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THE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORIES
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Diary of Dr. H. A. Nicholls of Dominica, B.W.I.

Contents: a report-diary of excursions through Lesser Antilles from Tobago to Dominica on a survey of the prevalence of yaws, Dr. Nicholl's speciality. Includes comments on the customs, botany, zoology and history of the area by this naturalist.

Dr. Nicholl(s is credited with the discovery of the Boiling Lake in Dominica; has a mountain and a parrot named for him. He was a correspondent of the botanists and gardeners of the area and supplied stock for the replanting of the St. Vincent botanical garden when it was reactivated. He should be given credit for introducing many of the ornamentals now common in the Windward Islands. He was on the regular distribution list for seeds and plants from Kew.

Diary is a gift of his daughter, Miss Magie Nicholls

R. A. Howard 1951

Tobago.

Tobago.

May
~~between~~, 1891.

Leave today for Grenada via Trinidad. Get up early to pack, an awful job after having stayed five weeks in a place and got everything lying about in all directions. When half way through I am sweating wet with perspiration, and then a happy thought comes across me. Why not get into a pyjama sleeping suit? I do it, and then packing is easier. Call in Seymour to help. After my back feels 3 parts broken. And then I replenish my pipe and sit down in my deck chair and look on comfortably while I sweat at it. At last the thing is done, thank goodness. And I go to my last breakfast in Tobago. Afterwards I bid good-bye to Mr. Elliott, the Commissioner, and the Tullocks. The Tullocks with whom I have been on most friendly terms are very sorry I am going. Mrs. D. kisses her hand to me as I leave the gate, and her eye looks a little watery. She is a warm-hearted Irish woman, her maiden name, however, - Cuthbert, being pure Saxon. I go off to the steamer about 2 p.m. It is the "Ech", and Captain Poole and the other officers, give me a hearty welcome. Later on ~~the~~ shores of people come on board to bid me good-bye - black white & colored. I have become popular in Tobago with
with

6 May 1891. all classes of the population, and I. am very much liked, so we received quite an ovation. Mr Smart, who was going back to Trinidad ~~with~~ under my care, was quite astonished with the number of my friends, as evidenced by the very hearty handshakes of numerous people. I was a fine night and I was on deck until late.

7 May 1891. Thursday. Arrived in Trinidad soon after midnight, but I did not wake up until 6^{am} when I had my bath and came on deck. Remained on the boat until after breakfast when I went ashore. We took a carriage & did some shopping and then fetched up at Wippenbeck. W. was pleased to see me again, and till the rail was in. trumps of joy. His "Oh! Sir, please Sir, you've come back doctor please Sir" was evidence of the heartiness of his welcome. He had got married and his old father, a white haired nice looking old negro was acting as second waiter. I made particular inquiries as to Gill's happiness and asked after his wife's health, much to his evident satisfaction.

From the hotel I ^{telephoned} telegraphed up to the Stollmeyers and ~~the~~ Mr S. said he would call for me in an hour. He came in due course, and left his carriage with

2 May, 1891 me so that I might make any calls I wanted to. But he said I must go to see Mrs. Just, and that I was to call for my pretty little friend May Cumming and take her on with me to the boat. Miss May was very pleased to see me - the old Misses Finch in Dominica and her grand-aunts - and she came on with me her pretty smiling face and sprightly conversation making her a very pleasant companion.

Mr. Stollmeyer was, as usual, very kind. She gave me a glass oficed milk as her husband, being a tee-total fanatic, will not allow even light-wines to be in the house. After staying for an hour I went in the carriage to see old Stevens, but he was not at home, so I left a card and then went to the ice house where I lunched. After lunch I went aboard the steamer.

Miss Mariel Brewster, a young lady ^{who has been} staying in Trinidad and whom I had met often, was going back to England, & Mr. Fitzgerald her chaperone put her under my charge as far as her passage when I am to hand her over to Captain Powell. The Captain was good enough to slow down the boat in order that we might see the Pecos in day light. So, after dinner, Miss B. & I went on to the bridge and we had a magnificent sight of the Pecos

Trinidad

2 May 1891 and the islands and the mainland of South America
 the mountains of which towering up to the skies fill away
 towards the spit of land running into the Gulf of Paria,
 and a wide expanse of ~~land~~^{Sea}, the Boca Grande,
 separating the Venezuelan territory at this point from
 the island of Chacacare which is English soil - we
 passed through the Boca ^{Huevos.} ~~Huevos~~, and the big ship
 moved easily against the strong current which has
 dashed so many sailing vessels against the high
 cliffs close to us on either side. The Captain himself
 took the wheel, and we looked on in the ~~the~~ silence
 that is akin to awe on the magnificent scene. Soon
 the comparatively still atmosphere was left behind,
 and the strong impetuous Atlantic breeze swept
 past us, and there was an end to the heat ^{and the} ~~the~~ ^{and the} ~~the~~
 hot and oppressive Trinidad atmosphere.

Later on when we got fairly away from land the
 ladies dropped off one by one and two by two, and
 Miss Brewton went to her cabin, for the ship began
 to roll and pitch, and the ladies said they were
tired, but it was a peculiar fatigue that dimmed
 the lustre of the eye, depressed the spirits, and made
 the countenance to turn of a peculiar white colour!

8 May 1891 ~~From~~ Friday. Arrived at Grenada at day break, I was on deck by 6 am. and Miss Drenton was apt to see the last of me as she had promised over night she would do. Altho we brought ^{from} the Private Secretary, Mr Hunter, to say that the police boat would take us ashore, and that the Governor's carriage would be waiting for me at the wharf. Our baggage was taken charge of by Seyoum, and by the Governor's order it was not examined. Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson and the Ladyship were most warmly welcome, and I had a very fine room with ^{his} a dressing room allotted to me. A writing table was also placed in the bed room, and another writing table was placed at my disposal in the Governor's private office. Lady Hely H. has two fine little boys, Christopher & Maurice. Christopher is about 6 and Maurice 4. They are dear little fellows. They address their parents as "Mother, dear" & "Father, dear" and their speech and manners are very pretty. We were soon friends and they both kissed me on saying good night. Once as I was writing at my table in Sir Heccler's room, Christopher passed & said "Excuse me passing you Dutchiebills; I hope I am not disturbing you in the least." Said "no, my boy, I like to see you

8 May 1891 passing me, which appeared to please the little fellows. The boys' nurse, Lizzie, is a fresh good looking English maid, and the children are very fond of her. Their mother idolizes them, and I fear is too careful of them, as I told her, and as she admitted, saying, "she knew she was a fool about them but could not help it."

Mr Walter is a splendid host. He begged me frankly to do just as I liked, and to go and come when I liked. On asking him whether it was permitted to smoke in the reception hall which opened on the balcony, he said, "my dear fellow, you can smoke everywhere in this house, except in the lady's bedroom!"

The forenoon I went to St George, the town, late in the forenoon. His Excellency introduced me to Mr Drayton the Col. Secretary, and Drayton went over to the Club with me and put me down as an Honorary Member. I then called on Dr Orpiss, the Colonial Surgeon, but he was out, and then went to Dr Boyd, the resident Surgeon of the Hospital. Boyd is a capital fellow & he took me round the hospital, which is one of the old barracks at St George. Everything appears to be in excellent order, and Dr Boyd I am told is an excellent Surgeon. Afterward I went to the Club and met Orpiss and Dr McLeod.

8 May 1891 Captain Shot, who owns the Richmond Estate in Tobago, and his two pieces, the Misses Hale, dined with us, ~~with us~~ as did Mr Pipon Scholes & Mrs. Scholes is the Attorney General and he is a large landowner in Grenada.

9 May, 1891 Saturday. This morning called on Orpiss, the Colonial Surgeon who was out, and then went onto Boyd, the Resident Med. Officer of the hospital. He has a nice house at the Fort, close by the hospital. The house was specially built for him. B. was very friendly and Mr B. was most pleasant. B. & I sat down in the gallery and had a chat and smoke, and later on Orpiss came in. After a time we all went round the general hospital and the yawn hospital. The general hospital is a large one and in capital order. Dr Boyd was especially kind in his manner to the patients, and they all seemed to be very fond of him. He has a nice manner with the poor people. The yawn hospital is between the general hospital and the sea. In fact it is only a little distance from the sea shore, and the patients are thus enabled to get good sea bathing. There were about 25 patients mostly children, and all doing well except one chronic relapsing case, an aged codic man. Dr Orpiss & Boyd often get cases of phlebotomy

9 May 1891. Si Walter drove me down to town ^{at 10:30} and we called at the Govt Office. While the Governor was attending to his duties, Mr Edward Daykin - the Acting Colonial Secretary, introduced me to the Club, which is very comfortable and creditable to the Colony. He sent for Mr. Stane, a merchant, to record my nomination as an Hon. Member. Afterwards I went back ~~with~~ ^{to} the Govt Office to meet Si Walter and he then called at the Bank to see Mr. Weston's collection of orchids. Mr. W. is formerly manager of the Trinidad Branch of the Colonial Bank, and he made a magnificent collection of orchids in that island. Probably the finest collection in the tropics. The collector sent to Caracas and up the Orinoco by the London florists used to do their ~~best~~ money business through the Col. Bank, and the Manager by acts of kindness to them are enabled to secure from them specimens of their best finds. Mr. W. has lately been transferred to the Grenada Branch of the Bank and he has brought me most of his orchids. Many boxes were still unpacked and he told us that it would take weeks to get them all out and re-blocked. Certainly he had plants in flower of many rare and valuable orchids, and it was a real treat to see them.

This afternoon the Governor & I had a long ride over the by-roads of the St. George's District. Leaving Government House we rode

9 May 1891 down a new road to the Vale of Temple, and then we rode up and down several small valleys and inspected the work of reconstruction of the roads that are going on. In all these valleys we saw small thriving cacao and nutmeg plantations ~~that had~~ belonging to the coloured peasant proprietor. Every where, industry and material prosperity were visible. The houses of the people, of the same class as the labourers of other islands, were neat well constructed and of fair size. Each had its flower bush windows, and all were painted. Round the house, in most instances, was a pretty flower garden, and some had out offices - such as stable, kitchen &c. King Cacao had established this eminently satisfactory state of affairs, and possibly in no other West Indian island are the blacks more prosperous than in Grenada. Here and there one would come across houses of a larger and more pretentious character, but they were inhabited by the same class of people. Si Walter was quite enthusiastic about the prosperity of the people, and like a good ruler he seemed happy in seeing the face of the country covered with thriving small plantations. After leaving the valleys we rode some distance up the main road across the island ^{which leads} to Grenville the second town. This is

Grenada.

9 May 1891. a fine macadamised road and it passes by the Grand Stang, a crater lake in the centre of the island nearly 2000 ft above the sea. We then turned back, passed through ^{and fields} valleys, called King's Corner, all the houses of which looked new with their bright paint, and then rode on to the hills through rather a dry district & came out on the lee wind road about 4 miles to the north of the town. We then broke into a gallop and went like the wind up and down hill over many things. We were both well mounted, and Sir Walter ^{is} indubitably a hard rider. I have not had such a stern army gallop for a long time. When we got to the Empires of the town, instead of passing through the streets, we turned up a valley and passed through some flat lands destined for a park in honor of the Queen's jubilee. But little or nothing has been done to create a park, and the lower part of the land is full of land crab holes. Cricket is played at the upper part of the land where the crabs do not honey comb the ground.

After a while we struck a ride and rode up a narrow path and came out at the back of Govt House.

After we return, Sir Walter and I have a long smoke & 'jazz' in my bed room in dark hills. The dressing

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9 May 1891 room opens up by a door into my bed room & the door is often open and we have a chat ~~about~~ whilst dressing.

10 May 1891. Sunday. We went to the Anglican Church in the morning. The service being rather tightly packed. There was Sir Walter, Mr. Stewart, the Primate's Secy. Christopher, Lizzie the maid &c. The Church is a fine old building but the service was dawdled through by an ancient parson, and a high coloured curate. The singing was not good, and the pointing of the chants and psalms execrable. The sermon was poor and I did not listen to it. The clergyman who was acting for Archdeacon Hutson - the Rector of the parish, was on pension - from the St Vincent Govt. His name was Council & he was formerly stationed in the little island of Bequia to the South of Grenada.

In the afternoon Mr W^o Lov came up to Government House, and he stayed to dinner. Before dinner, however, we had a walk all about the grounds of Govt Ho., and I gave Sir Walter some advice about pruning his trees.

11 May 1891. Monday. The view from my bed room window is magnificent. The ground was looking towards the West

Grenada

11 May, 1891 take in nearly the whole of the Casenap - as the harbor is called. The outer Casenap is an open bay but with good anchorage, and a narrow channel leads to the inner Casenap which is a ~~for~~ large land-locked basin; away to the south is another large basin called the Lagoon or canal ^{basin} ~~basin~~ prevent the entry of ships abroad. From my window this Lagoon looks like a magnificent lake, and the whole scene is one of the finest sights in the tropics.

In the morning I work at your papers, but very half an hour ago, Sir Walter & I would stop writing to have a smoke and chat. My writing table is in a very cool place, and altogether I am very comfortable. Leignet, who is staying at the hotel, comes up every morning in order that I may set him to work & give him instructions.

In the afternoon the Governor, Hunter & J. go to the Court House to select an agent by Mr. Murray of Trinidad on the fruit trade. Mr. M. gives a fairly good address, but he knows nothing of the cultivation and very properly he confines his attention to the commercial part of the question. He makes a few mistakes however, and in a short speech I point

11 May 1891 out a few. One very present proprietor was very amusing ~~to~~ in consequence of the absurd questions he asked the lecturer, the Governor - who presided - having ~~asked~~ invited them present to put questions to the lecturer. A Mr. Donovan, a dark colored steady looking man, the Editor of a radical newspaper called the 'Grenada People' tried to stir up a discussion on the question of the Government subsidy to the line of fruit steamers running to the State, with the object of discrediting the Government. But Sir Walter very properly intervened as Chairman and stopped the discussion as it was foreign to the purpose for which the meeting was called, and as Mr. D. was persistent the Governor had to order him to sit down.

12 May, 1891. Tuesday. This morning Sir Walter and I rode down to the Botanic Garden, and we went over the Garden with Mr. Smith, the Curator. Smith, who has had no special training for the work, was sent out to St Vincent ^{as Collector} by the joint Committee of the Royal Society and British Assoc: formed for the purpose of investigating the fauna and flora of the Lesser Antilles. Smith did good work in St Vincent for the Committee, and when Mr. Murray, the former Curator, was made to resign, he was appointed

12 May, 1891 on probation. He appears to be a hard working and enthusiastic young fellow, and he has done good work in the Garden and taught himself a good deal concerning cultivation and propagation of plants. The Garden is a very pretty one, and there are a good many valuable plants in it. I selected a lot of plants to go to Dominica.

Mail came in at 3 p.m. from North road, and I retired to my bed room to read Manning's & other letters. Some people from the steamer came up to Govt House to dinner. We dined early and did not dress, as those from the steamer might have felt awkward. Indeed the Governor told us that on Sundays and mail days he observed the rule not to dress for dinner.

After dinner, when the guests had gone, the Governor and I had a long talk.

13 May, 1891 Wednesday. Writing & looking up your papers all ~~day~~ the morning. The Governor showed me all the correspondence concerning ~~the~~ Dr. Kirkpatrick. In the face of the finding of the Council, the Governor could not have acted otherwise than he did.

He also showed me a long and interesting confidential despatch to the Secretary of State concerning his scheme

13 May, 1891 for settling the Richmond Valley in St Vincent, a large interior valley that was practically discovered by Mr Hubert Smith - another Collecta shows nothing in Grenada. The scheme is an excellent one, but, as the Governor said very properly, it required a good man to carry it out, and he could not depend on Captain Making the Admiralty of St Vincent.

In the afternoon rode into town on the lady ship's man - a nice little animal. Called to see how Seymour was getting on at the Hotel, and then went to see Boyd at the hospital. Mrs Boyd is very nice and she gave me a fine orchid.

Lulu and I got back to Govt House on then for a tennis party. Beyond the Misses Hales - who are visitors - there were no good looking ladies - except, perhaps, Mrs Schorbe - a daughter of the late Mr Reid of St. Kitts.

Today Orpian and I arranged our trip through the island - and we start to-morrow. He has got a horse for me.

14 May, 1891 Thursday. Left Govt House early in the morning and met Orpian coming up to meet me. The horse O. got for me is rather frisky, but I suppose he will soon tame down as

Grenada

14 May 1891 We have over 100 miles ride before us. We rode through the upper town and then, passing down a steep ~~hard~~ hill we came to the lower town, went through the market, and got to the coast road. The houses in St Georges, Grenada, are very substantially built of stone, and they have therefore a much more solid look than those of other West Indian towns. They are in marked contrast to the Trinidad houses, which are mostly of wood, and have somewhat of a tawdry appearance with their profuse woodwork decoration.

The road along which we rode was very well made and in excellent order. Of late years an immense sum of money, for so small an island, has been spent on the roads. About 5 miles out of Labour the dist. med. off., who is a coloured man like Orgias, met us. He was very nice ^{to me} and evidently a thoroughly good fellow. We visited the villages en route, but could not find any yaw cases, as the people are inclined to hide them and to give misleading information, for they do not like their relatives to go to the hospital. At Concord we visited the village school. There were 104 children present, all of whom appeared to be healthy and intelligent. Most of them were well dressed showing that their parents - who were labourers or peasant proprietors - were

14 May 1891. Will off. The master showed us his system of teaching and then made the children sing God save the Queen. All the schools in Grenada are mixed, but the Master informed me that it was the intention of the Govt later on to have separate schools for the sexes.

On leaving the school we rode a long distance right up to the head of the Concord Valley until we came to a low, but very fine waterfall. The road was very bad in places, but it was being repaired. The whole valley is one mass of cacao, and I was told that about 3000 bags was the crop. All the cacao belonged to small proprietors, and most of them were peasant proprietors. A good deal of the cultivation was bad, however, and many of the trees were dying owing to want of manure and tillage: Unless a proper system of manuring be adopted on these estates, the cultivation will give out before very long. We passed a fine school-house ^{after we left the valley} built by the Govt which we formerly both attended, but owing to the action of the R. C. Priest most of the children had been withdrawn. The Priests had opened an opposition school in a little hut which we crowded with children of both sexes & in which proper tuition was in consequence impossible. It was

14. May, 1891. sad to see a fine building like the school house abandoned in this manner.

We reached ~~Georgetown~~ in time for lunch and were hospitably entertained by D. Latour. After lunch we rode to Belvidere, Colonel Duncan's celebrated nutmeg estate along a fine road which crosses the island to Grenville. Cacao seemed to be everywhere and amongst the cacaos, young nutmegs were planted. The nutmeg tree grows very well under the shade of cacao, and on lands where the cacao appears to be giving out, nutmegs are usually planted. A good many small birds flit about, but the mongoose which has become naturalised has cleared off a lot. One bird - a wren - called the 'God-bird' has a very fine song, and I often heard it whilst I was at Govt Ho. On reaching Belvidere, we were struck with the immense quantity of nutmeg trees, running through the wide valley and up the hill sides in straight lines. There are in all 40,000 about, and most are beginning to bear. In fact some small trees were so loaded with fruit that ^{the branches} they had to be propped up with bamboos to prevent them breaking. The scene from the Mavepes house is wonderful. I

relieved.

15 May 1891.

Friday. Said farewell to Fr Latour and left for Guoyane at 7 am. We passed through the town of Grand Pauve, called since the Queen's Jubilee 'Victoria', but more generally known by the former name. In this town, as at ~~the~~ Guoyane there are two fine churches side by side, one the Anglican & the other the Roman Catholic. Here at the Police Station the Sergeant in charge stopped us and said he had received a telephonic message from Dr. Bennett - with whom we were to have stayed, ^{to say that} he could not put us up inasmuch as his wife had ~~for~~ lately presented him with a brand new baby. Dr. Bennett telephoned to the Sergeant at Sauterac telling him to inform the Hon. Douglas Alexander, at Springbank, that he should claim his hospitality for the night. Beyond Victoria we passed by a fine cacao estate belonging to Mr. Ross, who had recently left for Europe. We rode into the yard to see the cacao drying house &c. In wet weather the cacao is dried in a house through which pass a series of ^{low} pipes connected a furnace, so that hot air and flames heat up the pipes and thus dry the produce. The 'boucan' has a series of trays, running on wheels, ~~at~~ in which the cacao is sun dried. In the packing house there was a large quantity of cacao, and some tobacco being pressed into cakes. Mr. Ross

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15 May, 1891. has cultivated tobacco for some time, and that I saw
was very good.

We reached the town of Saintes at 10 am. The two churches
were there side by side, on a hill overlooking the lower town.
The R.C. Church was close by the stone Saintes - so called
from the fact that, during the Civil war, the Catholics were
driven to the edge of this high cliff and many leaped over
and were dashed to pieces on the rocks 100 feet or more below.
We rested for a time in the fine Court House, and heard from
the Sergeant of Police that the telephonic message had gone
out to Mr Alexander. Afterwards we went to the school
house, and were much pleased with the bright and healthy
look of the children. The school master asked us to examine
the children, and before gave them some things to read. A
class was formed half of boys and half of girls, and all read
fairly well the girls, however, beating the boys. After the
reading I examined them on the meaning of the words they
pronounced so glibly, and found that they had no idea
what many of the words. 'Thrift' which occurred
in one of the passages read, was described to be as 'to go
quickly' by one child, and as part of a ship by another.
I then gave the children a short address on 'thrift' and
spoke in a simple way so as to bring home to them the

15 May, 1891. advantages of thievery habits. Canon Gentle, the Anglican
 Chaplain, ~~is~~ is the Superintendent of the school, and I
 wrote a note in the Viridis book, advising that the
 children should be taught the meanings of the words they
 read. After leaving Sautters we called on J. Bennett,
 a very nice fellow, who had taken us as a bunch. He is an
 amateur photographer and he showed me some of his
 photos which were very well taken. He has a small South
 American monkey which is a charming little fellow, and he
 gave me a capital photograph he had taken of it. He is a
 bit of a naturalist, and he has a collection of his insects.
 That Thyrsus he told me is called the 'Four and twenty hours
 spider' because its bite is very painful for that time, and
 that the Therapsis² or 'walking stick insect' is called the
 'God-home'. In Dominica it is called 'Cherol bon. Dieu'.
 On the Morli estate, near his house, he had often seen
 a white 'black bird' (Cryptophagus Avi). Albinos in birds
 are very rare, and it is a pity this one cannot be secured
 for the British Museum. He also told me that C. Avi,
 called the 'Caribbean' in Grenada, was not seen in the island
 until after the last hurricane some 35 years ago, and that
 J. W. Water stated that it was blown to Grenada from Tobago
 during the hurricane.

15 May, 1891.

He reaches Springbank at about 5 p.m., and was welcomed by Mr Alexander. The house is a very nice, commodious one, and the grounds about are very pretty. Behind the house is a tennis lawn, and once a week there is a tennis party at Springbank. My bedroom is a nice cool one, and it looks out on the tennis lawn. Mr Alexander is very pleasant, and Miss A. is a charming young lady. On the dinner table, the centre piece was a magnificent silver cup, which was the Governor's Cup won several years ago at the Barbados races by one of Mr. Alexander's horses. It is used formerly to go in for horse racing, but he has now given it up. He still has some fine fellows in his stable. After dinner Miss A. played for us, and then recited. Her recitation of the 'Inchcape Ball' was really excellent, and I told her truthfully that she had the rare gift of moving her audience.

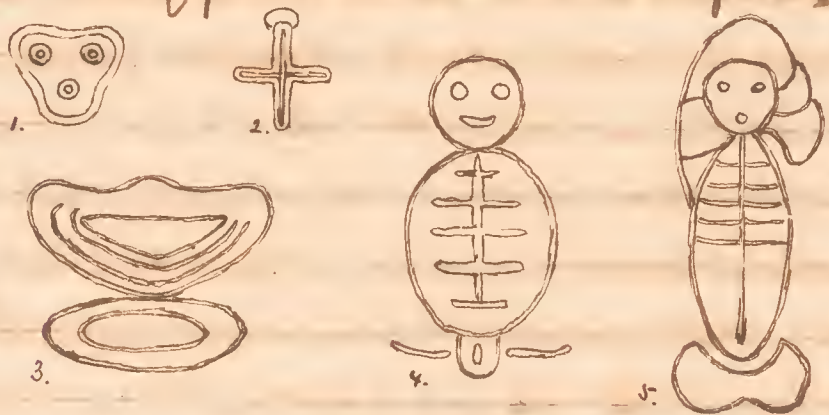
In the afternoon I had a walk through the plantation which is ^{about 13} only $\frac{1}{2}$ acres and yet a return of about 2000 lbs per acre is got. a better return than from most estates. On a general average from 4 to 5 bags is all that can be expected. A T had long talk about cacao cultivation. He prunes his trees judiciously and does not chop off his branches so as to throw back or injure the trees. He also forks up between the trees, and applies manure, the result being that his trees look better and

15 May, 1891. more vicious than most of I. seen on the island.

16 May, 1891. Saturday. After a splendid bath and early breakfast, O. T. J. goes on our travels again. We visit Mount Rich an estate belonging to a Mr. Kent. Mt Rich is not far from Springbank and it is a very fine cacao property. It was formerly a sugar estate, and some sugar is still made, but it is a black stuff used for consumption in the island and thus it sells well. Old K. told me that the dark sugar was liked better ^{by the people}, and therefore sold better. Kent is an ^{un}educated old fellow. He was formerly overseer on this very estate he now owns, and he has become very rich. His character, I hear, is not held in high estimation, and he has made much of his money, in a shady manner. His house is old, in ill repair and dirty, and his speech betrays his low origin. Outside his house was a magnificent Java plum tree, and I collected seeds for Dominica. The old man has some very fine Carib stone implements, and ~~it is~~ ^{Mr. Rich was} evidently in former days a Carib settlement for very many implements have been found there. Old Kent would not part with his implements, so I sketched some of them.



16 May, 1891. The Patibular river runs through Mt. Rich, in a direction almost due north. Close to the river in a ravine, on the East bank is a Carib Sacrificial Stone 7 feet high, 10 feet long and about 16 feet long. The shape is irregular and the river has so undermined it, that it may soon topple over. The rude inscriptions on it are very peculiar, and I took sketches of them. Thus:-



There were a good many rude faces as No. 1. on various parts of the rock but I saw only one cross, and one like No. 3. There were several figures somewhat like No. 4. The dimensions were as follows.

No. 1. 1 span long & broad. Eyes about 3 ins diameter

No. 2. about same size.

No. 3. Two spans broad $1\frac{1}{2}$ span high

No. 4. Two spans high by one span broad.

No. 5. Two spans long.

After leaving Mount Rich we came to the cultivated country and passed through abandoned ^{peya} estates. The

16 May 1891.

land being open to the high winds from the East ~~is~~ is unsuited to cacao, and thus the people are less prosperous in this district. ^{through cacao and abandoned sugar estates} we rode up a hill ^{to} on top called the observatory. And well called so too, for there was a very fine view over the whole part of the island with some of the Grenadian army in the distance across the sea. One little island close to the shore, is the celebrated Green Island on which Norman Lockyer stationed himself to observe the transit of Venus in 18 - . The observatory and the estate ~~adjacent to~~ surrounding the house belongs to Mr. James Pointz Murre, the district magistrate. He was not at home so Mr. Murre received us in a very friendly way, and his husband soon came in and entertained us right royally. After lunch we rode on to St. Andrew by what is called the middle road, and which passed inland. The coast road is much hotter and longer. These roads are in good order and quite flat. Carriages can be, and are, used in this district. We called on Mr. Hon. George Williamson at Grand Bras a fine sugar estate near to the town of Grenville, and he, who is a pleasant Scotchman - used us most kindly. He put me in mind of Mr. Hedman at St. John. We met at his house a Mr. Lamotte who left Dominica many years ago, and who is now a rich planter. He has

Grenada.

16 May, 1891. Cacao estates at the South side of the island. As the high winds laden with saline particles from the Atlantic sweep over the coast lands of the Eastern or windward side of these islands, cacao cannot be grown except in the sheltered valleys. So that in the windward districts of Grenada there is more sugar than cacao produced. The greater part of the sugar made is consumed locally, and as there is a heavy import duty, the sugar growers are practically enjoying a bounty on production and thus can grow sugar cane and manufacture sugar at a respectable profit. Messrs Williamson and Lamothé rode with us into Grenville the second town of the island. There is a harbour into which vessels can come, and there is some shipping trade in consequence. But outside is a dangerous reef with a narrow opening and navigation therefore at this spot is somewhat dangerous. The coasting steamers from St. George's come in here once a week to the great convenience of the inhabitants. Grenville is more of a business centre; for, as the place is extremely unhealthy, most persons who are able to do so live on the surrounding hills, and it is a pretty sight to see the residences of the planters, professional men & storekeepers on the hilly slopes that lead up to the central range of mountains that runs through the island. Here one saw the 2 churches side by side as in the town elsewhere

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16 May, 1891. But the R.C. Priest and Anglican clergyman do not live in the town. As an evidence of the importance of the business done in Grenville it may be mentioned that the Colonial Bank have an agency in the town. We went through the market which was then in full swing. It is an interesting and busy scene and thronged by West Indian. The blacks and coloured people in bright clothing were heard at work selling vegetables, fruit &c. The shouting & calling was deafening, and the jostling was most annoying. With some difficulty we rode through the crowd into the yard of the fine Court House recently built. But here the crowd was, if anything, worse than in the market, for the public works dept. was paying off road labourers and hundreds of people were loitering about until their turn came to get their wage. The place was too crowded to visit the Court House, so we went to see Mr. Burt, the Agent of the Col. Bank at his store but he was unfortunately out & we only saw his son - who had done all the Bank business. Later on we met Mr. St. Harford who invited us to ^{lunch} dinner in the morning. Mr. St. Williamson wanted us to stay with him, but we were directed to Dr. Lavis at Richmond so we rode on after some delay.

16 May, 1891. We arrived at Richmond which is really a cacao and nutmeg estate belonging to Dr Lang. The Dist. Mag. Off. and were received kindly by the Dr & his wife and eldest daughter. Lang has a very large family, and his eldest son has just come out from home. We were hospitably entertained by our cupbearer, and as we were tired by the long ride in the Sun we turned in early. O. & I had to occupy the same room and he insisted on watching the state bed which he took a cot-bed which he broke down during the night as he is a heavy man. In the morning I was lying on half on the floor and he told me he felt something fine but he was too tired to find out what it was! We were evidently occupying Miss Lang's room judging by the rubbish and gin crackers about the walls & tables. But I spied two very fine Carib. Implements, which Dr Lang in the morning presented me the best. I fear to find it to me he stole it from his daughter, but as a true collector I took it gratefully. Mr. Lang was an old friend of the Major and she asked me a lot about them.

17 May, 1891. Sunday. After a farewell to Lang we left Richmond early in the morning and rode back to the Windward Coast through a place called La Digue. The roads we passed were by ones but in tolerably good order. Until we got towards the coast, the roads

17 May, 1891. We passed along were pretty, and put one in mind of English country lanes. The cacao plantations were divided off from the woods by ^{high} banks along high 'terraces' of Galba. but here and there pretty glimpses of the cultivation were met with.

We reached the coast here at 'Union', and old abandoned sugar estates, and the desolation and wildness around were in marked contrast to the thriving plantation we had passed through. Nothing perhaps looks so desolate in these islands as an abandoned sugar estate. For the 'works' were built, in the olden days, in a most substantial manner regardless of expense; and the dilapidation of the buildings, ~~which~~ which are usually also overgrown ^{with} by bush, and the solemn stillness in a place that was in other days the scene of busy industry, cannot but strike a chord of sadness or raise feelings of regret. We rode south along the coast road, which here and there has been encroached on by the sea, and finally come to the large negro village of Marquis. This village might have been in the heart of Africa from its appearance. The usual negro hut one meets with in the poorer islands was the prevailing type. The whole village was planted with trees, of which the sea side paper & coco. nut predominated, and the people themselves appeared to fall down in the scale

Marquis Vill.

Grenada.

17 May, 1891

of civilisation. We found some cases of yaws hidden away, and we had much difficulty in obtaining any information about the matter. At the first house we inquired at, we were solemnly assured that there were no cases of the disease there, but afterwards we found that a bad case was there actually in an inner room.

After ^{leaving} leaving Marquis after some time and rode back to Grenville en route to the District Hospital, situated in the hills at the back of the town. The scene ^{from Grenville} of the mass of mountains in the centre of the island is magnificent. A high hill not very far off is called Feudon's Camp, because it was a stronghold of a maroon chief named Feudon and of his french allies and brother rebels. Feudon at one time became very powerful and nearly succeeded in taking the whole island. He captured the Governor and killed him; ~~and~~ but, finally, he was defeated - and it is said, ~~escaped~~ escaped from the island. Reaching Grenville from the south we rode through the town, and passing into the hills along the main road we had taken yesterday afternoon we reached a point where we turned to go to the District Hospital. This institution is a small one, but with the exception of slight dilapidation of the buildings we found it in good order. There were 9 male and 4 female inmates. And one of the

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farmer, a white sailor, told us a story to excite our commiseration - which story on reaching town we found to be a string of lies. The man had been suffering from the results of drink. At the hospital I got a small stone implement, which Long said I should find these ^{keps.} + might

From the hospital we rode on to L'Est Terre, a fine cacao estate belonging to the Hon. Fred. Harford, and Mr Harford received us hospitably in his fine house. Mr & Miss Harford were going to Church, so they asked us to excuse them as they could not miss the service which was the first for a long time inasmuch as the Parish R.C. Priest had injured his hand and could not therefore perform high mass! I had a long talk with Mr H. concerning planting matters, and he & I got on so well that he begged me to return to spend a week or two with him.

After lunch we went on our way up the mountain road and after a time came to Belleme Estate, formerly the property of Mr Dutt - the property in nutmeg culture & now belonging to Mr R. Pipon - Schooler the Attorney General of Grenada. Here we met the manager Mr Elliot whom at one time Curator of the Botanic Garden & Mr R. V. Schering, F. L. S. who had been collecting

17 May, 1891 botanical specimens in the island for some time for the joint Com^{tee} of the R. I. & Brit. Assoc. Scherring was very pleased to meet me as I am one of the Secretaries of the Com^{tee}. He & D. and Elliot had a long botanical jave. Scherring has been doing good work in the island. He has been all over the mountains and ascended the highest peaks. He tells me that Herbert Smith, who has been engaged in the fauna is one of the finest collectors he has met with. After a time we go to see the nutmeg plantation on which are some of the largest trees in the island and perhaps in the world. One tree gave me year when the price of nutmegs was high no less than £35 sterling profit. Schools bought the place for £10,000 & it is I believe only 700 acres, but it already gives a revenue of at least £1000 a year. The oldest nutmeg trees are on a ~~low~~ steep slope below the ground and they are fully 60 feet high. The trunks run up for 30 ft without a branch, and the nuts fall to the ground and are picked up several times a day. On the trunks are Hymenophylla and here and there on the roots I found a pretty Helicis, the shell being banded with pink colors. There was also a large tree of the Surinam nutmeg on the plantation, and it bears small nuts but with no aromatic flavour. Mr. Elliot with his cousin clipped

17 May, 1891 off a piece of wood from a large log on the ground she asked me to smell ~~it~~ it & say what it was. The wood had a pungent camphoraceous odour and I said surely it is not Kampha wood she said that it was. A large tree had been cut down the only one in the island and this fine log was rotting on the ground. Some of the wood had been sawn into boards to make a cabinet for Mr. Schools.

After a good rest he rode out towards town and before very long got to the mountain plateau on which is the crater lake called the Grand Etang. This lake is a good sized one, and a fine view of it is got from the back of the rest house - a house built by the govt for the convenience of travellers. There is a bedroom in which we found Scherring, impeded in fact for he was staying there. Morris spent a night here with Scherring, and I noticed his name in the Visitor's book. The vegetation was a good deal like that of Dominica a little above Landet. A palm Acacia (?) montana, and Heliconias were abundant and ferns were plentiful. There is not much difference as regards the trees in the mountain vegetation of most of these islands with an abundant rainfall.

The man in charge of the rest house is allowed to sell

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17 May, 1891. refreshments, so we had some bottled ale and then proceeded our way towards town. We were soon descending the hill towards the Vale of Tempe, but he turned aside to see the waterworks reservoir, and it is well worth a visit. The scenery in the neighbourhood is fine, and the cool, clear placid water in the reservoir is restful to the eye of a long ride through country with varied scenery.

Leaving the reservoir we rode on to and soon came to the spot I had reached with Sir Boulton, and thence to town, through the pretty village of Sugar Corner, was familiar ground to me. Just beyond Sugar Corner we stopped at Dr. Hutton's house at Boileau, where we had tea and met Dr. Bryd, Mr. Deane, Mr. Rich - the Col. Engineer and others. As we stayed some time talking we did not reach St. George until it was nearly dark and I put up with Argis as it was rather late to go to Govt House. Argis has a fine stone house near to the fort. His delightfully cool, and there is a good bath. As Argis will be continually on the move until I am off to St. Vincent I decided to sleep at his house instead of going back to Govt Ho., and would be a nuisance coming in late and then rushing to dress & perhaps keeping the people back.

18 May 1891. Monday. The Governor telephoned down to know what had

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18 May, 1891. become of me, and he asked me to come up in time for lunch which I did. He was much interested in my trip, and His Ladyship was very nice. As I had much writing to do, I asked them to excuse me staying to dinner and I was back to Argis place, and had to my luggage sent down too. In the evening Argis & I go to the Club & I play a game or two of billiards with him.

19 May, 1891. Wednesday. Today Argis & I were through the St. David's district - which is the south end of the island. There is less cultivation here than in other parts of the island, and the valleys by the sea or ~~rather~~ sugar estates either abandoned or partially cultivated. We called on the Rev. W. Branch, a cousin of Bishop Branch of Antigua, and father of the Miss Branch who put in my case when I left Dominica. She was then going from Antigua to St. Vincent to stay with her uncle Canon Branch there. The Branches were all pleased to see me (especially my travelling companion Miss D.) for they had all heard of me. Mr. Branch is also a planter, he has a small estate near to his Church which is about 3 miles from St. George and he has about 20 acres of cacao, nearly all of which he has planted with his own hands, and which gives a better return than any other cacao in the island. This is to be explained by the high manuring - When the

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19 May 1891, crop is over, he employs his cart by sending it to fetch up all the rubble and other manure he can get. This he falls into his land, and thus improves its bearing power considerably. Mr Branch also has some cane cultivation and he grinds his cane by windmill power.

As regards to Cacao cultivation, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson kindly allowed me to make the following extract from a despatch he should have addressed by him to the Secretary of State:-

"In Grenada, on a well managed estate, the total cost of production of cacao, including wages, repairs, and cost of current improvements may safely be placed at £1.8.0 per bag of 150 lbs."

"At the present price of cacao, a bag of 150 lbs of well-cured cacao clears about £4.6.0 after payment of freight and commission. Cacao on good lands averages five bags, and even on poorer - a safe average for middling lands is three bags per acre."

"The labour of cutting the cacao and bringing it to the boucan will not cost anything in this case, but in order to be on the safe side, I shall place the cost of preparing the cacao, including management and delivery on the wharf at £1.16/6"

"At present prices this leaves a margin of £2.10/- per bag." This extract is from an able despatch relating to the

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19 May 1891 opening up and cultivation of the newly discovered Richmond Valley in the interior of St Vincent. The Governor's scheme is to open up this valley by a road leading up to and through it, to locate on surveyed lots, immigrants from Barbados & elsewhere who would receive free grants on the condition that they cultivated cacao &c. and sold the produce to the Govt Manager.* This scheme, if carried out by an able man would be undoubtedly a successful one, but, as the Governor said, the difficulty was to get a good man.

I forgot to mention that before we reached the house of the Rev. W. Branch, we came to a Barbadian settlement which appeared to be a very prosperous one. Barbadians principally blacks had settled in the district and made themselves into a prosperous community. Here and there was a diminutive sugar plantation with its small windmill and ^{mill} ~~mill~~ ^{mill} ~~mill~~. Noticed also by the roadside a wheel-right and blacksmith's shop, & other shops. Indeed one might suppose that they were in Barbados - for the stately Barbadians are very rarely distinguished.

At a place called Vincennes I got two Cast Stone implements. One, however, I had to give 2/6 for.

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19 May 1891. Soon after leaving Mr. Dranchi's we came to Dr. Patterson's house. Dr. P. is the Dist. Med. Offr of St. David's. He was formerly at Vincent's and was there thought much of. He was a London student, and was house surgeon of his hospital for a time. His house is rather uncomfortable and it appears to me to be rather far away from ^{the health center of hospital at can.} ~~the district~~. He rode on with us to Dr. Wells' estate when we were to lunch. Old Dr. Wells is a retired Grenada Med. Offr. and he lives on a small estate ^(Hampton Road) which is prettily ^{situated} ~~cultivated~~ and nicely cultivated. He has cacao, nutmeg, cloves, &c. Many of the nutmegs are very large trees and he must make a good crop of spices. He has a big Balsam of Peru tree growing on the estate, and near the house is a splendid clump of *Rapheia flebiliformis*. The plants are the finest and biggest I have seen. Dr. Wells is a fine old fellow and he appeared glad to see us. He was a staunch opponent of Brown Colony Govt. and at the time ^{when} the constitution was altered, he made a vigorous fight to keep up the old order of things. He was presented with an address and a splendid silver cup by his friends and political admirers. The banner is framed and hangs against the wall in the sitting room, and the delta is the center ornament of the table. Old Dr. Wells gave me some interesting information about the introduction of nutmegs into Grenada. He stated that about the year 1829 Messrs. Thompson, Hankey & Co., London merchants

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19 May, 1891. Having an interest in the island, sent nutmeg plants to ^{all} their estates of hand. All died except two at Grand Bois, and these were not thriving. Then W. Kennedy, a revenue officer who was fond of botany, begged for the two remaining plants in order to try to save them. The plants were given to him, and he planted them at Belle Vue. Some time after they ~~throve~~ ^{throve}, some time ago, when prices were high. The produce of the female of these two trees gave \$5000.

Leaving St. John's place we rode to St. David's, where are situated the R. C. Church, and the Court House and Police Station. But there is no village, and it seems absurd to put up a Court House in a practically uninhabited spot. At the time of the ~~maroon~~ maroon war, there was a thriving little town on the coast called St. David's. This town was conveniently situated, and it was the sea port for that part of the coast. But P. D. and his fellow rebels and French allies one day appeared before St. David's and burnt it to the ground. The houses were never rebuilt, and the town is now no more. Had, however, the Govt. built the Court House on the site of the old town, in the opinion of many persons houses would soon have arisen up around it and in time the town might have been regenerated. We found the coast road very hot in the afternoon sun after a good lunch, and we pushed on pretty quickly.

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19 May, 1891. We passed through a very fine sugar estate called 'Baillie's Bacolet', and Ogias informed me that in the old sugar days it was the finest estate in the island. It is now happily being rehabilitated, ~~and~~ but large tracts of fine valley land were still uncultivated. Leaving this sugar estate ~~and~~ truck into the mountains again, and before long we came out on the upper road we had passed along in the morning.

Before going down to the town we rode onto Richmond Hill, where troops were formerly stationed, and saw the old military buildings. One of the barracks has been converted into a lunatic asylum, which we visited. The asylum is under the care of the Hon. Dr. McLeod, but he was in town, so I went round the institution with Ogias. The lunatics are taken well care of, and, all things considered, the asylum is as good a one as can be expected in a small island.

20 May, 1891.

Wednesday.

Ogias and I went in the R.M. the "Gulstream" to Carriacou today. We left at 8 a.m. and steamed out of the carenage, and along the leeward coast of Grenada. It was very interesting identifying the places we had visited, as the little steamer passed along ~~the~~ with a short distance of the land. Valley after valley opened up, and

20 May, 1891. We were able to see the enormous extent to which the cacao cultivation had been prosecuted. Up the valleys from top to bottom, it appeared to be nothing but cacao.

'The Walther' is a little steamer which runs round the island, and pays periodical trips to Carriacou. It, and another small boat, the 'Tyra', is run by the R. M. S. P. Coy. under contract with the Government. The boats are small - about 60 tons and when they get out to the open sea, they pitch and roll fearfully.

On board we had Mr. Wells, one of the Revenue Officers. He is an ornithologist and he very kindly gave me a ~~copy~~ list of the birds of Grenada. He told ^{me} that there is a Carib sacrificial stone at Telescope Point on the Windward side of the island, in the Parish of St. Andrews. The stone is ~~flat~~ ^{just above high water mark} on the sea shore, and is now half imbedded in the sand. It is flat 5 feet long and four feet wide, and it has 6 large ^{disk} ~~cup~~ shaped depressions and about four smaller ones. The large ~~cup~~ holes are 10 inches in diameter, and about an inch deep with flat bottoms. The smaller holes are 3 inches in diameter and of the same depth as the large ones. Thus:-

He told me also that there was another Carib sacrificial stone at Grand Pavore, on the sea shore, three or four feet above high water,



20 May, 1891. and that this stone had writings or inscriptions on it.

Mr. Lantens ~~the~~ bells got out, and we were soon pitching and rolling in the full swell of the Atlantic. The view of penada as we were gradually leaving it behind was very fine. We saw Green Island, where Norman Lockyer viewed the transit of Venus, quite distinctly. It is a low lying barren looking place.

The boat was so small that it was impossible to stand up on the little deck owing to the pitching, and some time we had to hold on by the iron stanchions of the awning. After about a couple of hours steaming we came to a ^{low} rock called Kick'em-Jenny, on which there were multitudes of birds. The Captain of the 'Waltham' blew ~~the~~ ^{steam} whistle on our passing the rock, and the birds flew up in clouds. It was really a wonderful sight. Birds big and small, old and young, got madly on the wing, and the air resounded with their shrieks and cries. Gulls of several kinds, terns, boobies, + frigate birds all hustling each other in the air or flopping down into the sea, made up a sight worth to be forgotten. Passing Kick-em-Jenny is the roughest part of the passage, and I began to feel rather queer below the third waist button. Oxygen was coiled up against the cabin window, and before long I quickly bent to the side and paid tribute to Neptune. It was the first time I had been seasick for years, and happily for me the unpleasant sensations passed after I had given what

20 May, 1891. remained of my breakfast to the fishes. The whole thing was done so stealthily and nicely that Agias had no knowledge of it. And later on, when I told him I had been sea sick, he would scarcely believe me.

We passed close by ^{two} small islands, the southernmost of the Grenadines called Ile de Ronde ^{and Ile de Page.} Agias told me that there was some talk of making ^{the former} a leper station. The Govt. could buy the island cheap, and there is a good supply of water on it.

We had a tow line out, and there was a heave the moment when a large King Fish was hooked and hauled aboard. It was big enough to give all the crew a good meal.

After passing Ile de Ronde ^{and Ile de Carri} we were nearly halfway from Grenada to Carriacou, and the latter island soon began to come into distinct view. We ~~landed at~~ ran into Hillsborough Bay about 3 o'clock having been 7 hours on the journey. We passed between a small island ~~called~~ called Mabouya and the larger island of Carriacou. In the olden days Mabouya was set apart as a home for lepers. There is also another islet off in the bay called Sandy island, and on it turtles are frequently caught when they go to bury their eggs in the sand.

We landed on the beach and went to the store of the Amsh.

20 May, 1891. Patterson - the Casus of the island. Mr P. received us kindly and gave us some much needed refreshment whilst we waited for Dr. Durrant, the resident medical officer, who had been called away ~~to~~ to see a patient some distance off. We met also the Rev. Mr. Gresham, the Anglican clergyman, who is somewhat of a character.

Dr Durrant having arrived we walked up to the little hospital with him, and inspected it whilst we were waiting for horses. The cottage hospital was very clean, and the arrangements reflected much credit on Dr Durrant who is a young man of a ^{enormous determination and} restless energy. Horses having been obtained we started for Bellevue. The Doctor's residence on the top of a ridge 700 feet above the sea. The distance was but two miles and we passed through fields passing right up steep hill sides off which the cotton crop had been reaped. Cotton is the principal staple of the island, and a considerable quantity is exported. On the larger properties steam gins are used, and on the smaller ones, the machinery is run by means of power derived from miniature windmills.

The Doctor's house was in the older time the 'great house' of a sugar estate, and hard by are the ruins of the sugar works and the great and massive windmill tower. The house is build of dressed stone, and it is still a very fine building. It, and other

20 May, 1891. houses now partly or wholly in ruins, are evidence of the wealth of the sugar planters of the old slavery days. In this house we resided ~~at~~ my friend Dr Branch was of Dr Killo's the able brother of Bishop Branch of Antigua.

Mr Durrant, the doctor's mother, received us warmly, although we came upon her unexpectedly. She is a very handsome and charming old lady, ^{with snow hair} and the grace and dignity with which she carried out her duties as hostess in this out-of-the-way corner of the world, could not but pain feelings of admiration. The house is more like an old country squire's residence at home, and every window was fitted with glass sashes. At night they were all closed up, as the ^{cool} strong wind sweeping in from the Atlantic was thought by the doctor and his mother to be dangerous! At last it became so hot that Oregan & I could stand it no longer, and so we went out into the verandah where I smoked my pipe, and got cooled down by the delightfully ^{cool} wind that blows here constantly. When we got to our bedroom, Dr Durrant opened the windows and got a cool sleep.

21 May, 1891

Thursday. The little Royal Mail Steamer leaves Carriacou for Grenada at 9 a.m. but the Governor authorized us to keep it back for several hours in order that I might visit ~~some~~ several of the districts of the island. So we decided on our

Carriacou.

21 May 1891. route and got an early breakfast. Dr Durant very kindly gave me two fine stone implements found in the island. He has one that was found in Grenada with the wooden handle attached, but the man who discovered it unfortunately broke away and destroyed the interesting wood part of the weapon which has probably been used by its Carib owner several hundred years ago to crack his enemies skulls with. There is a magnificent view of the Grenadines from Belleve. To the east lie little Tobago, little St Vincent, and little Martinique - the last mentioned sending up a fine central sugar-loaf peak towards the sky. Away to the north one can see Union Island, Mayno, the Tobago Cays and Carouan. The scene was positively lovely.

We bid good bye to Mr Durant, got on our ponies and rode along the ridge on which the house was built towards the north in order to visit a small village in the quarter called Belleair, and very well called to. The people's houses are somewhat frail in appearance being made of mud and wattle. There are no large indigenous trees in the island so that timber is pretty expensive, and most of the people are poor. Leaving Belleair we rode down the hills towards the west coast to visit a very large village called Bogle, indeed the largest and most populous village in Carriacou. The roads are ^{good and} excellently constructed, and

21 May 1891, as no rain has fallen for a long time there is a drought in the land. In riding along this road one could get a very good idea of the indigenous vegetation. Except in the case of silk-cotton trees, and the tamarind and other trees introduced into the W. I. there are none with fruit here at a given time. I was told that white cedar and other native woods are cut by the people as soon as they attain a size sufficient to be worked up owing to the scarcity of timber. In my ride about the island I noticed the following trees which will give me an idea of the vegetation: Wild tamarind, (Pithecolobium piticifolium). Lours, (Hymenoclea Combaril). White cedar, Secoma leucocylon. Physic nut (Jatropha Curcas). Acacia Farnesiana. A. arabica. Almond (Terminalia Catappa). Mandrake (Cordia sulcata). 'Cub wood' a leguminous tree. There were also a few coco-nut and Palm tree (Ocrodia olivacea) trees here and there. And by the sea side one found the Licac (Chyrtolanas Laccos) and the sea side paper (Coccoloba wifera).

The whole place was so burnt up that weeds and flowering herbaceous plants were conspicuous by their absence, and one could really only judge of the vegetation by the trees & shrubs.

Furcraea cubensis (the 'dagge bush' or 'jalk grass') and an Agave, which I take to be close to A. rigida were very

21 May, 1891. abundant, and Mr. Patterson, who had sent cleaned fibers of these plants to England and got excellent reports on them, was contemplating getting out a fibre machine soon to endeavour to go in for the fibre industry. The fibre from the Agave was the better and it was reported to be worth £30 a ton.

We passed several dry ponds by the road side. The water supply of Carriacou is very defective in the dry season, and the people drink brackish or muddy water and appear to like it. The ponds collect the surface drainage only and cattle are allowed to wade into these ponds and to pollute the water. When Dr. Durant expatiated with the people about the matter, they said the cattle took down and hardened the muddy bottoms, and prevented the ponds from leaking!

He told me a good story of a well-to-do resident who went to Grenada, and told the people, when he returned, that the water of Grenada "was not nice, it was too weak and tartish: it had no body in it"!!

We rode down the hill and came to Poyles, which runs down the hillside to the sea shore. The houses are very numerous & are crowded amongst them. The buildings, except in a few instances are very poor and sanitary arrangements are practically nil. What with bad water, ill-constructed houses,

21 May, 1891. and defective sanitation, it is a wonder that the people are so healthy. But when epidemic disease visits the island the mortality is very great, and this is especially the case, as one might expect, when dysentery is introduced.

To the south of Poyles is a little bay with a fine white sandy beach called Yaws Bay for the reason that in slavery times, yaws cases were located here in a yaws hospital - the crumbling stone walls of which are still visible. Sea bathing was then considered, as it is now, to be very beneficial in the disease.

There is now no yaws in Carriacou, owing to the careful supervision of the resident medical officer who drafts all cases at once to the Grenada yaws hospital. Some time ago the disease was introduced from Trinidad and Dr. Durant who knows and is liked by every one of the population of some 7000 persons was informed at once, and he sent the affected persons away to the hospital at St. George's. Since then the island has been free of the disease.

After leaving Poyles we struck right across the central hills of the island to the windward side. My pony gave me a lot of trouble as it had been caught in the fields when it was roaming wild and had not been properly broken in. It did not answer well to the bridle, and as it was lagging

21 May, 1891. behind I stuck in the spurs. The next moment the pony and I were off the ground and flying up in the air, on the result of the finest buck jump it has been my lot ^{to} experience. I lost the right stirrup, but both of us came down to mother earth safely and I was still, by good luck, in the saddle. The darling pony then tried to kick the back of my head with his hind feet, but another application of the spurs caused him to change his mind and to rear so that I thought we were both going over backwards. I then hit the little dear over the head between the ears as hard as I could with the knob of my umbrella, whereupon the pony got on his four legs again and shook his head vigorously - we then began to know each other more intimately, and Martin Pony went off at a peculiar double shuffle unlike any other pace I should ever experience. It was not a trot, & was not a fast walk, nor an amble nor a canter, but a kind of combination of all these modes of equine progression with something peculiar added. What that something was I did not know, nor do I know now, all I can say is that I had to sit tight and hope that the ligaments holding up my liver were sufficiently strong to bear the strain and to keep that viscous in its proper place. The tossing and rolling and pitching of the little halibut as it rounded Kick'em Jenny were not in it at

21 May, 1891. all, and but for my sea-sickness on the halibut, I believe I should have been very 'horse-sick' on my charming Carriacou pony.

We passed through Belvidere and Dover riding along the stubby cotton fields, for often every crop the stubs are cut close to the ground, and we saw the stumps sticking up. And we went by the ruins of what must have been once quite a mansion. The stone walls remained and on the parapets were ornaments carved in stone. We rode through a place called Baie a l'eau, which indicated that it was worth to find water, and here through Dr Durrant's influence a deep well had been dug by the Parochial Board of which he is the leading member. The well was dug to the depth of 25 feet and no water was got, then the wise men of Carriacou abandoned the work, for, as they said, there is no well in the island deeper than 25 feet, ^{or at least} we have dug 25 feet here, and there cannot be water in the place. ~~But~~ ^{They} Dr. Durrant pointed out that the lay of the land showed that the water from the large water-shed must pass below the surface and he urged his colleagues to go on digging, but all to no use. At last he offered to bear the expenses of the further digging operations provided that the parochial board repaid him the money if water were found. This the wise men of Carriacou

21 May, 1891. ~~For~~ counted to, for they had wasted the tascopage money in digging 25 feet down, and they were quite willing that the Doctor's pocket should be punished as he had really led them into the ridiculous expense of ^{searching} digging for water in a place where no water could possibly be found. Much sooner than in anger, these wise representations of the people of Carriacou left the bare-haired Doctor to carry out his foolish digging operations, and they shook their heads, when they remembered that they had ~~been~~ allowed him to ~~persuade~~ persuade them against their better knowledge ~~to~~ to dig for water in an arid place. And then they smiled and joked about the queer idea of digging more than 25 feet when the deepest well was actually only 24 feet! A few days passed when it began to be whispered that people had been seen going to the place with buckets, and pans and demi-johns, and kerosine tins. Then a man came riding in to Hillsborough, the metropolis of Carriacou, who had seen a ~~man~~ woman who had heard that ~~water~~ the Doctor had got to the water at an incredible distance below the surface. The whole thing was of course treated as a splendid joke, and the absentee, and the man ~~with~~ the who had seen the woman who had heard of the discovery of the water were jeered at. But before long the Carriacouian had surmising in meaning

21 May, 1891. to 'Lueka' ran from mouth to mouth, and the people of the island looked down on pure water at the incredible distance of 37 feet below the surface. Dr Dumont had extracted water from the bowels of the earth, and although the water was thin and had no taste a body in it, still it was good enough to make shift with, when the much nicer water of the polluted surface ponds had leaked all away in dry weather.

My pony, shook me past Mount Pleasant and then we got to Lava Bay a large sandy bay on the windward side of the island strewn with drift wood, seeds and other jetson from the Ruins of Brazil. At the village at the head of this bay I saw a case of leprosy. Nothing is done in Grenada to isolate these lepers and there ^{are} a good many in different parts of the Colony.

Then we rode up ~~the~~ a narrow path leading to a place on the tip of the ridge running through the island called Top Hill. My delightful pony considered it necessary to ^{go} ~~take~~ ^{along} at the very margin of the ~~road~~ road when a steep declivity led down to the lower lands. No persuasion had the effect of getting the nice animal into the road itself, as I have said he had a supreme disregard for reins, and equine gymnastics on narrow

21 May 1891. mountain road was out of the question so I had to keep the open quiet. However we got to the top of Top Hill and were rewarded by a magnificent view. We then rode down through Mount Desir and Prospect Hill, past the grave yard with its rudely carved crosses and headstones, of native work of art, and got into a flat swampy place at the back of Hillsborough.

We met Mr. Patterson again, and while he was getting his steam gin to work ^{the gin} to show me, I went to the Court House and saw Mr. Roche the resident Magistrate. While waiting in the verandah of the Court House I counted six wedding parties pass towards the Church. The brides and bridegrooms were dressed up in the height of European fashion, the brides having white veils over their black faces. A marriage party is generally accompanied by 2 or 3 groomsmen and bridesmaids - some of the bridesmaids being young children of the bride and bridegroom. The Rev. Mr. Fusham had been at work among the ~~children~~ people and innumerable marriages resulted. I am told that in one instance after a week or two of bedded life, a couple were disturbed by the advent to the island of the first wife of the bridegroom, and the unfaithful husband secured himself by throwing the blame on the 'parson' who made him marry

21 May, 1891. again. On explanations being made, the man, in all innocence said, "why ~~parson~~ ^{parson} you bin worry me to many deoder woman, and you never ask me if I bin marry already." which ^{woman} eventually got the man I cannot say, but I presume the parson made deeper inquiries into the past life of the couple before binding them together as man and wife.

There is a police station at Hillsborough with a small detachment of police under the command of a Sergeant, and there is also a branch Treasury and a revenue office in charge.

Mr. Patterson now had his gin working away and he sent to tell me that all the cotton he had on hand would soon be through unless I came at once. So I went round and saw the cotton enveloping the seed being pushed in one side, and clean cotton coming out the other in sheets 2 or 3 inches thick. The cotton seed is thrown out from a separate aperture, and it is shipped in bags to make cotton seed oil. Mr. Hillsborough ^{Patterson} buys cotton from the peasants at 1/4 a lb, and the clean cotton is worth 7/4. Many of the people here land from the proprietors at 30/- an acre, and they get crops of cotton, maize and pigeon peas during the year. The cotton is reckoned on

Carriacou.

21 May 1891. to pay the rent, and the two other crops are considered as profit. W.P. told me that an acre yields 2 or 3 cwt of clean cotton when well managed. Two cwt go to the bale. An ordinary crop of maize gives 25 barrels to the acre, and of the pigeon peas I could get no figures. But they are sold readily in Grenada & Barbados. Ground nuts are also grown sometimes, and a usual crop is 30 barrels to the acre - these nuts are sold in Trinidad, Barbados or Martinique.

The usual rotation is cotton, maize and pigeon peas. The cotton plant grown is a small shrub - not higher than 3 feet; and, as it has been cultivated in the island for many years without a proper application of manure to the land, I suspect it has greatly deteriorated. It is customary for the men to leave the island for Trinidad and elsewhere to find work after the cotton fields are planted, and thus it comes to pass that the female part of the population at certain seasons is in much greater proportion than at others.

We leave the island in the 'Waltham' at noon, having kept back the steamer three hours. When we get on board the Captain told me I need not to have hurried as he would have considered it his duty to wait any time for me. He is very attentive, and he managed to get me a deck chair which was really very acceptable, and later on he came

Grenada

21 May 1891. back with a fellow. We steamed out of the Bay of Hillsborough and passed by Mabouya and Sandy islands, and then ran along the north end of the island, passing the Lagoon which I had not had time to visit. Here are mangrove trees, and tree oysters. These oysters are considered a great delicacy and they are really very nice. Agias had managed to get a barrel of them which he carried back to Grenada.

The sea was rougher than when we came, and the boat was tossed about like a cork on the water - but I was not ill, for after spending an hour or two in that pony I was ready for anything.

We got to Sauters at the north end of Grenada after about 3 hours steaming, and Mr Wells and the Rev. Mr. Council - the old gentleman who had conducted the service at the Anglican Church in St George's when I went with the Governor. This Mr. Council was formerly Rector of St. Lucia before the church was disestablished and disendowed in St. Vincent. And, as his pension is not a large one, he takes services and acts as locum tenens for other parsons. In church he looked a very solemn old ecclesiastic, but he turned out to be a jolly old boy, and kept us amused by his funny stories.

Grenada.

21 May, 1891. Some of them not quite the kind of stories one would have expected a clergyman to tell. He is father-in-law of Mr Watkins the inspector of schools in the Leeward Islands. We got back to St George's late in the afternoon. And, Sir Walter telephoned down to say that he expected me to dinner and that he would send the carriage for me. So I went up to Government House and was again made thoroughly at home by the Governor and his wife. Sir Walter read to me dispatches he had written to the Administrators of St Lucia and St Vincent requesting them to help me in any way they could. And he directed the Admtⁿ of St Vincent to telegraph to the Admtⁿ of St Lucia to announce my advent as soon as I left the former island. After dinner we had a long talk about all kinds of things, and his recollection became quite confidential about the affairs of state, as he had often been before. He is really a right good fellow, and his kindness and bonhomie rendered my stay in Grenada and my official relations with him most pleasant. Lady Helen Hutchinson went to bed whilst we were having our confab, and it was rather late when I said goodbye. Sir Walter wanted me to stay the night, but I had told Orpian I was coming back and I had not packed up to ready for the steamer in the morn.

Grenada.

21 May, 1891. Sir Walter said he would order the police boat to be ready for me, and he promised to keep back his ~~dispatches~~ mail bag until I was ready so as to give me plenty of time. With a hearty hand-shake I left him and thanked him for all his goodness to me.

22 May, 1891. Friday. Got up early to pack. An awful job, and one I dislike very much. However, Seignalet gave me a good help, and the thing was done in time. My impediments are increasing a good deal, and I have had to buy a new trunk. I must send on some of the things to Dominica from St Vincent. I called on Orpian to bid him and Mr B. good bye, and then walked down to the wharf with Orpian. Seignalet had already gone off with the luggage. It is his duty to see after all these things and to pray the people, so I am saved a lot of trouble. Mr Wells, the Revenue Officer was waiting for me, and he had a parcel of clothes I had got from Trinidad. The Governor had given orders that I was to pay no duty on anything, so I had no trouble with the customs. I was then ready to go and soon I was on board the 'Esk' and welcomed by the officers. Miss Gittens was on board, and she seemed very pleased to see me. She gave me all kinds of messages from the Dullocks and my other Tobago friends.

22 May 1891. We had a very pleasant run down to St Vincent. The sail past Grenada and the Grenadines is very beautiful. I was able to point out objects and places of interest to Miss Gittens, and to Mr & Mrs Knibb friends of hers on board. Mrs Knibb is the sister of Dr Blane of Tobago. Mr Scherren, the botanist is also on board, and he is going back to England after exploring Grenada for the Council. There was also on board Mr Herbert Smith, a zoologist who had done splendid collecting work in St Vincent and Grenada. His expenses are paid by Mr. Godman an English man of science who is very wealthy. Scherren introduced me to Smith and we had a long and interesting talk. Smith is going back to St Vincent to get me a few specimens of arae butterfly.

Mr Clements, the chief clerk in the Government office was sent off by the Administrator to receive me, and I went ashore with him and went up to Gov^t Office at one to see Captain Maleny. Clements had got rooms for me at the Hotel, and left Seignalet to see after getting the baggage up. Captain Maleny was very nice and friendly. He apologised for not putting me up at Gov^t Ho. for he said he had a large family, and the new Magistrate for Kingstown and Mr. P. Aubyn was occupying the only

22 May 1891. span room. He assured me that he would do all he could to help me in my mission, and he told me not to hesitate to ask him for whatever I wanted. I got to the hotel and found Mr & Mrs Knibb & Miss Gittens there taking tea, so I joined them and went for a walk with them.

I walked by the market and saw some horrible looking flesh, red in colour and with a horrible rancid oily smell, exposed for sale. It was whale flesh, and I am told that the people liked it! We then visited the Anglican Cathedral a very fine large building, and saw a slab in the centre ~~of~~ aisle on which was inscribed an epitaph to Major — who slew Chaloyer the great Carib chief with his own hand in single combat, during the last Carib war. We then went to the R. C. Church which was filled with tinsel and tawdry, and Mr Knibb went up to the chancel and knelt & crossed himself and said evidently a short prayer. We then walked back to the jetty and I bid my fellow passengers good bye.

The Hotel is pretty comfortable, and the landlady Mrs. Prosser is anxious to please. Two fellows were staying there I had met before. One a Mr. Alan

22 May, 1891. Dalrymple, a relation of the Dalrymples who used to be in Dominica, I met on the steamer when I brought Odo back from Dominica Antigua after his serious illness. And the other was a Mr. Hewitt, acting as accountant of the Colonial Bank whom I met in March at the Crane Hotel in Barbados. So we soon become friendly.

23 May, 1891. Saturday. This morning I call on the Administrator and have a long conference with him. He is a tall handsome man of very nice manners, and he received me warmly and with great kindness. Afterwards I call to see Dr. ~~Hewitt~~ ^{Musson} the Colonial Surgeon. He too is very friendly and he offered to help me in any way he could. Mr. Musson, who is a lady of rather large proportions is very gracious. Her daughter, who is about 16, is a second and smaller edition of her. In the afternoon I go to tennis at Government House, ^{with Rev. Hewitt.} which is about a mile away from the town, and pleasantly situated at the head of the Botanic Gardens. Captain Maling had asked me to go, and he said Mr. Maling would take it for a call. Mr. Maling and her daughter are surrounded by the St. Vincent youth and beauty. Mr. M. is somewhat old looking but she was very nice and evidently strove to make herself agreeable. She has seven children I believe, and six daughters of varying ages ^{from 4 to 26} are with her. There is also a Miss Hewitt - the Governor's, about whom Hewitt is much chaffed as they

23 May, 1891. are both very tall, and the young fellows say they were made for each other. We went back, and several of the ladies accompany us. Reese invited me to go with several fellows tomorrow on a bathing party at the Villa and I consent to go.

24 May, 1891 Sunday. Our party consists of Reese, Delapople, Herbert Smith, Hewitt and my young Engineer. ^(named Sabastide.) We first walked towards the south end of the town of Kingstown - which is shut in by a high and inaccessible cliff, running down to the sea, and we then turned towards the East and mounted the hill until we reached the top - about 300 ft high. The road up, though steep is good, and all along it are built houses, the upper one looking over the lower. At the top of Lion Hill, as it is called, are several fine residences belonging to the gentry of the place. One house especially belonging to the Hon. H. A. Hazell is a very fine one. We now walked along the level top of the hill and gradually descended along a winding road to Greathead Estate we walked across a fine wide valley, crossed a river by a bridge and proceeded along a flat road with numerous cabbage palm trees planted by its side in a row. These trees were much finer before the hurricane (which destroyed a good many) several years ago. We then ascended another ridge and crossing it returned towards the sea, and passing through the Villa Estate we reached a small
* The Warraburrow.

St. Vincent.

24 May, 1891.

sandy bay with two bathing houses at the end of ~~the~~ small jetty. One of the houses was dilapidated, and the other was locked and we had forgotten the key, so we had to undress on the little jetty. The beach was of pure white sand, and it gradually shored down so that we could walk ^{out} along very without getting beyond mere depth. The water was beautifully refreshing after our ~~long~~ hot walk of three miles, and it was warm and buoyant. I had never before batted in the sea in the West Indies, although I have lived out in them so many years. I was simply afraid of sharks and other voracious fish. But there were said to be no sharks at the villa, and so after a little hesitation to go out far, I forgot all about the monsters of the deep and enjoyed myself immensely. We swam on our breasts, on our backs and on our sides. We paddled. We looked about, we dived for stones and generally enjoyed ourselves like children. After ~~long~~ time in the water we came out, and looked for the boat we had sent on with cocktails and breakfast. But we saw nothing of the boat and so we roamed along and fished for sea urchins and anemones amongst some coral rocks further along. Reeve put on his helmet, and wound his towel round his loins, and Dalgryple did the same, notwithstanding the rounds of chaff they got. At last the boat came along and we had a refreshing iced cocktail

St. Vincent.

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24 May, 1891. and then a rattling good breakfast lunch. The whole thing was very enjoyable, and all the fellows were in good spirits and anxious to add to the general enjoyment. After lunch we roamed about, and then chatted and we went into the water again, but the sun was very hot, and so we did not stay in so long. We then got into the boat and were rowed back to Kingstown. The view of the town from the bay is very beautiful, and in the place opens up from Cam Garden point - the Dictumity of the ridge to the south of the town - the lovely view is scarcely surpassed in ^{all} the islands.

We got back at about 2 o'clock and dined at four but I was rather seedy, and after dinner had an attack of sun fever from the exposure at during the 2nd belt.

25 May, 1891. Monday. Better this morning. The Government also had sent me a whole pile of papers concerning yaws, and allied subjects, and I was engaged all the morning reading them carefully. Dine in the evening at Gov. House. Recv. you with me. Met Mr. H. H. Hayle the senior & most important member of the Council, and Mr. Aubyn the Police Magistrate - who is a really very nice young fellow. Gov. H. is a nice cool building, and Captain Maling gave us a capital dinner. After dinner Maling, according to arrangement, made an opportunity

To Vincent.

25 May 1891. For me to have a talk with old Hazell concerning my mission, for the old gentleman was opposed to the grant for expenses, & although opposition of that nature did not really affect me I was willing to help the Govt in carrying their measure without much difficulty. The old fellow was quite reasonable, and when I explained to him the reasons that had induced the Home Govt to institute the special inquiry, and showed him what ends and ways might accrue, he at once said he did not understand the question before, and that as I explained it all opposition was at an end. Later on the Administration told me with great pleasure that Mr Hazell had said he would support the Government. When we joined the ladies, we had a game at pool, and one of the Miss Malins beat us easily. After a very pleasant evening I came home back to the hotel.

26 May 1891. Tuesday. The mail came in this morning, and the news from home was not very good. Follie and the baby have both been ill, but happily are better when the Str left. The baby especially has been very ill indeed. Dr. Numa Rat appears to have been very kind and attentive. Had at work all day at papers. After dinner in the afternoon I take a walk through the town which is

26 May, 1891 very well laid out, and most of the houses are substantially built of stone. In many instances they are built over the side walks of the streets, solid stone or brick arches being erected over the cut-stones to support the first story. In this way one can often walk along the pavement for some distance under these colonnades. I met St. James and he went into the Ardeya club of which I have been made a member and I meet a lot of fellows there. Some of them invite me to go over in the evening to play whist - which I do. The Club is not up to much.

27 May, 1891 Wednesday. This morning I go for a ride to the Botanic Garden and Mr. Parrell the Curator shows me over the place. It is the site of the old garden that was so celebrated last century; ^{and established in 1764} but, at the ⁽¹⁸²⁸⁾ early part of this century, the garden was abandoned, and those plants that could be removed were transferred to Trinidad. A few of the older trees, some of much interest and economic value, were left, and amongst them a very fine group of nutmeg trees. The hurricane, ^{of (1831)} however, destroyed a good many. When Mr. Parrell took over the place, ^{in all 1890,} it was an impenetrable jungle of a hot exposure situated in a valley just below Fort St. Anne - which always goes by the name of the "Garden" in the island. In the brief period since

27 May, 1891. May 1890, Parrell has converted the jungle into a pretty little botanic garden, and he deserves immense credit for his work. A nice little ornamental house is being built in the garden for the Curator and thus he will be able to measure his work when the house is finished. He now lives at the hotel. I went all round the garden with him and selected a lot of plants for Dominica, which he promised to pack up and send on.

Wakefield, who was accountant of the Colonial Bank in Dominica when I first came out is here as an agent. 'The Vicar', as we used to call him, was very glad to see me and he introduced me to his wife, who for certain interesting reasons is not visible to the general public. He has 3 or 4 daughters, nice little girls, and he lost his only boy from dysentery a year or so ago. This afternoon he and I went to Calliaqua for a ride. We mount Lion Hill, pass great heads, cross the harraverron by the bridge, pass also the Vella where we halted on Monday and soon afterwards rode by some swampy land into the old town of Calliaqua - which in the olden days was the capital of the island. But its fine bay - protected by Young Island, and a big rock on which was a ~~fort~~

27 May 1891 a fort, called Fort Tavernette, has filled up and it is too shallow for shipping purposes. To get to the top of the Tavernette it was necessary to go up steps carved in the solid rock in a winding manner, and in its time, it must have been ~~very~~ almost impregnable. During the hurricane the old Calliaqua Church was blown down, and the Anglican Rector of the parish is now building another one. We went over the place, and I am astonished at the substantial way in which the Church was being built in solid stone. The work must have been costly, and the ~~plan~~ architect seemed a poor one, but I heard afterwards that large sums were given by a few persons of means. In riding back 'the Vicar' and I had a ~~good~~ ~~count~~. But the big bay horse I was riding got away into a gallop and as the road was level we went at great speed. The motion was pleasant and the hour with him was hard to let him go and before I got to Lion Hill Wakefield was out of sight, and I had to wait nearly a quarter of an hour for him. When he came up he said I went away from him like the wind, and from his tale afterwards I got the reputation of being a very hard and bold rider.

27 May 1891. In the evening I go to Wakefield's to Whitey and meet Newsum - the Colonial Surgeon, Hewitt, and Wells Duane at a banquet. Mr Wakefield did not appear, but his three little daughters did, and it was very pretty when the colon collected in which he had had a corner to play the violin for his mother. Wakefield has a fine collection of St Vincent ferns given to him by Michael Smith. But the ~~the~~ ^{the} folks' folks allowed his children to ~~see~~ ^{inspect} the ferns, and of course the labels are mixed up. I spent a very pleasant evening, & Wakefield made a most polite host.

28 May 1891 Thursday. In this morning with Newsum - the Colonial Surgeon - to the Institution. The hospital is at the upper end of the town facing a small green with a few trees on it, called the Victoria Park. It is a very creditable institution for the place. The buildings are detached, the wards are light and airy with ample breathing space, and the accessories are very good. There are over a hundred patients, ^{an ample one or two cum gratia,} and the place could contain many more. The Colonial Surgeon's room is nicely fitted up. Leaving the Hospital we rode out of town towards the north - the next place called Edenburgh - which is a bay just below the heights which stand Fort Charlotte. At Edenburgh are many houses occupied by poor people, and close to the shore is

28 May 1891. a large building used, when the island was garrisoned, for the Commissariat department. Going round this bay we skirted the hill and on the lower slopes came to a large military building formerly residence & garrison hospital. Here, for a time, the garrison patients were housed, but the difficulty was the water supply - that was only obtainable from rain water tanks. Leaving this building we rode still higher up the ridge and came to ~~some~~ ^{other} buildings used as a leper hospital & asylum. There were about 20 persons male and female here, some of them living in ^{the} cellars of the house. The whole scene was disgraceful, and the wretched inmates looked very miserable. All the cases were not leprosy, in fact the majority were not. There were one or two cases of yaws, and several cases of hideous ulceration of the face caused by lupus. After we left this leper house we scrambled up, wretched as I had, a very steep road to the top of the heights and reached Fort Charlotte - which has been turned into a Poor House. When this old fort was occupied by troops, they were housed in casemates, and then stone dungeons, (for they are dark and cold and as more like dungeons than anything the Jew was used to house the pauper in. The whole place was dreary and sad, and it had quite a depressing influence on me. I was

28 May, 1891

very good indeed to go out in the light sunlight and was dazzling after the gloom of the interior of the rock fortress. We went up to the old flagstaff where in former days the union jack proudly floated, and had a magnificent view of the island. The town, with St. Andrew frowning over it, and a small fleet of vessels lying off the shore, made a beautiful view from this elevated position - 637 ft above sea level.

The old flagstaff is now used for signalling vessels, and close by is a small box with glass windows called the light house. In the 'light house' is an ordinary kerosene lamp which casts its dim light at a short distance out at sea to serve, I suppose, as an indication to ships that they are near Kingstown. One would think that the Colony could afford to purchase a good lamp with proper prisms to put in its light-house. We rode down from the Fort by the main road, and crossed the old draw bridge on a narrow knife edge. Along this side are several houses formerly occupied by the Garrison officers, and now tenanted by some of the island officials.

In the afternoon I saw Mr. Cull's call, and he and his daughter, and sister (Mrs. Musgrave) and her three daughters were friendly & pleasant. Mr. Cull has just returned from Dominica and Antigua where he had been on a visit, and

28 May, 1891.

had almost all about actual friends. Mr. Cull insisted on me coming back to him, and I spent my pleasant evening at his house. His nephew, Mr. T. B. C. Musgrave is in Jamaica - when he has been sent in charge of the St. Vincent exhibits at the Exhibition.

29 May, 1891.

Friday. This day has been made a general holiday by proclamation of the Governor in honor of the Majesty's birthday. The Governor (as the Administration is universally called) was a part of "Bull Day Ball" and Seignior & I are invited. St. Aubyn goes with us in the carriage. The charge for carriage here is exorbitant. The distance is a mile, and we had to pay a pound for a one horse carriage, besides which the same carriage made of dozen trips.

The Rev. Canon Dr. Church called, ^{in the afternoon} and did the Rector - The Rev. C. G. Clark - Hunt, and others.

The Ball was in capital style and we enjoyed ourselves very much. I took in Mr. Musgrave to supper, and made the acquaintance of the wives of Mr. Bruce Austin, Finlay, and Pereira. Pereira has just got married, & there was a good deal of talking & laughing between the bride & bridegroom. St. Aubyn, Seignior & I went to the carriage which had been hired for £1. had been used to take other

people home!

30 May, 1891.

Saturday. Comm Branch, who is a brother of the Rev. W. Branch of Antigua, and a cousin of Bishop Branch of Antigua, had invited me to go to his place at Banquallie today to return on Monday, and I accepted his kind invitation.

We went down in the passage boat from the jetty at 2 p.m. and there was a party going on to the Macdonald's place at Wallibaroo just beyond Banquallie. This party consisted of Mr. J. Macdonald, one of the owners of Wallibaroo and brother-in-law of William Wakefield, C. F. Clements, chief clerk in the Administration Office, C. J. McLeod, the Registrar and Clerk of the Bank. There were also Dr. Pereira this time who were going to Banquallie when they reside.

The passage boat is an enormous dug out canoe, 36 feet long. The biggest canoe I have ever seen. There were 5 rows and a crewman. The forepart was crowded with people, and the after part had 6 cross seats with backs to them. There was no awning, but the seats were fairly comfortable. By the "Heaven's" advice he came to see an off. I secured the narrow back seat just in front of the crewman. The beds & bedspoon got into the net in front of me, and as I told Mr. Leod I expected from, and there was from. At first they sat

30 May, 1891.

as far apart as possible, and after a time they gradually got closer and by and by. Then Mr. Pereira said there was very sticky, and rested her elbow on the edge of the canoe. Then she said it was uncomfortable. Then I suggested in a low loud whisper to the fellow in front to lean. "Why do you not put your head on your husband's shoulder and go to sleep comfortably." He seemed delighted and said "Oh! yes, I think that will be the best way." To which I added. "Of course it will!" The fellow in front was killing himself with suppressed laughter, which Sunday winks and other signs from me did not tend to decrease. At least my advice was taken, but the husband in the way. And, out of the kindness of my heart I suggested the removal of the hat, which was eventually removed, and then I said to the bridegroom "I think your wife will be still more comfortable if you support her with your arm" and he promptly slipped his arm round her waist. I depending my approval & said that was the proper way to make a girl comfortable in a boat. I nearly exploded myself, and the fellow in front had been recurring down their cheeks, and they reproached me afterwards for the suggestion I had recommended to them, but they did not like to relieve themselves by laughing at me.

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The run along the coast was pretty, but the weather was very hot, and, as the Captain kept the canoe close into shore skirting all the bays, we did not get much breeze. The formation of St. Vincent is much like that of Dominica. From the central mountain ~~ridge~~ ^{chain} ridges descend ^{abruptly} coastwise, and usually, and somewhat abruptly at the sea, thus shutting off the valleys from each other and necessitating the frequent diverting of the coast road towards the interior, soon to surmount the obstacle created by the dividing ridges which shut off one valley from its neighbour. Sometimes the road is close by the sea beach when it crosses a valley, at other times it runs for several miles away from the coast and at its up to considerably over 1000 ft above the sea level. The geology of the island is well seen by coasting along the leeward shore, for bare cliffs run up sheer from the sea to the height of several hundred feet in places, and on their faces are seen in places the various strata very evident.

At Danwallie Canon Branch came on the shore to meet me, and he pointed on me riding his horse whilst he walked. The village is a fair sized one and there are several good houses. A rotten jetty is evidence of decayed prosperity, and other evidences are not wanting to show that St. Vincent is not the place it was when King Sugar prized his golden

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sceptic. I bid good bye to the bride and bride groom, and to the Wallilaboo contingent and then Canon Branch led me to his house passing by the Church en route. The Church is a pretty little one with a handsome chancel, and some good native carving in places. Mr Branch, his sister - a niece of the Misses Clinckell - and the younger members of the Branch family, received me kindly, and I was soon at my ease. The house is small and it was much smaller until Mr B. increased it by adding two rooms and a gallery. It is situated at the mouth of a gorge between high hills, and so it is shut out from the trade winds, and exposed to the full blaze of the afternoon sun. It is then hot - very hot in the afternoon, but on the sea shore not a shade until late in the morning - the early part of the day is cool. There is a pretty little garden kept up by the older Miss Branch - two nice guavas and papaya is in bloom, and all around elsewhere is an arrowroot, the bright ^{fresh} green of which is very restful to the eye. There, hitherto, only seen small patches of arrowroot in the other islands, and it seems curious here to see hundreds of acres of the plant stretching far away across the valley and up the hill sides. The cultivation of arrowroot is now paying well, and much more

30 May, 1891. probable than come cultivation. Just as we were about to sit down to dinner, a messenger came up from the village to say that Canan Branch had taken the bridegroom's ice! and that he wanted it. Mr Branch having refused ice took a parcel that came in the passage boat and sent it into the house. He was rather annoyed but laughed heartily & accused him of stealing the bride's ice. He said well, he can't go without, however I will give him a fair share of it. So the Spide was decided. After dinner we sat out in the gallery, and I smoked and had a long pipe, and the Comm told me how he was nearly going to Dominica to act for Mr Dent, and how his "Episcopal Cousin" had not treated him well. In June rather tired I turned in pretty early, and found that I was in one of the Misses Branch's bedrooms by the usual evidence of quiet gun cracking & talk about the place.

31 May, 1891. Sunday. There is a capital bath, an old ^{mill} canal has been diverted and turned into a deep stone bath, and the water is delightfully fresh and cool. But the bath is full of crayfish & if one stands still for a second they go for one's feet. Fortunately Mr Branch told me to move and keep on moving, but once I stood still for a few seconds, and I felt the crayfish at my feet, and I jumped about then pretty

31 May, 1891. Monday. I went to Church morning and evening. The service was rather humdrum, and the singing execrable. Miss Branch played the little Reed organ. The Comm had had a lot of small booklets sent to him by the Attorney General, Mr Choppen, and he read one of them goodly goodly things instead of a sermon in the evening. I hope that shortly the booklets were published by.

1 June, 1891. Monday. Left by the passage boat this morning, and took up some plants from Mr Branch's garden, which I sent on to the Carata to be taken care of. After a pleasant passage, I reached town by 11.30 am. Well prepared for my lunch, which Mr. Dumburn the landlady of the hotel speedily prepared for me. The hotel is pretty comfortable & Mr. B. seems anxious to please his guests.

To morrow I go to Grand Sable on Saturday on the windward side of the island belonging to the Hon. H. H. Hazell. Mr H. has invited Iva Moore, the Royal Engineer so well known in the Leeward Islands & Powell the Carata beside myself. He is to send a carriage for us at 6 am. to morrow, and we stay out some days. After leaving Grand Sable I go on to stay for a day or so with I Prince Austin

2 June, 1891. Tuesday. Iva Moore came round in good time and we left town at 6.20 am. There are a capital pair of big American

2 June, 1891. Leave in the carriage, and we soon rattle out to Calliaqua on the road I now know well. The roads are in excellent condition, and the day is fine, so we enjoy our ride immensely. At Calliaqua the road strikes inland for some distance and passes through sugar estates prettily situated. We go by the Pleasant, and W. Hayll's estates, the 'great house' of which is on the top of a hill, and we get a splendid view. The house, we are told, is a very fine one, we soon strike the sea coast again, and reach the Argyle Estate, and drive along the sands with the strong trade wind blowing in and carrying with it abundance of saline particles. In places we drive along around that has been hewn out of the cliffs, and below us we see the Atlantic waves dashing against the base of the cliff and breaking into spray. As the road in these places is not very wide, if the horses were to take sudden fright, we should certainly come to grief for the turns are sharp and frequent. We pass by Junby Cottage the residence of Mr. Ponce Austin, and some time afterwards cross the Colmore River by a fine bridge, and soon afterwards come to a long tunnel through the 'Black Ridge' which divides the windward side of St Vincent into two parts, the southern an older settled part, and the northern which was long held possession of by the Caribs and is now called the

2 June, 1891. Carib country. This tunnel is very well cut, and a good roadway passes through it. Our coachman, who regaled us with tales of jumbies en route, said that the tunnel was very dangerous after dark, as there were lots of jumbies in it, and he would not go through it for any sum of money. When we emerged from the tunnel we were on the Grand Sable estate, so called from the long and wide stretch of black sand fronting a portion of it. The Grand Sable River when it reaches this stretch of sand turns off to the south and then seems to lose itself in the soft stuff. We soon reached the town of Georgetown which lies between Grand Sable and the sea. We drove through one of the streets and noticed several good houses and then we turned off towards the west and drove to the Grand Sable house which is situated at the end of a cliff about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the town. The former 'great house' of the estate was built on a hill and it was blown down by a hurricane, so the present house was built one that specially excavated from the hill. Close to the back of the house is a perpendicular cliff, so that in the day time when the sun is shining on this cliff the house is almost unbearably hot. The house is a very fine one and nicely furnished, and Mr. Hayll & his

2 June, 1891. Walter Jack who had preceded us gave us a hearty welcome.

After a hearty lunch we smoked and rested a bit, and Mr Hazell, Mr Moore & I went out for a ride. We rode through some arrowroot cultivation, and then went up a valley where a good deal of cacao had been planted; the trees were bearing fairly well, but they were not properly pruned. Grande Sable is a very large estate, and its principal cultivations are sugar and arrowroot. About 100 hhds of sugar are made and about 1400 barrels of arrowroot. Mr Hazell is now planting cacao and nutmegs, and in a few years he ought to ship a lot of the former. We came back from the cacao valley when we left Small instructing Jack Hazell how to prune the trees, and passed by the sugar and arrowroot works. It is very important in the manufacture of arrowroot to have pure water, and at Grande Sable to effect this a large closed filter bed has been constructed soon to purify the river water. On this estate the land yields from 7 to 10 barrels of arrowroot to the acre - a barrel weighing about 220 lbs. The reaping season is from September to May and planting operations are carried on during the wet months. The sea blast is not inimical to the growth of arrowroot, and steep hill sides, close to the sea, and exposed to the full force of the Atlantic winds,

2 June, 1891. are planted in arrowroot, and they give excellent returns. Leaving the works, which are in the valley close to the tunnel, we rode by the river and then leaving it to our right, we rode about 2 or 3 miles up the valley to the nutmeg cultivation. Here there are 40^{or} 50 very large trees some of them veritable giants, and as big almost as the banyan trees I had seen in Grenada. Mr Hazell showed me one tree he often got a return of £15 a year from. There was also an enormous clove tree amongst the nutmegs. We rode right through the grove, our horses treading on nutmegs which lay on the ground as they had fallen from the trees. A great number of young plants were growing up in all directions, but many of them, as I pointed out, were too close together. A good many black birds, like the Barbados ones, called here "black witch" were seen in all directions, and I saw also many shrikes, and one or two hawks, amongst the latter a large black hawk, but the air fauna was scanty on the whole, and humming birds were conspicuous by their absence.

We got back by "cock-tail time" and soon guests began to drop in, first Mr. Yates - a nice young Scotchman - the manager, & Bruce Austin, who had driven over from

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Jemby Cottage, St Louis Parter, the rich proprietor of the neighbouring estate, St. Bentinck. The dinner table was beautifully decorated, for Mr Hazell had sent a his servants, and the dinner was a luxurious one served in grand style. Champagne flowed like water. Mr Parter gave me the seat of honor, placing Don Moore on his left, & he and all his guests were exceedingly pleasant. In fact we all enjoyed ourselves immensely. After dinner he went into the gallery and smoked and chatted, and then went to ~~our~~ ^{his} ~~bed~~ ^{bedrooms}, but not to sleep for a long time as the place was insufferably hot.

3 June 1891.

Wednesday. Got some good Camb stone implements today. Powell treated some, so I played him a practical joke. Got hold of his servant, and told the boy to go all about and try to buy some implements for me. He brought in 4 good ones, and then I told him publicly what I had done to the amusement of us all, including Powell himself.

There is a grand bath attached to the house, in which one can get a ^{hot} ~~good~~ swim. We all enjoyed the bath immensely. After a very early breakfast Jack Hazell, Don Moore and I start for Owia at the extreme north end of the island, a ride there and back of about 32

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miles. I will go with us as far as the dry river, which is the ~~source~~ ^{site} of the lava stream that was poured out of the volcano in 1812.

We rode first of all to Georgetown, and leaving the high street we turned down a side lane and came to the beach by the jetty which has been wrecked by a small company. The jetty is very substantially built, and it runs right through the surf which here heaves on the sandy shore with much force in huge rollers. These are rough, but still a 'blows boat' very strong and high and sharp at both ends, was being launched now to ply between the head of the jetty and a schooner lying off a cove couple of cable lengths and made fast to the buoy there moored. A line was run from the blows boat to the jetty and then held by half a dozen men, several men were ready to run the boat down when an opportunity occurred after a big roller had broken and it was seen that smaller waves were coming in. The time came after about eight minutes waiting, and then with a shout the big clumsy looking boat was shoved off, several men jumped in when up to their chests with water and sprang to the oars, and, at the same time

3 June, 1871. The men on the jetty, moved briskly forward, put a strain on the rope and then hauled away as though for their very lives. The boat has scarcely ~~at~~ ~~was~~ along with the indraught of the last wave, when another big one was seen advancing with a white crest. The time was exciting, and we spectators felt excited. ~~Very~~ ~~surely~~, I thought, the wave must break and dash the boat to splinters and perhaps down or batter the crew to death; and indeed such dangers were imminent when the boat swung for a moment to one side, but a man at the stern, on the end that served for the stern, with a long oar as a rudder got the boat born on, and by the strenuous exertions of the ~~two~~ ~~men~~ towing in the jetty, and those pulling in the boat, its bows rose to the advancing wave and rode over it just a few seconds only before it broke. The boat then bobbed up and down, and was gradually hauled and pulled to the head of the jetty. The whole thing was pluckily and skilfully done, and I would not have missed the sight for a lot.

We then rode on through the Mount Pembroke Estate and came to the dry river. Previous to the volcanic eruption of 1812 a small river ran here to the sea, but during the

3 June, 1871. The bed was filled up with ash, scoria and other ejecta from the volcano, most of which was washed down ~~to the~~ towards the lower part. The stream now runs at the upper reaches, but about a mile from the ^{coast} road it disappears and runs ordinarily under the volcanic debris. But, in times of heavy rain, when the river is in flood it comes down over the beds of volcanic ejecta in a huge advancing wave which carries every thing before it, and at times causes destruction of life to unwarlike travellers. This "dry river" is about 200 yards across, and the whole of this wide bed is at times a seething torrent. The scene is very curious and dreary. On all sides is volcanic debris, ash, scoria, pumice and small rocks are ~~in~~ around one, and in places the river at previous freshets - have scored lines and channels in various directions. One can see very well here the way in which denudation in the past much of the present configuration of the land in the west Indies has been formed by erosion and other agencies. There is scarcely a bit of any part of these volcanic islands that may not be seen represented in miniature in the soft stuff of the St Vincent Dry River. Steep ridges and deep valleys,

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plains, and rolling lands, and flat topped highlands separated from inland by perpendicular cliffs with a slope reaching half way up or is seen in Dominica, in this island, and in the peculiar Rucina mountains of British Guiana. All these physical features are modelled exactly in parts of the long dreary waste called the dry run of St Vincent.

We left Paul here, and he kindly undertook to collect some geological specimens from the place for me whilst I went on with the others.

The next estate we came to was Rabaka, and ~~was~~ some uncultivated land near the road was a sight that was worth seeing. The whole surface of the ground was covered with white and purple "pearls" - *Vicia* ^{rosea} ~~major~~, and the blaze of colour in the bright sunlight was magnificent. This estate and many others in the island, belongs to Mr. Pater, the head of the firm of D.K. Pater & Co., an old established business concern in the island. Old Pater who now lives in England has acquired about half of the cultivable estate in St Vincent. Many he abandoned during the sugar crisis. Others he half cultivated, and in all he reduced the pay of his managers and overseers to such a sum that they can barely make both ends meet with their salary. He still persists this system,

3 June, 1891. Clear about \$40,000 a year. At least so I am told. And this money goes out of the island to maintain the board of an old man that none of his employees have a good word to say for. Of course all this creates a huge monopoly the evil effects of which here, it is believed by many, kept back the prosperity of the island immensely. The contrast to Grenada is great. In St Vincent the proprietors are few, and one man is all supreme. In Grenada the proprietors are many and no man is supreme. St Vincent sticks to the old cultivation and it is poor Grenada has gone in for other products and it is rich.

At Rabaka there is a jetty belonging to D.K. Pater, and ~~most~~ the produce of the long line of Pater estates is shipped at this place. The sea, however, seemed to roll in fiercer than in Georgetown and it must be impossible to ship anything in rough weather.

We then rode on through Waterloo, Orange Hill and ^{by} ~~Turkey~~ ^{by} ~~Turkey~~ estates. All five properties belonging to old Pater. How Moore and I were especially struck with the splendid stonework of the buildings forming the sugar factories on these properties. The ^{branch} aqueduct, carrying the water to turn the mills was carried across the mill yard and ~~over~~ ^{across} the road for a long distance over magnificent stone arches,

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beautifully turned, and having some degree of ornamentation. The buildings and aqueducts must have cost large sums of money, but then they were built in the old slavery days when sugar was £40 a ton, and now it is worth about ^{a cent or so, it is called,} fourth of that price. The main aqueduct, is several miles long; and, owing to the configuration of the country, it must have been very costly in construction.

After leaving Furema we came to Overland Village, where there is a considerable population. On making inquiries I was told that there were no yaws people cases, but on making a house to house visitation I discovered several children and grown up persons with the disease. One woman said that a year or so ago nearly all the people had yaws in the place, and most persons were cured by bathing in sea water, and by drinking some of the water. Also a decoction of a plant very common in these islands called 'Newain' or 'Vereyvain' was administered to the patients.

The seaside grape, Coccoloba uvifera, is very plentiful along the coast, and even for some distance in the interior, as in most of the islands. For the last days, the trade wind has been blowing very hard, and a good deal of the sea spray is blown for some distance inland. I was an awful nuisance to me for my spectacles got encrusted with the

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saline particles, as on board ships in a stiff breeze, and had to wipe them continually or look "on the splash glass, doubly." After leaving Trucena ^{and bounding,} we had practically come into the wilds of St Vincent. Here and there were little patches of cultivation, the gardens of the yellow Caribs who inhabit this district. The road was very pretty, and shady, for everywhere was the beautiful wildness and luxuriance of tropic vegetation, and through the ^{huge} sea side grape trees which fringed the road, we got glimpses of the rock bound coast with the white spray or the waves dashed in full force against the volcanic barriers to their further progress. As we neared the sea in places, the roar of the dashing waves was like supreme thunder. We then passed through a small ^{Carib} settlement at Sandy Bay and dismounted to find out whether you resided amongst these people. With the help of Jack Hazell, and he helped me out here and at Overland, I discovered two little Carib children with you. Mr. Kernahan, one of the Surveyors at present engaged under the direction of Mr. Reese in running a line between the crown lands and private property, had a hut in this settlement, for his work had lain here for some time. I had met him in the Hotel, and he is a capital chap. His business had not yet returned.

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A little farther on, in a small ravine, we came to another Carib house, and a young and pretty girl and her older sister came out to see us. I bought a nice little Carib stone implement from her. She asked me who I was, and I said "the new Doctor". They appeared pleased, and the girl, who ~~at~~ seemed to fall in love with me at first sight, asked me to come to stay with her, and said she had room in her house for me! I promised to do so when I returned from Kingstown, and we rode on Iona alone chaffing me the while. The affair was rather amusing, and indicative of the morals of the present Caribs. The request was made by the girl with the greatest naivete.

After passing the Carib settlements, the coast became magnificently wild, and the road steeper and more tortuous. Iona turned round ^{Esquimaux} point, and had a side bay, called Myrtle Bay before us. From this bay was the promontory of Owia, with its bright green arvicorn fields, and its houses and little Church on the hill. The whole view was very fine, and we pulled up to admire it, from the height of nearly 200 ft. From this point the road descended towards the sea shore below Owia, and halfway down we came to a place where a break in the ~~road~~ cliff had necessitated the road being

3 June, 1891. Built a cross the head in masonry, below the parapet at the edge was a high stone wall, and below this again was a steep declivity leading to the sea at the bottom. This place is called Bloody Bridge because of its being the scene of one of the many sanguinary conflicts in the Carib war. We soon came to the pretty little village of Orin, and on passing the church we found a marriage of a Portuguese with a Carib girl was about to take place. The marriage guests had walked in their finery from Victoria Village - a new Carib settlement in the heights of Sandy Bay - and they with the bride and bridegroom were waiting about the porch for the clergyman (Anglican) who is a coloured man - we attended the marriage, and wished the bride & bridegroom joy, much to the pleasure of all present. We went to the manager's house and there had breakfast which the Hazell's had sent on for us; and, afterwards, we walked up the hill, terminating the promenade, to enable Tom Moore to do his work, which consisted in measuring and valuing the ordnance property. For, in the days of old, there was a small fort and garrison here. The powder magazine was still well preserved, and old guns were lying about. A nice little house in good preservation, belonging to the lease of the estate was built on the top of the hill, and the view from it was very fine, and it must be very

3 June, 1891. - healthy, further cool Atlantic breezes are constantly blowing. From here we get a glimpse of the island of St Lucia about 23 miles across the channel. Altogether there are two acres of Indica property here.

To the north of the promontory is Owia Bay and shipping is easy here except in very boisterous weather. The road passes on for three miles further to Fancy another anson root estate, and terminates there. The only way to get thence to the leeward side, except riding back all along the windward coast, is to take a canoe to Mome Rode village well down the leeward side of the island, where there is a tract of land reserved for the use of the black Carib. The black Carib, Levi at Mome Rode, as they did not oppose the English in the Carib wars they received better treatment than their yellow half brothers. Most of whom after the Carib war were removed to the little rocky island of Battiwia where many died of exposure and starvation, and those remaining were after a while deported to the island of Neutan in the Gulf of Honduras - where some of their descendants now live.

With Mr Beach, the manager of Owia estate, we visited the anson root works. The underground stems, or rhizomes of the plant are ^{washed & then} torn to pieces in a mill with both axes run by

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into power. The pulp or a fibrous matter is then carried by water to series of decreasing sized meshes, which remove all the fibrous part and allow the starch grains to pass. After going through the sieves the starch water is carried, or run into settling tanks when it is allowed to remain until the starch is deposited on the bottoms, and ^{or perhaps treated} clear water remains. When sufficient deposition of starch has taken place, the ^{strawberry liquid} supernatant water is drawn off by means of holes in the settling tanks which are opened by pulling out the plugs. The anson root is then dug out with clean spades, ~~put~~ in lumps. These lumps are put on trays with wire bottoms, and put in tiers in the drying house. The house is closed at the sides by wire netting so as to allow free circulation of air. In all the operations the greatest cleanliness is observed, for otherwise the value of the produce will be greatly deteriorated. When dry the anson root is packed in ^{American} clean flour barrels lined with blue demy wrapping paper, and the mark of the Estate and the number of the barrel is scored on the package. The Owia anson root has an excellent name in the great markets of the world, and every effort appears to be used to keep up the reputation of the mark.

We bid good bye to Mr Beach, the manager, and

3 June, 1891. proceeded on our return journey. When we got to Sandy Bay we saw the marriage party, about 14 persons in all slowly bending their way up the narrow track to the Court village of Victoria, and a little later on we heard loud shouts and the firing of guns in honor of the home coming of the happy pair.

We stopped again at Oreadland village and had some coco-nut water, and I was able to obtain 3 more stone implements. We came across a lot of old people milking home from their "gardens", and I pleased many of them vastly by addressing them as "Mamma" or "Auntie" or "Uncle" and inquiring after their health. On the sugar Estates patches of land are given out to the laborers, who grow earth-nuts and ground provisions for a year, and then the land is again put into sugar canes. This primitive system of rotation is said to ensure soil. When we were passing Georgetown police station I was stopped by the Serjeant and handed a lot of letters that the Administration had sent me, and on getting to Grand Sable House I got a lot more that had come in the morning by the inland post. As nearly all these letters were official ones from the Antwerp islands, the Governor-in-Chief, Sir, Mr Hoyle was much impressed. There was also a letter from Dr O'Connell, the

3 June, 1891

medical officer of the district, who was invited to dinner last night and who neither came nor sent an excuse. He had been directed by the Govt to assist me by every means in his power, and he should have called on me before. His letter was so curious we asked him to come to see him at once professionally. I had arrived soon after we left in the morning. Although I was pretty tired, and anxious for a bath, I got on my horse again and rode back to Georgetown so as to be back in time for dinner. On getting to the house, I found the place a regular pigsty and two nice little girls ill dressed and dirty. O'Connell's children. After a time O.C. came out in his night-shirt and said "Hallo! Welcome old fellow I'm delighted to see ye." This from a man I had never seen before! He then said, "Wait a bit, will ye," and off he started to the next room and brought out a pair of drawers which he proceeded to put on over his night shirt. He then considered himself sufficiently dressed to receive company, and began to talk in a rambling way about almost everything under the sun. The poor fellow was fast bordering on delirium tremens. He said he was very ill and had just taken a warm bath, and he begged me to examine him and give a certificate to get sick leave. I at first declined, as I said the Colonial Surgeon on the

3 June, 1891. I was present to do so, but afterwards I consented as he said he could not ride to town. Accordingly, after an examination, I gave him the required certificate, as he was really ill. I was pretty frank with him in regard to the cause of much of his illness, and he promised me to amend, and pleaded as the cause, the great trouble he had had. His wife was in Paris, and one of his children had been very ill. He was in the French army during the Franco-Prussian war and had married a French marquise. He showed me his and his wife's photographs. A few years ago he was a fine looking fellow, and now he is a wreck. He is, or was, a great Home Ruler and he showed me a letter from Parnell. I told him I thought that the pitched struggle was ruining Ireland, and he promptly replied that he didn't care a divil what became of them all now?

On getting back to Grande Sable I was received warmly by my genial host, who had all the same guests as had been at dinner last night. We had another banquet, and afterwards carriages were brought round, and we all went to Mr. Louis Pater's house at St. Barts. We were received by Mr. Pater, and Miss Perry the governess, and had a pleasant evening with singing, music & billiards. We got back to Grande Sable just before the rain came down heavily.

Thursday.

4 June, 1891.

It rained in torrents all night, a regular tropical storm, and as I had to shut all the glass window doors, it was exceedingly hot and close. All the others left early in the morning, Jack Hoyle a hantuck, and the others in carriages, as they were going back to town, and were anxious to get across the ford ~~at~~ over the Yamba River at Hoyle, before it became impossible. So I was left alone in my glory to wait for Dr. Bruce Austin who had gone the previous night to sleep at Georgetown, and intended to call for me this morning, as I was to go to Jumbly Cottage to stay with him for a few days. But the rain came down, down, down, and he came not. So I went to inquire what I was to do and he said come on to him, as he was with Kernahan stop-stayed at Georgetown, at the old police station. So I went on and met him cantering ~~down~~ down the main street to join me. We then had a consultation as to whether we should go on as the streams would be very swollen, and at last decided to join Kernahan - whom we found searching for a dry place in the old station so that he could eat a comparatively dry breakfast. We had some beer, and finally decided to make a dash for it. So we left Kernahan bewailing

4 June, 1891. his humid lot, he could not get on to Sandy Bay and his duties, and he dared not return to Kingstown and his sweet heart. We sympathised with him in a semi-comic way, and he received our words of comfort with a smiling face and a sad heart.

We had an awful ride to Junby Cottage. The rain came down like a water spout, and the wind came in from the stormy sea in heavy gusts. We crossed the Grand Sable river with the water up to our horse girths, but our plucky steeds carried us over without mishap. When we got to the cottage we were half-drowned, but Mrs. Bruce Austin brewed us a cocktail that warmed us up, and after a change we had a capital breakfast-lunch, and my kind hostess and hostess soon made me feel thoroughly at home. Austin is a splendid fellow, a nephew of Bishop Austin the Primate of the West Indies, and his wife is a sprightly and a very kind little lady. They have one child, a boy about seven and a fine little fellow. Austin's brother is staying with him on a visit. He is in business somewhere in the United States.

In the afternoon as the weather clears up somewhat we go for a ride to hunt up some game cases. We pass Raisin Point against which the Atlantic rollers thunder, and then

4 June, 1891. ride through a village called Bridgeton, and come to the Adelphi Estate belonging to J.K. Parker. On this property sugar and arrowroot is grown. We call to see the manager, a Scotchman, who has the peculiar name of Snodgrass, and is familiarly called "Snoddy". He is a most amusing, witty fellow, and not in any way like Dickens's character in Pickwick. He and I soon become very friendly, and he orders his stud to be saddled to accompany us; and, thereafter, as we see we meet Snoddy was duly informed, and he made one of the party.

Leaving Adelphi we came to a village on Spring Estate and here I saw lepers and gaw patients galore. Austin, who appeared to have a very delicate nose, would not go into the huts where the lepers were, as he said they had made him ill when he went before, but I walked boldly in and sat down and had a long talk about themselves & their families with the poor wretches.

Afterwards we come to Peruvian Vale, where a fine large police station had been built, by a Captain Denton, a former Inspector of Police who had acted as Administrator. A police station was quite unnecessary here and the building would make an excellent cottage hospital. Leaving Peruvian Vale, we rode along a fine stretch of road, between

4 June, 1891.

which and some hilly ^{country} land inland was a fine stretch of paved which is used as a race course at times. Some afterwards we came to the swollen Yambu river, which we crossed without mishap, and ^{then} rode up to the fine new house of the manager of the Beagle Estate. The manager, a Mr. Mitchell, was a genial Scotchman, who ^{gave} made us a hearty welcome, and then produced the "whiskey," of which we all solemnly partook, pledging each other the white. Mr. Mitchell has very strong accent, and Snoddy, in the society of his countryman became very Scotch too, and it was very pleasant to me to hear the old tones. Mitchell had formerly been in D.K. Pater's employment, and when the palaces of the managers were cut down he refused to go on with the work & returned to Scotland when he became a farmer, but the present owner of the Beagle estate, having met him, induced him to come out by making him an advantageous offer.

We first hunted up your cans and I found some Coleridge affected. They had brought the discs with them from Trinidad.

We continued back and got to Junby Cottage in time to partake of a good dinner. After dinner Mitchell and Snoddy turned up. Snoddy by the way had worn in the afternoon, a light tweed coat with a big dark patch at the

4 June, 1891.

back across the shoulders, and he turned up in the evening with the same coat. Sam told that he wore this remarkable garment to annoy his wife. He & Mrs. not getting on very well together, or she rather bullied him. We had music and songs, both Mitchell & Snoddy singing very well. The latter always walked to the middle of the room before he began to sing, and then he struck an attitude, and his appearance in his parti-coloured clothes was indescribably funny. Maurice Austin played the guitar, and he sang a whiskey song called "the yellow girl". The song wound up with a chorus at the end of which were the words "and he whistled when his wife was dead", and Mitchell then called out "sing awa Snoddy, dize hear that," much to my intense amusement.

5 June, 1891.

Friday. At 2 a.m. there was an earthquake which lasted about 12 seconds, the motion was arching one in a line from north to south. Heavy rain fell all night and during the morning. I wrote letters home and sent them into Kingstown by the postman who called at the house in passing. Maurice Austin goes by the mail which passes in the evening, and as he rides into town, and the rain has cleared off, I Austin & I decided to ride

5 June, 1891. as far as to go with him, and then go up the
 Mariaqua Valley, to see after your people there and
 at the village of Mesopotamia. ~~The rain~~ ^{The rain} ~~has~~ ^{has} ~~started~~ ^{started} at
 11 a.m. and Swadgrass joins us. Just as we get to Peruvian
 Vale police station the rain comes down again, but we
 had to go into the station as Dr Austin is summoned to
 give evidence in a case before the Magistrate Mr Lynch.
 Mr Lynch is a Dominican and he lives to the north of
 Georgetown, he was invited to dine with us at a grand
 table but he ^{sent for excuse} ~~refused~~, and so I did not meet him. We
 parked some time at the station and as Mr Lynch did
 not turn up we went on our journey. Maurice Austin
 had gone on when the rain came down, for he was advised
 to push on lest the Yambou river become too swollen for
 him to ford. We did not cross the river at the lower ford by
 Apple but struck a bye road more to the north, and
 leaving the coast rode up the fine Mariaqua valley.
 Our road lay for a time along the north side of the
 valley and the river ran dashing along its rocky bed
 a hundred feet or more below. The scenery was splendid,
 grand, and the vegetation was luxuriant and essentially
 tropical. In fact the scene put me very much in mind of
 Dominica. After a while we came to an upper reach

5 June, 1891. of the river, and crossed to the south side and pro-
 ceeded up the valley. Cacao and nutmegs were
 planted in places, and the soil and climate was
 evidently well suited to them. The river windings were
 frequent, and we had to cross the stream in several places.
 Some of the fords, as for instance the one just below the
 village of Mesopotamia, were deep as the river was
 swollen by the heavy rains. The village was a large one,
 and the principal store a shop was one of some pretensions,
 we stopped here and had bread and cheese and beer,
 and I bought a capital pipe with a patent arrangement
 for catching the nicotine. The storekeeper was away,
 but his wife hunted up some young ones for me, and in
 a short time a number of children badly affected
 came trooping in for examination.

We rode much further up the valley than Mesopotamia,
 and visited the village of Evesham where Dr Austin
 had a patient with an abscess of the liver. I saw the
 case with him in consultation, and advised that the
 man should be sent to the hospital in Kingstown. At
 Evesham I got two capital Carib stone implements - ^{buttle} ~~two~~
 axes, and after leaving a boy came running after us
 with another good one - the shilling back I gave for them

5 June, 1891.

delighting the finders. One large one I tied onto my saddle, and Snodgrass - anxious to make himself useful - insisted on carrying the two others, which he put in the pockets of his many coloured jacket, and the pipe and weep threatened to cause a solution of continuity between the original parts of the garment and the newer and brighter patches. After leaving Evesham we turned towards the south and passing through Aker Estate we rode into Calder, and I noticed some capital young cacao cultivation on that Estate. At Calder we saw the manager, Mr Taylor - another Scotchman and a great friend of Austin and Snoddy.

Up the Maricao valley I saw a miniature water wheel running a small saw-wood mill. The small amount crop of the peasants are brought to this mill, owned by another peasant proprietor, and the wots are converted into saw-wood the mill-man receiving his share of the produce. At Calder we saw very well the partial effects of the hurricane, which seemed to have blown in flaws. In some places trees were blown to pieces, and in other places much smaller weaker plants were left intact although they had been fully exposed to the gusts beneath the wind came

5 June, 1891

in full force. In coming back we called on at Apple and Mr. Mitchell told us that the carriage in which we saw Moore and Powell was nearly carried away in crossing the river. The river was still in flood, but we managed to get over, and returned back to Junby Cottage in time to see a wetting, as the rain came down very heavily just as we got in.

It was a very boisterous night, and the mail steamer must have caught it. As we were smoking our pipes after dinner, Mr Austin called us that the steamer was in sight. We went to the back of the house and watched the lights which appeared at intervals in the far distance.

6 June, 1891.

Saturday. I intended to return to Kingstown this morning, but the Austens will not hear of it, as there is to be a cricket match and pic-nic at Apple this afternoon, and my hat and hatbox want me to accompany them. Mr Austin says he will drive me into town to-morrow morning I am compelled to give way. The day opens with heavy rain, and it goes on raining all the morning. Our mail letters arrive about noon. The rain clears up by the afternoon and we start for Apple. Mr Austin rides on to Adelphe to meet the Snodgrasses,

6 June 1891. Whilst the Dr & I ride to Massy, a place on a ridge at the back of Adelphe, to see Mr Grant whose late husband had a fine collection of Carib stone implements. We are welcomed by Mr Grant and his two daughters, but I am disappointed about the implements as it now appears that Mr Grant has sold them all. I was surprised to find one of the little daughters of the Rev. Mr Turpin at Massy, and it turns out that Mr Turpin was a Miss Grant, so we had along talk of Tobago and the Tobagonians. The younger Miss Grant is going on to the pic-nic and she rides down with us. The road is a villainous one, and very steep. But we get to Adelphe at last and I am introduced to Mrs Snodgrass, who is a sprightly little body and she makes herself very pleasant. Snoddy is prepossessing in new clothes, put on doubtless by his wife's advice. The Jambou river is still in flood but we get across without mishap, and Mitchell welcomes us to Agyle ^{with} his broad Scotch accent. After sundry liquid refreshments cricket is played, and a young fellow named Osment, a son of the Colonial Engineer, is a splendid bat. He clears the ball enormous distances. A few months ago a team came from Grenada to play the St Vincent people, and

6 June 1891. Osment beats the Grenadians off his own bat. Owing to the rainy weather a number of the members of the Carib Country Cricket Club were absent, and some of the negro labourers were pressed into the service, to make up an eleven. One or two of them played remarkably well. The sight was a curious one white and blacks playing together and all the coolie labourers in their bright garments were looking on, and thus added an Oriental element to the scene. After a time I left the field and went into the gallery of the house to join the ladies. The cricketers came in later on and Snoddy wanted to know why I had left the field. I said I had come in to enjoy the ^{society of the} youth and ~~the~~ beauty of the district. Looking hard at ~~the~~ his wife, he said, ~~that~~ "beauty" is a matter of individual opinion, but as for youth I don't know when you will find it here? Mr Snodgrass playfully hit at him with his fan and called him a "hoor" much to the amusement of all. Mitchell had a grand spread for dinner and we had a very merry meal, Snoddy's conversation of wit and his play with his wife being very amusing. In the evening musicians came in, and we had

6 June, 1891. dancing. As all the gentlemen were in riding costumes the sight must have been curious to on-lookers. When we started back it was late and pitch dark. Mr. Austin, a fearless rider, went on with some other ladies after we had passed the mollen river, & they broke into a canter. Soon, Austin Snoddy & I came up to Miss Grant sitting by the roadside and covered with mud. She had been thrown from her horse which had galloped away. However, it was caught by Snoddy who went after it in full tilt, and after we had put Miss Grant back on her steed we resumed the journey at a quieter pace. Miss Grant was more frightened than hurt. It was after mid-night before we got to bed after a thoroughly enjoyable outing.

7 June, 1891. Sunday. The day turned out to be a fine one, and Austin and I left after an early breakfast for Kingstown, in his carriage with a pair of ponies. The animals bucked us along at a rapid pace and the drive was very pleasant. At one part of the road, ^{as we were hurrying the Barbadoes} we were almost crushed by an old tree that fell from a high bank across the path. As we got opposite the bank we heard an ominous cracking and Austin at once looked up the avenue, and with a shout they had just cleared the bank as the tree came

7 June 1891. crashing down with an avalanche of earth and stones. A few more seconds and we should have had the tree man on top of us. Soon after this escape we passed through the old town of Calliaqua, and admired its filthy harbor now rendered very dangerous on account of the fast growing coral reefs. The land here is low lying and swampy so that it is very unhealthy, but there are several good houses in the place, and evidences of large houses and stores that once existed. We reach town at 10.30 am. having been 2 hours and a half on the journey. After breakfast we go to Messrs and have a long chat with him. Messrs goes to Baromettie tomorrow to operate on Mr. Branch who has epithelioma of the face. I had seen him in consultation and advised the operation.

8 June 1891. Monday. In the afternoon I, Aubyn and I get a carriage and return some calls. We go to see the Treasurer, the Attorney General, Mr. Will Durant, and the Hazell's together, and afterwards Scullon, Dr. Arrott. H. A. Hazell has a fine house on Sim Hill, and he has a nice billiard room which is a great comfort in a house in the tropics. I, Aubyn, Beckett & I dine at the Wakefields in the evening, and have a good time, as W. is a capital host.

9 June 1891. Tuesday. The mail comes in today and I get a nice long letter from M. All at home are well. In the morning I took a long ride to the north of the town. Passing the botanic garden and the road that leads to Government House, the road zigzags up the side of a ridge enclosing the Kingstown valley at the north. This ridge - which is a prolongation of a spur from about *Plendens terminata* abruptly at the sea in a hill on which is built Fort Charlotte. From the top of the ridge the view of the town and the country behind is very fine. Along the road are many Java plum trees - *Syzygium jambolanum*, which have sprung up from seeds of fruit gathered in the botanic garden. There are a good many trees in the garden, some of them are very old and must have been planted when the gardens were first planted. I rode on as far as an abandoned estate, called Camden Park, and then returned. We were to have started today for the Grenadines in the schooner 'Kewaltin', but Messrs J. K. Paton & Co, could not spare the vessel from dropping sugar as in consequence of the late boisterous weather she had been unable to go backward & forward to Georgetown often enough. The Administrator, ^{the Chief Justice} and ~~the~~ the Colonial Surgeon were to have gone but at the last moment they were unable to

9 June, 1891. Leave, so the party dwindled down to St Aubyn & I, but Jack Hazell & Reeve promise to meet us at Mustique an island belonging to the Hazells on Saturday so that we can spend Sunday & part of Monday on the island. In the afternoon we make preparations for the trip, a schooner having been got from the firm of Hazells.

10 June, 1891. Wednesday. This morning at breakfast St Aubyn & I invite Allan Dalrymple to accompany us, and he at once accepts our invitation so we are a party of three. Whabode, the Chief of Police, puts on board some new police uniforms for us, and he sends also a saluting gun, two rifles, ammunition and the blue ensign with the St Vincent arms. St Aubyn also carries along a Caporal and a Constable of the Police Force. I take a servant boy, and the Company charter a butler recommended by the Hazells. We have 2 cent of ice and plenty to eat & drink so we are likely to be comfortable on board the schooner "Wasp". We might anchor at 11 a.m. run up our flag, fire a gun and are off to the Grenadines.

Our first place port is the island of Bequia, which, after Carriacou, is the largest of the Grenadines. Bequia lies within ten miles of St Vincent, and it is plainly seen from the South part of that island. As we said

10 June, 1891.

out of Kingstown Bay the breeze freshens and we
 bowl along at a good pace. In the channel between
 Vincent and Bequia we get a good tossing, and we
 all keep very quiet until we are under the lee of Bequia
 then we brighten up considerably. A little after noon
 we turn the headland of Admiralty Bay and stand in
 for the village called grandiloquently Admiralty town.
 The bay is a fine large one with a shelving sandy
 beach, but we have to tack twice before we can get
 near enough to the town to anchor - we drop the anchor
 at one o'clock and fire our gun and run up the banyan.
 The noise of the gun causes nearly the whole population
 to turn out, and the people line the beach and pass
 audible remarks on our appearance as we land in
 the little row boat. Mr. F. D. Rice, the principal man
 of the place receives us, and we go to the police court
 where Mr. Aubyn is to hear his cases and collect taxes.
 He sends out the two policemen with summonses,
 after they and the butler have arranged our luncheon
 in the upper room of the court house. After lunch we
 go to Mr. Rice's house, which is a good large one but in
 rather bad repair. Whilst Mr. Aubyn is settling his
 magisterial work, Dubyple and I walk through

10 June, 1891. Admiralty town and the village of Hamilton which is only half a mile from Admiralty. The census returns had shown 'no case' of yaws in Bequeia, but within an hour I had by a house to house visitation discovered no less than 21 persons affected with the disease. The people called it Eczema - with an accent on the second e. There was no attempt at concealment, and the people were very friendly disposed. The houses were as a rule small, dirty, and very ill constructed. When it was known that I was a doctor all kinds of people flocked to me for advice, and they were much disappointed when I told them that I was not there to doctor them & that I had no medicines with me. However I noticed some plants with medicinal virtues and I prescribed for many by advising decoctions of these plants, and by prescribing castor oil and sea water - both of which could be easily obtained.

The island at the Census of 1881 contained a population of 1118 of which 517 were males and 591 females. The census returns for this year have not yet been published. The food of the people is principally of a vegetable nature. Cassava, pigeon peas, ^{mango} ~~indian~~ corn and sweet

Bequia

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potatoes being grown extensively for home consumption. Fresh fish, however, is abundant at most seasons, and is eaten largely. In the whaling season, that is from January to May, whale meat or 'bup' is abundant plentiful and it is consumed in quantities here in a rancid condition. Salt fish is but little used. There is a whaling station on the eastern or windward side of the island, and sometimes a good many whales are caught by the Bequia whalers. Fresh meat is rarely seen by the ^{people} here. In former days, before the sugar crisis, a good deal of sugar was exported from the island, and ruins of old works are seen in various places. About half the island now belongs to the Hazells, and a little sugar is still grown by them. Besides sugar, maize, pigeon peas, cassava and 'ground provisions' are grown in the island, but the people apparently are very poor, as might be depicted from their wasteful system of agriculture, and the intermittent way in which they work in the fields. The low-lying lands here, as in other islands of the Antilles, are riddled with the holes of the land crabs, and one has to be careful in walking in the dark lest a foot get into a crab-hole and a sprain or fracture results.

10 June, 1891. In the afternoon Mr Rice and I go for a ride to the south side of the island. We ride along the bay first and I could not help admiring its white sandy beach, and the fine and commodious anchorage. We then struck into the interior passing by the ruins of an old and substantial sugar factory. A good number of stones had been dug out of the walls by the people here in constructing their small huts. Cattle power appears to have been used to grind the canes, and the mill was arranged differently to what it is in more modern works. A high, wide circular ^{stone} wall was built up about 10 feet high, and the cattle walked round the circular roadway on this wall and turned the mill which was in the centre of the enclosure. Access to the mill was gained by means of an arched stone entry. This disposition of the mill and cattle was much more convenient than that now in vogue in many of the W. I. islands. We crossed the main ridge of the island, at an elevation of about 500 feet, and descended by a valley to the windward side. From this ridge there is a lovely view seawards. Below us was the valley stretching and widening out to the shore which was fringed by the white surf. To the north

10 June, 1891. close by the beach were the white buildings of the whaling station, and away out at sea the small islands of Balliceuse and Baltivia with Montique further away. The setting sun lit up the cliffs ^{rocks} of Baltivia with brilliant shades of green and brown, which looked lovely against the clear blue sky.

The road down the valley was very hard but at last we forced our way over the rough stones and through the bushes growing in wild profusion and reached the coast at a place called Friendship. Here by the side of the road I saw a hideous looking leper talking to a pretty young colored girl who came from a house nearby. This leper a young negro had all his fingers and toes gone, and he lived like a rat in a hole. Against a large fig tree, with small oval leaves and many aerial roots, he had rested in a sloping direction a few old boards, a piece of galvanised iron, and some long flat whale bones, and under this primitive benediction the leper had lived for years, taking as the magnificent allowance of a shilling a month ^{given} ^{him} by the government of St. Vincent by begging of his poor neighbours! The leprosy was of the anasthetic kind.

Riding along the coast road we turned by a headland

10 June, 1891 and rode by the shores of the channel between Bequia and Isle à l'Écaille and Ramier Island two small rocky islands to the south. The channel is a mile wide and I saw "black birds" flying across, and skimming, on it were, the surface of the water. We then reached the Paget Farm Estate and met two nice looking young girls and two young fellows in their best clothes coming along the road. One of the young men had a violin in a case, and we learned that they had come from a dance going on at Paget Farm village to celebrate the successful termination of the whale fishery.

After a little while we came to a wretched hut where another leper lived, but he was not at home and we were told that he had gone to the dance! As it was getting dark we returned and did not reach Mr Rice's house until long after dark. St Aubyn & Dalrymple were tired and hungry and very glad to see us back.

In my ride I had noticed the following plants characteristic of the vegetation of the island: -

- 1 The turpentine tree (called gommier)
- 2 Silk Cotton.
- 3 Tamarind.
- 4 Coconut.
- 5 Cedar (2 kinds - simple & compound leaves.)

Bequia.

- 10 June, 1891
6. White Plumieria. 7. Erythroxylon. 8. Capparis amygdalifera. 9. C. cynophyllophora. 10. An Inga with beautiful red flowers (seeds collected and sent onto Kew.) 11. A 4gonal creeping Cereus. 12. An Opuntia with bright yellow flowers. 13. An ivy-like plant. 14. Manjack (Cordia). 15. Mistletoe (Loranthus). 16. Black sage. 17. Lantana (used as an emetic.) 18. Marchioncel - along sea shore. 19. Tillandsias. 20. Agave rigida. 21. Arena lobata. 22. Calotropis.*

The avifauna is not large. The bird most frequently seen is the 'Black-bird' or 'Bequia sweet' so called from the cry resembling "Bequia sweet! sweet!" This bird Luscinus luminosus is peculiar inasmuch as the females are of a dirty brown colour and this fact is, I believe, not mentioned in works on Ornithology.

A peculiarity of Bequia, and also of Union Island, is that the "Cock-rice" (Ortalida ruficauda) of Tobago are met with in the woods covering the higher peaks. The bird was first noticed in Bequia, according to Mr Rice about 12 years ago. No one knows how it got into the island. They are very timid birds, and as soon as attempts to shoot them, they are increasing and multiplying.

* 23 Solanum aculeata.

10 June, 1891. Rice wanted us to stay and sleep at his house. But St Aubyn and I decided to go on board as we were off to Union Island before day break, and as Mr Rice was ill. Duley sent a boat for him at 4 am.

During my stay at Bequia I got 2 fine stone implements, one apparently unexposed.

There was a good deal of general sickness on the island. Influenza & dysentery being common. I saw Mr Rice professionally much to his husband's comfort. A doctor is much wanted in these islands.

When we got on board we found the negro captain quietly slumbering in St Aubyn's dog house. We turned him out and he became saucy - whereupon I pretended to get into a violent passion, and threatened to have the schooner at once taken back to Kingstown to have the owners put another Captain on board. The effect was splendid. The saucy Captain became apologetic and polite, and thereafter he treated us with the greatest deference and consideration.

As we were just going to sleep, a small Bequia sloop came alongside with a great clatter and much noisy talking of the crew. On board was a man with

Bequia.

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was a large ^{lacerated} wound in his face and upper lip. At the dance at Paget Farm Village there had been a drunken row, and one of the other guests had fallen on this man and actually bitten him as a dog bites another! The wounded man was going on to Kingstown in Vincent for medical attendance, and his friends had boarded us to get Aubyn to issue a warrant for the arrest of the man who had bitten his whole-horn friend. St. Aubyn calls up the police, & had his office desk put out whilst I examined the man to see whether any ^{tear} artery was bleeding. I had no means of dressing the wound properly.

The scene was a very curious one. By the light of two dim lamps the man lay in "pyjama" sleeping suit administered the oath to the man with the bandaged face, and around in all positions on the little deck and around the rigging were standing or reclining, the two policemen, & the sailor from boat and the sloop. The vessels were rising and falling on the waves, and beyond the gleams of light was nothing but gloom and darkness. The whole scene was wild in the extreme and I shall never forget it.

11 Jun, 1891

Thursday

Dalrymple came aboard at 4.30^{am} and we weighed anchor and started for Unani - the southernmost of the St Vincent Grenadines. When we sailed past Raminé Island it was very rough as we came in for the full sweep of the Atlantic. Raminé island, lies to the west of Isle de la Deseche, and it gets its name from the number of Raminé - Columba creensis found on it in the season. Dalrymple, who had had no sleep on account of toothache was very sea sick, and the poor fellows face indicated utter misery. Paulbyn and I were all right and we enjoyed the sail immensely. We had a good stiff breeze and the old schooner went along pretty well. We sailed past Cannonau, and Petit Cannonau, leaving Mustique away to the east, then we passed a small rock called Catholic island against which the surf broke in high masses of white foam. Then we sailed past Mayaro and ran along the passage between that island and Unani. The scenery was magnificent. Unani with its two fine peaks stood out against the deep blue backgrounds of Carriacou in the distance, to the east of Mayaro were the pretty Tobago cays, and right ahead were little St Vincent, little Tobago, and

11 June, 1891. the splendid peak of little Martinique towering over them all. After a while we were skilfully piloted by our Captain through an intricate passage between rocks and coral shoals to a calm basin opposite the village of ^{Adilton} Clifton, and we dropped anchor at 10 o'clock, having been $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours doing the run. We landed and walked to ^{Clifton} Ashton House. The shore was a white sandy one with very amount of sea-weed, shells, and drift seeds and wood on the beach. I picked up a large palm seed that had evidently come from Brazil. Just beyond the beach was a thicket of manchineel and sea side paper trees, and beyond them the land was some what marshy and riddled with crab holes, a little farther inland was stubble of cotton bushes, the crop having been reaped. We waded our way through the marshy land and ascended the hill on which Clifton House stood. The vegetation was composed principally of Santana Camara, 'wild black dog' - Cordia sp., Cupressus buccatum, Plumieria alba, and the floor was carpeted by a small plant called "turtle weed" because the turtles ~~ate~~ feed on it. I gathered specimens of this weed for Kew.

The only birds I saw were the black birds Cy. leucicaula

11 June, 1891. lumina and Crotophaga ani, a thrush, ^{the 'long tail'} Mimus gilvus, and the turtle dove Tenaida martinicana. The parrot and the cockies are found in the hills, as is also the West Indian cuckoo in the spring. Along the land side of the hill was the village of ^{Clifton} Adilton. In the days of old the hill had been terraced with stone and on the wide ledges the negro houses had been built, and here they were still, a rather new houses in the place of the old ones. The huts were built of ~~stones~~ with wattle sides and thatched roofs, and they were frail, poorly stricken hovels. Between the village and the flat top of the hill was an enormous stone cistern with a circular stone roof. This cistern gathered the rain water from the roof of the "great house" and it was the largest cistern of the kind I have seen. As there are no streams in the island it is necessary for the rain to be conserved when possible. The house is built entirely of stone, but it is terribly out of repair, and the roof leaks very much. It was built some time last century and it must have been a fine mansion in its time. At a little distance from the house, on ~~at~~ a spur of the hill is an old fort in which I found an ancient nine pound gun.

11 June, 1891. This small fort, which commanded the passage through the coral reefs to the harbour, was built not to keep off the foes of Great Britain, but to prevent the landing of pirates who last century infested these seas and committed hideous cruelty and outrage on those who fell into their hands.

Old Mr. C. H. Mulzac the Unani patriarch came to call on us as soon as ~~we~~ we were in occupation of ^{Clifton} ~~Whiston~~ House which is always used by the officials visiting the island, and ~~between~~ ^{between} which is taken care of by a hideous old housekeeper with a nose flattened by internal ulceration. Old Mulzac must be a long way beyond seventy and he has a long white beard. He rides up on an ancient horse and the two make a venerable pair. He informs the magistrate that the Court will have to sit tomorrow as his arrival was not expected today and all the litigants are over on the other side of the island planting corn, and there is no one to go to warn the people to come in to pay the taxes. Old Mulzac has another ancient horse but he pays the ^{tax} ~~tax~~ on one only saying the other is not used. Some years ago a former magistrate and inspector of police came and Mulzac to make himself agreeable lent

11 June, 1891. The horses to the Visitas Fulen the time came to pay taxes the police inspector requested the magistrate to collect the tax on the horse he had ridden. Old Mulzac has neither forgotten ^{the matter} nor forgiven the zealous officials. I soon became friendly with the old fellow and asked him to lunch to which he did ample justice. I arranged to go over to visit the largest settlement in the place about two miles away, and Mulzac said he would ~~send~~ ^{send} ~~me~~ ^a horse for me if I would take the responsibility, for he said he could not afford to pay taxes for two animals. On leaving he said 'now mind, the horse is yours, I have nothing whatever to do with the matter. If you choose to ride it the look out is yours entirely.' I solemnly assured him that I would take all the responsibility on my own shoulders and we parted. The horse came, and on it were the remains of a saddle tied up with bits of string, the stirrups ^{leathers} were sewed onto the saddle and as they were quite too long I had to do without stirrups, but the horse, poor thing, could only go a little faster than a crab, and when I hit him he turned his long neck round and bit at my leg. Dulymphe came with me and St Aubyn had

11 June, 1891. Walked on ahead, but he soon came back for rain had fallen in the morning and the place was muddy. We skirted a rounded promontory passing along a goat track which served for a road, and then descended to the shore and rode through swampy lands covered towards the sea with mangroves. Further out seawards across a muddy flat were large clumps of mangrove. The swamps in this place must cover fully 100 acres of surface, and on dark nights they are dangerous. A few months ago the ~~old~~ African clergyman of the place - a certain ^{Dr.} W. Donowa - a dark colored man lost his life owing to exposure in these swamps. The tale is a curious one. It is said that one night a spirit lured him on and left him to perish in the morass. He was rescued, however, after some hours his cries having attracted ^{the} notice of a person passing along the road. He had pushed up to his arm pits and in less than another hour he would have disappeared entirely. He died soon afterwards from the results of the exposure. By this swamp we met old Mubye going on to Chifton to see the magistrate. He insisted on Dalrymple taking his horse, but he was careful to tell D. very impressively that he had no knowledge whatever of the horse I was riding.

11 June, 1891. All along the road running up the hilly slopes was a good deal of wood, but the trees were small - which is due to the constant cropping of the wood to which to Barbados when a good deal is consumed for fuel. A trade in fire wood is also done between Bequia and Barbados. Along the roads we passed Ashton white cedars were plentiful and on one I got a fine clump of an Orchid - Brassavola cucullata. Along up in the hills the long straight flowering poles of the so-called 'aloe' - Freycroea cubensis, were very conspicuous.

The village of Ashton is large and populous. It too is built on a terraced hill, but it has straggled to the foot of a hill and has crept a little way along a cultivated valley leading across to the north side of the island. We called on W. Donowa the widow of the clergyman who had been lured to his death by the spirit and W. D. who was ill in bed with grief and rheumatism as she told me received us one of the other in audience. She told me she could not understand the mystery surrounding her husband's death and she asked me to prescribe for her which I did. Her daughters sprightly, mainly black girls but with nice

11 June, 1891. manners entertained me by showing me a scrap book in which cheek by jowl with ridiculous dogged and tow-day pictures with sentences written by Bishops of Barbados and Antigua and other persons of weight & influence, who had doubtless been asked to write something in the book on their visit to the place. The Church was small and poor looking, and, altogether, poverty was stamped on everything in the island.

Delymphe and I made an almost hour to house visitation and I found several cases of yaws which the people called "mangey" or "itch". One woman told me that the disease was very bad a few years ago - She said it was "a bad sickness, and it nearly kill all de people some year ago". One woman who was very bad had had the disease 4 years.

On riding back I botanised along the road and found the following plants in addition to them mentioned.

1. Tamarind. 2. Yellow Flowered Opuntia. 3. Creeping Cereus.
4. Aloe Barbadosensis. 5. Cuscuta americana. 6. Capparis amygdalena.
7. C. Cynaphallophora. 8. Aloe Croton.
9. Solanum aculeata. 10. Abigzia lebbek. 11. Acacia Farnesiana.
12. Amyrthocylon. 13. Stellandron - epiphytic on trees.
14. Taberna montana. 15. Agave

11 June, 1891. mesicava. 16. Uruvi rosea. 17. Parkinsonia aculeata.
 18. Som sop. 19. Sugar apple. 20. Luni. 21. Plumieria
alba. 22. Tournefortia volubilis. I also noticed
 a purple flowering weed* common in the potato
 fields which I could not determine as I had no
 books with me. * Ruellia tuberosa.

After a capital dinner got up by Knight the butler,
 who by the way ran with the Hazells at grande table,
 he went out into the portico and smoked and sang
 for an hour. Mr Aubyn has a good tenor voice, and he
 knows a good many songs. All the people from the
 village turned out to hear us, and when we got up a
 good rousing chorus their delight was unbounded.
 Dalrymple had got some conch shells during the
 day and had chipped off the lids and converted
 them into marine bugles. He began to learn to
 blow them and made night hideous with the noise.
 So Mr. + I started off to the hoop. Dalrymple shakes
 his doghouse on board, and who does not like the smell
 of bidge water and does not love sleeping with cockroaches
 in the cabin decided to sleep in his hammock in Ashton
 House, and we helped him to find a dry place. We
 leave Knight and the two policemen to keep him company.

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With a lantern we managed to get through the swamp, and \$^2\$ U. was much afraid that he would get a dose of the fever poison. We got on board at last and turned into our dog houses. During the night rain fell very heavily and we had to shut up the sliding doors of our kennels.

12 June, 1897.

Friday. Early in the morning Delymple comes aboard and reports that he slept well in his hammock and dry good luck clam about the only dry spot in the room. Knight who had made coffee in the kitchen of the house brings it off for us, and afterwards \$^2\$ U. & I decide to batten alongside the schooner, we are, however, both rather funky concerning sharks, and Delymple decides not to go in. \$^2\$ U. & I debate who shall go overboard first and we decide to toss and I lose the toss. Reluctantly I get into the little boat alongside and peer down the side of the vessel to see whether a shark is lurking in the shade - seeing nothing I dive in, and I must have dived deep for it seems an age before I come to the surface and when I come to the top at least I am right away from the schooner. Then as I made a stroke Delymple shouts out Shark! I am round in a moment and swimming my very hardest for the little boat, and when I ~~reach~~ reach it I cannot

12 June 1891 get in. It is a very difficult thing to get into a boat, may almost impossible unless you know how. You must swim up to the side, and keeping your legs well out give a vigorous kick with both legs and at the same time use the arms so as to raise yourself up the side with the arms stiff and the hips against the gunwale. Then by throwing one leg over the side it is easy to get in. I knew nothing of this, and when I grasped the side my legs were hooked under the boat. Mr. Kobyne shouted to me keep your legs out and jump up from the water and then he and Delymple laughed. The laughing made me very happy for all the while I was expecting to feel a leg go and find myself cut in two by a hungry and voracious shark. So I let go and swam out and had another try at the boat, but again my legs went under. I & D. were killing themselves with laughing, but I am not a frustrated person and I was getting tired, so clenching my teeth I determined to get into the boat somehow and I succeeded after a desperate struggle in throwing my leg over the side of the boat and I wormed myself in with the loss of some integument. The sight was no doubt ludicrous, but and so I laughed with S. & D. but they should have helped me for from a poor swimmer

12 June, 1891.

The shore was far, and sharks and barracutes were doubtless not far distant. St Aubyn then went in, but he did not stop long, for he was ~~so~~ terrified at the mere idea of a shark. Not long afterwards by the way a shark did cruise around between us and the shore, and the Captain of the vessel said he bore foolish to join with sharks were, ^{always} about for whales are sometimes cut up in the bay.

After the bath we went ashore as Mr. was to hold his court. I went on to the old battery to have a smoke & to enjoy the view which was a magnificent one. finer, indeed, than any sea view I had ever seen. The air was clear, and the blue sky cloudless. Objects stood out in clearly cut relief, for the heavy rain overnight had ~~scour~~ ^{washed} out all the impurities of the air and carried them down to another earth to fertilize the soil. Below and to the north lay the schooner 'Wasp' motionless on the clear emerald sea, beyond her the coral reefs stood up high in the water, the lightest & darkest tints of emerald ~~and~~ ^{and} marking the heights to which the ^{little} coral animals had built up their mighty barrier against the stupendous Atlantic waves. But now the ocean was in a placid mood and only here and there at some headland a jutting rock did a little crest of foam ~~mark~~ ^{mark} give

12 June, 1891. view of what faces the wild waves held in reserve.

Cutting the open road for fabled ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~thin~~ ^{thin} of a circle
 Behind me Union sent up its two high peaks and seated
 mountain ridge, ^{the green verdure clad hills standing out in contrast} against the ~~the~~ ^{the} bright blue sky. But
 Union shut in only a third of the circle of the horizon, the
 rest was a marvellous scene of an island jeweled sea
 insensibly merging into the blue firmament in the far
 distance. ~~was the sea~~. Away to the north over
 a jutting headland of green Union the rounded mass
 of the island of Mayes showed distance across the short
 channel of less than 10 miles in width. Still further north
 with the blue sea shining between Cassin's an raised
 its high pyramidal peak high above the central ridge
 of that curious island, and within the confused merging
 of sky and sea, away from the coast the Tobago Cay
 reared their ^{high} level above the waters like Leviathans of the
 deep. One East ^{little} ~~island~~ ^{island}, only a mile away,
 by its proximity dwarfed its larger sister of this
 occidental archipelago, and shooting up its ridge far
 above the waves it cut the hazy horizon in two, and
 its green verdure clad slopes ^{the} the home of the ramie,
 contrasted in color with ~~the~~ ^{the} more distant ocean gems.
 Lying towards the south of great Little S. Vincent
 x Here in the days of old the bays from Union were segregated

12 June, 1891

and little Tobago stood as sentinels on either side of Little Martinique which shot up its splendid peak towards the ~~high~~ sky. On the mountain slopes, such was the clearness of the atmosphere, the houses of the people could be plainly made out. Turning towards the South Carriacou, the largest island of the group, was clear and distinct, houses and estate buildings showing out clearly. I could see the house at Bellemere where Oprie and I had spent the night, and Maloulland island to the west of the town of St. John's brough could be made out. And to the west ~~to~~ little island ^{islets} of ~~St. John's~~ island where in slavery days your people from Uncon were kept show out high seen in the sunlight, and then the land lowering above Ashton shrouded in all further view of the sea. These few images and ~~scenes~~ cannot express in the slightest degree the loveliness of the scene from this little battery in the sleepy island of Uncon. As I stood and drank in the beauty of the scene I could not help thinking how futile words were to convey to those away any idea of the actual loveliness of the scene I was so fortunate as to gaze upon. And then I tried to carry my thoughts back a century in time, and to picture the land behind me the scene of busy in desolation, the old

12 June, 1891 mansion replete with its country planter prince,
 and his family and friends. Here when I was
 standing probably an observer in command of
 drilled and armed Europeans was scanning the
 horizon I had scanned to make out the first glimpse
 of the long expected brig bringing supplies from
 Europe Barbados and Antigua lest the ~~last~~ raking
 work of a private schooner should appear to the windward.
 Then I ~~visualized~~ pictured the scene when Europeans,
 and black African slaves, with set faces and powder
 beprimed heads and faces were engaged in the fight
 which resulted in the beating off the corsair. Some
 landing on the island would have been followed by
 cold blooded butchery and fenceraponi. Yonder,
 just outside the passage between the reefs, lay the
 Spanish craft with its murderous villain on board.
 The mainmast was down with all its hampers of sails
 and rigging, and the private with land crew were
 hatching away at ropes and mast to clear the wreck.
 The Master of Lucin, ~~with~~ hands clasped ~~with~~ with
 a fine bronzed young fellow, beprimed with dirt, with
 shut doors rolled up and fierce ~~expression~~ on his
 face, was thanking his young friend for the luck.

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well directed shot that he really saved the Island -
 Sonny back in the stone masonry, with ^{strong} wooden bars
 and loop holes made for us to enable a brave defence
 to be carried out to the last, an old white haired man,
 and some fine looking women and handsome children
 were standing in the sheltered portico surrounded by
 girls dressed in gowns, and listening with eyes a
 glow to the last report from the battery. And as a
 bright ^{blue} eyed, dapper learner of the success of the shot
 from the cannon pointed by the young Englishman in
 the battery her eyes flew a long way from them and two big
 tears roll down her pretty cheeks and she looks proudly
 up into her grandfather's eyes, and thanks God that
 her lover's cool ^{head} bearing in anxious moments may
 prevent the hand to hand contest she so much dreads.
 And yet, ~~at the~~ at almost the same moment, with the
 quiet heroism so often displayed by women, she turns
 to the old white haired man, and says "Come, grandfather,
 let us see that all the muskets are primed and that
 the fastenings of the doors below are tight for we
 may yet have to defend ourselves in the hour!"
 And ~~the~~ the whole scene vanished and I sat
 down on the old cannon and pulled my pipe, and

12 June, 1891 again feasted my eyes on the lovely view, and old Mulgac came toddling round and told me that the magistrates' cows had fallen through for the defendant in one case had bolted to Cassia's car, and the complainant in the other was in child bed! He regarded the whole matter as a personal injury to himself, and so I condescended with him, and asked him how my haul was. He said it had been brought down for me to ride back to the beach on, but he didn't know who had brought it, and he said he had brought his haul for the magistrates to ride. As Dr Aubyn had no cars he had now only to collect taxes i.e. dog taxes, horse taxes, land tax, and

(?) boat tax, for this last tax a penny a running foot in length ^{the} a charge. The people are very poor and as they are utterly neglected by the Govt at St Vincent they try to get off the tax. Lots of the people get in their canoes and put out to sea and they can easily drop down on schooner so they really get off the tax and demoralize those who pay. We saw one man going out in a canoe and when Dr Aubyn hailed him and asked him if the tax had been paid, the man said no he had no money and did not

12 June, 1891. intend to pay. He moved away and St Aubyn was quite powerful to stop him. Some times were collected as St Aubyn some in the crew of the "Wasp" as special Constables and sent them with the two policemen to ~~collect the~~ ^{seize} all the boats that could be found unlicensed. There is a good deal to be said on the side of the people. They got nothing from the Govt. People are ill and die on the island and no doctor can be got. There is no protection for life or property, no road kept up by the Govt., and as Mulvan said "no d---d nothing"; and it was really a wonder when we arrived that the good people of Union did not assemble to drive us off as the privateers were driven away in the days of old. We gave the people nothing, we added nothing to their comfort nor their happiness, and we took away the money they had hardily earned by carrying their little produce in their creek boats to Barbados, and Curacao.

We invite old Mulvan to lunch and he accepts with alacrity. He is a native of St Kitts, and as a boy of 15 he remembers the execution in Banetere of the 19(?) privateers of the Las Damas in 1834 (?). He told me that only the Doctor and the Cook were spared, and they

12 June, 1891 had been taken from another vessel and pressed into the private service. I remember Dr Inyang telling me all about this private vessel which was practically the last canoe in this sea. or I am able to find that old Mudge's account was quite correct. The old man fellow told us that he had travelled 480 times between Unim and Kingston & Vincent during the time he had roamed on the island that is 240 times each way, and as the distance ~~was~~ is 45 miles, he had covered 21,600 miles in travelling to and fro.

I also had a long talk with him about the island and its people and animals. He informed me that the manacou was wild in the woods, and he gave me some old whiter papers dated last century and amongst them the readers Doctor's journal, ^{all of} which were of the utmost interest to me. Dr Aubyn having extracted the last furling from the pockets of the unwilling islander he and I mounted our steeds, to which Dr Inyang's of old was a race horse, and started on way towards the beach. Mudge accompanied us walking by our side, and ^{the} asked where horse I was riding. The old fellow said it was the Doctor's he believed, but he knew nothing about him about it.

12 June, 1891. When we got to the beach the boat had not left the schooner so we hailed a fisher, and whilst waiting went into a small stone building which we used by Mulgac as a house to gin and bale cotton. The gin was a primitive one worked by hand. The whole cotton crop of the island is about ~~300~~ 114 bales of 300 lbs each. The cotton is worth now $4\frac{1}{2}$ a lb, and the cotton seed which is shipped in $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt bags is worth £4 a ton. The cotton seed, Mulgac said helped to pay the freight of the cotton.

All the cultivation is done on the metayer system. The island belongs to one family who rent ~~the~~ it to Mulgac for, I think, £150 a year. Each man is given an acre of land and he has to take a crop of cotton off it. If the crop be value 60 lbs of clean cotton the man has to pay \$4.00 for his house rent - for all the houses belong to the proprietor - not a single person besides him owning any real property on the island. An acre yields sometimes as much as 250 lbs of clean cotton, but by allowing for bad seasons the minimum amount of bolls is fixed and if that amount is not from the land the metayer pays no house rent and he gets the value in money of a third

12 June, 1891. of the produce after all expenses such as shipping etc., are deducted. The metayer gets the cotton without pay, but the proprietor pays ~~for~~ for shipping the produce, and his outlay is reckoned in the expenses before the final settlement. Corn is also planted in alternate rows with the cotton, and the proprietor gets only one third of this crop. Besides the metayer has a provision garden in the hills, which he gets rent free. The whole system is patriarchal, but it seems to work well under the Patriarch Mulgac, for the people are poor the old Urui Chief is not rich, and except once during a smuggling row - when Mulgac had to hide until 4 policemen came to restore order - this old feudal chief and his retainers have ~~been~~ got on well together.

We left Urui at 2 o'clock, the boat having come up to an old stump of a great monarch that once grew on the banks of the Amazon some 1000 years South American river and had drifted up all the way to the paradises. Getting off the stump into the boat as from a wharf, we rounded about, weighed anchor, and stood out to sea, the Captain skilfully sailing the ship through the narrow passage in the

12 June 1891 Coral reef. The bay appears to be filling up with coral as did the once fine harbour of Calliaqua in St Vincent. In these and other places in the West Indies the bottom is alive with coral which gradually nears the surface and at last puts out. In this way some of these islands and islets are gradually increasing in area, and the sea bottom is changing year by year, and old charts become unreliable. These facts indicate the necessity of periodical surveys to correct the published Admiralty Charts.

We had a spanking breeze and we ran across the narrow channel to Mayno in less than an hour. We anchored in a deep bay on the leeward side of the island and landed at as soon as we had had lunch on board. The beach was sandy but it fell away abruptly and there was deep water a few feet from the shore. We climbed up a very stony road that had been a strong stream of water only a few hours ago, and there were pools in all directions. After a hot stiff climb we reached the village on the central ridge about 200 ft above the sea. The whole island is less than 800 acres and ~~is~~ the whole belongs

12 June 1891 to another old patriarch named Mr. Henry St. Hilairi. who is of French descent. At Anbyra, Dalrymple & I at once proceeded to the school house, which was a room about 20 feet square, and here the magistrates court was to be held. Along the wall was the following legend in letters cut out of different coloured paper. "God bless our school. God save the Queen." This was the handy work of a schoolmaster who was now settled in Carriacou, and it was thought to be very fine, and many of the people gazed upon it with admiration and delight. Old St. Hilairi, a white haired man about 76 was evidently ~~fast~~ past work. He was indeed a garrulous decrepit old man, and I could get no information of any value from him. On the top of the ridge it was delightfully cool, the strong Atlantic breeze blowing in without any interruption. Dalrymple & I walked all along the ridge and talked with the people. We saw what we took to be the ruin of an old mansion house, but was told by a niece of old St. Hilairi that it was a house commenced years ago by a former proprietor but that for some reason or other it was never finished. The stone was imported from England and evidently a considerable sum of money was expended in running up

12 June, 1891. the hills. Formerly there were great numbers of coes-mets in the island, but they have nearly all died from the blights such also killed out numbers of trees in St Vincent and the other islands of the Grenadines. The metayge system is followed in Mayero as in Union, except that here the system is more favourable to the metayge who gets half of all the produce. In the village we came across a carpenter whose work is exceedingly rude. He was mending a box and making an awful mess of it. One of his eyes was bandaged and he told me that a few drops of the juice of the manchineel tree had fallen into it a week ago & that the eye was very painful. He could see nothing from it. I held the eye open and found violent conjunctivitis and keratitis. At the south eastern extremity of the island is a salt pond, but the salt had not been worked this year. A becom young dame, one of the St. Vitain clan, who was making bread in the open air gave me all the information I wanted. She said the salt pond had not been worked because the people had misbehaved themselves, and it was necessary to punish them by stopping work! A good many large bushes of Calathea were growing about the huts of the village, and several had large inflated pods on them, the seeds being attached to a

12 June, 1891. tufts of papirus. I found a fine Succinea in a deep shell on the windward side of the ridge, and I put it in my pouch but for want of something better, and the next time I saw it to my sorrow the shell was smashed. We then went into the magistrate's court and heard a case that was being tried. Two young black women had quarrelled over a lover, and they used filthy language to each other, and threatened the other with Obeah! To our amusement St. Aubyn said "Obeah! What's Obeah!" I volunteered the necessary information but he evidently knew nothing of the matter and cared less. However he listened to the evidence and on these two cases he very impartially fined both complainant side a pound each a 30 days imprisonment. The people crying said they could not raise such a fabulous sum, indeed it is doubtful whether there was so much money in the village so the beak very promptly reduced the fine to 2/6 each and read the people a lecture, telling them that when he returned if he found any more row he would put every one in goal, and he duly impressed the people with the dictum that the island was altogether too small for them to be any quarrelling on it. If the fines

Mayero.

12 June 1891 had not been paid we should have had to bring on the prisoners with us, and as it would not have been our pleasure to have had two crying and quarrelling negroes aboard I had intended to dump up myself, but the money was eventually raised by a complicated system of borrowing amongst the villagers, and the two women went out and had another row. As we headed on our way down the stony road we heard the din as though the two ladies had beaten up a cow and I urged S. to go back and comfort them all, but he had had enough and he was deaf to my objections to him to do his duty like a man and a magistrate.

We got on board at the sun set, and then had dinner and smoked, and debated whether we should sail on to Cannovan or remain at anchor until before daybreak. I suggested to go on, ^{for} on the run to Cannovan was only a couple of hours we could sleep there and be fresh in the morning to do ^{the} island. My suggestion was carried out and we started at 8.15 p.m. but it took us four hours to do the journey and it was nearly one o'clock next morning before we dropped anchor in Chabotian Bay of Cannovan. The wind was right in our teeth and a strong lee tide was running,

Cannovan.

12 June 1891 so we had to tack pretty frequently. Once we were nearly on a reef near Catholic Island. S. & A. were asleep, but I was smoking and I had gone forward to enjoy the sight of the schooner ploughing its way across the reef. All at once I saw foam a few cables length ahead and we were going pretty fast. I rang out heaves ahead, the Captain ran to the helm shouted out orders to the dozzy seamen & we began to fall off just in time. Navigation ^{around} the islands is ticklish work and on a dark night a clear head and much local knowledge is necessary to carry a sailing vessel to safe anchorage. As we had to tack so often a young seaman was placed in charge (I think it is called) that put the top sail. At the critical moment this young fellow had fallen asleep and the Captain shouted his order in vain for a time. When we were clear of the reef the Captain cautioned the sailors in language more forcible than nice. In making Chabotian Bay we had to sail pretty close to the north western end of the island which is really a long prominent one, with a hill called Paffia Hill ^{and} one 480 ft high, in the centre. We ran in too close and had to tack, but the young sailor had lain himself

12 June, 1891 down on the deck and gone for a nap - This was more than our skipper could stand, so after we had tacked and got well into the mouth of the bay, he handed the helm to the mate and ran along the deck to the sails, kicked him up on his legs and then belaboured him for the space of about 4 minutes, the young fellow in dazed terra pants and fro over the little deck, the skipper after him and putting in a good punch in the face a cuff on the side of the head at very frequent intervals. However the boy did not sleep again, and we were soon at anchor and very tired so all lay down and got a much needed rest.

13 June, 1891 Saturday. Had headache today, probably caused by sun yesterday and want of sleep. We all landed at Cannonau at 8 o'clock and were met by Mr. Dalfour, the brother-in-law of Mr. Snagg. We walked with him, across the main ridge of the island to Mr. Snagg's house which is situated on the borders of a fine bay on the windward side. Across this bay the main central ridge could be seen following the curve of the island and terminating in a pyramidal peak 853 feet high. The island is a curious shape, the outline being like that of the ^{in shape} ~~skipper~~ ^{heir} ~~camp~~ ^{house}. The house is to the side of a small village, and close by it is a pretty little church

13 June, 1891 with a spire and red tiled roof. This church was built by old Snagg as he is called, a brother of the former Chief Justice of St. Kitts - Sir Wm Snagg. The island belongs to the Snagg family, and it was settled by the grand father of Henry Snagg the present head of the clan. Sir Wm Snagg was born on the island. I remember, about 12 years ago, when I was ~~in~~ going to Trinidad with Dr. Ince, travelling with 'old' Snagg the father of Mr. Snagg and the brother of the Chief Justice. He was a remarkable looking man. Tall and thin and dressed in a long blue kind of overcoat, and a little ^{hat} with a green ribbon round it. He had gone, I believe, to Trinidad to arrange some business there in connection with his crop of cotton. There are no yaws in the island now, but it existed in slavery days, and the cases were sent to Dove Cay, an islet of 3 acres in extent, lying to the south of Cannonau.

Mr. Snagg and his sister received us kindly and I had a long and interesting conversation with them. Mr. Snagg informed me that the powdered rhizome of the arrowroot plant was an antidote to the poison of the manchineel tree. He has several good stone implements, principally battle-axes that had been found in the island, and Mr. Dalfour very kindly gave me some small celt. Mr. Snagg has also a fine stone Celt that was found in Cannonau, and he prizes it very much, and

13 June, 1891. no account will be part with it. On the beach below the house, the sea which has lately encroached on the land, has cut down a bank about 8 feet high and disclosed a lot of broken earthen pottery. The place was evidently a kitchen midden, and my visit to it in company with Mr. Balfour, was most interesting. I picked up, or rather dug out two pieces of pottery which I brought away with me.

Mr. Snagg showed me some old ~~medical~~ journals of the older proprietors, and they were very curious. One of them was kept by a Dr. Blain, who resided in Curiacon and used to visit Cannonau periodically. There are several entries showing that yaws existed in the island as late as 1837. In the same journal several cases of syphilis are prescribed for, so that in those days the two diseases were recognized and differentiated. In 1826 Dr. Blain wrote the following interesting prescription for dysentery. "Take of Castor Oil ℥i; Gum arabic in powder ℥ij. Sugar ℥i; Laudanum 40 drops Mint Water ℥ii. A table spoonful every hour." This is the treatment I frequently adopt in some of my cases now.

Cotton is cultivated in the island and the crops are about 100 bales. It is ginned by a machine powered by a windmill. Maize and pigeon peas are also cultivated in the island as in Union Island.

13 June, 1891. After lunch which we had in "the Court House" close by the landing place, went off to the schooner with Mr. Balfour as I had a headache. The so-called Court House was a small building with 2 rooms, and in one, when Mr. A. held his court, ~~half~~ a good deal of the space was taken up by a large seine net. As Balfour & I were being pulled off we saw the large black fin of a shark just above the water. I remained on board some time chatting with me. He had formerly been a naval officer, but left the service on account of ill health. He happened to meet ~~Dr.~~ "old Snagg" who took a fancy to him and invited him many years ago to visit the island. This he did and he is still there. He has married one of the ladies of the Snagg family and was her executor in the estate. He is a very nice fellow, and he gave me some interesting geological specimens collected on the island. One of them was like rock crystal. We left at 4 pm. for Bushy and owing to contrary winds we had to make long tacks and so did not reach our destination until 5 ^{o'clk.} ~~am.~~ next morning. I had a good sleep however and woke up ~~with~~ quite well with headache completely gone.

14 June, 1891. Sunday. It had been arranged that Jack Hazell & Revere should run out to Moustique on Saturday and meet us, so that we could all have a jolly day together. On getting out of my dog-house and looking about me in the grey dawn I notice the house perched on a hill and someone appeared in the door way. I told the Captain of Police to fire a rifle, as our saluting cannon had come to grief by a wood stopping up the touch-hole. After the rifle was fired another and yet another person appears on the porch of the house and we make them out to be Hazell, Revere and Powell. They return our salute with rifle shots and shout and hurrahs. We soon go ashore and walk up the hill to the house and are warmly welcomed. Hazell and the others got to Moustique yesterday afternoon and were disappointed at not finding us there. The house is a very good one, roomy and nicely furnished. We have coffee and then go down to the bay to bathe in the sea. We have a jolly bathe, the beach is of white sand and shelving. We dive for stones, and jab about like children. After bathing, we visit the small collection of negro houses, and I find 3 cases of yaws which disease appears to have been introduced into the island from Piquet. We then visit the old sugar works and see the remains of a cotton gin there. In the olden days sugar was cultivated the island having been divided into two or three estates. Later

14 June, 1891 - on, when the Hazells got the island cotton was planted, but now the only cultivation seen on the few 'gardens' where vegetables are raised for the needs of the small population. The whole island is now a stock farm, cattle, sheep and horses being bred for exportation. The great defect, however, is the water supply, which in dry weather almost ceases. Shallow wells have been dug and there are ponds in several places. I should think, however, that an artisan well would tap the underground water that doubtless exists in the central valley of the island. We had goats to bathe in our pyjamas, and we conducted our inspection of the village in the same garb. Afterwards we walked across the island to a bay on the north eastern end. We had to get under several wire fences which had been run to keep the cattle in bounds, and we visited a fine bay at the north end of the island, where a white shelving sandy beach made bathing pleasant. Here on the shore is a white marble cross enclosed by an iron railing, commemorative of the fact, that the father of the Hazells died whilst bathing a few years ago at the spot. It is supposed that he had a fit in the water and was drowned. His servant was close by, and suspected nothing until he thought his master was very long in the sea and on going to look he saw the corpse stranded in the shallow water with the face downwards. Hazell told us the story as he gazed with

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melancholy mien on the scene of his father's death. On reaching the lagoon bay to windward we watched the big rollers dashing on the coral reef, and picked up sponge and water borne seeds on the sandy shore. We also noticed some timbers from a wreck that had occurred some time ago. We came back by another way, and saw some plants of sisal hemp that had been planted a short time ago; they were evidently thriving. The ground was covered principally by the savannah grass Paspalum distichum, and Acacia Farnesiana and white cedars - Tecoma leucocylon, were also fairly abundant, and the purple bell-shaped flowers of Ruellia tuberosa were frequently seen, as in Carriacou and other islands. Close by a pond on the flat below the house, a fine large tree Boabab tree - Adansonia digitata, was growing luxuriantly, and it must have been brought to the island many years ago.

After a good lunch we started for a long walk to the south and south east of the island. We first went along a rough road between two hilly ranges, the road evidently forming a stream at the bottom of the valley in very wet weather, and the road had been much cut up in recent rains. On the south running up the hill side the yellow flowered Brignonea unguis scrambled in all directions, and here and there the presence of this fine creeper was seen by a mass of brilliant yellow against the prevailing

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green of the vegetation. Moustique doves were plentiful, and so was the Pegua sweet. Now and again a ramie was seen flying across. An Erythroncyon and a few small leaved Croton were plentiful, and a large Andropogon and Heliconia spreaded the land mollusca. We passed the ruins of an old house and sugar lands at the end of the valley, then it opens up into a small plain, and above the old crumbling walls and ruin cetera was a hill on the top of which was an old fort, which we visited; not, however, without being well pinched by the spine of a cactus. Opuntia Fava which grows here in profusion. The old fort was evidently ~~to~~ used in the days of old to protect the island from pirates which then ranged these seas. When we got to the south east end of the island we sat down and smoked and watched the waves dashing against the coral rocks. And there we threw stones at the 'teeth' head' cacti - Melocactus communis, which were pinched about in all directions on the rocky ledges and on the sloping ground. In one or two ^{hollows} the cactus were double. We smashed up by our stone throwing some good cacti that would have been considered great prizes even at New. Having got tired of this sport, and of picking up crystalline pieces of rock we retraced our steps, and came across the skeleton of a lamb, and the magnificent remains of a young bull that had perished from ^{want of} water in

14 June, 1891. The recent drought. Poell and I collected some herbarium specimens, and fortunately he had some drying paper with him. The manager of the island is a W Wallace, whose mother runs part of Bequia, and I am told that he like most of the people of these small island, is a daring and skilful boatman. We had a good dinner, and, afterwards, we sat in the porch of the house and sang songs until we got sleepy, then returned in.

15 June 1891. Monday. In the morning we got to the beach and have a capital bath with the usual romping, but do not however go out of our depth, as far away from shore on account of sharks. We have an early breakfast, and then St Aubyn goes into the woods to collect the larvae of the people of Mustique. We all go in before he commences business and chaff him pretty well. Afterwards we pack up, and go on board the "tramp" in Wallace's whale boat. The cannon has been put in also by Wallace, so we fire a salute on leaving at noon. We have a fine spanking breeze to start off with, but it veers round to the wrong point, and we have trouble in doubling the north eastern extremity of Bequia. However, we do it at last, and then run for the westward of St Vincent, so as to try to make one long tack into Kingstown Bay. But we cannot manage it, and after several tacks the wind falls and ~~the~~ the "sawney wopsey" as Deane calls the boat, lies like a log

15 June, 1891. on the sea a few miles to the north west of Kingstown. As it is late in the afternoon we fire two guns to attract attention, and, after a time, a boat runs off to us, and it turns out to be Deane's boat. I get my baggage in and we row ashore, and reach the town by 6.30 p.m. - the schooner does not anchor until 4 hours after dark, as we learned later on. When we get to the hotel, it was found that all my baggage had come ashore and none belonging to the other fellows. Deane was much put out as he could not change, and St Aubyn grumbled awfully. Then Deane looked me all over admiringly, and said, "Doctor! you are a first rate in the art of travel. You ^{do} not require any instruction whatever on the point!" I had lent him "Gilton's book" "The art of travel" to read some days before.

16 June, 1891. Tuesday. Writing nearly all the morning, and then I go to see the Administrator and have a long talk with him over matters concerning my mission.

At 2 p.m. leave in the "passage boat" for Wallilaboo - the residence of the Hon. Duncan McDonald - a brother in law of Wakefield. The passage boat is an enormous dugout canoe 36 feet long, and pulled by 5 negroes, and steered by a captain who uses a paddle for the purpose. The seats are across the boat, differing in this way from Dominica-canoe, & they have back to them.

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so that they are fairly comfortable. These boats can carry about fourteen passengers and a lot of cargo. The cargo, principally passengers baggage, and supplies for ^{the principal} residents along the coast, is heaped up in the bows to a considerable height above the gun ⁱⁿ ~~the~~. and it appeared to me to be so unsafe that I got my tin box which was perched on top to be put at the bottom of the boat. I was told, however, that it was all right and that there was no chance of anything going overboard. On getting to Wallalaba bay, a person was waiting with a horse for me, and I rode up to the house, about half a mile from the shore. At the house I was met by Mr Duncan McDonald and his mother and welcomed by them. Later on Miss McDonald came in. They are all very pleasant and strive to make my stay comfortable. The house is a nice one, but rather small. so there is ~~an addition~~ another building close by in which Miss McDonald sleeps and in which is the best chamber ~~to~~ ~~the~~ where I was put up. The building is covered with the ivy fern. F. repens. and it looked nice and cool. Below the house on a slope is a garden with many fruit trees and a few nutmegs. There was a fine Java plum with large luscious fruits on it, and behind the house was a small cacao plantation. The principal cultivation of the estate is arrowroot, and the machinery is the best in the island, and the produce fetches the best price in the market. I spent every pleasant evening

- 16 June, 1891. and have a long talk with my boys on planting matters. They have gone in for coffee, but without much success, and I am to visit the plantation to-morrow morning.
- 17 June, 1891. Wednesday. My boy McDonald and I went to have our bath early in the morning. The bath house is low down the slope of the hill on which the dwelling house is built, in deed, it is ~~about~~ 100 ft or so above the road up the valley. The bath is a very fine one, almost large enough to be called a swimming bath. Above it is a nice room, with dressing table, hanging cot, &c. This room is sometimes used when the house is full of guests.
- ~~After~~ ^{After} breakfast we ride up to Belle-isle to see the coffee cultⁿ. The road which is the main one along the lee coast, heads up the narrow valley and then zig-zags up the ^{mountain} side until the top of the ridge is reached at about 1300 ft above the sea. The valley is cultivated in arrowroot and very fine the plants look. At the head of the valley cacao is planted, but it is not doing very well as there is too much shade. Belle-isle was formerly a separate estate, but it was bought by the McDonalds and is now ~~not~~ worked with Wallilaboo. There are about 20 acres of coffee, but it has the white-fly blight and is not doing well. Many of the plants are dying out, but a few look well. I advised the McDonalds to plant iron-wood trees amongst the coffee, and, if that did not answer, to

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plant rows of Liberian coffee between the rows of the Arabian trees, and when the former began to bear to cut out the latter. The fault is the plantation is too low. Arabian coffee should not be planted in this part of the valley under an elevation of 2000 ft.

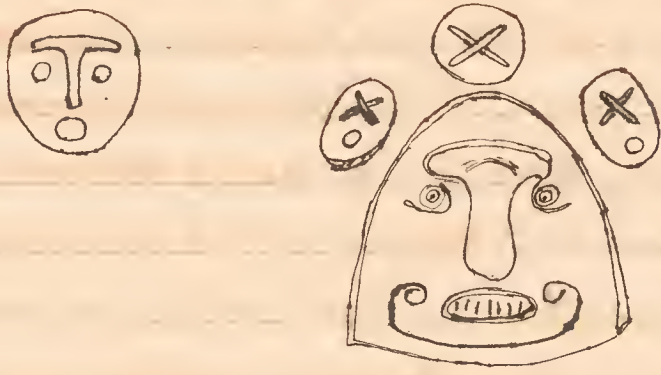
Later in the morning I visited the anacard woods, which are the finest in the island. Great precaution is taken to obtain pure water for the manufacture of the anacard. The rhizomes are washed first by machinery, and then cut into fine portions by fine circular saws set close together on a small wheel. The skin of the 'roots' which contain a resinous substance is not taken off as in Bermuda, and this occasions the great difference in the price in the market of St Vincent and Bermuda anacard. W. McDonald told me that to take off the skin is a costly proceeding, and that he thought it paid better in the end not to do so. He pointed out that only a small quantity of anacard was really exported from Bermuda and thus prices would soon go down if the quantity of the Bermuda quality were increased.

After visiting the lumber I went onto the village of Wallilaboo on the sea shore and found two cases of yaws there.

McDonald told me that the live fern in St Vincent is called the Prince of Wales' feathers Thyme, and that the

17 June 1891 neyrou call it "Gram and draw" a corruption of "Gien et montrait".

Cann Branch comes to lunch and afterwards I ride with him to Layou along the ^{beached} south coast and we discover a great number of cases of yaws in the neighbourhood in the villages and settlements en route. We passed through the village of Barzallie and through the estates of Petus Hope, Mount Wygon, and Rulland Vale and then rode up the Layou Valley to see the celebrated Carib Sacrificial Stone there. This stone is by the river close under the north bank, about 2 miles from the sea.



It is somewhat difficult to get at as it is practically in the river and one has to get on to some stones in the stream to see the figures properly, the principal ones being cut on the face of the rock looking towards the stream. The stone is about 20 feet high and about 12 feet broad. There are a good many figures rudely carved on it, and I copied the above under difficulties as the rain began to fall heavily when I got

17 June 1891 my note book out. We had rain all the way back and on the horse I was riding was very fisky. I could not keep my umbrella up. When I got back to Wallisford was pretty wet. We spent another pleasant evening and got to bed early as Mr Geyne McDonald & I were off to the Soufriere in the morning.

18 June, 1891. Thursday. Mr Geyne McDonald & I have an early breakfast and leave at 7 o'clock for Chateau Belair and the Soufriere. At the bay a small canoe is ready for us, and we are pulled along the coast at a moderate rate by two rowers, McDonald steering with a paddle. As we turn the northern headland of the bay we come on curious rock in the sea. Two rocky pillars rising close together above the waves are connected at the top. They are known by the curious name of Harry Stuffer's breeches. Further along the rock bound coast is another rock standing out of the sea and this is called Tison Cull's nightcap, after a divine who ⁱⁿ former days owned an estate close by. On the estate is a village called Cull's village in honor of the Cull family, ~~at~~ the members of which rank amongst the old island aristocracy. We ran through a narrow passage between the mainland and ^{rocky} islands the population of which consists of one man and a number of pots, and entered the fine bay of Chateau Belair, and came to the town of that name. On landing we were met by

18 June 1891 a Mr From the manager of Richmond Estate who had kindly had horses brought down to the beach for us. Mr. From, is a genial old Scotchman, and he and I soon became fast friends. Before proceeding on our journey I saw the Town Clerk and the Serjeant of Police and told them to have as many poor patients gathered together as they could in order that I might see the wretched people on my return. Mr. From gave me 'Roy' a fine animal which he said would carry me well. And 'Roy' certainly did his duty nobly, and was quite delighted with my mount. We rode on to Richmond Estate first and by the side of the road I saw a hole where some months ago a magnificent collection of Carved Stone implements had been dug up. A lot of your patients had been collected at the hole and I dismounted and examined them. There were one twenty, and a few cases of ulcers of the leg produced by the irritation of the "letter worm". Whilst I was examining one case of ulceration Mr Donald rode up and then quickly rode away a full of his horse in a faint. He broke out into a cold perspiration, his pulse became almost imperceptible, and I was rather alarmed at the syncope. However he came to, after a time, and told me that he usually fainted when he saw anything of the kind.

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We had to allow McDonald to lie on the wagon in the wagon house until he was thoroughly recovered, and then we rode on to Walliboo village where we met our men with the luncheon basket, and gave McDonald a drink of whiskey which soon set him all right. Afterwards I made up for lost time we continued, and Roy fairly beat the other horses. Frank seemed surprised, he said he had understood that I could ride, and he found that I had a better seat than his. I laughed and told him that I had lined up a horse for you. We soon turned into the interior, and began rapidly to ascend along a mountain road - which was in fair condition, only that it was steep in places. I was surprised to see that the large trees were almost all of one kind in places - Andira micranis, but as we got higher other trees many of them unknown to me began to appear. Tree ferns Cyathea serena and Asplenium nidus were seen sparingly. I noticed, too, the curious Cladonia lycopod - Psilotum triquetrum hanging from some of the tree trunks. Heliconia himata occurred in clumps and it was easily distinguished from the Heliconia hillebrandii. The other plants I noticed were Vanilla and Stemmadia. Jussiaea, Ischaemum, Polypodium, Scleria, Ruellia occidentalis. Birds - Phoenicurus.

18 June, 1891.

Amongst other aches I was unable to examine. I noticed the pretty little Ischilus leucis with its ~~pretty~~ showy ring flowers.