughter drowns her screams. The captain clutches at the nearest object; it is black, woolly and smelly—the head, in fact, of her negro. But it is something tangible, something to be held, and hold on she does with a strength born of desperation. So hard does she tug at that poor woolly pate that a cry of pain floats up from the depths beneath, and she is deposited with scant ceremony on *terra firma*, with the late beast of burden rubbing his misused head and looking at her ruefully. First of all the captain tells her friends exactly what she thinks of them, in words few but forcible, whereupon she turns her back on them and marches up the mountain, this time on her own feet—heaven be praised! They follow in a crestfallen way, but we soon forget our late unpleasantness and throw ourselves heart and soul into enjoying the marvelous scenery. We wind through a narrow gorge, much like a Western cañon, where the mountains rise abruptly on each side, here brilliant in the early morning sunlight, there dark and gloomy in the shadow. Looking down the ravine through which we had come, we see the wide

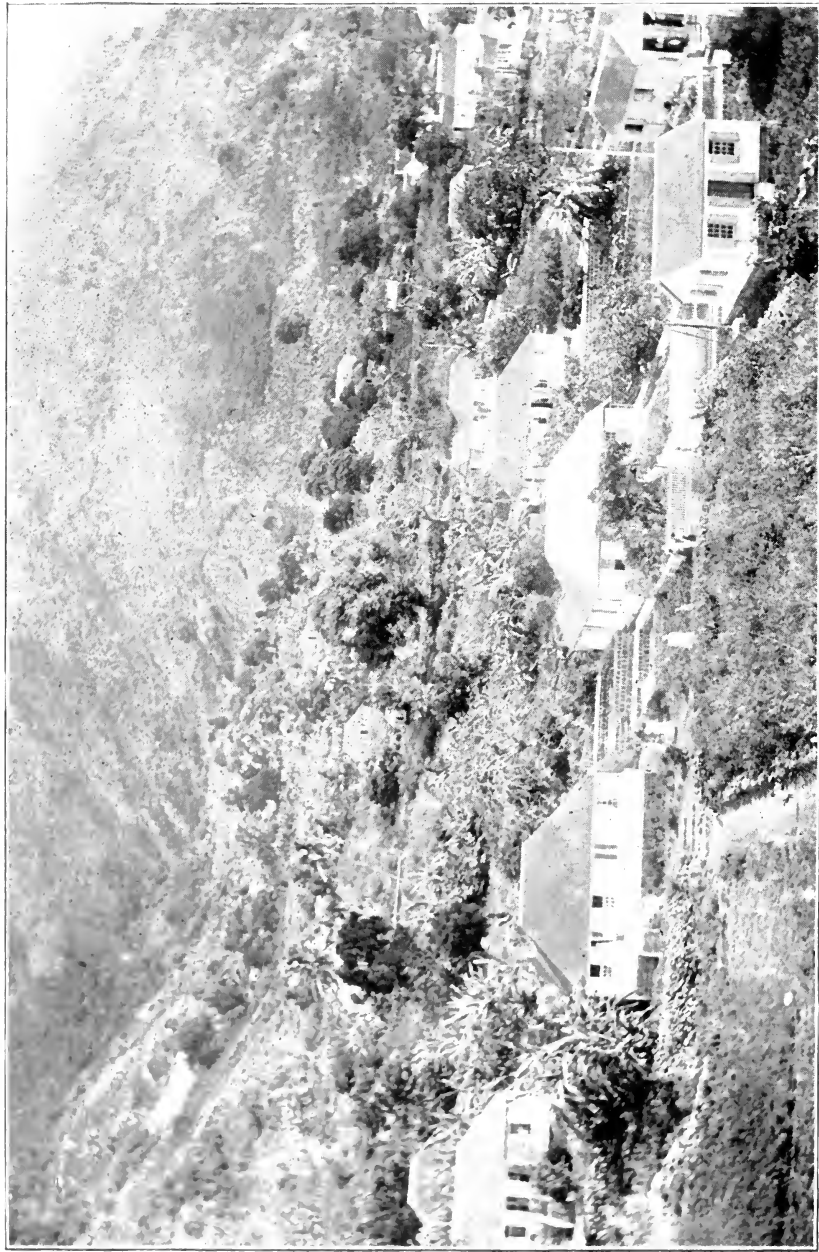
blue water, with the Scythian floating so far beneath that she looks like a toy boat. We almost wish ourselves back on her cool decks under the dark awning, for the climb is hard; the sun beats down relentlessly on our toiling party, and we are yet far from Bottom. We grow tired and cross, and feel a distinct grudge against a town with such a situation and called by such a misnomer; it is so misleading as to be criminal. But on we go, until, just as we are inclosed in a ravine which seems to have no possible exit, we turn a corner, pass a house, see the valley opening out gloriously before us, and know that at last we have climbed up to Bottom.

The little white town lies nestling in the bosom of the great green mountains, which guard it jealously on both sides. Through the ravines can be seen the blue Caribbean Sea, shimmering and shining in the sunlight like a mirror of burnished silver. This much we see as we first enter the village, but we are really exhausted, and must rest somewhere before going another step or seeing another sight. We want to sit quietly in the shade, without saying



SABA.

“The town lies nestling in the bosom of the great green mountains.” *Page 78.*



SABA.

'We have climbed at last to Bottom.' Page 78.

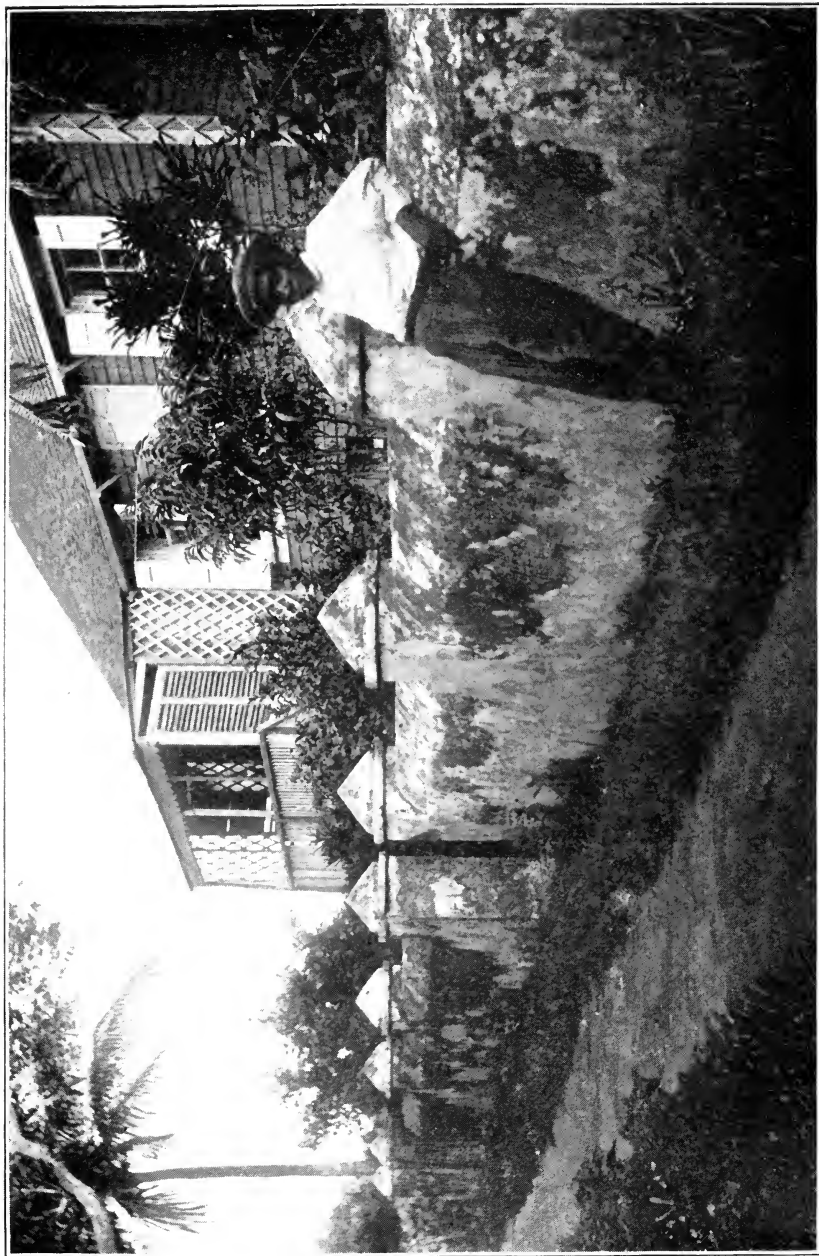
a word to any one until our breath comes naturally again, instead of in great gasps and pants. The harbor master comes to our rescue and asks us into his house, which is only a step further on.

We accept his offer with as much alacrity as we are capable of just then, and enter the house from the trim little garden surrounding it. We find ourselves in a large square room, cool and shady, furnished with a table, American rocking chairs (of course), and a grand piano. Tired as we were, our jaded minds had the energy to wonder how that piano ever got up that mountain. We were just sinking, with delightful abandon, into those rocking chairs, there to rest mind and body, when the door opened and in walked Mrs. Harbor Master and the Misses Harbor Master, all dressed in their best and filled to the brim with cordiality and conversation. To them a stranger was an almost unheard-of event, to be thoroughly enjoyed therefore when sent them by a kind Providence. Consternation reigned among us, our luxurious visions of rest vanished; but we pulled ourselves together, and during that half-hour passed with the ladies we culled all the choicest

buds of Sabian gossip. We deplored with them the fact that in such a small place there should be two rival churches whose pastors were sadly at variance in matters of doctrine. We ascertained that Saba had its own little post office, where the mails now arrive and leave as often as twice a month, instead of once in two months, as had been the former custom. This is a great innovation, and is looked at askance by some of the more conservative people as a temptation to worldliness. Saba also has its own stamps, and at one time the whole community was divided into two camps, one wishing the stamps blue and the other red.

The doctor had been educated in Holland, and his airs were intolerable in consequence. As though the Sabians could not be educated at home in their own schools, when in one of them French and Latin were actually taught!

The Governor-Lieutenant of the island is not nearly so vain as the doctor, although the Governor-General of all the Dutch West Indies, who lives at Curacoa, thinks the world of him, and writes to him once every year. And so on,



SABA.

“Square and white with red-tiled roofs.” *Page 81.*



and so on, until our brains whirl and we are gorged to repletion with Sabian doings.

After partaking of some bananas and cake which Mrs. Harbor Master kindly sets before us, we make our escape, followed by the younger daughter, who clings to us with such tenacity that we are morally convinced she has designs of copying the cut of our skirts.

Bottom itself is simply fascinating, with an original and exquisite charm all its own. It is the cleanest, quaintest, primmest, prettiest of villages, with narrow footpaths for roads, and with walls on each side made of piled-up rocks inclosing luxurious little gardens, where bananas, bamboos, palms, and all manner of sweet smelling flowers grow in profusion. In the middle of the gardens stand the houses, square and white, with red-tiled roofs and white-curtained windows, each one neater than the last. There are other towns scattered over the island, which we had not time to see, but one is the counterpart of the other.

Here in this mountain of the sea, in the crater of an extinct volcano, and within a circumference of two and a half miles, lives this little Dutch

population of less than two thousand souls. They still keep their blue eyes and flaxen hair, and also much of the Dutch thrift and neatness in this distant island, almost cut off from the outer world. They have their own interests, their own pleasures, and their own sorrows.

For all the men are sailors, and at the doorstep of almost every one of the little houses sits a woman doing the finest kind of drawn work, year after year, waiting for some dear one who went down that ravine one morning to that cruel, bright sea, never to return. These poor souls often go blind, whether from the fineness of their work or from the tears brought to their eyes by hope deferred, who can say!

Saba is famous as being the only place in the West Indies where white potatoes are raised; but there is no other industry on the island, although a mine of pure sulphur exists. This will eventually be most valuable, as it is the only such mine of any extent known of outside of Sicily.

We wander for some time round the town, and then walk back to thank Mrs. Harbor Mas-

ter for her kind hospitality. We receive from her as a parting gift the remains of the cake which she gave us earlier in the day, and then start on our downward way.

This is, if anything, more trying than the climbing-up process. We develop a new set of muscles, of which we had no previous knowledge, and which make themselves known in aches and pains, at every step. When at last we reach the sea level, step again into the boat and are rowed off to the Scythian, we are heartily glad to be home again. We are tired in mind and worn out in body, but withal content; for have we not penetrated the mysteries of Saba?

It is cool and delicious as we rest from our labors, watching our progress down the islands. Anguilla and Sombrero float on the distant horizon, and St. Eustatia, or Statia, is so near that we can make out the little town on its shores.

We make a low mental obeisance to the island. It was here in the early years of the Revolution that the Brig Andrea Doria, Captain Isaiah Robinson, received the first salute ever

given our infant flag by a foreign power. The poor old Dutch governor paid dearly for his courtesy, for the English did not rest until they had forced the Dutch to recall him; but he is one of those who should hold a rich place in our national esteem. This same Andrea Doria, on her homeward trip, fell in, off the western shore of Porto Rico, with the British brig Racehorse sent out especially to capture her. The Racehorse surrendered to the Andrea Doria after a fight of two hours, and the incident doubtless was one of many which soon forced invincible England to open her national eyes to the fact that Americans could fight on the sea.

St. Kitts soon looms up in front of us, growing more beautiful each moment, as the colors become more distinct and we see the details of those rugged mountains. Shortly we are entering the roadstead of Basse Terre, and are at anchor off one of England's West Indian colonies.

CHAPTER V.

ST. KITTS.

ALL good things were to be expected from St. Kitts, for it is the oldest English colony in the West Indies. An old gentleman, named Warner, tempted Providence in 1623 by settling there, with fourteen of his comrades. They were soon disturbed by the French under d'Estambuc, who came to put their finger in England's colonial pie, as they have been known to do since. From that time until St. Kitts was formally ceded to the English, in the reign of Queen Anne, the two nations found amusement and occupation in driving each other out of the island by turns on every convenient occasion.

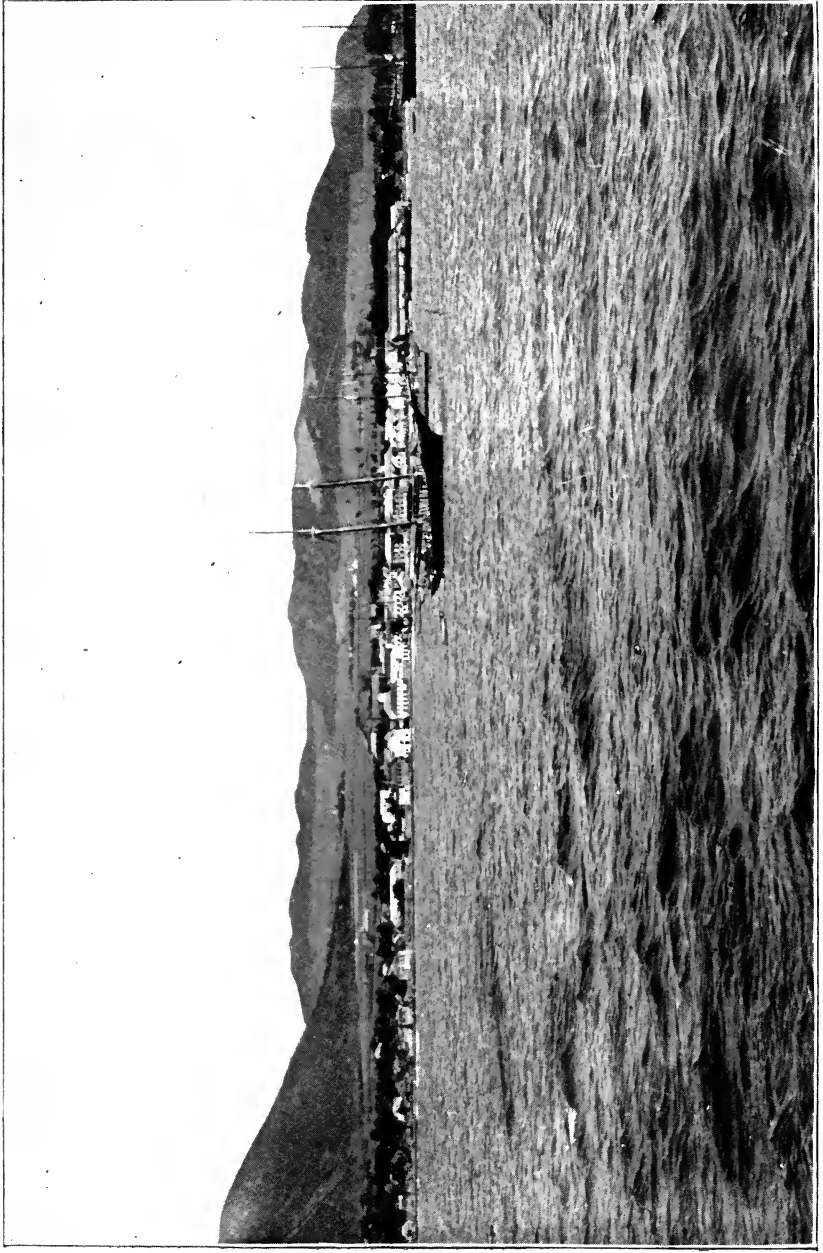
Its names are as varied as its history. Columbus, who first discovered the island, named it after himself, St. Christopher; under the English this deteriorated into St. Kitts (imagine the audacity of even thinking of our great discoverer as "Kit" Columbus). The

capital city is still called by the French Basse Terre, and well deserves the name, as the ground is low indeed.

Every freshet from the mountains finds its way to the town, and works a watery havoc. So trying did this evil become that once, when the place had been almost washed away, a special commission was sent over from England to inquire into the difficulty, and to suggest a remedy. The commission was entertained right royally by the Kittefonians, who regarded these gentlemen as the saviors of their city.

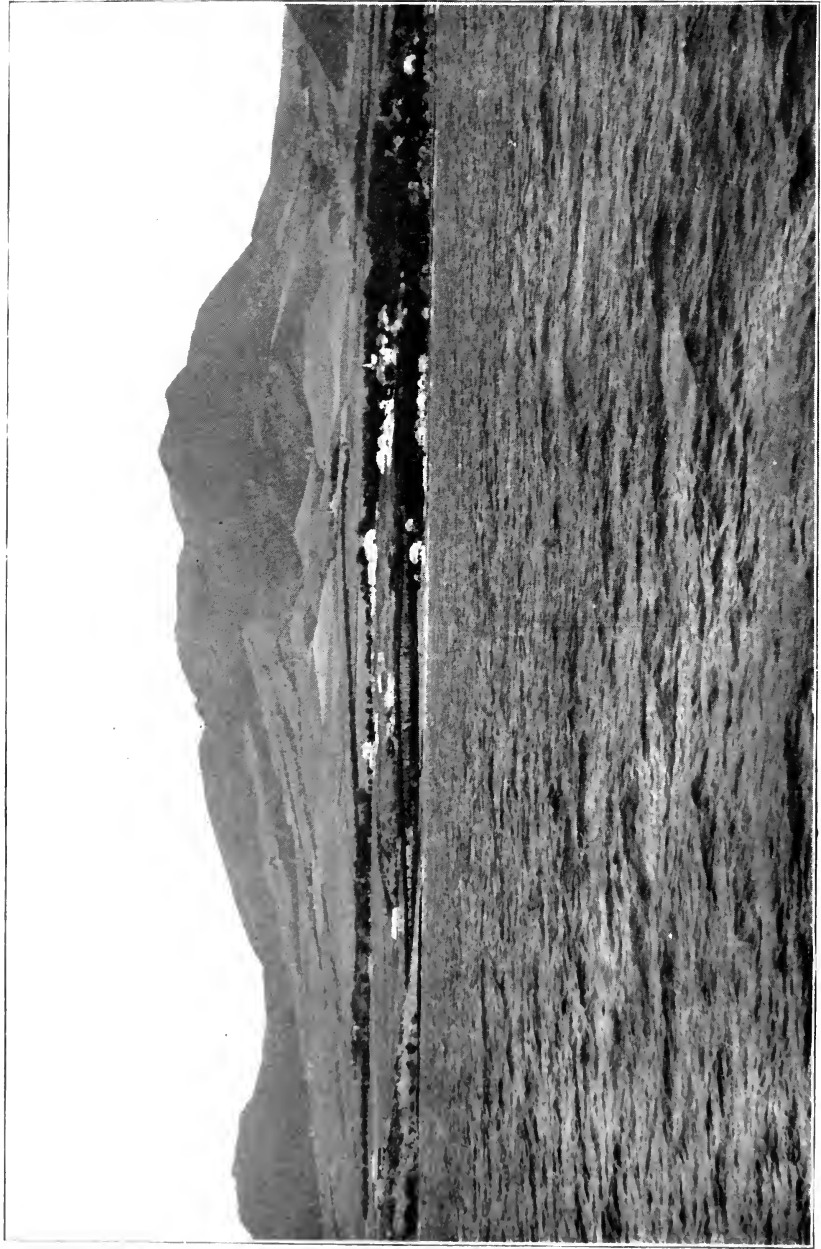
After a delightful holiday they returned to London, and in time sent in their report to Parliament. In their opinion the best and only advice to offer the Kittefonians was that they should abandon their present town, and build another far out of the reach of the freshets. Needless to say that the commission now enjoys the heartiest contempt and ill will of the people of St. Kitts.

From the roadstead where we lie St. Kitts is a thing of beauty. It is one of the characteristic Caribbean Islands, and a lovely specimen of its type. The land slopes on all sides in regular



ST. KITTIS.

“From the roadstead where we lie St. Kitts is a thing of beauty.” *Page 86.*



ST. KITTS.

“The land slopes in graceful curves from the sea to the mountains.” *Page 86.*

and graceful curves from the sea to the mountains, except for a bare, rocky point, which makes out to sea almost three miles from the eastern shore, ending in some ugly dumpy hills called St. Anthony's Peaks. This sloping belt is always one unbroken field of sugar cane. Where the sugar belt ends the mountains begin to tower one above another, until they culminate in the majestic peak of Mt. Misery, which hides its head disdainfully from the vulgar gaze four thousand three hundred feet above the sea level. Over all play the ever-shifting lights and shades which would make even a commonplace scene attractive, and which add the crowning beauty to the lovely island. The words of the well-worn hymn come to our minds, for it seems that "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

How vile he is here we do not realize until we go on shore, for Basse Terre is like "a whited sepulcher, which, indeed, appears beautiful outward, but is within full of dead men's bones," or of something productive of an equally bad smell. Seen from the water the town is handsome, with its white houses and public buildings.

We tell ourselves that here we see the evidence of English thrift and cleanliness. And yet one thing strikes us as strange. There seems to be no lighthouse to mark the roadstead, for surely no one could take the little red beacon that shines on the wharf at night as even an apology for a lighthouse. As we go on shore, the nearer we come to those white houses the more dilapidated do they look. The plaster is peeling off in patches, and the best of them have a forlorn expression which even the pretty gardens cannot brighten.

But when we turn into the negro quarter, we are sickened. The huts—one cannot dignify them by the name of houses—are huddled close together pellmell, on streets where the mud is ankle deep. They are dirty, one-roomed wooden cabins, in every stage of decay, with often only the muddy ground for a floor. Both cabins and street teem with a swarming population of blacks, who live penned up here with little regard for decency and none for order.

Filth and vileness are on every hand, pestilence seems to lurk round every corner and disease to fill the air with germs, while a fresh

smell greets at every turn. And the harbor master of this hole wished to be assured that Santa Cruz was healthy before allowing us to land. As though anything worse could be imported into Basse Terre than what had already made it its abiding-place. We wish to get away as quickly as possible, for we feel physically contaminated, and ask if there is any clean hotel in the place. They tell us that if we want a really "flash" dinner we must go to the Park Hotel. Fearful of risking anything the reverse of "flash," after what we had seen and smelled, we make our way to the hotel. It is a nice little house facing the public square. Some sickly children are playing in a tired way under a great banyan tree, which sends down a perfect cascade of snake-like branches from its upper boughs to the ground, where they take root and grow. There are palms and bananas in the square and here and there a crimson flamboyant, to give a touch of color to the dreary gray twilight. We sit on a broad veranda, waiting for dinner and talking to some men of St. Kitts, who are most kind on learning that we come from the American

boat. Their views of St. Kitts are quite as depressing as our own impressions. Every man who has had money enough has left the island. Those now there, with the exception of the English officials and one or two planters, are of the lowest type of Englishmen, who stay here drinking themselves to death. The only man to say a good word for the island was the doctor. He had recently been promoted to St. Kitts from the fever-stricken Zanzibar coast, and finds it a paradise by comparison!

This civil service among the British medical staff seems an admirable thing for colonial work. The doctors have a fixed salary from the government, and are allowed to take no fees from the poor, but only from the rich. Who has the power to draw the dividing line between rich and poor, however, we could not ascertain.

When we go into the dining room, it is gayly decorated with Japanese fans and bright paper shades in honor of Lord Somebody's cricket team, which arrived yesterday from England. These cricket matches are the social diversions of the islands. The inhabitants regard it as an

immense honor to be beaten, as they invariably are by the "home team," and they turn out in force to see the play. The dinner is excellent, and our good little hostess has worked so hard that she faints dead away before it is over. But that horrid negro quarter had quite taken away our appetite, and we are glad to leave the hotel and make our way through the narrow streets to the wharf. When we reach the boat we feel cleaner for having put some hundred yards of water between ourselves and Basse Terre.

There is a driving storm the next day, to which we are grateful, as it puts any trip on shore out of the question, and gives us a whole day in which to be thoroughly lazy. We read various poetic and beautiful effusions about St. Kitts, by men of known veracity, and wonder whether the difference of opinion arises from anything radically wrong with our eyes and nose, or from something radically changed in the island itself.

There is a little schooner lying near us in the storm which is quite interesting. Her swan bow and overhanging stern proclaim her a

former yacht, as surely as the docked tail of the poor old cab horse tells of the days when he was well groomed and cared for. The boat is fast falling to pieces, especially the aristocratic stern, which is drooping sadly down behind as though mindful of its fall in the world. Her anchor will not hold in the gale, and she is walking up and down the roadstead, with a man at the wheel steering. He has not much skill, for soon her bowsprit comes well over our stern, and the owner jumps on board to help fend her off.

He tells us that she once belonged to the Prince of Wales, and gradually descended in the scale of the nobility until she was brought over here on a yachting trip by a baronet. Here she sprung a leak, and her owner, refusing to cross the ocean in her, sold her to the government. She was used as a packet boat to run between the islands until she was too unsafe even for those trips, and then fell into the hands of her present owner, a negro trader. As soon as the sale was concluded and the price paid, the government promptly proceeded to condemn her. Now the poor man can get no one to send any goods in

her, and her only use is to afford him the exercise of pumping her out all day to keep her afloat.

The next day the storm clears, as all storms have done, and the sun comes out hot and glorious. There is no longer any excuse for not going on shore to see the country, especially as we are leaving the following day. So on shore we go, and are soon crawling along the road behind a pair of miserable, patient horses. The town looks a trifle less depressing in the broad daylight than it did between the lights, but on every side are signs of neglect and decay. The whitewash on the houses is not white, but a dirty gray. Every gate has a screw loose, and every wall is tumbling to pieces.

But, where man has been idle, nature has busied herself. The forlorn houses and crumbling walls are covered by a wealth of luxuriant green, which creeps into each nook and cranny and carpets every inch of ground. Plants at which we have gazed with awe in our greenhouses, here disport themselves outside some miserable shanty with a disregard for the exalted position they have hitherto occupied

in our minds, which borders on the immoral. Roses, ferns of the loveliest varieties, lilies, orchids and vines growing in the gardens, make us rub our eyes and ask if this really can be January. Here and there against a gray wall or a vine-covered cabin the flamboyant bursts into a flame of scarlet fire.

When we leave the town we leave everything but the sun, sea, sky and sugar cane. There are no trees, no flowers, only sugar cane mile after mile. As we wonder at this dearth of trees, we see coming toward us in the sweltering sun two men dressed in thick red coats, boots, breeches, spurs and white helmets. The driver stops the carriage to look at them with admiration till a turn in the road hides them from his view.

Some years ago it seems the planters found it so impossible to make the negroes do any steady work that they cut down all the fruit trees on the island, hoping that hunger would drive them to earn their living. But it drove them instead into a riot, which promised to be serious. It was checked before much blood was shed by the arrival of two men-of-war.

But it had warned the whites of their great numerical weakness. They at once organized a company of volunteer militia to guard against future trouble. These beautiful youths were members of this militia, going from their plantations to the annual drill in Basse Terre.

The negroes seem a dangerous element here. We miss the kindly smile and greeting we had met with on the other islands. No hat is lifted as we pass, and both men and women wear malicious expressions, which would make them unpleasant enemies.

We drive as far as a picturesque negro settlement, called Old Road. It is a quaint collection of little cabins, where all the cooking is done by fires burning outside the doors. The family washing is also in progress, as we pass along some of the streams, which make their way down the mountain side in deep gullies or ravines. Here the negresses stand knee-deep in the water, pounding and stamping their clothes most unmercifully between two flat stones. This treatment may be conducive to cleanliness, but certainly does not agree with lace and buttons. We follow the road back to

Basse Terre and then away to the other side of the town, where it turns to the northward. Here the surf runs in before the wind, and there is a superb view of the white line crawling for miles along the northern shore. Nevis rears its lonely crest far up into the cloud-flecked sky, and shadows play hide-and-seek on its rugged slopes.

The drive would have been longer had not certain infallible warnings in our inner man counseled us that it was luncheon time. Far off in the distance a red pennant is fluttering from Scythian's mast, and we can almost hear the stroke of two bells as it is drawn quickly down. We hurry back, stopping at the doctor's on our way to get a clean bill of health. They say this is most important in going from St. Kitts to other islands, a requirement on the part of the other islands which shows sound sense.

We had intended to go from St. Kitts to Antigua, but had changed our minds on finding that the place is owned by the cockroaches. They actually fly out with the prevailing wind from the shore to take possession of your ship in the

roadstead. As the channel also is very winding and dangerous, we determine to make no experiments with either cockroaches or rocks, and shape our course instead for Montserrat, the home of the Amazons and Montserrat lime juice. At nine o'clock the windlass is busy getting up the anchor, and the men are hoisting the launch.

Soon we are underway. Nevis stands on our port side, its great peak frowning down on the smiling sugar cane below, and St. Kitts soon degenerates into an iridescent soap-bubble. A great shape takes form on our starboard bow, which the chart tells us is Rodonda. The full name is Santa Maria de Rodonda, or St. Mary the Round. The "round" is puzzling, as anything more angular it would be hard to find. It is one mass of phosphates, and on its perpendicular sides cling the huts of the laborers, who are already beginning to work on this lonely island.

It is so hot that the sides of the island seem to simmer and seethe in the sun's rays, and we find the coolest possible place on deck on which to settle ourselves. But it gets cooler as the morning wears on, for the climate here

is strange. You wake with a flood of hot yellow sunlight pouring in through your windows, and throw everything open to let in the air. You take your bath, which comes directly from the sea at a temperature of 82°, and put on the thinnest clothes in your wardrobe.

On deck it is breathless; everything droops in the hot stillness. The only activity shown is on the part of the dogs. They are hard at work trying to lick off great patches of pitch which have melted in the seams of the deck, and on which they have sat down—not knowing.

It is like the beginning of one of our own “scorchers,” and you order breakfast laid on deck, so as to corral any breath of air which may come your way. But soon the breeze springs up and freshens, until by twelve it is blowing hard. Heat is never thought of again until sundown, which usually means wind down as well. It is undoubtedly hot all the day, but the heat lacks that vindictive, sun-striking fierceness which we so much dread. In the breeze it is always comfortable; out of it one swelters.

We have a charming sail that morning. There is just motion enough to be pleasant, and just wind enough to be fresh and to lie on deck watching these lovely islands advance or recede as we near or leave them, is ideal.

By twelve Montserrat lies before us, and we go eagerly forward to look at it. As Columbus took it to be the home of the Amazons, it was of course of interest to us women, though why it should have enjoyed such a reputation it is hard to see. It seems anything but warlike as we steam into the roadstead and come to anchor. Indeed nothing could be more peaceful than the little town of Plymouth, taking its afternoon siesta under the dark fringe of palms on the water's edge, with the green hills sloping way to the high mountains inland.

This is one place in which the English are trying to raise something beside the inevitable sugar cane, and the attempt has so far proved a complete success. There are large orchards of limes, and although the soil

is not considered remarkably fertile, Montserrat lime juice is already known as the best in the market.

As soon as we come to anchor the steward goes on shore for some necessaries, while we wait until later in the afternoon. As we sit on deck with our work and books, watching the lovely shore, a long train of white-robed people comes out of a house. They move slowly along the shore toward the town, apparently following a small black object carried by four men. As we send for the glasses to see what it can be, another procession of the same kind makes its way down the other shore, also toward the town. A quick glance through the glasses shows that the black objects are hearses and the white processions funeral trains. Even as we stand watching, another of the grewsome funerals appears on the hills back of the shore making for the town, and shortly all three reach their objective point—the churchyard.

This is rather overpowering. We had just been reading that the entire population of Montserrat numbered 11,000, and three funerals within five minutes would seem to indicate a

very high death-rate. As we stand passing some remarks on the strangeness of the sight, a boat comes up to the gangway with a note addressed to the captain of the American yacht. It is from the American consul, who addresses the captain as "My dear sir," an indignity which her curiosity constrains her to overlook. The note goes on to say that there is an epidemic of fever on the island, and that the only doctor lies desperately ill, craving above all else a little ice. There is none within miles, and his craving must go unsatisfied unless we will send him some. A great block is at once brought from the ice chest and wrapped up in a blanket for the poor man. Meantime the boatman volunteers a few remarks in answer to our questions.

"Fever? Oh, yes, plenty of him! Yellow? No, worse! Typhus! Lots of funerals every day."

For the truth of this we could answer from our own observations. Suddenly it flashes across us that at St. Thomas there had been a vessel from Plymouth strictly quarantined down the bay for typhus. We took for granted

she was from Plymouth, England. Now we understood that she was from Plymouth, Montserrat, and that we had been dunces. We would leave at once, for not only is typhus an unpleasant neighbor in itself, but no other island would allow us even to windward if it were known that we had landed here.

But the steward was on shore, and we could not abandon him. A boat was sent for him at once with strict orders not to land, and we blew the whistle. We blew and blew until at last the steward came running down to the wharf, not knowing what could have happened.

He spoke to the boatman, jumped in with all haste, and was soon rowed to the side. Now he was quite safe, but we were not. He and his clothes must be fumigated, and there were no disinfectants on board. So the curtains were let down in the stern, shutting him out of sight, some clean clothes were thrown down to him, and we waited a few minutes. He reappeared shortly and when, five minutes later, the anchor came up quicker than ever before in its history, a nice little bundle of blue clothes

and brass buttons was dragging behind us, seeking fumigation in the good salt water.

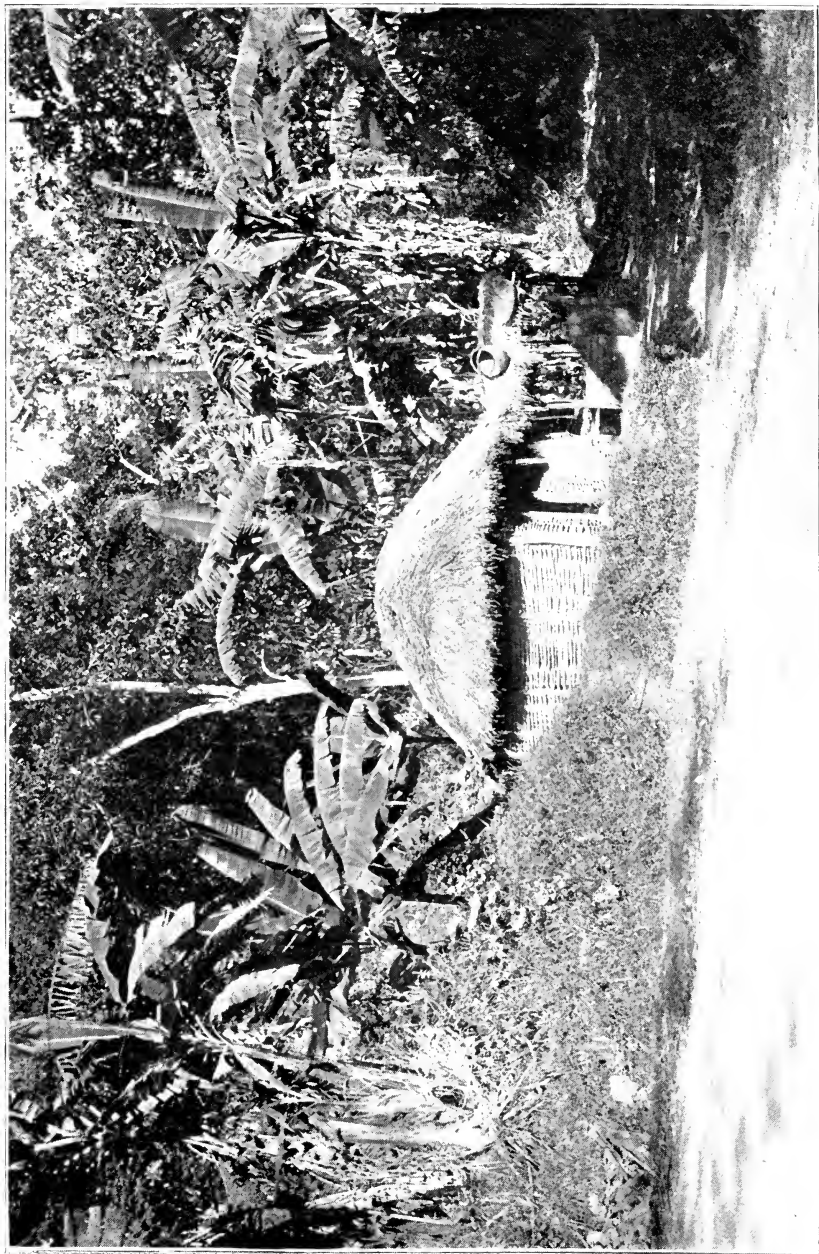
As we pass along the island we are heart-broken to think that we cannot see more of it. It certainly looks most attractive. The great orchards and bushy groves of trees are a change from the everlasting sugar cane, and the place seems prosperous and well-to-do.

This sudden change of plan was very disconcerting. Guadeloupe comes next in order of the islands, but all the English islands are at present quarantined against it, because a case of yellow fever broke out there fifteen months ago. Yet if we keep directly on to Dominica we shall pass Guadeloupe in the night, and be denied the small pleasure of at least seeing it from the outside.

After being for some time on the horns of the dilemma, we leave that uncomfortable seat and make our decision. We will steam well away from Montserrat, lay to under staysails all night, and then pass Guadeloupe the next morning by daylight. This would have been an eminently satisfactory arrangement had we

had control of the weather. But after a most uncomfortable night, spent in bobbing up and down in the swell that makes in between the islands, we wake to find Guadeloupe effectually hidden from our disappointed eyes by a drenching tropical rain.

We know the island is just over there on our port bow, for now and then the clouds will melt to give us tantalizing glimpses of lofty green mountains, fertile valleys, and little toy villages. Then the mist forms again, and all is shut out from our sight. We wanted to slow down in passing Basse Terre, for here is one of the few signal stations in these waters, and our signals were all ready to break out. But when we were opposite the town the rain and mist were so persistent that the opportunity to inform our friends at home of our safety and welfare was gone. Some gray shapes are indistinctly visible through the mist, which we suppose must be those satellites of Guadeloupe, the Saints and Marie Galante, and when all chance of seeing anything more satisfactory is quite gone, the sun comes out gloriously as though to mock us. But we have at least the satisfac-



DOMINICA.

“In an hour we seem as though transported to Darkest Africa.” Page 107.



tion of seeing the approach to Dominica, which is considered the most beautiful of all the Caribbees.

Indeed, it would be hard to imagine a scene more superb than the one that unfolds before us as we round the great headland of Prince Rupert's Neck, on the northern end of the island, and enter the harbor of Portsmouth. All the elements of beauty which make the other islands such a feast to the eyes are here intensified a hundredfold. The mountains are higher, the distances more purple, the sea is bluer, the green greener, and the clouds more startling in the sharp contrasts of their grays and golds.

The magnificent harbor is crescent-shaped, with the mountains rising high around it on three sides. In the center of the curve lies Portsmouth itself, half-hid under the dense forests which swathe the hills from base to summit. In front is a lovely sandy beach, where the waves lap gently in the afternoon breeze at the foot of the luxuriant palm groves. But even as we look one of those frowning black clouds breaks into a petulant little burst

of rain, which hides the shore completely from our sight.

It rains during some part of each day in Dominica, but it clears as quickly as it clouds, and in five minutes the shower goes its way, leaving a rainbow as its legacy.

As our anchor dives deep down through the clear green water we see the inevitable harbor master on his way to us, carefully holding a tattered umbrella over the new English flag in his stern sheets, quite neglecting to cover his own unprotected head.

CHAPTER VI.

DOMINICA.

IN about an hour we seem as though transported to Darkest Africa. Under the guidance of our new harbor master, Mr. Green, who is in the lead with his umbrella, we are walking single file along a footpath running parallel to the beach, which is so narrow that we cannot go two abreast. By way of explanation, let me say that this Mr. Green would have been more fittingly called Mr. Black, for he is as dark as the traditional ace of spades, but as courteous as the whitest man living.

Overhead, dank and wet from the recent rain, is a tangle of tamarinds, palms and bananas, so thick as to almost shut out the sun. Through the jungle we catch glimpses of the yellow beach and blue ocean, on the right; and away to the left are the purple mountains, languorous and misty in the distance.

Along the path are little cabins standing on funny short legs to raise them from the ground, and as we listen to the squash, squash of the natives' bare, black feet sinking deep in the oozy mud, and look at the jungle of this African village, we feel that we are walking in one of the pictures of Paul du Chaillu's books, so dear to our childhood days. The only apparent difference is that the grown-up people here wear more clothing than was the fashion among Du Chaillu's friends, but the children leave nothing to be desired in that respect to complete the picture:

Not a white face is in sight nor any trace of civilization, until we come to a house a trifle larger than its neighbors, over which the English flag is flying. This, Mr. Green tells us, is the Government Building, and he kindly asks us if we will go in and rest. Supposing, of course, that we had only seen a suburb of the village, we reply with thanks that we would prefer walking on to the town proper. A deadly silence follows, and we dimly realize that some one has blundered. We are crest-

fallen when our friend tells us that we have already reached the center of the town, which point is the site of the Government Building. This is really amazing.

Is it possible that this collection of negro huts is the port of one of the finest harbors in the West Indies? Is this muddy trail the one and only thoroughfare? Are there no roads, no shops, no fields, no gardens, no sugar cane even, in this benighted spot, under that flag which stands for the civilizing power of the world? Is there nothing but this? "Nothing; nothing, but just what you see," sighs Mr. Green, looking sadly around him at the scene, so perfect in physical beauty, so fearfully stagnant in all else.

He himself is a graduate of the English College at Trinidad, and has a remarkable degree of intelligence and cultivation. He entered the civil service, and has been sent here to combine in his own person the offices of port and harbor master, policeman and tax collector. He has a hard time to fulfill the latter duty, for the government, in order to economize, has recently taken away his horse, and it is impossible to reach the outlying villages except under saddle.

Speaking of horses we ask him if he can tell us where to get a carriage. He shrugs his shoulders and pointing to the narrow, muddy path explains that there is not a carriage of any kind in the place, because there are no roads for them to drive on. If we are willing to ride, however, he can get us some fairly good horses. We are not to be balked in our object; so if we cannot drive we will ride, no matter what our sensations may be later. We chat with our colored friend until the horses are ready and learn a good deal.

The condition of the island is simply deplorable. Though the soil is so rich that all tropical products grow in profusion, there is not one decent road by which to bring the produce to the seacoast when grown.

Vessels have long since given over stopping here, as, owing to the lack of transportation, there is such delay and uncertainty in loading their cargoes. The road between Portsmouth and Roseau was washed away some years ago; now the only communication between Portsmouth and the outside world is a native canoe,

that runs to Roseau twice a week or once in two weeks, as the spirit may move the boatman, and which brings the provisions and mail—unless overturned *en route*.

To render the situation more hopeless, the town is surrounded by a most unhealthy marsh, which has won such an unsavory reputation for the place that no stranger can be persuaded to pass a night there. Apparatus was sent out from England some time ago to drain this marsh; it was landed and dumped on the beach. No orders were given, no men or money supplied for its working, and there it lies to-day, rotting to pieces. With this marsh drained and the town made healthy, Portsmouth would take the lead of any English port, with one exception, in the West Indies.

The soil of Dominica is adapted to any kind of agriculture, and its strategic position, entering like a wedge between the French possessions of Guadeloupe and Martinique is unexcelled. It was fought for and won time after time by both French and English during the warlike eighteenth century, for the great Rodney realized the importance of its possession if

England would keep France in check. England has freely shed the blood of her gallant sailors to make it her own and once won, for good and all, what has she done for it? With all its resources, all its associations, it is fast relapsing into a barbarism where English control is sneered at on every hand and hated for its indifference. While St. Lucia is being fortified, and Barbadoes, with its unprotected roadstead, is still the great port of call, Dominica, with greater natural advantages than either, is relapsing to the most primitive form of negro life.

Suddenly we jump up in astonishment, for there is a white man riding down the street with a bottle under his arm. The sight of a white face is so unusual that we question Mr. Green about the horseman. He is a young Englishman sent out to learn farming from an English planter living near the town. The planter has in reality no plantation, and therefore can teach no farming, but he makes use of the young apprentice by sending him daily to the village for rum, with which the planter is drinking himself to death.

But we should not cavil at anything which

gives us a scene so quaint, picturesque and out of the world to enjoy. The whole population of the place has, of course, come out to do us honor, and finally a hubbub, rising even above the babel of voices, announces that our steeds block the way. A glance from the windows shows a group of four-footed beasts standing in front of the door, but it would be hard to say if they were mules, horses or donkeys. On their aged backs are four men's saddles, in every degree of decay. We women look at one another askance, while the men look at us with unbecoming grins on their faces.

The captain pulls herself together and says to Mr. Green that the women must ask to have side-saddles, or they will be forced to forego their ride. He is exceedingly regretful, but as no side-saddle has ever been seen in Portsmouth it is impossible to carry out our wishes. But we are not to be left behind so easily. The captain argues that if she rode on a man's shoulder in Saba, she can surely ride on a man's saddle in Portsmouth. So we put the best face we can on the matter, and begin to flounder, with scant dignity, on to our

horses' backs. We feel like circus riders in the center of this ring of black faces, and are convulsed with a laughter to which we do not dare give way, for fear of losing the small degree of equilibrium we possess.

The crowd is most civil, and follows our every awkward movement with a courteous but painful silence. At last a choking, smothered laugh is given by some irrepressible. That is enough! Peal after peal of laughter echoes up and down that mud path, in which we perforce join as heartily as our position will allow. We had always respected a good horsewoman, but our respect for a good horseman now grows unbounded. To sit on that slippery piece of pigskin, with no pummels to keep one from falling to the right or left, is a feat fit for the gods, not mortals, to perform.

When we do dare turn our heads we are amazed at the dense undergrowth through which we are passing, for we are on our way across the famous marsh to the hills beyond. The path is almost under water, no house or hut is to be seen, and we are in dim twilight, except where the sun strikes here and there

athwart the tuft of some lofty palm. A slimy green thing wriggles out of the underbrush along the path to cross our way with a sickening, undulating motion. Our ideal tropical jungle is reached at last, even down to the detail of snakes!

But our ideal is realized too fully for comfort. Starboard came on shore with us, and there is no telling when another green serpent may come along and fasten his fangs in that white hide. To keep him out of danger's way one of the men takes him on the front of his saddle. Suddenly the dry bones of that horse seem endowed with active life, and he begins the most extraordinary gymnastics for an animal of his advanced years. He rears, bucks, kicks, bolts, and ends by tumbling in a heap in the mud. The confused mass of man, dog and horse writhes on the ground for some time, but when the man and dog are extricated from the horse, the cause for this unlooked-for occurrence is inquired into.

It seems that Starboard, unused to such an unaquatic mode of locomotion, and as fearful of his balance as we women were of ours, took the precaution of holding on to the horse with the

only member adapted to that service, his teeth. The horse naturally objected to the feeling of these teeth fastened in his withers, and tried in every way to rid himself of them. The harder he kicked the harder Starboard needed to hold on, until the final catastrophe came and set them both free.

Starboard is then led by a small boy who regards him with unstinted admiration as the only creature who had ever succeeded in making that horse move faster than a walk. We are now well across the marsh, and climbing a steep trail up the mountain side, the top of which seemed to elude us and grow further away the higher we went. The views grow more magnificent and the vegetation more wonderful.

The feathery bamboo and the delicate tree-fern nod their slender branches to each other, and we are in the midst of the virgin, unbroken wilderness. But, alas! the road is as virgin as the country, and soon loses itself completely in the forest, so that it would take a practiced guide to find it again. Our beasts flounder helplessly in the greasy adobe mud, and the lengthening shadows warn us that we must be

turning homeward. So, much as we regret leaving the beauty around us, we go down the mountain and reach the wharf just as the sun is setting in a bank of lovely green and violet clouds.

A dear old colored woman comes up to the captain as she is stepping into the launch and gives her a great bunch of flowers, which would have been priceless at home at this season. Here, however, the old dame had picked them outside her door, when she heard that some "stranger ladies" were in the town.

The morning after, the captain is wakened by an unusual amount of conversation going on over her head. She dresses to go on deck, and sees Scythian surrounded by a horde of boats, whose occupants are busily engaged in driving some kind of a bargain with the sailors. The sailing master soon comes up and says the men would like a little money, as they all wish to invest in some bay oil which the negroes have brought off. A few drops of this oil dissolved in rum will make the ordinary bay rum, and Jacky, anxious as a child to try the experiment, is buying right and left.

Our sailors lay in five pounds of this stuff.

For a week the smell of bay rum near the fo'castle is enough to knock one down, and we are convinced that they bathe in it every morning. Being Sunday, the sailors later on emulate our example of yesterday and go for a ride. We see them urging their weary beasts along the beach, followed by a trailing swarm of blacks, on their way up to the old Spanish fort on Prince Rupert's Neck, a favorite excursion of a Sunday. They come back loaded with useless curiosities, on which they have squandered a month's wages, to the intense delight of the natives, to whom their visit has been a gold mine. Such has Jack Tar been, such he is, and so he will in all probability remain to the end of time—a great, unthinking baby.

Mr. Green comes off to wish us good-by, with real regret, as we go to Roseau in the afternoon. He seldom has the chance of speaking to any one with any degree of intelligence. Most of the negroes living here have worked on the Panama Canal. Over seventy per cent. of the laborers die, but many of those who are left return here when they have made enough money to buy a piece of land from the govern-

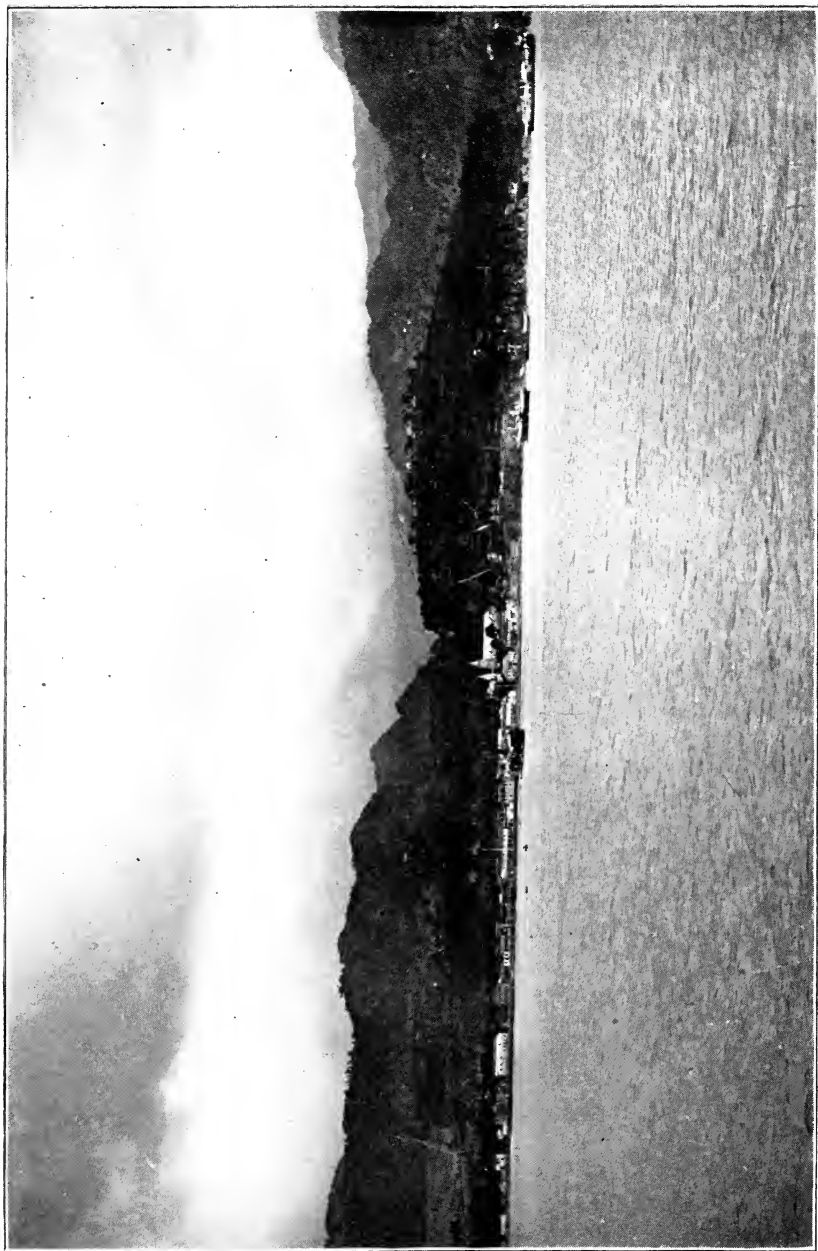
ment at twenty-five dollars a lot. Here they build a hut, and here they spend the rest of their lives, almost as they would were they in Africa. Mr. Green looks longingly at the books in the captain's library; one in particular, by Stepniak, catching his attention. "Oh!" he exclaims, "I have so often heard of that book, but have never seen it before."

Of course, when he left, the book was bulging out of his pocket and his face wore a happy grin; but we could not but be interested to find a negro in Dominica so interested in the fate of the Siberian exiles. He had come out not only to say good-by, but as a committee of one, appointed by the townspeople, to ask the captain as a great favor to blow the whistle as we left Portsmouth. It had been three years since any whistle had been heard here, and it might be three years before they heard another! So at half-past four the whistle blew a merry greeting to the crowd on the beach, who waved their bandanas frantically as we steamed out of the harbor.

We have the most magnificent views of Dominica as we move slowly along to Roseau. The

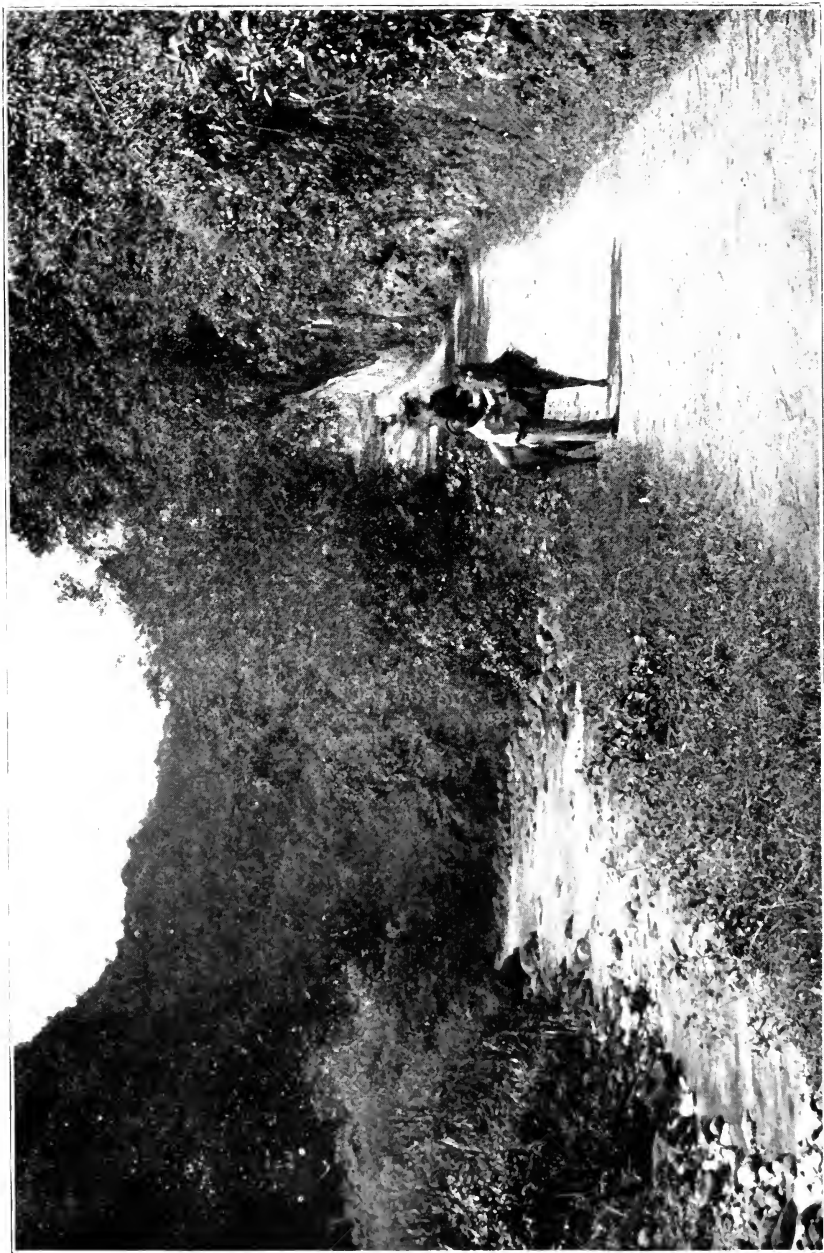
towering mountains are deeply gutted by ravines, and the dense growth which covers every hill and valley looks like emerald-green velvet drawn in the most artistic folds over the undulating land. Here and there a watercourse comes rushing down the mountain to leap in a great waterfall into the sea. A few small villages cluster along the shore, dreaming under their drooping palms. It is too beautiful for words, too beautiful almost for true enjoyment. It is exhausting to have one's powers of admiration keyed to such a high pitch without an occasional descent to the commonplace.

On reaching Roseau we find it hard to get a good anchorage. The water is deep, and the Roseau River comes tumbling into the roadstead, making a strong current and turbulent water. At last we tie up to a can buoy anchored out here for the steamers of the Royal Mail Company. Roseau, by its contrast to Portsmouth, looks like a metropolis. In reality it is quite a nice little town, with an air of comfort and prosperity, built on the open roadstead, which, in case the wind shifts to the west, is really dangerous.



DOMINICA.

“Roseau is a nice little town lying on the open roadstead.” *Page 120.*



DOMINICA.

"Along the valley of the Roseau River." *Page 124.*

Its inhabitants at once desert the town, crowd themselves into boats, and surround the Scythian. There are men selling groceries, men selling shells, fruit and coral. Little ones with no clothes on row out in catamarans to dive to the bottom after pennies. If they were little white boys they would look alarmingly indecent; but for some reason their jet-black skin seems to relieve the situation and makes a good substitute for clothes.

Then one very grand boat, painted a sky-blue, makes its way toward us. It must surely carry some high official, who is coming out to pay his respects to the American boat. The grocer, fruiterer and naked boys fall back, the noisy clamor is hushed to a reverential buzz, and a small black man walks up the gangway with the air of a prince. The most striking thing about him at first is his tie of baby blue, but we gradually make out that he wears also the most immaculate white clothes.

His card is brought to the captain, who reads thereon "Monsieur Cockroach." Now, nothing could be less crawly and more uncockroach-like than this courtly personage. He receives

the captain with a low bow, which makes her for the moment feel that most white men, and all Americans, are rustics and upstarts compared with this gallant scion of the African race. He assures mademoiselle that if mademoiselle will allow him to make all the arrangements, he would advise the next day a visit to the Fresh Water Lake, a ride of thirty miles. Mademoiselle, who had harbored no intention of ever riding thirty miles, instantly feels that anything Monsieur Cockroach thinks well for her to do it would be foolish to refuse. So, apparently without volition on her part, we are all booked for the excursion the following day.

There is absolutely no reason why this man should style himself "Monsieur," or the captain "Mademoiselle," for every one else in Dominica speaks English. But we feel instinctively that plain "Mr." and "Miss" would be utterly inadequate to match with that splendid tie and those courtly manners. The only point in which we can claim superiority, is in the matter of shoes, as he wears none.

The next day we breakfast at half-past seven to make an early start on our long expedition.

Monsieur Cockroach meets us on the wharf with a large bouquet for the captain, which seriously inconveniences her in her equestrian performances. He leads us to where our horses are waiting, and we begin to have an inkling that his name may apply not to himself, but to his beasts. They are small and dark and dejected, and we later find that a crawl is their highest economic speed. They are weary and sick and bent with years; beside them our own long-suffering stage horses are gay and prancing yearlings.

The captain suggests to Monsieur Cockroach that it might be better to feed them a little before we start. He replies in a suave manner that they can "eat no more," which remark leaves us in doubt as to whether he means that they will eat nothing more in this world, or that they are already satisfied; their expressions would lead us to infer the former.

But the sight of two side-saddles shifting around from side to side on the bony backs of two of the animals fills the hearts of us women with joy, although we have been used to something more stationary in the matter of saddles.

We mount, however, and are soon jogging merrily down the road—that is, we humans are merry, for no one could ever apply such a term to the equines. The progress of each horse is facilitated by two boys, one of whom drags it in front, while the other pushes it behind with a stick. Occasionally one of the beasts sits down by the roadside to rest, and then the black boy holds the rider in position until the animal is ready to proceed.

However, we find that as they leave the town behind they warm to their work, and we end by having a great respect—not for their speed—but for their surefootedness.

The town is pretty and clean; many of the houses have quaint boxes of flowers growing on the window sills, giving a pleasant effect.

When we leave it behind the road ascends gradually along the valley of the Roseau River, which runs roaring and tumbling through a gorge far below. The land here is rich beyond belief, and there are some plantations of coffee, limes and indigo, all of which grow to perfection.

But this smiling country is soon passed, as

we leave the river and turn into a narrow trail which zigzags up and up far into the heart of the mountains. They tower one above another until, at the highest point, Mt. Diabolin, they are five thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea. The views are grand, superb; overpowering. Every now and then a deep gorge rends a great mountain in twain, and we round a corner to look down a precipice into the valley, a thousand feet below, while above the crags still tower to dizzy heights. A cascade falls down the sheer mountain side and blows gracefully from side to side in the wind, while far below us we see the ocean, its turquoise blue contrasting vividly with the surrounding green of the forest.

Most wonderful of all is this forest, which covers every mountain side, every gorge, every crevice. Bamboos and tree-ferns bend their delicate branches as we pass, bananas and mangroves interlace their broad leaves lovingly, and palms and ceibas, bread-fruit and tamarinds are so common as to be almost despised. Not only the ground, but even the trees themselves, are covered with the rank growth

From the gray trunks and graceful branches hang all manner of air plants, lichens and orchids, now of the more delicate hues, again flaming out in richest crimsons and golds. It is one waving, rustling, exquisite mass of color, the like of which we poor commonplace mortals had never before dreamed.

As we go higher it grows colder, and before long we have reached the limit of almost continual rain. It comes down at first like mist, but soon grows into solid drops, which drench us to the skin. This rain keeps up with few intermissions until we come down to a lower level, and is most depressing.

The horses show signs of collapse, and we ourselves being deadly tired, can sympathize with them. The captain's horse can finally no longer be urged on, so she walks and brings up the tail-end of a bedraggled party of pleasure-seekers as was ever seen. The mist hides the view, we are cold and wet, and sin-

cerely relieved when a turn in the road brings us in sight of an ordinary sheet of water, the Fresh Water Lake only remarkable for being found so high up in the mountains. We walk a few steps further to catch a glimpse of the ocean on the other side of the island, which the mist allows us to see for an instant, and the goal of our journey is reached. We stretch our cramped limbs painfully on the damp ground, and eat a cold and unappetizing luncheon. The horses promptly lie down—no one thinks of offering them food, their looks say eloquently that they are too tired to eat.

A little lull comes in the rain, and some one suggests that we would do well to start down out of the clouds before it begins again. The poor horses are picked up and set on their feet, their riders once more deposited on their backs, and the downward journey begins.

When we have left the clouds and returned to the zone of warm sunshine the beauty of it all comes on us like a fresh revelation. The sun lights up one side of the yawning ravine with its golden rays, leaving the other side dim and purple in the shadow. Hundreds of feet far

below it changes the rushing torrent into a thread of gleaming silver, and miles away it makes the ocean a sea of sapphire. The birds sing joyously in musical notes, the air is full of strange perfumes, and the perfect loveliness seems to knock at the door of all the senses at once.

But we grow all the time more tired, and by four o'clock, when we are back to the sea level and see the Scythian only a little way from us, we are almost beyond recall. Every muscle has been stretched and every limb shaken until when we are half-carried up the gangway we can neither sit nor stand with any slight degree of comfort. We are as cross as we are tired, and the only thing on which we can all agree is that we would willingly undergo twice the discomfort again if we could only enjoy half the pleasure that Dominica had given us this day.

Our American consul in Dominica is a fine-looking young Englishman, who came out to Roseau eighteen years ago. He owns various kinds of plantations and has been most successful, especially in the raising of coffee, indigo

and limes. He married a young mulatress with creamy skin, wavy brown hair, liquid eyes, and a voice so sweet that you wished she would talk forever that you might hear those delicious tones. The English in the West Indies have not the same feeling regarding the color line that we have, and this marriage with a colored heiress seemed so natural an arrangement to our consul that he sent for his brother to come out and marry his wife's sister.

Our consul arrived here in the summer with a clergyman who had been appointed to the care of Dominica. The clergyman, thinking that life in the tropics was not conducive to constant work, brought with him four large boxes of sermons, which he had bought of some needy professional brother at home, so that no more writing need be done by him for many a long day. They lived in a small stone house upon the hillside, and that summer Dominica was devastated by one of the most terrible hurricanes in the history of the West Indies. It took place in the night, and when the day broke and the consul looked out over the island, not one single green thing, tree, plant or leaf,

was left; the whole land was dead and blighted. His own house was utterly demolished, and his pig blown out of its sty far away into the woods.

But man's extremity had been God's opportunity. The clergyman's sermons had been blown away with the pig, and were scattered broadside over the land, reaching even the uttermost parts of the island. On each hillside was found a text, and in every valley an exhortation, even the natives in the neighboring islands were found possessed of some of these words of life. To be sure, the poor man had to set to work and write more sermons; but what was that in comparison with the widespread dissemination of his brother clergyman's burning words!

Our consul is best known as being the one man in Dominica who owns a carriage. We have the honor of taking a short drive in it one morning, and of seeing all the donkeys shy away from it into the bushes when we pass them, while our own pair sidle along trying to look back and see what it is that impedes their progress.

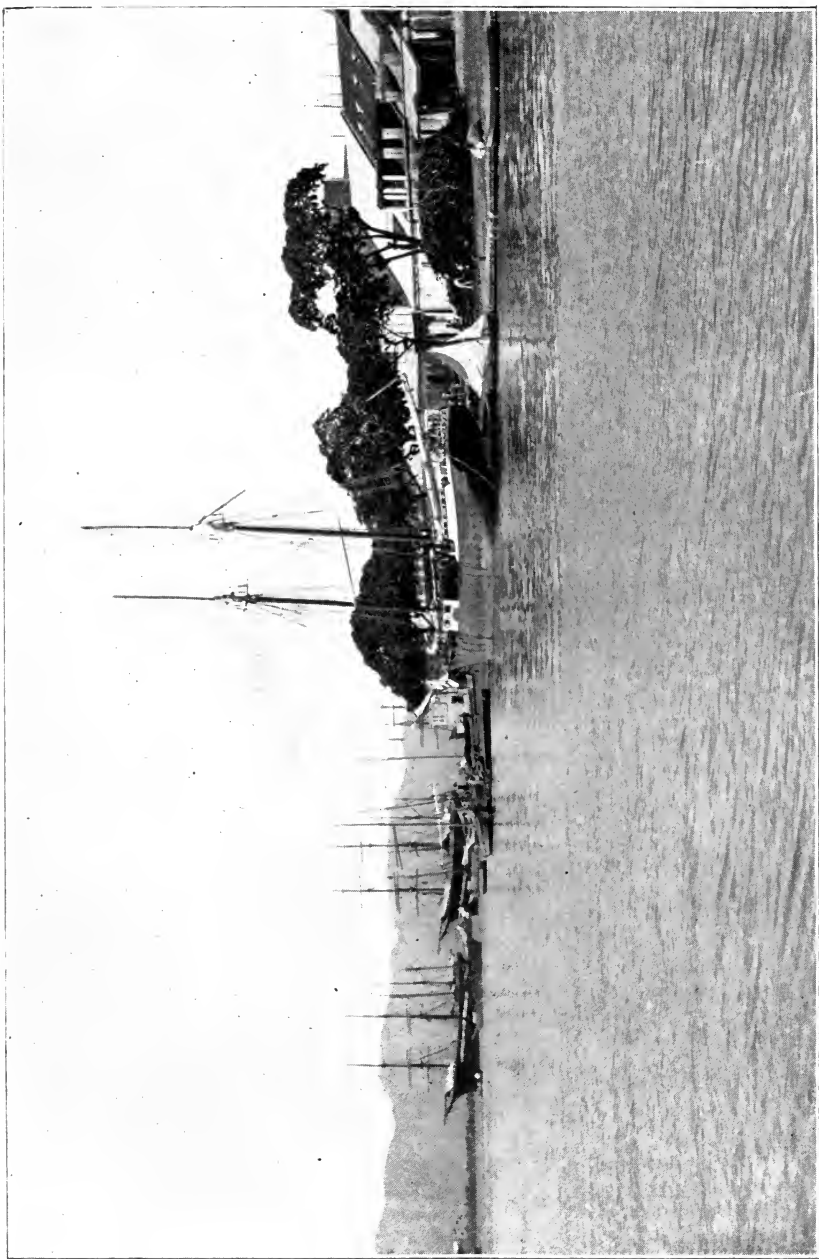
Our drive is necessarily short, as a mile from the town all the roads dwindle into bridle paths, but we hear some news that makes us hurry home and get under way. The quarantine against Guadeloupe has been raised. Our decision is soon taken to retrace our steps and go back there at once, for who knows but what a case of measles or whooping cough might develop before we pass it on our homeward way, and all the islands be quarantined again.

So we give the orders, hoist the boats, up with our anchor, dip our flag to the consul watching us from the shore, and turn toward the north.

Back we go, past Dominica, seeing Portsmouth and Prince Rupert's Neck in the distance, straight across the channel to Point-à-Pitre. It is blowing hard as we come from under the lee of the island, and a big sea is running which makes our afternoon anything but a pleasant one. But we are soon under the lee of Marie Galante and our discomforts are over.

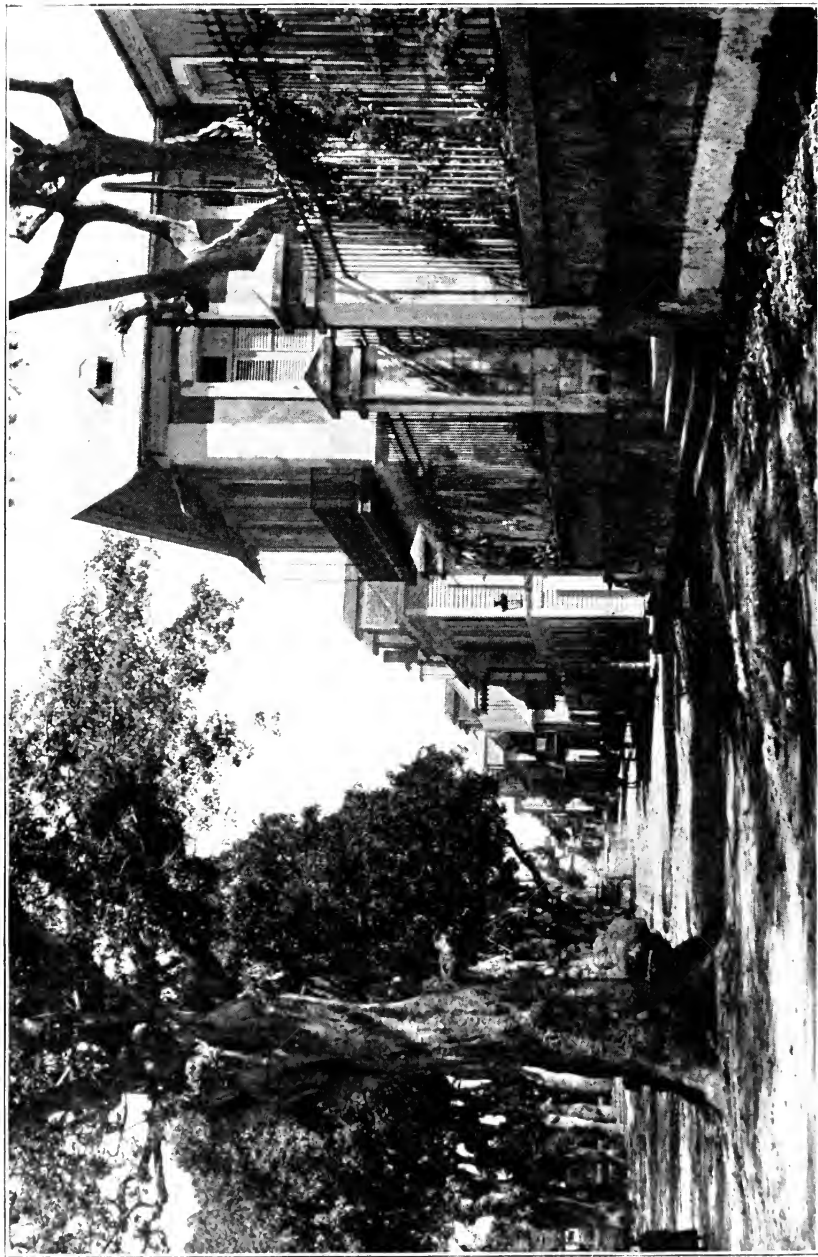
We have a beautiful view of the windward

side of Guadeloupe, whose fertile sloping hillsides are rich in vegetation and dotted all over with pretty white houses and the tall chimneys of the usines. But we had started too late, and did not make Point-à-Pitre before night-fall. A good lighthouse marks the harbor—quite an innovation after their conspicuous absence in the English islands—but the channel is dangerous, and we stop in the Grand Bay outside the harbor and burn blue lights for a pilot. We burn them until we fear we shall run short if we should ever need another pilot. Then we begin with the New York Yacht Club night signals, but with no avail. The pilots are as blind to the green-red-green as they are to the blue. So we drop our anchor and wait patiently for the morning.



GUADELOUPE.

“The harbor of Pointe à Pitre.” *Page 133.*



GUADELOUPE.

“ Pointe à Pitre has broad streets.” *Page 135.*

CHAPTER VII.

GUADELOUPE.

THE delinquent pilot makes his appearance early in the morning, and takes us up the harbor to Point-à-Pitre. We had for so long enjoyed the distinction of being almost the only vessel at anchor, that we feel quite aggrieved when he tells us that the harbor is so crowded it will be hard to get us a good berth. Indeed, as we come up it is fairly alive with shipping. French barges, Italian brigs, Norwegian tramps, English ships and American schooners lie in lines too close for safety, and further down the bay is a nondescript vessel of some type unknown to us, flying the Greek flag.

Little passenger boats ply backward and forward between different parts of the island like so many big water spiders. Big tugboats, towing clumsy barges of sugar cane, come puffing in their consequential way up to the usine, under whose walls we had dropped anchor. The

barges, cargo and all, are there at once hoisted out of water and weighed. The cane is dumped into the usine and the barge back to the water, all ready for the next trip.

This usine, or sugar factory, runs day and night, turning out all the products of the cane—sugar, rum and molasses. It also turns out a fine coat of war-paint for us, for Scythian lies just to leeward, so that the fumes from the refinery blow all over her. On her white paint these fumes make sugar of lead and turn her into a gray little gunboat.

As we can see from the harbor, Gaudeloupe is really divided into two parts. There is the rugged and mountainous Gaudeloupe proper, of volcanic origin, lying to the west of the Salee River, with Basse Terre as its capital, and the flat, marshy Grande Terre, of coral formation, to the east of the river, with Point-à-Pitre as its port.

All around are plantations and busy populations, but so used had we become to stagnation that it required a little adjustment of our mental equilibrium to enjoy the change to an active life. It was pleasant to see for the first time the French flag flying over French soil on this

continent, and edifying to hear, when we land, the negroes squabbling with true French vivacity, in the true French tongue. Somehow negroes and a French accent had never been connected together in our mental pictures. We find after all that they were merely showing off their accomplishments, like so many children, for our benefit, as they usually talk the most atrocious patois that can be conceived.

We land later in the morning at a fine stone wharf for a stroll round the town. Point-à-Pitre is quite a compact city, with broad streets opening out in public squares, and handsome buildings. It is not old, for the place has had many vicissitudes. It was destroyed once by an earthquake, again by a hurricane, and lastly by fire; the present city is therefore the fourth which has risen from the ashes or debris of its predecessors, and was built not many years since.

The colored women (one sees no others) are a delight. They are tall and finely made; their carriage is queenly and their taste and dress undoubted. Their gowns are made of gayly-flowered prints, short in the waist, long and

trailing in the skirt, and held well up to the shapely knees in front. Around their necks are bright kerchiefs, and gaudy turbans adorn their heads, with two ends sticking straight up, with a jaunty, butterfly effect. There are also real shops, and counters on which things are bought and sold. On the way home we found ourselves carrying nondescript parcels full of things we did not want in the least—like rubber dolls and ugly glass vases, in which we had invested simply for the joy of shopping once more.

In the afternoon we make our visit to our consul, Mr. Dart. He lives in a hot, dreary room, looking out on some sad palm trees and a glary street. He despises Guadeloupe and the Guadeloupians. As burning questions of international diplomacy do not often arise between the United States and Guadeloupe, the poor man spends most of his time longing to be at home and out of this "God-forsaken country." He is a big-hearted, genial Southerner, and his companionship is a real pleasure to us. He asks as a great favor that we will allow him to settle any bills we may contract while in Gaudeloupe.

Gaudeloupe, as it seems, has a paper currency which is worthless outside the island. It is so bad that even Martinique refuses to accept it. About three thousand dollars of this stuff has been passed off on Mr. Dart, and he says that if he can pay our creditors out of this fund, and be repaid by us in good American gold, it will be a godsend to him.

So wherever we go Mr. Dart is our faithful attendant, much to the disgust of the natives who do not dare fleece us to the extent of their capacity in our consul's presence, and who would also like to have the American gold, on which there is a high premium, in their own pockets. After talking a while with our new-found friend, we send out to engage a carriage. The messenger shortly returns to say not a horse or wagon is to be allowed to go out of the stables to-day.

There is to be an execution to-morrow, for the first time in fifty years. A colored man has been convicted of murder and is to be beheaded. The governor, wishing to have all the people attend the guillotining as an object lesson, has ordered the horses to rest to-day, that

there may be no excuse for them not to take the thirty-five-mile drive the next day to the place of execution.

Mr. Dart is furious, and rushes out of the house to return at once with a vehicle following him. We never knew what cajoling or threats he used, but we took the gift the gods provided, and went our way in our carriage.

The country is low and uninteresting, but very fertile. The teeming colored population is omnipresent, for here, as elsewhere, it represents three-fourths of the entire community. The negro cabins stretch along the road mile after mile as far as we can see. The people seem quiet enough and respectable, but Mr. Dart tells us that they regard the white man as a most inferior breed of animal, to be treated at all times with dislike and disdain.

It was curious to learn that in Guadeloupe Columbus first discovered the pineapple. His followers must have disposed of most of them, for we see none as we drive along the road. After a few miles of huts and marshes we go back to the town, and find it much more inter-

esting than the country—a complete reversal of what we usually find in these places.

Mr. Dart comes out to dine with us, and in the evening we sit on deck watching the great golden stars, and listening to a boy with a voice like an angel who comes out to serenade us. His songs are anything but angelic, according to our consul, but as we do not understand a word, what does it matter? From time to time black shadows glide smoothly and silently by in the dark night. They are boats from the country going to Point-à-Pitre, that their farm produce may be there at the opening of the market at dawn.

When we leave Point-à-Pitre for Basse Terre on the other side of the island Mr. Dart consents to go with us. We should have liked to take the drive across the mountains, one of the grandest roads in the country, but this execution stood in our way, and we did not care to stay in Point-à-Pitre two more days.

So one morning we are all ready to start. The pilot is on board and we are only waiting for our washing, which has been promised to us by eight o'clock. It is now ten, and even the

strongest glass fail to discover any one remotely resembling a washerwoman on shore. We are fretting and fuming, for the wind is rising every moment and we want to be off.

At last, about eleven o'clock, a stately form is seen strolling down the wharf, followed by four small boys carrying two clothes-baskets. The stately form steps leisurely into a boat, and is rowed with great deliberation toward the Scythian and up to the starboard gangway, when it resolves itself into a queenly negress with a superb figure. Her dress is a white print, very liberally sprinkled with red carnations. A green kerchief is arranged round her neck so as to best display a goodly amount of the exquisite throat, and on her head sits a gorgeous golden yellow turban. She makes white women look washed-out and commonplace, and when Mr. Dart has the temerity to reason with her on her lack of punctuality, she replies in a voice so delicious that all others seem strident by contrast.

She takes the money due her without even glancing at it, as though it were too mundane a matter for her to consider, sweeps down

the gangway, and fades from our admiring gaze.

Our experiments with washerwomen had so far been trying. My brother-in-law was most particular as to the immaculate whiteness and glossiness of his shirt bosoms. The washerwoman in St. Thomas assured him that shirt fronts were her specialty, and he confided his treasures to her care. She took them away, pounded them hard between two stones, sprinkled them with some muddy water, and brought them back ornamented with some tiny holes. My brother was in despair.

On reaching St. Kitts, another Madonna of the Tubs was unearthed, and the evidences of her predecessor's guilt pointed out to her. She was amazed that any colored lady could have the impertinence to call those shirts washed. It was only to be accounted for by the fact that the former washerwoman was Danish, and not English; the Danes knew no better. My brother, reassured, gave the shirts to her, and awaited in feverish expectation their second arrival. The woman brought them back and displayed proudly not only the spatters

and rumples of St. Thomas, but an additional number made by her own artistic hands, while the holes had perceptibly widened. The shirts were laid by again in anguish of spirit.

When my brother saw the beautifully starched petticoats worn by the women of Guadeloupe he took fresh courage. Only the French understand those little niceties. Here his shirts would at last receive the attention due them. Just as the grand lady disappeared down the gangway my brother emerged from the depths of the clothes-basket with a howl of rage. In one hand was a linen shirt, twisted and drawn out of all semblance to that masculine article with gaping holes and drooping collar, and in the other a flannel shirt shrunk until it would have fitted a child of ten. This was the bitter end, and my brother sent no more washing during our sojourn in these waters.

While this little episode was in progress our anchor was up and we had started down the harbor *en route* for Basse Terre, towing the pilot's boat behind.

It is blowing harder now, and the horizon had

taken on that curious misty look we were learning to dread. It was a sure sign that the trade wind meant to make things as unpleasant for us as it could, and we had come not to doubt its power in that direction.

The great seas roll us round unmercifully, as we come from under the lee of Grande Terre and get the full force of the blast. Chairs slip, spray flies, and we begin to be indignant with this never ceasing wind and that never quiet sea. The poor pilot boat behind is making bad weather of it. At first only an occasional wave washes over it, but soon the men are deluged and the boat is half-full of water. The crew cry frantically for mercy and release in terms of the wildest French vituperation, while their gestures are pitiful.

At last the pilot scrambles down the ladder into the drenched boat, the line is loosed and he makes his way back to port as best he can, while we continued on our way amid the raging waves. The white-caps are out in full force and the indigo-colored water is thickly streaked with white foam. The great rollers, driven by the wind, press through between the islands, and we

could well imagine ourselves back in the Gulf Stream. But even in our discomfort we can appreciate the grandeur of the island as we skirt its shore. It seems no longer sunny and gracious, but somber and austere.

Perhaps our position affects us mentally, but the Souffriere, or crater of Guadeloupe, seems to glower down at us wickedly now and then through its enveloping clouds, as though making fun of our attempts at perpetual motion from the heights of its own stationary superiority. It is craggy and dark and gloomy, and we are relieved to learn that there has been no eruption in many years.

We slowly round the point of the island to reach smooth water and an even keel with a suddenness which is surprising, and are soon riding at anchor in the roadstead of Basse Terre. Even on the water the mountains seem so high that they are overpowering, and one has the feeling of shut-in-ness and suffocation which we have most of us felt in the mountains. But there are no words that will express the beauty of the craggy, towering peaks and their curving, cultivated sides.



GUADELOUPE. HASSE TERRE.
“We round the point of the Island and reach smooth water.” *Page 144.*

Within an hour we are landing on those lovely shores, and have no trouble in finding a carriage drawn by four mules. They are harnessed, three together, as wheelers, and one lone mule in front as leader. The poor beasts are so galled and sore from their harness as to awaken pity. The captain tries to induce the driver to change one strap, which is cutting deep into the flesh of the poor animal with its every motion. He looks at her in blank astonishment and refuses to do anything. "What does it matter? It is nothing but a mule." The worst of it was that they were American mules, brought up in a kindly country and used to the care of men, not the treatment of brutes.

We wanted to see the dungeons in which Lieutenant Bainbridge and the crew of the *Retaliation* had been thrown during our quasi-war with France in 1798. The *Retaliation* had been the French privateer *Croyable*, captured by the Americans and renamed. Under Bainbridge, while cruising in these waters, she was forced to strike her colors to the French frigate *Insurgent*, and her crew were brought here. So, strangely enough, she was the first vessel taken

from the French and the first vessel captured from the Americans.

After suffering great hardships in the dungeons of Guadeloupe for many weeks, her crew were sent back to the United States, while the loss of the *Insurgent* did not go unavenged. She was captured in fair and square fight about a year later, off Nevis, by the grand old *Constellation*, under Truxtun.

But no one here seems to have heard of this little episode in our naval history, so the dungeons are perforce unvisited, and we are taken instead to Camp Jacob, five miles up the mountains. Basse Terre, as we pass through it, is less compact than Point-à-Pitre, but far more picturesque. The streets are clean and well paved and have a very gay appearance, for it is the fashion here to paint the shutters and doors in all manner of bright colors. Gaudy stripes of red and blue, patterns of yellow moons and suns, geometrical figures and imitations of playing cards, give a very unusual and striking effect.

We begin the climb up the mountain as soon as the town is passed, and are much interested

in the coffee plantations, as the plant does exceedingly well in this soil. The coffee is planted between rows of bananas, whose broad leaves protect the tender bean from the too fierce rays of the tropical sun. The views are wonderful, and we at last reach Camp Jacob, one of the most superb situations we had ever seen.

It is the watering place for the whole of Guadeloupe.

All who can afford to leave the seacoast during the sickly season have cottages up here in the pure, cool mountain air. A garrison of French soldiers is also situated here as being the most healthy camp, and the whole place is attractive and homelike. The houses are charming, their whitewashed walls and green blinds all covered with flowering vines. The views are unsurpassed, even in the West Indies, where beauty reaches its highest perfection. We leave the carriage and walk up the road, white and level, and perfect, as are all French roads. On crossing a bridge we look down four hundred feet to a stream dashing through a deep gorge in the mountains. Here the ravine is spanned by a rainbow as well as by a bridge.

At any moment the rain may patter down out of an apparently clear sky. The sun shines brightly even during the shower, and at the end of five minutes the little burst goes on its way to make room for the next. The results of this constant rain are the most exquisite rainbows; they are everywhere, playing far up on the mountain side, shining among the clouds, or making fairy bridges across the great ravines. We counted five, showing their beautiful colors at once on our way up the mountain, and they make a distinct feature of the scenery at Gaudeloupe. We stroll on a little further to an inclosure called Rollins' Park, where a delightful little lake is gleaming like a jewel in its green setting of pampas grass and palms. The park is tended by an old Indian coolie, whose aristocratic features and delicate skin are a joy after the retreating forehead and flat noses of the dusky African. After sitting by the lake and drinking in the lovely view, we go reluctantly back to our carriage, which is waiting below.

We start off with a resounding snap of the whip and a great jerk, and are soon dashing

down the mountain side at a dead run. We twist corners, turn sharp zigzags, and just scrape by wagons, for no remonstrance or entreaties will persuade our Jehu to check our mad career. Some kind providence surely watches over us, for we reach Basse Terre in an incredibly short time, and what is more, whole in body and limb.

We arrived home just in time to receive some friends of Mr. Dart's, among them the Chief Justice of the island, who had the courage to send the black man to the guillotine the other day. He took the greatest interest in the boat and its belongings. The steam heaters struck him particularly, although he could hardly imagine the climatic conditions which would make them bearable. He tapped the silver salvers in the dining room inquiringly, and asked if they were real. The toilet silver in the captain's room he also approved of, especially a little alcohol lamp and tongs which the dampness occasionally made necessary. "*C'est pour friser,*" he exclaimed, and with great glee called his son, a child of ten, to view the novelty. Curly locks are so much a

mark of degradation here that he could hardly believe that any one would wish to curl their hair when they were so fortunate as to have been born with it straight. He looked at us with interest, and for one horrible moment we thought he was going to ask for a practical illustration of the tongs' usefulness, but the danger passed. At last he leaves, sighing because his family could not see the charms of "*ce palais flottant.*"

Mr. Dart brings with him great news; there was an American circus in town! Of course we must see it, to miss such an entertainment would be unpatriotic. But the next morning comes the further news that the governor has refused to allow Mr. Gardiner, the circus man, to give another performance. The people flocked to the circus in such numbers that too much money was leaving the island in Mr. Gardiner's pocket. But on seeing it we were bent, so Mr. Dart goes on shore to wrestle with the governor, and he pleaded his case well. He told him that we were a party of Americans who, having heard in our own country that Gardiner's circus was playing in Guade-

loupe, had come all this distance for the express purpose of seeing the performance; that we were terribly disappointed to hear that he would not allow the circus to go on, and were returning to America to say all kinds of disagreeable things about Guadeloupe and to prevent any other Americans coming there. The governor was touched by this appeal and not only signed an order allowing Gardiner to perform that evening, but secured a box at once for himself and his family, as a star performance was promised by the delighted Gardiner.

We of course feel that after this concession we should go and thank the governor in person for his kindness. His palace is a handsome, low white building on the way to Camp Jacob. Our cards are taken to him, and he sends word at once that he will receive us. We are shown into a *salon* of almost stately proportions, furnished in true French style, with large gilt-framed mirrors on the wall. The red satin, gilt-legged sofas and chairs are arranged *vis-a-vis* on the polished floor, in long rows, with a table here and there to break the monotony.

The governor soon enters, and is a very plain, unpretentious Frenchman. He is most cordial, but the interview is trying. He speaks no English, and we are none of us good linguists. We make feverish efforts to talk easily and fluently, but are tongue-tied and awkward. All our articles came to our lips in the wrong gender, and the adjectives show a decided disinclination to agreeing with their respective nouns. So the interview is not lengthened and we soon take our leave.

That evening the governor's secretary, a handsome young Creole, dines with us, to go later to the circus. He is in deep mourning for his brother, who was killed a few months since in a duel, for duelling is still in this island the method of settling all *affaires d'honneur*.

At eight o'clock we go on shore for the great occasion and drive up to the circus grounds. The great tent stands in the center of a multitude of excited, chattering blacks, howling and gesticulating with true negro fervor. Men, women and children are gathered for the great event; and the whole scene glows in

the fitful glare of burning torches, whose light is reflected from the superb white teeth and shining eyes of the negroes. Now one face will stand out for a moment in sharp relief against the darkness, until at a flicker of the torch, the night swallows it up. The air is full of strange noises and over all the wild, uncanny scene the great palm trees sway to and fro in the wind, looking weird and eerie in the flickering light.

But we drop very quickly to the commonplace on entering the tent through a flap of the canvas curtain. There, on a high stool, we find Mrs. Gardiner, a stout woman, with diamond earrings, selling tickets to the crowd. Mr. Gardiner himself, in a semi-intoxicated condition, escorts us to our seats, assuring us that this is the proudest hour of his professional career. The captain had asked Mr. Dart to engage three boxes for our party, and to invite any of his friends who would like to see the show. When we enter the boxes we find ourselves the unconscious hosts of apparently the entire white population of Guadeloupe. Women who were perfect strangers grasp our hands; men

we had never seen converse with us like old friends; children poke their sticky fingers on our best gowns, and later in the evening go to sleep with their dishevelled heads on our shoulders.

Our appearance is the signal for the performance to begin. It takes but a moment to realize that our boxes are more the center of attraction than the circus itself. Hundreds of red-brown eyes are fixed on us in a prolonged stare, which is disconcerting. Being the guests of honor, too, all the choicest parts of the performance are directed at us. The clown makes all his jokes in execrable French at our box; the bespangled circus riders jump through paper hoops directly in front of us. The jumpers jump, the jugglers juggle, the wrestlers wrestle, and the trained dogs twist themselves out of shape entirely for our benefit, while the great drawing attraction of the whole company, Mr. Gardiner's daughter, who is advertised as "*La jolie, la petite, la très jeune Lulu,*" kisses her hand to us pointedly as she rides past on the shoulder of a circus rider. Mr. Gardiner himself, whose condition is not improved by

plenteous libations, smacks his whip in the ring and then, with a tremendous slap on the back of my retiring brother-in-law, sinks into a seat by his side and serenely buttonholes him for the rest of the evening.

It is a pathetic little performance, but the enthusiastic black faces shine with excitement and heat, and every feat is applauded to the echo. It is a relief to go at last out of the tobacco-laden atmosphere to the cool, dark night, and find our way to our quiet home, away from the din and heat.

The next morning, as we are resting from the dissipations of the previous night, a boat rows up to the gangway. Out of it step Mr. Gardiner and his child, *la très jeune Lulu*. It is to be feared that her spirit is not as young as her body, for she at once takes command of the boat as though it were a circus ring, and makes herself the center of attraction.

Mr. Gardiner links his arm in that of my long-suffering brother, and says he has come to renew the delightful acquaintance of the night before. We are sorry for the poor souls, and give them a good meal. From the way in

which they enjoy it, it must be the first they have had for many a long day.

On leaving Basse Terre we have to make an early start for St. Lucia, so Mr. Dart says good-by to us the night before, and we part with real regret on both sides. It seems hard to leave him in a place where he has not one congenial friend, and touching to see that his regret at parting from us is not only because we are friends, but because we are also Americans.

Just one year later, as the Scythian was lying in Charlestown harbor, one of those strange coincidences which give yachting such a charm took place. The captain heard a strangely familiar voice asking for her, and on going on deck saw before her Mr. Dart. He had that morning arrived from Guadeloupe, and to his amazement the first thing to meet his eyes on going on deck was the old Scythian. We had a pleasant talk over Guadeloupe and our doings there, but everything was swallowed up in his delight at being once more in his native land.

We left Guadeloupe before daybreak, and at breakfast time found ourselves off the coast of

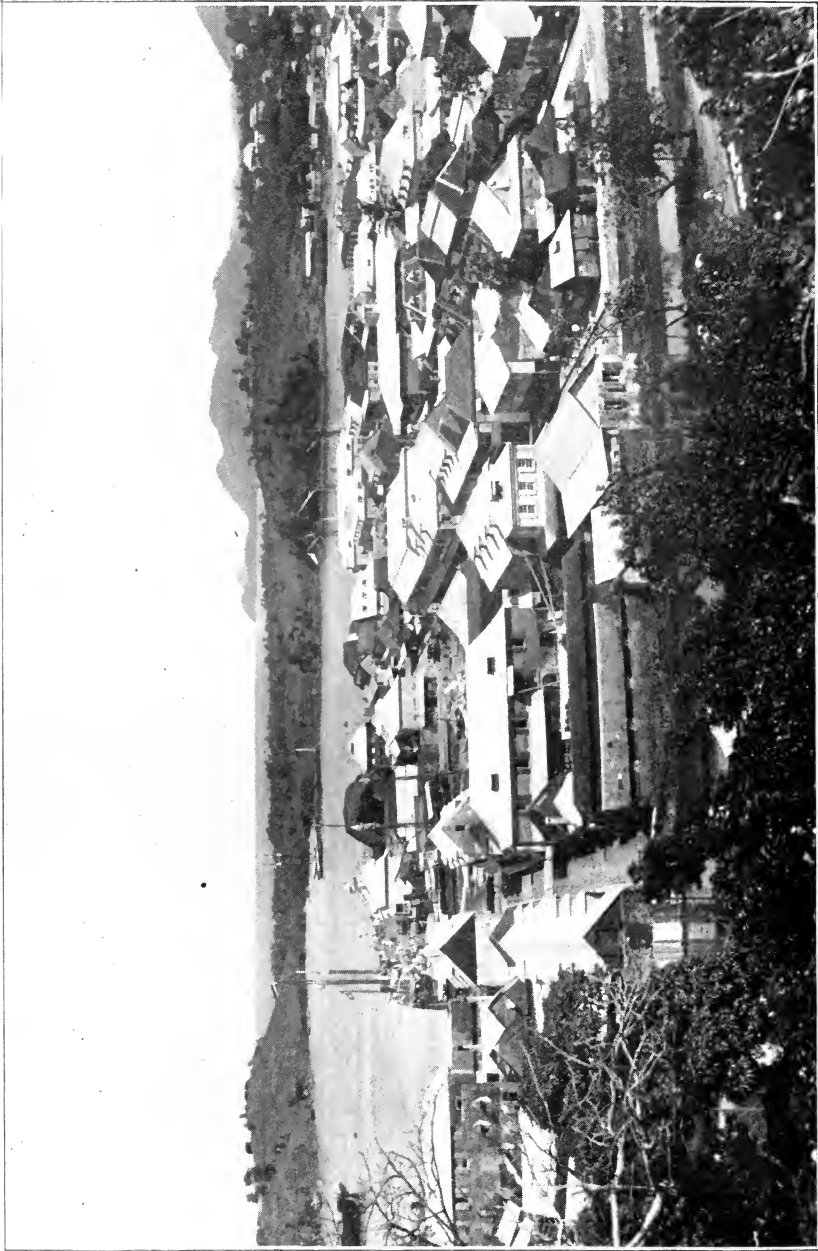
Martinique, in a drizzling rain and high wind. Martinique is still quarantined by the English islands, so we can only imagine that we see the birthplace of Josephine and the statue raised to her honor in the public square of St. Pierre. This passing of Martinique was the great disappointment of our trip, for it seemed to us the best worth seeing of all the islands. But we did see Diamond Rock, that famous piece of stone not far from Martinique. Here Lord Howe sent a midshipman and some gallant British tars to land with guns and provisions, and here they kept the ships of France and Spain at bay for nine long months. At last starvation conquered where Spain and France had failed, but the rock was honored by being christened "His Majesty's Sloop of War, Diamond Rock."

Between Martinique and St. Lucia, the less said about the weather the better. We had exercise enough to last the day and were heartily glad to reach St. Lucia by two in the afternoon, and take on board the colored pilot, who brings us safely up to a good anchorage before the charming town of Castries.

CHAPTER VIII.

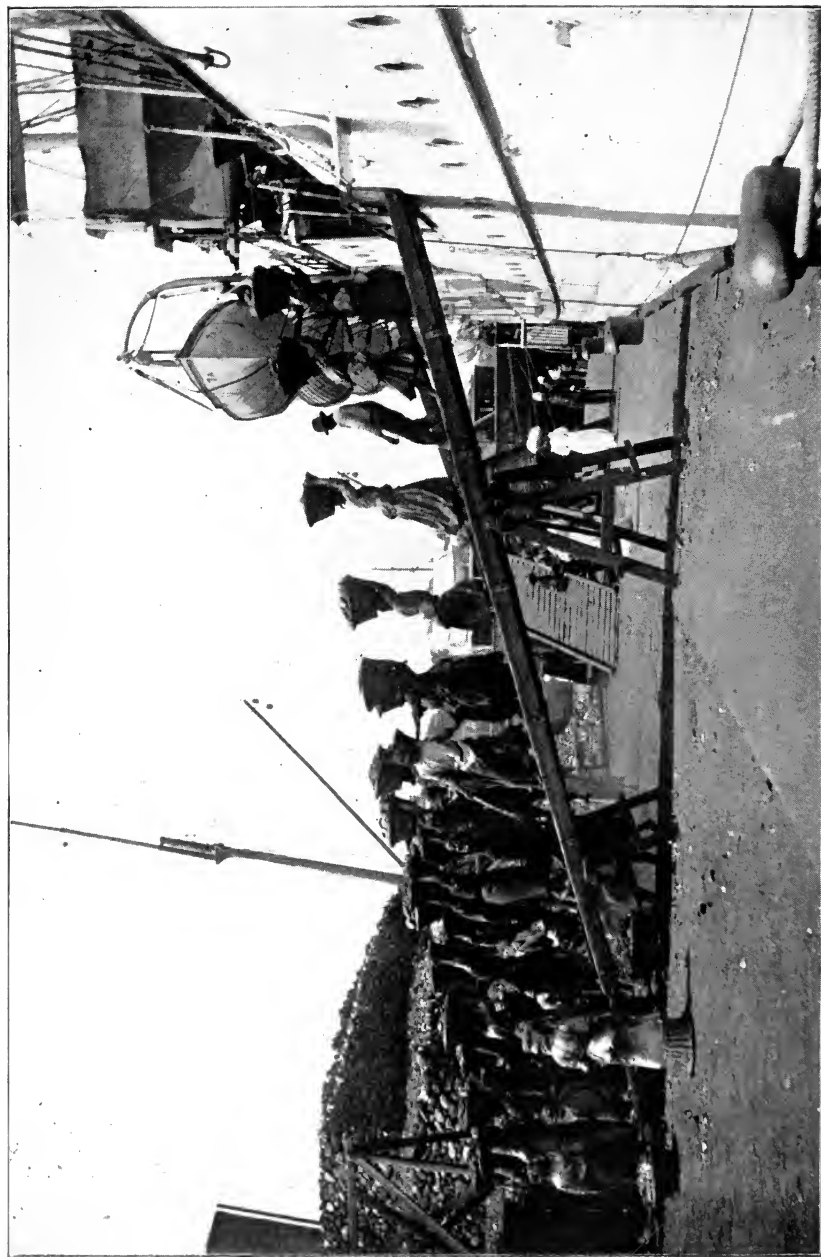
ST. LUCIA.

OUR first thought on reaching St. Lucia was that here at last we could get our letters from home. We were blind to the beauty of the almost land-locked harbor, with its fringing palms; blind to the exquisite color and shapes of those wonderful mountains; oblivious to all but the arrival of the news we craved from our distant friends. Our anchor chains rattled noisily in the hawse pipes, and almost before the anchor found bottom a boat, steered by an unmistakable Englishman, came up to the gangway. He stepped on deck, introduced himself as our American consul, Mr. Peterson, and gave us great fat packages of mail, covered with an eruption of postmarks and stamps. After hurried greetings and a few words of thanks, we excused ourselves to open eagerly our long-looked-for mail, only to throw it away a moment later in the deepest disgust. Al-



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“The beauty of the land-locked harbor.” *Page 158.*



ST. LUCIA.

“There is a continuous stream of these women.” Page 163.

though we had been weeks from home, and had not yet received one mail, the letters just given us were dated but three days after we ourselves had sailed. It is certainly provoking, and we are conscious of an unreasonable feeling of irritation against poor Mr. Peterson. He soon reassures us however by saying that another steamer is expected within the week, and that our later letters will doubtless come by that mail. So we are comforted.

He puts his horses and carriage at our disposal for the afternoon, but we are content to sit on deck and watch the town from a distance, and the harbor from a good vantage ground. And a fascinating harbor it is to any one fond of boats, for St. Lucia, being the great coaling station of the West Indies, is the port of call for many steamers. Not a day passes but a thin line of smoke along the horizon heralds the arrival of some steamer, which pokes its nose into the harbor, as though searching, as in truth it is, after food for its inner man. A grotesque oil-tank, with its engine in its stern and its nose way up in the air like a giraffe,

comes stalking up to the wharf to feed on that big pile of Welsh coal on the shore. A poor old tramp, so decrepit that a high sea surely must break her into small pieces, lags into the harbor in a listless way, with great cascades of rust running down her dingy sides. We have a sympathy for the old tramp. Who knows but what the good Scythian might have spent the same sad old age had our paths in life not crossed!

A great American excursion steamer struts grandly in to disgorge its load of sightseers, field-glasses on their backs and the inevitable cameras in their hands. They swarm over the land like locusts, but fortunately for only a short time. At the sound of the whistle announcing the departure of the steamer they flock back once more and sail away, having seen everything within an hour. Every steamer in these parts which can come to St. Lucia for coal does so, as it is cheaper and more abundant here than anywhere else in these waters, Pocahontas coal selling for about \$4.50 per ton.

Our friend, Mr. Peterson, the largest dealer

in the island, imports thousands of tons yearly, not only from England, but also from America; for Pocahontas coal is now much in demand, and is even used by English men-of-war in preference to their own Welsh coal.

Among the boats which fill their bunkers at St. Lucia are steamers of the lines of Grace & Co., of Lamport and Holt, of the Quebec S. S. Company, and of the Royal Mail, beside all regular steamers running between North and South American ports, and the numberless tramps which are seen on every hand. They come in light, their great screws spluttering and splashing half out of water. They leave in a few hours deep laden, their sterns well down and their screws in their normal, submarine positions. Even during the evening, torches glancing hither and thither on shore tell us a steamer is coaling by night, to hurry out by dawn and make up her time lost owing to the heavy weather.

The next morning we go up to the wharf in our turn to coal, our eyes well open, and our camera well adjusted in true tourist fashion.

At Mr. Peterson's advice we first put our ship under the care of a policeman, who then becomes responsible for any one trying to come on board. This is done more to keep liquor sellers at long range than through fear of losing any of our belongings. Some of the steamers put themselves into quarantine instead, and no one is allowed either to leave or board the ship until she has left the dock and been released from her self-imposed isolation.

We had a practical illustration of the foolishness of not taking one of these two precautions the night before: An old tramp left the dock, where liquor had been sold freely and imbibed galore. As she passed us there was a free fight in progress. The steward was pounding the cook over the head with a chair, and oaths and blows resounded until the first mate appeared on the scene. This we supposed would end the fight. But no. He tore off his coat and fell to thrashing both the cook and steward, and as the boat steamed out of sight the fray was still active, the captain looking down from his pilot house from time to time to note with interest the progress of the brush.

Coaling in the West Indies is indeed a strange sight. The coal is piled in great black hills on the shore, and around these heaps stand the women who are to coal the boat. They are chattering and jabbering like monkeys, with turbaned heads, grimy skirts well tucked up to their knees, and baskets in their hands. As soon as the planks are placed from the deck to the wharf, a signal is given, and the women form in line. Each one fills her basket with one hundred pounds of coal, and swings it to her head with a skillful motion. With this burden she climbs the plank, walks to the opening of the coal bunker, and empties the contents of her basket on the deck. In a second she is off down the plank for another load, and repeats the operation endlessly through the hot, tropical noon.

There is a continuous stream of these women, and as their faces grow smutchy with the coal dust, and the perspiration trickles in unbecoming drops down their noses, it is impossible to distinguish one from the other. They are like gnomes bringing their wares from the bowels of the earth, to return when their work is done.

It is not in any way a good moral, but it is none the less true, that the only really degraded looking people we saw during our trip were these same hard-working women, with their grimy features, muscular legs and hard, unsexed faces.

Mr. Peterson's father was the first to inaugurate this method of coaling ship, and employed the women simply because he could not persuade the men to work. The women only submitted to it because the money they earned during the week enabled them to eclipse all their idle sisters on a Sunday by the gorgeousness of their purple and fine linen. Not well repaid them for their hours of toil. Not that their work is well paid. Each woman, after emptying her basket, receives from a man on deck a metal coin, which she puts in her mouth for safe keeping. When the coaling is over, these coins are redeemed at the rate of five cents for every four coins. This means that to earn one dollar a woman must make eighty rounds up and down those planks, in the broiling sun, carrying eight thousand pounds, or four tons of coal on her weary head. Is it

any wonder that most of the negroes, with less vanity in their composition, prefer a well-fed, sufficiently clothed poverty to an under-paid work which bends their shapely backs, draws their features into haggard lines, and saps the very life from their limbs? They have been known to put one hundred and fifty-six tons of coal into a man-of-war within an hour; but even Mr. Peterson admitted that this was under pressure.

The dock is a picture in itself, for a motley throng has gathered to see the American boat. Colored soldiers, extremely conscious of the grandeur of their red coats and little black caps, strut up and down, ogling the pretty women. Officers on little polo ponies and Englishmen in white duck, pugerees, and green-lined umbrellas, favor us with well-bred stares. Two very fine ladies of color, holding up their gaudy skirts after the most approved fashion, saunter languidly along the wharf, with two maids in attendance. The one balances a sunshade over her mistress' head, to preserve her ebony complexion from the effects of the sun, while the other carries a large black fan, with which

she fans her dusky employer when the heat grows oppressive. After staring at us one of these languid beauties remarks, with a toss of her head and a glance at her own diaphanous draperies, that she would not be seen in shirt waists and linen skirts.

A pair of colored twins come down to superintend operations under the charge of a black nurse, with white apron and a cap with streaming ribbons. I say the children were black, but they had flaxen hair tied with pink ribbons, and their little features were distinctly and unpleasantly Jewish. But the flaxen hair had the telltale kink, which is the infallible sign of negro blood, and their red-brown eyes, thick lips and slightly hooked Semitic noses, were sickening evidences of a mixture of races which cannot but result in demoralization.

But although the coaling is so interesting, it is anything but pleasant. The Scythian lies to leeward of the wharf, and the brisk wind blows clouds of dirt toward us from those black hills on shore. It sifts through closed doors and windows, and turns our white-painted

rooms into coal bunkers. To sit on deck is to be stifled by the dust and irritated; to sit downstairs, all battened down, is to be suffocated and to completely lose one's temper. So we desert the ship and go on land to see Castries.

A good carriage is waiting for us on the street. It has been waiting there ever since we first arrived yesterday in the hopes of a fare, and now such patience is rewarded. It is drawn by two good strong horses, whose fat sides did our hearts good, for the memory of the poor Guadeloupian mules is still with us.

Castries, a clean little town, fairly well paved, has a great reputation for unhealthfulness. This seemed to us undeserved, for as far as we could see the houses are unusually neat and well kept, as though their owners took some pride in having them in good condition.

But the sight that brings joy to our hearts is a great, covered market, where good meats and poultry, some vegetables and much fruit, are displayed for sale in clean booths, presided over by friendly black women. This market was really a godsend, for although our ice-chest had held out wonderfully, we had been six

weeks away, and had now only New York marketing enough left to last us three days longer.

The steward and my friends of the masculine gender were in despair. The muscular chickens and skeleton kids which we had seen in the other so-called markets had haunted them, and it was even suggested by one individual, who must remain unnamed, that it would be better to go home than to try to preserve life and ruin your teeth by attacking such apologies for food. But no more suggestions of this kind were heard after entering this market, and the cloud which had been gathering on their brows was dispelled when they found that dinner would be something more than a means of living. It was hard to induce them to leave the charmed spot, but we women, less dependent on good dinners, wanted to see the Government House. Finally we put the men into the carriage with their backs to the horses, so that they could have a retrospective look at the market to the last, and went our way.

We cross a little river and then wind up the hill, on the right of the bay. The country is lovely, and the white houses are almost hidden



ST. LUCIA.

“White houses almost hidden in a wreath of foliage.” *Page 168.*



by the wealth of foliage which seems to smother them. As we zigzag up the mountain we have superb views, now of the busy harbor, with its encircling hills, now of the mountains raising their curious peaks far upward toward the center of the island.

The mountains of St. Lucia have a distinctive character all their own. They are sharp and abrupt, not like those of the other islands, whose rounded outlines all seem cast in the same mold and to differ only in height. Just before we reach the Government House we come to the tennis courts, where sunburned young officers are rushing around with the true spirit of sport, notwithstanding the heat.

The Government House itself is an imposing modern building. It is not dilapidated, it is not falling to pieces; it is new and handsome, well kept and comfortable—the only government building so far that has not been a disgrace to England. The forest stretches well away from us on one side, and the panorama of sea and sky and hills is grand to a degree. As we turn back, a young officer and his wife ride up on horseback, and throwing their reins to a

groom, go in to make a visit. It was the first evidence of any social life we had seen in the English West Indies.

As we drive down the hill we meet people who are really walking, and not just dragging one foot after the other, as though they had forgotten how to use their legs. Squads of colored soldiers in charge of white officers march past, with well-drilled step. Dirt carts at work on the new fortifications pass and repass, and everywhere there is an activity and life which are a delight to see after the dead-and-alive places which we had come to associate with the English flag.

Just as we reach Castries we see the streets filled by a procession, and of course turn to watch it. It proves to be a wedding. A colored sergeant is to marry a well-known and much-admired belle of the town, and they are now on their way to the church. The black beauty of the bride is well set off by her pure white bridal robes, which trail for yards behind her in the dust. Her woolly hair is dressed *à la Pompadour*, and her tulle veil is artistically fastened by a wreath of real orange blossoms.

The groom, arrayed in red coat and black trousers, with his cap hanging by the eyelashes to his left ear, is holding a sunshade over the delicate head of his bride, and they made a ludicrous picture. We watch them into the church, but do not follow, as the church is small and the gathering of colored friends is large. When we reach the wharf we find the Scythian has finished her coaling, and is lying once more out in the stream.

While we are waiting for the launch a friendly black comes up to ask if we would like to see one of the *Fer de Lance*, the deadly snake for which St. Lucia is so noted. Thinking from the familiar tone he used that he might have one around him, the captain removed herself to a safe distance, and begged him to go away and to please go quickly. However, he was not a snake-charmer, and after all only wished to show us the head of one of the serpents preserved in alcohol.

The island used to be infested with these reptiles, so that walking and even riding were most dangerous. But some years since the government offered a pound for the head of every

dead Fer de Lance which should be brought into Castries, and now it is really hard to find one in the islands. It is curious that of all the islands of the Antilles, Martinique and St. Lucia should be the only ones to be troubled by this deadly creature; and in Martinique the inhabitants still stand in terror of them.

That evening as we sit on deck listening to the singing from a Danish man-of-war not far from us, and quite carried away by the beauty of the tropical night, a fearful smell rises to our nostrils. We search for some cause, but find none. To sit on deck becomes impossible, and we have to go below. The smell lasts for half an hour, during which time we recall all the tales we had heard of the unhealthfulness of St. Lucia. By the end of the half-hour the stench stops as suddenly as it began, and we rush on deck to see if we cannot change our anchorage and move farther out to sea. As we discuss the matter our engineer comes up the gangway after an evening spent with some of his friends in town. His usually ruddy Scotch face is pale and drawn, a handkerchief is drawn

tightly round his nose and mouth, and he seems to have come through some terrible strain. We cluster around him and ask if he has heard of the death of any of his family, for only that calamity, it seems, could account for his looks. "Family! No. But did ye no smell that fearful smell?"

It seems that there is no system of drainage in St. Lucia, but at nine o'clock every night the housewives take all the refuse of the house, together with the contents of the cesspools, and carry it in tin cans on their heads to the bay, there to dump it in the water. Poor Mr. Mac left his friend's house at nine o'clock, and unwittingly joined this odoriferous procession marching to the seashore. He was in a state of collapse when he reached the boat. We find later that no one thinks of going out in St. Lucia between nine and ten, and we ourselves keep strictly within doors at that hour, Mr. Mac not even venturing on shore again during our stay.

The next day the whole town is in a fever of excitement. The wharfs are seething with

people, and every negro who owns a boat is out in it watching anxiously the mouth of the harbor. The reason for all this is that the American steamer Ohio is expected each moment, and every one wants to make hay in the sunshine of the tourists' patronage.

At last a great bow is seen rounding the point, followed by the huge hull of the American liner. Her smokestack is coated with salt, and she looks as though the trade winds had not handled her any too gently, notwithstanding her size. We grow excited by contagion, and when we see a boat from her side making for ours, we are charmed. Our delight and surprise are unbounded when some friends from home show their familiar faces at the gangway, and we welcome them on deck. They do not stay long, for the steamer runs on railroad time, and her passengers cannot loiter, but they promise to lunch with us the day after next at Barbadoes, and leave us refreshed by the sight of good, brisk, alive American faces and voices.

The next morning we ourselves leave St. Lucia

for Barbadoes, to keep our luncheon engagement with our friends. As we steam out of the beautiful harbor, we are very thoughtful, and on comparing notes, find that St. Lucia has made a deep impression on us all.

It is not only the physical beauty of St. Lucia which charms us, but the element of progress and civilization is cheering. Froude has said that the colonial policy of England has been to "leave each part of her empire (except the East Indies) to take care of itself." She must also be making an exception in favor of St. Lucia, and with the most encouraging result.

All the West Indies have a past, some a present, but St. Lucia is alone in having a future. England, realizing her need of a depot in West Indian waters, has chosen St. Lucia as best fulfilling the necessary conditions, and is sparing neither effort nor money in making it a place of importance. The evidence of her fostering hand greets you at the very mouth of the bay. Castries has a fine lighthouse, the first we had seen in an English port, in a commanding position to mark the entrance of the harbor.

On one of the hills surrounding the town there is the Government House, near by are the barracks for the garrisons of white soldiers, and on the other side of the bay are the quarters of the black companies.

Not only has England placed at St. Lucia her coaling station, thus giving to it a commercial importance, but parliament has just voted a sum of two hundred thousand pounds to be used for the fortification of the harbor. These fortifications when finished, will be of great importance. They even say that some of the largest guns in the world, similar to those mounted at Gibraltar, are to be placed here for the protection of the harbor, and the present garrison under a colonel is to be enlarged, by the withdrawal of troops from Bermuda and Barbadoes, until it will be a brigade under a brigadier-general. Even now, every afternoon we hear the booming of guns from outside the harbor, where the soldiers are drilled in target practice with great regularity.

The government has bought for its own use every inch of land along the harbor, so that

there is not a lot which is not leased from the government, the lease to be given up at England's will. She has also insisted that the Royal Mail Company should move their extensive repair shops from Barbadoes, where they are now stationed, to St. Lucia. The Company pleaded that the expense of such an undertaking would be enormous. The government replied that unless the shops were moved the subsidy to the Company would be withdrawn. The repair shops are soon to be moved!

The admiralty, on its side, is building an enormous floating dock similar to the one at Bermuda, capable of docking the largest warships, which is to be towed across the Atlantic when finished.

Of course it is impossible for the uninitiated to pretend to understand England's foreign policy, but from an outsider's point of view it would seem that these warlike preparations are being made for two reasons: Germany is more than likely to buy the Danish West Indies and to establish a large naval station and coaling center at St. Thomas, and France has for sev-

eral years past been quietly increasing her garrisons at Martinique and Guadeloupe, until there are twenty-five thousand additional French soldiers in those islands. It would not do for any foreign power to be stronger at any given point than England is herself, and probably hence the fortification of St. Lucia.

As strategical points, owning good harbors, she had to choose between Dominica and St. Lucia, and there is just one reason why St. Lucia is preferred. The position of Dominica, cutting the French possessions into two parts, is the stronger, but the harbor of Portsmouth, although large and deep enough for hundreds of vessels to ride at anchor, is unprotected from the force of the westerly seas and winds in case of a hurricane. At St. Lucia, on the contrary, two reefs make out, one from either side of the harbor, about five hundred yards apart. These reefs, without impairing navigation, form a perfect barrier against a westerly sea, so that vessels can lie at anchor and even go on coaling without danger from the highest seas.

England has before now had reason to realize

the importance of St. Lucia as a strategic position, and Rodney wrested it from the French in 1778. During our struggle for independence, the West Indies were the scenes of many great sea fights, almost always centered around St. Lucia and Dominica, for France helped the United States to victory by fighting England on the seas with her powerful navy. It was from the West Indies that De Grasse sailed to outwit Hood by reaching the harbor of Yorktown before the advance of the English fleet. There he held the English army tightly bottled up, shutting them off from all chance of reinforcement by water, and leaving them to the mercy of the American forces besieging them by land.

After Cornwallis surrendered to Washington, England lost every one of her possessions in the West Indies with the exception of this one little island of St. Lucia. Here in this very harbor of Castries, Rodney massed and drilled the fleet which was to avenge his country on one of the victors at Yorktown. From here he watched and waited for the French fleet, lying at anchor at Martinique.

At last the two fleets met near St. Marie Galente, and the great battle of the 12th of April, 1782—one of the greatest sea fights of the world before the time of Nelson—was fought and won. Five thousand men were killed and wounded, and De Grasse, in the famous *Ville de Paris*, the largest ship then afloat, surrendered to Rodney.

Nelson is said to have taken his plan for the battle of Trafalgar from Rodney's attack in this fight. "Rodney," he said, "broke the enemy's line in one place; I will break it in two."

"On that memorable day," says Froude, "was the English Empire saved. She lost her American colonies, but kept her West Indies."

And what has she done with her West Indies, and how has she acquitted herself of the responsibility which comes with conquest? How has she valued the lands bought for her by the sacrifice of so many gallant lives? The squalid negroes of Basse Terre, the blacks in the huts of Portsmouth, and the ruined planters on the fertile lands of Dominica, certainly do not rise

up and call her blessed. According to Froude, from whom we have quoted before, "England will soon be no more than a name in the Antilles. We asume that the honor of being English subjects will suffice to secure their allegiance, and we have left our West Indian interests to sink or swim."

By ten o'clock we are passing the famous Pitons, two great mountains rising abruptly from the sea like twin pyramids for over three thousand feet. They are most curious, and to be looked at with reverence as being probably the most symmetrical mountains in the world. But they are not so impressive as the Souffriere. This crater yawns its ghastly sides apart thousands of feet above the sea, and so fearful does it look when the clouds unveil its summit for an instant, that we are glad that we had been dissuaded from trying its ascent.

We have a superb day for our run of eighty miles between St. Lucia and Barbadoes. The sea glitters like a sapphire in the brilliant sunlight, and the purple sky with its woolly gray-lined clouds is a constant joy. As St. Lucia

fades to a shadow and St. Vincent slips down the horizon behind us, we cannot but feel that it is good to be once more out of sight of even these beautiful lands, alone between that sky and sea.

Our course lies to the south of east, so that we must run almost in the teeth of the trade winds; and Scythian must needs show some of her fine seagoing qualities in plowing her way through those heavy head seas.

And right gallantly she bears herself. She seems on her mettle to-day, for she is face to face in even combat with both wind and sea. Her blunt bow forges steadily onward, as she plunges up and down on the great billows. She feels the exhilaration of a fair fight, and flings her challenge to the battling winds, traced in hieroglyphics on that azure sky by the points of her moving masts. It is needless to say that it is rough. At home it would be a day to congratulate oneself on being snugly tucked away at anchor in some good harbor, out of reach of the elements. But here we consider it mere child's play, and wonder that it is not worse.

Sitting on deck with chairs firmly lashed is quite possible, and luncheon is served in courses and with a certain degree of decorum, so what more could we ask? In fact, to some of us it is invigorating and life-giving to feel after so many torrid days and languorous nights, the salt spray cutting our cheeks again, and to breathe the fresh salt air deep down into our lungs. We are taking an ocean trip all over again, and are keenly alive to all its pleasures and blind to the small discomforts. When at sunset we see a thin line of mist, which must be Barbadoes, on the eastern horizon, it is really a regret that the trip is so soon ended.

We cannot see much of the island we are nearing, for it grows dark, and all that we can make out distinctly is a perfect forest of masts, pointing their tapering heads upward in the gray twilight. As the deepening darkness swallows them in turn, the lights come out one by one and make a fairy lake of the Bay of Carlisle. Some move swiftly through the dark water, and others are quiet and still in the rigging of the innumerable ships. Over there on

the shore twinkling lamps, in long rows, mark the streets of Bridgetown, or shine in lonely rays from the isolated houses in the country.

The great lighthouse winks at us in an insinuating way, as though it would gladly point out to us the best holding place in the harbor. But unfortunately we cannot understand its signals, and have to grope our way slowly, very slowly, among the ghostly fleet of ships at quarter speed. Just as the quartermaster strikes two bells a bugle note rings out clearly through the night air. In an instant we recognize the familiar nine o'clock taps from one of our men-of-war, to which we had listened so often on summer nights when we happened to be near any of the White Squadron. The last sweet note dies away in the still air, a bo'sun's whistle sounds, there is a soft scuffle of feet, and all is still once more. Then there is nothing to break the silence but the quick, sharp orders from the bridge: "Port a little," or "Starboard," and the low echoing answer from the man at the wheel: "Starboard, sir." At

last we take a place in that weird fleet. The bell rings "stop" to the engine room, the anchor shoots down, and we have once more reached in safety the haven where we would be.

CHAPTER IX.

BARBADOES.

THE next morning we come on deck, and look upward from sheer force of habit to admire the inevitable mountains. But, wonder of wonders, there are no mountains to admire! In front of us lies a bare, flat, low, little island, for all the world like our own old-fashioned Nantucket. There are no mountains losing their haughty crests among the sheeny clouds, no elusive distances, no violet shadows. But our hearts go straight out to that ugly, homelike tuft of rocks and sand. We had been for so long steeped and soaked and swathed in beauty and loveliness and grandeur, that this commonplace island was a positive relief to our overstrained powers of appreciation. It is an unspeakable comfort to be able for the first time in weeks to look at something over which we cannot possibly fall into raptures.

But if there is little of the beautiful, there is

an abundance of the interesting, and the dearth of this element until now had whetted our appetites. The harbor itself is enough to keep one's mind busy for a whole day.

Barbadoes is to sailing vessels what St. Lucia is to steamers. Being the most easterly and therefore the most windward of all the islands, it is the great port of call and redistribution. All sailing vessels from the eastward and from South America put in here to receive their orders by telegram from their owners. All passengers and freight from England are brought here to be retransferred to the various steamers running to the smaller islands, or to the Gulf ports, Trinidad and Venezuela.

As a result the harbor is always one moving mass of shipping of all varieties. At one glance we count forty different vessels, ships, barks, schooners, men-of-war and training ships. Among the latter, our own good Essex shows to the greatest advantage, looking trim and well groomed as a yacht. We rightly guess that it was from her deck that we heard the night before the sweet bugle call which was like a breath of home.

There are a great number of Gloucester fishermen in the harbor, and on making inquiries we are told that they have been bought by the West Indians for trading purposes between the islands. As we can well understand, a ship needs to be an excellent sea boat to run in these waters, and the natives have recognized the fact that these fishermen possess all the qualities they need in the highest degree.

It is wonderful to us to see the extraordinary skill the natives use in handling these boats.

There is a narrow bight which makes up into the land and forms an inner harbor, which is only used for loading and unloading, or in time of hurricanes. Boats drawing fourteen feet can get in, but the wind blowing directly off the land against the mouth of the harbor makes it a hard process for a sailing vessel to enter. These natives run their schooners right up to the mouth with all sail set, let go everything with an amazing quickness, and shoot cleanly and swiftly up to their wharves, to our unstinted admiration.

We do not mind seeing our vessels in such

hands, but it goes against the grain to see the number of old ships, with English names like the Union and the Liberty, given over to the hard usage of the Norwegians. These people are the Jews of the high seas. They buy up for almost nothing all the old ships, and then run them for an absurdly low figure. Naturally they can carry cheaper, and are quickly crowding every other flag, England's not excepted, off the seas. For each English or American vessel we saw during our trip, we could count half a dozen Swedish or Norwegian. It seems as though these old vessels, reared under our flag, raise their masts imploring to the sky, as though begging some kind providence of ships to release them from their ill-merited captivity. They served us well in their youth; surely they deserve some better fate than to be thrown aside in their old age.

Circling about around the larger boats like satellites are any amount of smaller ones. Captains of the vessels far out in the roadstead are coming or going in their ships' boats. Lighters full of goods are rowed by negroes, whose great oars bend at each stroke; and life

is made a misery by the bumboats which surround us on every hand. Corals and cocoanuts are literally forced down your throat; boys entreat you to throw pennies that they may dive to the bottom for them. Laundresses pester you with their demands for clothes to wash, and when you refuse, look in a meaning way at those you are wearing, as though even they would be improved by a judicious use of soap and water.

We did not see the laundress of whom we had heard so many stories. She presents to all possible customers a letter of recommendation which she has not the learning to read. This letter sets forth that if any one wishes to have their linen irreparably ruined and then to be fleeced out of money enough to make good their loss, they cannot do better than to employ the bearer, Venus Adonis Smith.

So exhausting do these people become that we end by going on shore to escape them. But when we land at the wharf, we find we have jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. We had heard that Barbadoes is the most densely inhabited portion of the world, but we were not

prepared to find apparently every one of those seventy-five thousand inhabitants confronting us on the landing, wanting us to buy something, do something, or go somewhere. The whole population seems to be gathered together to prey upon us. Crowds cluster around us with strange things to sell tied round their necks. Beggars pursue us with importunity and cab drivers stand on each other's shoulders the better to be seen and to extol the quantity and quality of their horseflesh.

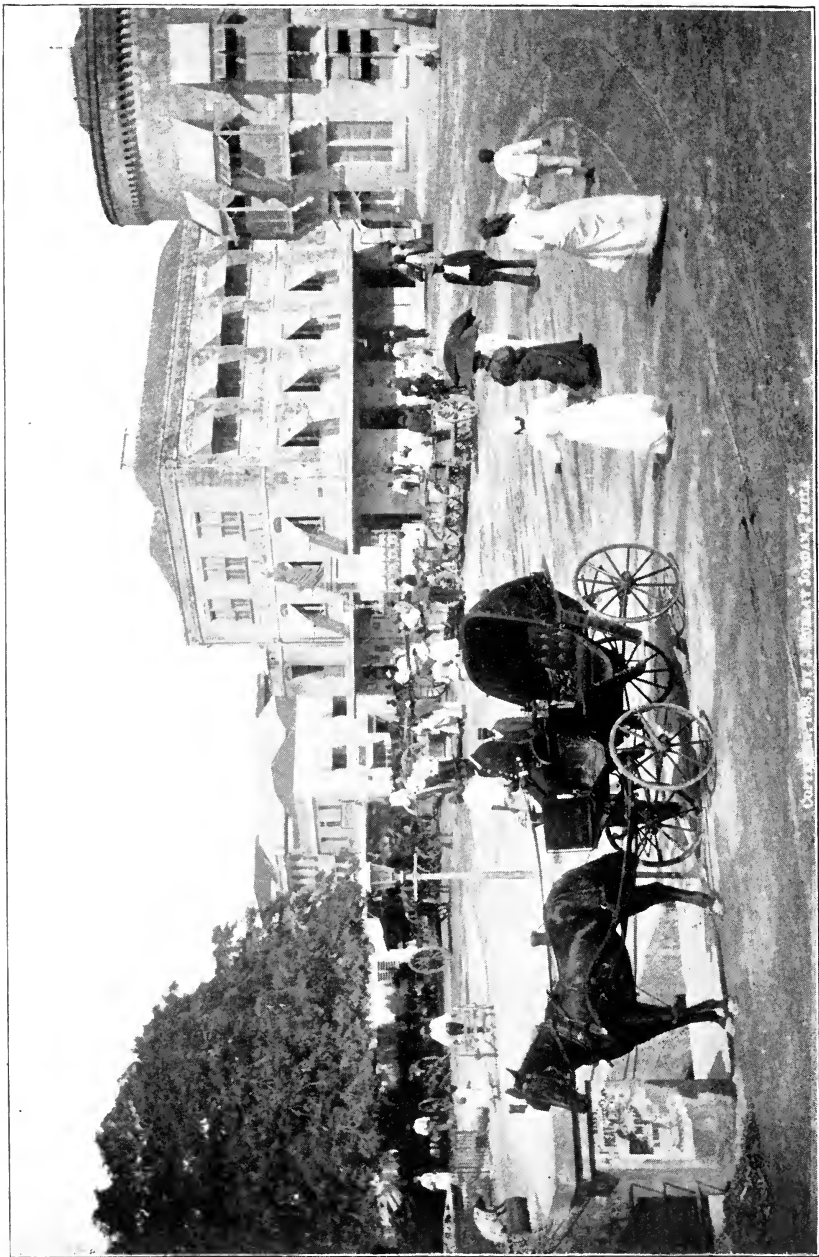
We are utterly bewildered, and this condition is taken advantage of by a crafty negro driver. Before we know what is being done to us, we find ourselves seated in his cab, with the doors shut, bowling through the streets of Bridgetown. We gasp for a moment, but soon collect our scattered wits and give all our attention to the streets we are passing.

The bustling, busy, active life of the place is astonishing after the apathetic languor to which we had grown used. The town is really handsome, with closely built blocks of clean, white houses. Here and there a church steeple rears itself proudly, and the principal street opens out into a large public square called Trafalgar,

which boasts a pretentious statue of Nelson and a great banyan tree.

There are clubs; shops with big signs in front; business and storehouses; every evidence, in fact, of a thriving commercial life. The streets are thronged, but not with the ubiquitous black; there is a large sprinkling of white faces. English women, in unbecoming green veils, are out for their morning marketing or shopping. Merchants are going to their business with alert step and brisk look. Officers, beggars and tourists, to say nothing of children without number, jostle each other off the sidewalk or far into the middle of the street, and good Anglo-Saxon swear words are heard on every side.

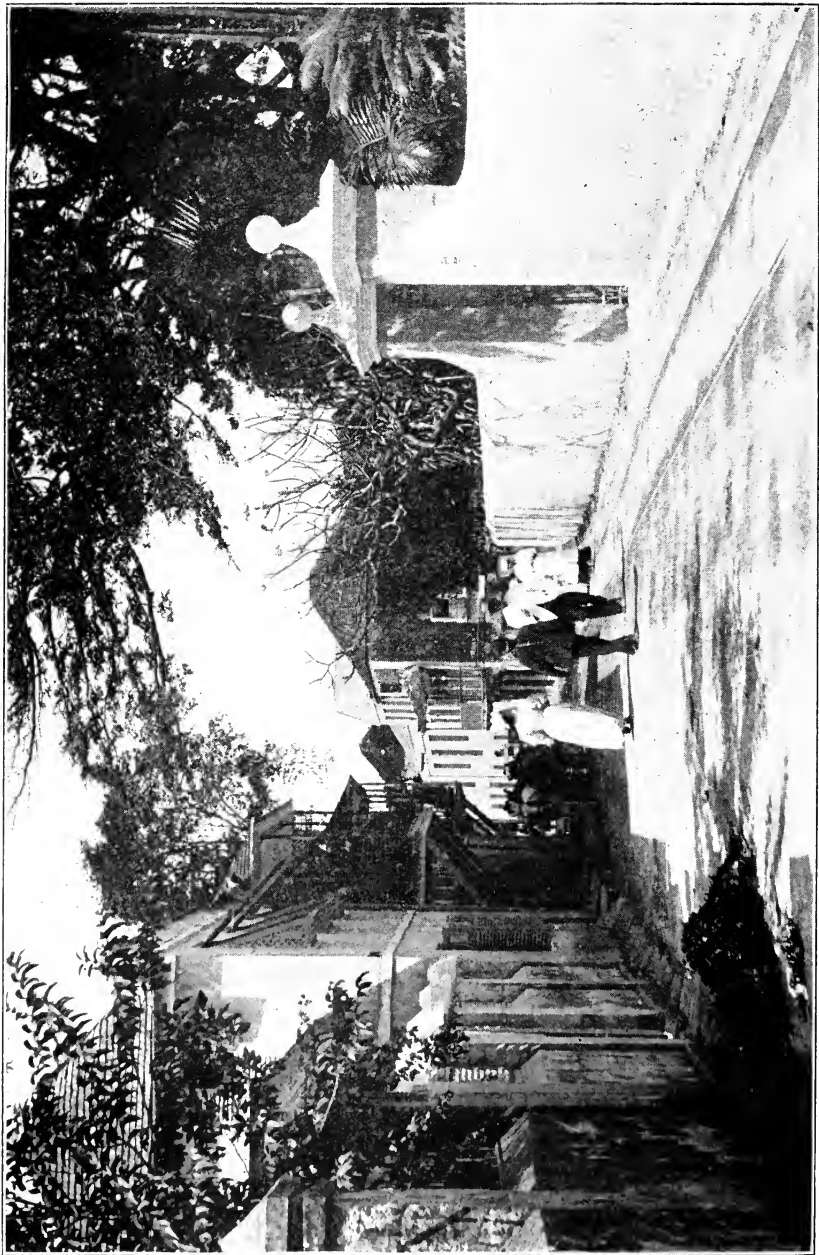
But the most marvelous thing is a real tramway, whose cars, running on real rails, with good mules as motive power, ply between Barbadoes and Hastings, a couple of miles away. This is indeed an unlooked-for evidence of civilization. We leave the town by the road through which this tramway runs, and it is most amusing to watch the negresses, with their turbaned heads and their bright-eyed chil-



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BARBADOES.

“The street opens into a large public square called Trafalgar.” Page 191.



BARBADOES.

“The houses are the picture of neatness.” *Page 193.*

dren, hanging on to the back platform and fighting for a seat as naturally as though it were a cable car on Broadway.

The road passes the barracks where the colored troops are stationed, with its common, serving in turn for drill, cricket and polo grounds. Some of the soldiers are sauntering around with the lordly air the negro soldier always assumes toward his less-honored colored brethren, while the sentry paces solemnly up and down his track with his musket over his shoulder. The road is pleasantly shaded and runs along a white, sandy beach, where the surf rolls in and breaks in a long line of foam, which follows the curving shore.

Some of the grotesque banyan trees, whose hoary, down-hanging boughs suggested the name Barbadoes, or "bearded," to the Portuguese discoverers of the island, stand by the roadside or in the gardens. The houses are pictures of neatness and thrift. Often a high wall surrounds them, but many of the smaller ones stand quite by the roadside. Each one of them has its own charmingly irrelevant name printed over the front door in large letters.

“Fairlawn” stands on a plot of ground with not a blade of grass in sight, and “Bellevue” looks on the tramway in front and on a gray rock in the back. But the whole place is essentially “livable.” There is no overpowering beauty, but there is a charm of thrift and homeliness, and wholesome, everyday life that to our minds far surpasses the merely physical loveliness of the more beautiful islands.

The great drawback is the climate. It is unbearably hot. The wind, which blows a steady gale day in and day out, is the salvation of the place, but it makes one nervous and irritable. Without it, however, the heat and dampness would be stifling. Before we realize it the morning is well gone and we must hurry home, as our friends from the Ohio are lunching with us.

We reach the wharf just as two bells, our luncheon hour, is striking. Then the question is to find the launch. Since we left, four Royal Mail steamers have come in, and the whole place is pandemonium. The seventy-five thousand inhabitants who seemed at first to inhabit the pier, have now transferred themselves into

boats and infest the waters of the deep. They crowd the pier, fill the roadstead, cloud the distance. There does not seem a square inch of water which is not covered by some portion of a black anatomy. At last we see the launch, and after much pushing on our parts, we stow ourselves into the boat and start. But our launch man is thoroughly flustered. The fire goes out and is relit. The wheel at last turns, and we are off, all looking forward at the mass of boats in our way.

Suddenly something about our locomotion strikes us as strange and a quick glance backward shows that we are going, not forward, but full speed astern. One moment more and we would have run square into the stone pier, to the infinite delight of the swarming Barbadoans, who are holding their breath in eager anticipation of our smash-up. But a quick turn of the wheel sends the launch ahead, leaving the grinning multitude in absolute disgust at being defrauded of their excitement.

Our friends of the Ohio come to us shortly, and in honor of the occasion we set before them

the last of our game and New York delicacies. There comes to us a great sadness as we consume the last morsels of duck and celery salad. Grouse, partridge and quail on toast do not grow in the West Indies, and we know that, although our ice chest has held out bravely, we are taking a fond farewell of such tidbits.

After luncheon we compare notes on our various impressions of the West Indies, and there is one thing in which we all agree. This is that the idea that the Caribbean can be smooth or the trade wind balmy is a snare and a delusion to poor ignorant mortals. They have suffered quite as much from the weather as have we, without the home comforts to make the alleviating circumstances. Their trip from St. Lucia to Barbadoes in the heavy head sea was especially unpleasant, and the little Scythian only took an hour more for the run than did the big Ohio.

When our guests leave, we take the launch and run over to call on the commander of the Essex. We find him at the gangway ready to receive us. Both he and his officers are dressed in cool white ducks, well buttoned up to the

throat, giving a very military, or rather naval, look to the stalwart young fellows.

The captain takes us all over the spotless ship, with its shining guns and snowy decks, and even opens up to us the mysteries of the engine room. But not much time is spent there, for the heat is quite sufficient for comfort without the addition of anything artificial. We are glad to leave the fire room, and to pass through the ranks of sunburned, shining faces belonging to our embryo tars, all standing at attention as the captain passes to his large airy quarters in the stern. The great gun ports are thrown wide open; the breeze cools us off most deliciously, while some capital tea, served in delicate cups, is the finishing touch to our pleasure.

As a fit ending to a very gay day we dine at the Marine Hotel in the evening. We engage little hacks, and drive out to the hotel just before sunset. The building with its broad verandah as is finely placed on high ground, looking seaward. Everything is clean and cool, and it can compare well with many of our own summer hotels. The Marine Hotel is kept by an Amer-

ican, and is the only hotel we had thus far seen in which we would have spent a night for untold gold.

The dining room is tastefully arranged, and a well-cooked dinner is served in the most approved fashion at little round tables. An English commission, under the Under Colonial Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, sitting in Barbadoes at present, and as the commissioners and their wives are stopping at the Marine Hotel, it is quite a gala night. Englishwomen in low-cut gowns and Englishmen in dress clothes look askance at our two men, who refused, in spite of all our entreaties, to dress in anything but ducks. English officers, magnificent in scarlet and gold lace, and Americans, whose gowns could have come only from Paris, make the whole room very gay and full of color. It is so full, in fact, that it almost dazzled our eyes, unaccustomed for so long to any such display.

Curiously enough, among all these strange faces are some which are familiar, and presently the owners of the faces come up to us, and claim us as old friends from Morristown. We had lost sight of each other for many years,

and this meeting in queer little Barbadoes is as strange as it is pleasant. They tell us that many Americans spend their winters here, as Barbadoes has the reputation of being the healthiest island in the Antilles. We are also told in all seriousness that it is so windy that sufferers from Trinidad and other malarial countries spend two months of the year here, to have the malaria blown out of their systems. Certainly if any wind could perform this feat it would be the trades!

When we have dined the men smoke their cigars leisurely on the piazza, while we watch the lights coming out in the harbor, one by one, as though they were the reflections of the stars coming out in the heavens. We drive back to Bridgetown through the sweet night air, in our thin muslin dresses, without thinking of wraps, so soft is the fragrant breeze.

As none of the houses have shades we peer in the windows and see the interiors, which would otherwise have been sealed books to us. They are very comfortable and very, very English. The light from the single lamp shines on

the walls, showing innumerable pictures of Queen Victoria, taken at different ages and in different crowns. Royal families and Prime Ministers are much in evidence, while the monotony is relieved by an occasional picture from some of the London illustrated papers.

There are cardboard mottoes requesting that God will bless this home; large family Bibles repose in state on little stands, in company with variegated wax flowers in glass cases. In the center of the rooms under the lamps are green-covered tables, around which, notwithstanding the heat, are seated the families. They are probably reading with reverential interest the London *Daily News* of three weeks ago.

Everywhere he who runs may read the mark "English" set deep on every part of the community, in overwhelming contrast to the stamp "Negro" which is written so plainly in letters of degradation and deterioration on the face of the other populations. It is with real thanksgiving that we of kindred blood see these little British idiosyncrasies, which we so well under-

stand and at which we can laugh so heartily as at well-beloved family failings, and we only wish that England would always choose to be in this hemisphere what she can be when so minded—one of the great civilizing powers of the age.

One morning we take the dogs on shore for a run. They had not been allowed to leave the ship since Starboard's escapade at Portsmouth, and they stepped into the launch quivering to the tips of their white tails with ill-suppressed excitement. When they land and stand upon their hind legs, straining at their leash and pawing the air, so fierce do they look that the inhabitants parted before them like the Red Sea before the Children of Israel, leaving us a clear passage to the town. A howl of approbation rose from the crowd as we drive off, a dog's head stretched far out on each side of the cab. Starboard insists on standing with his front legs on the driver's seat, much to the disgust of this august personage, who regards the great bull head and open jaws in such close proximity to him with distinct disapproval. The poor animals enjoy their morning hugely. They swim

in the surf, race after sticks on the homelike sandy beach, and at last, thoroughly tired out, consent to be driven home, no more with paws on the driver's seat, but quietly lying down on the floor of the carriage.

This afternoon still another steamer arrives, the *Caribbee*, of New York, and by her still more friends from home, who come over to have half an hour's chat over a cup of tea. The officers of the *Essex* join our little home party, and it is with great regret that the whistle from the *Caribbee* breaks up all our good time by summoning her passengers on board.

We are much annoyed the whole afternoon by the cool "cheek" (no other word adequately expresses the meaning) of some excursionists, many of them, I regret to say, of our own nationality. They come alongside and say to the man on watch that they would like to go over the boat. When the man replies that as it is a yacht they cannot come on board, it only adds to their enthusiasm, and one person is heard to exclaim: "How nice! I have never been on a real yacht in my life." It was very

hard to make them understand that they could not overhaul a private boat flying the American flag just as they would have overhauled an American man-of-war. When they are really convinced that they cannot board, they retire to a safe distance, there to stare at us through their opera glasses. The captain hears herself apostrophized as "a mean old maid," and her wrath waxed hot within her. Perhaps had they known how absolutely unlike a "real yacht" the old Scythian was, their disappointment would have been tempered.

We are so fortunate as to spend Washington's Birthday at Barbadoes. At color time the Essex dresses ship in honor of the day, and the bright bunting makes her look like a pleasure boat. Scythian follows her example, as does one other little American schooner. Not another vessel in the harbor does honor to our great patriot, although we knew there were many American vessels there. At twelve the Essex fires a salute of twenty-one guns, and when the last deep boom dies away, we are surprised to hear the guns from another vessel continue the firing. The salute was from the

British man-of-war Talbot, lying in the harbor, and this courtesy was all the more pleasing to the Americans within sound of the guns because it is a courtesy which is not obligatory, but which is given or withheld at the will of the commander.

We end the day by dining at the Marine Hotel with the officers of the Essex. There are many good stories told, and we drink to the health of the grand old Stars and Stripes, little thinking how soon our friends would be called into active service under its colors. One young officer, who bore himself last summer in a manner to win the admiration of all, laughingly said that he must learn just two phrases of Spanish—one "I surrender," the other "Don't shoot."

As we drive home, a slender young moon peeps down at us in a roguish way, and we all agree that she is far too young to be out alone at that hour of the night, especially in the company of those brilliant stars. Presently we find that she has taken our advice, and we watch her sinking out of sight behind that mass of purple clouds on the western horizon.

When Sunday comes we take a drive to one of

the suburbs of the place, called Fontabello. Here the houses are of the better class and really charming. They are set well back from the road and inclosed in high walls, over which peep hibiscus, palms and bananas, like curious children trying to catch a view of the outside world. But we are quite as anxious to see in as they are to see out, for the glimpses we get through the gates of roomy, square, flat-roofed, houses with broad verandas, buried in green and looking far out to sea, are most attractive. The country beyond is bare and sunburned, with rocks scattered plentifully over the surface, and no hills or even high land to be seen.

Barbadoes was once one of the greatest sugar-raising islands in the Antilles, and was in fact the last of all the islands to feel the present universal depression in the sugar trade, for its inhabitants all came from a sturdy English stock, used to tilling the soil, and of thrifty habits.

Although Barbadoes was first discovered by the Portuguese in 1518, no Latin race has ever had a foothold on the rugged little island. A British ship, the Olive Branch, anchored in the

present Bay of Carlisle in 1605, and her captain solemnly took possession of the island in the name of his master, James I. No permanent settlement was made, however, until 1624, when a shipload of colonists was sent out by Sir William Courteen.

From that time until this the English have been in undisputed possession of the fertile soil of Barbadoes. It seems amusing to read that back in 1665 the settlers of tiny Barbadoes formed a scheme to colonize America, and selected Cape Fear in our present North Carolina as the field of their exertions. They founded here a settlement called Clarendon, but although John Yeardley, who led the expedition, later received a commission as governor, Clarendon did not prosper, and was finally deserted.

The present merchants are inclined to think that it is not alone the bounty on beet sugar which is the cause of the decline in price of cane sugar, although that of course is a large factor. The trouble at the root of the whole matter is overproduction in the islands themselves. Sugar at first was like an inexhaustible gold mine; every one planted sugar, and

nothing but sugar, in every available nook and cranny. The natural consequence followed: prices fell, slowly at first, then with a rush which sucked in the fortunes of all the planters in their downward career. Now ruin is staring in the face those who cannot sell their plantations, and even those who are so fortunate as to find a buyer, sell at enormous sacrifices. Why they do not abandon sugar and set to work on something else, is an unanswered question. The soil is available for almost any tropical product—coffee, indigo, and many other things. But no one seems to have either the funds or the heart to start on a new venture, although undoubtedly their salvation would lie in so doing.

This would be easier, too, in Barbadoes, owing to the higher class of negroes with whom the planters have to deal. The effects of two centuries and a half of unbroken English rule and intercourse with English people has had its influence on this entire population. The negroes speak a pure English, instead of the usual vile patois; their pronunciation is an education in itself, and it is de-

lightful to hear from colored lips the pretty falling inflection which we had been used to associate with the unadulterated sons of John Bull.

As we drive this Sunday afternoon, we meet whole colored families, evidently of the better class, walking along the road or driving in handsome carriages. One woman of dusky hue delights us all by her sincere imitation of an English matron. Her woolly hair is drawn down over her ears as smoothly as Nature will allow, and a purple bonnet, of distinct English type, is tied by white ribbon bows under her chin. Her hands are encased in one-button white kid gloves, and a lace parasol is held over her head. Her husband, in irreproachable gray trousers, frock coat and lavender gloves, lifts his tall hat to the passers with a fine imitation of the courtly Englishman, and the children, with white stockings and black slippers, have their hair parted in the middle and braided into demure pigtails.

But the real Englishwomen are here as well as the imitation. They are driving past in comfortable victorias, and with that pathetic adherence of exiled English people to the manners and customs of Old England, they

are stifling in the thick stuffs and silks they would have worn "at home" at the same season, instead of wearing the thin muslins the climate would seem to warrant.

Young Englishmen, sunburned and good-looking, are riding well-groomed horses, and straight young English girls, with their inimitably fresh complexions, are taking their afternoon constitutionals. Indeed if it were not for the heat and the presence of palms and other incongruous plants, we could well imagine ourselves in an ordinary English country town instead of in this remote island of the south.

After seeing Government House, a large white building, in spacious grounds guarded by a British soldier, we finish our drive reluctantly, and go home before sundown. That evening we sit out on deck and discuss our plans. From Barbadoes we had intended to go direct to Trinidad to see the pitch lake, the coolies and the gardens of the governor's palace, of which we had heard so often. From there we had anticipated a grand run across the Caribbean Sea to Jamaica, with the trade winds gently favoring our sails.

We all know that the chief pleasure in making plans is to break them, but in our case the cause of the breaking was far from pleasurable. One of my friends had been ailing for some time and grew so steadily worse that we were really worried about her. As the heat even here affected her most unpleasantly how would she stand Trinidad, which is infinitely hotter than Barbadoes? Then our illusions regarding the trade winds and the Caribbean Sea were quite dispelled. We no longer indulged in fond hopes that the next trip must surely be a smooth one, but made up our minds to always expect the worst. My friend was not the best of sailors, and we feared exposing her to the treatment of the elements for any prolonged period.

For some time our party had resolved itself into two camps. One longed for the invigorating air and cold breezes of the still frozen North, the other swore by the depressing heat and dampness of the torrid zone. Between us we could have sung part of the *Te Deum* with real truth, one side chanting "Oh, ye ice and snows, praise ye the Lord," while the other

would respond with fervor, "Oh, ye fire and heat, praise ye the Lord."

But the desire to reach a cool climate because of the invalid pointed our course northward, and we decided to coast up the islands by the same way we had come, so that in case of heavy weather we could put into port and so preclude the possibility of discomfort to her.

So, in the course of a couple of days we made the arrangements for our first homeward move by taking on ice enough to last until we reached America. Ice is manufactured and sold in Barbadoes at about three and a half dollars a ton. This is a relief to us. When at some other ports we had priced the commodity, it sold at the rate of sixty dollars a ton, or three cents a pound. The ice comes out in a great lighter, with a dozen negroes on top to load it. The sun beats down on it hotly, and we actually see it melting in the torrid heat. This does not seem at all to affect the blacks, who, in the slowest and most deliberate way, hoist piece by piece on to the deck as though each moment

were not of importance. It is the clearest and most beautiful ice we ever saw, and we are glad to be able to stow nine tons in our ice-chest.

By four o'clock the next morning all is bustle and business on the Scythian's decks, and further sleep is out of the question. Through the dim dawn we slowly turn and make our way out of the fleet, looking at our friend the Essex as we go by. Surely there at her halyards are some signals flying, and an officer, unrecognizable in the distance, is waving his hand in farewell. What the signals say to us we never know, for the wind is blowing them in such a direction that we cannot make them out. But they say Godspeed to us just as distinctly as though we read the words in Lloyd's, and it is a kind and friendly token to take with us on our journey.

The wind is soon blowing what seems to a landsman to be almost a gale, but fortunately for our comfort both wind and current are with us. We set all sails; by twelve St. Vincent is in sight, and at three we are at anchor in the harbor of Old Fort on St.

Lucia. The wind howls in our ears, and the swell is so great that even here on the lee of the island we roll around uncomfortably all night, and the next morning see the spray dashing thirty feet high on the rocky shore. We weigh anchor at half-past eight and steam up the coast to Castries, getting wonderful views of the Pitons. They seem now like old friends, looking grim and weird through a shower which half-conceals and half-reveals their strange shapes. As we come up the harbor of Castries a squall overtakes us, and both rain and wind descend as though they would engulf us. We can hardly see, and are indeed thankful when we find a good berth and know that so much of our journey is done.

CHAPTER X.

NEVIS.

NONE of us will ever forget the experiences of the next ten days. They were days of utter wretchedness, each one more miserable than the last; so the less said about them in public the better. No adjective is too damning to apply to the weather. Heavy rains would drench us every hour; then we and all our belongings would steam in the hot sun until almost dry, when the heavens would be once more open on our devoted heads. Through rain and shine, day and night, the malignant trades kept up their ceaseless din in our deafened ears. Mental worry was added to physical discomfort, for the illness of my friend caused us great anxiety; and under these unfavorable conditions of heat and dampness she grew constantly worse. Four long weary days, when our one desire was to get cool and dry, were we kept wind-bound at St. Lucia, fearing to sub-

ject her to the shaking up which would be inevitable did we put to sea in this gale. And we did wisely to remain.

We had of course hitherto enjoyed the exceptional weather which every well-seasoned traveler expects to find in every quarter of the globe, but from all reports our present scourge was exceptionally exceptional.

The steamer Duart Castle had taken thirty hours to make her trip from Trinidad to Barbadoes, when her longest trip on record hitherto had been twenty-one. The four-masted schooner Clara E. Randall was hove to for ten hours the day we arrived at St. Lucia, while the British steamer Capac, from South American ports, had been washed from stem to stern by the waves. At last, on the fifth day, our sailing master, being in an optimistic mood, assured us that as the gale was abating we could leave in comfort. We could not discover the smallest sign of this abatement ourselves, but were glad to take his more experienced word for it and to get underway. When we poked our nose from under the lee of St. Lucia the sight of the Martinique Channel was absolutely

frightful. The wind had now been blowing fiercely from the same quarter for a week; and in consequence there is a tremendous sea, which presses with fearful force through the narrow strait. The sight of the angry, seething waves, covered with foam as mountains are covered with snow, is awful in its beauty, but appalling in its might to any one who must trust themselves to its scant mercy. The sun is darkened by thin, vaporous clouds scudding fast over the sky, torn and lashed into long strings by the relentless wind. The air is thick, and the horizon obscure and murky from the dust which, notwithstanding the constant rain, is caught up from the land and whirled into the air. The tops of the combing waves are leveled and the water is dashed in spray high into the air with irresistible force. Both wind and sea strike the Scythian directly abeam. She rolls and pitches, wriggles and squirms as though she were a living creature in agony, seeking to escape her tormentor. Whether or not she feels any pain, it is perfectly certain that her actions cause us the most excessive discomfort. Martinique and quiet water seem so very far away,

and those fifteen miles which separate us from them are interminably long.

When at last we resume our normal horizontal position, we cannot truly enjoy the relief, for thinking of the four other channels like unto the last which must be crossed before we can reach St. Kitts. Our progress northward was much like an attack of intermittent fever. The crossings of those boisterous channels, with their raging waters and raging winds, are the delirium of the recurrent fever fits. Between the attacks and at regular intervals come the lee of the islands and the quiet of exhaustion, during which we can barely ease body and mind before the fever is on us again. At Portsmouth we are again detained three long days by the fierceness of the storm.

There may have been other compensating circumstances, but the only mercy of which we are really conscious is the fact that the islands are so well arranged for the hours of our meals. It can be timed so as to reach quiet waters for dinner and luncheon as regularly as the transcontinental trains used to stop at way-

stations for meals, before the days of dining cars. This is a distinct blessing, as the only gleam of brightness in the day is the hour after dinner, when the men are lulled to forgetfulness of their woes by their cigars, and indulge in a little mild conversation. No one seeing us during this trip would ever have suspected us of being a pleasure party. Extreme misery is written deep on the faces of all my friends. One man takes up his position in the most uncomfortable place he can find, the weather side of the pilot house. Here he stands hour after hour, his feet well apart, one hand firmly holding on the railing for support, the other tightly clutching his dilapidated yachting cap. The wind has brought tears to his eyes, which course in unchecked rivers down his cheeks and sprinkle the bosom of his gray flannel shirt. The other man is absolutely unapproachable. An atmosphere of ill-suppressed swear words encircles him as a garment, and by common consent he is let severely alone. The poor invalid, for whom we had dreaded a severe sea trip (save the mark!), has taken to her bed. The captain finds her weakly holding on to the

bunk-board on each side with feeble hands, and declaring with ill-assumed cheerfulness that it is very comfortable and she does not think it is so very rough. Before she has finished her sentence a tremendous lurch comes, interrupting her words and throwing her half out of bed. We hear a scuffle on deck, a fervently uttered "God bless my soul!" and the person of one of the men comes floating down the companionway.

I say "floating" advisedly, for in his transition he apparently touched nothing, neither stairs nor railing, but reached the bottom and was wafted into his stateroom. Here he proceeded to lock his door, behind which we could hear ejaculations of "Horrible! horrible!" from time to time during the afternoon.

We ceased to give any thought to the beauty of the islands we were passing; they had become to us now only oases of comfort in the sea of misery, or milestones to mark our progress northward and homeward.

The fever attacks increased in intensity, for the wind rose continually, so that when we find ourselves between Nevis and St. Kitts it is blowing a living gale. Never before had we

been so thankful to hear the anchor chains rattle in the hawse pipes, nor to catch the order to the engineer, "All through with the engine, sir," as we come to anchor once more in the roadstead of Basse Terre.

We feel like caressing the stanch old Scythian who has brought us through those fearful times in safety, as we would an animal whose speed and mettle had carried us away from great danger. We have a queer little sensation, as though our hearts were too big for our bodies, which is probably one way of feeling a great gratitude at having reached such a happy issue out of all our difficulties.

As soon as we are anchored, we are surprised to see a boat rowed by six men make its way slowly to our side in the tempestuous night. As they get near they shout to ask if we will let down the New York papers to them. We are puzzled until a man cries out that he is the purser of the training-ship *Saratoga*, which is at anchor near-by. His commander, having seen us come in, and having mistaken us for the *Orinoco*, which is due from New York to-night, had sent him over for the papers. We are much de-

lighted to know that we look so imposing even in the dark, and life begins to look brighter in the eyes of the captain.

The next morning we see not only the Saratoga, but our old friend the Essex at anchor near-by. Later in the day some of the officers come over, and after many greetings they corroborate all our accounts of the dreadful weather. They left Barbadoes and went to the windward of the islands, getting very heavy weather all the time. When running off to come into St. Kitts they were under topsails, and even these they said they would have had to reef had they been going any further. Since reaching St. Kitts, three days ago, they had not been able to lower their boats until to-day. The sea making around the island and coming into the roadstead made the Essex roll so heavily that they feared the boats would be smashed alongside.

The wind is indefatigable during the next forty-eight hours, and we are prisoners on board, but we take comfort, for our friend is already improving under the ministrations of the port doctor. On the third day it lets up

enough for us to go over, wrapped up in oilskins, to take luncheon with our friends of the Essex.

They receive us most delightfully, but their plans for our entertainment are completely upset by the arrival on the scene of three of the volunteer officers of the St. Kitts' regiment. They take and keep entire possession of the wardroom, where our luncheon awaits us, for a full hour, to the intense disgust of our hosts. They try to interest the St. Kittites in other parts of the boat; but to the wardroom they come and in the wardroom they elect to stay. The captain offers us the hospitality of his quarters until such time as Her Majesty's servants may see fit to leave, and then we enjoy a charming luncheon at the long wardroom table. It seems strange to see the racks on the table while we are lying at anchor, although the long even roll of the Essex is far from disagreeable.

Talking over the affairs at home, we remember that the next day will be the fourth of March, and as loyal Americans we cannot allow Mr. McKinley's Inauguration Day to pass unheeded. We finally agree that the pleasantest

way to celebrate the event will be to cross to Nevis in the Scythian, spend the day there, and picnic in some of the quaint spots which are to be found on that lovely island. On reaching home, we find that we can send a sailboat over to Nevis early in the morning, ordering boats and carriages to be in waiting, so that all will run smoothly when we ourselves arrive.

The next day the captain wakes with a strange sense of something wrong, something lacking in her surroundings. A moment's thought reveals to her the startling fact that the wind has actually gone down, and that the unusual "something" which perplexed her is the unwonted quiet after the din which has been sounding for days in her ears. In truth the day is perfect. The tropics, like a coquette who has succeeded in making us utterly miserable, seem trying now to charm us anew. But we are not to be taken in. We are no longer credulous Northerners, believing all things good of these latitudes. We are worn and weary travelers, who have coped with the Southern elements and regard any friendly advances from that quarter with distinct suspicion.

But we enjoy the present, giving no thought to the morrow or the yesterday, and revel in the exquisite sky and water and mountains. Above all do we admire the plausibility of the trade wind, which, like a wolf in sheep's clothing, is now masquerading as a gentle breeze, which just ripples the dimpling waves.

Ten o'clock had been fixed as the time to start, and promptly at four bells the captain of the *Essex*, with half a dozen of his officers, rows up to the gangway in the captain's gig. They are all in holiday humor, and as the bow of the *Scythian* turns toward Nevis they give long sighs of relief at being on board a boat without having the smallest responsibility in the matter.

The sail across the straits is charming, and the great single peak of Nevis seems to bend its haughty head from the clouds and bid us welcome as we anchor in the harbor of Charlestown.

Our messenger had already arrived, so that we were expected. Boats of all kinds surrounded us, and each negro swears solemnly

his was the one and only boat which had been ordered to take us on shore. At last our fore-runner himself appears and puts an end to all discussion.

The steward and the luncheon go off first in a boat, on which we keep a good watch, remembering the affinity existing between the black man and a good chicken. We then step into our barge of state and are rowed on shore by four burly negroes, the captain of the Essex steering.

He makes for a long stone wharf running far out into the water, but in some way miscalculates his distance. Instead of swinging around to the side of the wharf, he hits it squarely, bow on, with a force which jerks us all off our seats, and huddles us pellmell in an ignominious medley in the bottom of the boat.

Our manners and our respect for a superior officer do not desert us even in this trying hour. We pick ourselves up in perfect silence, and readjust our distracted hats and eyeglasses without the ghost of a smile. All would have been well had not the negro at the bow oar, not

recognizing the captain's rank because of his citizen's clothes, called out: "Now don't blame me, bo'sun; you know it was you what was doing the steering. Don't blame me, bo'sun."

A suppressed snicker pervaded our party, but did not penetrate to the faces of the officers, whose self-control never deserted them for a moment.

Among the motley throng which comes to study us is a man whose appearance is so repulsive that we unconsciously move farther away from him. When we are told he is a leper, of whom there are many on these islands, we find our instincts have not betrayed us.

On shore we find carriages of all sizes and descriptions awaiting us. They are fearfully and wonderfully dilapidated and drawn by animals, called by courtesy horses, of ages varying from twenty to fifty years.

It seems to be an unwritten law in Nevis that two horses of the same size must never be harnessed together. One of the vehicles, a cross between a victoria

and a surrey, is drawn by two horses. One is a large, raw-boned creature, with a long swinging stride; the other a small mule, intimately resembling a donkey, who takes a hop, skip and a jump to keep up with his longer-legged mate. The harness consists of pieces of string and rope, with an American flag artistically arranged, we suspect, to divert our attention from the most glaring deficiencies. Four of us seat ourselves in this; two others choose a gig, possessing all the attributes of the "one hoss shay" half an hour before its final dissolution, and the steward drives in a pony carriage, with a rumber behind, which must have seen a hundred summers. The rumber is evidently considered the seat of honor, somewhat on the order of a throne, for the steward is assisted into it with every mark of distinction, while the luncheon and the black driver occupy the two seats in front. At last our little cavalcade is ready and we move up the quaint, winding street of Charlestown, with clean, low, white houses on each side, and nodding palms overhead.

Soon we come to a large building, around whose open doors is collected a crowd of peo-

ple. With a woman's curiosity the captain wants to know what is going on. On finding that this is the courthouse, where a trial is in progress, nothing will satisfy her but to see and hear that trial. The men all follow her with apparent reluctance, but in their hearts very glad of the chance to see a negro courtroom. And a most amusing sight it is!

The room is crowded, and the only white face belongs to the judge. Even his is not very white, but excessively red and warm; for he is dressed in wig and gown, according to true English fashion, which, although very imposing, is not fitted to tropical climates. When this fashion is copied by colored lawyers, whose white wigs half-cover their woolly hair and throw into strong relief their black skins, the effect is ludicrous. The utmost courtesy is extended to us, and the trial is interrupted until seats are found for our party. Finally we are placed in the jury box, back of the twelve black jurymen, and the trial proceeds.

It is in connection with some piece of disputed property, and the colored lawyers deliver their speeches with excellent manner, using

the purest English. Presently a witness is called, and an old colored woman of the most remarkable appearance walks slowly up the aisle and kisses the Bible. She wears a cotton gown and a bright yellow turban swathed round her woolly gray hair. Her headdress is completed by a jaunty sailor hat perched at a coquettish angle on the top of the turban, and she carries a red sunshade.

The lawyer begins by asking her her name. She looks at him in dead silence. He repeats his question in decided tones, but she gazes at him without a word of reply. When the third time she treats him with silent contempt, the judge interposes. In solemn tones he threatens her with fines, imprisonment, and whatever else is calculated to strike terror to the negro soul unless she will tell her name. Her sailor hat droops a little lower over her ear, but not one inkling does she give as to what her parents called her in baptism. A breathless silence ensues, when suddenly a man who was listening at the door rushes into the courtroom and stalks up to the judge. "Please, your honor," he says in a trembling voice, "the witness is

stone deaf; but her name is Victoria Mehitable Jones.”

What course his honor now pursues we never know, for we seize the opportunity to slip out of the hot, stuffy room and into the fresh air and our carriages.

After leaving the town the road gradually rises up the mountain side into a lovely country of sugar cane and delicious views. A sharp turn to the right leads into a path which almost loses itself in a tangle of undergrowth. This runs to the wonderful sulphur spring for which Nevis is famed, and which a hundred years ago made it the watering-place of the West Indies. The spring is in the middle of a large, bare room, and looks green and unattractive, although the water is said to be delicious and most excellent in cases of rheumatism and cutaneous diseases.

Across the path from the spring are the ruins of the grand hotel of Nevis, overgrown by all manner of creeping and climbing plants. Even now in its decay it is quite impressive, with its thick stone walls, terraced front and arcaded sides. In the days of its prosperity it must have been a wonder in com-

parison with the ordinary English inn of the period. It was the rendezvous for all the wit, wealth and fashion of the West Indies, when the West Indies was the synonym for all that was luxurious, beautiful and palatial. The planters from all the islands would flock there with their daughters and wives, arrayed in the latest styles from London and Paris, very much as the modern father takes his feminine relations to Newport or Bar Harbor.

Many of the British men-of-war lay in the roadstead to enjoy the gay doings of Nevis, and who knows but what Nelson, then a young man of twenty-six, in command of H. M. S. Boreas, may have danced with his future wife, the Widow Nesbit, in these spacious rooms.

The lady was the niece of Mr. Herbert, president of the council of Nevis, and doubtless a person of some importance. But she was older than Nelson, and it is to be feared, in the light of after events, that the romantic surroundings, the tropical moonlight, pungent odors and lovely flowers may have clothed the fair widow with a halo that faded in the severer light of everyday life. For when Nelson, not long be-

fore his marriage to the Widow Nesbit, writing to a dear friend, says: "You will surely like the dear object for her sense and polite manners," it is hardly the language of an ardent lover.

Leaving some of our party to analyze for themselves the charms of the sulphur springs, the rest of us leave the desolate old ruin which speaks so loudly of by-gone glories, and keep on our ascent up the hill. At last we come to a well-built, modern-looking church, the church in which Nelson was married for better or worse to his "dear object." At least so the story goes.

But it is as inaccurate as many other stories told. For they were not married here at all, but on an old estate, the ruins of which we can just see over that clump of green trees across the hill.

We stop, however, at the church, and a handsome negress, acting as sexton, opens the door for us. It is an ordinary little building, recently repaired, so that no look of the past hangs around it. Only the tombstones which pave the floor are really old, and they are dated as far back as 1662. In a little room apart from the rest of the church we see in a ponderous and

much-fingered registry the entry of the marriage of "Horatio Nelson, of His Majesty's ship Boreas to Frances H. Nesbit, widow, on March 11, 1787."

We linger a few moments under the spell of the memories that name broguht up, for if England associates one of her greatest men with the name of Nevis, how much more should we Americans look on the island with reverence. For here, in 1757, was born Alexander Hamilton, one of the greatest of our American statesmen. There is little known of his family or of him in his youth except that he sailed for America in 1772. Perhaps he may have come to this church as a lad, and have looked out on this lovely view, which holds us all entranced by its beauty. We would gladly have stayed longer, but we tear ourselves away from the place, say good-by to the negress, and wind slowly up the road. Our objective point is a windmill, standing on a high hill, which has attracted our attention since we left the town. When we reach it we find it is superbly situated on a hillside, with a view that is incomparable. The green hill slopes down to the ocean, where St. Kitts, Statia, and the dis-

tant Saba seem to float in that sky-blue sea like ethereal creatures from another world.

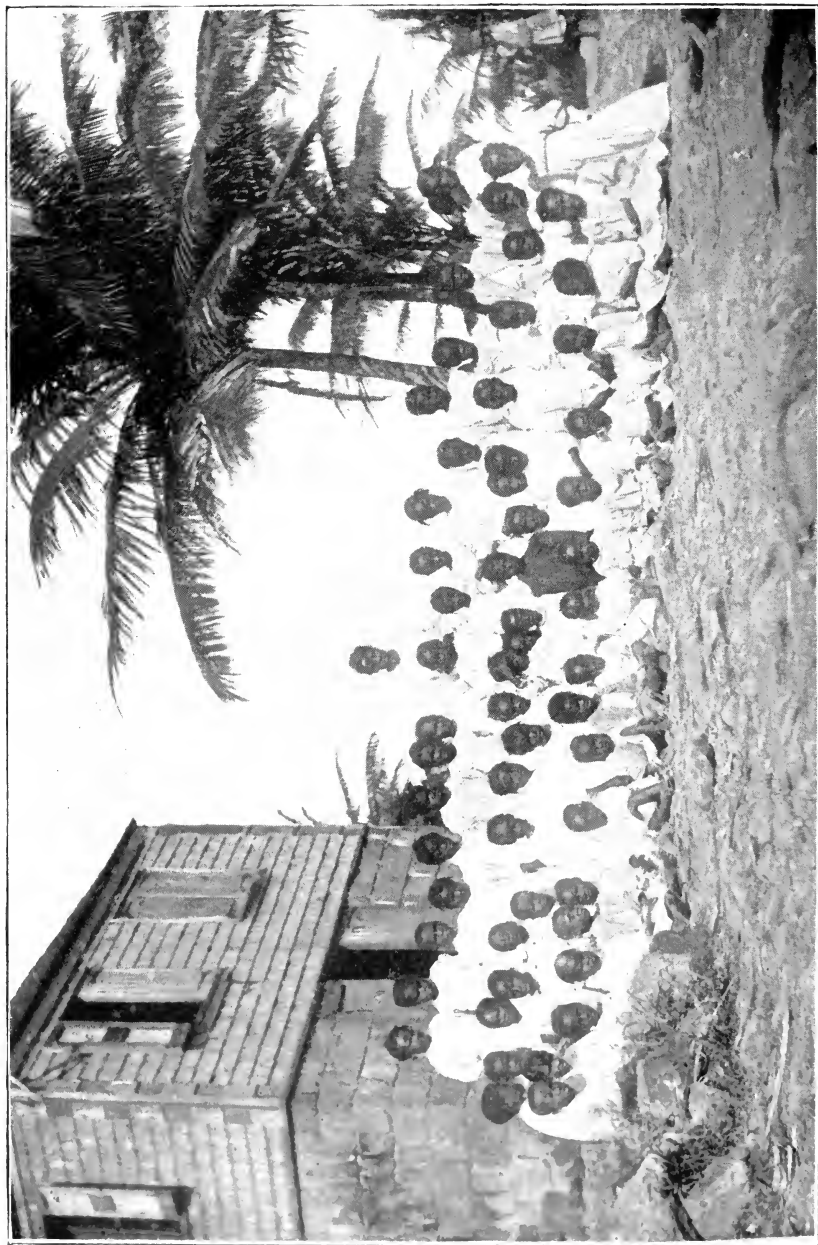
This windmill is one of the remnants of the old contrivances for crushing sugar. There is no steam, no rushing machinery, only four great fans, that move majestically in the light air, turning with dignified slowness two crushers inside the mill. Standing near the crushers is an antiquated negro putting two or three canes at a time in a tired way between the rollers. They disappear, and gradually a few drops of juice trickle out into a pan put to receive them. The whole thing is so pathetically out of date, so left behind, that it is patriarchal. Its thoughts seem far in the past, when a sugar mill was like a gold mine, and sugar ruled men and fortunes in the West Indies.

How many fortunes this same old mill must have squeezed out, for the owner of this magnificent estate! What luxury and splendor it must have seen before the days of bounties on beet-root sugar, overproduction and American machinery! And what squalor and retrogression surround it now! The sun of its greatness has long since set, and it is the only trace



NEVIS.

"The church in which Nelson was married." Page 232.



NEVIS.

“We seat them to be photographed with the school mistress in the back.” *Page 239.*

of the palmy days of the island when Nevis was a garden and not a ruin.

Not quite the only trace. Leading from the old mill is a grass-grown trail, which was once a stately avenue. It is bordered by straight palms, standing out clearly against the high green mountain behind. This avenue leads through the estate to the ruins of the old manor house which we see ahead. They are overgrown with lemons, tamarinds and all manner of underbrush. But the fountain of white marble, the broad flight of stone steps leading up to what was once the hospitable veranda, and the large wine cellar below, speak eloquently of what the house must have been before its glory had departed.

The situation is unequaled for beauty. The mountains are high and commanding; the vegetation luxuriant, and under the green boughs and between the flowering plants are lovely vistas of the violet ocean unfolding its beauty far beneath, as though challenging our admiration.

What an estate it must have been, and what a ruin it still is! It stands as a constant

reminder of the days which have once been, but are gone forever from this ruined land.

But nothing can be really sad in that glorious flood of sunshine, with such a wealth of vegetation to cover all decay, and with the charming companionship of our friends, which makes the present seem so much more delightful than the past could ever have been.

The steward had been before us, and when we come we find the rim of the fountain turned into an improvised table, with our plates and glasses laid around it in a circle, and a most appetizing smell of coffee pervading the air. At last all the sulphur spring bathers arrive on the scene, with the exception of the two who are driving in the gig. We wait and wait until, if the wanderers do not soon join us, hunger will get the better of good manners. At last, fearing that some accident may have befallen them, we send a messenger after them with a carriage, for we were mindful of the qualities of the "one hoss shay."

After some delay the two men at last come to light in the wagon we had sent for them, safe, but convulsed with laughter. Not long

after leaving the bath house, one of the wheels of the gig became loose and in a minute came off altogether, leading the men to roll out at the roadside, one after the other. Instead of sending back to the town to get another carriage, the negroes who were guiding them sent around the country in all directions to bring a new wheel to the gig, on the principle of bringing the mountain to Mahomet. Three wheels were brought to the field of action. One was very small, the other absurdly large; the third was approximately the size of the remaining wheel of the gig. But this seemed to suit the Nevites quite well, so the large and small wheels were fastened on, and our friends commenced to climb the hill.

But this was most trying. The big wheel persisted in going faster than the small one, so that the gig moved in a mysterious zigzag way up the hill, like a ship tacking in a head wind. Just when our messenger reached them, the horse had come to a standstill, absolutely refusing to move; his equine mind being evidently upset by the unusual gyrations of the diversified wheels behind. They at once jumped into the

carriage sent for them and soon reached us and their luncheon.

That luncheon under the shade of an enormous old banyan tree will always be one of the pleasantest of our memories of the West Indies. The luncheon itself was delicious; the cold things were cold and those that were meant to be warm were hot. Every one was in good humor, and even the smallest pieces of wit were met with the appreciation worthy of better things.

We take photographs, of course, and equally, of course, in our zeal, always took two or three on the same plate. But this did not disturb our joy in the least, as we were delightfully unconscious of the fact until a month later. When the men light their cigars and lie around in attitudes which, if not picturesque, smack of extreme comfort, there is much pleasant conversation and moments of pleasanter contented silence.

At last the sun shining on us from beneath the branches of the big trees warns us that we must tear ourselves away, if we wish to reach St. Kitts before dusk. So we bundle ourselves

into our rickety old vehicles, drive down the stately avenue and pass a queer little village, built of small wooden cabins shaded by great overhanging palms.

Suddenly there comes to our ears out of one of these cabins the strangest sound. It is a humming and a buzzing, as though a beehive had taken possession of the hut. Curiosity gets the better of us for the second time to-day, and we get out to see the cause of the noise. As we look into the door of the house we see lines of tiny colored children ranged in two rows along the wall. Before them is a nice-looking colored woman, who is teaching them to drone the addition table in a monotonous voice. "One and one is two; one and two is three," and so on endlessly until it sounds like the hum of insects. At our appearance all work is suspended, and all the school paraded and shown off for our benefit. The teacher is an intelligent woman; she has the children well in hand, and no matter what they may forget during their lives, it surely will not be the addition table. We get them all outside, to their intense delight, and seat them to be

photographed, with the schoolmistress at the back; and a funny sight they make with their black faces shining in the sun and the perspiration rolling down their cheeks.

We drive down the hill in the mellow evening light, which makes the sea look like some immaterial element in its spirit-like beauty, get into our boats, and are rowed quickly out to the Scythian. Then comes the sail back to St. Kitts in the gathering twilight, after the setting sun has made the most exquisite lights and shades on the bare green slopes.

As the officers leave us for their own quarters, one of them says he had never supposed the West Indies could have given him so much pleasure as he had enjoyed to-day, and we all feel that our picnic to Nevis will stand out as a red-letter day.

Our last evening in the Leeward Islands is spent with the captain of the Essex. He sent his gig over for us and we are rowed to his ship, where we have a homelike little dinner in his luxurious quarters. After dinner we make all kinds of plans as to how we are to meet next summer in home waters, and at last we get up

to go. Just then a sweet tenor voice floats in to us through the open door, singing: "Say *au revoir*, but not farewell," with an expression which puts new life into the time-honored song. As we come on deck, all the lads of the training ship join in the chorus with their fresh boyish voices. The song voices our own sentiments so well that we pause on the deck, with the white moon lighting the familiar faces around us. The sweet music and tender light make a little scene which we will not soon forget. As we go down the gangway I fear that the steps seem indistinct and the kindly faces of our friends bidding us "*Au revoir*," a little blurred, by reason of a queer mist in our eyes which could only come from tears.

The captain himself takes us home in his gig, and we sadly watch it disappear in the darkness, after we have bidden him good-by, for we know that early in the morning we shall have left the Essex and our kind friends for good. As a matter of fact, however, we have never said a real-farewell to the friends made during those sunny hours in a foreign land. We meet them constantly, and it is

always a fresh delight to talk over the old times, with the true enjoyment of old friends.

Early the next morning we leave St. Kitts. Statia and Saba are far behind before we get on deck, and St. Croix and Porto Rico are passed far away in the distance.

Our tide of misfortune seems to be on the ebb, and everything is more cheerful. The invalid is growing quite herself again, and all the bad weather seems to have been left behind.

During our forty-six hours' run between St. Kitts and Santo Domingo the weather is a dream, instead of a nightmare. It was for this that we had come to the West Indies, and it seemed hard that almost the only taste we had of smooth seas and balmy breezes should be when we were homeward bound. Where the Mona Passage opens out into the Caribbean there is a little shaking up, just to show us that the tiger's claws were still there, but even that is broken by Mona Island itself, a dreary, bare-looking stretch of land. But before the port of Santo Domingo is reached we have to pass what

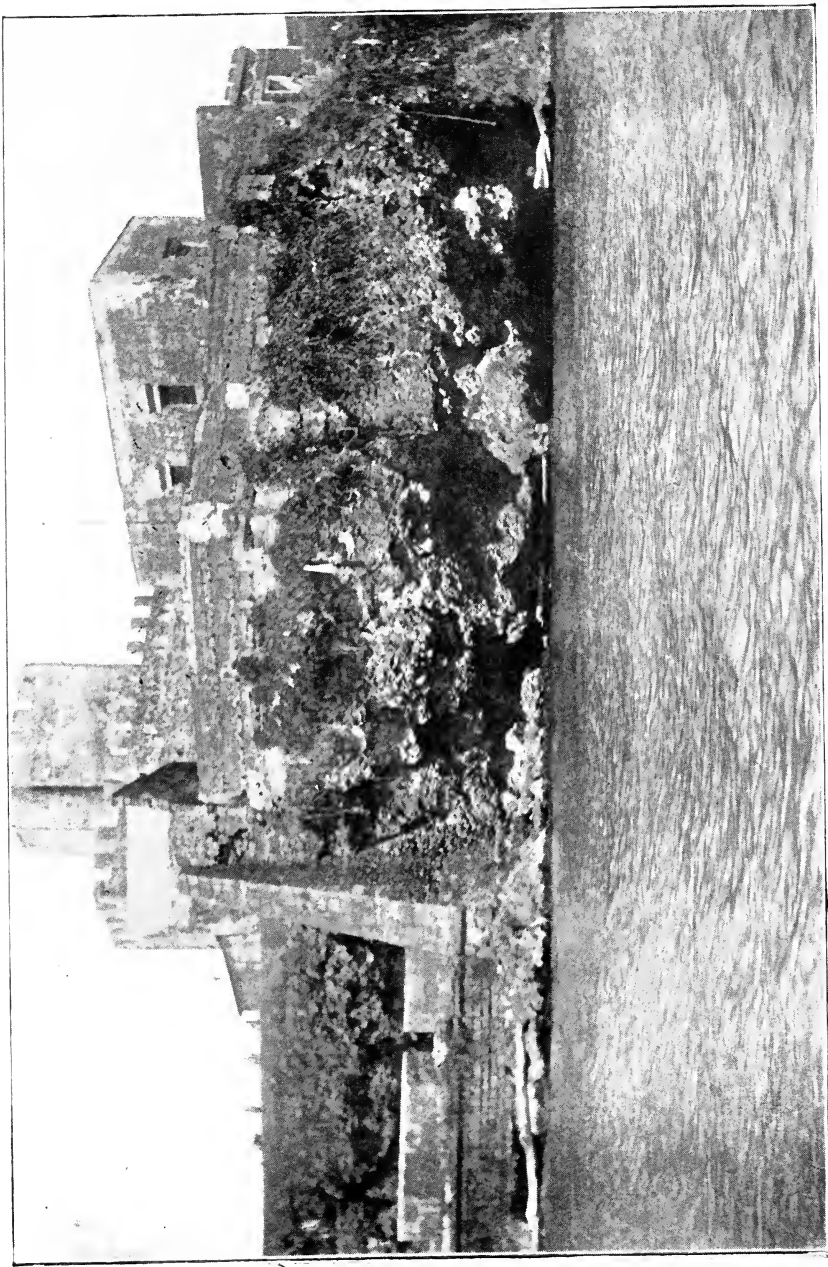
is probably one of the most dangerous spots in the West Indian waters. This is a reef lying about ten miles off Saona Island. There is no lighthouse or buoy to mark it, and on every chart its distance from Saona Island is found to be differently placed. So the chart, which is supposed to be an infallible guide to the mariner, as the well-trained conscience is to the Christian, is of no use whatever in locating the danger. We steer well to the southward, however, and come to no grief by being in any unpleasant proximity to land. When we reach Santo Domingo we find that there was good cause for anxiety in passing this reef, as it has wrecked many a good ship.

CHAPTER XI.

SANTO DOMINGO.

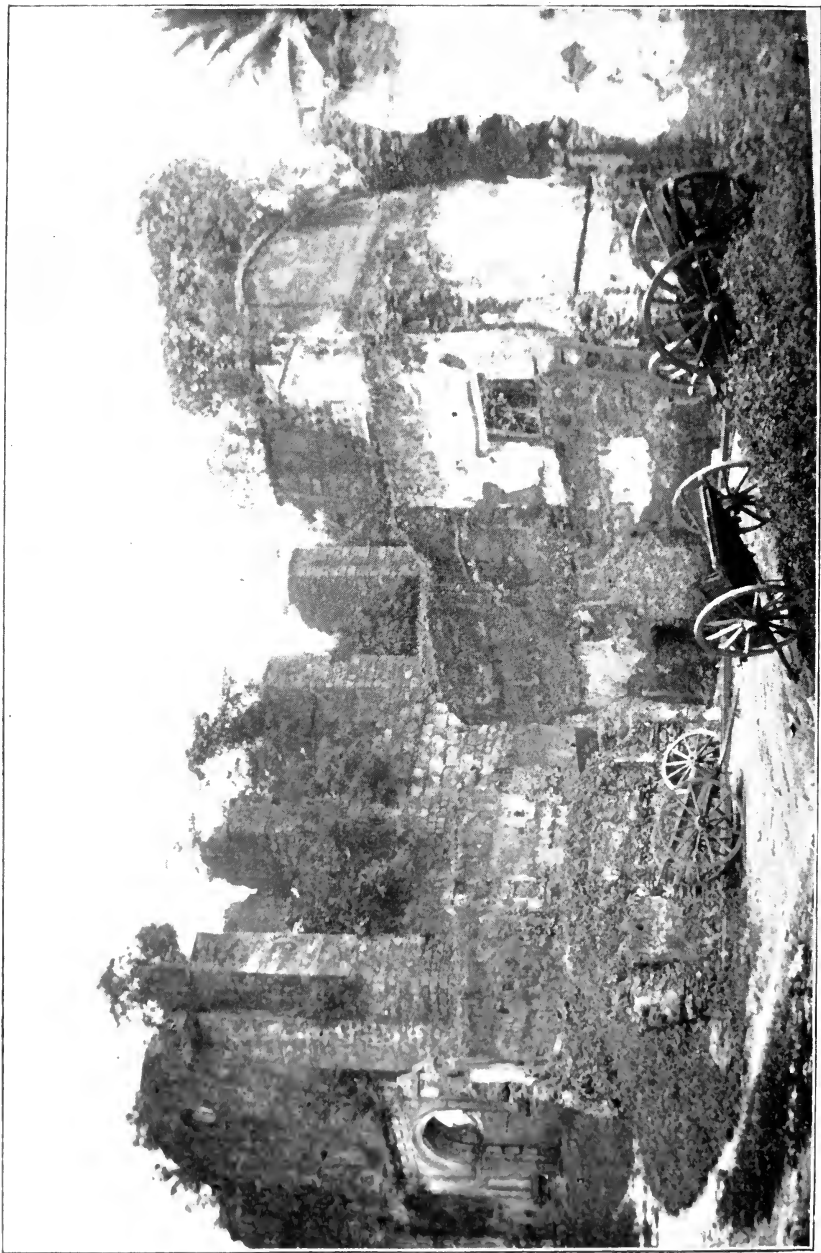
ANY wise person going to Santo Domingo will arrive there by daylight, so as to go at once up the river to the inner harbor opposite the city. We are not wise, and come to anchor at two o'clock that superb moonlight morning in the outer harbor. There we remain until eight, rolling backward and forward, now with a short, decisive roll, now with the long-drawn out, stately roll which makes you wonder if you are not going all the way around.

When day breaks we derive a little comfort from seeing a big Swedish bark near us rolling her bulwarks under at every lurch. But no rest comes to us until the pilot rows out to our rescue, clambers up the little rope ladder let down for his benefit, orders the anchor up, rings the bell "Easy ahead," starts us on our way to the inner harbor and smoother waters.



SANTO DOMINGO.

“The old Spanish fortress hoar and yellow with age.” *Page 246.*



SANTO DOMINGO.

“Up the shore are the ruins of the palace built by Columbus's son, Diego.” *Page 247.*

The bar is dangerous and the channel winding and narrow, so the captain asks our pilot—a very magnificent specimen of black humanity, dressed in the whitest of white clothes—to please be very careful of the old Scythian.

“Oh, signorita,” he exclaims, “have no fear! I don’t want to be shot.”

Failing to see any point to his remark, we say that of course he does not want to be shot any more than we want to be shipwrecked. Then, by way of conversation, we ask why losing our boat makes him think of losing his life.

“Why,” he answered airily, “you know if I lost your boat President Heureaux would shoot me at once. The pilots here used to make great profits by putting boats ashore and then getting them off again. But *He* (with the emphasis on the *He* which can only be expressed in writing by a capital H) stopped all that. He published an edict that he would shoot any one who grounded a vessel, and since then (with a regretful sigh for the good old days) no ship has ever gone ashore. That is his shooting place just over there,” he remarks casually, pointing to a group of palm trees peacefully

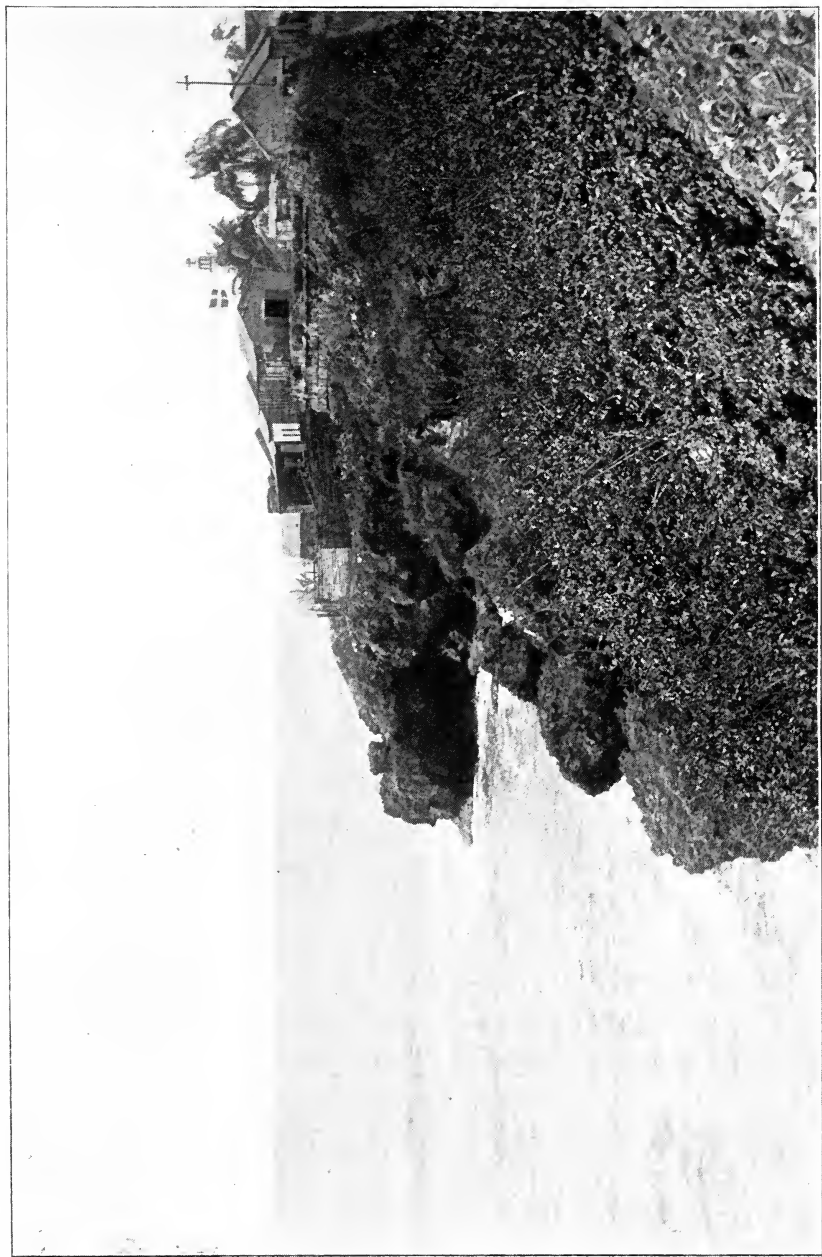
waving their long feather-duster-like leaves in the gentle breeze.

A silence falls upon our party, and the captain asks in a voice which tries to sound indifferent, if he is very fond of shooting foreigners. For we had not yet crossed the bar, and there was still room in the channel to turn round.

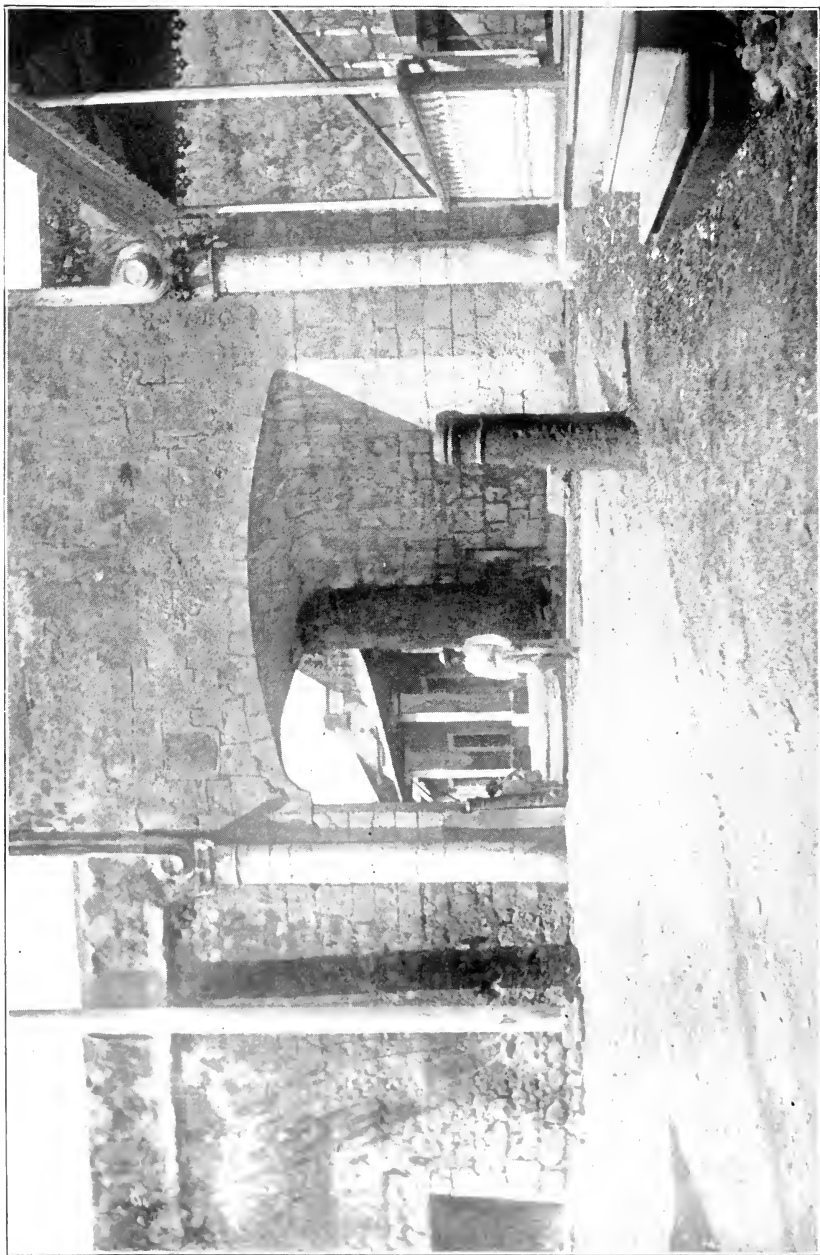
“Foreigners! *Dios mios!* No, he loves foreigners, especially Americans. Why, he already knows you are here, and is expecting your visit.”

We are relieved. It is pleasant to think that a president is waiting to see you, even if he be a black president, who shoots pilots without trial. So we turn with an almost personal interest to look at the city we are nearing. It is well worth looking at that beautiful March morning, with the sunlight making a glory of everything it touches.

The city lies on a bluff between the river Ozaba and the sea. Standing boldly out, as though to guard the city behind, is the old Spanish fortress, the Homenage, hoar and yellow with age as the rock from which it springs. The first impression you get of Santo Domingo



SANTO DOMINGO.
“Frowning down on sea and shore.” *Page 247.*



SANTO DOMINGO.

"We make our way through the gateway." *Page 248.*

is of this magnificent old castle, frowning down on sea and shore, dominating the whole scene, as well as your own thoughts. From the fortress runs the city wall, broken here and there by stone parapets, and pierced by a gateway, giving the city the peculiarly mediæval look which characterizes it.

Inside the wall the city is clustered, with its buildings, churches and convents, all a warm golden brown in the morning light. Farther up the shore are the ruins of the palace built by Columbus' son, Diego, who married Doña Maria de Toledo, the niece of the great Duke of Alva. Diego lived here in great magnificence, and the old pile is still called "Casa de Colon."

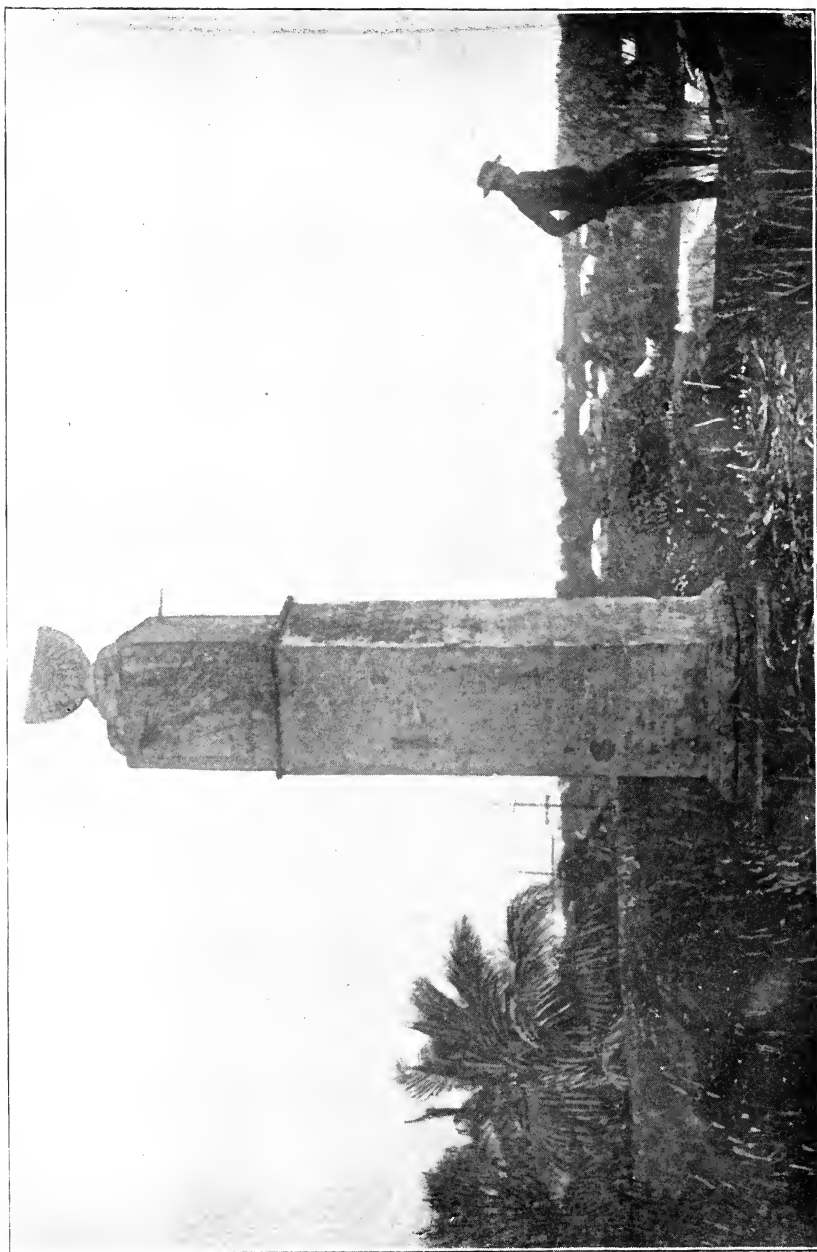
The adjective "old" is the word which comes most naturally to one's lips in speaking of Santo Domingo. So it is just as well to vindicate here and now its constant use, by saying once for all that it really is old—the oldest city, in fact, of European origin on this continent. It was founded by Bartholomew Columbus way back in the fourteen hundreds, when his brother Christopher thought the world so small that he believed he had sailed halfway round

and had landed in Japan; and when America was not even dreamed of.

So we have a perfect right to be impressed with the antiquity of the town, as we steam slowly across the bar in safety—a great relief to both the pilot and myself—and come to anchor opposite his “shooting place.” Coming to anchor, by the way, means here being tied bow and stern to a couple of palm trees on the shore, just as a horse is “hitched” to a post with us.

We go on shore at once, land at a good dock, and make our way through the beautifully carved gateway into the city. Walking up a hill inside the wall, we pass an old sundial, which has the sad and dreary look of one whose days of usefulness are over. Here we catch glimpses of an old Spanish church used as a butcher’s shop, and there of an old Spanish convent turned into a theater.

The streets are lined with two-storied houses, whitewashed, pink-washed, or blue-washed, with walls four feet thick, and balconies running along the windows of the second



SANTO DOMINGO.

"An old sun dial which has a sad and dreary look." *Page 248.*



SANTO DOMINGO.
"An old Spanish convent." Page 248.

stories. The doors all open into the street, and through them we see the patios, filled with flowers, shrubs, fountains and easy-chairs, where the signoritas take their afternoon siestas. So cool, green and shady do they look in comparison to the hot, dusty white street, that we would fain have tried those armchairs, under the shade of those palm trees. But the president is still waiting, so on we trudge—on to his palace.

The palace is in no way different from the other houses, except that it is slightly larger, washed a little whiter, and that at its door sits a man in dark-blue livery. To him we give our cards. He disappears for a moment, and returns to bow us, with a well-regulated bow, through the door into the patio, and up a flight of stairs which leads to the balcony surrounding the upper story.

At the top stands a tall, finely made black man, of commanding presence and martial bearing, who is grave, dignified and courteous. He welcomes each of us as we reach the top with a quiet shake of the hand, which we notice is slightly paralyzed. He is well dressed in a

dark-blue suit, with small brass buttons. His linen is irreproachable, his small feet are encased in shining patent leather shoes, and his hands are well kept, with almond-shaped nails. He is altogether a rather imposing personage. The president leads the way into a drawing room unostentatiously furnished, gravely offers us each a chair, and seats himself at the same time.

Then ensues a moment when we all sit tongue-tied in a semicircle surrounding his armchair, our minds a blank. At last some one (we have all since disavowed the remark) volunteers to state in a weak voice that we came to Santo Domingo to see the bones of Columbus.

The president expresses a mild, very mild interest; but the ice is broken, and we soon find ourselves deeply interested in the conversation of this negro. President Heureau's personality is decidedly striking. He is now a man about fifty, and his face is distinctly negro in type, with brown skin, thick lips, and woolly hair. But



“He is altogether a rather imposing personage.” *Page 250.*



his eyes are keen and intelligent. His features, which at first are stolid, light up expressively as a quick smile flashes over his face. His English, which halts a little, flows more freely as he becomes interested in the conversation, and we feel ourselves in the presence of an extraordinary man, black man though he be.

He holds our attention in everything he says, for he understands himself and his subject thoroughly, be it American politics or French literature.

His ideas are often subtle, and always expressed in well-chosen language, and he is shrewd and observant to a degree, no detail being too small to escape his notice. In manner he is courteous and exceedingly suave. But an occasional flash of his eye, or note of command in his voice, give an insight into what the man must be when his potential strength and fierceness are roused. We can comprehend that under this quiet, guarded exterior there is another man, who loves fighting and the din of battle as he loves his life. This is the man who leads his soldiers on to victory, with an old straw hat tied under his chin,

swinging his saber, shouting his orders, and inspiring his followers with enthusiastic devotion.

We sit talking to him, or rather listening to him, for an hour, and then rise to go. He begs us to wait a moment and takes a key from his pocket, which he gives with a whispered direction to his servant. The servant returns in a short time, bringing a tray with a bottle of champagne and six glasses—large glasses, too. We view this proceeding with consternation, for remember, it is but ten o'clock in the morning, and we are never given to drinking champagne at the best of times. But the president pours out the wine, and gives us each a glass; so drink perforce we must, standing in a circle around him. He makes a graceful little toast to the captain of the Scythian, touches his glass to ours, sips a drop of wine, and puts his glass down. After this ceremony he escorts us down to the patio, which is full of flowers, from which he picks a large bunch, and we take our departure with his roses in our hands.

He is remarkably fond of flowers, and the story goes that he once planted a quantity of them in the Plaza. The citizens also admired

the flowers, and from time to time would cull lovely bouquets with which to adorn their houses. This aroused the wrath of the president. He issued an edict that any one found picking the flowers on the Plaza should be shot. A soldier was stationed at each corner, with his belt full of cartridges, to carry out the order. Since then the flowers have bloomed undisturbed.

We go out again into the hot streets, and hail a funny little cab, looking like a burlesque on a Paris *fiacre*, drawn by a scraggy broncho, whose intentions may be good, but whose gait is of the slowest. The streets, although scrupulously clean and possessed of good gutters, are execrably paved, or rather not paved at all. But in spite of the deficiency in pavements, we feel that we have reached a metropolis, compared with any other West Indian town, Barbadoes of course excepted.

The better part of the town is imposing, and remains to-day almost as it was built by the Spanish. But amid all the old world atmosphere which pervades this city of the fifteenth century, there are certain incongruities which

are most suggestive of the nineteenth, and that recall us rather sharply from the town of the Colons to the Santo Domingo of to-day. The jingling bell of the tram car drawn by mules, and running from the principal streets to the suburbs, are disturbing to all ideas of Spanish times. Electric light wires, telegraph poles, and shops filled with American "notions" to be sold at "cut prices" are far from mediæval. Black-browed Spanish signoritas, adorned not by mantilla, rose and fan, but dressed in shirt waists, and alas! bloomers, whisk by us on bicycles, and bring us with a start from the times of romantic adventure to the present prosaic day.

This change may be regretted from an esthetic point of view. But from a practical standpoint this clean town with regular streets, and evidences of modern ideas, point to a real progress. It is the only town in the West Indies where the inhabitants were too busy to stare, and too well-to-do to beg, a condition of affairs certainly unlooked for in a republic under a black president.

We have all heard tales of Haiti; tales of

filth and degradation, of bad government and worse morals, which would seem incredible were they not vouched for by such men as Froude and Sir Spencer St. John. The Black Republic, they say, is gradually relapsing into a barbarism, where cannibalism and African serpent worship are not unknown. But here, side by side with Haiti, is another Black Republic which is surely advancing along the path of civilization.

Probably one cause for this difference lies in the fact that Haiti has never found a hand strong enough to grasp the reins of government, and hold them tightly until the spirit of disorder was tamed. Santo Domingo, on the contrary, has found her man of "blood and iron"; he has crushed out revolt and forced peace on the country. Revolt was crushed unmercifully, and peace is kept at the sword's point, it is true. But the tranquillity thus obtained has laid the foundation of the future progress of the country. What prosperity Santo Domingo enjoys to-day, or may enjoy in the years to come, she owes to the imperious will of her great autocrat, Ullis Heureau.

Just then he drove past us. There is no guard or escort; his victoria is well appointed, drawn by one horse, and driven by a man in livery. He bows like a plain citizen, and no demonstration is made by the people in the street. He is a soldier in the simplicity of his habits and prides himself on being more democratic than his people. He walks unattended through the town, dines with his friends, always without an escort, and guarded only by his revolver, which, like all his countrymen, he always carries in his belt.

In the afternoon we walk up to the old fortress which had attracted us so irresistibly in the morning. Poor disappointed Columbus was supposed to have been thrown in chains into this dungeon by his arch enemy, Boabdillo, before he was sent in disgrace to Spain. But to be truthful, the whole place was burned down after Columbus left, so we do not need to sadden ourselves by such recollections. The present condition of the poor prisoners is quite sad enough.

The fort is used in part as a barracks, and in front are a number of tall, well-made soldiers,

dressed in uniforms of some dark-blue cotton stuff, whose belts are full of cartridges. No one knows how large an army the president really has. That is one of the little state secrets he keeps to himself.

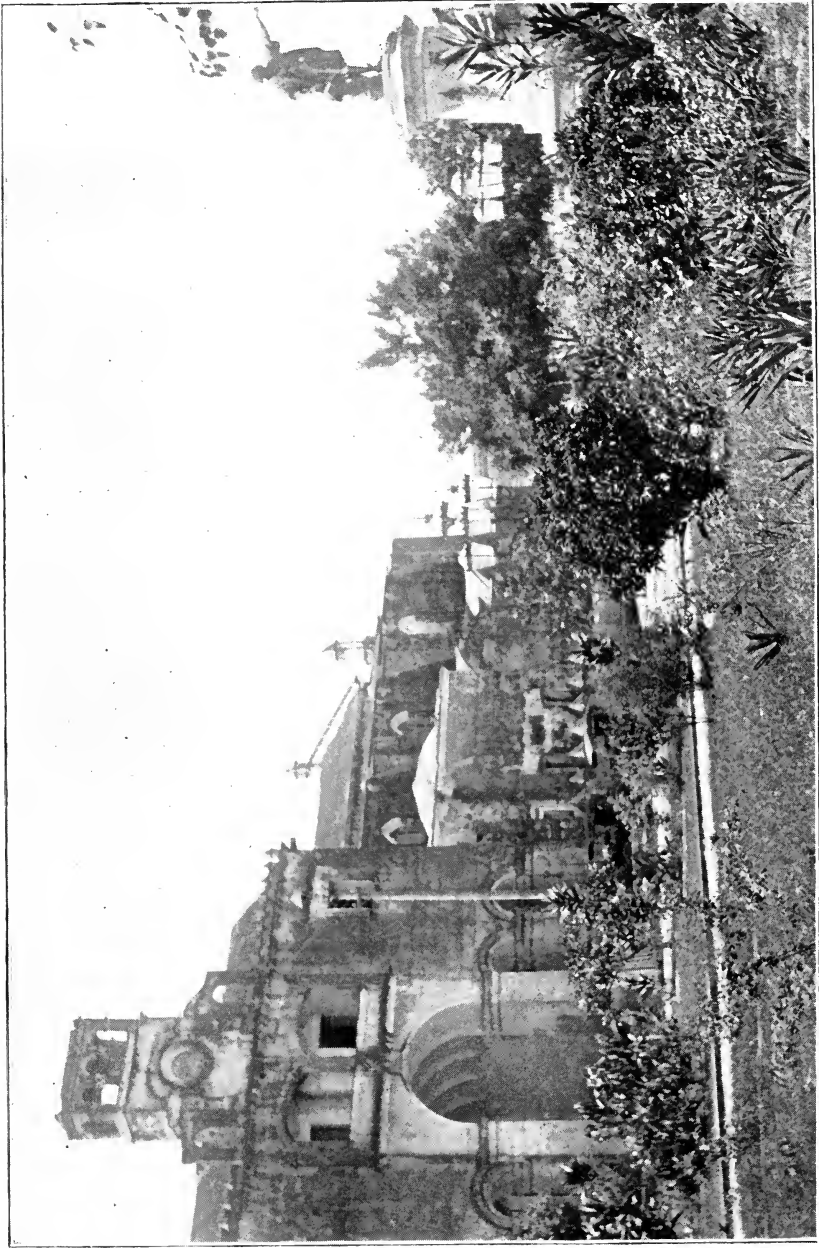
Inside the court are the common prisoners, who cook, eat and sleep on the bare ground, guarded by soldiers, with loaded pistols in their hands. Their fate, however, is heavenly compared to that of the political prisoners. These are confined in small, dark, inner dungeons, with no light and little air, where probably nothing but death can release them from their miseries.

“Political prisoners,” be it understood, means those who in any way oppose the schemes of the president.

If a man is suspected of not cherishing the most intense and enthusiastic devotion for the president and the most unqualified admiration for all his political acts, he is arrested and thrown into this dungeon. It is usually only the first stage of his journey to a better world. During one of the revolutions which from time to time divert the political world of Santo

Domingo, Heureaux's brother-in-law joined two other generals in a conspiracy against him. They were all arrested on the battlefield, and the two generals were at once shot; but, strangely enough, the brother-in-law was spared.

The president asked him to dine in his tent, gave him a fresh suit of clothes, as his own were travel-stained, and overwhelmed him with attentions. Surprise and hope ran high in the brother-in-law's heart. As the dinner progressed and he felt his life grow more and more secure, he became almost gay. Just as he began to sip his coffee, the president touched him lovingly on the shoulder and remarked: "Now, dear brother-in-law, you are to be shot." The brother-in-law was thunderstruck, and cried and begged for mercy. But the president upbraidingly reminded him that being his brother-in-law, he must be brave, for that all the Heureaux family were noted for their courage. Having joined his brother generals in a revolution, he must not hesitate to follow them further to the better world where they were await-



SANTO DOMINGO.

“The Cathedral is an imposing old structure.” *Page 259.*



SANTO DOMINGO.

“On the pedestal inscribing to Columbus all manner of eulogies is the figure of a Carib queen.” *Page 259.*

ing him. So while the president toyed with his fruit, his brother-in-law, having been dined and wined in this world, went to drink his coffee in the next.

From the fortress we went to see the 'Bones;' this being the colloquial term by which the remains of Columbus are spoken of in Santo Domingo.

We had really come here in the first instance on purpose to see the bones, but the living personality of the president, and the quaintness of his capital had rather side-tracked us for the time being. Our interest all revived as we made our way to the old cathedral, through the city so beloved by Columbus that he wished his remains to be brought here from Spain on his death. The cathedral is an imposing old structure, forming one side of the Plaza, and with a statue in front of the great discoverer. The statue is not bad, but the sculptor must have been the victim of some historical misunderstanding. On the pedestal, inscribing to Columbus all manner of eulogies in excellent Spanish, is the figure of a Carib queen, who had first been robbed of all her

possessions by his followers, and was then herself tortured to death.

Inside the cathedral we find awaiting us a high dignitary in the shape of an ex-postmaster-general, a most dilapidated old negro, whose clothes seem to have blown out of a ragbag and to have landed on him by mistake. He receives us solemnly, and our voices are unconsciously hushed to a whisper. The vulgar herd is shut out of the church, and in the half-twilight of the old basilica the ceremony begins. First a table, large and square, is brought out from some recess and placed in the center of the church, near the altar. Then a faded red brocade table-cover is exhumed and laid over the table with perfect gravity. Next the ex-postmaster-general walks solemnly toward the table, bearing aloft a glass case containing an open leaden casket, in which we see a little dust and a few dry, white, crumbling bones, all that remains of the great discoverer.

We try to summon up some appropriate thoughts for the occasion, but the absurdity of it all swallows up every feeling of awe. When

the ex-postmaster-general brings out a well-thumbed book, and asks us to make an affidavit over our signatures that we have seen the true and only bones of Columbus, the whole thing becomes a farce.

For, be it known, that Havana has had the impudence to set up a rival set of bones, and to declare in her turn that they are the true remains of Columbus.

When Spanish Santo Domingo was conquered by the French in 1785 it was surmised that the great Admiral could never rest in peace with his coffin lying in French soil. So with much pomp and ceremony, some bones supposed to be his were unearthed and carried to Havana. Shortly after, however, some other crumbling relics were dug up in the old cathedral, which the Dominicans, having now expelled the French, declared emphatically must be the true and only bones. Was not a leaden bullet found among them? Had not Columbus once written to Queen Isabella that his "old wound was once more troubling him?" And could that bullet have been any other than the one which caused that wound?

But in that case whose were the bones sent to Havana? Why, if not the rose, they had touched the rose. They must have belonged to the son of Columbus, Diego, who was also buried in the cathedral. And so the war has waged these many years over these poor crumbling remnants of humanity.

A few days later the president came to dine with us. We induced our friend, the pilot, to get us a Dominican flag, which broke out at the foremast when His Excellency set his foot on the deck, and we gave him a very hearty welcome on board the Scythian.

He went over the boat from stem to stern. No inducement to drink afternoon tea (for he came at five instead of half-past seven) would turn him from his task.

“When I have seen all then will I drink.”

And he certainly saw all. He had the anchor let down to see how it would come up. He rang every bell; started the engine ahead and then stopped her. He even asked to have the fire lit in the fireplace to ascertain if the chimney would draw on a boat. But as the afternoon was oppressively hot, and we had already on

our thinnest summer dresses, we managed to thwart that desire.

At last he came up from the fire room, where he had been sampling a piece of Pocahontas coal, threw himself into a comfortable chair, and said he "would now take his tea." Beckoning to his secretary, a sad-faced individual, whose dignity evidently sat heavily on him—perhaps because his head rested too lightly on his shoulders—he whispered something in his ear. The secretary at once stepped up to the men of our party, who were making themselves very agreeable to the president, and whispered in turn something in their ears. The smile died on their faces, their necks stiffened, and they stalked forward with outraged dignity plainly written on their expressive backs, the little secretary in tow.

We afterward found out, though with much difficulty, that the president had sent word to them that "they need not stay in this part of the boat, as he wanted to talk with the ladies alone."

His talk was well worth listening to, as he told to our sympathetic ears much of his most interesting history.

He was the son of an old cavalry officer in La Plata, and when he was a lad of seventeen his country was in the throes of a war against Spain. Being full of the fire of youth and jealous for the honor and independence of his country, he placed himself, unknown to his conservative old father, at the head of two hundred rash spirits like unto himself, and joined the insurrection against the Spanish. They began their warlike operations in his native city, La Plata. Having by some means gained possession of some of the government artillery, the young women of the town provided them with bullets, made with their own hands of lead and paper. At nine o'clock this little band of youthful insurgents sallied forth to begin the storming of the town. By daybreak, so effective did the bullets prove, the city was theirs.

So began the military career of Ullis Heureaux, which has lasted with but little interruption until the present — a battle, being in his own words “his most great delight.” The second Dominican Republic was declared in 1865, Heureaux making himself constantly more famous, combining

the genius of the military leader with the executive ability of the statesman. At the age of twenty-one he was made governor of La Plata, and had to turn his mind from warlike operations to the management of men and affairs. He cultivated himself, learned to speak French and English, and acquired the polish which now sits so well upon him.

His country meantime was torn with incessant revolts, equalling, if not excelling, anything which Haiti has seen.

Heureaux himself has seen three presidents elected, and three inaugural addresses read within twenty-four hours.

Under these too numerous presidents he rose higher and higher until, from being Minister of Interior, he became candidate for the presidency himself in 1886.

His election methods were, to say the least, strange. He rented a number of houses in the city, into which, the night before the election, he crowded all the men who would vote for him, and locked the doors so that no one could tamper with them. At daybreak on the morning of the election, he unlocked the doors, mar-

shalled out the men, and marched them to the polls before any of the opposing party had arrived. Here they cast their votes, and also spent the rest of the day, so completely blocking the polls that none but his own adherents were allowed to reach them.

It is needless to say that he was unanimously elected! "But since then," he remarked with unconscious piquancy, "I have allowed no one to run against me, for that election cost me \$350,000."

His policy since his election has been one of stern repression toward rebels. He will give a man fair and generous treatment so long as he remains loyal. If he turns traitor, he is shot down like a dog. His aim has been to bring his country out of the chaotic state into which years of civil war had plunged it, and to make it a modern state with modern improvements. He considers that the first step toward the realization of this ideal is to govern the people by force, like a dictator, until they are so accustomed to obey the law and to love order that they will be able to govern themselves.

Toward the end of our visit to Santo Domingo

the president expressed a wish that we should see his three gunboats. They are lying just ahead of us in the river, and we had looked at them with much curiosity. One of them was the former English yacht *Deerhound*, which had played such an unsavory part in the minds of Americans in the great Alabama-Kearsarge fight off Cherbourg. She is now the flagship of His Excellency's fleet of three vessels.

Arrangements were made that the president would call for us at three o'clock and go with us to the boats. At three promptly he appeared, with his sad private secretary, his Minister of the Interior, and two other gentlemen of color, whose rank we were unable to fathom. He sends away his own boat and says he wishes to go over in our launch, in order to see how it runs.

The launch is brought around, we all get in, and then he proceeds without asking any one's permission to take the wheel. First he runs us into the rope by which we are tied to the shore. When we are extricated, after some trouble, we go on without further disaster until we reach

the old Deerhound, now the Presidencio. We do not come up to the gangway in the usual method, as he does not understand steering any too well.

We hit it, and hit it hard, for the launch is full of people and heavy. There is an ominous sound of crashing, and the beautiful mahogany gangway bears the impress of our launch's bow. However, we walk up and find ourselves in the midst of a large party. The men are magnificent in uniforms, consisting for the most part of gold lace, with a perfect eruption of brass buttons. The ladies are without exception stout and dark, whether they were dusky Spaniards or fair negresses we have never been able to determine.

As the president comes up, they all rise around him in a circle. He takes the captain by the hand, and speaking in Spanish, which he afterward translates into English for our benefit, says: "Ladies and gentlemen, let me present to you the Signorita Suzanne and her friends." Then we all make low bows to each other and wonder what will come next. It is champagne that comes. We again stand in

a circle and glasses are passed and filled. The Admiral, a full-blooded negro, whose vocation in life seems to be to laugh at the president's jokes, stands directly behind us with his officers. The president lifts his glass and solemnly says: "As America has no queen, let us drink to the health of America's representative who is with us to-day—the Signorita Suzanne."

They all echo, "To the Signorita Suzanne," and drain their glasses to the last drop. All but the admiral. When the president began his speech the admiral evidently thought that he could drink his wine in peace without having to laugh. Just as he had taken a large mouthful of champagne the president made some humorous little remark which called for some notice on his part. The poor admiral, in his effort to laugh, became a watering pot, sprinkling champagne from every part of his face instantaneously. He choked, spluttered, and searched his pockets vainly for a handkerchief. He appealed by gestures to his brother officers to help him. They either would not, or more probably could not, oblige him.

At last my brother-in-law, with a courtly air, stepped forward and with a courteous "allow me," handed the poor man a handkerchief, in which he hid his face and which he never returned.

On all three of the gunboats the captain's health was drunk, but as the reward of merit, we were also taken all over the vessels. The president takes the utmost pride in his navy. He has workshops in which much of the work is done, and for small boats they are very complete. They say that steam is always up in one of them, so that in case a revolution breaks out he can take it to a place of safety.

He goes on board at any hour of the day or night, and if all is not quite to his liking woe betide the unfortunate offender. He came there one morning at five o'clock, and finding that the engineer had not yet had his coffee, waited until the cabin boy put in his appearance. Then quietly putting down his cup, he took up the cabin boy and gave him as sound a thrashing as he could—and he is a powerful man. As he took up his cup again he said to the boy that he thought that now he would remember to

have the engineer's coffee at the hour ordered; and he has always remembered.

When the festivities are over on the gunboats the president says that he would like the ladies present to go over and see the Scythian. Before we realize what it means he has seated ten of them in the launch, and we are *en route* for the Scythian.

Now each of these ladies weighed at the least one hundred and eighty pounds, and what was worse, did not speak a word of English, French or German, while we knew no Spanish. So we simply carried them over the boat from place to place, without the possibility of exchanging an idea or a word. They talked very hard, and we laughed. When something more than laughter seemed necessary we pointed at various articles of interest, and then they would take their turn at laughing. They pointed up to the heavens, and we thought they meant that it was a beautiful evening and we nodded our heads vigorously. But this must have been a wrong supposition, for they immediately shook theirs

equally hard and looked rather offended. The arrival of the president was an infinite relief, and a load was taken off us when he finally took them away. The Scythian seemed to stand higher out of water as they left her side.

This was the last we saw of this most interesting man, and we sat on deck in the evening and summed up our opinions of him. He was undoubtedly cruel, rapacious and selfish, but his will was iron, his judgment keen, and his head extremely level. He is one of the most interesting men we had ever met, and probably one of the most unscrupulous. But he gave us an idea of what a black republic can be and of what a black president can do, if he be a thorough tyrant. We end by dubbing him the black Napoleon of the West Indies, and left his country the next day with sincere regret.

CHAPTER XII.

JAMAICA—AND HOME.

THE run of fifty hours between Jamaica and Santo Domingo is entirely uneventful and altogether delightful. The seas are so smooth and the breezes so wooing that it requires a certain strength of character to keep our hearts steeled against them. If they had only given us a little more of this kind treatment, how we should have extolled the pleasures of yachting in the West Indies to our friends, instead of holding up our hands in horror when such a thing was mentioned!

But although we do not give way to our softer feelings, we do melt sufficiently to acknowledge that when the weather by chance is good in the Caribbean, it is an ideal sheet of water for yachting.

It is intensely hot, and we sit in absolute idleness, glad to rest after our unusual dissipations in Santo Domingo. But the mercury in

the pilot house has the energy to climb up to ninety-two degrees! To what dizzy heights it soars in the fire room we dare not ask, but only give orders to slow her down as much as possible, to ease the poor firemen.

So we loaf along in a happy, lazy way, quite content to prolong a little longer the pleasure of the trip.

The only mental effort of which we are guilty is to wonder vaguely if we shall pass the Island of Alta Vera in safety during the night. But even that does not rouse us to serious thought, although it is a dangerous place, and of course unlighted. We do go by, however, in safety, and come on deck the next morning to see the mountains of Jamaica trying to outdo the clouds themselves in mistiness, off on the horizon.

But we are too practiced now in making out mountains to be taken in by any such affectation of spirituality on their parts, and our skepticism is justified when their noble outlines soon stand out distinctly, shrouded though they are in a curious haze. This, we find, is caused by an atmosphere of dust which constantly circles round the island during the dry season. The

whole land is enveloped in this haze, which is golden in the sunlight, violet in the shadows, and a dull gray when deprived of its reflected light by the setting of the sun.

In the morning light the country is a warm, golden brown, and as we stand watching the land, half a dozen tiny specks away on the water arouse our curiosity. We soon see that they are ships, and as they get nearer we see they are men-of-war, coming toward us at full speed, with the English flag fluttering at their sterns.

They dive into the great head seas, part the water on each side of their bows into great glassy waves, and throw the spray high into the air in a glittering shower. With their shining black sides, and their easy, graceful motions, they look for all the world like a school of mammoth porpoises playing lazily round the smother of some vessel's bow.

But their looks is the only lazy thing about them, for hardly do we realize that they are abeam before they are well astern. They carry such a wake that we roll around like a cockle shell, and must present an amusing sight to the Englishmen as we hang on as though for life to

the railings. Later on we find that they are a part of England's North Atlantic squadron, which, having received orders to go at full speed to Bermuda, were undoubtedly making all of twenty knots as they passed us.

By two o'clock the pilot makes for us in his sailboat, a funny little craft, but stanch and seaworthy, as any boat must be to live in this sea of strong currents and rough waves. The pilot seems undecided in his own mind as to how he will board us. First he makes for one side, and we steer around to give him a lee; then he tacks right round to the other, and ends by getting directly in front, where we almost hit him. We back quickly, however, before any damage is done, and after extricating himself, he edges round by means of a line thrown him, reaches the rope ladder, and clambers on deck.

A couple of hours later he has brought us safely to Port Royal, where the British health officials take us into their possession.

Never had we passed through such an examination! No clean bills of health, no assurance of the perfect well-being of all on board would

satisfy them—we must all stand up and be counted, one by one.

So all the ship's company is marshalled on deck, and we make quite a respectable showing when all massed together in rows. There are four of ourselves, the sailing master, mate and four sailors. Then comes the engine department, headed by the "chief" himself, in his spotless uniform, casting apologetic glances at his four smutty-faced firemen, who had not had time to "wash up," while the second engineer brings up the rear. The two stewards and two cooks, who have donned clean white caps for the occasion, and the maid come next, and last but not least—the dogs.

The officers then proceed to count us head by head, pausing to consult the papers, to make sure that none of us had died and been buried at sea. They look askance at the dogs, and for a moment we fear that their canine bills of health will be inquired for, but that danger is avoided.

Seeing that we look unequivocally healthy, they at last release us from our bondage, and allow Scythian to go on its way up to Kingston.

This town lies on a magnificent harbor, with high mountains surrounding it on three sides. An old Spanish fort frowns down at us defiantly as we pass, but we are not to be intimidated, and go on up to Kingston. The harbor is absolutely dead-and-alive. An English man-of-war, a schooner yacht, and the American yacht *Sultana*, taking on coal preparatory to leaving to-morrow, are the most conspicuous features in the harbor of England's largest West Indian possession. Kingston is a large city, as southern cities go, and one would expect to find the harbor fairly alive with trade and shipping of every description. But all is listless and lifeless—a sure indication of the ruin which is staring Jamaica in the face.

There is one thing of which Jamaica can boast, and that is of her excellent hotels. Some years ago a grand exposition was held here, to which it was thought people would throng from every quarter of the globe. To accommodate a fragment of the expected multitude, two large hotels were built, with a guarantee from the government—one the Myrtle Bank in Kingston, the other the Constant

Spring, five miles from town. The exhibition took place, and was a great financial failure. Prince George, some Englishmen interested in the colonies, a few people from the other islands, and a smattering of the Jamaicans themselves, were the only patrons of the great hotels, and the scheme, like the exhibition, was a failure.

We decide to dine at the Myrtle Bank the evening of our arrival, and mindful that Kingston is a garrison town, and that the military band plays in the garden in the evening, we look forward to it with quite a good deal of pleasure. Going on shore there is a high sea running, even in the harbor, and the spray works havoc with our perishable gowns. Soon the solid water breaks over the bow, reducing our poor dresses to strings and our hats to pulp. But worst of all, just as we were reaching the landing there was a scrunch, a lurch, a list, and our launch was aground. After much tugging and pulling, we were afloat again and make for another wharf, where we land in safety and extreme dilapidation.

However, we dined well at the Myrtle Bank,

listened to the music of a very ordinary band, saw a few red-headed young officers and their tired-looking wives and went home, not over-enamored of the social gayeties of Jamaica.

The next morning we go on shore to find Kingston a bustling little place, with rows of good business houses, nice churches, and passable shops, where good English stuffs can be bought at a ridiculously low figure. But the heat is intense. Kingston is said to be one of the three hottest cities in the world, and it certainly lived up to its reputation that morning. We drive through the busy streets, with the glaring sun reflected from every house and every paving stone, until we can stand it no longer, and turn into the country, hoping to find relief from the torrid dampness.

But the country is worse; it is a world made of the ghosts of living things. It has not rained since Christmas, and houses, fences, trees, flowers, and even the negroes' faces are of a ghastly weird gray color from the dust. It is so white that it reminds one of a snow scene at home, if that relentless sun would let us think of anything so cool. Here and there some

enterprising individual has watered his garden, which gives one an idea of how beautiful the place must be after the rains, with the wonderful foliage green and not white, and those glorious mountains for a background.

There are some fine estates still left, but with few exceptions these have fallen into the hands of the Jews, while all the picturesque in these ruined and neglected houses has long since failed to charm us. We are overcome with the sadness of the thought that apparently nothing now remains to these once wealthy people but starvation, and that there is no outlook to this once prosperous island but bankruptcy.

The sugar industry has failed, the fruit trade is entirely in the hands of the Boston Fruit Company, and how can the overtaxed, poverty-stricken inhabitants start out into any new line, with no capital and no help from the mother country? We drive through the charming gardens of the Government House, where all is in perfect order, singularly in contrast to the rest of the residences, and admire the luxuriance of the flowers and plants.

But the sun beats down on us relentlessly, and

we are driven back to town. We drag our weary bodies and heated faces to the Jamaica Institute, as a mere matter of duty. There are many fine portraits in this Institute, one of Rodney, bearing the most striking resemblance to Washington.

But the most extraordinary relic to be seen is a bundle of papers which rejoices in a story intimately resembling that of our biblical friend Jonah. Many years ago the brig Nancy was captured at sea by an English cruiser, and its officers, who were suspected of piracy, were brought to Port Royal to be tried. Although there was a moral certainty as to the guilt of these worthies, still the necessary papers proving their identity had not been found on the ship. While the trial was in progress another English cruiser came into port with an exceedingly strange story.

The captain, in cruising off the Haitien coast, had caught a shark. When the shark was cut open, in his belly were found intact the very papers sought for, which the pirates had thrown overboard during the chase, and which had been swallowed by the shark. On the strength of these papers the pirates

were at once convicted and hung. We shook our heads many times over such "a fish story," but there were the papers, and besides them an account of their adventures accredited by the English government, which we all know never indulges in "fish stories."

This effort at belief had so tired us that we decided to get back to the ship and less remarkable incidents. On reaching the wharf the water, which we had left hot, simmering and glassy, had risen under the intoxicating influence of the sea breeze to a dreadful height. This sea breeze, which possesses all the disagreeable characteristics of the trade wind, comes up every morning at ten and blows until six; before and after then there is calm and smooth water. But during the blowing interval landing is well-nigh out of the question. One of our party, on seeing the waves lashed into spray on the stone pier and thrown far inland decides there was quite enough to interest him in Jamaica until this evening and stays on shore.

The rest of us hired a good boat and put out. The brawny negroes pulled their best, but seemed to make no progress

against the wind and sea. As each wave broke over our devoted heads, we could see the face of our friend watching us from the wharf, dry and smiling, knowing that he had chosen the better part. The boat is half-full of water, we are wet to the skin, and, to be truthful, a little frightened. When we are near enough they throw us a line from the deck, and then slowly, as there is real danger of the boat being swamped in the great waves running round Scythian's stern, we are drawn up to the gang way and reach the deck in safety. It had taken us just three-quarters of an hour to row three hundred yards. That drenching was the turning-point in our career.

Like so many travelers whose faces are once turned home, all zest is gone out of our journeyings; the bottom seems to have dropped out, and our dolls are stuffed with sawdust. That evening, when the sea breeze had gone in and we had come out to drink our coffee on deck, some one suggested going home. There was a burst of delight. It seems that each one had been thinking, but no one dared to mention the fact, that they were heartily tired of

the tropics, with all their beauties, and that they were longing for the tonic and vitality and wholesome everyday life of the North. We know that we have not seen Jamaica, that we have not gone to the Bog Walk River, nor to the Blue Mountains, that we have not taken this drive nor seen that view. But we had seen enough; anything more would produce mental indigestion. So, acknowledging that we saw little and know less of Jamaica, we make our arrangements to start at once, taking on coal, ice and provisions, not forgetting to lay in a goodly supply of those choicest products of the island, Jamaica ginger and Jamaica rum.

At five o'clock one afternoon our anchor comes up for the last time in these waters, and we start for home gladly, shaking the dust of Jamaica and all other West Indian islands off our feet. The waves outside the harbor are dashing about with their usual activity, but we mind them no longer—we are going home. The screw itself seems to sing its monotonous little song, "going home, going home," as each turn sends us further on our way. The turn round Point Morant is made, and then the course lies to the north-

ward, up through the Windward Passage between Cuba and Haiti.

Toward morning, when the sea goes down, there seems every prospect of pleasant weather. The windows and ventilators are opened wide, as the spray is no longer flying, to let in the fresh morning air. At seven o'clock we are all awakened by a tremendous bang against the ship. She trembles from stem to stern; and there is an ominous sound of rushing water and strange noises on the deck.

The captain throws on a wrapper to go up and see what has happened, when a cataract comes rushing down her companionway, flooding the floor, and taking her handbox, with her best hat inside, for a swim. She stops to rescue the hat and put it in a place of safety, and then rushes on deck as fast as the gyrations of the ship will allow. The first glance shows that we are not sinking; the second, that everything is in a most watery state. Water is dripping from the rigging, falling down on the after-deck in little cascades, and rushing into the scuppers with every roll. It seems we had been running along in a comparatively smooth sea, when suddenly

the sailing master, standing by the pilot house, saw a tremendous wave raise itself up to a height of thirty feet directly before us. It was evidently a tidal wave, and before he could reach the telegraph to the engine room to slow her down, we had dived into this monster at the rate of ten knots an hour.

It was really a critical moment. Forward she was almost swamped by the tremendous weight. But she recovered herself in a second, and it was soon seen that no damage was done, except that the cabins were flooded. As this the first drop of water that had penetrated in our sacred precincts during all the trip we felt rather aggrieved.

The men in the fo'castle naturally suffered most, their quarters being right in the eyes of the ship. The oldest fireman, who had pre-empted the bunk under the ventilator, by virtue of his superior years, as being the coolest place, was almost drowned. The water came rushing down the ventilator in such quantities that he said he had to take two strokes swimming to get out of his bunk. We have often wondered if there were not some connection between this tidal wave and the terrible earthquakes which

visited the West Indies about two months later and worked such dreadful havoc. Fortunately there was but one, and this was the last adventure of any kind we had in the West Indies.

We half hoped after rounding Cape Maisi and running along the northern coast of Cuba, that we should be taken for a filibustering expedition, and boarded by some Spanish man-of-war. But no such luck is ours. In fact not a Spanish boat is to be seen, so had we but been filibusters indeed, nothing would have been easier than to run in under cover of night, land our cargo, steal away, and no Spaniard would have been any the wiser. The shore of Cuba is low and thickly wooded along the northern coast, but slopes to the great mountain range beyond. It seems the picture of peace. Only some columns of smoke, rising here and there in the interior, look suspiciously like the smoke from burning villages.

Only one vessel do we see off Cuba. This is a little trading sloop that evidently suspects us, with our wide ports, of being a Spanish gun-boat. Her crew can be seen through the glass, hurrying and scurrying to unearth a Spanish

flag, which they display with a suspicious eagerness, until they make out our nationality. Then it is hauled down and put away for the next time of need. This is the only sign of life to be found, even although we are running inside the three-mile limit.

When we are off the lighthouse of Point Lopus the sea is like a great plate of blue glass, without even a ripple. Up we run through the Bahama Channel, still keeping this wonderful weather, and being apparently the only people in the world. Not a vessel is to be seen in this great highway between North and South; indeed the shipping of the world might be dead, as far as we are concerned.

But wonderful schools of porpoises follow us for hours, playing in the foam of our bow. They leap far out of the water, then dive down quickly under the blue depths, to come up again with that rolling motion which seems the essence of grace. We amuse ourselves by reading the Scythian's log, which had lately been unearthed, and was pleasantly quaint with old-fashioned language. We turned back to the date of to-day, two years ago, and read the following extract:

“The 27th day of March, 1894. Pensacola to Tampico, Mexico.

“Left wharf at 6 A.M., with barge Alabama in tow. Got over the bar at 8:30. Gave large old hawser, and hooked up bound for Tampico. Lights and lookouts well attended to. So ends this day.

“The 28th day of March.

“All this day strong gale from southeast, and high cross sea, and ship laboring heavily. At 4 P.M. changed the course to S. W. by S. That ends this day. Crew keeping the ‘Sabbit day.’ Lights and lookouts well attended to.

“The 29th day of March.

“This day begins cloudy and rainy, with strong gale from N. E. and high cross sea. 7 A.M. wind and weather much the same. Barge signaled us she was leaking badly, and pumps choked. Noon. Barge filling fast, could not get pumps to work. Got their boat overboard and came aboard tow boat. 4 P.M., barge level with water. Crew all on duty except ‘Sailor Tom’ and second engineer, who complained of being seasick. Stayed by all night. Lights and lookouts well attended to. So ends this day.

And so have ended all such hard days for the good little Scythian. We reach the Great Salt Cay about dusk, and pass Aguilla Island well to the eastward about nine. This is a nasty spot with no lights on or near it. The Cay is only two feet out of water, and they say the coast around is a perfect graveyard by reason of the vessels which have come to grief on that ragged reef.

On we go until we reach the Florida Straits, where the sea is like a millpond, quite belying the reputation the Straits enjoy for heavy currents and nasty seas. Soon we are only twenty miles from the Florida coast itself. Hitherto we had all scorned that part of our country and had found our sentiments best expressed by the man who said that Florida was so dreadful he thought God Almighty must have forgotten all about it. Now it is a delight to feel it so near, for at last we are in well-lighted American waters.

Of course we all trust in Providence, but it is much easier to trust in Him at sea when shaping your course by a good lighthouse, than when running on a dark night with nothing to guide you until you hit a rock. We no longer reckon

time by hours, but by the distances between the lightships as we run up the coast.

At last we begin to meet shipping. We pick up three barks of different nationalities, becalmed in this glassy sea, and can just make out a steamer of the Morgan line far away to the eastward. The good spell of weather seems to have tired of us, for the sky that night is fleeced with long, stringy light clouds, looking as though a wind somewhere had torn them into rags and tatters. The next day that wind is with us, and by twelve o'clock we are getting a good gale and a strong sea from the southeast.

We are off the Georgia coast and the day is wet and rainy, but we welcome it because both sky and sea are essentially Northern. The sky frowns down in a lowering way on a gray and sullen ocean, and they are both in an unmistakably bad mood. But this whole-hearted ill-will is much better to cope with than the shrewish beauty of the Caribbean Sea, where the shining sun and brilliant sea charm one's eyes, while the wind makes life a misery.

That day we have our first sensation of cold. A delicious, long-forgotten little shiver shud-

ders through us as we stand on deck, and we soon bring out the flannels and serges discarded with such disdain two and a half months ago. We look at each other with a smile; with what delight we threw them aside, and with what joy we make their acquaintance again! The cool wind seems to brace us mentally and physically, and to blow away from us that languor which a sojourn in a tropical climate makes inevitable.

Poor St. Thomas, the cabin boy, does not share unconditionally in our pleasure. Cold having been but a name to him all his life, his thickest clothes were of white duck. The farther north we went, the more clothes St. Thomas borrowed and wore, until he was the most remarkable exhibition of misfit clothing possible.

Off Charleston the wind, which had shown signs of backing on to the southeast, giving us a southeaster with a lee shore, hauled into the northwest, as we had hoped, and blew a fresh gale. The sea was no longer a blue, but a bright green, covered with foaming whitecaps, a real North Atlantic sea. As we pass the Fryingpan Lightship, we dip our flag, and scud

along through a fleet of vessels, reefed down to almost nothing. But the little bulldog knows which way she is going, and her screw churns the water into a lather of soapsuds as she travels along as steadily as a judge, although the wind catches the spoon drift from the tops of the waves, and hurls it high in the air. Cape Fear is soon behind, and we haul off for Hatteras, which we pass at ten in the morning.

Around the Diamond Shoal Lightship are many sailing vessels hove to until the westerly gale shall have blown itself out.

But we go steadily on, until our Scotch engineer, looking over the side at the water slipping away behind us, says, smiling, that "his wee lassie at hame must have hold of the tow line." Another Morgan liner passes and salutes, and then the big Clyde steamer Comanche, with our good friend, Captain Pennington in command, comes in sight. There is much waving of handkerchiefs, blowing of whistles and dipping of flags, and then she, too, slips down the horizon.

The Old Nag Lightship is abeam by six o'clock, and we can imagine the terrors of the

spot to seamen years ago, when this was a favorite lurking place for pirates. The pirates tied a lantern to an old nag's tail, and walked him up and down the shore to lure unsuspecting sailors on the rocks and plunder their ships. Then come the Capes of the Chesapeake, with the wind going down, and the Capes of the Delaware, where the sea is as still as a lake.

The flat, Jersey shore, sandy and dreary as usual, to-day seems to have an aureole playing over its ugly beach, just because it is home. We could have waved our hands to the men on the Sandy Hook Lightship as they ring out three notes of welcome to us from their old bell.

Before we realize it we are going through the Narrows, with Staten Island on our port side, and are on our way through the East River. This river seems to us absolutely appalling. We hide our faces, thinking that we have escaped the perils of the deep only to meet our fate among this swarm of boats, which all seem trying to run us down. We gaze in open-eyed wonder at the high factory chimneys and the enormous buildings, which make New York look like a comb with broken teeth. The acres of

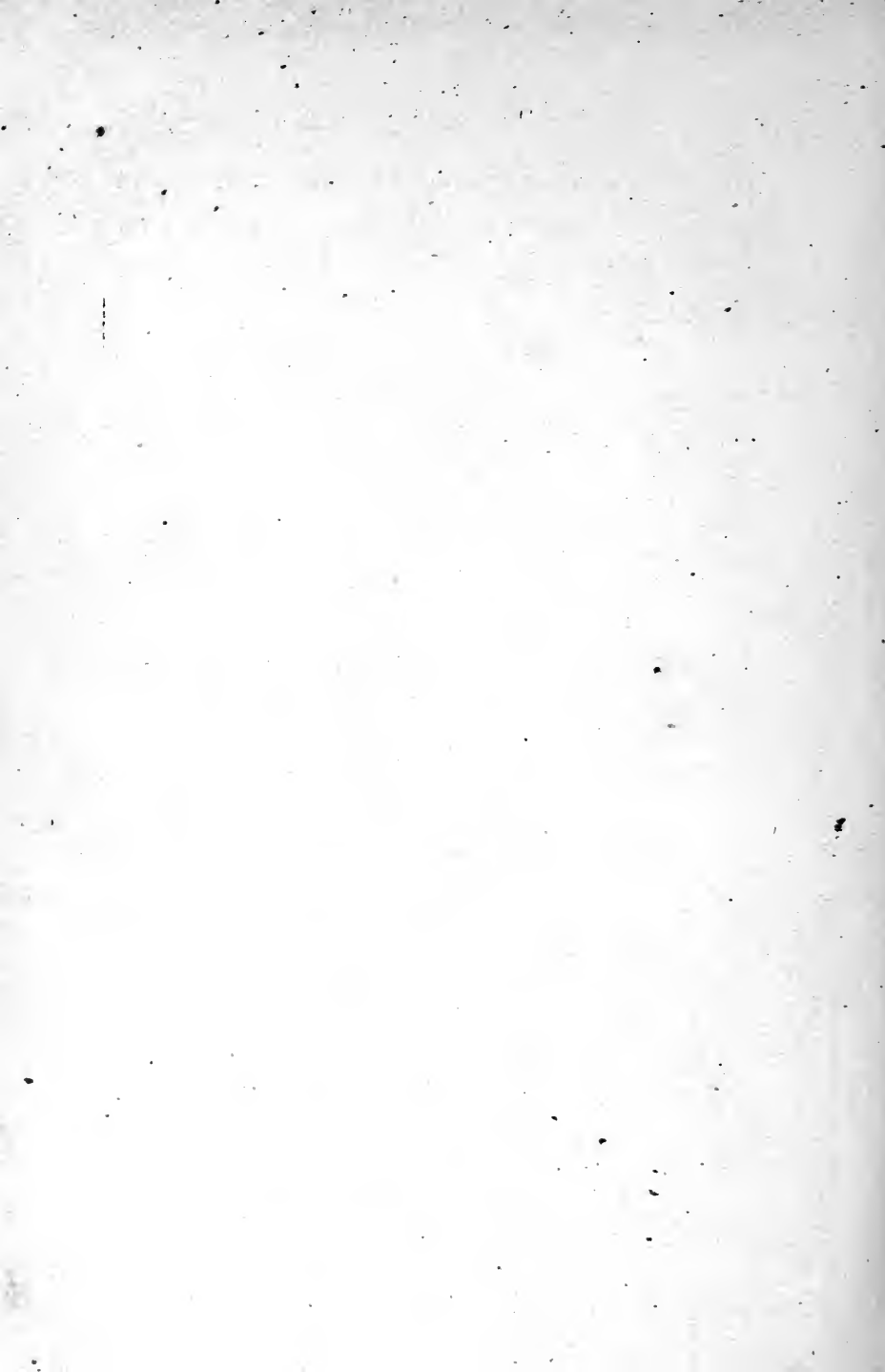
houses, the teeming life, and signs of commerce which make the East River always a wonder, seem overpowering to us after our visit to deserted waters. It is a positive relief to pass the city, and to near Flushing Bay, where we see the familiar wooded point which hides Whitestone from our view.

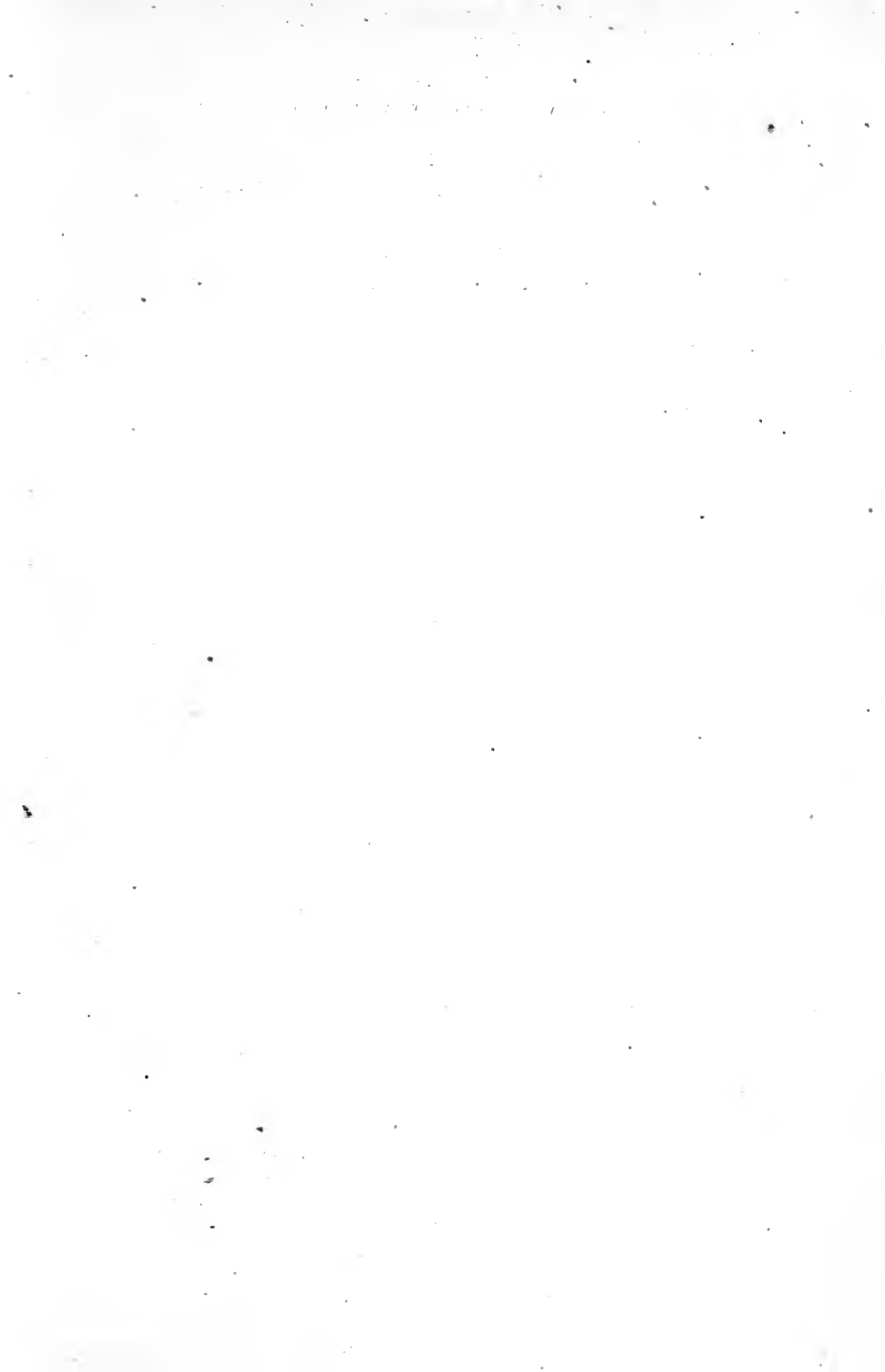
In the woods here and there are willows, those forerunners of the spring, whose tender young leaves fling themselves like a green veil across the bare face of the country. We could almost bow down and worship these half-blown willows in their immaturity; they are dearer to us than all the palms and tree-ferns or bamboos which we had seen in their perfect luxuriance.

At last we round the point and Whitestone, with its dear, ugly little houses and homelike, lovely shores is before us. As the anchor drops, the flag in front of the little Park Hotel is dipped to us in welcome. We look around us at the familiar details, feel those cool breeze and sniff that faint woody odor in the air, and we know that we are at home. Our last

trip of eighteen hundred and fifty miles from Jamaica is safely made in seven days, and we realize that the cruise of the Scythian in the West Indies is over.

THE END.





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